



# DISCOVERING MATURE WOMEN

## ABSTRACT

A casual affair leads to  
steamy situation in the  
family

Miss D'Mena

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'Morning Doris. How are you today?'

'Hi, Mikey. I can't complain, especially at my age.

'Get away, still, plenty of life in you yet. You need to get yourself a fella, perhaps a toyboy.

'What are you doing this afternoon? She asked.

This was how it went each time I dropped off her shopping. I had been out of work and looking for a job when the pandemic hit. Suddenly everyone was shopping online, and the supermarkets were crying out for delivery drivers. I applied, and much to my surprise got one of the jobs.

That was nearly eighteen months ago now. I have a regular round, take one or two deliveries, with nearly always the same customers each day, week in and week out.

Doris was one of my regulars, now in her late sixties, and a game old bird with a wicked sense of humour. I'm a bit of a joker myself, a Cheeky Chappy with the gift of the gab, quick-witted, and with a love of taking the most innocuous of remarks and making them sound rude.

Carrying the crates to her front door, I asked, 'Where would you like it, Doris.'

She stopped, turned around with a glint in her eyes, stared at the bannister, and then raised them to the bedrooms above. 'You'd better leave that shopping in the kitchen first, though.'

I had to laugh; this was what I loved about her; she gave as good as she got. Carrying her shopping through to the kitchen, I plonked it on the counter. 'Take your time Doris, no rush.'

I was on a tight schedule, but the next delivery was only around the corner. I liked to spend a few minutes, sometimes

as many as five or ten. For people like Doris, I was the only friendly face they may see for the next few days.

'Do you want a brew?' She asked.

'I can manage a quicky.'

'I don't do quickies; I like it nice and slow.' See, we were off again. This was how our conversations went, each time I delivered groceries to her home. She loved it, giving her a sense that despite her age, she was still a woman.

Now I'm not being mean, and in her day, she may have been a looker, but now she was just a lonely old lady, albeit one with a wicked sense of humour.

A few quick slurps from my cup of tea and it was time to be on my way. 'See you next week, Doris. Don't do anything I wouldn't.' I stopped for a moment and pulled a face. 'That

pretty much means you can do anything you want, although only one toyboy at a time.'

We laughed loudly and then I was on my way to my next delivery. I had a lot like Doris, pensioners who had lost their husbands, as well as mature women, married, and single. All they wanted was a smile, a bit of banter, and company for five minutes.

Why am I telling you all of this, you may ask? Well, it's to give you a sense of how most of my days were spent each week; that was until something happened to change it.

The start of a new week and I was checking my schedule, surprised to find that Doris was a seven-thirty morning delivery. In the past, it had always been about ten o'clock...ish. Had she changed it, or had the scheduler cocked up? Oh well, nothing I can do. I'm only the delivery driver.

Arriving at her home, I'd had to knock several times until finally, she answered it in her dressing gown.

'Morning Doris. Sorry to disturb you. The toyboy still in bed?'

'No! He's delivering my shopping. But I thought I'd dress appropriately just in case.

'I gave her a dazzling smile; she really did make my day and as was my normal practice, I carried the crates through and placed them on her kitchen counter.

It was the potato's fault. As she lifted the bag, it split, the contents bouncing and rolling across the tiled floor. It was just a natural reaction as we both bent at the knees and went down to try and capture them. Unfortunately, to my surprise and Doris's embarrassment, her dressing gown chose that moment to spring open.

You can imagine my shock, there I was, squatting down, knees apart, and facing an old lady doing the same, only now, everything she had got, was on display. I had no way of

knowing if she had slept in the nude or if she had been about to get dressed when I knocked and had just grabbed her robe. Whichever it was, I was staring at her naked body.

Now, I'm going to be honest. Face, arms, and legs, all said, old woman. But between her slightly wrinkled neck and the top of her cellulite thighs, was a good body. It wasn't just my eyes that thought so, the appendage between my legs thought the same as it began to stir and expand. Her breasts despite them heading south, were ample, with the skin appearing to be smooth and soft. Each one had a dark areola topped with a substantial nipple which was starting to grow and become erect. Yes, she had a belly, one which creased because of the way she was squatting. But below that was a slightly puffy mound, sparsely covered, and then her pussy, the lips hanging down and slightly open.

Doris stared at me, or more specifically, my groin, and I stared at her nakedness until our eyes met and my manners kicked in.

'I'm so sorry Doris.' I immediately stood and turned my back to her.

'Well, the least you can do now that I've given you a free look, is help me up.'

Turning, I got another view of her body as I proffered my hand and helped her stand before, much to my disappointment, she covered herself.

I couldn't help it, apologising profusely.

'Mikey, Mikey. It wasn't your fault. It was just an accident. Anyway, you have just made my day. I can't remember the last time a man looked at me like that..... or had that reaction.' She laughed as her eyes went to my groin and then back to my face. 'Especially a young fella like you. Perhaps I should consider your suggestion and get myself a toyboy.'

Having recovered my composure, I couldn't help myself. 'Make sure my name is top of that list for a toyboy,' I told her.

Back on the road and busy, I forgot about it despite the image of Doris's nakedness continually springing to mind. After a few days, even that had diminished, and so it was with a completely clear conscience that I turned up at her door a week later in her normal time slot. Today she was dressed and of course, we were back to normal. After carrying her shopping through, I had to ask.

'I'm disappointed Doris. Do I not get a flash this week?'

She grinned at me, completely unfazed. 'Behave you young monkey. You only get to look on high-days and holidays.'

'Don't you worry Doris; I'll book a holiday for next week.'

Looking back, those five or ten minutes each week had become quite flirtatious, but surely, it was just a bit of fun, or at least that is what I told myself.

She was just about finished, and I was ready to leave when she seemed to hesitate. 'I don't like to ask Mikey. I have some furniture that needs moving and it's far too heavy for me. Not today, of course, you're busy. But when you get time, could you give me a hand?'

Of course, I would. I'm not one of those heartless individuals.

'I'm off on Wednesday, will it wait till then? I'll pop around mid-morning and move it for you.

My mother had brought me up with manners and a sense of responsibility; was I going to see an elderly lady struggle? No.

As promised, Wednesday saw me knocking on her door. When she opened it, I'm sure there was a slight difference to her normal appearance, but not one I could put my finger on.

'Top of the stairs turn left and it's the bedroom in front of you. I'll follow you up.'

The room was old-fashioned, with none of the modern fitted wardrobes and drawers; each item was a dark wood separate. Stood in front of her window, she gazed out momentarily, seemingly fiddling with something I couldn't see as I waited for her to point out what she wanted me to move.

'What can I do for you first?' It was an innocent question.

