



# Grandma was Confused

Chapter 1-5

# Chapter 1

Hi, I'm Jacob from a lower middle-class family with two working parents. My mom's a department store clerk and my father is a baker. We live in an old three-bedroom home in a mid-sized Midwestern city. I have one older brother named Jarrod who's in the Army.

I'm a senior in High School who recently turned eighteen. In looks I'm pretty average, I stand a shade under six feet and have brown hair, brown eyes and no really distinguishing features. Through no fault of my own, I was until very recently a virgin. Part of problem was that until this year I went to all boys schools; both in elementary and high school. Also since my parents had been a bit wild in their youth both my brother and I had been raised pretty strictly. Education was the primary focus so we were either at school or at home. Jarrod chafed at the all the rules and all the schooling and joined the Army as soon as he could.

Since I got better grades than my brother I finally convinced my parents that they could save the money they spent on parochial education to help college. To be honest my real reason was so I could go to a school with girls. However my lack of inter-gender socialization led to stammering, social awkwardness.

As soon as I started going to public high school my dad expanded his satellite sports package so who knows how much is actually being saved for my incidentals.

They hoped to use the extra money to take a long delayed second honeymoon. This was not to be however, because Grandma moved in with us.

My grandmother is sixty-eight years old and had just recently become penniless. When Grandpa retired at sixty-five Grandma also retired even though she was only sixty-two at the time. A year into his retirement Grandpa died of a sudden heart attack while chopping wood. She and Grandpa had saved for years for their retirement so Grandma was left with a comfortable nest egg or so she thought.

A few months ago her financial planner had suddenly disappeared. He'd bilked a lot of old folks, my grandmother among them. She still had her social security but lost her home to foreclosure because the financial advisor had also pocketed the mortgage payments. Although the financial planner was caught and arrested, he refused to say where he'd hidden the money. A long legal battle lay ahead. My parents insisted that Grandma stay with us in Jarrod's old room.

My grandmother is a vibrant, witty and funny woman. She has piercing green eyes that can sparkled with humor or turn cold as green ice when she's pissed. Her face is still fine featured and pretty although now is a bit soft and jowly. She has long silvery hair is usually up in a bouffant, a style popular when she was a young woman. With that hair style she reminds me of the mother on Petticoat Junction, one of the few non sports shows my dad watches on one of them retro stations.

For the most part having Grandma in the house was a welcome addition because it reduced everyone's chores. At her own insistence Grandma cooked, cleaned and did the laundry for her upkeep. My parents didn't want a houseful of rowdy teenage boys bugging Grandma so my house became off limits to my friends. Grandma also felt that my generation didn't get enough exercise so she made me help her with the chores and help her cook.

Grandma had to sell her car to pay off some debts and we have one car which my father drives to work. My mother takes the bus in the morning and is picked up by my dad at night. As a result Grandma is home almost all of the time.

Now don't get me wrong, I love Grandma but I was used to having the house all to my self in the afternoon. This was my "alone" time, if you get my drift. Grandma being around all the time inhibited me. Grandma often cleaned out my room's wastebasket and I didn't want her to see it filled with wadded up tissues so I began spending more time in the bathroom. That didn't work out either because if I was in the bathroom too long she'd call up to ask if I had fallen in the toilet. I had to do it so fast I was afraid of becoming a premature ejaculator.

On Wednesday afternoons a friend of Grandma's picks her up and they go to the senior center as to volunteer, so I have at least one afternoon alone. One Wednesday I jerked off in my room to a new Playboy and then took a shower. As I showered one of the photos from the Playboy popped into my mind. In it the sexy big titted playmate was showering. I soon imagined she was with me in the shower. I turned off the shower, poured crème rinse over my pecker and went to town. I was so deep into my fantasy that I didn't hear the bathroom door open. The sound of the shower curtain being pushed aside made me turn.

Standing before me about to step into the shower was my grandmother. She had not heard the shower running and thought it was unoccupied. We stared at each other in stunned surprise. I had always thought my grandmother to

be attractive for an older lady but had never been tempted to see her naked. Same goes for my mother. However this was the first nude woman I had ever seen in the flesh and so my eyes were riveted.

Grandma is definitely not a Playboy centerfold although she's not a decrepit old hag either. Although my Grandma's a bit plump with extra baggage about her waist, thighs and hips she's still an attractive woman. The first thing I noticed was that her long silvery hair draped down across her shoulders and rested just above her chest. As my eyes trailed down they zeroed in on the pendulant grapefruit sized breasts drooping down her breast bone. Pale blue veins snaked across these perfect white globes to end at Dixie cup sized areolas. Dark pink nipples stiffened to the size of pencil erasers as I gawked, from the cold I suspect. Shocked I tore my eyes away from her tits but I caught a glimpse of the gray thatch between her legs and the thick protruding dark pink labia below it. The first real life pussy I'd ever seen so my eyes latched onto it like laser sight.

I'd been on the verge of cumming before my grandmother had opened the shower curtain. The adrenaline rush of the shock plus the sight of an attractive, if mature, female form sent me over the edge. An intense orgasm ripped through me. With a combination of mortification and perverse please I watched with crystal clarity, as if in slow motion, ropes of my

semen spray Grandma across her breasts, stomach and thighs. Green eyes flaring, her lips pursed and her lined face crinkled in surprise or horror. With a short cry she jumped backwards, lost her balance and fell, cracking her head against the wall. She slumped to the tile floor unconscious. Silver hair surrounded her head like a cloud, a cloud shot through with red as blood from a slight gash ran into her hair.

After making sure she was still breathing I ran to the phone and dialed 911. I rapidly dressed and washed the drying semen off of her and covered her with a towel. She regained consciousness before the paramedics arrived but remained disoriented. At the emergency room she was diagnosed with a slight concussion however she did not remember falling. We were told that it was not uncommon for the short term memory to be affected. I was glad of this, which made me feel guilty. However I didn't want my Grandma to hate me for having defiled her, even if it was an accident. We later learned her ride from the Senior Center had felt ill that afternoon so she had been at home the whole time but I'd been too "busy" to notice.

They told us to watch out for any other side effects which could be signs of brain damage. We soon learned that Grandma had become confused.

It began simply but rather shockingly. While I was washing the dishes one evening Grandma slipped up behind me, put her arms around my waist and hugged me. She pressed her large breasts into the small of my back and rubbed her groin against my butt. She kissed me on the back of the neck and hot breath scorched my neck as she whispered in my ear. "What do you say we go to bed early, sweetheart?"

At that moment my mom walked into the kitchen, "Jacob! What's going on here?"

"I don't know Mom, ask Grandma."

Grandma released her arms from around me. "Oh, I'm sorry Jacob for a moment there I thought you were Caleb." Caleb had been my grandfather. She laughed nervously and walked out of the room. Mom and I exchanged worried looks. For the rest of the evening and the next couple of days Grandma called me Jacob and treated me as she always had with no sign of further confusion.

A few days later however Grandma slipped into my lap while I was watching television. Putting her arms around my neck she sucked my earlobe into her mouth, blew softly in my ear and said, "I have a brand new negligee I want you to see."

"Mom, what the hell is going on!" Dad asked from the other side of the room. His face was drawn in an almost stereotypical look of flabbergasted shock. He'd been walking into the room to with his paper and beer in hand. His beer tilted as he stood rooted in spot. beer dribbled onto his slipper.

"Oh be quiet, Davy, your daddy and I are getting mushy." Grandma said and gave me a soft, passionate kiss on the mouth. Her full bottom slowly ground against my crotch.

"Mom! That is NOT Dad, that is Jacob, your grandson." He gestured and the forgotten beer sprayed across the room.

Grandma shook her head and then looked at me as if startled. "Why so it is. Sorry, Jacob." She slid off of my lap and walked back into the kitchen. Luckily Dad knew about Grandma's earlier bout of confusion. However it didn't stop him from glaring at me like I'd done something wrong. I think it was the spilled beer that also pissed him off. Had he seen the woody that Grandma's passionate kiss and crotch massage with her full warm ass had given me, he'd have freaked out. It freaked me out a little.

A day later Grandma returned from her Senior Center activities, after putting her coat away she walked over to where I was sitting at our family computer doing my homework. Putting her hand on my shoulder she said, "Come here for a minute I want to show you something."

As I stood up she led me by the hand over to a corner of the room. My parents watched this with wary expressions. I wasn't certain what she intended either. Once we were in the corner she looked up at me and smiled, her eyes flashing with humor.

"What do you want to show me?" I asked nervously.

She said, "This silly!" and threw her arms around my neck and gave me a passionate liplock. My Dad raced over and pulled her off of me. Grandma reacted with anger and slapped Dad across the face. "David, what the hell do you think you are doing!"

"Mom! You can't kiss him like that!" Dad shouted frantically as he rubbed at his stinging cheek.

"Look young, man I can kiss your father anyway I want. What's the hell the matter with you kids!"

"For Christ Sakes Mom! That's Jacob, your grandson! Dad's dead, dammit! Get hold of yourself and quit acting like a loony!"

Grandma stiffened up and slapped Dad across the face again. "You shouldn't talk to your mother that way, even if I am a little confused!" She stormed out of the room.

Dad looked apoplectic with fury. I'm not certain but I think my mom tried to hide a grin.

At a family meeting Mom, Dad and I discussed the situation.

Mom said, "Well, since she didn't suffer brain damage this delusion is obviously being caused by something else." Turning me to she asked, "Did you tell us everything that happened in the accident?"

Well, I knew that it was time to man up and tell my parents that I was the reason my grandmother suffered from some

sort of trauma. I told them the specifics of what had happened.

My father was of course outraged. He slammed his fist on the table. "God dammit you fucking little pervert! Jesus Christ, Jacob! Have some fucking control over yourself!"

Mom laid a calming hand on Dad's shoulder. "Come on, Dave it's not like he did it on purpose. Besides I know when you were a teenager you choked your chicken at least twice a day. It was an accident, but it does explain her sudden confusion about Jacob. She needs therapy."

"Great another fucking expense we cannot afford. Hopefully Social Security will cover it." Dad said, glaring at me.

We brought Grandma into the room and explained that we thought she needed therapy. She refused to hear of it. Dad made a few phone calls to see what could be done. Apparently unless we wanted to have her committed we could not force her to go to therapy, especially when the only problem was that she sometimes confused her grandson with her dead husband.

Her confusion worsened. At seemingly random times over the next few days Grandma would get the notion that I was her husband and would hug me, make lewd suggestions and try to kiss me. Whenever this happened my Mom, Dad and I would emphatically correct her. My mom soon put a stop to this however. She'd taken a few books out of the library about delusion and had been reading them. One volume had an underlined passage that stated that sometimes when someone suffering from delusions had their delusions challenged they became defensive. Rather than having the effect of bringing the person back to reality, they retreated further into the delusion.

"Well, what the hell are we supposed to do?" Dad grumbled.

"Humor her and maybe she will snap out of it. What harm will it do really? So she thinks Jacob is Caleb, eventually she'll realize she's wrong."

"So we're supposed to look the other way when she starts making out with our son!"

"Oh, for god's sakes Dave, all she wants is a little affection." Mom said annoyed at Dad's tone.

"Wait a minute!" I protested. "Don't I get a say in this? I mean I am the one she's after!"

Mom's eyes shot daggers into me. "Are you telling me that you can't bring yourself to let your grandmother give you a kiss once in a while?"

"Geez, Mom it's not like she is kissing me on the cheek!"

Mom still did not let me off the hook. "Are you such a little boy, that you can't man up enough to let your grandmother have a few moments of happiness?"

"I love grandma, I just don't see why I've got to be the one to humor her" As soon as I opened my mouth I saw that I'd said the wrong thing to set my father off.

"Now listen here, sport! It's your goddamn fault that my mother's out of her fucking head! So you will humor her or you will find another place to live."

Shit. "Alright I'll do it." I said, I hoped with the right amount of martyrdom in my tone. Both my parents looked relieved

that they wouldn't have to pay for expensive therapy for my grandmother.

Mom shook her head in disgust at my attitude. "You know instead of looking at this like it was a big sacrifice on your part, you could look at as an opportunity. Your grandparents had a long loving relationship. Your grandfather always said your grandmother was the best kisser in the world. You could learn a lot from her. Close your eyes and pretend it is Megan Fox or somebody."

"God, Marjorie do you have to be so disgusting." Dad said his face scrunched up revulsion.

"I'm just saying as long as he has to do it, he might as well take something from it. He's not going to learn how to kiss a woman by watching pornos or looking at Playboys."

"I can't hear anymore of this shit. I'm going to bed." Dad stood up from the table and strode out the door.

"Pleasant dreams!" Mom called after him. She turned to me, "He'll be snoring away by the time I get up there." She tidied up in the kitchen while I had a glass of milk. As she was

leaving, she turned to me and said in a serious tone. "I meant what I said. God, knows your father could've used some instruction."

I lingered over my glass of milk, deliberately delaying going upstairs to avoid running into Grandma. This whole incident with Grandma gave me a peek into my parent's marriage which made me uncomfortable. Mom and Dad had met in high school, he was a football player and she was a cheerleader. Although Dad was good enough for high school, he wasn't scholarship material and from what I gathered, spent most of his time goofing off and drinking. My parents got married right after high school, I think because they weren't careful, and Jarrod was born not long after that.

Their plans for college were put off and eventually never panned out. Over time beer and lack of exercise had made my Dad's athletic physique into a doughy parody of what it had been. He was forty-eight but looked to be in his late fifties. Mom had pretty much kept her shape, because she actually used the exercise bike and treadmill in their room. Don't get me wrong, you could tell by her graying brown hair, hands and her crows feet that she was in her forties but even after two kids and forty years she still had an hourglass figure.

I began to get the idea that Dad was a sort of wham bam thank you ma'am sort of guy and had always been that way. At the beginning his sex drive had matched my mothers but as he grew older weight, age and alcohol had diminished his drive. If Mom and Dad had gone on that second honeymoon Dad probably would have stayed in his room watching tv or sat in the hotel bar watching tv and left my Mom to fend for herself. I think a lot of Mom's sympathy for Grandma stemmed from the fact that she herself was not in a emotionally fulfilling or sexually satisfying relationship.

I dreaded knowing that the next time Grandma was confused and thought I was Grandpa Caleb I had to go along with it. My dread was based on disgust but not how you might think and not how my parents thought. Fact is Grandma didn't disgust me. I disgusted myself because I didn't find the prospect of kissing my grandmother to be either gross or repulsive. Actually the idea excited me.

Grandma hadn't been the only one affected by our accidental encounter in the shower. The intense orgasm I'd had while seeing Grandma's naked body had messed with my head. I guess you could say it opened my mind a bit. I now think mature women are pretty hot. Don't get me wrong, I still like girls my age but older women also do it for me.

For instance Mrs. Ashmore, my English teacher now gives me boners I have to hide behind a book. Mrs. Ashmore is, I'd guess, in her late fifties with short, graying blond hair and slim shape except for her butt which is pretty big. She also had chunky thighs. Yet after my encounter with Grandma I could see the pretty woman Mrs. Ashmore had once been in her youth, superimposed upon her current form. Thinking about the younger Mrs. Ashmore gave me a chubby and looking at Mrs. Ashmore while still horny I found her gray hair, lined face and mature form as beautiful and sexy as the tight, hard body of Jenny Copeland, the head cheerleader.

I found it slightly troubling when the mental images of mature women crept into my masturbatory fantasies but when Grandma began to haunt these fantasies and invade my wet dreams I was both ashamed and perversely thrilled.

Mom's idea to humor Grandma didn't quite work as planned. The next time that Grandma was confused and kissed me with passion I responded. We ended up making out for a few moments on the sofa next to my parents. My father grew more and more incensed, mostly because we were making too much noise and disturbing his television watching. Grandma came back to her senses and slid off of my lap with the comment she was warm and needed some air.

Despite humoring Grandma her attacks of confusion happened more frequently. At first my Dad had a real problem with our kissing sessions but after a couple of weeks these incidents no longer registered on his consciousness. These, like everything else in the house, just became background noise that never intruded upon his leisure time of watching television or reading the paper. My mother was mostly amused by the whole situation but at times I saw her glaring at my father while grandma kissed me. As time went by the make out sessions grew longer and to my shame I gave back as much as I gave.

Her kisses stirred me and made me want to kiss her back with passion, to make wild passionate love with her! God, I hated myself for being a disgusting pervert! Every time that Grandma kissed me and I liked it, I felt an overwhelming sense of guilt and shame. Mainly for having driven her insane but also because I knew that I shouldn't feel pleasure from these kisses. I was no better than some asshole taking advantage of a drunken woman or forcing themselves on a mental patient.

After a few days of "humoring" Grandma I began to look forward to the spells when Grandma was confused. I loved the touch of her lips, the sensation of her ripe form pressing against me. Just the thought of her lined face pursed in a kiss would arouse me. In school I daydreamed about kissing her hot, thin lips, her soft jowls and double chin, about my lips

caressing the creased skin of her neck. Soon just walking into a room where the smell of her hair or her favorite scent lingered made me horny.

I guess it was inevitable that I'd forget myself. I was sitting at the kitchen table doing my homework and Grandma was washing dishes. The combination of her perfume and watching her plump ass as she moved in front of the sink drove me a little mad. Like a man possessed I closed my book and embraced Grandma, putting my arms around her and kissing her on the neck. My iron hard cock pressed up against the soft cushions of her buttocks and my hands cupped her breasts. As she gave a gasp of surprise, I realized Oh shit! Grandma's going to freak since she wasn't having a spell.

However Grandma murmured, "Oh, Caleb you're feeling very frisky tonight." She then turned around and gave me a kiss that nearly made me spurt in my pants. She pressed hard up against me, grinding her crotch against mine, and rubbing her breasts against my shirt. When she stood back I could see the hard points of her nipples poking through her bra.

After giving me a rock hard erection Grandma gave me a matronly peck on the cheek and said, "Jacob, would you grab a dish towel out of the lower drawer?" I had a bit of trouble doing as she asked because of my huge boner. Grandma

however seemed oblivious to my condition, although I could have sworn I saw a slight twinkle in her eyes.

After this incident I no longer waited for Grandma to have a spell, I often initiated our make out sessions. As soon as my lips touched hers Grandma became confused and thought I was Grandpa Caleb. You probably think I'm a total shit for doing this and quite frankly so did I. Hell, I knew I was taking advantage of a lonely, delusional woman but by this time I was so sexually enamored of her I needed her as much as she needed me.

A month after I began humoring her Grandma made announcement at our family dinner that nearly caused my father to choke on his steak.

"I know we are guests in your home, David but I really don't appreciate you making your father and I sleep apart. I'll not stand for it anymore. Either you allow Caleb to return to our marriage bed, or we'll leave and never visit you again." Grandma slipped her hand into mine and held it tightly.

"Okay, this has gone on far enough. Look Mom, Dad is...."

"David!" Mom's voice snapped out like a whip as she slammed her fork onto the table.

Dad's eyes shot daggers at me and Mom but he shut up.

"Gladys, the reason that you've been sleeping in separate beds is because neither of the beds is wide enough for two people." Mom said in a calm, gentle voice. This was not exactly true however. I had a twin bed, which I barely fit into but Jarrod had gotten a full bed when he got his first job.

"Is that the only reason? Oh, Marjorie dear, don't worry about that. Caleb and I will make do," Grandma gave me a searing look and a wicked smile. Her foot played against mine and her hose clad knee tickled mine. I immediately had a throbbing bar of iron in my pants. The very idea of being in the same bedroom as my grandmother made me randy as hell. However I knew it was a bad idea. Just the mention of sharing the bed had filled my head with erotic scenes of me making love to every inch of her mature body.

Grandma stood up. "Well I've said my piece and I expect you to abide by it." She glared at my dad and then smiled at Mom and me. "I'm going to freshen up. See you later, darling." She gave me a wink.

As soon as Grandma left the room Dad said. "Oh, my fucking Lord! Well, we've got to put a stop that this nonsense now."

Mom nodded and said, "I had a feeling it would come to this. I've been pricing the cost of therapy for her. We'll have to get rid of the sports channels and cut out extraneous expenses like beer, bowling and sports pools" With a small smile Mom added "Besides you won't have time for any of that stuff anymore since you'll need to get a second job."

"What! Why in the hell should I get a second job!" Dad roared.

Mom rolled her eyes and smiled, "Well, honey- she is your mother."

Dad turned his glare on me. "Yeah, but I'm not the one who made her crazy. Why can't Mr. Leaky Faucet here get a job?"

"Jacob has to keep his grades up so he can get a scholarship or a partial scholarship to college. If he doesn't a scholarship, I guess we'll never retire. Of course even if he does get a job there's no guarantee that the therapy bills won't eat into our retirement fund."

Now you have to understand early retirement was my Dad's major dream. Although, his plans seemed rather lame to me. He wanted to lie around the house every day watching the sports channels, sort of like a weekend that lasted for twenty years. As my Dad saw his dream fade before his eyes, he teared up a bit. Biting his lip, he said, "Well since we can't afford therapy without losing all we've worked for, I guess, you're going to have to take one for the team, sport."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"I mean it won't do him any harm to share a bed with his grandmother for a little while. You know humor her, until she snaps out of it."

"I guess that's as good a suggestion as any," Mom agreed. She gave me an encouraging smile and patted my hand.

"Wait a minute! I don't think this is a good idea. Not at all!" I said.

A vein popped out on Dad's forehead, he spoke slowly and deliberately. "Why do you have to be so difficult? I'm not

going give up the NFL all day ticket just because you couldn't keep your hands off your dick. What's the big goddamned deal about sleeping in the same bed as your grandmother, for God's sake!"

Now of course I didn't say, "Well, Dad it's because your mom really turns me on and I am afraid that I might just boink her." So I mumbled something about not getting enough sleep for school.

Dad shot that excuse down with an irritated wave. "Is that all? Well, she goes to sleep a couple of minutes after she lies down and she sleeps like a rock all night long."

"Must run in the family," Mom muttered.

Dad shot her a puzzled expression.

"Okay, well that's not the only thing that worries me. Remember she thinks I am grandpa, what if she... you know...wants to... you know... do it."

Dad looked like had been poleaxed. I don't know if it never occurred to him that his parents had sex. But he looked

dumbfounded for a minute. When he spoke his voice was strained with anger and embarrassment. "I... I can't even believe you'd think that. In the first place this is my mother we're talking about, not some cheap floozie. Second of all, people that age don't have sex. Hell, people my age barely have sex."

Mom muttered, "You can say that again."

Dad glared at Mom and continued "At the most they cuddle. Surely you can do that."

"Okay, but what about the off chance that she might actually want to do something... sexual."

Dad shook his head in exasperation. "Look, don't worry about it. It's not gonna happen."

Mom shook her head and gave Dad a sour smile. "You can always say you're too tired. That usually works."

"Christ, Marjorie do you have to bring that up in front of the kid!" Dad lumbered to his feet, grabbed a can of beer out of

the fridge and went into the living room to watch one of his ESPN stations.

Well, it was with a combination of anticipation and trepidation that I headed for my grandmother's bedroom that evening. I'd taken a shower mainly as a delaying tactic, hoping she'd be asleep when I went into the room. Just outside her door my mom stopped me. She gave me a tight hug and a kiss on the cheek. This was unusual for mom because we are not a touchy feely sort of family-as you may have already figured out. She looked like she was going to start bawling. She gave me a sweet smile "Have a good night"

When I opened toe door a thick, perfumed scent accentuated by an earthy musk greeted me. Grandma wasn't asleep. As a matter of fact she was far from it. She lay on her back, propped on a pillow with her hands behind her head. Regarding me with a smoky half lidded gaze, a wicked grin crinkled her beautiful, wrinkled face. She had teased and sprayed her shoulder length silver hair, put on blue eye shadow and carmine lipstick. She was dressed in a sheer black negligee with a black garter belt and black stockings. Her red nailed toes wiggled at me. My eyes traveled up her toned, silk encased legs which were splayed open in invitation. Her frilly black panties were so transparent I could see a gray bush and fat, puffy lips below it. The lips seemed to shimmer as if they were moist and moving. I forced my eyes

away from her crotch but I couldn't look completely away. I lingered over the soft rise of her belly and hips and up to the hard nipples lying across her breast bone.

Smiling seductively she said, "I've been waiting so patiently for you honey. Why don't you come here and give me a kiss. With a giggle she added, "To start with." Her eyes flickered across my shorts which had become quite tented as I looked at my negligee clad Grandma.

Self control, self control! I thought throwing myself stomach first on the bed next to her, I buried my face in a pillow and shouted a muffled. "I'm too tired!"

A red nailed hand gripped my shoulder as Grandma kissed it and said with a laugh "Are you sure? It looks like you could stay up for quite a while to me."

"Too tired!" I shouted.

"Okay, well maybe you'll change your mind after you've rested."

Grandma turned off the nightstand light and turned away from me. I don't know how I did it but I managed to fall asleep after an hour or so of lying there tense as a piano wire.

Sometime later I had a really vivid dream of Grandma giving me a very intense blowjob. The nightstand light snapped on blinding me momentarily. As my eyes cleared I became aware that this was not entirely a dream, although I was lying on my back I was not getting a blowjob. With her black hose clad knees on either side of my hips Grandma straddled me. Smiling down at me she had the negligee lifted and bunched about her hips giving me a clear view of her garter clad waist, black silken clad thighs, gray-white thatch and puffy maroon lips. She maintained a position so that the head of my cock was held just inside the entrance to her moist, hot pussy. Its pulsations were why I'd dreamed my dick was being sucked.

Seeing that I was awake she lowered herself. The thick, puffy lips capped by a profuse patch of grayish white hair sank down to meet my groin. I knew I should say something, do something to stop this but I was paralyzed by desire. Although she was very moist she had to wiggle her hips back and forth to work her pussy down around my rigid cock. I'm not gonna give you any bullshit about having a twelve inch long four inch diameter cock, its just that her snatch was incredibly tight. Probably from not being penetrated for some time. Her creased face held a grimace that straddled the line

between pleasure and pain. Yet she grinned as she rocked her hips, her lust glazed eyes burning into mine. Although it hurt her slightly she enjoyed this slow insertion as much as I.

I was in heaven and was at first unable to concentrate on much beside the sensation of hot, slick walls clenching, stroking and caressing my cock as they engulfed it. As the wet, swollen pink lips swallowed my cock my eyes were riveted to the moist dew matted gray thatch above the lips. Her love handles slightly spilled over the edge of her garters. I found this excruciatingly erotic. My eyes drifted upwards taking in the aged sag of her hose clad legs, the soft, shaking swell of her belly, the bounce of her flopping, grapefruit sized breasts. Her acorn sized and acorn hard nipples brushed back and forth against silken material of the negligee, the hard protrusions making a mesmerizing, abstract design.

