

Gran's Influence

Miss d'Mena

Chapter One

I was looking forward to the summer break, especially this year. Normally we would holiday as a family, but as I would be starting college in the autumn, I had argued that I was old enough now to make my own mind up and to look after myself. Mum, Dad and my sister would be away for six weeks and whilst my mates and girlfriend would be away with their families for the first two, that still left four weeks for Candice, my girlfriend, to be able to sleep at my home. Not that sleep was something I was planning on us doing, and also, the back gardens were large enough for several decent outdoor parties that I had planned.

It was at breakfast the next morning that my mother decided to throw a spanner in the works, 'Gran's going to come and stay and look after the house while we are away so you can go out each day and not bother, and also you will be a bit of company for her each evening.'

It was if my mother had read my mind and had purposefully gone out of her way to spoil my plans. Arguing that her presence was not necessary, made me sound uncharitable, and anyway my mother was adamant that everything had been arranged.

Gran arrived on Tuesday and of course, I was the one that lugged her suitcases up to the guest bedroom. Now don't get me wrong, it's not that I dislike her, in fact, the opposite is true, she's smart, witty and stylish. My gran is the only person I know who speaks like she has a plum in her mouth, each word enunciated precisely and carefully.

'It is the queen's English,' she once told me, 'At school, we were taught to speak like that, unlike the slang that you youngsters now use.' Whatever it was, it made her sound posh.

She was still spritely for her age, walking four miles each morning and going to her aerobics classes twice a week. Gran was fairly liberal, always allowing us to do and say things that our parents would bluntly refuse or forbid. I don't know

where or how I heard it, but supposedly, when she was young, she had even been a stripper. It was only one of many extraordinary things that she had done in her life.

Early Wednesday, my family loaded luggage into their taxi and waved us both goodbye as they set off on their break. Gran settled down with her magazine while I decided to have a walk around the town. An hour later I was back home; with all my friends away, I was bored silly and at a loose end. The weather forecast for the rest of the week was hot and so that afternoon, I dragged a sun lounger out into the middle of the lawn, put a side table next to it before getting myself a cold drink and donning a pair of shorts. I lay back and listened to my music player as the heat of the sun played across my body. I may not be going abroad, but hopefully, if the weather continued, I would have a perfect tan by the time the others returned.

At some point, gran appeared, dragging a recliner over as well and sitting off to one side of me as she perused another one of her magazines. Opening my eyes and turning in her direction, I asked if she needed anything.

'A cold glass of wine would be great, I popped a bottle into the fridge earlier, it will be perfect by now,' she requested.

That's another thing about my gran, she does like a tippie, or two, or even three. Getting to my feet, I padded across the warm grass and into the kitchen, retrieving a glass, corkscrew and the wine from the fridge. Opening the bottle, I poured her a glass and put it on a second side table next to her as she raised her head from her magazine, 'Thank you, my darling, that's perfect.'

It was only as I lay back down that I noticed something. It wasn't what she was wearing, gran was dressed in her normal attire, a long white cotton skirt that came down below her knees and a sleeveless V neck cotton top which fitted her rather snugly. Rather, it was what she was not wearing that suddenly caught my attention as my eyes suddenly focussed on the two small protrusions, pushing out the front of her top.

There was no way that she was wearing a bra, her erect nipples were what had caught my attention, and now that I had noticed them, they were like magnets. No matter how many times I diverted my gaze, my eyes were continually drawn back to them. Replacing my sunglasses, I was able to surreptitiously stare at her breasts without being caught. They were full and still held their shape despite the small amount of sag which was dragging them southwards.

The more I looked, the more my brain conjured up images. I imagined her topless, my hand cupping one of her breasts as I felt the fullness and weight of it resting in my palm. Before I knew it, an embarrassing thing had happened, I realised suddenly that I had a boner.

The rest of the afternoon left me feeling conflicted, my grandmother was in her sixty's and here I was wondering what her tits felt like. I wanted to take my sunglasses off, to lay back and shut my eyes whilst I enjoyed the opportunity to do nothing but get a tan. But at the same time, I didn't want to waste this chance to keep looking at her tits and especially those delectable nipples. I found it difficult to keep still,

constantly turning, not because I was uncomfortable, but because my cock seemed to be in a permanent state of arousal.

I was both thankful and disappointed when as the afternoon drew to a close, she disappeared indoors to make a start on the evening meal. She called me later and we sat together as we ate, afterwards spending a few hours watching tv before gran decided that she was going to turn in.

Thursday I was up early but gran was already down before me.

'I'm going for my morning walk, why don't you join me?' She suggested.

I had nothing else to do so decided that it would do me no harm to accompany her, how wrong could I be. She may be old, but gran's walking pace wasn't mine. I tended to saunter along, taking my time, whilst she imagined she was on a route march and strode along at a rapid rate. I was very nearly

having to trot to keep up with her. We tried an attempt at conversation, but my words came out breathless every time and I soon ended up a couple of paces behind her. My legs felt like lead and my lungs were bursting as I tried to keep up. Never again I was thinking, my only consolation was the fact that being slightly behind her I got to admire her bottom, clad in lycra, as she strode along. As well as full breasts, she also had a great arse I realised, the downside was that I was now trotting along with another boner.

Thankful to be back home I threw off my sweaty clothes, went and showered and donned shorts once more before going out into the garden and assuming my position on the lounge. Gran came out a while later after having had her breakfast and had also changed. Today it was a pale lemon off the shoulder summer dress with buttons from the waist to hem, quite a few of which seemed to be undone. She brought with her another bottle of wine and two glasses, placing them on the side table between us before sitting and once again and leafing through another of her magazines. The colour of the dress emphasised her tan, which up until now I hadn't noticed because once

more, my attention was riveted to those twin points making impressions in the sheer material.

As she crossed her legs the dress parted, sliding back and exposing an expanse of her tanned thigh which diverted my gaze from her tits to her legs and then back again. I had to turn and lie on my front for a while, the bulge in my shorts becoming far too obvious. With my face turned towards her, I was thankful for my sunglasses once more, at least she couldn't see me staring at her as she crossed and uncrossed her legs, giving me fleeting glimpses of her white panties.

She stood and walked back towards the house and I watched her go, the sunlight making the dress partially transparent so that I could see her legs right up to her arse. She was only a couple of minutes before she returned with the corkscrew, proffering it in my direction.

'Will you open the bottle and pour us both a drink?' She asked as I took the device.

I was a bit heavy-handed as I filled the glasses, handing one to my grandmother.

'Are you trying to get me drunk?' She asked, her eyes sparkling with mischief and a hint of a smile on her lips.

Now I'm not really a wine drinker, I enjoyed a few pints with my mates or a glass of wine with dinner at Christmas, but the heat of the day soon made my glass disappear and I helped myself to another before lying back down. Gran crossed her legs once more and again I was treated to the view of her legs and thighs, my cock responding and creating a familiar bulge in the front of my shorts which I discreetly tried to hide. Being confined to lying on my front for the moment because of my bulge, I had polished off the second glass and turning on my side, reached over and re-filled my own and gran's glass's, getting an eyeful as she uncrossed her legs once more.