I'm sure she gave a little shiver before she turned, but as Doris faced me, she allowed her dress to fall open, displaying her naked body beneath. I was aghast, for once in my life, speechless. The silence gave her time to approach until she was close, her face tilting upwards and her eyes studying my face.

I should have made my apologies, found any excuse, even blamed myself, and then got out of there. But instead, I seemed rooted to the spot as my eyes took in her naked figure and the obvious happened, the front of my jeans displaying my growing boner.

She was still looking up at me and waiting, instinctively I knew what she was waiting for. I should have said, 'No thanks, Doris.' Instead, I cupped her cheek and then kissed her.

I know what you are thinking, previously I would have thought the same. But as our lips and mouth met and my eyes closed; the kiss actually felt quite sensual. From there, it became erotic, and then I was snogging her, our mouths grinding against each other until much to my surprise, her tongue poked its way between my lips.

I can only say as I found; Doris, certainly knowing how to kiss, and that wasn't the only thing she knew how to do. With our lips locked together, she was now pushing herself against me,

her mound pressing against the hardest erection I could ever remember; her hands gripping my buttocks fiercely as she ground her lips, and her pussy against me.

I'm sorry, but at that point, there is no denying that the one thing on my mind was having sex with her; even though I was twenty-one and she was sixty-odd, I still wanted to fuck this elderly lady and sample her delights.

When we separated, the dress disappeared in seconds, Doris watching and fidgeting as I pulled my t-shirt over my head and removed my shoes and socks. When my fingers went to the button on my jeans, her hands beat me to it, fumbling as she unbuttoned them and slid the zip down. She helped slide them from my hips and then she gasped as my erect cock appeared. I never even got the pants to my ankles before she had taken a grip of it, sliding the skin down and feeling it throbbing in her hands.

She had to release me eventually so that I could remove them, and then giggled when I lifted her and carried her to the bed.

Facing each other, our naked bodies were pressed together, Doris now able to properly feel my juddering shaft pushing against her mound. I had an urge, an urge to kiss those lips of hers again; and with that close proximity it was then that I noticed what was different about her; she had applied a little bit of make-up which had changed the look of her face.

Her kiss this time was enthusiastic; her hands roaming over my chest and teasing my nipples while my hand cupped her ample bosom. I had been correct in my assumption, the skin was smooth and soft, and as I hoisted them, I could feel her prominent nipples pushing into my hands, which only increased the lust in my loins.

As both of our arousals increased, we reached the point where actual sex would be the next thing going forward; it was what we both wanted at that moment.

Doris seemed embarrassed as she explained.

'I'm afraid that you will have to be gentle at first. I'm going to be very dry, and you will hurt me if you are too vigorous, to begin with.'

Now there was one way of overcoming that and again, I know what you are thinking. Previously, I would have thought the same. What was she going to smell like down below? Would she smell old, perhaps musty, unpleasant? Well, let me tell you, she didn't smell anything like that. Down between her thighs, she was clean, hygienic, and freshly bathed, smelling of whatever bath oils she had used that morning, a fragrant sweet aroma. Her bush, or what there was of it, was neatly manicured and her pussy looked inviting.

Spreading her lips, she had been correct; her internal flesh, despite her arousal, was dry. Applying one slow long lick, I ran my tongue from close to her, puckered back passage, over her pussy, and then eased the hood back from her clitoris and gently sucked on it.

Suddenly, she became vocal, stroking my hair as she moaned, her hips gyrating as she pushed her quim against my mouth. It hadn't taken long to get her going as I began to taste her juices, my nose picking up a heady scent of fragrance mixed with musk; my tongue penetrating her pussy and licking her internals.

My god, Doris may have been old, but she had some strength in those thighs of hers as she gripped my head. Her first climax took us both by surprise as she began shuddering and calling out loudly, her cunt desperately rubbing against my mouth as she orgasmed, and her juices showered my face.

When I sucked her clit and tickled her anus, she orgasmed a second time and I thought she was going to crush my skull, such was the pressure, her thighs exerted.

It was as though her body was vibrating slightly, and then I heard the suppressed sob. Thinking I had hurt her, I moved swiftly, lying next to her, and wondering what I had done wrong.

She smiled at me through the tears. 'I'm ok Mikey. It's just that you can't imagine how long it has been since someone has done that to me or made me feel like you have today.'

I hadn't done anything, not to my way of thinking. All I had done was treat her like a woman.

When the tears stopped, she pulled me on top of her, raising her knees and opening her legs so that now I felt my cock pressing against her pussy.

'Make love to me, Mikey,' she whispered.

Of course, I was going to fuck her, sorry, make love to her. With a raging hard-on, this was the moment I had been waiting for. My attention to her vagina had done the trick; there was an abundance of cum and juice now as my cock slid effortlessly into her cunt. She grunted several times as I eased

it home until at last, she had my shaft buried deeply up her flue.

To begin with, I was slow, gentle, and cautious. If what she said was correct, then the last thing I wanted to do was hurt her or make her sore. As she became accustomed to having a cock in her fanny after so many years, I speeded up, a nice steady rhythmic thrusting as her arousal began to show on her body and face. And then when she started to plead, it was hell for leather as I gripped her tits and fucked her pussy. It was timed to perfection, Doris thrusting her body upwards as she screamed and orgasmed, my cock filling her now wet passage with cum as I shagged her as though possessed.

Now, this is no word of a lie. I have had plenty of young girls. But Doris turned out to be one of the best shags I have ever had. By the time I left her bed, the afternoon had disappeared.

She was still laying naked, watching me as I dressed. Clothed, I lay next to her on the bed.

'I hope you don't mind me asking..... but have you any furniture that needs moving next week?'

She knew exactly what I was asking, a beaming smile spreading across her face as she pressed herself against me and I got to taste her sensual lips once more.

'Same time next week?' She asked. I nodded and kissed her again, my hand cupping her buttocks and squeezing the ample flesh.

'Right, I'm going to go before I end up naked and back in bed with you.'

That was the start of my affair with Doris. I didn't broadcast it, but every Wednesday I was there on the dot as I took to her bed, and we fucked. She taught me plenty about what makes females tick and what they want. I also learned that a woman's age and looks were only skin deep. Beneath those outward signs was someone who could still be very sexy and who never failed to satisfy me.

Were there others on my rounds? No. Well, there were a couple who I thought may have succumbed if I had given them the come-on, but no, as it turned out, Doris was the only one. What made me keep going back? At first, I wasn't sure, and then one day it was the realisation that there was something different about this mature woman.

There had been plenty of young girls, but that is what they were, girls. I enjoyed sex with them, but somehow it never attained the same heights of fulfilment that I found with my elderly lady friend.

And so, I come to the end of my episode with Doris. Well, as much as I am going to tell you; it actually continued for nearly four years until sadly, she passed away at the age of seventy-two.