Grandma gasped as our groins met and her soft buttocks kissed my balls. Her eyes burned like emerald flames as she wiggled her pussy around the cock impaling her. I bit my lip to keep my rocket from blasting off. Seeing my expression she laughed and pulled the negligee over her head, throwing it to the side. Shaking her head so that her silvery hair billowed, she rocked her hips back and forth. Lifting her pendulant breasts, she aimed the stiff, pink nipples in my direction and gave me a grin that brought out all of laugh lines, crows' feet and creases in her face.

"You really like this saggy, ancient body, don't you sweetie? You think this old lady is one sexy bitch." She made me groan as she wiggled her hips again. She laughed and she said, "You just lay there and watch me as I ride your sweet cock. Lie there and watch this body you find so sexy make love to you." As soon as she put her red nailed fingers on her hips, those hips began churning up and down and from side to side in a slow, measured pace. Grandma's pussy loosed a bit as we fucked but it still gripped my prick like a silken glove.

My eyes drank in the vision of Grandma riding my cock. I was inside the body I had lusted for ever since the shower incident. My lust for Grandma had grown due to our make out sessions. Although I knew it was wrong because Grandma was confused I still found myself dreaming about this very thing. I dreamt about Grandma happily and wantonly fucking me. I found it hard to breathe as I took in the lovely, sexy traits unique to her mature, matronly form. My eyes most often strayed to her breasts, as they drooped off of her chest, swinging and swaying like fleshy wrecking balls. Grandma noticed my fascination and shook them in front of me. The hard tipped wrecking balls smashed into my face and crushed my control. Liquid fire boiled up from my groin and seared a path to my brain. My brain exploded with mind numbing pleasure as white lava erupted from the skinny volcano buried in my Grandma's cunt.

As my face contorted Grandma began slamming her hips up and down. As she milked my orgasm she loudly whispered. "Cum for me honey, cum in the pussy you love so much." Her hot lips molded to mine in a passionate, tongue twisting kiss. Her soft, pillowy breasts crushed against my chest, diamond nubs digging into my breastbone. My moans of pleasure were answered in kind by her, as she shivered and quaked as an orgasm ripped through her.

Even after we came we were still in a state of intense excitement and continued to kiss and neck passionately. Our fingers caressed, tickled and explored the other's body as we kissed.

Grandma hissed in my ear, "I cannot believe you are still hard after that load you gave me."

This was not entirely true, although I hadn't gone completely limp I didn't have a raging hard on either. Passionately embracing this sensually exciting mature woman had kept me in a stimulated state. Grandma's hot, throbbing snatch still held me in its wanton grip. It also made me quite hot thinking about the taboos I was breaking just by being inside this particular pussy.

Grandma felt me twitch and stiffen slightly her eyes widened and she gave me a slow, scorching smile that crinkled her face. "Somebody wants to play some more."

Giving me a vacuum sealed, tonsil teasing kiss, Grandma slowly humped me. As my dick stiffened harder she rolled onto her side and then onto her back. Tiny shivers ran through me as her silken clad thighs slithered around my hips. The slippery, tickle across my buttocks as her stocking clad feet locked around me sent an electric tingle straight to my now rampant cock.

Breaking our kiss, Grandma's hot green eyes blazed into mine and she panted, "Now, love me hard as you can, sweetheart."

Not one to disobey his grandmother I thrust into her, slowly and deliberately. Because I didn't want to hurt her I was very gentle. Grandma's nails bit into my shoulders as she clung to me. She gave me a dirty look and hissed, "Harder!"

So I plunged back and forth into that exquisite pussy with moderate speed. Still it was not enough for Grandma. Eyes boring into mine she said in chastising tones, "You can do

better than that. Come, on fuck me! I'm not going to snap like a twig!"

A bit angry at being spoken to like a child, I let her have it. I rammed into her so hard I the bed shook. Her arms and legs constricted around me and her soft, saggy body quivered fluidly with each stroke. Eyes clenched shut, her faced contorted. She let out a wail and a line of fire scorched my back. I stopped in mid-thrust naively thinking I had hurt her.

Eyes popping open, she almost angrily shouted, "What the hell are you doing? Don't stop! Pour it on!"

Doing my best jackhammer imitation, I resumed fucking Grandma. Realizing that I had just given her an orgasm inflamed me. My cocked pounded into that old lady's snatch like nobody's business. Snaking my arms underneath her back, I grabbed her shoulders underhanded, getting a good grip on her. While giving me additional leverage, it also had the pleasant side effect of squashing her round, pendulant breasts flat against my chest. The hot, hard nubbed cushions rolled and mushed beneath me with every thrust. As I slammed into Grandma for all I was worth we locked into a deep sensuous kiss. My entire universe became centered between our ardent, questing lips and the deep, skin tingling wave of pleasure coursing through my body with every

thrust of my iron hard cock slammed into the tight, hot tunnel which gripped and sucked at me as if it had a life of its own.

At first Grandma matched my thrusts with her own but she tired, and although she kept her arms and legs tightly wrapped around me, she lay there and allowed me to ram into her. Low guttural moans rose from her throat when first began fucking. These became gradually louder, high pitched whimpering moans which were muffled by our lip lock. The provocative touch of her palpating breasts evoked a desire to experience as much of this piece of Heaven as I could.

Breaking our kiss my eyes roamed down her beautiful form so I could get a visual memory of fucking Grandma. Once my mouth was no longer muffling them, Grandma's moans had become increasing louder. I lifted my chest off of her breasts and they flopped about, swinging back and forth on her breast bone like a pair of pink pendulums. Tearing my eyes away, I savored how her loose flesh jiggled and flowed with every plunge of my cock. Even her normally firm, stocking encased thighs swayed and swung with every thrust, demonstrating that they too had succumbed to the effects of aging.

Actually seeing my purpled veined prick piston in and out of the white thatch as the burgundy lips gripped and pulsated it

sent such a perverse thrill through me that I almost exploded. My cock also rubbed up against the pushed aside black silken panties and each time I did a tickling electric thrill shot through my prick. As I watched my slick, wet cock piston in and out of her sopping, dripping pussy and felt a strange sense of power, like I was conquering and taming this grey haired beast. An immense feeling of satisfaction combined with pleasure accompanied the feeling of power. Knowing I was bringing such intense pleasure to someone I loved made me feel warm inside.

As my relentless drilling continued quiet moans became soft spoken curses that grew louder and more graphic, going from "Oh, baby, love me hard" to "Fuck my fucking pussy, you bastard, fuck me! Fuck my goddamned cunt hard!" This, from my grandmother, who often slapped her grown son upside the head for cursing in the house.

The small part of my mind not preoccupied with absorbing every sensory detail of my first fuck worried about Grandma's very vocal nature. Grandma's room was at the other end of the hall from my parents. My room was in between my parents' room and Grandma's room. Had we been in my room it is sure as shit that my parents would have heard us. Fortunately my room must have been a good sound baffle. Even so as loud as she was I was surprised that she did not wake up the whole neighborhood.

Hearing these curses pour from my Grandma as I watched myself pound her pussy sent an electric current through my balls. Stopping immediately I staved off my climax. Grandma shouted "Don't stop, Fuck me!" so loud that my ears rang. As erotic as I found her screams I had a sudden vision of my father bursting into the room and finding us. He'd kill me for molesting his confused mother.

My peak having passed I poured it on again, "Shhh, hold it down! You want the whole neighborhood to hear us?"

Grandma giggled and blew me a kiss. "Yes, I want the whole world to know how good a lover you are"

Our eyes locked and I found myself watching my Grandma's smiling face as I fucked her as hard as I could. I had always loved her face, always found it to be a beautiful face. I now found her face to be intensely titillating.

"You're so beautiful, so fucking sexy", I whispered into her ear as I kissed the wrinkled skin of her neck.

Her eyes widened slightly and her lips curled into a small, wondering smile. A brilliant flash flitted across her eyes.

Grandma's pussy clenched tight around my cock and warmth washed over it.

Her face suddenly went slack for a second. She screamed "Oh Shit! Oh Fuck!"

Quickly biting her lips to silence her screams, she screwed her eyes shut and clenched her jaw tight. Her back arched slightly, shoving her head up against the headboard. Pushed upwards by the headboard a cloud of grey hair rolled over her forehead and covered her eyes. As she thrust back her head the wattles of her neck were fully displayed. Her contorted face showed just how wrinkled her face truly was, as every line was brought out in a bas relief of pleasure.

This intensely erotic visual happened just as Grandma's pussy clamped down on my cock once more. Knowing I could no longer hold back, like a marathon runner saving that last bit of energy for the finish line I drove into Grandma's pussy with such vigor that the bed rocked against the wall and walked a few inches. An atomic bomb exploded behind my eyes, another went off from within my balls. Megatonnes of ecstasy obliterated my consciousness and I let loose with a groaning, grunt that seemed to echo in the room.

For a few moments we clung to each other, lips locked in a passionate kiss. Grandma urged me onto my back and lay across my chest. Pressed against my chest her pendulant breasts rose and fell with her rapid breathing making her seem to rock back and forth. As her hammering heart slowed she gazed at me with an expression of lust and adoration.

This time, despite her tight, throbbing pussy my spent cock did go completely limp. It slipped out of her. A perverse thrill ran through me as I felt hot fluid drip across my naked thighs and wilted dick as the two loads I'd blasted into my Grandma slowly trickle out of her. As my eyes drifted downwards my tired cock gave a slight twitch as I watched her black panties darken as they soaked up the love fluids seeping from her still pulsing lips.

Grandma's saw where I was staring and gave me a wicked grin. She pressed her wet crotch against my thigh and rubbed some of the hot stickiness against me. "I love the feeling of a man's juice slowly oozing out of me after a good fuck. And that's quite a lot of juice, buddy boy."

She leaned over me reached into her night stand drawer and took out a leather cigarette case and a small tin ashtray. As she tilted back I watched her drooping breasts sway, her

nipples were still hard and engorged, giving me the urge to suck on one like a piece of candy. She dropped the ashtray on my chest, clicked open the cigarette case, shook out one and slipped it between her coral lips. Sliding out the lighter she flicked it once, lit her cigarette and tossed the case back into the drawer. Taking a deep drag, she removed the cigarette from her mouth and held it before her. She exhaled a plume of smoke at the tip of her cigarette to make it burn more evenly.

Now my grandmother did not smoke, or at least hadn't for years. As intensely erotic as I found this, indeed seeing her mouth curl around the cigarette made my exhausted cock tingle, it made me feel horrible. I thought that by humoring Grandma to let her think I was Grandpa Caleb, I'd made her regress even more. That she was also thinking it was several years in the past.

Noticing the horror in my eyes, Grandma gave me a wicked smile and let smoke curl out of her nose. Her eyes became flirty with a hint of humor. "Even though I gave them up years ago I still wanted to indulge in a cigarette after really good sex. Grinning around her cigarette, she took another puff and let loose a smoke curled chuckle. "That's why I bought a fresh pack a week ago"

Had she been so confused even earlier, had my giving into my lust driven her over the edge of sanity?

She smoked contemplatively, her thin, delicate red nailed fingers tickling my chest and playing with my chest hair. Dropping a long ash onto the ashtray resting on my chest she shot a plume of smoke over my head and looked over the burning ember of her cigarette. Giving me a scalding, merry gaze her lips curved into a sly grin. "So... how did you like fucking your old granny? You seemed to like it a lot."

At first I was so shocked by her question I could only gape at her. She stared fully into my eyes and laughed. Taking another puff of her cigarette she blew the smoke into my face playfully. "Well, silly, cat got your tongue?"

You cannot understand the great relief that I felt at realizing that Grandma knew who I was. All the guilt I had accumulated over the past two months fell off of me like a great weight lifted off of my back. Mom had been right; by humoring Grandma I'd cured her.

"Grandma you're cured!"

Laughing she waved her cigarette in front of my face. Her eyes shimmered with mirth. "Cured of what? Cured of being crazy?" she asked with a merry grin, "No, I am still crazy... about you." She moved the ashtray aside an inch to give me a kiss on my chest. "I am also crazy like a fox." Her smile became sly once more. "Haven't I made it possible for us to fuck each others brains out to our hearts content without having to sneak around? Unless of course my cheapskate son really does decide to pay for therapy. In the case of that unlikely event, I will become cured. and we will figure something out."

I could only gape. Grandma laughed at my expression and hugged me tightly.

"Oh, darling, don't tell me you fell for my little act as well." Cradling her head on my chest she gazed into my eyes. "I admit I was more than a bit surprised to discover that you had such a strong desire for me. Not knowing you were in the shower it startled me to see you there naked and aroused. When you spurted all over my naked body it literally knocked me off my feet. You were so beautiful and sexy that it took my breath away. Sorry I scared you when I tripped and fell like a stupid old woman.

"Knowing that you found me so sexy was both flattering and exhilarating. Over the next few days I gave it a lot of thought. I finally decided I'd make your dream come true. What the hell, we're both adults, I can't get pregnant, it's better than you masturbating all the time, and quite frankly, being wanted by such a handsome young man makes my old pussy soaking wet. That you're my grandson makes it so sordid, taboo and exciting." She grinned her eyes half lidded with desire.

"When you didn't make another move I decided I'd have to do so but every damned time I tried it, one of your parents interrupted us. I soon realized that we'd never get any privacy. Plus I don't much like the idea of sneaking around. So I came up with my little plan. I even underlined the passages in the books that your mother took out of the library to help convince them to "humor" me. Now when ever we get the urge, I'll just have one of my "spells" and we can go at it like a couple of minks."

Grandma stubbed out her cigarette and put the ashtray on her nightstand. She pulled a small mirror out of her nightstand drawer and checked her make-up. Grandma winked at me as she touched up her eyeshadow and blew me a kiss as she re-applied lipstick. She then put her chin back on my chest she gave me an exaggerated look of contrition although her eyes sparked with humor and lust. "I'm sorry if I scared you into

thinking I was losing my mind." She kissed my chest, murmuring. "I guess I'll have to find some way to make it up my sweet, loving grandson."

She kissed her way down my stomach leaving a trail of red lip marks as she worked down to my rapidly stiffening dick. Teasing it with her tongue she soon had me up and ready, hard as telephone pole. Looking me straight in the eye, she engulfed the head between her lips and held it there, marking the rim of my dick with a crimson ring. After tickling the tip with her tongue she took her lips off and blew on it softly. Seeing the red mark and her pouting lips almost made me spurt in her face. Had we not just fucked, I probably would have.

Her eyes danced with laughter as she cooed, "Maybe I should stop. After all, you never did answer me. How did you like being inside granny's pussy, cumming inside granny's pussy and feeling granny cum all over your cock?"

Somewhat embarrassed, I whispered, "I liked it."

"Just liked?" she asked, teasingly, running a red nailed finger up my shaft. As her blue veined hand stroked my shafted it visibly twitched. "It seems like you more than liked it. Hard

as you are now, it seems like you loved being fucked by your old granny? Did you love being fucked by your old granny?" Licking the head of my aching penis once more she smiled wickedly at my full body shiver of pleasure.

"It seems like you love it when your granny plays with your cock but I can't be sure. Why don't you tell granny how you feel so she isn't confused." She emphasized the last word and gave me a throaty laugh. She slowly slipped her soaked panties off, smiling as I watch them dangle off her left foot before they fell to the floor in a heap. She leaned back and spread her legs, and her dark pink pussy opened like a dark red rose silhouetted against a cloudy sky.

Okay, I may have been stupid enough to fall for Grandma's confused act and I may have been a little slow on the uptake at that particular moment but I'm not a total idiot.

I put my left arm around my grandma's shoulders and pulled her up to face me as my right hand slowly brushed through the damp gray thatch between her legs. As I kissed the curve of her shoulder my fingers softly stroked through her hair and against her dewy lips and still rigid clit. She hissed in pleasure as I softly squeezed her clit and kissed hard against the furrowed skin of her breast bone.

As my mouth worked across her breast bone and the curve of her right breast, I said "I have the sexiest grandmother in the world. Since I saw you in the shower I haven't been able to get you out of my mind. At night I stain my sheets dreaming about you; about holding you, kissing you, eating that silver haired snatch, fucking your sweet, mature big lipped pussy, Every day just looking at you makes me so horny that I make my hand and cock sore fantasizing about you."

Grandma smiled so deeply that her face dimpled, the wrinkles about her lips and eyes crinkled and my cock twitched from how arousing I found this.

"You're sweet, but I know its just my big tits and ass, and willing pussy that you like. I'm not a hard bodied cheerleader."

I hefted her right breast and licked the rigid nipple. She shivered in pleasure and moaned as I sucked the nipple into my mouth. I slipped two fingers into her pussy and thrummed her clit with my thumb. She closed her eyes and her face scrunched up as pleasure coursed through her. Grandma's right hand had been softly stroking my engorged dick but it slipped away as she grabbed her left breast and squeezed it around the nipple. Her left hand clutched my shoulder, nails digging painfully into my skin.

"I do love my granny's big tits, round ass and sweet pussy but I also love your sexy silver hair, I love how soft and smooth your skin is, I love your crow's feet and the wrinkled skin over your breasts and your neck's wattled skin turns me on. When your veined hand was stroking my chest, it made me so hot and when you were stroking my cock, I could barely stop myself from spurting." Her pussy pulsed sucking my fingers in so I started pumping. "I want to kiss every one of your age spots because they are so sexy." Grandma moaned, arching her back and neck slightly as she experienced a small orgasm,

"When you do that I can see every line and wrinkle on your face, neck and chest and it drives me crazy, I want to rub my dick against every seam and pucker, to fuck those saggy, lined tits and drive my aching, rock hard cock into that gray haired pussy all at the same time and watch you quiver and shake as we cum together."

Grandma shrieked incoherently and went rigid, her upper torso contorted and her flushed, swollen nipples rose and pressed hard against my face. I delighted in the pillowy touch as I breathed in the sweet scent of perfume and sweat. Her pussy clamped down hard on my fingers as hot moisture covered them. Her arms flew around my back and she pulled

me tight against her. As her fingers bit into my back, she breathed heavily into my ear. Grandma shivered for a few seconds and her heart hammered against my chest as her pussy palpitated around my fingers. I slowly withdrew my fingers, shifted my position and lined up my cock. As I slowly entered her silky buttery and quavering passage, she gasped and bit her crimson smeared lips.

Her loving green eyes were luminescent with orgasmic delight, "Wait a second, baby, let granny catch her breath. Oh, Jacob you fill me so nice. Let me savor it for a minute." Her lips sealed against mine as her legs crossed against my back and her stockinged feet rested on my buttocks. Her eyes bore into my as she broke our kiss for breath. "Okay, sweetie let's do but this time nice and slow. I want to make it last as long as possible."

I gazed deep into Grandma's eyes as one of my hands caressed her hard nipples breast and my other hand slid through her long silver hair while my hips slowly churned, driving my iron hard cock deep into her welcoming pussy.

Grandma grinned and once again drew me into a passionate kiss. I had the feeling that Grandma was going to be confused quite a lot from now on.

## Chapter 2

My name is Jacob and about a month ago my life took a decidedly odd turn when I became my Grandmother's husband. Not legally and not literally but as a role I was forced to play. See Grandma became confused and thought that I was Caleb, my Grandfather.

Grandma had come to live with us, quite reluctantly and with a great deal of embarrassment, because she was flat broke. She had lost her savings, retirement fund and her house when a corrupt financial planner bilked her and a bunch of other folks. Grandma had weathered the shock of losing everything with the the normal amount of outrage and sadness that one would expect. Otherwise she was the same vibrant, lively energetic sixty-eight year old lady we knew and loved.

However her mind became affected by another traumatic incident. This incident also affected me because I caused it. One Indian Summer day in October I was home alone and it was hot as hell in the house. My Dad only allows the central air to run during summer, so June to September, and only when it gets above 85 in the house. My Dad was always a bit on the cheap side, and became even more so after what happened to Grandma. I decided to take a shower to cool off.

Grandma was hadn't gone out as she usually did and also decided to take a shower to cool off. She didn't did hear the shower running and opened the door. I was in the midst of finishing a good wank and turned at the sound. As I approached climax I was confronted by my very naked Grandma who gaped in shock at the sight of her masturbating grandson. Well, a second after she opened the shower door Grandma got sprayed with more than just water.

Grandma backpedaled, slipped, and cracked her head. She suffered from a bleeding scalp wound but no discernible brain damage. However shortly after that Grandma became confused.

Grandma would all of sudden start acting like I was my Grandfather. She would grab me, hug me and kiss me in a romantic way, like I was her husband. At first my parents tried to snap Grandma out of it but her condition persisted. Feeling guilty about Grandma's condition I finally told my parents what had actually occurred when Grandma was injured.

Since my Dad wasn't about to shell out money for therapy, my parents consulted some old books from the library. The most inexpensive way to cure Grandma, according to one

book was to humor her. Since according to my Dad I had "caused" Grandma to go screwy, I need to play along with her. Or find another place to live. So reluctantly, I agreed to let Grandma hug and kiss me.

Now this wasn't as hard as you might think. Yes, Grandma is a senior with gray hair and wrinkles but as I discovered she was also surprisingly sexy. As I said I was affected by the shower incident too. Mostly I felt guilt but it also did something else to me. When I ejaculated all over my Grandmother's naked body, the shock of situation and my Grandma's unexpected eroticism gave me a powerful orgasm. The orgasm imprinted the vision of my Grandma's mature beauty upon my brain.

After the shower incident Granny's naked image almost immediately began creeping into my wet dreams and masturbatory fantasies. Disturbed by the idea of wanking off to my Grandmother, I tried to replace her image by looking for other images of mature women. To my shock I discovered there was this whole genre of porn called Granny porn. I found one actress that I kept coming back to as a substitute for Grandma.

Once I my parents and I decided to humor Grandma's delusion in order to cure her, we expected that she would

come to her senses eventually. However instead of tapering off her spells happened more frequently. Part of this was my fault because I soon began enjoying making out with this sexy older woman. Initially when Grandma kissed me I thought of the mature porn star to get over the fact I was making out with my Grandma. Shortly however, It was my Grandma I was kissing and it was my Grandma I thought about when I masturbated to the mature porn star. I had the startling realization that I had unconsciously chosen that particular porn star as the object of my fantasies because her body closely resembled Grandma's.

After a couple weeks of snogging with my Gran whenever she had an episode, I initiated some of the make out sessions with her. Her delusion was so pervasive all I had to do with kiss her or hug her and her spell would manifest. By the end of two weeks Grandma upped the ante once again. She became angry with my Dad for making his parents sleep apart. She insisted that Caleb be allowed to sleep with her.

I protested this idea because by this time Grandma was turning me on so much I was afraid I would slip and, well, molest her. Dad was horrified when I brought up the idea that Grandma might want to actually have sex. From his perspective old people did not have sex because people his age barely did. Poor Mom!. Once again I was threatened with expulsion from the home if I didn't sleep in Grandma's room.

That night I went to Grandma's room half afraid and half hoping.

First thing I saw was Grandma all made up and wearing a sexy negligee. I threw myself on the bed and avoided her advances and went to sleep. I awoke from what I thought was a wet dream to find Grandma straddling me, slowly inserting my hard cock into her pussy. Well, at that point what could I do? So yeah, I fucked my Grandma. Twice.

As she was enjoying a post coital cigarette, Grandma revealed that she had never been confused. She had planned out the whole thing. From having fake episodes confusing me with my grandfather to underlining certain passages in the psychology books my folks took out of the library. She knew I wanted to fuck her and she wanted to fuck me. So she created a scenario where we could do so right under my parent's eyes. Although, I'm sure my parent's didn't realize that Grandma and I were actually having sex.

Once Grandma and I had finally opened the pandora's box of actually making love, we did so every chance we could. Now since there was quite a discrepancy in our ages, we couldn't exactly do it all the damn time. Granted, I'm an eighteen year old guy so my sex drive is pretty high and my youth gives me the ability to do it a few times a day. Grandma also has a high

sex drive but she is sixty eight years old so there were limitations as to often she can do it.

As I found out on the day after we first had sex.

As I was leaving for school Grandma called out to me, "Are you coming home right from school Jacob? I might have some special treats for you."

"Save some for me!" Dad chimed.

Grandma shot Dad a sour look. He frowned. "Hey, I took you in when you could've ended up in a homeless shelter. You can at least make some extra damn cookies for me!"

"Yes dear, I shall be forever grateful that my son didn't let me end up begging on the street. But instead allows me to live in the house, I helped him get." Dad gave Grandma a confused side eyed look. As if he wasn't certain if she were actually thanking him or being sarcastic.

As you might have gleaned from the first section of my tale and from this little exchange, Grandma and my Dad didn't get along. Well, to be fair my Dad was pretty miserable and

liked to spread it around. He was overweight and stuck in a job that he knew was getting difficult for him to do. Because of his weight I believe he had other medical issues. Although they never really discussed it, I think my parent's sex life was practically non-existent. Once he was home from work Dad didn't want to be bothered by anything. He wanted to lose himself in beer, snacks and watching sports. Most of his extra cash went towards his retirement fund and towards his sports packages.

Although Grandma had been a teacher and had emphasized education, Dad hadn't applied himself in high school, believing that he had a shot at a professional sports career. He got injured in his Senior year and his academics weren't good enough to get him into a college without a sports scholarship. He rejected Grandma's offer to loan him the tuition. I think he believed he could rehab his knee and go to college. So he went to work in a bakery, biding his time.

A time which never came. Dad met and dated Mom and she became pregnant with my brother Jared. Grandma and Grandpa helped them buy their house. By the time Jared was in middle school however my Dad had pretty much given up. That's about when he started acting like a douche to everyone.

All day at school, the day after I first screwed my Grandma, I had been rock hard, wondering what kind of treat Grandma would have for me when I returned from school. I opened the door and there she was sitting in my Dad's recliner. She wore nothing more than a smile and a pair of lacy black panties which dangled from her right foot. She raised her legs, opened them and waved at me with the dangling panties. Her wet pink, gray shrouded pussy beckoned me.

Grandma is about 5'6" and weighs about 135 lbs. She has light gray almost silver hair which she wears in a small bouffant with bangs, an early Sixties style that she's kept since I've known her. Age has thinned her face, making it less full and more hawkish but still quite attractive. As usual she wore no make up except for a little pink lipstick on lips that puckered as if waiting for a kiss. Her red nailed fingers curled and uncurled in a come hither gesture.

Within seconds I was passionately kissing Grandma, my hands lifting, kneading, squeezing her grapefruit sized breasts. Her legs locked about my hips, pulling my still clothed boner against her horny old snatch. Grandma's pussy ground against my crotch, staining my jeans with tiny drabs of moisture. As I delighted in the full, warmth of her tits, hard nubs squiggled and flattened against my fingers and thumbs, making Grandma squeal.

When our kiss broke, her green eyes burned into mine with humor and love. A little short of breath she said, "Jake, Gran has a special after-school treat for you, a hot, steaming pie all ready to be eaten!" She waggled her eye brows and me and laughed. I kissed Grandma's questing lips once more and then kissed down her fleshy chin. I kissed and licked the wrinkled skin of her neck and upper breasts while continuing to caress her breasts and thumb her nipples.