'Fuck me,' I thought, startled because previously she had been wearing white panties, now I was convinced she was naked beneath her dress and what I had caught a glimpse of was her

smooth hairless pussy. The throbbing in my groin was intense, there were no briefs beneath my shorts to hold it in place and to my further embarrassment, it would twitch every few seconds as I tried to concentrate on getting it to go down.

'You seem to be having a problem there Andrew, perhaps I could help?' Gran laughed smugly.

She had lowered her sunglasses and was looking directly at my groin so that her comment could not possibly be misconstrued. My face felt flushed and hot as I stumbled over my words. How the hell did you answer a question like that, but with the alcohol, in my system, I dumbly nodded my head watching as she got from her chair and came across and knelt next to my lounge.

Deftly, she undid the button on the waistband of my shorts and helped me slide them down over my hips as my erection stood to attention.

'Oh my.' I heard her mutter as her hand and fingers encased my shaft and she slid the skin downwards, my plump knob smooth and shiny with pre-cum. She knew what she was doing, and I wondered for a second how many times she had done this over the years as her hand slid up and down my shaft. She teased me, running her fingers around its sensitive tip before her head bent forward and she took it into her mouth, her tongue running over and under the plump helmet and sucking like a demented vacuum cleaner.

She seemed to know instinctively when I was near and would clamp her fingers around the base of my cock, squeezing tightly and waiting patiently while the sensations subsided before resuming tossing me off. Occasionally she would glance in my direction, but more or less she seemed to be mesmerised by my shaft.

Reaching the limit of my endurance, my hips were pumping up and down as I fucked her hand, moaning with pleasure all the while as I felt my climax approaching. Her mouth encased my knob once more as her hand rapidly moved up and down my shaft and despite me trying to warn her, she paid no heed.

If anything her hand increased in speed as my hips bucked and my legs shook and then I was filling her mouth with my cum, my body jerking about on the lounge as she continued to wank me and drain all the semen from my balls

Chapter Two

Having finished, she stood and patted down her dress before turning and walking towards the house.

'Dinner in one-hour Andrew,' she called without looking back, leaving me lying there looking astounded with my shorts around my ankles and my cock limp.

There was no discussion on the subject during the meal or the rest of that day. Later, we watched tv until as the evening came to an end, she announced that she was going up to bed.

Alone downstairs, I began to question as to whether it had actually taken place. I knew it had, I had felt the sensations, but why had my grandmother made no mention of it, as though the episode had been a figment of my imagination.

Switching everything off, I went up and took a shower before flopping onto my bed wearing nothing but pyjama bottoms. Still feeling confused and wondering if that would be my only opportunity, I tried to sleep, but it just wouldn't come as I tossed and turned, replaying the episode in my mind.

I felt exasperated as I glanced at the clock to see that four hours had passed since I had come upstairs and still, I could not sleep. I don't know why and will always put it down to a moment of madness. I suddenly climbed from my bed, opened the door to my room and padded silently along the landing to the door of my grandmother's bedroom.

Standing silently outside, I pressed my ear against the door but heard nothing from within. Tapping a couple of times, I

called her name softly before taking a deep breath and turning the doorknob.

The door opened, thankfully, without even a squeak as I poked my head around it and whispered her name once more. I could hear her breathing deeply as I slipped around the door, not closing it properly in case it made a noise. The day had been hot, and the night was still warm which was why the curtains were drawn back and the windows wide open allowing the moonlight to illuminate the room.

With the humidity, she had kicked the covers off and her nightdress had ridden up, nearly to her waist, leaving her bottom half exposed and her legs partly akimbo which allowed me a view in the bright moonlight of her exposed genitals.

Standing perfectly still, several minutes must have passed as I gazed at her naked form, it wasn't the perfection of a young woman, smooth and blemish-free. It was the skin of an older woman, slightly wrinkled and marked by time, but in those

moments, the intense excitement I was feeling had my cock throbbing and erect inside my pyjama bottoms.

With my heart hammering in my chest, I inched forward until I reached the bottom of the bed and knelt, calculating that if she did start to stir, I could quickly lay flat and out of her view.

I listened to her breathing as I dispensed with my pyjama bottoms and then like a snake, I slid up and onto the mattress and between her partly open thighs. Carefully, I took each ankle and leg in turn, inching them sideways as I held my breath, waiting for some reaction. But none came as I achieved my goal and now gazed at her accessible cunt, inches from my face, catching the faint aroma of her perfume and the sweetness of her sex.

'It's was now or never,' I thought as the tip of my tongue poked from between my lips and traced the length of her slit, softly licking at her sex. There was no reaction from gran, and I felt emboldened as I repeated it a second and then third time.

Growing in confidence I opened her labia so that I could see her soft pink interior, my tongue again tracing a pattern across it. This time the slightest of sounds left her lips as she sighed, 'Mmmmm.'

Waiting patiently, this time my tongue slid inside cunt, opening her slowly and moistening her warm centre.

She sighed again, her hips moving imperceptibly as her body responded to the arousal even though she was still asleep. My hands gently caressed her thighs, wandering across her mound and over her belly. I wanted to reach up and fondle her breasts but that may have been a step too far yet. By now my mouth was clamped firmly against her cunt as my tongue darted in and out and fucked her.

No longer were sighs coming from her lips, instead, there were growls of pleasure as her hips pushed continually against my mouth as though responding to some unseen lover.

Suddenly there was an audible gasp as my lips enveloped her clitoris and my tongue assailed it. I wondered if she was dreaming erotically now, some mysterious man doing pleasurable things in her unconscious mind. I was enjoying myself so much, my throbbing shaft pressing against the mattress as I rubbed it back and forwards, that I missed her head rising from the pillow and her eyes opening as she looked at me between her open thighs.

Her head went back to the pillow and her eyes closed, still, she said nothing, but I felt her arm reach out as her hand caressed my head. Her body stretched taut as once more my tongue teased the inside of her cunt and I felt her move her upper body as she discarded her nightdress and then take my hands and place them on her breasts, her nipples hard and poking into my palms.

They were what had first caught my attention and I had wondered what they would eventually feel like. They were well worth the wait, the skin was still smooth and wrinkle-free, her tits full and heavy but still keeping their shape as I took one in each hand and gave them a firm squeeze before

rubbing her nipples between fingers and thumbs. She squealed, pushing her chest upwards as at last, she urged me to abuse them.

Her clit was now receiving my full attention as she rubbed her cunt against my mouth, her hips bucking frequently and her thighs shaking as she drew ever closer to her climax. Withdrawing one hand I slid several fingers inside her, my tongue continuing to lap at her small sensitive bud as I fingerfucked her. And then her cries and groans grew louder, especially as she climaxed and I rammed my thumb up her anus, something Candice always appreciated.

I'd never heard my grandmother swear before today, but the language that flowed from her mouth as her juices splashed across my face and she thrashed about the bed would have shamed a navvy. Holding her hips firmly, I rammed my fingers into her cunt as rapidly as I could, prolonging her orgasm until she finally begged me to stop.