Now, this is the point of my tale; unknowingly, she had changed my perceptions. No longer did I look at a female and judge them on their looks and their age. I tried to look

beneath that and see them as the women they had been and secretly, still were.

It was a few weeks after my twenty-second birthday that mum informed me that my paternal grandmother was moving back to this country. I only had vague memories of her, perhaps seeing her twice when I was incredibly young. My parents separated when I was five and I had seen nothing of her after that.

'Your father has bought her a property over here, in the next town actually, and she would like to visit when she gets settled.'

That was ok by me; what difference did it make. Mum, of course, fussed. 'Remember, be respectful; she is an old lady. None of your comments and innuendo; she won't see the funny side of it like others do.' I promised and then asked her to stop worrying.

'If she's coming here, then she has to take us as she finds us. Let's face it, at the end of the day. It was dad who left you for another woman.'

'Please don't tell her that!'

I'm sure my mother slightly feared her, but to me, and despite receiving presents on my birthdays and Christmases, she was an unknown quantity and not one to spend time fretting about.

Did I treat my mother any differently than others? No. I did exactly the same with her, and just like Doris, she gave as good as she got. I remember making some wisecracks, and my mother had turned with a superior smile. 'You are still a little boy. I'd suck you in and blow you out in bubbles.' I'm sure I had no idea what she meant.

On the day of my gran's visit, I had just nipped out and she had arrived early, my return found her sitting in the lounge while my mother fussed around her. We were both surprised

when we met. I was because she did not fit the picture I had in my head of a grandmother. She was petite, maybe five-four, five-five tall, and still very slim. Well, at least most of her body was slim; that was until you reached her chest, and then there was what I can only describe as this extremely large overhang. Despite her age, or maybe because of it, she had an attractiveness about her.

She stood when I entered the lounge. 'Well, look at you. Are you still growing?'

I glanced down at my nether regions and then back to her face, the fun centre of my brain just automatically controlling my mouth. 'Probably! It's because I never realised how gorgeous my grandmother is.'

There was silence in the room; my mother's face was one of shock and horror as she raised her eyes to the heavens, and my gran stood rooted to the spot as though time had stood still. For seconds, her face didn't change, and then it cracked, and she laughed, a husky, sexy kind of laugh.

'Come and give your gran a kiss.' She held her arms out to me as I approached and allowed her to wrap them around me.

'No tongues this first time.' I said, my face completely serious, which set her off again.

'Just like your father.' I heard her say.

It broke the ice, and from that point onwards we got on like a house on fire. We spent a lot of time together with me often visiting her home as she got used to my ways, much like my mother had. I would take any remark and make out that she had a dirty mind or was even trying to proposition me, and I remember those first few months as being a time full of laughter.

Was there any intent there on my part, not as far as I was concerned? It was simply a little bit of harmless flirtation which I have found most ladies love, but without the threat to

either person of expecting it to go further. To me, it was and always had been a bit of fun, despite what I suppose it had led to with Doris.

Her chest, of course, became the butt of my risqué remarks. 'I know it's you, gran, your bosom gets here a minute before the rest of you arrives. Watch where you are swinging those, you will take my eye out if you're not careful.'

Summer had been and gone, and as we went into the autumn and with the worsening weather, I was working flat out and looking forward to spending Wednesday afternoon in my lady friend's bed. I had a week's break coming up, a chance to relax and do nothing much when my father called me on my mobile one morning.

'Hi, Michael. I'm just letting you know that your gran is not well at the moment. It's nothing serious, just a bad cold, but the doctor has advised her to spend a few days in bed.' Is there any chance you can pop in this weekend and make sure she is, ok?'

I knew my father worked away quite a bit, plus he had another family nowadays with my half-brothers and sisters.

'Yeah, no problem dad. I'm off next week, so I'll pop in over the weekend, maybe even stay over a couple of nights.'

I don't think my mother was enamoured by the idea. 'It's your father's mother; why doesn't he or his wife go and look after her.' The divorce hadn't been amicable and even after all these years, she would still take digs at him, which I suppose was understandable due to his behaviour.

Saturday morning, I popped around to gran's house, the drive there only taking me ten minutes. She was in bed looking bored and miserable, with nothing to occupy her time. Making her a drink and a bit of breakfast, I had an idea. 'I'm going to pop home gran, I'll only be half an hour tops, and then I'll be back.'

On my return, I brought in her TV from the lounge, set it up, and added a streaming box as well as a hard drive full of

programs my mother loved to watch from time to time. It contained a mixture of old comedies, dramas, and films; hopefully, something among that lot should keep her occupied.

We chatted until lunchtime when I made us a bite to eat and then she made space for me on the bed as we went through titles on the screen and found a comedy show she wanted to watch. Truthfully, I'd seen it several times, but with her propped up in bed, I had one eye on the screen, and the other on her chest.

The thin cotton nightgown did nothing to disguise their shape or size or even the two small peaks that pushed out the material above each breast. I wasn't thinking anything else, it's just if someone presents you with an impressive set of mammaries it's just natural to ogle them.

After the comedy show was a short drama which she seemed to remember, and so I just let everything run as we watched, chatted, and I got the chance to continue glancing at her tits.

I wasn't really paying attention when the drama finished and the next program started, not until I heard my gran gasp.

'Oh my. I don't ever remember seeing this on television.' My eyes flicked to the screen and then froze. 'Shit! How the fuck had that got there?' Had I mistakenly downloaded it, or had my mother put it there? It wasn't as if she didn't know her way around a computer.

A woman, maybe about my mother's age, was getting fucked by a young man who insisted on calling her "mom." I scrambled, seeking the remote as my face went red and I started to stammer my apologies.

I found it and pointed it at the screen, but before I could end the clip, gran had snatched the controller from my hand. 'Now this is more like it.'

I couldn't believe it; imagine how you would feel, sitting on the bed next to your grandmother, and watching a porno.

She appeared to be revelling in it while I had a problem of my own. Have you ever tried watching something like that without a reaction from down below? Thankfully, it was only about ten minutes long before it finished, my knees up near my chest, hiding the fact that I had a boner.

Her eyes were sparkling as she asked, 'Have you any more of them?'

'I'm sorry gran. I've no idea how it got on there; it's probably a mistake and the only one.' She looked disappointed for a moment and then gave me the evil eye. 'Have you any more at home?'

I didn't want to lie but was prepared to at that moment. She sensed my hesitation. 'I'm sure you have; will you get them?' Eventually, I relented as she reached into her bedside drawer

and extracted her purse. 'Will you also get us some beers on the way back and I'll make us a sandwich ready.'

I was trying to tell her to stay in bed and that I would make them, but she wasn't having any of it. 'It's a bit of a cold. I'm fine.'