As my lips moved onto the tender flesh of her breasts, I saw her neck arch, her eyes squint and her lips pucker in joy. Grandma's face crinkled and for a moment all of her wrinkles and fine lines furrowed. She moaned " Jacob... you are making your Granny feel so nice!" A hiss shook her as my tongue swirled over her nipples and areolas. My mouth feasted on Grandma's tits for a few moments before I moved down through the valley of her sagging breasts, over her small pudgy stomach. I paused to kiss the small wrinkles and loose skin around her belly button.

I grinned as an evil thought struck me and I blew a raspberry into her belly button.

Grandma chuckled and looked down at me through her heaving breasts, her face mockingly stern. "Now Jacob, quit playing around and eat the damned pie!"

I smiled against Grandma's tender skin knowing she was becoming increasingly horny. This was confirmed as I moved further south and my nose hit the heady musk of her arousal. As the gray curly hair of her pubes tickled my lips and tongue, I breathed deep inhaling the intoxicating scent of hot, horny granny! I dived in and started to eat Grandma's pie.

Yes, Grandma's had been the first pussy I fucked but it wasn't the first one I had eaten. Like many a guy I'd been coaxed into giving a slurpie with the unrealized possibility of something in return, a few times. In just a few moments Grandma's thin, delicate wrinkled hands were holding onto the back of my head, her fingers twining into my hair for a better grip. With surprising strength she forced my face deeper against her moist pie. Her hips bucked as her pussy writhed against my tongue and lips.

As I sucked and licked up the tangy sweetness of Granny's cunt, my eyes traveled up the expanse of her body. My cock swelled harder as I beheld the achingly erotic sight of her full, sagging tits swinging back and forth across her lower ribs cage, rolling towards her sides and then swayed back to

collide. All of Grandma's wrinkles on her face and neck were in full force as she arched her neck and scrunched up her face in sheer pleasure. This inspired me to keep going. I began to alternately tongue fuck her tight hole and tongue lash her clit while inserting one and then two fingers.

Grandma jerked back when I first inserted my finger and for a second stopped thrusting her hips towards me. After a nanosecond she began thrashing her hips again.

As my Granny began mewling and moaning louder, my cock throbbed even harder. I was becoming so turned on I feared I might cum in my pants. Grandma suddenly pulled on the back of my head so hard it seemed she was trying to force my entire head inside her cunt. She stiffened and shook for a second, letting out a loud gasp. Her face scrunched up even tighter, to the point I could even see all of the folds of her eyelids. After a few seconds her eyes opened, glowing with contentment and happiness. She gave me a serene smiles as she panted.

"Do you remember when you were ten and accidentally knocked over one of my knick knack cabinets? You broke ten of the Hummel figurines I inherited from my Grandma. Well dear, you finally made up for that!" She laughed and blew me

a kiss. She licked her lips while giving me a sultry look. "Now let Granny see her sexy boy!"

I stripped in a flash and stood before Grandma proudly my GILF born erection. Grandma hungrily eyed my jutting cock. She licked her lips and sighed. Biting her lip she gazed at me speculatively. "Well, I wasn't gonna do it today. But damn, just seeing that hard, beautiful cock and knowing that my old body is what's causing it, is just too damn sexy!" She sat up, leaned over and ran her wrinkled over my stiff shaft. The juxtaposition of her very mature, prominently vein hand stroking my hard young cock sent a shiver of taboo erotic thrill through me.

Grandma sucked air through her teeth as she slowly stroked my throbbing penis and continued to eye me speculatively. She shook her head in resignation. "Yeah, I need it in me again." Her gaze shifted to my face, "Plus, you really, really want to fuck your Granny again, don't you!"

"More than anything, Gran!"

Her green eyes twinkled, "More than anything, huh? Liar! She laughed. Her wrinkled face crinkled in a big smile and she leaned over and gave me a tasty, short kiss. "But you're a

sweet liar" Grandma moved back further into the recliner and rested her legs on the armrests, splaying open her dark pink , thoroughly aroused pussy. She shifted her hips upwards, pointing her opening at me like a beacon. Her arms opened and her fingers waved me forward, She giggled, "Come on, Jacob put your choo choo in Granny's tunnel!"

As I moved forward and my cockhead touched the roaring heat of her lips, Grandma placed her hands against my hips, holding me back. "Nice and slow, sweetie." As my cock pushed into her entrance Grandma jolted again and winced, however she held me in place, as if anticipating I might jerk back.

She stroked my hips, saying "Its all right dear, Granny's just a little tender today. My little old pussy hasn't had anything larger than a finger in it for some time. So just be slow and gentle today."

Despite its tenderness, her pussy welcomed me in a erotic embrace, her cunt snugged about me tightly, wrapping around my cock just as sweetly and lovingly as Grandma's arms encircled my back in a tight hug. Her eyes melted into mine as her lips molded against mine. Her hard nipples caressed me as her large breasts pancaked against my chest.

Grandma's legs rested upon mine, as I very slowly began to thrust in and out of her pussy.

Grandma giggled, "It hurts so good. I feel like a virgin again."

The image of this mature woman I was making love to having been a girl having her first fuck made me start with surprise. And I admit, a perverse erotic thrill. I drove hard and deep into Grandma. She winced. "Not so hard, honey!" I eased up. She smiled, "Much better!"

After about ten minutes of our slow, exquisitely sensual sexual intimacy Grandma gasped, kissed me hard and clasped herself against me tightly. I felt her entire body tremble. She smiled at me, "Okay Jakey, Granny needs you to fill her pussy with your cum real soon, cuz I'm starting to be sore again!" Although the sexy talk increased my ardor, oddly enough knowing I needed to cum soon had the opposite effect.

I kept on fucking Grandma for several minutes more. Grandma looked at me with amusement and exasperation. She stuck a finger in her mouth and slowly sucked on it. Although this too made me hotter I still could not cum. She

pulled her finger out of her mouth and slowly, and softly scratched my balls. Still hard!

A sharp, unexpected pain in my ass suddenly put me over the edge. I shook in climax as my hard cock drove harder into Grandma for a few second, and my seed flooded her tight channel. I realized that Grandma had stuck a finger up my ass to make me cum. I came so hard at the end of it I did become totally limp. I slipped out of Grandma and our commingled juices dripped out of her gray haired pussy to pool on the leather of my Dad's recliner.

After a few seconds of post-coital cuddling Grandma softly pushed me upwards. As she stood, she got a little shaky and I grabbed her arm to steady. She breath a laugh. "I guess I'm not as spry as I thought." Grandma saw me staring at the pool of sex fluid on my Dad's chair. She smiled."It would suit your Dad right if we let him sit in that." She laughed "Don't worry!" Grandma walked over to the coffee table. As she did I could not help but watching her slightly saggy but still sexy ass. I also watched with some fascination her still frosted cunt as a couple droplets of my semen fell onto her thigh and leg. Grandma grabbed some tissues out of a box and playfully tossed some to me. Naturally they sailed like small parachutes which I grabbed. As I did she took a few more and wiped herself clean,

After I cleaned off my Dad's recliner Grandma walked over to me and kissed me as she softly cleaned off my wet cock with a tissue. She pressed it into my hand and ran her fingers over my chest. "I'll shower first. " She must have used Granny mind reading. "Yes, I would enjoy showering with you but that would be too tempting, She squeezed my cock. Besides, your parents will be home shortly and I need to start cooking something."

After dinner, Mom, Gran and I sat on the couch while Dad went over to be ensconced on his leather throne. After a moment he started sniffing. "What the hell? Marjorie, my chair smells all funky!"

"Its probably moldy from all the beer you've spilt on it. Clean it or live with it. I ain't touching it."

Pop popped a beer, "Eh, its not that bad. Kinda reminds me of something. Can't put my finger on it though." He shrugged and drank his beer, deciding it wasn't worth the effort to haul his ass up.

That night as my parents were heading for bed, my Mom paused by Dad's chair, she sniffed, frowned and gave me an inscrutable look.

My second night with Grandma was almost as strange as the first. As per my father's demand, I had to pretend to be my Grandfather Caleb and continue sleeping with Grandma. This was to humor her so Dad could avoid paying for therapy. Our first night together had been primarily about sex which overshadowed the fact that I now had to share a bed with someone. During my shower I had gotten super aroused again, thinking about the events of the night before and that afternoon.

However when I got to the bedroom Grandma was already asleep. Guess the honeymoon was over.

Although not at all unpleasant I found it took some getting used to sharing a bed with someone, In my mind when I reluctantly agreed to sleep with Grandma, I thought we'd be fucking every night. If Grandma had been closer to my age that might have been truer than not but at her age, she discovered, with some degree of regret and pain, that she could only have sex three or four times a week. More than that was too painful for her. However she did understand that I was young, dumb and full of cum so on the days she

could not be fucked, Grandma would give me blowjobs, give me a titfuck, combine the two or just give me a handjob.

Yet even a blowjob or handjob was a supercharged experience because the associated taboo gave it extra spice. Knowing that this was my Grandma sucking me off was extra electrifying. Watching Grandma's thin age withered lips slide to and fro, her mature face wrinkle and unwrinkled as she sucked, licked and her gray haired head bob up and down on her Grandson's hard, aroused cock never failed to give me a perverse thrill!

For the first few days after my first experience with Grandma we started to settle into a pattern. I would hurry home from school and have some sort of quickie with Grandma before my parents came home, I would do my homework while Gran fixed dinner. Then that night we would go to bed together, to sleep or fuck.

However in our second week things took another turn.

On Monday when I got home from school, my Grandma called out to me as I entered the living room. "Jacob, can you help your Granny with something in the kitchen?" Grandma was standing beside the kitchen table wearing an apron that

Jared had bought her a few years back. It was country plaid and had "World's Best Grandma" embroidered upon the front in bold red cursive stitching. Besides some red high heels, the apron was the only thing Grandma wore. The front of the apron started across the front of her breasts just above her nipples, which jutted through the thin cloth like small rocks. The apron ended at the top of her thighs like a micro-dress.

My eyes immediately feasted upon tantalizing sights that the apron gave me. The between the shoulder straps plunged the deep valley of Grandma's cleavage. As I moved closer I saw the low hanging fruit of Grandma's breast in a titillating display of side boobage. "I'm afraid my voice squeaked a bit when I said, "What do you need help with Granny?"

"Well first, Give your Granny a kiss" As I walked over to me she pulled me in for a distinctly non-Grandmotherly kiss. Her lips and tongue sought mine hungrily. She broke the kiss and panted with passion. "Can you kiss me and also squeeze these grapefruits?. Grandma slipped her apron shoulder straps off and the apron slithered down to gather at her waist. Like magnets drawn to iron, my hand flew to her breasts, glorying in their touch. We kissed again as I squeezed and kneaded her tits, loving the feel of her tit flesh sliding and rolling between my fingers, of her hot, hard nipples tickling my palms. Grandma's fingers softly rubbed my hips and then my cock

through my pants. Her hands moved away the apron hissed down against my legs and puddled about my feet.

Grandma stood beautifully naked before me, the scent of her arousal a heady, intoxicating perfume. As I grabbed at my shirt, Grandma laid her hand on my arm to stop me.

"No don't undress. You came home from school and you saw your Granny bending over the kitchen table. It drove you wild and you just had to fuck her. You unzipped your pants and gave into your lust!

Grandma turned around and bent over the kitchen table, splaying her hips and exposing her thick wet pussy. If she wanted to play a little, who was I to say no. So I pulled down my zipper, took out my aching cock and rammed it as deep as I could into Grandma's pussy.

"Oh my god, Jacob! You're such a naughty boy!! You're fucking your Grandma!! Your hard cock is deeeep inside your Granny's pussy!" Grandma moaned as she thrashed her hips back and forth to meet my thrusts. For a moment I pumped hard in and out of Grandma's cunt, reveling how exquisite her tightness felt surrounding me. At every thrust I watched the loose skin of her back, butt, legs and thighs jiggle and

wave, somehow encouraging me keep pounding her old pussy. I moved closer to Grandma until my chest pressed against her back, my mouth next to her ear.

"That's right I'm fucking my horny old granny! I'm gonna fuck her 'til I fill her pussy with my cum! Completely fill your pussy with my cum. I'm gonna cum in this sexy old cunt, once, twice, three maybe four times. Cause I love granny's pussy!" Granny whimpered and her cunt clenched my cock. I leaned over pushing Grandma flat against the kitchen table while continuing to fuck her. My hands slid underneath her to cup her breasts. I squished her titties while pinching her nipples between my fingers. My hands were sandwiched between the cool Formica of the table and the full warmth of her breasts, the opposing sensations of which added to the sensual experience.

I kissed Grandma's neck and she let out a small moan. Unexpectedly, the front door opened and footsteps sounded in the entrance.

"Jacob! Gladys! I'm home!"

Grandma shot me a look of mixed anger and disbelief. She waved to the back door. As Mom began to walk towards the

kitchen I picked up Granny and waddled towards the back door. She unlatched it and we stepped outside, still intimately bonded. We quietly closed the back door and moved to the far side of the deck where we couldn't be seen out the kitchen windows and pressed against the wall. Though it hadn't been intentional, with my cock still lodged in Granny's tight pussy it was like we were still fucking when walking.

Being early March it was cold out on that damned porch. Grandma started shivering, Partially to warm her up and partially because almost getting caught had really excited me, I began slowly fucking into her. She half turned her head towards me, "This is pretty damned exhilarating, isn't it. I'm really close, sweetie. Keep fucking me!!"

I squeezed Grandma's tits hard and breathed into her ear. "You about to cum old lady? You about to cum all over your Grandson's cock, cuz your Grandson's just about to fill your wrinkled old pussy!"

Gran let out a big moan and shuddered as her pussy clamped down hard on my cock, literally squeezing away the last of my resistance. Grandma's pleased laugh warmed me as I came hard inside her. After a few moments of recovery, Grandma said, "Now we have to figure out how the hell we're gonna get back in the house!"

I had a plan for that. I didn't know why my Mom was home so early but I hoped that she followed her routine. This was to fix herself an after work drink, then take a shower and dress in her comfortable clothes. Without the heat of lust and exertion to warm her Grandma was quickly becoming very cold standing naked out on our deck. Quickly I stripped down to my socks and boxers and handed my clothes and shoes to Grandma.

Grandma kicked off her heels and dressed in my clothes. As she did I told her my plan. I would sneak inside and see if Mom was in the shower. If she was I would get some of Grandma's clothes from her room and sneak them back to her.

"Okay," Grandma whispered with a smile. "All this sneaking around makes me feel like I was your age again," she added with a laugh.

I snuck into the kitchen. I knew Mom had been in there because Grandma's apron was sitting on the kitchen table instead of the floor where we'd left it. Silently I crossed through the kitchen and peeked around the corner of the doorway into the living room. I had timed it right because Mom was heading towards the steps with her almost finished

glass of wine but I had to jerk back when she paused at the steps as if she had heard something. After listening for half a tick she continued up the stairs.

I waited in the living room for a few moments to give her time to get her clothes. My nerves suddenly jangled when I felt a presence next to me. I whirled to find Grandma next to me. At my shocked look, she whispered. "It was too god damned cold out there. If I get caught, I'll just act like its some kind of episode. You found me naked and had to dress me in your clothes."

Okaay... In another minute I crept up the steps. Grandma followed. We made our way down the hall as silently as we could. As we approached closer to the bathroom, I heard the shower running. This was odd because usually you couldn't hear it unless you were in the bathroom and then only if it was on full blast because of the thick pebble glass surrounding the stall. I held up my hand to keep Gran from following me and walked down to the bathroom door.

The bathroom door was open. I peered around the door sill and saw that the shower door was also open. Hmmm Mom must have left the doors open so she could hear if anyone came home. I moved a little more to get a little deeper look into the shower. Mom was in the shower facing towards the

door. My eyes were only able to get a small peek before prudence and guilt shock made me jerk back. However, I realized I needed to watch her. If only to see when we could dart past the open door. Of course that wasn't the only reason.

This was the first time I had ever seen my Mom naked, she had always been very careful about that sort of thing. Mom was forty-two years old and looked like your average attractive housewife but of course she was beautiful to me. She has auburn hair and hazel eyes, traits which I had inherited. The auburn hair is shot through with light brown strands and strands of gray. She's about five-six and I think about 139 to 145 lbs which on her medium sized frame meant she's a bit hippy, has a some junk in the trunk and a bit of poochy belly. Normally these were barely noticeable because she knew how to dress to conceal them but apparent when fully nude.

My teenage eyes of course zoomed right to the important bits. Auburn was Mom's natural color as her bush testified. Although trimmed, Mom had a thick, luxuriant swath of pubic hair similar to some of the old playboys Jared had stashed. Even dripping wet it was beautiful as was her dark pink vulva. Mom's breasts were 40D cup, full and mostly firm although with a slight sag to them. Her nipples and areola were light brown. Even though I had just had a good cum a

few minutes before, I started getting hard all over again. If Dad, was neglecting that he was a bigger idiot than I thought.

When Mom finally turned her back to us, I motioned for Grandma to quickly follow me. We dashed past the open bathroom door and rushed into Grandma's room.

As she shed my clothes, and I redressed into them, Grandma said. "I'm going to need a shower and its probably best you just get home."

Grandma watched through a crack in the door until Mom went back into her room, changed and went back down stairs. That was my clue to leave. I went out the small window door to a small balcony. There are two on the front of our house, outside each of the two main bedrooms, each balcony has room for a small table and chair, if desired but are mostly decorative. However they are very useful for sneaking out of the house. All you have to do is climb over the wrought iron fencing, hold onto the fencing as you swing over and down to the the balcony's edge. Then you dangle seven feet or so from the ground and drop down.

Unless you used a rope, climbing back up is almost impossible so you have to sneak in the front or back doors

and hope not to get caught. Not that I ever did anything like that of course. Well, not as much as Jared, especially since I never got the chance to move into Jared's room since Grandma came to stay with us.

So I opened the front door and acted surprised that my mother was sitting on the couch.

"Mom, what're you doing home!" Her eyes darted to where I'd dropped my bookbag when I'd first come home. "I didn't have much homework so went to Dante's house for a while."

"My hours have changed so I'm going to be home two hours earlier from now on. Have you seen your Grandmother. I found her apron lying on the kitchen floor but she hasn't started supper yet."

"I think she wasn't feeling well and was laying down."

"That's what I thought but she wasn't in her room when I checked up on her."

Crap! I thought which became double crap when Grandma walked down the stairs. Dressed in her pjs and robe, her hair

still wet from her shower. Mom gaped in surprise. "What the..."

"I guess we've been found out, Jacob. Well Marjorie, the truth is hard to say but I guess it should all be out in the open" Grandma shook her head in contrition. My heart sank as she was going to tell Mom everything. "Jacob has been... Grandma looked directly at me with a slight smile. "covering for me. I've been sneaking a couple of smokes a day. I heard you come in and snuck out onto the back porch and waited until you went up stairs and then took a shower after you to hide the smell of the smoke."

Mom laughed. "Okay, I know it's bad for you and I don't like the smell of it in my house but you didn't need to hide to smoke a cigarette."

Grandma gave her a guilty smile, "Well, it wasn't exactly a cigarette. It's medicinal. For my arthritis."

"Gladys!" exclaimed in shocked surprise. She stifled a giggle. "Please don't do it in the house and for god sakes don't tell Dave!"

Yeah my Dad had a real mad on for those folks he called pothead losers, and also nerds. He had some bizarre notion that they were at fault for all the ills of his life. I never knew why but resolved to find out. I also wondered if my Grandma actually did have some pot and if she would share it. As it turned out she did and she wouldn't.

Once Mom started coming home earlier things began to change drastically in the house. Grandma and I could no longer have after-school specials so had to confine our illicit incestuous unions at night. Initially my Mom had not been bothered by Grandma kissing me although my Dad had been outraged by the act. After the first night I slept with Grandma, that situation became reversed.

Dad pretty much ignored Grandma and me making out but Mom became increasingly annoyed by it. It got to the point where every time Grandma became confused and started giving me a lip lock, Mom would interrupt and find something for me to do that entailed me leaving the room or even the house. She also started suggesting that Grandma go to bed earlier and extended my curfew, as if she wanted to make certain Grandma was asleep by the time I went to bed.

Mom also stopped relying on library books to research Grandma's condition and started doing it on her laptop. I

wondered how long it would be before Grandma would be found out. As it turned out yet another traumatic incident changed our lives completely.

## Chapter 3

It was a typical Friday night at my house in the new normal after Grandma became confused. Dad was sitting on this throne, his precious leather recliner, watching some soccer game. I was sitting on the sofa finishing some homework assignments. Mom was working, or playing a game, on her laptop while sitting in her favorite chair at the table in the breakfast nook. Grandma was in the kitchen cleaning up after dinner.

I finished my assignments and shut off my laptop. I briefly thought about shifting to the other end of the sofa so I could have some "quality" time with Dad. This usually consisted of me commenting on the current sporting event until he glared at me to shut up. However sudden warmth along with the scent of White Diamond perfume signaled that Grandma was behind me.

Without pause, Grandma slid into my lap, put her arms around my neck, and pulled me in for a long, lingering kiss. As she pressed her large breasts against my chest, she squirmed in my lap as she felt my young cock immediately petrify. By now Dad was oblivious to our impromptu necking sessions but my mother made a short "hmmphf". Without

pausing her tongue-probing kiss Grandma's iron gray eyebrows rose with an unspoken question.

Yeah, I didn't know what was going on with my mother lately. When Grandma first became "confused", Mom had encouraged me to humor her. Now she seemed to get upset every time I did. Both of my parents believed that Grandma had spells where she thought I was Caleb, my deceased Grandfather. This condition had resulted from Grandma cracking her head in a fall I had inadvertently caused.

Last fall, because of unseasonal warmth, Grandma had decided to take a shower to cool off. When she opened the shower door she discovered me masturbating. I hadn't turned on the shower as yet and I'd been so involved in my fantasy I hadn't heard Grandma moving about in the bathroom until the shower door opened. When it did I turned to be confronted by my naked grandmother. Already primed, I accidentally sprayed my cum all over her breasts and stomach. Shocked she stumbled back and slipped; falling and hitting her head against the wall.

Shortly after that, she began having her "spells" where she thought I was Caleb. My parents, at least my Dad, didn't believe that a person of Grandma's age would be interested in sex so they thought it was safe for me to sleep with Grandma

if that is what she wanted. What my parents didn't know was that Grandma's confusion was an act. She had set up a situation where she could seduce me and where we could have sex under the very noses of my parents.

At first, my mom was fairly sympathetic to Grandma's plight however as time went by she seemed to be less so. She even changed her hours at work so that Grandma and I would no longer be alone in the afternoons. And lately, she had begun interrupting or re-directing Grandma when we began to act like a married couple. If she didn't interrupt the proceedings she gave us plenty of glares.

Grandma yawned. "Caleb, I'm feeling a bit tired. Why don't we go to bed early and let the kids stay up and watch TV."

"Okay, Gra... Gladys." Grandma gave me a wicked grin as she reached down and adjusted my cock so that it wouldn't be so noticeable. However, if you gave my crotch a good look you still would've seen a rather prominent erection. When we left the couch my Dad ignored us going up to bed but I could feel Mom's eyes on us as we walked up the stairs. Grandma was staying in my brother Jarod's old bedroom. Although it had a lock, this had been broken when my Dad smelled Jarod smoking pot. My dad kept the lock broken so that he could make sudden inspections of Jarod. This had accelerated

Jarod's decision to join the Army once he graduated from high school.

Once we were inside Grandma's room she gave me a searing lip lock while unbuttoning her floral print blouse. As we kissed she slowly revealed the swells of her large breasts. As the blouse opened further I saw that her glorious orbs were encased in a black mesh bra from which hard nipples protruded most enticingly. Once her blouse hung open down came the side zipper of her skirt which promptly fell to the wooden floor. Grandma did a little shimmy in her thin, frilly black panties. Her full gray bush was a shadow, a hidden treasure waiting to be found. Once we started having sex, Gran had asked if I wanted her to get a Brazilian since that seemed to be how guys liked it nowadays. However, she had made me a fan of the bush.

As she paused for breath Grandma slipped off her blouse and stepped out of her skirt while slipping off her shoes.

My eyes swept over her the contrast of her pale curvy body and white hair with her sexy black bra, panties, and sheer black thigh-high stockings was highly erotic. It brought back a memory flash of the negligee she wore the first time we fucked.

When her hands went behind her to unsnap her bra, I found myself saying, "Please leave it on Grandma,"

Grandma stopped unsnapping her bra, placed her hands on my hips, and glanced down at my raging cock. She gave me a big smile that crinkled her wrinkly face. "You that horny for your Granny, honey?"

"That's part of it, but also you look so sexy in that underwear."

Grandma let out a pleased chuckle and said, "Okay, darling but I want you naked. I wanna see every inch of my handsome grandson's body." She fondled my cock through my pants and then slid into her bed. As I undressed she sat against the pillows and headboard and grinned as she spread her legs and pulled her panties to the side just enough for me to see her beckoning pink inside a hairy silver cloud. In a few seconds, I was scooting across the bed, my thighs tingling as I rubbed against the satiny touch of her stocking-sheathed legs. My engorged cock was a heat-seeking missile zeroing in on Gran's hot zone.

Her dewy more salt than pepper bush tickled my cockhead as I entered her. Grandma's eyes closed involuntarily for a split

second and she hissed in delight as I pushed inside her, expanding and filling her mature pussy. I was always amazed at how tight and responsive her cunt was, how marvelous it felt around my cock. At first, I'd expected that, like her face, age had loosened her pussy but fortunately that's just a myth. As my prick sank deep into that velvet vise, I drank in the sight of my sexy Gran.

In her youth, she had been quite a looker and although age had thinned her face a bit making it a bit hawkish as well as giving a sag to her chin and jowls, she was still very attractive. Today she had her hair up in her usual bouffant with bangs hairstyle, wore a slight amount of light purple eye shadow to highlight her vivid green eyes, and wore striking red lipstick. While her lips had thinned a bit due to her age they were still eminently kissable. I locked lips with her as I slowly pumped inside her sweet, old puss; savoring the sensation of her warm kisses as my cock slid through her hot, satiny tunnel.

Grandma blew a moan into my mouth and fucked me back. As we kissed my gaze drifted down to eye her bra-clad breasts with renewed appreciation. The bra kept her breasts from drooping and the full grapefruits rode upon her chest proud and firm. While I loved playing with her mature breasts, I was now able to see just how glorious they had been in her youth. Almost unconsciously my hands cupped her tits

and gently squeezed her bra cups, as my thumbs played with her hard nipples through the bra's mesh. Grandma shivered in delight and rocked her hips sideways, taking more of my cock inside her. Despite not being as limber as she once was, Gran slowly lifted her silken encased legs and laid them on my shoulders.