Reaching out, she pulled at me, indicating that she wanted me higher up the bed. 'Does your gran not get a kiss?' She asked once she got her breath back.

She certainly did, she got a full mouth to mouth kiss with tongues and as a surprise present, she got a length of meat as I eased myself into her cunt causing her to gasp as her insides stretched and accommodated my throbbing shaft.

'Oh, my darling boy, oh yes, fuck your granny's pussy, granny needs your cock.'

It was exciting but at the same time funny, I'd heard Candice use language like this many times, but it just sounded wrong coming from my grandmother, and especially with her posh accent. The sensations were too good to rush as I eased my cock in and out of her cunt. Leaning over her, I watched her tits move with each thrust of my hips, her legs wrapping around my waist as she tried to get as much of my shaft as possible inside her quim.

Trying to make it last as long as possible, I kissed and fondled her breasts, withdrawing my cock and rubbing it against her cunt and clit and even rubbing it against her anus. It was something else that seemed to excite her greatly until finally, she wanted to wait no longer as she urged me.

'You fuck me, Andrew, ram it in my cunt, yes, yes, just like that, faster darling, oh my god, oh yes, oh baby I'm cumming.'

She wailed and thrashed about the bed, her body shaking as I fucked her as fast as I could, my cock constantly ramming her pussy as I joined her and grunted my pleasure, my shaft exploding and cream spurting from its head, coating the inside of her hot wet passage.

Sitting half upright and resting against the bedhead, my gran lay with her head on my chest.

'I wondered how long it may take, and I hoped you would make the right decision, it was why I made no mention of what I had done to you. You had to make your own mind up,'

she was speaking as much to herself as she was to me. 'I hope you have no regrets?'

Of course, I didn't have any regrets, the sex had been exciting and fulfilling, what was there to regret I told her.

Sitting upright, she turned to face me, 'So! What we have just done will be frowned upon if anyone finds out, but I have never been a stickler for rules and at the end of the day, it is only sex, and so long as we are both consenting, then I see no harm.'

I nodded my head, agreeing with her, content that it had not been a one-off.

'Good,' she continued, 'It means for the next six weeks, we can fuck like rabbits, pardon my French,' she said giggling.

'Forget about the next six weeks,' I said, watching her tits jiggling around as she laughed, 'I haven't finished with you yet.'

Reaching out I cupped her left breast, compressing the flesh and making her nipple bulge as I dragged her on top of me, making gran scream like some young schoolgirl.

By the time she had finished bouncing up and down on my cock and I had creamed her once more, it was nearly four o'clock in the morning.

I was about to go back to my bedroom, but she put a restraining hand on my arm.

'Spend the night with me,' she requested, 'It is so much nicer with someone to lay next to.'

And so, I spent the night with my grandmother, feeling the warmth of her body pressed against mine, her tits rubbing against my chest and her leg over my groin, laying atop my shaft.

Her side of the bed was empty when I awoke the next morning, sitting up and rubbing the sleep from my eyes as I heard her call, 'Andrew, Andrew, go and have your shower, breakfast will be ready in half an hour.'

Breakfasted and now wide awake I joined her for her morning constitutional as she set off for her four-mile walk.

My parents live on the edge of town so that behind our house is open countryside. Showing gran alternative routes, we walked the lanes and fields as we chatted, and I asked what had made her decide to have sex with me.

'My dear boy, you are gorgeous, what woman wouldn't want to have sex with you, I may be getting on a bit, but it does not mean that I don't have sexual desires.

'And what better way to get fucked, than by someone you know well, it is not as though you are going to ask me to marry you.

'I'm too old for children, I do not particularly want a relationship, but what I do want is sex.

'What could be better, you can see who you want, as can I, and when we both want to fuck, we can.'

It still amused me the way she said 'Fuck,' it sounded more like she was saying 'Fack,' but what she had explained was perfectly true. Candice would return at some point, but until then, I was more than happy to abuse my grandmother's body.

Little did I know as we walked and talked, how much she enjoyed being abused. I've previously said that she had a liberal outlook on life, but over the coming weeks, I would begin to realise that gran views, attitudes and fantasies went beyond the realms of liberal.

Chapter Three

Arriving home, I was determined to have some more time in the garden working on my tan when gran suggested another short walk.

'It is not that far away, and it is perfect for sunbathing,' she said as she went upstairs to change. I was already wearing shorts, so just changed my top for a clean one, the other sweaty after our four-mile hike. She came down in a pale blue wrap-over dress, a thin strap knotted with a bow, holding it together at her waist.

Following her to the bottom of the garden, we exited through a gate there into the fields beyond. I had an idea where she was going, at the end of the field was a lane and across the lane, a small wood before the land became open countryside again. The other side of the wood was secluded, and you could lay there all day without ever seeing anyone.

Once through the wood, gran picked a spot and I laid out a couple of blankets that I had brought with us. She waited until I had finished before sidling close to me and proffering her lips to be kissed, she tasted sweet and her breasts pushing against my chest soon had my cock hard and pushing back. As we parted, she took my hand placing it on the strappy belt holding her dress together and gave me a daring sensual smile.

'Go ahead.' I pulled the bow and unfastened the belt as her dress fell open, my grandmother completely naked beneath the flimsy material.

Two things were immediately apparent, firstly, she was hot, she may have been old, but her body was still enough to arouse any man. Secondly, she had an all-over tan which meant that she was already used to sunbathing naked. Shrugging the dress from her shoulders she came back to me as she pulled my t-shirt over my head and purposely pushed her breasts against my chest, knowing the effect she was having down below. Dropping my shorts to the floor, my cock

sprang free as gran ran her hand up and down its length, teasing me.

'I think we will get some sunbathing in first,' she said with an evil laugh, knowing that she had aroused me, she was now going to let me kick my heels for a while.

Stretching out on the mats we sunned ourselves for the next hour, turning frequently and oiling each other's bodies as occasionally we would hear the sound of voices as people passed up and down the lane. After a while she sat up and looked around her, seemingly listening for any sound of movement before getting to her feet and putting her sandals back on.

'Come with me,' she said, waiting while I got my feet in my trainers.

Naked, she led me in among the tree's until I became nervous that we were getting too close to the lane for comfort. Leaning me against a tree, she squatted in front of me, her legs open

and her cunt plainly on show as she took my semi-erect cock, exposed it plump helmet and tickled it with her tongue.

It took very little effort on her part to bring me to full erection as she took my member into her moist warm mouth and ran her tongue beneath its sensitive rim, alternating between sucking and tossing me off.

She seemed to be in no rush, keeping me smouldering until after a short while, we heard voices on the lane. I could see several women coming along, walking dogs with the sound of it, as they drew nearer our position. I'd expected gran to pull me around the tree out of sight as they approached, but instead, she left me in full view as she took my cock back into her mouth, her head bobbing back and forth as she gave me a blowjob.

The sensations that ran through me were intense as the women passed. I could see them clearly, and if they had looked sideways, they would have seen me with my cock stuck in grans mouth as she tossed me off. Once they had

passed us, she rose, grabbed my hand and dragged me back through the trees to where we had left the blankets and our clothes, throwing herself down and opening her legs wide.