Ten minutes there and ten back, five minutes in the off-license, and within thirty minutes I had returned. Mum had asked me what I was doing as I explained that I had come to get something else for gran to watch, not explaining that she had requested pornography.

'Did you realise that there is a bluey on your hard drive?' Mum blushed deeply and then her face took on a look of horror. 'Tell me your gran didn't see it?'

I laughed, 'Too late, she insisted on watching it.' I was sure that my mother was going to have a heart attack. 'I've come to get a different drive..... just in case you have more erotica on

there.' She just knew that in the future I was going to tease her about it.

Ending up back at grans house, I switched off the engine and sat for a few minutes, my mind spinning as it experienced two emotions. On the one hand, I was terrified, what was gran playing at, and on the other hand, slightly excited.

Imagine if it was you, your grandmother insists that you watch porn films together and then add into the mix, that she is not that bad a looker and has the best set of tits you have seen in a good while. You're not telling me that you wouldn't be mildly excited.

There were plates with a sandwich on either side of the bed as I set up the drive. 'Do you want a beer gran?' She nodded her assent. 'Glass?' She declined, opting to drink it as I was, straight from the bottle.

It felt strange, watching porn was something you did alone or with a few mates after a skinful of beer. Watching it with a

girlfriend, or even with someone like Doris was acceptable because it was probably going to lead to sex. Watching it with your grandmother..... is just plain weird.

I devoured my sandwich as the first clip played and then finished half of the contents of my bottle; it helped distract me from what was taking place on the screen. By the time the second one was halfway through, I was beginning to raise my knees again, desperately trying to hide what was happening down below.

As they got higher, gran's hand was suddenly there, pushing them down again. 'It's only natural, stop trying to hide it. I have seen erections before, you know.'

Somehow, that only seemed to make it worse. The thought that my grandmother was sneaking furtive glances at the bulge in my pants set my imagination raging as I wondered what she was perhaps thinking. The more my mind painted images, the harder my cock became as my arousal increased very quickly. A sideways glance told me that she was also

aroused, her chest rising and falling swiftly, and because of her slight cold, her breathing sounded ragged.

It is surprising how quickly you become accustomed to a situation. Three-quarters of an hour in, and I was perfectly at ease with the constant bulge I was displaying, both of us by now on our second bottle of beer. I would see her head move as she glanced at my groin, and I'm sure she saw mine when I looked at her breasts.

It had gone beyond weird. How do you explain being sexually aroused and lying next to someone who is equally aroused, and yet neither of you alludes to what your bodies are displaying?

There was a break, thank goodness, a sort of reprise, as I made us something to eat for our tea. Surely, she must have had enough by now of watching pornography. If she was feeling anything like I was, then what she would have been wanting to do more than anything, was to masturbate.

How wrong could I be? With our meal finished and everything cleared away, she was ready to watch more. The drive must have held five to six hours of clips, and we had now watched four of them, the evening drawing to a close.

'I'll leave you to it, gran. Just switch the television off when you have finished. I'm going to sleep in the spare room tonight, just call if you need anything.'

'I'd rather you spent the night in here.'

That was impossible. I hadn't brought any pyjamas with me. I wasn't going to explain the other reason, desperately needing to knock one out.

I saw her hands slip beneath the covers and then she raised her hips and pulled the nightdress up to her waist, and now above the sheets that covered her body. Before I could say a word, she had dragged it over her head and then allowed it to fall on her side of the bed.

'There. We are both in the same boat now.'

Those tits of hers were magnificent and served only to increase my arousal. My erection throbbed with such intensity that it was painful. Of course, I argued against it, but she was adamant.

She watched as I undressed, licking her lips when I lowered my pants, and my penis sprang free. By the time I was naked, she had already drawn the covers back and was waiting for me to join her.

Initially, I stayed on my side of the bed, gran sliding under the covers and turning on her side. There was silence, I wasn't sure what to say or do.

'Is it because I am old?'

'Of course not, gran, age is irrelevant.'

'I'm not attractive? Or you don't find me appealing?'

What could I tell her, certainly not that I was already sleeping with a woman older than she was? Nor, that she wasn't attractive or that she had a set of tits that I would love to bury my face in.

'Is it because I am your grandmother?'

Perhaps it was. Perhaps that was the problem. She wasn't one of my customers, someone I did not know. This was my father's mother.

'Perhaps, then, for tonight, you should think of me as Monica and as a woman.'

She had moved closer, and I jumped when her hand rested on my stomach, only inches away from my throbbing shaft.

Sliding down the bed, got it further from her fingers and put me on the same level as her. Maybe it was the smell of her perfume, maybe her lips. They looked soft and pliant, and I watched them move as she continued to coerce me. I wanted to kiss them, to see how they felt against my own as cutting her off mid-flow, my head moved, and our lips met.

It was the invitation she needed, her mouth now working against mine as her tits were crushed against my chest and my erection met her mound. She squirmed against me, her hips gyrating against my erection until she broke the kiss and put a little space between us.

'Go on. I know you have been dying to touch them.' She giggled like a young girl. 'I have also been waiting for your hands to caress me.'

They were so large, far more than one hand could hold as I ran fingers over her nipple, thrilled as it responded to my touch and began to grow.

I had a lot to learn about my grandmother, especially her lack of embarrassment as she shoved the covers away, not only exposing my body but also her own. 'Damn, it was gorgeous. She was gorgeous, her figure belying her true age.'

Leaning over, she kissed my chest and nipples, soft lips and tongue tracing a pattern down to my belly, and then a brief look of devilment as she moved lower and her tongue slid over my, by now, bulbous knob.

The spasm that shot through my body was akin to an electric shock, and I worried for a second that I may lose my load. But the hand and fingers now gripping my manhood tightened, cutting it off before it rose to the surface.

'A little too excited perhaps. Maybe we should change places.'

That sounded like a promising idea to me. Hours of watching porn and then seeing her naked body had me already delicately balanced. What I needed was a distraction which would allow my arousal to diminish. Monica was feline in her

movements as she came onto all fours and moved back up the bed, her bottom stuck up in the air and her breasts hanging down. I knew what she was doing; she was teasing and tempting me.

She settled in slow motion, watching my face intently as she drew up her knees and opened her legs, exposing and offering me her pussy.

It felt as though I was in a waking dream, shuffling between her thighs and coming face to face with her butterfly lips, the hint of moisture already seeping from between them. Gently, I opened her, looking at the pink moist flesh within, the aroma of her musk mixed with perfume, and the perfection of her inner sanctum. Her eyes closed and there was the hint of a growl as she felt my hot breath on her flesh.

A long-drawn-out groan of pleasure escaped as my tongue licked from her arse, up and over her pussy, and then planted a kiss on her clitoris. Her hips flexed, a desire for my mouth to make complete contact as I teased. And then her bottom

raised, and her cunt was thrust tightly against my face as my tongue penetrated her hot moist centre.