Grandma liked this position a lot because as I penetrated her deeply our eye contact became intense. Today the sensation of Grandma's stockings sliding and gliding along my chest and shoulders as my cock drove back and forth through her silvery silken cunt really added to the depth of my arousal. As I built up speed, plowing Grandma's pussy deeper and harder, she grabbed my hips and groaned.

"Yessss Jakey, fuck your horny granny! Ohhhh, baby that's sooo good!" Gran wailed with a happy laugh.

Her fingers pulled tighter against my hips, her nails digging in slightly. My eyes flickered to the location of that minor pain. The sight of her aged wrinkly, red-nailed fingers passionately clutching my muscled thigh sent a shiver of perverse delight through me. When our kiss broke I stared down at Grandma. Her eyes were shut tight and her face clenched from the absolute pleasure of being fucked. Her ecstasy tightened face made all the wrinkles and seams of her

elderly face fully defined. And although her breasts were still firm and tight because of her bra, the sex flush that suffused her upper chest really highlighted the furrows and wattles of her aged skin.

I drank in the sight, tingling with sexual delight. It always gave me such a thrill knowing that I was having and enjoying torrid sex with a very elderly woman. That this elderly woman was my very own grandma made it especially hot. The sweet, loving face of the woman who always gave me treats and kisses after I'd suffered through one of my Dad's tirades. The same woman who snuck me wonderful delicious cookies baked with such love was now sneaking me her hot muffin baking with sweet love. As my cock stroked in and out of Grandma, it throbbed with growing pleasure. And I knew in just a little bit, I'd be icing that sweet muffin.

Grandma's eyes opened slowly as her orgasm faded, curiosity sparkled across those green orbs. She laughed softly, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Like what Gran?"

"I don't know. Like you're enjoying the best meal of your life or something?"

"I'm admiring your beauty, Grandma. Making love to that beauty is better than any meal I've ever had."

"Liar!" Grandma said with a chuckle. "I know I'm an old bag. You already got the pussy, Darling, no need to keep up the flattery."

"You may be old Gran but you are sexy as hell! You're so sexy you always make me cum so hard. Like I'm about to. Get ready, Grandma because your grandson's gonna fill your wrinkly old puss with gallons of hot, young seed!" Grandma's eyes widened as I said that and then scrunched tight as she felt my cock quake inside her quivering snatch. She hugged me tight to her as she shivered in another orgasm. I was lost in the sensation of clutching her soft, warm body, feeling the silken scratching of her bra and panties against my skin and the almost electrical thrumming feel of her sheer hose sliding across my legs as she frantically worked her hips. Her convulsing cunt drank down my spurting seed as she moaned against my throat.

We kissed and necked for a bit as we came down from our climactic moment. I laid on my side so Grandma wouldn't have to support my weight any longer. When I did she reached behind her and unsnapped her bra. Her breasts

drooped noticeably without their support but were still very alluring. As she lifted her legs and pulled off her panties her big full tits sagged and rolled across her torso, nipples still engorged with desire. Eyes twinkling she slipped off her thigh-high stockings. Every moment of her legs made droplets of my cum squeeze out of her gray-swathed pussy. This erotic sight made my cock tingle and harden once again.

As my prick wiggled, lengthening again, Grandma shook her head in amusement and pursed her lips in a wry smile. "And that's why I love your young cock!" Her eyes grew mischievous as she kissed down my chest. Her lips paused to tickle and suck my nipples before kissing down my chest. Once she arrived at my half-hardened dick, she gave it a little lick and once our eyes were locked she took my crown inside her mouth and sucked softly. Her tongue tickled my tip until I was hard and throbbing.

Gran then knelt up and straddled me. She grinned as I watched her squatting above me, her wet gray bush hovering inches above my rampant cock. Completely nude Grandma looked every bit her age, which I admit I found quite erotic. She has a little extra baggage around her waist, thighs, and hips, although this is mostly age-related flabby, loose skin. Her grapefruit-sized melons now hung low on her breast bone, slightly elongated as they stretched from her chest. Pale blue veins threaded across her perfect globes and stopped at

her half-dollar-sized areolas. Stiff dark pink nipples swung close to my face for a second and Grandma leaned over to grab my cock.

A second later I slid inside a very hot, very moist tunnel that clutched at me with wanton desire. As always I felt a spike of hot desire as my shaft disappeared inside Grandma's gray-white thatch and dark pink labia.

Grandma splayed her hands on my stomach as she started to slowly churn up and down on my cock. As usual, her wonderful cunt felt so tight and firm, an enthralling contrast to her outer form. Our eyes latched onto one another in wordless communication. I started pumping hard and deep inside Gran's hot cunt, hard enough to shake her and lift her off the bed. With a moan Grandma began slamming her hips down on me, making the bed rock as I sank into the mattress with every stroke. She grabbed my hands and pressed them hard against her breasts.

Because I'd just cum not too long ago, despite the great waves of pleasure that filled me with every stroke and thrust, I was not ready to climax. After a few moments, Grandma ran out of steam and sat panting and moaning as I continued to plow up into her responsive pussy. She still clutched my hands to her tits however and grinned at me with her quivering,

gasping mouth. I grinned back at her but for a different reason. Our hard fucking had jostled her bouffant hairstyle loose and the curls and swirls of long silver hair were hanging in loops that were rapidly becoming unpinned. I thought it would be fun to fuck Grandma so hard that it would make her hairdo fall apart. I increased the speed and intensity of my thrusts, making her flop and shake like a moaning elderly ragdoll. After a few minutes of this Grandma got her second wind and began fucking me with renewed energy. She giggled as a large strand of her silvery hair slipped down and slapped her in the face.

As her hairdo began to tumble apart, Grandma clutched my hands to her tits even harder. I knew that she was on the verge of a big orgasm and this made my own balls clutch. We were both on the cusp of a massive climax when the door to the bedroom burst open.

"Mom, they found your money!" my Dad shouted as he entered the room. Gran and I looked at each and then our eyes looked over to my Dad. His eyes were riveted to ours as our ecstasy peaked and we climaxed. The adrenaline spiking through us at the realization of our discovery made our cums all that much more intense. We both convulsed as if a bolt of lightning shot through us. Grandma gave out a high-pitched squeal as my cock jerked and quavered, jetting gouts of my goo into her quaking pussy.

Across the room, my father stood against the open door like a deer caught in the headlights. His face was frozen in shock as he took in the sight of his naked, wild-haired elderly mother joyfully riding his son like the star of a granny porn video. When we climaxed it was obvious enough that even my normally clueless Dad knew what was going on. He stood open-mouthed staring in absolute horror and surprise. His mouth worked almost spasmodically as he moaned "Ma... ma... ma..." Dad clutched his chest with a high-pitched "Mooommmmy!" and slammed to the floor like a dropped sack of potatoes.

I had barely finished cumming, in fact my last shot scored Grandma's thigh when she slid off of me and hurried over to my Dad as fast as her sixty-odd years would let her. I was only a half second ahead of her. He was still alive but unconscious.

When my Mom heard the thud she came running out of her room dressed in her usual loose pink flannel PJs. She then beheld the sight of her naked son and her naked mother-in-law squatting next to her unconscious husband. Even if our nudity wasn't a red flag to the fact that we had been fucking, the visible seminal fluid that coated my still-wet genitals and dripped from Grandma's swollen and gaped vagina and

down her thighs was a sure giveaway. My mother snapped, "Jacob, I'll call 911 while you and your Grandmother get dressed."

Nobody addressed the taboo elephant in the room at that particular moment. Mom rode with Dad to the hospital in the ambulance, while Grandma and I followed in the family car. In the waiting room, we sat apart from one another and didn't speak to one another. Between worried looks at the emergency room door, my mom shot me baleful glares and a mixture of angry and sympathetic looks towards Grandma.

After a few tense hours, we learned that my Dad had suffered a cardiac event although not a heart attack. It was a takotsubo cardiomyopathy brought on by sudden stress. However once he was admitted and tests were run on his heart, blockages were discovered that needed to be addressed. He told the staff that he did not want to see either me or my grandmother. My mother also did not want us there. So we went on home.

When we were about to retire for the evening, Grandma stopped me from entering her room. With an expression of regret, she said, "It's probably best you sleep in your bed from now, Jacob. Truth is, I don't think I'll be living here too much longer."

That turned out to be a quite prophetic statement.

We waited at home anxiously for word about my Dad's condition. Sometime during the day Grandma received a phone call from the DOJ Asset Recovery Division. We learned what my Dad had been trying to tell us when he had his episode. Grandma's stolen money had been found.

The money manager who had bilked her and many other seniors had thought he discovered a way to game the system. He had a plan. Instead of a massive fraud like Madoff, he was only going to steal a relatively small amount from a hundred or so "investors" Unlike Madoff, he hadn't run a Ponzi scheme. He merely doctored documents to show his investors made a profit, he never actually put anything into their accounts. He hadn't spent any of the money but instead converted it into assets that would accrue value such as gold, platinum, and silver. Plus, he planned to get caught. He knew that white-collar criminals were given relatively light sentences and sent to minimum security facilities. He planned to ride out the five or so years at a Club Fed. After he had served his time he would move to a non-extradition country and then withdraw the bullion he'd sent to Cayman and Philippine banks.

However, he made one serious mistake. Not willing to trust the justice system for a short sentence he bribed his sentencing Judge. The Judge was corrupt and had mob ties. When this upstanding example of the justice system was caught for some other offense, he rolled over on the money manager. The federal prosecutors used this as leverage to find the hidden assets. They threatened to set aside the money manager's sentencing and charge him with being an accessory to racketeering and murder, which would of course have him sent to a maximum security prison. The money manager caved and disclosed the location of the stolen assets to continue staying at the minimum security prison, although for a much longer sentence.

Grandma and I were eating supper when my Mom returned. We hurried into the living room and my Mom held up her hand to forestall any questions.

"The operation went well and David should make a full recovery. However, that is as much information I know, because he no longer wants to see me as well."

Mom then stepped over to where I was sitting and slapped me hard enough to knock me to the floor. I sat there stunned bleeding from a busted lip.

"How could you! You filthy, disgusting boy! You took advantage of your grandmother's condition to.... I can't even say it!"

Grandma was a bit taken aback by the sudden violence but she didn't seem as surprised as I was. She walked into the kitchen and came back with a cold wet towel which she handed to me. My mom stood there quivering with rage but also seemed very confused about what to do. My first thought was, now Mom is confused... although, it really wasn't that funny.

"He didn't take advantage of me, Marjorie. I instigated our sexual relationship. I'm sorry that I deceived you, David, and Jacob with my little charade but I don't regret for a minute the shared intimacy that Jacob and I experienced."

My mother's rage flared up again and I had to stop her from slapping or clawing Grandma. Although she struggled against me I held her arms behind in a hugging lock.

"You're not delusional? You're of sound mind, and what? You seduced my baby! Your own Grandson!"

"Yes, that's exactly what happened," Grandma said with a small smile. When my Mom struggled against me again,

Grandma gave her a speculative look. With a small laugh, she added, "Although I never would have gotten the idea to do so if he hadn't accidentally sprayed my naked body with his hot young spunk." She grinned slightly at Mom's violent reaction to that tidbit. "To be honest, I could not stop thinking about his young hard cock after that." Grandma seemed to ignore my Mom's frenzied attempts to break free of my hold and attack her. "Jacob didn't have a girlfriend and spent entirely too much time masturbating. I thought we could help each other out, I could patiently teach him how to please a woman and he could give me the satisfaction that I craved. As you well know, Marjorie being older doesn't mean your desires fade."

"But you're his Grandmother! His own flesh and blood! It's immoral... and illegal!"

"I struggled with that at first too. But I realized that having a great deal of affection for each other was one of the reasons I wanted him so much. I mean I wanted sex but I didn't want meaningless sex, otherwise, I would've been one of those silver sluts you hear about. Plus since my childbearing days are long over, there was no danger of getting pregnant. So the flesh and blood thing was not as big a deal for me as it might be for you." At that moment I totally missed how Grandma had emphasized that last word.

My mom gasped at that last remark and struggled even harder against me again. I didn't think Grandma meant anything by that since she seemed unfazed by Mom's frenetic response to it.

"As for it being illegal, well it's not. Do you really think I'd endanger my grandson in that way? Consensual incest between adults might be immoral to many people but it is legal. Legally Jacob is an adult and he was not coerced into a sexual relationship with me,"

Mom struggled against me and her face turned bright red. "I want you out of my fucking house right fucking now you filthy, deviant whore! Get the fuck out of here before I fucking kill you! NOOOOW!"

I won't say that I'd never heard my mother curse but it was so rare that you knew she had to be incredibly incensed. This amount of cursing showed she was totally enraged.

Grandma sighed sadly. "I expected as much. I have a bag packed, just let me get it and I'll wait down the street for a ride." Although I wanted to help Grandma I had to keep holding onto my Mother for fear she would attack Grandma

as soon as I let her loose. After Grandma came down with a rolling suitcase, she paused and kissed me on the cheek. Then she smiled mischievously and gave me a big kiss on the lips. She chuckled a bit when my Mother started cursing at her again and struggled in my arms.

I held my cursing and struggling Mom until I was certain that Grandma was far away from the house. Of course, as soon as I let her go, Mom gave me another roundhouse slap that made me see stars. I barely heard her scream at me. "And you! You disgusting, perverted sack of shit! Get out of my sight! You can stay in this house until you graduate but after that, I want you out of my life. And while you're here you stay the fuck away from me!"

It was April and my graduation was in June so I had two months to live with an infuriated mother.

In a couple of months my grandmother would probably have her assets returned meanwhile she planned to stay with a friend from her Senior Center.

My father was lucky that despite his years of junk food, excessive beer swilling, cigar smoking, and lack of exercise only one of his blockages needed a bypass, the other two were

taken care of by angioplasty. He got out of the hospital after a week. During that week, however, neither I nor my mother visited him at his request. And after the week was up, he didn't return to our house because as he told Mom, he couldn't stand to live in that deviant shithole and all the perverts that lived there. Although I didn't discuss it with her, I guess he tarred my mom with the same brush as Grandma and I because she had been the one who suggested humoring Grandma. Dad moved in with one of his co-workers, a guy named Fred who had gone to high school with him.

After that, it was just me and my mother in the house and she avoided me. The morning after she told me I could stay until I graduated, I found a note telling me I was also grounded until I graduated. I found it oddly comforting that despite everything deep down my mother still cared enough to punish me.

It was very odd not having the ever-present fixture of my Dad in his chair or even our mostly silent family dinners. Even with everything going on with my dad, my mother's anger, and my solitude what affected me most was missing my intimacy with Grandma.

Despite pretending to be confused so we could have sex, Grandma told me not to become confused. By this, she meant

not to fall in love with her or think that we were having a romance. We were just relatives with sexual benefits, while there was affection and some romantic element to our relationship it was really about satisfying each other's sexual needs.

And as I discovered going from having lots of sex to none at all is very difficult. Very, very, very difficult. After a week I was ready to climb the walls. I called my grandmother to see if could meet up somewhere, like at a motel or something. She didn't think it would be a good idea for me to break my grounding but to just do as my mother said until she cooled off.

"Poor boy, I bet you're going crazy after having regular sex to none at all." She laughed. "As enticing and wicked as that sounds, it is probably best that we don't see or even talk to each other for a while, sweetie. Give your mom time to calm down."

"That'll never happen. She hates me now."

"Sweetheart, she's your mother. She loves you. Trust me, I know. I still love your father even though he's an asshole and a shitty son. She'll come around. And if she still hasn't by the

time I get my money back, well, perhaps we can talk about you living somewhere else. I know she will never forgive me, but she probably will forgive you. Eventually"

"Well, I'm gonna have to move in two months. After I graduate I'm kicked out."

"I doubt that will happen but if it does, we'll deal with it."

Gran made me promise not to call her for another month, afraid that if my mom found out she would just get even angrier.

Since I wasn't going to have any sexual relief from my grandmother I had to go to my old standby; porn-assisted self-release. I was a bit ticked at Grandma for not agreeing to help me out so I started with porn with younger actresses but it didn't me as big of a charge as it used to, so I switched over to mature sites. After a fairly satisfying wank I went to clean up. My mother was coming out of the bathroom having taken her afternoon shower and gave me a cold side-eye.

As she walked past me, she pulled the robe tighter around her body. Instead of concealing her as she probably was

trying to do, drawing it in actually had the opposite effect and revealed her curves. I had a memory flash of seeing her in the shower a few weeks before and my innate 18-year-old male horniness kicked in. I watched her bobbing breasts and round butt as she walked into her room.

When I returned to my room after my shower I discovered that my laptop lid was ajar and left on. I never do that because it runs down the battery. It was still on the mature website, which I was also certain I had closed. I wondered if my mother had been looking at my laptop. However, I didn't want to risk angering her further by asking so kept silent. My theory was confirmed when I returned to my room the next day after my daily wank and shower. Although my laptop was shut off when I tried to get into it I couldn't. My password wouldn't work.

I quelled my anger, grabbed my laptop, and went to confront my mother. She was downstairs fixing her supper.

"Mother, did you do something to my laptop"

"Yes, Son, I did." She said in a cool, formal tone. "I put parental controls on it. It restricts your web access, and games

and has time limits. You can use it for homework but you can't look at that perverted shit anymore."

"I'm 18, not 12."

"My house, my rules. If you have someplace else to move, do so but until then you will abide by that restriction."

I didn't have any where else to stay so I had to cave. "Okay. What's my new password so I can do my homework."

"I'll tell you, if you answer one question, honestly."

I shrugged to signify I agreed.

"How could you? How could you have f... have sex with Gladys?"

I was a bit stunned by this question, although I guess I shouldn't have been. My answer was partially a lie. "Well, when Grandma started acting confused and started kissing me and stuff, it did bother me at first but I am a horny

teenager and so you know I sort of forgot she was my grandma."

"I didn't mean that. I can understand about the incest part. I know how this built-in connection can manifest an underlying sexual attraction."

And yes, because the prospect of a porn moratorium fully engaged my thoughts the implications of her statement escaped my attention as did the odd look my mother gave me when she said it.

"No. I mean how could you have sex with Gladys or, um, masturbate to those women? They're all so goddamned old! They're even older than me! How can you a handsome young man in his sexual prime ... well, get physically excited for women like that?"

"Do you mean how can I find older women sexy?" I was a bit confused as to how this conversation was going, although glad that my mother was finally communicating with me. "Okay, well. Since we're both adults, I'll tell you although you might not like what you hear. It might be because Grandma was the first woman I'd ever seen naked in real life. Plus the first time I saw her naked I was already on the verge of ...

ejaculating. And I ejaculated all over her naked body. Afterward, naturally, I kept thinking about it and I realized that older women's bodies aren't as horrible looking as I thought. In fact, in their own way, they can be downright sexy. Grandma is a very attractive woman and when we started making out, because of her supposed confusion, well, I got to appreciate the charms of older women. And I discovered that I wasn't unique in that viewpoint, hence the numerous mature porn websites like the one you found on my laptop."

Mom flushed when I called her out on snooping. "Your new password is 101263. Now let me finish my supper."

In the back of my mind I had hoped that once I had confessed to her, my mother would lift the parental lock on my laptop. No such luck. While I could have easily gotten around the parental lock, I decided to live with it for the time being. I was afraid if I did remove it and my Mom found out she'd kick me out of the house. At the time I didn't think much about it but the number she used was naggingly familiar.

With restrained internet, I looked for my old magazines to use as inspiration but they were all gone as well. She also yelled up at me while I was searching for my brother's old mags that she didn't want my bedroom door closed for any reason. Also

if I spent more than five minutes in the bathroom, she was knocking on the door. I realized that my mother intended to make me suffer in celibacy.

A couple of days after that conversation my mother came and sat down at the kitchen table while I was eating my supper. Since my dad had left us her after work drink had become three or more drinks.

"You know I was gonna call you on your bullshit that you slung the other day only you weren't slung.. slinging bullshit. There are a lot of those sites. Granny and Moms and Gilfs and Milfs. Whatever those are."

"It's the same thing. You know what a milf is, remember in American Pie?"

"Oh, yeah I thought that was just a movie though. I didn't know that young men really liked older women like that. I mean I thought all men lost interest in us after we turned a certain age. I guess it depends on the woman. That's why your Dad..." She then grew a bit teary-eyed and hurried out of the room. Finally, it dawned on me that my beautiful, voluptuous mother thought she was old and unattractive.

About a week later I was working on my homework during the time that I was allowed to log into my laptop when my mom came and sat down on the sofa. Today her after-work drink had become several drinks. And instead of dressing into her casual clothes after her shower, she had dressed straight in a nightgown with a thin robe on top of it. I was once again reminded of just how attractive a woman my mother was and how voluptuous her body was. My sexual drought had heightened my sensitivity to anything remotely arousing. I had to squirm a bit to reposition my cock.

Suspicious by my squirm my mom leaned over to make certain I hadn't somehow found a way to bypass her parental lock. Although it was only a quick peek at my screen, when she leaned over I felt her body heat, smelled the sweetness of her body lotion, and saw the cleavage that the smooth domes of her breasts created within her pajama neck and I got even harder. I hoped she wouldn't notice because if it bothered her so much about me and Grandma, how would she react if she made me aroused?

She sat back and sipped her drink. Her lightly polished nails tapped on the glass as she looked me over. "I'm just curious. How many times?"

"How many times, what?"

By the way, she made an effort to speak clearly, I could see she was really soused.

"How many times did you fuck that woman in my house?" Although she sipped her Manhattan, her eyes kept drifting down to my laptop. It dawned on me that she had seen my erection after all and this prompted her question.

"I don't know, Mom. I never really counted it."

"Round figure..." she said gesturing with her drink which splashed over her hand. She licked her hand and that added to my already aroused state.

"I don't know."

"I know they teach math and I know you get fair grades in it, so take the average of how many times a week you fucked and how long you were fucking her." Although there was some humor in her voice, there was also an angry edge to it.

I made a quick calculation in my head. "I guess about 240 times, give or take.

My mother choked on her drink. "What! " She grew angry. "You're fucking with me!"

"Okay, it could be more than that I guess. It was a round figure like you asked for."

"240 times!" She raged. "How is that even possible?"

"Well, about ten times a week for six months comes out about 240 times but of course Grandma couldn't do it every day."

"Well, goddamn Gladys!" Mom's tone seemed angry and yet admiring. "I didn't think that it was that oft... that that was even going on." Mom's eyes flickered over to me and she took a drink from her glass. She glanced at my screen again and then leaned back into the couch. Her robe opened a bit as she did this and treasures were revealed. Her two top buttons on her pajama top had come unbuttoned and her breasts were more visible. I had to shift a bit more. Mom noticed my shift and leaned back a bit more I could see the valley between smooth round hills.

Then I ruined the moment my mother and I were starting to have.

"How often did you and Dad do it?" Although I was trying to have an adult conversation about a mutual topic, I regretted saying this as soon as I asked because at the moment I'd forgotten that Dad's seeming inability or lack of desire to have sex was a sore point.

"Did you ever hear any fucking coming from that room, hmm? No. No, you didn't. For years zero, zilch. Jesus Christ that old bitch got laid more in weeks than I did in decades! Thanks for reminding me, asshole!" My mother started crying and rushed out of the room. I sat there flabbergasted, wondering how much more damage I'd done.

I was a bit surprised when Grandma called me a few days later. I told her about my odd encounters with Mom. I wondered if my mother was losing her mind over losing Dad. Which to my mind was crazy in itself.

Grandma laughed, "No sweetie. She's jealous. I suspected it for some time but wasn't certain."

"You mean she was jealous that I was having sex and she wasn't?"

"That's part of it, but I also suspect she was jealous of me because I was having sex with you, and she wasn't.

"What? But she's my mom!"

"And I'm your grandma but we still fucked like rabbits. And your mom knew it. I'm sure your dad knew it as well. Whether or not they acknowledged it, even to themselves, is debatable, but on some level, they knew it. How could they not? Your father was studiously oblivious to it. Your mother ignored it as much as she could but still, it bothered her on some level. That's why her behavior changed when we started making out. However, once they saw us in flagrante delicto the reality smacked them upside the head."

Over the phone, Grandma took a drink of something. "Too bad, I was so engrossed in having sex again that I failed to see how badly my son failed her. I could tell their love life was a bit lacking, but no sex at all! What the hell is wrong with you Davy? Had I known it was that bad, I could have arranged something. I wouldn't have minded sharing with her."

"You mean you and my dad and mom?" Somehow I found this more shocking than the idea of me and my grandma."

Grandma laughed. "No silly, your dad proved he's a zero, not a hero. He couldn't satisfy one woman, let alone two. No, I meant you, me, and your mom." She laughed again at my surprised intake of breath. "Not at the same time. Despite being a child of the sixties, I'm too old for threesomes. However, it's too late for that. Your mom wouldn't share with me even if I were still so inclined."

She paused, "And that brings me to another point. And the real reason for my call. That friend from the Senior Center I've been staying with, well, it's a male friend. And those pills they have now work pretty well. We're... well, a couple now. So if you need a place to stay, you can stay with us. But you and I won't be having hanky panky anymore. Besides your mom needs you more than I do."

"For moral support you mean, because her marriage fell apart."

"Don't be dense, sweetie. For immoral support, your mother needs you to fuck her."

"What?"

"The woman has been sexually neglected for years. She raised two handsome sons, one of which is now the only male in her house. She knows that her son is sexually active, has had sex with a woman older than himself and furthermore, he isn't bothered by the incest taboo. All of this may be percolating in her subconscious but it's there. The only problem is that she would never make a move on you, you'll have to do it. You can't just pounce on her. You have to seduce her. It will take time and effort but it should work and if it does it will be beneficial for you both."

Grandma had more confidence in my skills than I did. I was at a loss at how to even start seducing my mother. I had enough trouble trying to talk to her. As it turns out fate intervened.

After a month of separation, my father finally contacted my mother to discuss their situation. She went to go meet him at a restaurant. I thought she might go all out to show him what he was missing but all she did was to put on a little make-up and a nice dress. Then I realized that even if she had gone all out, my dad probably wouldn't have noticed. I almost joked that she needed to wear a sports uniform to get his attention but we still weren't really communicating.

A couple of hours later the front door swung in with a slam and my mother staggered inside. She still looked very nice in her short, sexy dress albeit a bit disheveled. She clutched a half-empty bottle of Southern Comfort. I looked outside to see a car drive off. However, I didn't see our car. "Your Dad took the car in exchange for the house. He's not coming back." Mom gave a bitter laugh. "All those years. All those fucking wasted years. And it was a lie. Almost all of it." She took a pull from the bottle and this motion was almost too much for her wasted state. Mom lost her balance and started to fall, fortunately, I was close enough to catch her.

Mom giggled when I caught her. She grabbed my arm with her free hand. "My sweet baby boy, you're gonna have to take care of Momma now. Take me to bed Jakey. Take me to bed and fuuummmggggghh..." I'm not certain what my Mom was about to say because her last word turned into a torrent of vomit that coursed across my shirt and her clothes. As sour bile and sweet liqueur showered over me my Mom became dead weight. I snagged the bottle as it fell from her hand and half carried and dragged her over to the breakfast nook in one arm.