Before I could slide my cock inside her she begged me, 'Fuck my arse, God, I want it up my arse'.

Opening her buttocks, I was happy at that moment to fuck any orifice that she offered as I plunged my cock up her anus and commenced fucking it.

I knew Candice could be a filthy bitch at times where sex was concerned, but gran put her to shame as she conducted a running commentary throughout our copulation.

'Do you like watching me play with my clitoris?

'How about if I finger myself?

'Ah, yes, you like that don't you?

'You like watching your grandmother fingering her cunt, that's it, keep fucking my arse, does it feel good baby?'

At one point, she hoisted her own tits and leaning her head forward, she sucked her nipples, biting them as they came erect.

Sensing that with all the visual stimulation, I wouldn't be able to last much longer, I was thankful to see the change in her face as she pounded her cunt with her fingers.

'Yes, yes, oh God, oh yes, I'm cumming Andrew, do it, do it baby, shoot your spunk up my shitter, cum in my arse.'

Gratefully, I did as she asked, crying out as my engorged cock twitched wildly and I felt my cum spurt inside her, my groin and balls slapping against her buttocks as I rammed it into her.

Laying side by side covered in sweat and juices, we caught our breaths. I was knackered, sex with gran was all-consuming and thrilling and at that point, I kind of wished Candice were away for the whole six weeks.

I was caught up in grans infectious appetite for sex and especially the thrill of taking risks, which added a new level of excitement to the act and wanted time to experience more of it before my friends returned.

Before I knew it, Monday morning had arrived, I'd lost track of time since gran arrived, much of it taken up with us fucking. Whether it was in the gardens or the fields beyond, we got it on whenever or wherever the opportunity arose, culminating each evening when we shared the same bed and fucked each other's brains out.

We had just returned from grans morning constitutional, this morning there had been a change in the weather and our jackets were covered in a light coating of drizzle.

'Looks like we'll have to amuse ourselves indoors today,' gran was saying in a tone which implied what she had in mind when the telephone rang.

Picking up the receiver I said 'Hello.'

'Oh, er, hello, is that Andrew,' I knew the voice immediately, it was my Aunt Pam, mums sister and gran's other daughter.

'Do you want a word with gran?' I asked.

'Er, no, it was, er, you, I wanted to speak to, is there, er, any chance you can pop over and see me, I, er, need to speak to you.'

Telling her I would be over in the next hour, I turned to gran shrugging my shoulders, 'It was Pamela, she wants to see me. I haven't a clue what she wants. I'll go and see her. I won't be long.'

I left my grandmother settling down with another of her magazines as I put my jacket back on and went back out into the dismal day. It was only a short walk to Pam's, taking me just over ten minutes before I was knocking at her door.

She looked a little embarrassed and flustered as she invited me in and took my coat, 'Come into the lounge Andrew, I need to speak to you.'

Settling myself in an armchair, I waited for her to get to the point.

'I, er, visited you over the weekend, er.....'

I interrupted her, 'We never saw you, Aunty Pam, we must have been out when you called, you should have phoned first so we knew you were coming.'

It was a few moments before she could continue, her face flushed, 'No, I mean yes, er, yes you were in, you were both

in, you and my mother, but you both seemed to be, er, a little bit occupied at the time.'

I immediately knew where she was going with this, we had been caught. I vaguely remember thinking yesterday that I had heard the side gate and had glanced up momentarily but soon forgot as I was distracted by gran's wobbling tits as I fucked her.

Externally, I was "Mister Cool", blasé and self-assured. Inside, I was shaking like a leaf, I felt sick and my legs did not want to support me.

I put both hands up in a gesture of surrender, gave her a shy smile and said, 'Guilty as charged Pam.'

I'd dropped the "aunty" bit, speaking to her now as a woman and wondering what reason I could quickly come up with which may appease her.

Pam continued, 'How could she, did she force you to do it Andrew, she's an old woman, you must have been disgusted?' The last word came out and caused her face and shoulders to shake.

Looking contrite, I asked her what she intended to do, I thought if I could somehow let gran know, then she would be able to sort all this out before anyone got hurt.

'I think it's my duty to inform your mother,' she was saying as I interrupted her again.

'It's not your mother's fault,' I began, 'I was the one who got her drunk and seduced her, you must really blame me. I'm the one at fault, though, in my defence, I would say that gran enjoyed it immensely and she is pretty damned hot in bed.'

Pamela just stood with her mouth open, a slight smile appearing and disappearing, 'You're having me on, aren't you, you're protecting my mother. It's alright you know Andrew, no one's going to blame you.'

I'll be honest with you all, I could feel the sweat break out on my scalp and noticed my hands trembling. Hopefully, the longer I kept talking and trying to put doubt into Pam's mind, the longer I could keep her away from the dreaded phone call.

Casually I stood and moved closer to her, holding out my hand and asking her to sit on the couch next to me.

Putting on my most sincere voice, I tried to act like a remorseful teenager as I explained.

'I noticed her naked having a shower one evening and well.....as a woman, you know the impression it could have on someone my age..... Anyway, that next afternoon, we opened a bottle of wine and I'm afraid that I kept filling grans glass until she was rather drunk. Eventually, when she stood to go indoors, she was unsteady on her feet and fell over.'

Pamela was looking flushed, her chest going up and down faster than it should be as I told my story.

'I was trying to help her up, but my hands ended up resting on her breasts and she seemed not to mind.....now your mum is still a very attractive woman.....and I can see where you and my mum get your looks from.....anyway.' Pamela preened at the compliment but was enthralled now with the tale.

'Anyway, I couldn't help but squeeze them.....it wasn't intentional, I just couldn't help myself. Gran tried to say 'No,' but I think the drink had got the better of her and the next thing she knew, my hand had slipped inside her top and I was touching her nipples.' Pam was panting, her chest heaving up and down and I noticed that her knees and thighs were clamped together.

'Well, I took my gran's hand and placed it down there.' Not only was my tale having an effect on Pam, but it was also affecting me. As I said, 'down there,' I nodded towards my

groin, Pam's eyes automatically following and encountering my bulge.

There was an audible gasp, her hand going to her mouth, but that did not stop her asking, 'What happened next?'

I held her hand gently and raised my head, looking her straight in the eye, 'I can tell you, but I'd much rather show you, Pamela,' the silence that followed was palpable.

Chapter Four

Honestly, I thought she was going to cum there and then as she seemed unable to stop herself shaking.

'You want to go to bed with me?' She stuttered.

I nodded my head, 'Why wouldn't any man want to, your extremely attractive and as sexy as hell.' My eyes focused on

her heaving chest with the last comment as I moved my hand and rested it on her stockinged knee.

Now don't get me wrong, it wasn't something that I had even considered as I walked here, but at that moment I was enjoying myself and if this was what I needed to do to stop her phoning my mother, then I was prepared to go through with it.

I could feel her shaking, her face full of indecision as she fought an internal battle. I imagined her good gremlins telling her how wrong my proposal was, while her bad gremlins were telling her to rip my clothes off, and with the look on her face, her bad gremlins were winning.