She tasted delicious, a tangy saltiness as her juices flowed and my tongue lapped them up and spread them around her pussy. Her hips became more frantic, especially when I exposed her clitoris and ran my tongue over the tiny bud, a finger tracing circles around her puckered entrance and then up to her fanny and edging just inside her entrance. Her gasps and cries of pleasure had grown constant, and as I raised my eyes, I watched fascinated as she played with her breasts and nipples.

The shudder started in her legs and then her thighs before moving to her hips, her pussy thrusting against my mouth as her spine started to arch and her large breasts wobbled. And then her head, neck, and shoulders were bouncing off the bed and pillows as she climaxed. Gran's voice rose, her hand grabbing at my hair and pulling my face tighter against her piss-flaps as I sucked on her clit, her thighs clamping on either side of my head as her orgasm showered my face and filled my mouth.

Releasing her momentarily, I got to my knees and shuffled between her relaxing thighs, my cock rubbing against her pussy as I humped her slowly, my plump knob rubbing against her clitoris each time I moved forward.

She was ready for me now, sitting up a little as she gripped my buttocks. 'Fuck me, Michael. I want to feel that cock of yours inside my fanny.'

So did I, it was the moment I had been waiting for, aligning myself and sliding forward. That initial tightness as her pussy opened and then that exquisite sensation as my shaft slid fully into her cunt.

Her legs wrapped around me, her hands pulling me down so that my chest squashed against her tits, our mouths coming together once more. She must be able to taste her own cum on my lips and face, her hands continually on the move as I began fucking her.

'Oh god, Michael. I was hoping that a situation would arise where this would happen. I've so wanted to have you make love to me; I've even masturbated as I imagined it.'

'Shit!' She certainly knew how to tease with her words, my mind now full of images of my grandmother naked, her legs open and her fingers penetrating her twat.

Kneeling upright, I slowed and teased. Taking the time to look at her properly. Forget about her age. Monica was a prime example of womanhood, designed in such a way, as to arouse any man. Supporting myself on outstretched arms above her, I began to thrust faster, the pressure in my genitals building and my shaft jerking inside her.

'Go on, I know you are ready, and so am I. Fuck me. Fuck me, Michael. Fuck me hard, make me cum.'

It was like a piston hammering into her now, very wet pussy. Our groins, slapping noisily together as her voice rose with encouragement. She was pulling at her nipples when her

expression changed, her eyes rolling up into her head as her face, neck, and upper chest flushed. And then she was thrashing beneath me, her body consumed by her orgasm, which pushed me over the edge as I summoned my dwindling amounts of energy, ramming my cock into her cunt as I exploded and filled her with my cum.

Exhausted, I rolled off her, slumping down next to her hot and sweaty body, the room filled with the sounds of us panting.

'Jesus.' I thought Doris was good in bed. Monica, my grandmother, had just surpassed her. Even though I was empty, the touch of her body against mine was already eliciting excitement once more. When her breathing slowed, she rolled on top of me, her beautiful tits flattening against my chest.

'Any complaints?' She asked with a twinkle in her eyes.

'Yes.' I was trying to keep my face straight. 'I'm greedy and one serving is not going to be enough.'

I was treated to that husky, sexy laugh of hers. Her lips hovered above mine as she pecked and teased. 'Well, I'm just going to have to bring you back to life,' she giggled, beginning to slide tantalisingly down my body.

She seemed to be well practised because her mouth, lips, and tongue soon had me erect once more. I watched her head bobbing above my groin, my cock disappearing into her mouth and the back of her throat, her lips pressed against its base. And then as her head rose, she would grip me firmly, her hand pumping rapidly as she tossed me off, before using fingers to encircle my helmet and tease beneath its rim.

With my hips beginning to leave the bed, she loosely gripped my shaft as I began fucking her hand.

'I think you are ready,' that sexy laugh again. She moved, straddling my hips while pulling my cock upright and

rubbing it against her pussy lips, which separated. And then the look of delight and pleasure on her face as she lowered herself and my shaft slid once more into her warm wet centre.

'How many times had she done this to entice a man?' I wondered as she dangled her tits over my face. Her nipples were long now that they were erect once more; my head coming upwards as I latched onto one and suckled.

This time she did most of the work, raising and lowering herself, controlling the pace as she fucked my cock and I delighted in fondling and massaging her tits, tweaking her nipples every so often, which made her eyes close as she moaned. She was getting close, but also getting tired, leaning forward on outstretched arms and with her mouth hanging open as she gasped and breathed heavily.

As her bottom rose, I gripped her buttocks, holding her aloft as her eyes opened in surprise. And then I raised my hips, thrusting upwards as my cock filled her cunt. With knees raised for added purchase, I shagged her rapidly, Monica now

holding on for dear life as my shaft plundered her pussy. When her eyes became unseeing, I knew she was on the brink, pumping faster as I took her over the edge and watched her convulse as my cock jerked inside her passage and a torrent of spunk filled her minge for a second time.

Finally, I had exhausted her and for the first time in my life, I spent the night in bed with another person. What is it that is so comforting about moving your hand sideways and encountering another body, curling around it as my cock pressed against her bottom or reversed, her breasts pushed against my back? I was awake first, and with the heat of two bodies in her bed she had pushed the covers down, exposing her breasts and stomach. I ran my tongue over her tummy, tickling her belly button until she began to surface from sleep.

Good morning, Monica.' It seemed incongruous, calling her 'gran,' after what we had done; but I must remember to call her that in the company of other people.

Moving and lying next to her, I received a kiss. Nothing long or amorous this time, just a greeting.

'That, my darling boy, was pure bliss.'

'So, was that a one-off? Or do we get to do it all over again today?'

'Is that what you would like Michael?'

My hand rested on her stomach, gently stroking the smooth soft skin. 'As many times as you will let me,' I grinned. My answer seemed to please her. 'You do know we will have to be careful. But, yes, I would love that to happen.'

'Well, it's a done deal, and please call me Mikey..... Everyone else does.'

It wasn't like we were at it immediately. Gran decided she was well enough to get up and I wanted to go home and change.

'I'll probably be a few hours at home. I don't want to be arousing any suspicions.

'Take as long as you want. I'm going to take a bath and freshen up. We have all evening and night to enjoy ourselves again.'

Returning home, mum was all questions. 'Everything ok. How's your gran this morning?'

'Up and about. She's a lot better and I've made sure that I've given her everything she needs.' If my mother only knew what I had given her ex-mother-in-law, she would have a meltdown.

'Since when have you been watching erotic films?' I asked. She wasn't getting away that easily.

'I do have needs; I'll have you know. And you are not telling me that you haven't watched them.'

'Are there any more on there?' I asked.