I put down the bottle and her purse and then picked her up in my arms and carried her upstairs and into the bathroom. I

assisted her inside the shower and sat her on the floor. I stripped off my soiled clothes and threw them on a towel. Then I had the wonderful task of undressing my passed-out mother. I had intended to just take her puked-on clothes off however as I took off my soiled shirt my mother became conscious just enough to attempt to clean her blouse off with her hands. She smeared vomit on her skirt and then into her hair as she ran her hands through her hair. Now I could either let her lay in drying vomit or clean her up. Despite her cold treatment of me the past month, I couldn't do that to her.

I took off her blouse, skirt, and shoes. Unfortunately, the vomit had soaked through to her bra and panties, so these had to be removed as well. I tried to be as clinical as I could as I unsnapped her bra and removed it. I thought that the sickening stench of vomit emanating from her would help me remained detached. Not so. My cock remembered that I was a very horny eighteen-year-old male and not a gynecologist. As soon as those big, beautiful breasts were unleashed, my boxers tented. I had to tug off her panties and so revealed her smooth, round if slightly flabby butt and thick auburn bush. This did not help my erection at all.

I ignored the silent pleas of my clamoring third leg and put my arms around my naked mother's waist. I lifted her and turned on the shower. I planned to use cold water to both wake Mom up and also quell my lust, however, I realized that

waking my Mom up might not be such a great idea, especially if my erection didn't go down. So warm water it was. I gave my mom a quick shower. And once again thought about what an idiot my father was getting fat and spending his life watching sports instead of spending as much time as he could with this beautiful, sexy woman.

My mom is 5'6" or so and 140 lbs and is a bit hippy and has some junk in the trunk. Mom artfully hid the effects of aging with makeup. However, as the water washed away her cosmetics her crow's feet, laugh lines and deepening wrinkles became visible. Even without makeup, she has a very attractive face. As I scrubbed the vomit out of her hair the full extent of her graying hair was revealed. Normally her auburn hair has some streaks of gray in it but there were more gray roots than I thought there would be. My mom colored her hair in such a way that it seemed as though she was graying more slowly than she was actually the case.

My sexual drought had made me so horny that I was tempted to fondle her as I washed her, to cup and hold her lovely big tits and stroke and caress her bush and puss, I restrained myself. I kept up my constraint even though Mom's tits responded to my scrubbing hands by growing hard, thick nips. I knew for my benefit as well as hers I had to make this shower quick. I wiped her down and then dried her. Afterward, I helped her into her bed. Once there I dashed

back to the shower to take care of my own need. With the image of my mother's nude form in my mind, I had a rather satisfying orgasm in the shower.

When I left for school the next day my mother was still sleeping. When I returned home later that day the wonderful scent of my mother's meatloaf filled the house. I hoped she would leave some for me. Then I noticed two place settings on the dining room table and wondered if Dad was coming to supper.

The kitchen door opened and Mom smiled at me. "Good, you're home. Let's talk while the meatloaf cooks." She sat on the sofa and patted the couch.

Not certain if she was still drunk, I sat at the opposite end of the sofa. She seemed slightly disappointed by where I chose to sit.

"Before we talk about what's going on with your Dad, I want to first thank you for your help last night. I don't remember much about getting home or after that. I do remember you helping me to bed. Sorry, you had to go through that. I also want to apologize to you for having been kind of a bitch to you for the last month or so. I was projecting a lot of my

own... feelings and ... frustrations onto you. All of those revolved around your father, so I guess, we'll talk about him first.

"The reason I got so drunk last night was not, as you might have thought because your father and I will be getting a divorce. I knew that was going to happen when he cut off communication with me when he was in the hospital. Once we finally talked about divorce I felt relieved. It has been years in the making but neither of us made the effort to end our sham of a marriage. The reason I got drunk was because I found out some rather disturbing news about your Dad."

Okay, I know my dad is an asshole but he is still my Dad, so I felt of stab of anxiety and sadness. "Is he dying?"

Mom looked startled and then gave me a little laugh. "Oh, no honey, nothing like that. He's fine... considering. And you know he was probably going to have a heart attack fairly soon anyway, so having a minor one now, whatever the cause, might have saved his life. No, what I found out... Well... It's not as easy to tell you as I thought because it is so unbelievable." She eyed the bottle of Southern Comfort on the table across the room as if needing some liquid courage. Finally, she just sighed, puffed up her cheeks, and blew out a steadying breath.

"You know how your dad was a high school football star and had a college scholarship lined up but that all ended when he was injured during a game, correct?"

I nodded because I'd heard that particular bitter rant a million times, at least once a week. He blamed the high school for not making him study. He blamed the college for not waiting for him to rehab. He blamed everyone but himself.

"You've also heard him blame pot for all his troubles too, right?"

"Yeah, but he was always rather vague on that point. And when I asked him if it was because he smoked pot he became almost apoplectic and emphatically denied it."

"Well, that was a big lie, which I already knew. Your dad is three years older than me, so I never really interacted with him until after high school. But I did know he hung around with Freddie a lot in high school and then suddenly he didn't. Back then, Freddie was, well, one of the school's dealers. He didn't have a corner or anything like that but he could get you uppers, downers, or pot. Part of the reason why your dad's academics suffered wasn't just because he felt too entitled to

study but because he was high... a lot. Freddie gave him discounts and freebies because they were tight from having grown up together. I knew that part even though your dad lied about it after high school."

Mom frowned and then shook her head with disbelief. "What I didn't realize, and this is the shocking part, is that one day while they were both really high, they made a bet. The loser had to suck the other guy's dick. It was probably one of those bets people make when they're high and expect the other person to renege on. However, Freddie lost and Freddie went ahead and blew your dad."

What? My homophobic Dad let some dude suck him off? Then realized it was probably a domination thing, like some guy in prison.

As my Mom let that sink in for a minute. "Anyway, the thing is, your dad now admits that he couldn't stop thinking about how wonderful that blowjob had been. Those were his exact words as he described it last night. The blowjob was on his mind during the game where he ended up getting injured. After he blew your dad, Freddie openly admitted he was gay. Your dad felt ashamed of what had happened and his feelings about it and so cut ties with Freddie. After that he hated pot

and potheads in general, blaming it for his weakness, as he called it.

Once your father and I started dating he was very eager to have sex with me. I thought it was because he was so into me, and possibly because he didn't date much while rehabbing his knees. Due to his eagerness, we had sex much sooner than I planned. I was careless and got pregnant. Your dad was happy about that and then couldn't wait to have another kid. However, during the second pregnancy his ardor cooled considerably, After which is when he started becoming the couch potato we all know and love." she said the latter sarcastically.

"I thought..." I started but then thought the better of asking about my parent's sex life.

"Go ahead, ask." Mom said with a hand twirl.

"I thought you and Dad had, ummm, infrequent marital relations because of his health."

Mom answered with a small, bitter laugh. "Our sex life tapered off dramatically after your birth. Then once he started

getting obese it became nil. From what your father told me last night, the lack of sex, the junk food, the lack of exercise, and his almost total immersion in sports viewing are all related to the same cause. He felt shame and guilt. The reason he had come at me strong and hard in our early relationship and why he had wanted to have kids was to prove to himself that the feelings that Fred's blowjob had brought forth in him were false feelings."

"Wait, wait wait! Freddie is the same Fred that Dad works with, whom he's staying with now? If Dad hated him for being gay how did they end up being friends?"

"Once Fred became openly gay his parents blamed it on the pot and his loss of religion. So they sent him to one of those conversion therapy camps. And Fred graduated from the Camp seemingly super straight and super religious. Even so, once your dad and he started working together it took years for them to become friends again. However, once your dad moved in with Fred, things... happened. And your dad realized those feelings they felt were not false."

Suddenly it dawned on me what Mom was trying to tell me. "Wait a minute! You're saying that Dad is gay?"

"Apparently so, and we and his body were victims of his denial." My mom was shaking a bit and so I placed my hand on hers. Although I didn't know how she'd react, I was rewarded with a small smile. "Yes, apparently his homophobia was also a sort of self-loathing. So he and Fred are... together now." She let out a harsh laugh. Mom smiled wryly, "Oddly enough he now seems happier than he has in years. Happier than I could make him. And Fred has even gotten him to start exercising, something else I could never do either."

"Oh! I always thought Dad was an idiot for not paying that much attention to you, but now I see that he wasn't."

"Well, thanks a lot!" Mom snapped, her anger flaring.

"What I meant was that he couldn't help it because he liked guys." I saw my awkward phrasing wasn't helping my case. "His lack of interest had nothing to do with you, Mom. Any healthy, hetero man would find you very attractive." Mom's anger faded and she gave me an odd look. "Dad's lack of interest had nothing to do with you, it was all due to his orientation. I still think he was an idiot for ignoring you in other aspects of your relationship, the social ones. Sexuality aside, you're still a great person to be around. Warm, funny, and intelligent. I mean he could have been spending time

with you in all sorts of other activities instead of just sulking and watching sports."

Mom clutched my hand in gratitude and seemed about to say something when the timer to the oven went off. She hurried away to get the meatloaf out before it burned. For the first time in a month, I had dinner with my mom. I didn't want to ruin the progress I had made in getting back into her good graces by saying the wrong thing so I kept my mouth shut. Mom also seemed to want to breach the gap between us but didn't know how. After a couple of glasses of wine, however, she finally gave me a speculative smile.

"This morning I noticed that you did some laundry last night." Her expression was somewhere between amused and embarrassed. Like when she tried to explain the bird and bees to me. "There was a pair of my panties and a bra in there. You haven't secretly been using Momma's undies since I stopped your access to porn, have you?" Oddly enough there wasn't any anger in her voice but rather a teasing undertone.

"No, Mom, I did laundry because you vomited all over me and you while I was helping you upstairs. When you tried to wipe it off you smeared it everywhere."

Mom's face went white and then red as she blushed. "So.. so you undressed me?" Her voice was an anxious squeak.

"Well, I couldn't very well dump you in your bed all soiled like that, could I? I mean you even had puke in your hair. So yes, I undressed you and gave you a shower, like you would have done for me."

"Oh, God!" Mom said with a small sob. "I didn't realize I was that drunk." Her eyes shimmered with tears. "I'm sorry you had to go through that. It must have been horrible for you."

"Yeah, it was pretty bad. The vomit was pretty atrocious."

"And you had to see your old mom... naked. That must have been traumatic."

"Not at all. You're my mother and I love you. You needed my help so I helped."

"Thank you, sweetheart." Mom gave me a big smile but I also felt like there was some disappointment at my reply." Okay, it took me a minute. Even though she now knew my dad was gay, she still felt as though it were her fault. As if she wasn't

attractive enough to keep him from being that way. She knew it was ridiculous but still, those types of feelings can linger.

"The only hard part was remembering that the beautiful woman in my arms was my mother." My mom blushed at the compliment. "Sorry, Mom I'm an eighteen-year-old guy who had a sexy, wet naked woman in my arms. So to be totally honest, I have to say that wasn't the only hard thing about that shower. "

It took my mother a moment to get my crude pun. She gasped and blushed even redder. "You... you got an... erection.... from ME?"

I shrugged. "It's like I told you, any healthy, hetero man would find you attractive, Mom."

Mom jumped up "Oh, where did the time go? I need to clean up and start for bed. I have to work early tomorrow." She started grabbing the dishes and hurried into the kitchen. A few moments later when Mom came out of the kitchen drying her hands on a towel, she looked over to where I was doing my homework and blurted, "You were just being sweet, weren't you? Trying to cheer your old mom by pretending she's still... attractive."

I may be slightly dense but I'm not entirely dim. "No, Mom. You are a very attractive woman and yes, I did get an erection caused entirely by your beautiful body."

She looked both pleased and still doubtful. "If you say so." She then went back into the kitchen.

An hour or so later I was taking a shower when I heard the bathroom door open. I opened the shower door to see my mom standing there still dressed in her casual clothes of a blouse, skirt, and sneakers. From her stance and breath, I could tell she had followed her glasses of wine with some of the remaining Southern Comfort. She gave me a slow look over and smiled.

"You saw me last night... so turn about and all that. And now you can show me you think I'm sexy. Unless you were lying." She said eyeing my flaccid cock.

"I just took a cold shower, Mom."

"Yeah, right," she chuckled "Okay, then let's give you a little inspiration to see if you weren't just teasing your Momma."

She then unbuttoned her blouse slowly exposing her big, beautiful breasts to me. Still encased in a regular and unflattering white bra they jutted from her chest like a pair of snow-capped mountains. Mom's eyes widened and she lost her smile as my cock stiffened and was fully erect by the time she had gotten to the last button. She swallowed hard. "I guess you weren't lying after all."

Now had this been a porno or even one of those erotic stories, my mom would have dropped to her knees and sucked my cock. Instead, she turned bright red and then hurried out of the bathroom. I finished my shower and went to bed, very pleased and slightly confused by what had just happened.

## Chapter 4

Disclaimer: All persons in the story participating in sexual activity are over the age of 18.

The next morning, I came downstairs to the smell of bacon. I saw two place settings and realized that for the first time in a month, my mother had fixed me breakfast. Mom was eating her breakfast when I came down. At first, I thought she was dressed as she usually was in the morning in her robe and cloth pj set. As I got closer, I noticed some key differences.

Her robe was not cinched tight around her as it usually was but was tied rather loosely around her. Instead of cloth pajamas she was wearing a satiny nightgown. While this was not some sexy lingerie but just a rather utilitarian gown, it was more revealing than my mother's usual morning apparel. A slight hint of her cleavage could be seen when she moved and there were intriguing shadows that flashed through the opening of her robe.

I wondered if she would mention the incident in the bathroom last night. Did she want me to bring it up? Or perhaps she was embarrassed by it. I decided to wait to see if she brought it up.

She greeted me with a "Good morning, honey," And then she engaged me in small talk about school and her work. All through this she seemed slightly nervous. She then said "I was thinking that since it's just you and I living here for now and it's Friday night, you and I could go out for a nice dinner tonight. That way we can discuss some things... that I still find difficult to discuss at home."

This I realized was my golden opportunity to start a campaign to seduce my mom. Now I assure you I was not doing this because I was horny as hell by this time. Okay, I was. but that's not the entire reason. My mom had been sex-

starved for years. She deserved some tender loving care. Yeah, that's what I kept telling myself.

"Sure Mom, I'd love to go out with you. It's a date." Mom's eyes widened a bit at my word choice but smiled and gave me a speculative look. I hurried home from school and made certain I was groomed and shaved. I dressed in dress gray corduroys, a gray shirt, and a burgundy velvet sports jacket. I expected to impress my mother by being more dressy than her. My mom called from downstairs.

"Jacob, honey are you ready to go? I have an cab waiting for us."

When I came downstairs my mother said, "My don't you look handsome!" I stood stock still and just gaped. My mother had gotten her hair styled. Her auburn hair had a full body and curved around her beautiful face, framing it in a sort of full arch. She was wearing more make-up than usual with striking red lipstick, pale blue eye shadow, mascara and foundation that made her look several years younger. She also had gotten a manicure and now had sharp red nails that matched the pleated red dress that she wore. The dress was well designed to show off her curves but de-accentuate her slightly thickened waist. She also wore a pearl necklace, pearl earrings, and black stockings with red shoes.

At my stupefied gaze, she laughed slightly. "Does that mean I look horrible or that I look really good?"

"Really good," I said as my brain unfroze.

Mom grinned. "Bet you didn't know your Mom could look so pretty huh? I was a bit surprised myself."

I gave her an appraising look and said, "Oooh I knew." My mother's reply to that was a small giggle and a blush. I moved quickly to open the door for her and offered her my arm. Her eyes sparkled as she took my arm and pulled me next to her.

"Your scent is quite intoxicating tonight, my dear, as is your company," I said in a terrible British accent. This was to humor my mother and compliment her as well. My Mom tittered although she had a slightly curious frown.

It wasn't until mid-way through the dinner that my mother finally broached the subject of why she wanted to take me to dinner.

Mom had a contrite expression when she said, "Jake, I want to apologize for the way I reacted when I found out about you and... Gladys. The way I overreacted really. Especially since... I already knew about it." Mom took a large drink of her wine while her eyes registered disconcertion. "Well, I didn't know know but I strongly suspected it. I shouldn't have gotten so upset since, well, I sort of made it happen." She winced a bit as she said that.

With a sigh, she explained what she meant. "After the initial shock of your grandma believing you were Caleb, I found it pretty amusing how you freaked out you were and most especially how agitated it made your dad. Finding those books that said delusions should be encouraged was a bonus. And I thought that at least one person in the house deserved to be kissed and hugged romantically. So I vicariously enjoyed your make-out sessions with Gladys. I did think that it would help you become a better kisser.

"I did have reservations when Gladys wanted to have you sleep in her bed. However, I knew it would really agitate your dad, and I thought that the most you would do was cuddle. However, after you started sleeping in there regularly I could swear I heard.. sex sounds. Yes... I knew what I heard. Gladys wasn't exactly... a silent moaner. I couldn't believe it. My initial reaction was delight that Gladys was having sex and from the sound of it, really great sex at that. But then I

remembered who she was having sex with, that is, my darling baby boy, and I became furious.

"Since it seemed to happen with great frequency, I started having doubts. I vacillated between believing you two were... doing it and thinking I was just projecting that possibility because of my empty sexual life. I became.... well, jealous that my mother-in-law and son might be having a better sex life than I ever did. It was this jealousy that led me to try and keep you two apart as much as I could. Despite that I suspected you were.. sexing I didn't actually want to find out if it were true. Because I knew I would lose my mind if it was true. And when I was confronted with the obvious, I did lose my mind. I think a lot of... my reaction... was because you're my baby and seeing you so... grown up made me feel even older than I usually do."

Considering how my Mom had been acting the last few days, I was pretty certain that wasn't the only reason she was jealous. "Age is just a number. Everyone ages, and being older doesn't mean you are any less attractive, Mom. The truth is harsh Mom but the reality is that Dad was probably never that attracted to you and that had absolutely nothing to do with you."

Mom winced a bit at my statement. "I know, I know but when I was younger there was a belief that it was always a woman's fault if a guy was gay. Either his mother loved him too much or not enough, or his wife let him down."

"Well, as a guy who likes women, I can tell you that you are an incredibly beautiful and sexy woman. Every guy in this restaurant is saying to himself, how did that loser end up with that gorgeous gal."

Mom's eyes glittered and her mouth quirked. "Flatterer. If you're trying to sweet talk me into lifting your grounding... well, I was going to do it anyway. Although I'm not entirely happy about it, far be it from me to keep anyone from having a fulfilling sex life. You are an adult and well, it is not illegal. I checked. I just don't want to hear about it. And I am still very angry at your grandmother for... many reasons... so I don't want her in my house."

Wow! My mom was more or less saying it was okay for me to have sex with my grandmother. I guess discovering Dad was gay was a bigger shock to her than I thought. If she were willing to accept Grandma and me... then perhaps?

With some sadness, I said, "Oh thanks, but I won't be seeing Grandma like that again. The friend she's staying with is a male friend and closer to her age so they are together now."

Although I did feel a bit guilty about throwing Grandma under the bus so to speak, my mother reacted like how I hoped she would. Momma Bear coming to the rescue. "What!" she said indignantly. Her lips pursed in anger. "I can't believe she would do that to you! And that quickly too!"

"Yeah, it does sting a little but she made certain that what we were doing was just sex and not a romance."

"Oh," Mom said with some surprise. I realized then that my mom still equated sex with romance. "Well, even so. You must miss her. I mean, I miss that big dumb bastard. My bed seems so empty now that he's not in it, even if all he ever did was sleep, fart, and snore."

"Yeah, once you get used to sleeping with someone it feels weird not to, right." I acted as if a thought just struck. "You know Mom, if you want I could sleep in your bed with you, if you want company. Like when I was a little kid."

Mom smiled happily "That sounds like a wonderful..." She then stopped herself and grimaced "...fully bad idea. I've seen that you're not exactly a little kid anymore."

I thought about saying "Don't you trust me, Mom?" while leering comically and wagging my eyebrows like Groucho, one of her favorite comedians, but thought she would just joke that away. So I asked it with a serious, wounded tone.

My mom clutched my hand, "Of course, I trust you, sweetie." I then gave her a sarcastic smirk, which I knew would pique her interest. She tapped the table with her sharp red nails. "What's that smart-ass smile about?" she said, her reassuring smile transforming into a puzzled, irritated frown.

"Well, Grandma said you were jealous of us, not only because we were having sex and you weren't but because she was having sex with me... and you weren't."

Mom's face went pale and then beet red. "Why... why... that... filthy old whore!"

Before Mom could explode into a tirade against Grandma, I stroked her hand and moved closer to her until my hip was

flush against hers, then I asked, "So it's not true then? You don't want me inside you?" I said that instead of making love because I wanted to plant the image of my cock sliding inside her.

Mom flushed again. "N-n-nooo! Of course not!"

"Well then, if you trust me and you trust yourself then there's no reason why we can't sleep with one another. Right? I could cuddle with you and hold you tight. Be with you all night."

Mom swallowed hard and her eyes shimmered with a sudden desire but she hardened her jaw. "N-no, sweetie. I would love that but... it's probably best we don't."

"Why... unless...?" I asked, giving her another smart-ass grin.

Mom colored again. "O-okay. There's... there's an element of truth to what your.. what Gladys said. A kernel, perhaps." Mom muttered "Perceptive old bitch!" under her breath.

"Then we shouldn't sleep together. You and I would end up having sex." I said with a certainty that I really didn't feel. Mom licked her lips nervously but before she could say

anything I continued. "Only it would be different from with Grandma."

I ran my finger across Mom's hand lightly. "Because of our already deep emotional connection, you and I wouldn't just be fucking." Mom flinched slightly when I said that. And yes, my word choice was deliberate, just as it had been before, to drive the image of us being together, "but making love"

Mom drew in a shaky breath. I held onto her hand and gripped it softly. "Yeah, because we love each other already, I can see that if we even just made love once, it would be too romantic." Her hand tightened on mine, nails unconsciously digging hard into my palm. "Because I love you so much and because you are so damned sexy, I'd want to make love to you all the time. We'd make love each and every day."

A deep flush was visible from Mom's cleavage to her soft cheeks. I drove my point home. "Since you're a woman in her sexual prime and I'm a man in his, we would probably end up making love several times a day. Once you and I started making love we'd beat that 240 mark in weeks, not months." The 240 reference was the approximate number of times I'd had sex with Grandma.

As I talked Mom looked paralyzed, she stared at me and breathed heavily. Perspiration dotted her brow, cheeks, and cleavage. As if she suddenly realized she was clutching my hand, she dropped it. "Check please!" she shouted. "You didn't want dessert, did you?" she asked as an afterthought.

"Not here. I think I can find something yummy to feast on at home." My eyes swept over my mother as I said that. She blushed but didn't say anything. Her fingers made an involuntary movement toward me as stood and adjusted my crotch to accommodate my obvious erection. On the cab ride home, she sat on the other side of the seat and avoided conversation by saying she had a headache. Once we were inside the house Mom tossed her purse onto the sofa and snapped, "I have to go lie down. The headache is worse. Really really bad. Throbbing so badly!"

I put my hands on her smooth, warm shoulders which stopped her dash upstairs. "Wait a second, Mom. Can we end our mother-son date with a kiss?" I moved close to her my chest pressed against her back and my breath wafted against her cheek.

"A... a kiss? For our date? Uhhhh uuuuh. Not a good idea, baby." she squeaked.

"Really, Mom? Not even a nite-nite kiss for my Momma, on the cheek"

Mom swallowed hard and I could see her wavering as she closed her eyes. Her need for affection warred with discomfited lust. "On the cheek. Okay, that's okay, I guess."

I kissed my Mom on the cheek, then down her jawline, and then down her neck. Mom trembled and sighed at first, then shakily asked, "Baby, what are you doing?"

"Kissing my Momma, kissing the woman I love most in all the world."

"It's very, very sweet, honey." Mom shivered as she breathed hard. "It's wonderful. Really wonderful. But it's making Momma's headache worse. I need to lie down!" She almost wailed the last bit. However, she didn't move so I kept kissing her neck and bare shoulders.

Between kisses, I said, "Now Mom, you know that ache you feel is not in your head. And when you lie down to take care of... your ache, You'll be fantasizing about the head that's making you ache so much. My head." Mom mewled a bit as

my hard cock rubbed against her buttocks but still, she made no effort to push away from me. "You don't have to fantasize, Mom. I can carry you upstairs right now and take away your ache with kisses, caresses, and sweet, sweet love."

"Oh, Jacob." Mom hissed and stretched her neck welcoming more kisses. Her hands reached behind her to grab onto my thighs. As I kissed her neck, her nails dug into my thighs, their points stabbed and even through my pants little pinpricks tingled across my skin. "Just say yes, Mom let me show you how much I love you."

As I kissed her neck her nipples bloomed against her red silk dress, so arousal swollen they pushed out through her bra. I held my hands on her hips and then my left hand slowly slid across her hip and around to softly cup her belly. My finger tips slowly rubbed her belly and upper groin. I held her close but not tightly, yet I was close enough that she could feel my erection pressing against her buttocks.

"Oh Jacob, I'm so confused" Her full red lips trembled while her eyes glittered with a combination of love, lust, and anxiety. Mom moaned slightly as she leaned back rubbing her ass against my raging prick.

"There's nothing to be confused about Mom. Just say yes and my love will soothe your ache." I said this as a matter of fact in between kisses along her neck. She stiffened and gasped slightly. She relaxed after a second and I could feel even more of her tension fade away. It was as if hearing my affection aloud led her to be more accepting of my advances.

"I want to. I want to so badly but you're my son. Oh, baby... You're my son!" Mom said her voice vibrating with emotion.

"I'm your son who also knows that you are a beautiful, desirable woman. Your son who wants to make beautiful, romantic love to you. I want to give my sweet, darling mother the love she's been denied. The love you deserve, Mom! Say yes and we'll share our love in the most wonderfully intimate way."

"I want you so much, baby. I want you to make me scream like Gladys! I'm a terrible person, a terrible mother."

"You're a wonderful person and a wonderful mother. I am your son, Mom. Your son who loves you more than any other person in the world. Yes, I am your son and I came out of you and if you say yes, in a little bit I'll be coming in you." I stroked my hard cock against her backside.

Mom tittered, "Oh Jakey you're such a naughty boy." Her ass stroked against my hard-on. I continued to kiss her neck and shoulder and cupped her breasts.

"I love how big and beautiful these are, Mom. I'm going to suck on them, just like when I was a baby."

Mom didn't protest at my assertive statement but moaned slightly as I gently kneaded her breasts and ticked her nipples with my knuckles. "That sounds wonderful, baby but Momma doesn't have any milk for you."