'You wouldn't tell anyone would you Andrew?' She stuttered and I knew that I had won the first battle.

'I'm hardly in a position to go telling tales, am I, this is just between you and me.' I explained, sincerely.

As I spoke, I was inching closer to her, my hand coming up and cupping the side of her face as I moved closer still until our lips gently met. It was only a peck, not a proper kiss yet as I moved to the corners of her mouth. I gave her a slow gentle peck at each side before sliding my lips across to hers and kissing her properly, my tongue tracing patterns across them.

When we finally broke apart, Pamela was ready to let me take her wherever I chose as I stood and took her hand.

'Your bedroom or the guest room?'

She nearly ripped my arm out of its socket as she dragged me up the stairs and into her bedroom. This was all new to me, I had never before had this type of power over a woman, and especially a woman older than I was. Inside the room, I kicked off my shoes and pulled my t-shirt over my head, Pam's eyes glittering with desire as she stared at my bare chest and tentatively reached out and ran her hand over my hot skin. Honestly, I've never heard a woman purr, but Pam was

definitely purring as both her hands now caressed my naked flesh.

Kissing her once more, I pushed myself against her before stepping back and dropping my trousers and shorts, my cock springing forth, erect and proud as she gasped, her hand going to her mouth once more.

Standing there totally naked, I allowed her time to look me over before she moved in for the kill, but I stopped her short.

'My turn to undress you.' It came out almost as a whisper as I reached out and slowly undid the buttons on her cardigan. She shrugged it from her shoulders as I started on the buttons of her blouse. One by one, I moved down to her waist, the blouse still covering her modesty until I pulled it from her skirt and unfastened the last couple and opened it wide.

'Wow,' I hadn't been prepared for what she was wearing, imagining something in mumsy white. What she had on was a bright red, half cup, plunging bra, which pushed her breasts

up and together, and what breasts they were, compared to Candice and my grandmother, these were huge.

Gazing in admiration, I just stood and gawped, 'My god Pamela, those are magnificent.' Giggling like a young girl, she discarded her blouse and jiggled them at me, overjoyed that I was enamoured by her chest.

She turned so that I could undo her skirt and wriggling her hips, let it fall to the floor before stepping out of it, striking a pose as she did to display the matching red panties and suspender belt which held up her stockings. I just stood and stared, taking in this remarkable example of womanhood. As a child, I could remember her being slim like my grandmother, but over the years she had put on a few pounds, but nevertheless, she looked as sexy as hell, my cock continually bobbing as my arousal increased.

Reaching up, she pressed the clasp between the cups and the bra popped open, her large breast's, now free of any constraint, bursting out as she discarded the garment before

easing her panties down and kicking them to one side. Her areoles were huge, covering the front of each orb with dark erect nipples in each centre. With self-control abandoned, I picked her up so that her legs swung around my waist as she gripped me. My mouth seized on each teat as I licked, kissed and sucked, the tip of my cock continually brushing against her piss flaps as she laughed and groaned in equal amounts.

Pam was like a young girl as I carried her across to the bed, teasing and egging me on, whispering what she wanted me to do to her. Spreadeagled beneath me, I was astounded as to how attractive she actually was.

'You, Pamela, are a gorgeous hussy,' I laughed.

She giggled once more, but it was cut off abruptly as my cock slid into her cunt and she gasped with pleasure, the young girl turning into a sensual, sexually adept, woman.

We fucked, sometimes I was on top, other times Pam was on top, I fucked her from behind doggy fashion, and laid side by

side. At one point when I glanced at the clock on the bedside table, I realised that I had been there for nearly four hours and I was knackered. I had just finished fucking her again, my fourth ejaculation, and that had taken a while to achieve and there wasn't anything left inside me, she had drained me completely and I feared that she would want to go at it once more.

'Jesus Christ, Andrew, that was the best ever, I'm completely shagged now.'

I mentally sighed with relief, sure that she must not have had sex for the last ten years and hoping that it was not going to be this intense on each occasion, and yes, as fucked as I was, I had every intention of seeing her again.

There was something about her mature female body that was both thrilling and appealing, the sex was different than it was with Candice, perhaps that was something to do with her age.

Cuddled up next to me she had suddenly become this shy unsure woman again as she asked, 'Not disappointed in me are you, Andrew?'

Turning, I kissed the tip of her nose, 'If I were disappointed, I wouldn't be asking if I can visit again,' I replied, suddenly smothered by those two magnificent melons as she threw herself on top of me.

I dressed and kissed her 'goodbye,' leaving her still in bed as I went downstairs and let myself out. I'd arrived at ten o'clock and it was now three, the day had brightened, and the journey home seemed to take twice as long as the trip to her house had.

Gran looked at me quizzically when I finally got back, 'That must have been a big job, what did she want?'

I know I had promised Pamela not to tell anyone, but it was only a little white lie, 'Pamela came up here over the weekend.....and saw us at it.' Gran lowered her glasses to the

end of her nose, peering over the rim, 'Uh oh, what did she say.....more importantly, what is she going to do?'

I explained to gran that Pamela would not be saying anything, especially after I had talked my way into her bed.

'I want to know everything, blow by blow, what did you do to her?'

She asked questions as I told her in detail what Pam and I had done, watching in amazement as she parted the front of her dress and raising one leg over the arm of the recliner, pulled her panties to one side and started playing with herself.

It was hard to concentrate as I told my tale, watching as she rubbed at her clitoris before inserting two fingers into her cunt and frigging herself. Her other hand unfastened the upper buttons of her dress, exposing her bare breasts and fondling each in turn, pulling and twisting at her nipples as her excitement grew. I know I said I was completely exhausted, but surprisingly, watching my grandmother

playing with herself had my cock springing to attention once more.

My intention had been to join her, but she stopped me.

'Play with yourself while you're telling me,' she instructed, watching as I lowered my pants and started sliding my hand up and down my cock, amazed that it was responding again. I managed to time it perfectly, listening to her cries as she orgasmed and squirted, watching her juices and piss flow from her cunt as my cock ejected another spurt of semen from its tip.

I spent the night in her bed but was asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow, it had been an eventful day and I needed the sleep to refresh and replenish my body, gran quite content that night to just allow me to rest.

I was surprised at how quickly those first two weeks had flown past, having had more sex in that time than I'd had in the first half of the year. Gran and I fucked every day and I had visited

Pamela more than once, at least this time she had not been as demanding. As the weekend approached, I was excited as Candice and my friends would be returning from their family holidays and I was looking forward to seeing them all once more.

Little did I know that things would start to change, you remember those summer breaks as the long weeks away from school, roaming the town and the surrounding countryside with your friends. You think this idyllic world will go on forever, little realising that as you get older, things will and must change, at nearly nineteen we were now becoming young adults and our lives, just like our parents before us, started to change, I just hadn't realised how soon that change would occur.

Saturday could not come soon enough, that was when Candice and her family would get back, she would be the first and the most important. We had been together for almost eighteen months now, both of us part of a group of friends.