'A few,' But that was all she would commit to, and so for the moment, I let the subject drop.

After a long soak in the shower, I dressed in fresh clothes, this time omitting socks and undies. The chances were I would be naked again once I returned to grandma's house. With mum busy downstairs, I connected her hard drive to my computer and did another search. It was not obvious at first; she had given the folder an innocuous name and hidden the porn clips inside.

I copied the contents and then replaced the drive in her room before returning to mine and going through them. By the fifth or sixth, I began to see a pattern. Each one of them, although featuring different models, followed the same premise; a middle-aged mother and a rampant son ended up fucking. Sometimes the son would initiate it, other times it was the mother, whichever it was, the outcome was always the same, they ended up having sex.

Now, previously, I wouldn't have believed it. But after last night, I did wonder if my mother was actually fantasising about something happening between me and her, and by something, I mean sex. It was a scenario I had never imagined, but then, I had never imagined fucking my grandmother, and look how that had turned out.

Resigned to the fact that presently, there was nothing I could do about it, I put it to the back of my mind. It wasn't as though I could outright ask her, and even if I could, I very much doubt she was going to admit to it. Anyway, I had other concerns. Today, Sunday, I was going to return to gran's but considered not spending the night with her. I had the coming week off work and could go across and spend time with her without suspicion; but decided I would spend each evening as I normally did, either out with friends or at home with my mother.

Wednesday, I would be visiting my lady friend, the affair going splendidly. At the moment, my usual dates with young women had slowed as I found myself casting my search

further afield for someone older than me, rather than younger.

As I suspected when I returned to my grandmother's, it hadn't taken us long before we were back in her bed. There was no need for pornography this time, both of us eager to get naked and spend most of Sunday fucking. Monica was content for me to return home that evening, especially with the promise that she would see plenty of me in the coming weeks.

At home that evening, I was puzzling about how best to point out to my mother my suspicions. Maybe I was completely wrong. It just felt strange that each of the clips she had saved were essentially the same type. There were plenty of clips out there dedicated to males and females having sex and which didn't pretend to be incestuous, why had she specifically saved those?

As it was, quite a few weeks passed before a situation arose where I could perhaps confront her. Each day we were both at work and my two days off were Wednesday and Thursday.

Of those, one afternoon each week was taken up with Doris, and the other I would spend at my grandmother's when possible. Added to that, I would normally pop over two or three evenings each week on the pretext of making sure she was ok, but invariably we ended up in bed. Life was good, I was getting plenty of sex, even if it was with elderly women.

I had intended to nip over to my grandmother's but when I went downstairs, mum was setting up her hard drive.

Sitting on the couch, I rubbed my hands together and gleefully asked. 'Are we watching some erotica tonight then?'

'Of course not,' mum immediately exclaimed.

'Go on, it's only me and you. I won't tell anyone if you don't. I'd be interested to see what you have saved.'

I could see she was nervous, which wasn't like her, and which only increased my desire to try and force her hand.

'I watched that one with gran. I hadn't intended to, but she surprised me by refusing to let me turn it off. She's a game old bird; she even asked if there was more on the drive.'

'What? You both watched it, together?'

'Yeah! As far as I could see, she was enjoying it.'

It took a while, but eventually, she relented, embarrassed as she pointed me to the folder where they were hidden, even though I already knew their location. The first one I set playing was one I had already watched, mum red-faced, as the sound of sex came from the TV. When it ended, I turned to her.

'See, that was ok. What is there to be embarrassed about, it's only sex.'

Despite what I had just said, she still wasn't comfortable watching them, or at least, not with me sitting there. As each was only ten or fifteen minutes long, I waited until the third one before commenting.

'Well, well. You do surprise me. You do realise that each one so far is kind of incestuous. You have noticed that they are pretending to be a mother and son, haven't you?'

I have never seen my mother as flustered as she was at that moment.

There was nothing intentional in what I was doing. It wasn't as though I had ever considered her as a sexual partner. I was just intrigued as to why mum would choose these clips to watch. I suppose part of the problem was, that I didn't see what I was doing with my grandmother as incestuous. In my eyes, she was similar to Doris. It was not as though she had been involved in my life, or that I saw her each day. For years she had been someone distant, in one respect a stranger; and

that's how I saw her when we indulged, even more so, when I now called her by her name, and not 'gran.'

As the fourth clip ended, I just dropped the comment. 'If I didn't know better, I would suspect that you were imagining some kind of relationship between me and you. Each one so far is a mother and son. Are the rest of them the same?'

It was at that moment that she shot from her chair and left the room, rushing upstairs as I heard her bedroom door close. Switching off the television and disconnecting the drive, I sat in silence. Had I gone too far, normally, mum was great at deflecting my remarks or even producing better ones herself. The least I could do was make sure she was all right. At her bedroom door, I knocked and waited; nothing but silence. Trying the door handle, it turned, and I cautiously poked my head around it.

Sat on her bed, mum's face looked puffy, as though she had been crying. 'Go away!'

I ignored her rejection, going and sitting next to her. 'What are you crying for? I'm only teasing you.'

'No, you are not. You are making fun of me.'

'Honestly, I'm not, mum. I'm just trying to understand. If you want to watch porn, you have every right to. I'm just trying to understand why mother and son ones? Are they somehow more erotic?'

Maybe a harmless lie would help, I supposed. 'It's nothing to be ashamed of. I've done it.'

Her head came up as she stared, her brow furrowing. 'What? You and me?'

'I've come across clips like that before. It's incest, taboo, forbidden, a no-no, that's what makes it all the more arousing and erotic.'

'You mean you have.....'

'Yes. Exactly what you are doing, allowing my mind to imagine it, but without doing anything wrong.'

'I don't know what it was; perhaps it was the fact that I had just admitted to having imaginary sex with her, although I hadn't really, that brightened her face.

Do you want to try watching them again?' she asked me.

It was getting too late to nip to my grandmother's and too early for bed and so foolishly, I agreed.

Connecting her drive once more, I discarded the first four and went to the fifth clip. This time, as it played, she seemed more relaxed. It was standard fare; a middle-aged woman, whose body was enhanced, lay on a bed, leafing through a magazine. Slowly, items of clothing were removed until she was naked and touching herself. Enter her son, on this

occasion a chap who looked old enough to be her husband rather than anything else. There was the usual chatter, and then he began touching himself while his supposed mother put on a show. Cue getting naked, and in the next section, they were fucking.

'What would you do if you came home and caught me doing that?'

The question set off alarm bells, what was my mother asking? Not sure what to say, I reverted to type. 'I'd ask if you needed a hand or a few fingers at least.'

'You'd run a mile,' she sneered.

'I'd probably have to, trying to catch you.' We were laughing now, the temperature warming and able to josh each other once again. Another clip, another comment.