Between my kisses, I whispered in her ear. "That's okay, Mom. It's my turn to give you milk. And I'm gonna give you plenty. Soon you'll be full of your son's man milk."

I thought my corny pun would make Mom laugh and relax a bit more. Instead, she stiffened and turned around to face me. As she turned to look at me, I pressed my lips against hers. Instantly she began kissing me. Her arms shot around my neck and she pulled me closer. As the kiss turned passionate suddenly I felt like I was the one being seduced. My mom poured years of frustrated desire and pent-up need into that

kiss. As my breath was sucked away and my heart hammered, I nearly went dizzy from the intensity of her passion.

As my mother's passion streamed into me, my cock became a rod of iron. Her crotch ground against my cock and bathed it in the heat of her desire. She leaned back and whispered, "Yessss honey, For God's sake, yessss! Undress me, baby. Momma needs you, Momma needs you now!"

She then went back to trying to suck my out my tonsils while grinding against me. Despite the distraction, I managed to unzip her dress. Mom continued kissing and rubbing against me while shrugging her dress off vigorously. She wanted to disrobe as fast as possible.

I helped her push the dress down to her waist and in doing so revealed Mom's sexy black bra and the bountiful delights it contained. The bra contrasted nicely against her pale skin and the pearl necklace she wore. If there hadn't already been a tent in my pants, there would have been a few seconds after that unveiling.

Not only were my mom's breasts full and shapely inside her mesh bra but her nipples were so engorged they strained against the translucent nylon as if they were about to rip

through the material. Despite the support the bra provided the still visible wrinkling across her sternum and mammary cleft left little doubt that these were the breasts of a mature woman.

Under normal circumstances, the pearl necklace was supposed provide a distraction but I'm a horny teenage guy who can't resist closely examining every boob I see. Although I knew my mother wanted to be naked as soon as possible I could not resist the allure of those beautiful orbs and softly squeezed her left breast through her bra. The mesh front tickled my hand slightly as I filled it with warm, yielding beautiful tit flesh. Mom hissed softly as my palm made contact with her sensitive nipple.

"Baby, please..." she mewled. With my other hand, I unclipped her bra. As we kissed, Mom raised her eyes in surprise at how easily I unsnapped her. Thanks to Grandma I was not a fumbling idiot in that area any longer. Her large breasts sagged slightly as her bra came loose, although not as much as I thought they would, considering her age and their size. As those glorious globes wobbled slightly on her chest my mouth watered to suck and lick their jutting pink nubs. I suppressed the urge and helped her push the dress down even further

Although I thought it was impossible my cock got even harder by what was uncovered by her falling dress. Mom wore black stockings that shimmered on her toned legs and these stockings were held up by black lace garters and a black lace garter belt. She also wore sheer black panties. I knew my mom was a bit old-fashioned but I never thought she wore stockings and garters. I couldn't ever remember having seen these in the wash. They must be new! I thought with wonder. I knew then, that despite being conflicted about having sex with me, my mom had bought this lingerie, secretly hoping I would see it.

Mom licked her lips nervously as I gave her an appreciative once over. I pulled her to me and whispered, "Holy hell, Mom you are so damned sexy!" right before I gave her another passionate kiss. Her hands pulled at my shirt trying to tear it off. As Mom frantically stepped out of her dress she stumbled and fell upon the closest piece of furniture. This happened to be my Dad's recliner. Once she realized where she was she laughed and lifted her stocking-clad legs into the air. For a minute I was reminded of a scene from that old movie, "The Graduate".

"Panties, please!" Mom giggled as she aimed her legs at my hands.

I slid my hands up from Mom's ankles straight up her legs, enjoying the sensation of her smooth, muscled hose clad limbs. She shivered, "Oh that feels so nice. I've missed being... touched. Please, baby, you're driving me crazy!" Once I reached her panties I hooked the sides and pulled. The panties were perfumed but as soon as her sexy reddish bush was exposed I immediately smelled Mom's heady musk.

Since Mom's eyes were fixed on watching me remove her panties I made a bit of a production of it. At first, I had a bit of trouble navigating the garters but slid the panties down her legs and over her shoes. Mom's nails dug into the arms of Dad's recliner as she watched me. At the time I was oblivious to how big a moment this was for her. Even more than my kisses or caresses, removing her panties finally solidified the reality that in a very short time her long-ignored vagina was going to be filled. After several years of sexual famine her pussy was going have a fucking feast!

I bunched her panties in one hand to place them on the coffee table, they were so soaked they moistened my hand. My eyes zeroed in on Mom's cleft. Mom's eyes followed mine somewhat nervously as if wondering what I thought. Of course, her trimmed auburn bush was sexy, especially framed by her garter belt and hose. Yet what I found most attractive was Mom's pussy. Her labia were dark pink and swollen with desire and glistened with juice. The hair around her lower

lips and the skin of her tights were soaked with moisture. Her clit was out of its hood, round and succulent as a berry.

I was torn between the desire to drop to my knees and lose myself banqueting on that sweet, tasty-looking snatch or continue undressing and getting straight to the main event. Mom decided on my course. Her eyes were fastened onto my tented pants. She licked her full red lips and sucked them in anxiously before saying, "Let me see my beautiful boy."

I stripped in record time, tossing my clothes onto a heap on the floor and in a moment stood before my mother. Her gaze riveted onto my hard, jutting cock as her hand reached down. Her sharp nails traced softly down and across my crown and shaft. The tickling sensation made me drip pre-cum.

With a wondering, trill of delight, she said, "I can't believe you're so hard already. And I didn't have to suck you for nearly an hour to get you up." Her eyes shone with tears as she said, "You want me, don't you? You really want me!"

"Every bit of you, Mom." I dropped to my knees and leaned over to kiss her while cupping her breasts in my hands. Soon I was lost in the wonderful feeling of her lips against mine and her soft, full tits rolling through my fingers. Mom moaned

softly, opening her legs wider, she shifted downwards until her wet, aching pussy was pressed against my chest. Although I knew her need was great, I still wanted to tease her to further inflame her. So I kissed down to her breasts, and I started to nuzzle them.

"Baby, you don't have to..." When I took her nipple in my mouth and sucked she moaned. With an affectionate chuckle, she cupped my head and said, "Okay, go ahead" As I feasted upon her tits Mom's nails alternately pricked and slightly scraped my scalp while she rubbed her seeping slit across my chest.

After a moment, she said, "Please baby, don't keep teasing Momma!" So stopped playing with her tits and kissed down to her stomach and groin. As lips moved through her bush Mom said, "J-J-Jake, what are you doing, sweetie?"

Surely she knew what I was doing. It dawned on me that Mom might never have had her pussy eaten.

"Baby, you don't have to do that for me. It's sweet but I know how men feel about it." Her eyes glimmered with tears. "I'm just so grateful you would be willing to do that for me!"

"Mom, I want to do this for you. I'd love to kiss, lick and suck your sexy, pretty pussy! It looks soooo yummy!"

Mom was both shocked and pleased. "Really? Maybe sometime but right now. I really, really just need some loving!"

Remember I'd only been with one woman before so I wasn't clear on her signals quite just yet. I didn't realize that Mom has already passed the need for foreplay. She was dying to get fucked. I stood up and then knelt on the recliner so that Mom was between my legs. It only took my Mom a second to realize what I was doing. Her nails wildly stabbed at the recliner's controls and brought up the footrest as the recliner moved into a prone position. Mom beamed at me as I moved atop her. I kissed her and then pushed my cock against her slick, hot entrance. Mom quivered taut as a tight wire when my cock slid inside her needy cunt.

Mom and I both gasped through our kiss. She was unbelievably tight. Although her pussy was very wet and throbbing with need, it resisted penetration and gripped me like a velvet vise. The feeling was incredible for me so I slowly pushed forward. However, it dawned on me that Mom's moans and groans were not entirely those of pleasure. I was hurting her!

"Mom, are you okay? Do you want to stop?"

"FUCK NO!" she shouted. She grinned at her own outburst and then more calmly said, "It's okay baby, it's just been a long, long time. I'll be okay in a few minutes." She giggled, "Feels like I'm a virgin again!" She kissed me soundly and pushed her hips down around me. With just a few more seconds of pure heaven our pelvic bones met. I was fully inside my mother's pussy. It was only at that second, when I was balls deep inside her that it fully impacted on me that I was truly about to fuck my mother.

Mom sighed happily. She tenderly stroked my face. "Make love to me, baby. Make love to Momma." Her eyes were full of the same maternal love I'd known all my life but her voice was smoky and seductive. Her hips slowly ground up and down.

Up until that very second, everything had really been about me. Despite my rationalization that I'd been seducing her for both our good, really it had mostly been about getting me laid because of my sexual drought. Now however I knew that this could not just be some fuck to get my rocks off. Mom expected and deserved more.

My hesitation wasn't lost on my mother. "Everything, okay honey?" There was no mistaking the disappointment and worry in her voice.

"Yes, I was just overcome by how incredibly lucky I am to be back inside my mom, who I love so, so very much."

"Oh, sweetheart!" Mom trilled and then kissed me on the cheek. I thrust hard into her and her eyes went hot. She locked her lips onto mine and kissed me like she wanted to suck up every bit of me.

I slowly fucked my mom until her long-neglected pussy loosened up. Once it did, I started going faster and harder, varying my strokes.

After a few minutes, Mom breathed.. "Ohhh wha.. what are you doing? I didn't know...Oh my!" Her arms and hands were in constant motion against my head, arms, shoulders, and back as if trying to feel every inch of my body, to reassure herself that this was truly happening. That it wasn't a dream or a fantasy.

Her legs were doing the same thing to my lower back, butt and legs. There is nothing quite as sexy as the sensation of a woman's stocking legs slithering all along your skin in the throes of passion.

Mom kissed my ear and laughed happily. "Baby, I can't believe you haven't cum yet." This confirmed my belief that my dad was a pump, pump squirt kind of guy.

"I'm not even close. Although you are incredibly sexy inside and out," I winked. "I'm enjoying being with you just too much to end it so soon. Just relax and let me love you." With a shaky giggle, Mom clutched at me and started fucking me back harder. I reached beneath her and clutched her thick, round ass, squeezing and gripping her as I pounded into her for a few moments.

As Mom shook like a ragdoll, she moaned constantly. "Ohhhh, Ohhhh. Oh my God! Oh my Godddddd!! Wha.. wha... you doing to meee! Oh, honey!"

I panted, "Just loving a sweet, beautiful woman as she deserves!"

After a few more seconds of my deep hard thrusts, Mom's legs intertwined with mine and she fucked me back as hard as she could. Her hands gripped my shoulders almost painfully and she kissed my neck and shoulder while moaning.

Mom went rigid as she was kissing my neck and then trembled and shook. Ten lines of fire scorched across my back as something stabbed my shoulder. My cock was then drenched with a sluice of fluid. The sudden shock of pain made me lose control and I spurted deep inside my mom's writhing pussy.

Mom started shaking again, only this time it more through her chest. The vibrations reverberated against my chest through her large pancaked breasts. She was laughing.

"Oh, my God! Oh my fucking Lord! I can't believe that happened." Mom shook her head. "No wonder that old bitch was so goddamned loud!" she giggled. Her face then became loving and tender. She cupped my chin and gave me a big happy smile. "You're such a wonderful boy, Jacob. You just gave Momma her very first orgasm." She blushed a little. "I'm sorry I, uh, gushed all over you!" She then giggled again.

She closed her eyes and nuzzled my neck. "Hold me, sweetie. Your old Mom needs to rest for a moment." When the haze of sexual delirium faded my back and shoulder started smarting a bit. And the nearby smells started to permeate my clearing mind. In addition to my mother's perfume and the heavy musk of sex, I also smelled beer and cigars. My mind put together what had just happened. I had just fucked my mother on my father's throne. I made my mom cum so hard that she slashed my back with her nails and bit my shoulder. My mom squirted all over me as she climaxed all over my father's beloved leather recliner.

Just knowing I had caused my mom to squirt, and on my Dad's throne to boot made my half-hard cock rigid once more. Mom felt me grow inside her and shifted her pussy. She cooed slightly. "How are you hard so fast? Didn't I feel you cum already, sweetie?"

"I did, Mom. But I'm young and you're incredibly sexy. Usually, I can go three times a night. Because of just how sexy you are, it might be more." I didn't say that three times was about all that Grandma could take at one time.

Mom looked at me like I had just handed her a million dollars. "Oh, baby that sounds wonderful." She sucked in her full red lips and asked hopefully. "Do you think... I mean,

could you... I might be too heavy but I'm a little woozy now. Do you think you can carry me upstairs?"

"I did it the other night" As I lowered the recliner I carefully slid out of my Mom. She hugged me tightly and kissed my chest as I picked her up. As we stepped away she started laughing and inclined her head back towards the recliner. There was a huge wet spot that made the faux leather gleam.

"All your Dad wanted was his car, his clothes, and that damned recliner." Her eyes twinkled as she said, "I'm not having it cleaned." As I carried her up the stairs her eyes were locked onto mine and she beamed. We both knew that while she was tired from her explosive orgasm this was not the real reason she wanted me to carry her upstairs. She was being carried to her bed, like a bride. She leaned up and kissed me softly. As the kiss lingered she rubbed my shoulder, I winced slightly when her nail accidentally poked the bite.

My flinch brought out her full-on mothering mode as she noticed my bite and scratches. "Oh, baby, I didn't realize.. I can't believe.... We need to take care of this!" She slid out of my arms and pulled me into the bathroom. What followed was kind of surreal. Despite protesting that I felt fine Mom insisted on treating my "wounds" right then and there. Her bite hadn't broken the skin, just left a deep impression. The

scratches on my back were all shallow but two were deep enough to have bled slightly.

So I stood in our small bathroom naked with a hard-on while my mostly nude mother washed my back with a warm cloth. As she slowly ran the cloth over my marked back, I saw her in the mirror. Although the normal motherly concern was present she also smiled a lot, as if proud that I had made her cum hard enough for her to give me sex scratches. While taking care of my back, she kept glancing at my still-hard cock. Mom acted as if she was pleased but amazed I was still so hard. I mean, I was naked and a smoking hot, big-breasted woman wearing a garter belt and stocking was stroking my back. Why wouldn't I be hard?

That changed when she started swabbing my back with alcohol. That was not a sexy pain and shocked away my excitement. I drooped fast. My Mom hugged me after she was finished, her full wonderful jugs flattened against my chest. She gave out a big sigh of disappointment, her swells lifted my chest. "I guess there's always tomorrow." She cupped my face with a small laugh as her mothering mode kicked in once again. "Oh, baby, your face is such a mess."

I glanced at the mirror. There were lipstick and foundation smudges on my lips, cheeks, and chin. Mom took the

washcloth and dabbed at my face like when I was a little kid. As she did she caught a look of herself. She made a slight cringe although smiled about it. "Well, there's no mistake about what I was just doing." Mom's mascara had run giving her raccoon eyes, her lipstick was smeared across the sides of her mouth and her chin, sweat, and my skin had rubbed off most of her foundation, exposing the previously hidden lines and wrinkles. Her styled hairdo was also a bit out of shape and was a bit lank as perspiration had affected her roots. "Goodness, I look like a monster!"

I didn't want her to start thinking she was unattractive again so I hugged her to me. "No, Mom you look like a beautiful woman..." Mom hugged me back when I said that. She cooed as I pulled her tight. As I stared into her eyes I grinned, "who has a very sexy I-just-got-fucked look." As that registered I kissed her neck and whispered, "Because you did. By me." Mom's breath quickened. "And I'm going to fuck you again, tonight, not tomorrow."

I moved closer so that her fingers brushed my thickening cock. She grasped my cock fondly and breathed, "Oh, sweetie." My Mom was anxious to get fucked again. Just knowing that, plus the touch of her hand combined with the pleasant weight of her big tits was enough to get me hard.

"Oh my.." Mom giggled as became fully erect inside her soft grasp. She dropped my penis, grabbed my hand, and practically dragged me to her room, laughing with delight.

Once we were in her room she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me deep and soundly. She also lifted herself up and wrapped her legs around my waist. As she kissed me, she shifted her weight downwards incrementally until my hard cock was up against her hairy muff. She shimmied and slid about a bit and my cock slithered against her slick labia and wet bush. Mom moaned in pleasure and some frustration as my shaft kept sliding through and against her lips. At first, I thought she was teasing me but she was trying to slide me inside her but kept missing the target. I backed up to her bed and sat down.

Her stocking legs swung around and knelt on her bed. Now with enough leverage and space, Mom hugged me tightly and giggled as my cockhead finally slipped inside her opening. Mom was still fairly tight but not nearly as much as before. Even so, her slick, hot walls gripped my prick with such intensity that it seemed I could feel every bump, ridge, and fold. My mother's vagina had more texture to it than Grandma's, which while still tight had seemed fairly smooth to me. Once my balls met her pussy lips, Mom's eyes danced with delight, and gave me a quick popping kiss.

"Thank you, baby, I haven't had a double feature in about twenty years!" She rocked back and forth and her wonderful pussy rippled along my cock. Mom leaned back and gazed at me fondly. It was almost a purely maternal look of love. "You are such a wonderful boy, Jacob. Giving your Momma such a beautiful gift. But then you always gave me such wonderful gifts and always made me feel special."

At first, I didn't know what she meant but I got it after a second. Although she had never singled me out at the time I'd always tried to give her something I thought she would like for Christmas, her birthday, and Mother's Day. It wasn't that much considering I didn't have much of a budget. It was just stuff like, a candle, bath salts, or a book I knew she wanted to read, or a small bottle of a scent. My Dad and Jarod always gave her some kitchen appliances, cleaning appliances, clothing that they guessed would fit, candy, or novelty stuff. That's when I realized why my laptop password was so familiar, it was the date of my mother's birthday. I guess Mom had always appreciated the extra effort I took.

"Now my sweet baby boy is a sweet, loving man. Still making me feel so special." Mom started humping me and while her face retained some maternal love it transformed into one of mostly carnal delight. She hugged me tightly as she rose up

and down on my cock. Her lips explored my face, neck, and shoulders as her hands gripped my arms.

"Last time I was so worked up. Just knowing I was gonna... get... have sex... just drove me wild." Mom whispered as she kissed me. "It was so overwhelming that I didn't get to appreciate how good you feel inside me, sweetie. Oh Jakey, you're making Momma feel so good, baby! I want this to last forever."

As she started moving a bit faster, Mom's hands slid down my arms. She moved back pulling my hands and putting them on her hips. She held my hands against her hips and covered them with hers, clutching them and pressing them tightly against her. Mom gave me a wicked grin as she pushed my fingers and made her garters slip between them. As she slowly rode me the garters silkiness rubbed against and through my fingers.

Mom sat back her face slightly contorted by pleasure. As my hands rode upon her rocking hips it felt as though I were helping push her up and down on my raging cock. It felt even better than on our first time when we had sort of rushed to get each other off. I watched my cock, slick and slippery, shiny with our juices split Mom's dark pink lips, and roll and fold her light pink hole as it traveled in and out of her. Her

wet stockings were damp against my thighs and her thick bush tickled as it grazed my stomach and groin.

Little gasps and coos were all the noises my mom made as she drove her pussy up and down on my cock in a steady thrusting rhythm. Her eyes were closed and her face drew tight, affected by the pleasure coursing through her. Her cunt clutched more tightly about my thrusting cock for a second.

As my mom let out a large gasp I looked up and our eyes met. Her eyes reflected her sexual delight as they also shone with pure devotion. Her lips were curled in a happy smile, a smile like I'd never really seen my mom have before. It made me happy to know could help make her feel that way. At the same time, I found the lipstick smears around her mouth and chin to be titillating since those were also my doing.

The need to cum hit me hard as I regarded my mom's oh-so-kissable mouth while her pussy fluttered around my cock. To stave off my gush I concentrated on my mom's face rather than on the sensation of her sweet, loving cunt around my raging prick.

My mother tried to hide the signs of her age, thinking it detracted from her attraction. My grandmother had taught me that mature women were not less beautiful but beautiful in a different manner than younger women, so I was perhaps

more observant than I would have been before. Rather than overlook the slight hollowness of my Mom's cheeks or the extra sag around her chin and neck I found them to be simply part of her overall allure.

Mom had worn a pearl necklace to distract from the slight wrinkling and sag of her cleavage. However, as the necklace made tiny little hops with every thrust of her hips, it brought more attention to the crinkling of her breast and chest wrinkles. The wrinkles were not anywhere as pronounced as my Grandma's despite their similar breast sizes.

Once my eyes reached her breasts I could not stop from staring at them. Although they were about a foot from my face they looked like giant balloons bobbing teasingly in front of me. Like a child wants to grab a balloon I wanted to latch my hands onto those magnificent globes and see if I could make them pop but Mom held my hands fast to her hips. She held them even harder as she noted where my attention was now centered. With a wicked smile, she dipped closer to me so that her bobbing boobies were now a tantalizing inch or so in front of my face. Her engorged nipples swung just out of reach of my tongue. I know because my tongue shot out to try and lick her nipple but was too short to reach it.

Mom giggled as she teased me, holding her breasts close to me but just out of reach. As if the teasing were a turn-on for her, she increased the motion of her hips and fucked me even harder. A loud moan accompanied a laugh. She dipped a little closer, enough so that her nipples were now close enough for my tongue to lash against them. Mom sucked in her breath as my tongue lapped against her hard spikes.

"You like Momma's big titties, don't you baby?" she asked with a soft whimper as my tongue lapped against her hard nipple. I nodded as my tongue continued to dance around her bouncy beauties. "I guess I should've known something was wrong because your dad never appreciated them." She gave a pleased, throaty laugh. "But my baby boy sure does!" Mom dipped even lower and her breast pushed into my mouth. "Suck me, Jakey, suck Momma like you used to." Mom whimpered and shivered as I latched onto her breast. My cock was squeezed by her pussy clamping tightly around me as my lips surrounded her nipple. Nails dug into the tops of my hands as she groaned loudly.

Mom told me that seeing her beloved son sucking her breast again while at the same time having the best sex in her life gave her a mind-numbing orgasm. I was enjoying the sensation of her soft sweet tit filling my mouth as I peered over the breast filling most of my vision. Her face twisted in climatic pleasure when her channel writhed against my cock.

Instead of giving in to my climax, I added to hers by pumping hard into my Mom's quaking tunnel.

"Oh baby, yesss, yesss give Momma your love!" she whimpered loudly and clutched me. She clamped onto my hands, pushing them hard against her hips, while pounding herself down around me, seeking deeper and deeper penetration as she came. Once her peak passed she slowed down and settled back into a steady up and down motion. She released my hands and then cupped my head, pressing it into her breast. Mom rested her chin on my head as I nursed from one breast and then the other.

She whimpered and mewled as the combination of my nursing and our lovemaking was overloading her mind with all sorts of emotions and sensations. Mom said she felt like screaming because the sensation of being full of cock for that long was so good. But it was also very emotional and she was used to tamping everything down. The overall feeling was as if she were a bottle of soda slowly being shaken.

My Mom's loving eyes and ecstatic face became too much for me to take. I knew if I continued to look deep into her eyes I would pop and so would end this wonderful session of mother-son bonding.

My eyes drifted down to where her slightly pouchy tummy swelled above her bush. Just above her bush was a faint puckered line, a c-section scar. From me! That made me feel all warm and emotional with a surge of love for my mom. At the same time, my heart swelled with love for my mother my stomach felt like it dropped out of my as a huge thrill swept through me, akin to diving down a roller coaster dip. It was a hugely perverse thrill as this scar made real that it was my mom's pussy that I was inside. My mom's pussy was sending me to the moon with such exquisite pleasure. Although I had joked about it, and known it intellectually, it hadn't seemed real up to that point. I had to clamp down to keep from exploding knowing I was loving my mom inside and out!

Mom noticed where I looked and gave me a typical motherly gaze of adoration, pride, and absolute love for her child. At the same time her tight, fluttery pussy was caressing my throbbing cock to ever soaring heights of pleasure. As Mom slowly, steadily worked her hips I could tell she was enjoying herself immensely. Not simply because she was getting fucked after many years of neglect or because she, as a woman found it satisfying to give pleasure to a man, but also because she felt a mother's joy at making her child happy. I groaned as another spasm of erotic delight that was so intense I nearly rocketed off.

"It's so special to me, knowing it's my baby boy's so hard, so thick, so deep inside his momma. Is it special for you, honey? Does having Momma's pussy clutch your big hard cock, make it special, hmmm baby?" Although her eyes were burning hot with lust, they twinkled as my expression changed.

"Oh yesss, Momma! I love you, Mom!" The words just erupted from my mouth as my throbbing cock erupted inside Mom.

Mom clutched against me hard, smothering me in her voluminous breasts as her pussy went wild against my cock. "Jaaaaacooooob, Momma loves you baby!" she wailed while convulsing against me. Once more I felt a sluice of fluid against my thrusting prick and thighs. Mom went limp and collapsed on top of me, for a second my face was a breast sandwich as she rested her head on mine. Mom then moved down to rest her head on my chest with drawn-out breath saying softly saying "Oh... oh...oh... God...that was...oh baby... that was..." She rubbed her head on my chest and smiled happily. "You really... love Mommy.... don't' you?"

I nodded and kissed her softly on the top of her head. I hugged her tightly as we lay there in the afterglow of our encounter. She smiled up at me in a half-doze and playfully ran her stockinged leg against mine. As I slipped out of her

well fucked cunt it gave me quite a thrill to see my deflated cock cradled against her auburn bush. Droplets of white dotted her reddish bush and a thick swath of whitish goo leaked from her very pink and gaped hole. A sudden thought hit me. Ohhhh crap! With Grandma, I hadn't had to worry about...

"Mom.."

"Yes, baby?" she answered without opening her eyes.

"Uh... are you on the pill?"

Her eyes opened and she gave me a hard smile. "Oh, that's right. This is the first time you've been with a woman young enough to be fertile." Instead of answering my question, she asked one of her own. "I wasn't going to ask but I need to know. Were you just saying sweet things to me so we'd end up like this? Or did you mean it? Is it different for you, being with me than with her? Is it better?"

I knew she wasn't just asking about the physical aspect of sex but the more intangible parts. She deserved an honest answer. "I love Grandma and sex with her was special. And not just

because she was my first." A flash of anger passed over my Mom's face when I said that. "But with you it's...." I struggled to find the words. "I love Grandma but you're Mom!" I guess the way I said that conveyed how I felt.

Mom teared up and she stroked my face softly. "I know, baby. I know." She snuggled closer to me, laid her head on my chest, and gazed at me fondly. "Although I don't know that I'll ever be able to forgive her or stop being angry with her, you should be able to have a cordial, non-sexual relationship with her."

I noted the non-sexual part. Yeah, Mom wasn't willing to share that much. Still, I couldn't help but feel Mom was being a bit hypocritical about her anger at Grandma.

"I don't want to make you mad, but I have to ask. Why are you still so mad at Gran? I mean..."