Initially, it had been five young boys, we went to the same school and were in the same class, all living near to each other. It was like that for many years but as we got older and girlfriends started to appear, they were integrated into the group until finally there were ten of us, five lads and five girls. The girls had mostly known each other beforehand and so it was a group with close ties to each other.

At first, we would meet up at each other's homes or the local parks, once into our later teens there was the attraction of the pubs in town, more than one landlord willing to turn a blind eye so long as we behaved ourselves. In the weeks before the summer break we had spoken of the plans for the next stage of our lives, never realising that this would be the last summer we would be together as a group before going our separate ways.

Candice was the first to return on Friday afternoon and I'd expected an immediate phone call once she arrived home, disappointed when it did not come, and having to call her after our evening meal, arranging to meet up once we were both finished. As I walked down from my home towards her

house, I had an uneasy feeling that things didn't feel quite right, while she not rung me on her return, surely, she was as excited as I was.

Chapter Five

I only saw her for an hour that evening, her excuse being that she felt tired from the return journey, but there was something else I sensed, she only kissed my cheek and didn't want to hold my hand. She continued to tell me it was just the tiredness as I walked her home and that she would see me in the morning.

The next morning saw the return of Joe and Abigail, both of them plus Candice were going off to university come the autumn while I was going to college. Joe and Abi were going to the same university, about an hour's drive away while Candice's was over a hundred miles from where we lived. Tommy and Alex were the next to get back, joining us mid-afternoon and then Dave and Sarah early evening, that only

left the twins Jenny and Julie who should be back the next morning.

They were all so eager to tell everyone about the holidays and their time away, that no one seemed to notice that Candice and I did not seem to be sharing the same enthusiasm. It was Abi who sidled up to me and asked what was wrong with my girlfriend, but all I could do was shrug my shoulders. As I walked her home, even though she had insisted I didn't need to, I decided to have it out with her.

'What is wrong with you?' I asked, 'It's like you don't want to be around me.' She looked shameful for a moment, pointing to a bench across the road.

'You know I'm off to university, so we won't see very much of each other over the next few years.' I'd already thought about that and really at the end of the day it was only a train ride away I told her.

'I met someone on holiday.....but nothing happened.....and he's going to the same Uni.' So that was it, I was getting dumped and her declaration that 'nothing had happened,' meant that something had.

'Anyway, you will probably meet someone at college,' she continued. I was hurt and angry and looking back, perhaps a little bit hypocritical as I said, 'So you slept with him,' even though she continued to deny it.

Outwardly, I was calm, inside I was seething, which was probably why I said what I did.

'That's alright then. Anyway, I don't have to wait till college, I've already met two women while you have been away.'

At first, her face displayed a look of disbelief and then as women are liable to do, she had to ask, 'So who are they then, do I know them, did they go to our school?'

With a sarcastic smile playing across my lips I went in for the kill, 'You don't know them, and I bet it's probably ten years since either of them went to school.'

Candice just smiled, sure now that I was lying, 'So who are they then,' she challenged.

'I'm not exactly going to tell you, am I Candice, especially as they both have families and are married.' I had put so much conviction into the lie that she was now not sure if I was telling the truth.

'You're having an affair with two women?' she asked incredulously, watching as I nodded my head. 'Have you?'

My face had drained of emotion as I replied, 'Of course we have, what do think we are doing, going out for cake and coffee,' I said sarcastically.

She stormed off with tears in her eyes, leaving me to return home, regretting what I had just said.

A good night's sleep and sex with my grandmother made the next morning seem a little better than I felt as I made my way down into the town, meeting up with everyone in one of the local café's. My mates were all giving me sly grins while most of the girls seemed standoffish for some reason I could not fathom until I noticed Candice looked guilty.

It was Alex who managed to get me alone for a moment, grinning madly. 'You sly dog, Candice told us, two women, well-done mate.'

I was mad now, she had no right to say anything and voiced my opinion to her immediately, 'You couldn't wait could you Candice, you go off on holiday and get yourself shagged, but because I've done the same, I'm in the wrong.'

All the girls turned and looked at her and I realised that she hadn't told them of her own indiscretion.

Candice had slipped away, but for the next two hours, the other girls shunned me while the lads asked a million questions, all of which I refused to answer until finally, I'd had enough and also left. I didn't know it at the time, but that was the last day the group were all together. While some of us would be going to college or university, the other's would be starting new jobs in the next few days.

From then onwards I started to see less and less of them, I stayed in touch with some of the lads, but it soon became apparent that we were drifting apart as we all went our separate ways.

I was speaking to gran about it that night as we lay in bed together, she showed concern at my plight but said that she had an idea to keep me occupied. The next morning instead of her morning constitutional she announced that we were going into the city shopping. Catching the train, forty-five minutes later we found ourselves browsing shop windows. I'd thought we were shopping for her and was surprised when she told me that she was treating me.

I tried to say 'No,' but she was adamant as we walked around the shops and she pointed out different items. Returning home fully laden with clothes, nearly all of them similar to the type of clothing I already wore, I asked.

'Why have we bought this lot gran, I've already got lots that are the same?'

She gave me a smile which said that she knew something that I didn't, 'No you haven't Andrew, these are different.'

The only difference as far as I was concerned was that this lot was twice or three times the price.

With a knowing smile, she explained, 'What you have Andrew, are cheap copies, the right people know the difference, they know when you are wearing cheap and when you are wearing quality.'

I still didn't get it, where was I going to need clothing at those prices, I was comfortable in my cheap and cheerful, they were perfect when I started college. Anyway, I put the new clothes in my wardrobe and forgot about them as we retired to the garden.

She was a while before she came out but when she did finally appear, she was dressed in a very revealing bikini, her now golden tan evident from the copious amounts of bare flesh. We managed an hour before we were both naked and she had straddled my hips, my throbbing cock buried deep inside her cunt. With her hands on my chest, she eased herself up and down while my fingers teased her erect nipples, she was trying to tell me something, but each time she started, I would drop one hand and gently caress her clit, turning her words into groans and cries of pleasure.

When she finally managed to spit it out, it appeared we had been cordially invited to dinner the following evening by Angela, one of my grandmother's friends. I'd met and spoken with her several times when I had been at grans house, she was a very striking and attractive woman who was perhaps in

her late fifties, I knew her husband still worked and that they were not short of a bob or two.

Gran was dangling her tits over my face as I hoisted her buttocks and brought my legs up, giving me purchase as I began to ram my shaft into her cunt, her tits swinging back and forth as she wailed incessantly before covering my groin with her juices as I shot my cream into her hot wet centre.

The next evening, dressed by my grandmother in a casual shirt, chino's and loafers and with a light-weight jacket, we went to the dinner party and I have to admit I enjoyed myself thoroughly. Angela's husband was away, which was why she had invited several friends to join her and I found myself there as my grandmother's escort. We were evenly divided, and it was only when they were reminiscing and speaking of places, they had visited, that I felt left out a little.