'She's pretty. She must work out to get a body like that.'

I laughed. 'It's artificial mum. It's all plastic. If you get a view under her breasts, you can see the scars. Sorry, but I prefer my women natural.'

Immediately, the film was forgotten as the topic of our conversation turned to my sex life. 'You haven't brought anyone home lately.'

'Nobody to bring home.'

'What? No young girls from work?'

'Nooo! I've got a couple of lady friends and that is as much as I'm saying. Immediately, she seized on the word, 'Ladies.' To her, it signified that they were older than me.

'They aren't married, are they, Mikey?' She sounded worried. I shook my head.

'Nice girls?' She asked. She was fishing, as all mothers do when they are asking questions you don't want to answer.

'They are not girls; they are slightly older women.' I could see her brain ticking over, trying to work out, what age group, 'slightly older,' fell into. 'Anyway, enough about me. What about your love life?'

'I haven't got one. I haven't been shagged in ages.' Her face suddenly went bright red as she realised what she had just said, and I couldn't help myself as I collapsed with laughter.

'Tell it as it is mum, why don't you.'

We were both laughing now, 'Sorry, you must pardon my French.'

And so, the time, before we went to bed, separately, was spent watching more clips and discussing each other's sex lives. We

were back on track, able to laugh and flirt as such with each other, without letting the silly remarks cause embarrassment.

Did anything happen? No. Did I think about her in that way? No. I was far more concerned with my Wednesday lady and with fucking my grandmother.

It had been perhaps a month, maybe more. I had been out with friends, and although it wasn't late when I arrived home, the house was all in darkness except my mother's bedroom window, which looked like she had her bedside lamp on.

Letting myself in, I kicked off my shoes, got a drink of water, and then climbed the stairs. I was just going to pop my head around the door and say goodnight as I turned the handle.

'You have got to be kidding me!' That was the first thought that shot through my mind. My mother was lying on her bed but had kicked the covers to her ankles. Her knees were raised, her legs open, and she was naked, a buzzing noise

coming from the toy which she was sliding in and out of her pussy.

If her eyes had been open, she would have noticed me straight away, as it was, a few moments passed, before she registered my presence.

I stood frozen, her hand stopping mid-thrust, as we stared at each other. It couldn't have been long but seemed like an eternity. Thoughts were whirling around inside my head. My first instinct was to close the door and run; the next was to apologise and then retreat. The trouble was, I had painted myself into a corner. What with all the flirtatious remarks, and then the lie I had told her, to do anything but advance into the room would be seen as a rejection.

'Why don't you let me do that?'

Looking back on it, I am now sure that it was her intention all along. Sitting on the side of her bed, I had to admit that the

view wasn't bad, once I had come to terms with the fact that this was my mother lying naked.

Looks-wise, I suppose she wasn't bad in a mumsy sort of way. Her tits were surprisingly good, certainly not as big as my grandmother's though, but at least what I would consider a handful. I think that my presence, sitting close, was one of the reasons her nipples were erect. With her lying on her bed, her stomach was flat, though her body showed evidence of extra flesh at her waist and hips. She had good legs; I'll give her that, and then I came to the part where my attention was centred, her mound covered in stubble. Any pubic hair had been cut exceedingly short, and her pussy lips were currently open and stretched due to the toy that was buried inside her pussy.

Now, I defy any of you to sit next to a naked woman, even if she happens to be your mother, and not start to get aroused, especially after what you have seen her do. My penis was on the move, expanding, and growing uncomfortable, which necessitated some repositioning, something my mother watched closely.

Moving her hand away, she allowed me to take hold of her toy, slowly sliding it out, and then just as slowly sliding it back into her. I was teasing. I knew I was and couldn't help myself. No more than I could when my other hand went to her breasts and played with her nipples. I was becoming as breathless as she was and could sense my mounting arousal.

'This is ridiculous,' I thought. It was obvious what was going to happen, what she, wanted to happen, so why not stop beating around the bush and get down to it. Withdrawing her toy, I put it to one side and then stood and undressed.

Welcoming me into her bed, she showed no sign of nerves. 'Is this what she had been planning since my fictitious comment.'

I still wasn't convinced that this was the right thing to be doing, even though my body was now happily responding to the naked flesh beside me. Was it me, or was it her? I'm not sure which of us instigated the kiss. But with our mouths twisting and turning against each other, suddenly, it was just

like any other woman as I pressed my cock against her mound to help satisfy its urgent demands.

My hands went first to her breasts, cupping, and cradling the creamy white flesh. And then to her nipples, teasing, and twisting at the turgid buds. Our faces parted as one hand now slid over her belly, heading south and the promise of warm moist pastures. As it curved between her open thighs and cupped her entire pussy, her eyes went dreamy looking while cooing her delight.

She was already wet down below, my hand spreading her juices across and around her pussy before one finger separated her partially open lips. Again, I was teasing, only allowing the first section inside her quim as her hips squirmed, trying to get more of it inside her. Although she said nothing, her face was pleading. Slowly, I slid the complete finger home, twisting it about as it massaged her internals and then, as she started to groan, I fringed her.

With her arms wrapped around my neck, she buried her head into my shoulder. Her tits and belly started to wobble as my hand moved faster, a second digit added as I fingered her rapidly.

'Michael? Mikey. Oh Mikey, oh fuck. Fuck.....ing hell.'

Her body shook as she orgasmed, my fingers and hand becoming far wetter as juices poured from her twat, and her body twisted while still trying to hold on to me tightly.

Stretched out alongside mum, my face was level with her breasts, hands gently wandering across her smooth soft skin as she stroked my hair. There was silence for quite a while. I assumed she was coming to terms with what she had just allowed her son to do to her.

'Are you ok Maureen?' That was her name, and at that moment I couldn't bring myself to call her 'mum,' that just sounded so wrong.

A dreamy, 'Mmmm. You?'

Of course, I was ok. I was used to doing this wasn't I? Used to committing incest.

Now, I don't know about you. But I reach a stage of arousal where sex becomes more important than the person I am with. It's not even about the sex, in the end, it is more to do with the release of those mounting aroused tensions and sensations, those pressures that have built down below.

I'm lying next to a naked woman, having fucked her with a toy and now I'm playing with her tits. There is only one thing, to my mind, which comes next as I roll on top and she opens her legs, and that is to fuck her.

Mum put up no resistance, encouraging me to enter her body as my cock slid into her surprisingly tight pussy. Pulling at my head, I knew what she wanted, my face approaching hers and

her lips partially open in anticipation. When our lips met and as the kiss progressed, the fact that she was my mother disappeared again. She was a woman, older than me, but still decent. A woman who I was shagging and taking my pleasures with.