"We fucked too?" Mom asked with a bit of heat. "Yeah, well ask me that again on our 241st time." She sighed and hugged me closer. "I know it's not fair and it's not rational. I feel that she stole something very precious from me, something I'll never get to experience. That's why I don't know if I'll be able to forgive her."

My expression must have demonstrated my confusion. "Your first time, sweetie. I can't help but feel if you were going to have your first time with a family member it should have been with me, your momma. I know it's irrational because until I heard you and Gladys... screwing, I didn't even know I wanted you... sexually. But once I did, God. I was so jealous! I was very angry and very confused."

"And now that we've actually.... made love... I am even angrier." She said and shook her head in frustration. "Because now I know just how special being your first would have been. I think I'll always regret that I didn't get to experience that with you."

Now that she said that I also sort of regretted that it didn't happen that way but I also knew realistically it would not ever have happened.

"The way I see it Mom, you can continue to resent Grandma or be grateful for what we have now. Because if it hadn't been for Grandma, our being together like this wouldn't have happened. Until that shower incident with Grandma I never even fantasized about older women. Not women your age and certainly not Grandma's age. Afterward seeing Grandma naked I did fantasize about mature women but it was just a

fantasy, and it never really included you, or Grandma. It wasn't until Grandma became "confused" that I started imagining having sex with her. The incest taboo wasn't quite so strong with her because despite being relative but she isn't that close really. I didn't fantasize about you sexually even after I started having sex with Grandma." Mom's face pinched a bit with sadness.

"You admitted that you didn't have sexual thoughts about me until you heard Grandma and me having sex. To my shame, I was so wrapped up in my new sexual relationship that I didn't think about how it affected anyone else. I also didn't realize how unhappy and unfulfilling your marriage was because, well, like many kids, I didn't want to examine my parent's marriage too closely.

"It wasn't until Grandma and Dad were out of the picture that I even really thought about you sexually. Once Grandma said you might have repressed sexual thoughts about me I looked at you differently. I mean, I always knew you were an attractive woman but I'd never had sexual thoughts about you because you're my mother. Once it was just the two of us I realized just how beautiful and sexy you were. But once I did, you were who I wanted more than anyone else. All thanks to Grandma!"

Mom slapped me hard on the chest, "Don't use reasoning and logic on me when I'm in my feelings." She sighed with a sour smile. "I'll think about what you said. Right now, just hold me for a bit."

We lay there for a few moments when Mom rolled out of her bed. "Sorry, baby but these wet hose are driving me crazy." She unsnapped her garters and slid off the garter belt afterward she rolled down her hose. Despite my recent climax, I found the sight of my nude mother taking off her hose to be extremely exciting. She smiled broadly as she watched my cock harden and rise.

"Hold that thought, sweetie," she laughed softly. At her dressing table, she did a quick clean of her face and then applied more lipstick. The puckering and coloring of her lips was very erotic, my turgid cock pulsed as I watched her. As she applied her lipstick Mom smiled at the way this simple act excited me. After a quick brush of her hair, she slid back into bed with me and lay on her back. Mom gave me a big smile. Without any cosmetics except for her lipstick, which in effect, drew attention to her face all her middle-aged lines and wrinkles were on full display. Definitely not a young face but to me still a breathtakingly beautiful one.

My mother spread her legs wide and lifted them tempting as she clutched her large breasts and shook them at me while puckering her mouth in silent invitation. I covered her lips, filled my hands with her breasts, and slid my cock into her hot, slick pussy. This time Mom's tunnel covered my cock without any resistance and molded to it like a perfect match.

Mom's legs locked around my back and she thrashed her hips, sliding her cunt up and down in the dance of love. When our kiss ended she gave a breathy laugh, "Baby boy, you just beat your Daddy's record. I've never had a hat trick before!" She sucked my earlobe. "Feels good, doesn't it?"

As a reply, I kissed her neck and jaw and then licked it. She giggled, "Does Momma feel extra wet now, baby?"

Once she mentioned it I did notice she was more slick and lubricated than before. "That's because of you, baby."

I smiled at the thought of making my Mom extra aroused but she popped that idea balloon. "But that's not all Momma's juices, part of that's you. It's all your cum inside Momma." She teased my earlobe again.

"I never answered your question before but no baby, I'm not on the pill." She used her legs to rock me harder and deeper inside her. She kissed my neck, "And no, I haven't gone through menopause yet."

Mom stared at me with a combination of hot lust and love. "I can give you something Gladys never could. Momma can give you a baby!" She sealed her mouth to mine and vigorously pumped against me, driving my cock deep inside her rippling pussy. Her words and the wonderful sensation of her cunt clutching and sliding along my cock was driving me crazy with ardor. Mom's sharp nails grasped my butt digging in with pinpricks of pain that added to my sexual delight.

As Mom kissed my neck, "I love being so full of your cum, sweetie. I always wanted another baby. A little girl! But your Daddy didn't want one." She kissed me soundly, pulling even tighter against my butt while thrashing her hips side to side as well as up and down. While we kissed my mind went numb and my heart thudded with anxiety at the thought of having made my Mom pregnant. Yet the animal part of my mind found this very thought, the thought of breeding my woman to be exhilarating and erotic. Unconsciously I drove deep into my Mom's pussy seeking to plant even more seed in her fertile field.

Mom laughed at my ramped-up response and kissed my face and neck. "Your father would never fuck me when I was pregnant." She sucked my neck, "But you will won't you sweetheart! As Momma's belly swells and swells, your cock will fill my pussy, won't it baby? When my tummy is so huge with your baby that I have to ride you, you'll still be inside Momma's pussy every day, won't you, Jakey?" As the images that Mom was putting in my head consumed my thoughts, Mom watched me out of the corner of her eyes and grinned as she continued to neck me.

"I'll bet just now you're dying to feel Momma's baby bulge pressing against you while your hard young cock is deep inside me."

In my mind, I could feel it and I wanted it! "Yes, Momma I do!" I was on the verge of another orgasm. Mom's nails bit into my ass and she quivered against me. Although she didn't squirt again, her pussy threw a party around my cock.

"Yesss, Yesss Yesss! Give Momma a baby, baby!" I exploded while the images of my mother hugely pregnant her breasts swollen and leaking milk riding me and of my mother holding a baby swirled about in my mind. It was so intense I nearly blacked out. Mom kissed me hard as we rode out our

climax. Afterward, we clung to each other exhausted by the magnitude of our taboo-inspired climaxes.

I slipped out of bed a couple of hours later and took a shower. Although I wanted to crawl back into bed with my mom I didn't. I didn't want to wake her and despite what had happened I was unsure how she would feel in the morning. Especially when she woke up next to her naked son. Plus my mind was still reeling from my last bout with my mom. Was she now pregnant? Did she really want a baby? Could I be a father now? So I went back to my room and fell into a troubled sleep.

## Chapter 5

I woke up the next morning when I felt my bed shake. My mother was sitting on the edge of my bed dressed in her old robe and slippers with her hair up in curlers. Her face was devoid of make-up and with her hair rolled up she looked every bit of forty-two. As I awoke, she gave me a loving smile and flipped the covers back from me, uncovering my boxers.

"Good morning sweetheart, I hope you don't mind if I conduct a little test for me before breakfast. I know last night you were very horny because I'd done everything I could've for the last

month to prevent you from getting sexual relief; partially just to be a bitch. And for our dinner last night I did everything I could to look as sexy as possible to tease and titillate you. So it's not that big a surprise that you were aroused. This morning I'm in curlers, just me as natural as I can be. Arguably, I'm at my most unattractive." Mom held up a hand to stop me from protesting. "I'm not saying that I'm ugly, just not as entrancing as I can be. This morning I want to see how sexy I am to you or if last night was just due to your young hormones and me at my sexiest.

As my Mom stood up she gave me a motherly smile although she had a mischievous and flirty twinkle in her eyes. "Take off your shorts, honey." I slipped my boxers off and exposed my half-tumescent penis to her.

She chuckled a bit, "I don't know if that's from me or just morning wood but let's see what effect this has." She then untied her robe and let it pool around her feet. She stepped out of her slippers. My mom then stood before me clothed in nothing more than her pink curlers. She was absolutely nude, that is to say without any make-up or any garments to support or minimize her body. I could see every middle-aged sag and wrinkle, her full big tits sagged slightly as stretch marks attested, and her tummy wasn't flat and hard but had a slight roll as did her hips. Without stockings to support and enhance them I saw a small bit of loose skin and cellulite on

her thighs. None of this however detracted from her beauty. As I regarded my mother, in all her glory, in all of her absolute matronly beauty my cock swelled to full staff in nothing flat. It felt that I became even more engorged as Mom's light brown nipples hardened and elongated.

My mother's hazel eyes glinted with delight and desire as her tongue unconsciously flicked across her lips. I moved close to the edge of my bed so that my hip was next to it. I leaned back and shifted my legs so that my erection pointed straight at her. As my eyes continually roved over her mature beauty, memory flashes of kissing her, of holding her, of squeezing and sucking on those wonderful globes, and of plunging deep inside her sexy auburn snatch kept playing through my mind. "Well Mom, I think I passed the test with flying colors, hmmm?"

Mom laughed throatily. "Yes honey, A plus, most definitely."

"Remember when you used to give me kisses for my A's, Mommy?"

Mom's eyes flashed with humor and heat, "Mommy would love to give you a kiss, honey."

As Mom moved towards my bed I thought she would climb in it with me and we'd neck and move on to other things. Instead, she dropped to her knees and bent over to kiss my cock head. Then she slipped her lips over my crown and started gently sucking me while teasing my crown ridge with her tongue. It was so hot seeing my darling mother take my cock into her sweet mouth, yet to see her doing so while wearing her curlers was so surreal and yet so profoundly erotic.

Perhaps it was because her hair was so close to her head and so I wasn't distracted by her long auburn hair. Perhaps it was the curlers themselves that drew such attention to how she looked at that moment. Every sight and every sensation seemed magnified and starkly etched.

The cool touch of wet hair and the gentle tickle from the curlers as they caressed my stomach. The slight jiggle of skin on her jowl and cheek as her jaws worked. The winking of her crow's feet as her cheeks expanded and deflated from her sucking. Although they were mostly hidden by the bed flashes of her large and very aroused breasts bobbed in and out of sight as her head moved up and down.

The trickles of saliva slipped over her lips and down my pulsing shaft. Her lips looked a bit thinner, pale and pink

without lipstick yet lovingly puffed and sealed around my throbbing cock. Mom's lips nuzzled my cock softly yet firmly enough to send jolts of pleasure through me at every pull of her head.

Yet what affected me most was her eyes. It wasn't that they were burning with hot taboo lust or anything like that. No, they were simply my mom's eyes filled with all the normal maternal emotions, a mother's love, a mother's pleasure, a mother's pride. It was as though her eyes enfolded me in a warm, wonderful hug from my Mommy while at the same time, pure paradise radiated from my cock as a sexy, mature woman in all her natural beauty took delight in blowing me.

The sight and sensation of my curler-wearing mother sucking my cock was at that time the most intensely sensual thing I had ever experienced in my life. It was overwhelming. Far too soon I clutched her wet hair and the hard plastic cylinders covering her head with both my hands and groaned, "Moouoommm!" as I became lost in a timeless instance of pure bliss.

I was only distantly aware of Mom's gasping with a small choke as my jism flooded into her mouth. Her tongue and cheeks contracted around my cock as she swallowed the sudden influx. Even as she sucked the last drop from me, she

had a mildly annoyed but forgiving expression. Mom's lips slowly slid up and off of my deflating cock. Her lips quirked as she gave my crown one last tickling lick.

She took a drink from my water bottle and swished her mouth and then shook her head at me while smiling. "You know baby, it's good manners to let someone know when you're about to pop."

I was still feeling a bit giddy from the immensity of my climax. "I'm sorry but it happened too fast. It was just... too sexy."

Mom pleased look was also a bit befuddled. "An old lady in curlers is sexy to you? Wow, that's something."

"That wasn't what I meant, yes. The curlers added to it but it wasn't about you being a mature lady in curlers. It was about you being in curlers. Not so much the curlers but you. The real you."

Her head cocked and she gave me a confused smile. "I'm not sure how to explain it. It was you, my mom, as my mom and

you as a beautiful sexy woman in all her natural wonder loving me that sent me over the moon."

Before I knew it my Mom was laying on top of me kissing me passionately. After the kiss, she joked, "Well I guess I won't have to spend a lot of money on lingerie to keep my son happy, just put up my hair."

I was happy that Mom intended to keep on being intimate with me. "I was a bit surprised you sucked me this morning. From the way you talked last night, I didn't think you liked doing it."

"Oh I like it, honey it's just that doing it for your father became such a chore. I'd suck on him until my jaw hurt just so he could finally give me two minutes of... almost pleasure." She said with a sour face. As she gazed into my face she ran her nails through my hair. Pursing her lips, slightly she said, "Baby, remember what you said last night about wanting to kiss me.... down there?" I nodded. "Would you mind doing that for me?"

My nod was so enthusiastic that Mom giggled and rolled over me, scooting back until she was resting up against the wall at the head of my bed. I have a twin bed with no headboard. She

drew her legs up so that her knees were up against her breasts and spread wide, giving me full access to her scrumptious box.

Instead of diving right in, however, I knelt between Mom's spread legs and leaned down to kiss her on her forehead. "I love you, Mom." She gave me a pleased but slightly confused smile. Then I kissed her lips softly. Although she was slightly tensed up by my unexpected change of course, she almost immediately relaxed and responded to my kiss. Her hands surrounded my head and kissed me back. As we kissed I cupped her breasts and softly stroked her hard nipples with my fingers. Mom's breath quickened against my mouth as she became more aroused.

As I started kissing her neck, Mom said "Baby, if that's something you really don't want to do, you don't."

My Mom was so unused to foreplay that she thought I was just stalling to avoid the "unpleasant" task of eating her pussy. "I want to Mom, believe me, I do but I also want to just savor and appreciate all of your sexy beauty. I love touching you and love how you sigh and shiver as I kiss you."

Mom's eyes went dewy, glimmering with love, happiness, and appreciation. "Go ahead, sweetie, kiss Momma anywhere you want."

As kissed down my mom's shoulder and down along her upper chest she leaned back and closed her eyes, smiling as she enjoyed being loved. Her hands roamed my head and back. Her long nails tickled my scalp and back sending tiny pulses through my skin. I found the sound of her sighs of pleasure and the sensation of her fingers brushing through my hair exciting as hell. My cock started to wake up. And when Mom's breath shuddered her breasts rose like small hills near my chin, as she quavered "Oh Jakey, I love this. You're loving Momma so good, baby. I didn't realize how much I missed just being touched. It's making me sooooo hot, honey!"

By the time I had reached the round full globes of my mother's breasts, her nipples were puffed up to their full stiffness and made my mouth water like sweet little candies. I licked and kissed the tops of her breasts as moved towards her areolas. Her breasts rose and fell slightly faster as I kissed them Mom's breath quickened with her arousal deepening. I licked around the light brown half dollars enjoying the slightly soft, slightly bubbly texture against my tongue. My Mom hissed and clutched my head a bit. The pressure of her fingers increased as I sucked her nipple. Her back arched

slightly pushing the fullness of her breast more deeply into my mouth and her legs moved restlessly underneath me.

When I looked up Mom's soft hazel eyes were glowing her face composed in contentment. Her voice shook a little as she whispered, "My sweet baby boy, my wonderful, wonderful beautiful man." My cock throbbed when I realized I'd just given my Mom a breast orgasm. Although I had the impulse to stop my slow travel down my mother's body to jump right into the feast of her freshly dewed bush I kept to my task. I believed that this would bring her the most pleasure in the long run. Also, I had to admit I wanted to play with her big tits just a bit longer.

After nuzzling both of her breasts for a few more minutes, I kissed my way downwards. Mom continued to watch me with an affectionate smile on her lips. Ever so often her eyes would close and her breath would quicken, letting me know she was enjoying being kissed and caressed. As kissed through her bush, her musky hair tickled my nose. I sniffed deeply and gave Mom a big kiss just above the start of her pussy lips. Mom let out a soft squealing, "Oh, baby.."

A glistening pink pearl, her clit was fully engorged by the time I had reached her pussy proper. As tempting as the lustrous button was I licked all around it for several

moments. As my tongue slithered and flickered along the folds of Mom's slick labia I savored the sweet-sour taste of Mom's juices and inwardly smiled as her pubic hair tickled the surface of my tongue. Mom gasped loudly and my head was enfolded by her legs, her thighs pressing tightly against my cheeks and ears.

At the edge of my vision, her long nails dug so hard into my sheets and mattress I expected to hear ripping sounds at any second. Despite being muffled by fleshy earmuffs my mother's loud moans and whimpers inspired me to tease her even more. I stiffened my tongue and drove it as deep as I could into her wet pussy. It was both odd and quite thrilling the way her slick walls gripped my stabbing tongue.

Mom bucked against me, pressing my nose deep into her musky bush and driving my tongue further inside her. She squirmed and rocked her hips as I wiggled my tongue around her snug hot pocket. After a moment of this, a muffled scream accompanied Mom's thighs' threat to crush my head as they clamped down around me. Her hips bounced on my bed, her cunt lips mashed against my face as her pussy quivered around my tongue. A small gush of sweet nectar filled my mouth.

Before Mom's climax had finished I quickly moved from tongue fucking her to suck on her clit. Ten spikes were driven into my scalp at once as Mom grabbed my head. Her body vibrated as it also went rigid and her piercing shriek nearly shattered my eardrums. Mom had lifted herself off of the bed as she drove her pussy hard against my face. Her head pressed hard against the wall at the head of my bed while her face was scrunched up in an expression of pleasure so intense it almost seemed as though she were in agony. After a few intense seconds, her face relaxed as did her body and she collapsed onto the bed. Her eyes were closed and for a second I had the pleasing but also frightening thought that I had made her pass out.

Mom's eyes slowly opened and her lips curled into a big smile. "Girls at work used to giggle about the intensity of some of their orgasms but I always thought they were full of shit. Now I know they weren't and I have my wonderful, baby boy to thank."

She held her arms out and I knew she wanted to hold me. My mom folded me into her bosom like she had hundreds of times. As usual, my mother's hug was warm, loving, and comforting. This time however I could not help but find it incredibly sexy as well. Her full, heavy breasts flattened against my chest covering most of it with her soft flesh as hard nipples gently poked my skin.

Mom's normal gentle smile of affection and adoring eyes were now accompanied by a sex-flushed rosiness on her face and upper chest. Several of Mom's curlers had become dislodged as her head writhed against my wall while I sucked her pussy. A few had just moved slightly, the hair holding them no longer tightly wrapped. Four or five curlers dangled about her head like elongated pendulums swinging from auburn straps. Oddly enough, I found this incredibly sexy, enough so that it sent a throb of desire through my hard cock.

A second after she wrapped her arms around me, Mom's eyes widened and she gave me a pleased and crooked grin. As I moved up to hold my mother my swollen cock grazed through her silken bush. When we embraced my pulsing shaft lay hot against her wet lips and lower groin. Mom sucked in her lips and closed her eyes as she softly rubbed her pussy against my cock and balls. Her eyes were sparkling with delight as she opened them she leaned forward and hugged me even tighter as she kissed me on the forehead. As she hugged me she deliberately pressed her breasts and her pussy even harder against me.

"You're so hard, baby." Her hand brushed my hair affectionately. Not only do you want Mommy, you need Mommy. Don't you, baby?"

As I nodded Mom shifted slightly in my arms. Her eyes were a bit shiny and I realized that she was tearing up a bit. These were happy tears, tears of love, a mixture of a mother's love and a woman's love. "Make love to me, Jake. Make love to Mommy." Her lips puckered for a kiss as her legs opened wide and she angled her hips upwards until my cock lay against her seeping slit. I kissed my mother and after a couple of misses, my hard cock slid into her welcoming womanhood. Having been loosened a bit from our sexual bout from the night before, Mom's pussy was no longer exceedingly tight but rather gripped my cock with a perfect snugness. In a very real sense, I was getting a warm and loving mother's hug from above and below my waist.

We kissed and we moved together making love in a slow, rhythm, My mother's legs wrapped around my butt, locking me in place and also controlling our pace of motion.

Mom was fairly quiet except for soft moans or coos of pleasure. Mainly this was because her lips were almost in constant motion. They were either fastened against mine in searing passionate kisses, soft lingering kisses, or covering my face and forehead with sweet, motherly kisses. I let all the sounds and sensations of making love to my mother wash over me. The swelling roll of her large, plush breasts

cushioned against my chest, the meaty squelch of her vagina and my penis thumping together the shaky, soft squeaking quivering that my bed made with every thrusting motion, my mom's hands alternately caressing and gripping my back, her long nails either tickling or slightly pricking me. My mother's eyes just gazing at me with a deep and unabashed maternal affection at the same her pussy fervently stroked my cock in a firm but loving grip.

Although I kept to the slow steady progress that Mom desired, I varied my strokes from time to time with deeper plunges or upward bucks. During one of the latter, Mom's hands dug harder into my back, her feet tightened about my backside, and her voluminous breasts billowed against my chest, lifting me slightly as she surged against me with a moaning whine, Her cheek pressed against my her breath was hot against my ear. "Oh yesss, baby make love to Mommy.. fuck mommy, baby!"

A few months ago just the sheer passion that Mom's voice exuded would have made me spurt uncontrollably. Plus when Mom heaved up against me my hand slipped from her back and cupped her head. The tingling tickles of her curler-wrapped hair sent a large perverse thrill through me and made my cock vibrate with a need to cum. Due to my grandmother's lessons, I was able to maintain my strokes and

not climax. Although I doubted that Mom would appreciate hearing that her prolonged pleasure was due to Gran.

Mom kissed me hard as her orgasm subsided.

Mom could see my incipient crest and her eyes sparkled as she gave me a loving smile that was somehow both matronly and yet also quite wanton. Her crow's feet crinkled as her full lips puckered when she breathed, "Fill me baby, cum deep in mommy's cunt. Give me all of your hot young seed!" She worked her hips overtime to increase to slick strokes of her pussy along my cock. She hugged me tightly, her big breasts' spread across my chest like warm pillows. Her long nails tickled my lower back and bum.

Her breasts rose and fell against me faster as she panted both from exertion and arousal. I realized that she was tired, and suddenly I saw this fatigue on her face. I was once again snapped back to the reality that I was making love to my middle-aged mother, not as the sexy milf in make-up and sexy lingerie she had been the night before but as simply as my mom, the mature housewife, literally with curlers in her hair. And I found her even sexier. I cupped Mom's head and one of the loosened curlers fell free and rolled down the pillow to rest against my knee. At that second the world

flashed and I spasmed slightly as cock spewed inside my mother's womb.

Mom peered deep into my eyes and stroked my hair as her cunt lovingly milked my spurting prick. In soothing comforting tones, she said "That's right, darling. Let it all go all inside Mommy."

In a little while I pulled out of Mom but we continued to cuddle with each other propped up against the wall next to my bed. After a few moments, my mom chuckled and said "That would make an oddly beautiful and erotic family photo. No one who saw it would doubt what we'd just been doing."

My dresser was a big full sized dresser with a huge mirror that took up a large part of my room. It had been a piece of legacy furniture from my Dad's uncle. Dad had the idea of selling it one day but had never gotten around to it, so I got stuck with it. It was directly across from my bed and I'd learned to ignore the huge mirror, however, Mom's comment made me look.

In our reflection, I had my arm around Mom, her head resting on my shoulder. Most of her curlers had remained in place during our sexual but a couple were loose; one even dangled nearly undone and three streamers of her auburn hair hung loose across her shoulder and mine. Her big, naked breasts

sagged sideways, her left breast draped slightly across my chest. Mom's butt and thighs rested upon my thighs and my limp cock poked between her legs and cradled against her auburn bush, Mom's labia were dark pink almost reddish. Below my balls and in between my thighs was a wide wet spot on my sheet in which rested a couple of pearly drops. If that wasn't a dead giveaway, both our thighs and genitals glistened from moisture. Like Mom had said there was no doubt that we had just fucked.

A devilish impulse seized me and I leaned over to grab my phone from the nightstand. Mom said, "Jacob what are..." as I quickly snapped a couple of pix from the mirror. Mom's face turned scarlet I thought it was anger at first. She was slightly pissed but mostly embarrassed and she slapped my shoulder hard enough to sting. "I can't believe you took a photo of me like that!" She gave a slight smile accompanied by a scolding look. "You better not show that to anyone else!" She relaxed and snuggled back against me. Seconds later she tittered, "Send a copy of that to my phone."

I opened the picture to do just that and as I looked at it, the sight of my mother and I in the afterglow of sex struck me as very erotic. My cock responded. Mom felt my cock stirring against her and looked down with a wistful smile. She snuggled back against me with a sigh. "Baby, you don't know how gratifying and flattering it is to know you want me even

when I look a fright. And as much as I would love to hop on my son's young hard cock again, I need to rest a bit. This is the most sex I've had in over a decade." She looked up at me and giggled "I only stopped by your room to ask you what you wanted for breakfast." She glanced at the clock. I noted with some surprise that we'd been fucking for about three hours. "I guess it will have to brunch now", she gave me a sunny smile as she grabbed her robe.

I threw on a robe and followed Mom downstairs. As we walked down she suggested that perhaps we could go to a place such as Uncle Roy's Pancake House to get brunch. However, I was too hungry to get dressed, call a ride to go there, and then wait to be served. I told her I'd help her cook. While Mom put bacon and biscuits in the oven and then excused herself. I sauteed onions, peppers, and fried potatoes. She returned a few moments later freshly showered with her hair re-rolled in curlers. This proved my theory that women could get dressed and ready a lot faster than they made out. Once she returned Mom made country gravy and then scrambled eggs.

As Mom and I sat down to eat, I noticed that even though Mom had showered she hadn't dressed in anything other than her robe as the bountiful cleavage that nearly spilled out of the loosely tied front of her robe. I kept stealing glances at tantalizing glimpses of her beautiful breasts. Visions of my

two sexual encounters with her kept running through my mind, that as a sexy MILF and as the middle-aged housewife. My hardening cock got caught in the fabric of my robe and I had to shift about to get comfortable. My supposition that she was naked beneath her robe was confirmed when her nipples hardened and became visible. Mom looked over at me with a small, mysterious smile.

She pursed her lips and said with a twinkle in her eye, "You just gave me a sexy little tickle, baby."

"Huh?" I wasn't sure if she meant she noticed my arousal and it was making her horny or not."

"I just felt a trickle of your semen from my... vagina," Mom sighed and gave me a smile that was a bit flirty and a bit guilty. "I guess I should let you off the hook and tell you I can't get pregnant." Oddly enough I felt a bit of regret mixed in with my relief.