We had broken away from the dinner table, people chatting and mingling as the wine flowed and the evening progressed. It had got dark outside and I was standing alone on the patio

as I breathed in the cool evening air, aware that I had drunk a tad too much when I sensed that someone was behind me. Turning, I noticed Angela watching me before moving forward to stand by my side.

'Not your sort of thing?' She asked, taking a sip from her glass, I was being truthful when I answered, but I didn't speak like these people and wondered if the way I answered came out sounding wrong.

'I've enjoyed the evening Angela, it was fun, it's just that when you are all reminiscing, I haven't got those memories yet.' She teased, asking if that meant they were all old fogeys except for me, which made me blush slightly.

'Not at all,' I ploughed on, 'I just haven't experienced enough in my life yet to be able to reminisce.' She was laughing now as she teased again, 'So, you are saying, we are old!' I had to do something I thought, I was probably sounding like an idiot.

'Would you do something for me, Angela?' I asked as she looked at me quizzically, 'Would you take your shoes off.'

Now she looked at me strangely, wondering what it was I was requesting but did as I asked and kicked off her heels and then waiting in amusement as I took off my own shoes and socks before holding out my hand to her.

She took it and I felt her warm soft skin as I escorted her barefoot onto the large lawn, the grass still warm and tickly beneath our feet as we passed the numerous flower beds and away from the house. Finally, she stopped me, the moonlight illuminating her face as she asked what we were doing.

'I'm creating a memory for us,' I told her, 'One day we will look back and smile when we remember the night we walked barefoot through the grass, you with a young man on your arm and me with a beautiful woman.'

She stood still, staring at me intently as though re-appraising her first impressions, a minute passed before she spoke.

'Would you do something for me?' she asked. 'Of course, if I can' I replied, wondering what I could do for her.

'Would you kiss me?' It came out quietly and quite shyly. Even though I was surprised and a little scared, to say the least, there was no hesitation as I stepped close to her, put my arms around her waist and let our lips come together.

It wasn't a kiss of desire or arousal; it was the kind of kiss you give to a girl on your first date when you are getting to know each other and don't want to appear too eager. It was slow and soft and smouldering, my hands behaving as I stuck to her waist and lower back, resisting the urge to explore further. When we parted, she stepped back, checking that no one from the house had seen us.

'I would say we have just created another memory,' she said as we made our way back to the main house.

Chapter Six

As we returned to the party, I noticed an imperceptible nod between Angela and my grandmother who once she was able, took me to one side. The party was starting to break up as she spoke to me.

'What do you think of Angela' she asked, I wasn't sure what I was supposed to reply, my grandmother did not yet know of the kiss outside.

'She's very nice, I've enjoyed myself,' I replied, watching as my grandmother chose her words.

'I mean, do you find her attractive, would you go to bed with her, she's very interested in you?'

'Whoa,' I was taken aback, my gran was asking if I would have sex with one of her friends, despite the kiss, the idea had not

entered my head. I cautiously glanced over to where Angela was stood, she was an extremely attractive woman for her age, like my grandmother, she was slim and had great legs from what I could see. The dress she wore must have been made for her because it fit her snugly and emphasised her curves.

'Yes, I would,' I replied slowly, turning back to my gran.

'Good,' was all she said as she moved back into the room.

Soon afterwards, Angela came over to me, 'Your grandmother tells me you are very good with computers.'

What she had said was true and it was what I was going to college for, I loved computers and wanted to be an IT technician.

'Would you take a look at my laptop; it keeps playing up.'

I nodded my head, 'Of course,' following her as she led me through the house to a study. She switched it on and taking a pad, scribbled a word and numbers on it, 'That's the password if you would just take a look at it?'

She returned to her guests, leaving me to give her laptop the once over, I ran the normal virus checks, cleaned up the drive of junk files and then downloaded a couple of programs and ran them. I only found a few settings that needed changing and programs that needed updating, other than that it seemed to run perfectly well.

I'd lost track of time until Angela returned with a bottle of wine and two glasses, pouring us both a copious amount.

'Well, did you find anything interesting,' she asked with a sly smile.

I explained what I had checked and done, pronouncing the machine fit for purpose.

'You mean, you didn't have a nosey,' she teased, 'I thought that was commonplace when you take your laptop in for repair.'

I showed her a quick and easy way to set up an audit policy and log file so that she could see if files had been accessed, 'Just add the username of anyone else you allow access under their profile, as you can see, I haven't accessed any personal files.'

She had finished her wine and topped her glass up, moving to add more to my glass.

'You don't have to get me drunk, I wouldn't refuse you,' I told her.

She looked almost guilty for a second and I remembered thinking that she, like my grandmother and Pamela, were no different than the rest of us, no matter their age, when you caught them out, they still looked like guilty children.

She pulled up another chair and sat next to me, very closely, clicking the mouse a couple of times, she nodded at the screen.

'Your free to have a look,' she said, and I could tell from her voice that she was getting drunk.

The folder she had opened contained picture files and I clicked the first one. It was a yacht somewhere, the sea and coast in the background looked to be bright and hot, but the person that the camera had focused on was Angela, sporting a bikini that left very little to the imagination.

I studied the photo before turning to her, 'You look as gorgeous as I imagined.'

She blushed ever so slightly, 'There are more.....if you want to carry on,' she said as she started to raise her glass once more,

but I stopped her before it touched her lips and took the glass from her.

'If you are proposing what I hope you are, then I'd rather you were sober.' Momentarily, she looked like a startled deer in the headlights until I turned her face and kissed her once more.

This time it was different, this time it was a kiss of desire and arousal as our tongues explored each other's mouths. When we came up for air I asked about her other guests, 'Everyone has gone' she admitted.

'Your grandmother got a lift home,' she told me, 'She said she would see you later.'

So that was how it was, I had been set up, my grandmother had arranged this, and the computer had been an excuse to get me away from the other guests.

Turning back to the computer I set all the pictures up as a slideshow and pressed "Run", the images changing every twenty seconds, the first half dozen or so showed Angela in her bikini frolicking around aboard the yacht, but progressively she lost her top and then her bottoms until she was cavorting naked.

Glancing at her, she showed no sign of embarrassment. 'Perhaps it's about time I saw you in the flesh,' I said as I helped her to her feet.

She led me up the winding staircase to her bedroom, turning on the lights and dimming them considerably, as though she was scared of me seeing her naked for the first time. Turning around, she asked me to undo the zip of her dress, the feel of the fabric told me that this wasn't a cheap off the rail item. The dress fell to the floor and she stepped out of it, leaving her stood there in black bra and panties.

'You look more desirable in the flesh than you do in the pictures,' I told her, eliciting a shy smile as she told me, 'Those were taken nearly ten years ago.'

Kicking off my shoes, I removed my jacket and placed it to one side before unbuttoning my shirt and removing it, letting Angela watch as I got undressed. Next was my pants and shorts, leaving me naked, my erection pointing skywards as she reached around her back, unclipped her bra and tossed it to one side.

At last, she removed her panties and faced me, allowing me time to gaze at her beautifully formed body. Angela's breasts were small enough to fit perfectly into each of my hands, her bush manicured to a thin strip so that I could see the start of her vagina as I advanced towards her, taking her into my arms and kissed her, marvelling at the feel of her warm body pressing against mine.