She reacted to my touch, her hands stroking and caressing as my cock slid in and out of her pussy. As her arousal mounted, she twisted and bucked beneath me, her words teasing, encouraging, and then demanding as her climax approached. She was crude, and coarse, using words that I knew, and had heard before, but never imagined they would be uttered by my mum.

Fucking her rapidly as I hung over her, I had the chance to appraise my mother's body. Honestly, it wasn't bad; the sex with her was surprisingly good, and as she climaxed and I emptied my sack into her cunt, I knew that this wouldn't be the last time that we did this.

You can think of me as a lucky bastard, but over the next month, life was not as straightforward as you may think.

Wednesday and Thursday were my days off from work and the first afternoon was taken up servicing Doris. Then there was gran; a half day was never going to be enough, which was why I dedicated Thursday to her, plus a couple of evenings during the week. This left five evenings where I could have sex with my mother, and for the next month and more, she more than I, wanted to take advantage of that.

So, you see, although I am getting plenty, it leaves no time for sex with someone of my own age, not that I'm complaining.

As I approached my twenty-third, life had settled into a routine with my mature ladies; that was even how I saw my mother. It soothed my conscience rather than admitting that I participated in an incestuous relationship, thinking of her in the same light as Doris and Gran. It made the occasions when I had to treat her as my mother, less confusing and easier to deal with.

Even though gran was my favourite, with time I began to appreciate my mother. She seemed to be growing more attractive, even more fun to be with, and I suppose, sexier. The day had been warm, and after tea that evening, she had invited me out on a stroll through the countryside on the edge of town. Now normally, it was an evening that I would reserve for my grandmother. A quick phone call and an apology sorted it out, promising to see her the following evening.

Dressed in a shortish skirt and cardigan, mum looked quite youthful for a forty-five-year-old woman. I just knew that a walk wasn't the only thing on her mind; the cardigan, which was tight-fitting, made it obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra, twin peaks showing me her nipples were erect.

'Are you planning to seduce me?' I asked.

She was quite brazen as she answered. 'No..... I plan on raping you.'

She had come out of her shell now that she treated me more as her lover rather than her son. Although she could be quick-witted and could easily match me with double-entendres, I had always got the impression that she could perhaps be a little prudish. Not anymore, it seemed; our lovemaking had unlocked something within her, and she had become quite outgoing and adventurous.

Alone in the great outdoors, her cardigan had been the first garment to be unbuttoned. It appeared to excite her, strolling across the fields with her tits out, as I noticed her nipples were erect and puffy. When I ran a finger over them, she shivered, her eyes closing as she held on to me tightly. It was obvious she was highly aroused, and I began to wonder if besides being without a bra, she was also without panties.

Taking my opportunity as she cocked a leg over a stile, I lifted the back of her skirt and was presented with her naked buttocks. It was so easy, with one leg on either side of the pass-through, to delve between her thighs and run a finger along her slit, paying particular attention to her pussy lips as I splayed them and gave her opening a soft caress.

Mum stopped mid-stride, groaning as I did it a second time. That was all it had taken to start her flow, my third touch encountering her juices, as this time I allowed the finger to slide into her quim.

She was stuck, wanting to move her rear leg over the stile, but at the same time not wanting me to stop fingering her. Holding onto the two side-stoops, she shifted her rear leg, opening her thighs wider so that I could get more fingers inside her pussy.

Her legs were shaking so much that I feared she may fall. On the other side of the stile, the grass looked soft enough as I helped her over and laid her down. There was no one in sight and I knew what she was hoping for, determined to keep her waiting as I pushed her skirt up to her waist and reinserted fingers into her cunt at the same time as my mouth found her nipples.

I'm sure it was as much the fact that she was partially naked and getting fingered outdoors that was exciting her. The thought of getting seen or caught, added to her arousal to the extent that within minutes she was shaking, her hips rising from the ground as fingers pounded her cunt and her juices flowed.

Thankfully, I had a pocket full of tissues; mum needed several to dry herself before we continued. With one orgasm under her belt, I thought we may get a little farther before she was ready again. Unfortunately, she had spied a spot in the distance, and away from the route we were taking as she pointed me in that direction. Scanning the horizon in all directions, we appeared to be alone, my mother taking the opportunity this time to get completely naked.

Lying back in the long grass, she watched as I got out of my t-shirt and shorts; my cock already erect and looking forward to sampling her delights. Welcoming me down between her open legs, she had then rolled us so that we now lay side by side, one of her legs below my waist and the other thrown over my hip. With my cock pressing against her mound and

pussy, she wriggled closer, our lips meeting as we kissed. No longer did it feel strange; it felt more or less natural to kiss her now, as our mouths and lips worked against each other.

There was a guttural cry as my cock slid inside her pussy, my mother pressing her tits into my chest so that I could feel her hard erect nipples. Over the time we had been fucking, I had become quite accustomed to her body, actually seeing it now as desirable despite the signs of ageing. Cupping and playing with her tits increased my arousal, my cock fucking her pussy steadily as her hands roamed.

She was definitely sexier nowadays, and I found myself casting glances in her direction all the time and remembering what she looked like naked.

As the thrusting intensified; my groin now slamming against her buttocks, the look of pleading on her face caused an emotion. When her face changed and her eyes opened wide as she climaxed, I knew what it was. Pounding her pussy, I wanted to devour her, to run my hands over every part of her

body, and fill every orifice at once. When I filled her passage with my cum, I was convinced I was right. I was in love with my mother!

I do not mean a mother-son kind of love, which was unconditional. What I was suddenly feeling was the kind of love, a man has for a woman. I just knew that, if she had not been my mother, I could have happily spent time with her as my partner.

Twenty-six. Looking back, nearly five years have passed since I last dated a young woman or had sex with someone of my own age. Sadly, Doris left me for another realm. I went to her funeral, with a few neighbours and old friends. People asked how I knew her? What do you tell them?

'I was just her delivery driver each week and I got to know her, and we had a good laugh. I just wanted to pay my last respects.'

What more could I say? I was going to miss her because she brightened my day and had an impact on my life.

So, at the moment, I have a vacancy.

My grandmother is still going strong. Even though she is now in her seventies, she tells me that sex keeps her fit and healthy and I visit her regularly to make sure she gets plenty of it. 'God, I love her tits.'

As for me and mum, I'm sure she is getting younger as I get older. Gran asks about girlfriends and maybe marriage one day, but I can't see it happening. I'm happy with the mature woman that is my mother. Despite the age difference, I can't see why we cannot continue for many years to come.

Yes, I know, one day it will come to an end. But look at all the mature women out there, the ones who have lost their husbands, the ones who are divorced and the ones who are bored. Their looks may have started to disappear, their bodies changing, but it makes no difference to me. All they want is for someone to love them for what is beneath that thin veneer, and I'm sure I can do that.