"Once you were born our sex life dropped down to practically nil." Mom made a sour face." I finally confronted David about it and he claimed that it was because he didn't want another kid. He flat-out refused to get a vasectomy which he equated to a gelding, so I had an IUD inserted. However, our marital

relations did not improve. Now I know the real reason for that." Mom related this with a good deal of bitterness.

To lighten the mood a bit I said, "So you were just teasing me about getting pregnant and wanting to have another baby."

Mom propped her chin on her hand and gave me a speculative look before she replied. "Yes, I was teasing you, although it did give me a charge fantasizing that you made me pregnant. Also, I didn't lie about wanting another child and hoping for a girl." Mom continued to gaze at me thoughtfully.

"Women in my family usually don't go through menopause until they are nearly sixty. The IUD is easily removed so I do have about ten to twelve years of fertility left, Just something to think about. It's not something that needs to be decided right away."

I have to admit I was a bit floored that my mother after telling me that I couldn't accidentally make her pregnant was sort of hinting that if I wanted, I could deliberately make her pregnant. My erection which had started to fade was once again full mast.

My mother finally noticed that I was sneaking peeks at the portions of her breasts that were visible and gave me a slight smile as she pushed the opening a tad wider with the tip of her fingernail. She pursed her lips slightly. "I never realized how much you'd outgrown your bed until this morning. Now that I know, I just don't think I'd be okay with the idea of my baby boy trying to sleep in such an uncomfortable bed."

Although I knew where my mom was heading with this topic, to tease her I interjected, "So then I guess it would be okay for me to use the bed in Jacob's room?" This of course was the bed where Grandma and I had sex hundreds of times."

Mom was taken aback by this and gave me a bit of a hard look. "Well since Jacob hasn't even visited since he joined the Army and Gladys has moved out, I'll probably get rid of that bed. No, sweetie, I thought you might move into my bed, you know to help you sleep better."

"But would I sleep better? After all, I'd be sharing that bed with an extremely beautiful and sexy lady. I'd probably toss and turn every night because I'd be so turned on by you."

Mom gave me a pleased smile and waved me off. "You're sweet Jacob but I wouldn't look like I did last night every night. Mostly I'd look like I do now, a frumpy middle-aged housewife in a housecoat and curlers.

"I don't recall that having been an issue this morning when we had a very torrid early morning session of lovemaking?"

Mom blushed slightly and grinned, "I have to admit I was most pleasantly surprised that not only that I could arouse a young man looking the way I did, but even beyond that we made love so sweetly." Her eyes got a bit shiny as she said, "As wonderful as last night was, I enjoyed this morning even more."

"So did I, Mom," I said truthfully and she blushed again. Her nail opened her robe another millimeter. "So you see I would have a hard time being so close to you."

"I guess I'd just have to take care of those urges, hmmm? Just to help you sleep." Mom's eyes twinkled. "Anytime Mommy makes you horny, just let me know and I'll take care of that pesky old hard-on!" she teased.

"Do you mean that, Mom?"

"Of course, baby!"

I stood up from the table to show Mom my tented robe. Mom's eyes widened a bit as she gave a pleased gasp. As she regarded my erection, Mom's left hand slipped inside her robe and clasped her breast while her right hand caressed her roller-laden scalp and then her nails traced across her crow's feet and laugh lines. "You weren't just flirting with me, were you? Saying sweet things to make me feel nice. This morning wasn't just an opportune... screw. You meant it, you do think I'm sexy even looking like this."

I was a bit flabbergasted when Mom started sobbing. At a loss for anything else, I stepped closer and hugged her. As we hugged she clutched me tightly, her robe opened and her full globes spilled out, revealing that despite crying she was also quite stimulated. As I pulled her to me I opened my robe a bit so there was skin to skin contact between my chest and her matronly breasts. This same bosom which had nursed me as a baby, and comforted me as a child was now both a symbol of my boyhood as well a very real part of my manhood. To be certain it felt strange to be comforting my mother while having a raging boner. I want to both hug all her worries

away and at the same time slide my cock deep inside her wonderful pussy.

After a moment Mom stopped crying and she grinned at me while wiping off her cheeks. "I guess you think I'm a silly old woman crying over nothing. I'm just so happy right now." She pushed against me as she stood up her hand skimmed over my naked chest as slid open my robe to reveal my ardor. Mom kissed me as she took hold of my hard cock. She softly stroked me as we kissed.

"I think we can let the dishes set for a bit while Mommy takes care of her special boy." She grabbed my hand and swung it back and forth like she did when we used to walk to the playground, only this time she was taking me to her bed to play. As we walked up the stairs Mom kept looking behind her and grinning. Once inside her room she shrugged off her robe and pulled me in for a passionate kiss as she fondled my cock some more. As Mom teased my tongue with hers my shaft slipped across her smooth palm, and her long nails tickled my shaft and balls with light scratches and stabs.

Mom continued to kiss me and took her hand away from my cock to untie my robe and push it down. Then she wrapped her arms around my neck and leaned against me so that the full weight of her full breasts pressed against my chest while

her steamy bush and lips caressed my jutting prick, When that lingering kiss ended Mom slipped out of my arms and crawled onto her bed. As she knelt she grabbed the headboard and looked back at me. "Mommy's ready for you now, baby!"

This was the first time I'd closely looked at the rear side of my naked mother. Well, paid that much attention to it. Of course, I'd seen it but had been busy at the time to get a good look at it. My mother is a sexy, voluptuous woman but she does have a few extra pounds. From this viewpoint, it was noticeable that most of her extra weight had gone into her hips and rear. While her shoulders and upper back were still rather taut her belly pooched a bit more from this position, there were definite love handles, and although nicely shaped and round her butt was a bit chunky and meaty rather than firm.

Mom saw me staring at her butt and sighed, "Does this position make my ass look too big. Is it... ugly to you?"

I grabbed each cheek and squeezed. "I won't lie to you Mom, it's definitely not a cheerleader's butt but I think it's sexy as hell!" I kissed both of her butt cheeks to prove my point. Then I moved closer and rubbed my hard cock against her butt crack as I bent over her. I kissed Mom's back and I took hold of the hanging gardens of her breasts. Mom hissed as my

fingers kneaded her tits and turgid nipples. I moved closer and kissed Mom's neck, cheek, and ear as my cock probed her hot moist opening. The hard tickling sensation of her rollers sliding against my ear and cheek added to the sensation as I slipped inside Mom's pulsing hole. It felt great! She felt even tighter than the first time!

That is until I heard Mom "Wait, wait, wait Jacob! You went in the wrong hole!"

I muttered, "Sorry, Mom" as I pulled back out. I leaned back and this time made certain I slid inside her pussy.

Mom sighed in delight as I bottomed out inside her. "That's much better, honey" She wriggled against me pushing her back against my chest and pushing her meaty butt against my stomach. "Oh, God that's good! Oh Jacob, honey, fuck me good, sweetie. Mommy needs this too!"

Once I'd gotten in the right hole I started slow fucking Mom like we had earlier that morning, however, I now got the sense she wanted it a bit more intense. I increased my strokes so that my cock sank further into her sweet tight cunt and made a point to thump my balls against her cheeks with every hard stroke. Mom quivered and moaned as we fucked.

Her hands gripped the headboard with almost white-knuckle intensity.

We hadn't been going for very long when Mom let out a loud wail and pushed hard against me, almost like she was trying to power-lift me with her back. At the same time, her hands shot behind her and grabbed my thighs hard, her nails spiking into my skin. Her forehead ground against the headboards and her hips thrashed and bucked. I couldn't believe that she had such a big orgasm so soon after we started having sex.

When her spasm passed Mom had a pleased and serene expression. She panted, her breasts rose, and fell in my grip like fleshy pistons. She craned around to give me a sideways kiss as she continued to rock her hips, savoring the afterglow of her climax and yet still fucking me with avid enthusiasm.

"I know this is going to sound like a broken record but knowing you truly desire my old mommy body is such a turn-on for me." She kissed my shoulder. "I'm glad you have a lot of stamina, honey, because Mommy's pussy needs to recover from years of neglect." She was quiet for a few moments. She chuckled, "For a second there you were where no man has gone before." She added thoughtfully, "Although it wasn't as bad as thought it would be."

She cupped my butt and humped her pussy harder on my cock. "Your father was always after me to do anal. But I never let him. I wasn't going to go through all that pain if he was going to be as lousy at that as he was at every other sexual thing." She laughed a bit bitterly, "Although I guess we know he wanted anal so badly!"

"Mom, can we not talk about you and Dad's sex life while we're having sex? I mean I'm sure you don't want to hear about me and Grandma."

Mom glared at me for a second for daring to mention Grandma and then her expression softened. "Okay, sweetheart point taken. Although now I'm thinking about it, so I have to ask." Mom giggled as she said, "So did Gladys like it up the old pooper?"

Her question caught me off guard. "Uhhh, I don't know. Probably not. We never did that."

Mom stared at me with a small smile. "Reeeally? Hmmmmmm." She cocked her head at me still smiling. "Is that something you might like to try?" Mom's hands squeezed my butt as she pushed harder against me and arched her back a

bit so that my hands squished her tits a little harder. Meanwhile, her pussy continued to slide over and around my cock with a sweet, pleasurable grip. I didn't know if she was teasing me or not and I didn't know what to say.

A slight frown greeted my silence. "Some of the girls at work talked about how great that can be when it's done right." I've met some of the "girls" from Mom's work; they are mostly ladies about her age although some are in their twenties. I wondered if they really sat around discussing their sex lives but didn't challenge her assertion.

She gave me a sultry smile, "I always wanted to try it. But didn't want to do it with your... someone who would go at me like a bull in a china shop. I know I can trust my baby boy to be sweet, gentle, and patient. So if you're up for it, while you're still up... she grinned, 'we can do it.'"

I wondered in the back of my mind how much of my mother's sudden decision to do anal was because she wanted to do it or if it was more about outdoing Grandma. Still, the prospect left me a bit stunned.

My continued silence however made my Mom crestfallen. "My ass is too fat and ugly, isn't it?" The years of neglect from

my Dad had deeply instilled the idea that she wasn't attractive and it was going to take Mom a while to get over that trauma. I knew it was my mission to make her feel loved and wanted.

I rubbed my cheek against Mom and gave her a few hard thrusts that made her moan deeply. "You have a beautiful ass, Mom! I love feeling your big soft cheeks against me as I fuck your hot pussy!" I paused pumping her and pulled her tighter against me, crushing her breasts in my hands as I hugged her. "I love you, Mommy," I whispered in her ear. I kissed her neck and began humping her hard once again.

"Jacooooob!" my mother squealed. She clutched me hard again, kissing me a hard sideways kiss. A second later eyes bore into mine with smoky desire. "Okay, baby there's some petroleum jelly in my nightstand drawer. Let's do this while I'm still in the mood so I don't chicken out."

I opened my Mom's drawer with some trepidation about what I might find inside. There were several lotions, a paperback, an old, opened pack of cigarettes, and a small jar of petroleum jelly. Although I'd never had anal sex I did have an inkling of what to do. More so than my mother as it turned out.

She giggled slightly when I applied the oily gel to her rosebud. "That's cold and tickles!" I coated my finger and slowly inserted it into the very warm and tight interior of my mom's ass. She turned around puzzled and seemed a bit surprised I was using my finger.

"I thought that felt quite a bit smaller?" She said as she raised her eyebrows questionably.

"I don't suppose that except perhaps for Doctor's examinations you've ever had anything up your bum, have you?"

Mom blushed and with a small, embarrassed smile shook her head.

"Well, we have to get you a bit stretched out."

Mom's eyes glinted with suspicion. "I thought you said you never did this"

"I haven't but I've seen how-to videos just in case."

Mom frowned a bit. I wasn't sure if this was disapproval at my watching porn or suspicion that I was lying. After a second, however, her eyes closed and she let out a pleased little gasp. "Hmmmph, that feels a lot better than I would have thought."

I added another finger and slowly and gently pumped in and out of my mom's ass, twirling a bit to widen her channel. She half closed her eyes and enjoyed the sensation. "That feels surprisingly nice. I think I'm ready for you, honey."

"Okay, Mom just stay relaxed," I added a bit more jelly to her bum and rosebud while giving my cock a thin coating. Unbeknownst to her I also aimed my phone towards the bed and turned the camera on. In case this was the only time I ever got to be in my mother's ass I wanted to have a memento.

Mom pressed her forehead against the top of the headboard and I could see her tensing up now that the reality of actually getting ass fucked was looming. For my part as I lined my cock up with my mom's sphincter I took in the sight of the mature beauty before me. Mom's meaty, slightly sagging ass, her thick chunky thighs, and hips, the pooch of her belly, the full, heavy breasts which swung low below her chest. The nervous tension in her neck combined with the tightness that

her curlers instilled in her face and made the sag of her chin and cheeks more obvious as well as making her age lines manifest. Her hands clutched the headboard in a death grip, her sexy long nails digging slightly into the wood contrasted nicely with her hands' slight crepe and prominent knuckles and veins.

My cock throbbed almost to the point of aching from desire. Not only did I think my mom's broad, round ass was sexy as fuck but knowing that this was my mother's ass that I was about to penetrate added a whole other dimension to the eroticism. I admit a bit of it was driven by a thrill of dominance; that I would be in control of my mother and she was willingly submitting herself to me. Yet most of the titillation came from knowing that this submission came from deep love and trust.

I gently rubbed and massaged Mom's cheeks a bit before gripping them and prying them apart to open her up. Then I slid my cock forward and slowly inserted my throbbing member into her asshole. My first reaction was how hot it felt and how much tighter and more restrictive than her puss. I was glad I had lubed her and myself because even with all the lube that first entrance was very snug. A pleased throb shot through me as Mom squealed. At that instant, my cock didn't care if she felt pain or pleasure but I did.

"You alright, Mom?"

"Yes, baby it just feels a bit strange. I feel so stuffed and yet no pain. I can feel every inch of your cock, and I love it!" She moaned in delight and continued to let out little coos as my cock slowly filled her ass. My progression inside her was slow but every millimeter sent shivers of pleasure through my cock. When I couldn't go any further I leaned back and gently squeezed her cheeks as I soaked up the sexy sight of my cock embedded inside my mother's ass. I leaned over and placed my weight against Mom's back and grasped her heavy breasts in my hands. I kissed her shoulder and then rested my chin on it so that we were cheek to cheek. The hard grips of her rollers pressed against my skin and sent a thrill through me, not merely from the tactile sensation of tickling while I was so sensually charged but also because it once again brought home just who I was inside.

I was overcome with emotion and hugged her tightly. In doing so I gripped Mom's big tits hard, squashing them in my hands. Her thick nipples felt hard as rocks in my palm. My chest and stomach flattened against her back and my hips pressed hard against her backside, driving my cock as deep as it would go inside her ass. Mom gave a little moan and a sigh.

I guess I held her a beat too long that she wondered what was going on. "Everything alright, baby?"

"I'm just enjoying holding you, feeling so close, and so connected to you. I love you so much, Mom!"

Mom kissed my arm. "Ah, that's so sweet, Jacob. Do you think you can move a bit while you hug me, though? Momma is dying to be fucked right now."

I got the message and started slowly pumping my cock up and down inside her tunnel. Mom hissed in delight. I continued to hold her tightly as I fucked her ass and the combination of the tight hug and her tight ass was making my pleasure soar. Mom started up this sort of keening moan that rose and fell with my strokes.

It was so surreal knowing that it was my mother writhing and moaning beneath me, my mother's tight ass sliding along my cock in a constrictive grip that send constant waves of ecstasy through me. As tightly as I held her I felt every shiver that went through her.

Without realizing what I was doing I slowly increased the speed and intensity of my cock thrusts. Fortunately, I had climaxed earlier in the day because the increased speed also sent me closer to the edge of cumming. Mom enjoyed the faster rhythm and deeper thrusts. I could tell by her increased shivers and moans of "Oh God! Oh God! Oh God! Oh, God!"

Mom arched her back suddenly, slamming her meaty butt against my belly. Her big full tits were squashed almost flat in my hands, her fullness flowing between my fingers. As she flung her head back in an inarticulate scream her curlers scraped against my face teasingly, almost painfully. My thighs were doused with hot liquid as Mom shook against me.

After a moment Mom sagged down against the bed, taking me with her. I nearly fell atop her my cock still embedded in her ass. She panted as if she had just run a marathon. When she had recovered enough to talk, she spoke to me "Holy shit, Jacob! It's a good thing you never did that with Gladys, you would have killed that old bitch! You just about made your old Mom faint from pure pleasure!" Mom was glowing with satisfaction and satiation, her eyes were bleary with fatigue and a bit dilated yet they radiated love and happiness.

Her head rested on a pile of pillows; her face was very flushed and showed every bit of maturity. She was a woman in her forties in Curlers who had just been royally ass fucked. My cock throbbed with a perverse thrill.

"I can't believe you're still hard after cumming that hard!" she said with breathless wonder. As she scoped the sight of my cock still inside her ass.

"I haven't cum yet, Mom."

"What!" But... you mean that was... all me!" she was astonished, delighted, and a bit embarrassed that she had squirted again. Her eyes twinkled a bit as she said, "Give me a few seconds and we can go again!" I knew she was looking forward to more anal sex. I realized what I wanted at that moment. While I wanted to continue the great sex and the intense connection was sharing with my mother, I also wanted to make it even more intimate.

"Do you think we could change positions, Mom?"

Mom looked a bit crestfallen. "So you didn't like the anal?"

"No, it is wonderful. I feel very close to you this way and I want to continue but... and this may sound weird but I want to see my mother's beautiful face when I cum. So do you think we can move so that you are facing me?"

Mom reached up and stroked my face, a bit teary-eyed as she beamed and said, "How could I say no to such a sweet request from my beautiful boy? And that sounds wonderful. It just never occurred to me that you could do anal that way."

As it turned out my cock was too tightly embedded in her ass and Mom wasn't limber enough to just twirl around so I had to pull out. I sat down and leaned against the pile of pillows against the headboard as Mom straddled my thighs. I couldn't believe how hard my cock throbbed from the perverse thrill of watching my mother squatting down, lowering herself towards my jutting prick. Yes of course I watched the beautiful sight of her hairy pussy moving down to my cock, and the mouth-watering melons as they loomed ever closer to my face. Yet what gave me the biggest thrill was my mom's face. Maternal and loving and yet also sultry with desire.

Mom's eyes never left mine as she sank towards me. All of her love and desire were focused on me. Her brows raised as her rosebud came to rest on my glans. She steadied herself with

one hand splayed across my chest as she took hold of my cock. I shivered a bit as my mom's strong, soft hand wrapped around my shaft. Great warmth and constriction encompassed my cock and the hand on my chest clutched, her nails making slight furrows in my skin. I could tell Mom strove against the desire to close her eyes and let the sensations of my cock filling her ass once again just wash over her. Her eyes remained open and fixed on mine.

While gravity and her weight did most of the work because of how tight she was despite the lube Mom had to wiggle and push a bit to force her ass down around my cock. The motion and friction were heavenly for both of us.

"Baby, I love how big you feel inside me! Momma is so full of your love right now it just makes my heart pound."

Once her cheeks were resting on my balls Mom leaned forward and rested her full breasts upon my chest. She then started to churn and swivel her hips riding my cock. She moaned because in addition to the pleasurable friction of my cock slithering up and down her anal channel, her pussy lips and clit were grinding against my groin.

"It's so wonderful, isn't honey? Your Momma is loving you sooo much. I love seeing my baby boy feel so good."

It felt great, slightly better in this position I thought. Although much of my pleasure might have been because my Mom was doing most of the work. While I did thrust up and down a bit at first Mom stopped me and said, "Let me take care of you, honey" by which I knew she wanted full control. Mom held my gaze and she pressed against me rocking slowly. Although my attention was focused on her lovely and loving face, I could not help but also watch her big tits rolling slightly up and down against my chest with the motion of her rocking.

Despite the slowness of her motion, I found being so intimately connected to her while gazing directly into her face to be profoundly arousing. I wasn't the only one who was affected by this either. Mom started moaning as she rode me. She rested her forehead on mine and continued to slowly fuck me. I grabbed her around the waist and hugged her tightly.

In between her moans, she kept whispering "Oh God, oh God! So good sooo good! Yesss, baby! I love you, sweetie, I love you. Fuck mommy, fuck mommy..."

Mom's gasped litany was both heartwarming and exceedingly erotic. The expressions of love threaded with the sounds of lusty delight affected me deeply. The fusion of sexual and maternal love sent me to heights of pleasure and exhilaration that I'd not felt before. I held tightly to her, not wanting to end the pleasure coursing through me or end this strong connection of love that I felt with my mother.

With a serene motherly smile, she said, "This is for you, baby. Don't worry about making me cum again, just let me take care of you. Just let it go, sweetie, fill Momma."

My world became centered on the wonderful sensation of my mother's ass milking my cock, the warm, fullness of her breasts pressing against my chest, and her loving eyes filling my vision. In my mother's loving embrace, I felt a rising elation as my sexual thrill slowly rose towards a crescendo.

Somehow sensing that my peak was near, my mother held my chin in her hands, her long nails tickling my cheeks. Her hazel eyes burned into mine and her lips brushed mine as she whispered, "Look at meee! Look at meeeeeee! Don't close your eyes, baby, look at Mommy! Let Mommy see how much you love her. Yes, Jacob honey, cuuuuum for Moooommyyyyyy!"

I fell into my mothers' eyes and was encompassed by a flash of ecstasy that filled me with an all-surrounding warmth yet also jolted me with almost electrical pulses of pure pleasure. This was the most powerful orgasm I had ever had to this point in my young life. It seemed as though I gushed gallons as I shot several spurts inside my mother's ass. Although it seemed to last hours, I knew it was only a few seconds.

I came down from my sexual high with my mother kissing me softly. She kissed me until I went limp inside her. Afterward, she lay next to me on the bed, reclining on her stomach. I couldn't help but look to see a copious amount of pearly fluid oozing from her bright red rosebud and trickling down through her splayed lips. Mom lifted her head and merely gave me a tired smile when I lifted my phone to see if I'd captured images of her in that position. Thinking I'd just snapped a picture she closed her eyes and said, "Send that to me as well." She held her hand out to me and, "Then cuddle with me while I take a nap. You're wearing me out like when I used to play with you at the playground."

"I like the sliding I did with you today a lot better than the sliding I did back then."

Mom frowned, then chuckled and gave me a playful slap. "Such a naughty boy." She then grinned, "You're a very

naughty boy, you filled every one of your mommy's holes with your spunk today! After our nap maybe we'll see just how recuperative you are."

## Epilogue

The funeral was a bit odd. Jarod showed up in his dress uniform. As usual, he held himself aloof from everyone else in the family. He kept shooting hard looks at Mom and quite hateful ones at Dad. He ignored me, as he had most of his life. I could tell by his body language that once the coffin was in the ground, Jarod would once again be gone.

Mom was still a bit in shock. Although she had a recent history of strife with the deceased, she had also years of courteous interaction.

I nearly didn't recognize my Grandma. Her hair wasn't in the bouffant hairstyle she'd worn for years, instead her long silver locks framed her composed, almost serene face. It was as though she had known this was coming and had made her peace with it. Her eyes were closed but as if sensing I was near opened them and gave me a small sad smile.

Losing her only child must have been hard but then, of course, they had a contentious relationship. She stood next to a man about her age, so late sixties or early seventies. This I guessed was the man she had moved in with after leaving our house.

The only person who openly sobbed was Fred. He was a thin, wispy balding man in his mid-forties. I had only known him in passing from the times he had stopped into our house when picking up my dad for their infrequent bowling and fishing excursions. He had been rather evasive about the circumstances surrounding my father's fatal heart attack. He would only say they had been exercising when it happened. I didn't want to picture what type of exercising they had been doing, to be honest.

My Dad looked quite different, thinner and without his perpetual scowl. In death, he seemed almost happy.

The funeral was a bit surreal. While I loved my Dad, I hadn't liked him too much. Honestly, I hated many of the things about him. While I wasn't glad he was dead I had been relieved when he hadn't been a part of our lives anymore. I guess I felt slightly guilty about that.

Just a week ago the phone on my side of the bed rang. We still had a landline because my Dad wasn't about to use a damned cell phone. Of course, it was on his side of the bed. The side which was now mine. In the two months since my mother and I had become intimate I'd been sleeping with her.

Since it never rang I instinctively grabbed it and started to answer before realizing that might not be a good idea. If someone knew we had a phone in my parent's bedroom one might wonder why I was answering the phone in the middle of the night. Since I had already picked it up I had to nudge Mom awake as I covered the receiver. She took the phone from me and I took the opportunity to visit the john.

When returned Mom was sitting up her face in an expression of shock. Moonlight made the tears glimmering on her cheeks shine like glass.

"Mom?"

She held out her hand and as I took it she clutched my fingers tightly. "Jacob... Your Dad... uh... well, he passed."

Mom was more upset for me than she was for herself. True she had lived with my father for almost thirty years but she had stopped loving him or even liking him very much for years. She had stayed with him for the sake of Jarod and myself. Also, she strongly believed in her marital vows but once he left she felt her marriage was over.

Mom and I hugged one another to comfort ourselves over our loss. Yet even in the shadow of death our passion and desire for each other manifested. Our hugs became kisses which led to a very sweet and enjoyable middle of the night lovemaking session.

All during the funeral my mind kept swirling around the concept of the cycle of life. Birth and Death. The news of my father's death contrasted with the news of what my mother had told me the day before the funeral.

When I returned home from picking up my cap and gown I found my Mom at home. This was odd because she was home several hours earlier than usual. She had been crying and at first, I thought it was because the news about my father was suddenly hitting her. Then I saw what was in her hand.

I'd seen them on TV but never in real life. It was a pregnancy test with a plus sign. Mom's reddened eyes looked at me with a combination of fear and embarrassment.

"Yes, it's true. I went to the doctor's office today to confirm. Since your Dad and I hadn't been intimate I'd forgotten that IUDs don't last forever. I should have had mine replaced a couple of years ago." Her face twisted between regret and happiness."

"Oddly enough even though your father rarely gave me anything I wanted. Now that he's.... gone he's given me the best present of all."

I was confused. "So the baby is Dad's?" I asked with a flash of jealousy and disappointment.

"Officially... yes," Mom answered in a wry tone. "And he won't be around to dispute it." She gave me a sour grin. "It's a bit cold-blooded I guess but it does at least prevent any questions that would have arisen had this happened at a later time."

I understood. Since Dad had just died everyone would think it was his, a posthumous baby rather than an incestuous one.

Everyone that is but... After the funeral, Grandma came over to Mom and me. She introduced Roy her boyfriend, and after a momentary glare, Mom hugged Grandma. After Grandma hugged mom, she gave her a speculative look and a ghost of a smile played on her lips.

"Marjorie, you look so lovely, dear. It's a shame my son never appreciated what he had. Even in that black dress, there's a glow about you." Grandma's eyes twinkled as she glanced at me. "I loved my son but he was no prize. At least he gave you two beautiful children, or is it three? I'm sorry, you know I get confused."

**THE END**