Moving to the bed we lay side by side as I kissed her neck and shoulders, working my way down to those small, cute breasts,

her nipples once aroused, must have been nearly an inch long and were, I found, very sensitive. I was quite easily able to make her nearly cum just by sucking and licking them. Once she had relaxed again, I continued my journey across her flat stomach and down to her mound before finally slipping between her open thighs and getting my first view of her moist open cunt.

A mixture of perfume and musk assaulted my nostrils as I probed her inner sanctum with my tongue, immediately eliciting a vocal response as she cried out delightedly. I licked at her cunt, my tongue darting inside her and lapping at her wet interior before exposing her clit and softly sucking on it as her hips and mound ground against my mouth and she urged me desperately to fuck her. Sliding to my knee's I edged my cock against her entrance and eased forward slowly, delighting in her moans as I filled her passage.

Fucking her slowly, I was more concerned with pleasing her than in my own satisfaction, watching the changing expressions on her face as I increased her arousal and then teased and made her wait before fucking her rapidly once

more until she had reached a level of arousal where I could push her over the edge without ejaculating myself. Her hands bunched into fists as her fingers dug into the sheet, her whole-body going taut as she climaxed, and I felt her juices leak from her.

Contented, I watched her chest rise and fall as she gulped in air and slowly recovered, her eyes sparkling, and a wide smile plastered across her face as she finally focused on my face.

'You, Andrew, are a very naughty boy,' she giggled as she pulled me down and our lips met, the small movements of my cock still inside her quim making her groan despite our mouths being glued together.

I allowed her to roll me over so that she could straddle my hips and tower above me, her hands running across my chest and nipples as she sensually touched my naked flesh.

Raising one hand, my finger and thumb squeezed and twisted her still erect nipples as my other hand stroked her thigh.

Moving nearer to her hips I ran my fingers into the crease of her groin, as she continued to raise and lower herself on my cock. Now it was her turn to tease me as she brought me to the brink, stopping frequently as she felt my shaft twitching and jerking inside her hot wet centre. We built each other's arousals steadily until I finally grasped her buttocks and rammed my cock into her cunt as fast and hard as I could, grunting with pleasure as I ejaculated, sending several spurts of cum inside her and triggering her own orgasm.

I'd pulled the covers over both of us as we recovered until Angela rolled on top of me, resting her arms on my chest as she looked into my face contentedly.

'Would you stay the night Andrew?' She asked. Knowing gran would be home and probably fast asleep in bed, I saw no reason why I shouldn't spend the night with this beautiful woman as I told her 'I would be pleased to.'

We made love again and spoke for a while before falling asleep in each other's arms, daylight creeping through the

curtains when I next opened my eyes. Angela was still sleeping when I slipped from her bed, glancing at my watch on the bedside table, it was only seven o'clock, but it was time that I disappeared before folk were up and about. I dressed quietly and slipped downstairs. It took a search of the kitchen but finally, I made her a cup of tea and carried it back upstairs, placing on the bedside table and then sitting gently on the edge of the bed as I watched her sleep.

Gently, I rocked her shoulder until she started to wake and was rewarded with a glowing smile as she realised, I was there.

'I'd better go,' I said quietly, 'Better not let people see the riff-raff leaving at this time of the morning.'

She pulled me down and kissed me, 'Don't ever think of yourself like that, Andrew, you are far from it, I had a wonderful night and I hope we can repeat it soon.'

I was happy to repeat it whenever she wanted but conscious that she was married, and her husband would return. I kissed

the tip of her nose as I was about to get up, 'It's just a pity I couldn't have met you when you were younger,' I whispered in her ear as I stood.

Angela sat up, comfortable now with her nudity in my presence and reached into a bedside drawer.

'Would you give this to your grandmother, it's just a thankyou note for attending my little party last night.'

Tucking it into my inner pocket, I kissed her once more before slipping from her room and letting myself out and heading for home. I called a taxi once I had reached the end of her road and relaxed during the journey as thoughts of last night flitted through my mind.

Chapter Seven

Angela was the first but certainly not the last, over the next few years my life changed dramatically, but I would have said that nothing felt any different to me. My parents returned from their holiday and gran moved back home, a place I became a regular visitor to several times a week. Whenever possible I would also visit my Aunt Pamala, my mother commenting that it was nice to see me taking an interest in my relatives, she would have had a heart attack if she had known the real reason as I continued having sex with both of them.

Throughout my first years at college, grans dinner parties became a regular occurrence as I built up a hareem of mature ladies who all seemed to require my affections. I visited Angela usually once a month, especially when her husband was away and we had formed quite a bond and also she introduced me to others of her standing which meant I had very little time to think about acquiring a new girlfriend.

With college finished, I was surprised when I seemed to be head-hunted, receiving a call one day to say I had been recommended and was invited to attend an interview which resulted in my first employment. I loved the job, happy to work long hours as I passed my driving test and was out on the road visiting clients. By twenty-three I had made supervisor and at twenty-five, I had managed to become a junior manager.

All of this left very little time for friends and although I sometimes met up with Dave and Alex for a lads night out, I had lost contact with most of the others. Dave was still going out with Sarah and it looked like they may go all the way but from what they told me, most of the others had split and now had new partners. Over those years I had only seen Candice a couple of times, and normally at a distance, we still hadn't spoken since that day.

When I did have a few hours and fancied a pint, I would often nip out with my sister Samantha, she was three years younger than I and whilst as kids that seemed a big gap, as young adults, it was hardly noticeable. I'd just received an invitation

to Dave and Sarah's wedding which was taking place this coming summer and as usual, it was a plus one. I was joking with Sam about it when she came up with the perfect idea.

'Take me as your plus one,' she said, 'You've never had another girlfriend since Candice and I know most of your friends, they were always round at our house.' I agreed it was a perfect idea, I had plenty of partners, but none that I could turn up at a friend's wedding with.

And so, with that sorted, my life went back to normal, well for a short while anyway. Gran was still my regular partner and even though she was heading towards seventy, her sexual desires had not diminished. Pam was getting plenty and what with my other ladies, it would be nice to have a break occasionally.

It was the weekend of the wedding and I'd been out and bought myself a new suit. I was waiting for Samantha to appear as the taxi was outside, ready to take us to the church. But like any woman, unless she got a move on, we were going

to be late. When she did appear, I was gobsmacked, was this really my little sister, she had grown without me noticing and looked absolutely stunning. She noticed me gawping and laughed.

'Will I do?' She asked, giving me a twirl. The mid-blue two-piece fitted her like a dream and I suddenly noticed my sister had curves.

We just managed to get to the church on time, seating ourselves on the groom's side and minutes before the bride arrived. The day could not have gone better, the weather was bright and warm, the food great and the speeches funny. Quite a few of the gang were there, faces I hadn't seen for a few years now, most of them with their new partners. Even Candice put in an appearance with a young man in tow, and I asked if he was the one, she had met at Uni, but the word was he hadn't lasted the distance, and this was a new beau.

All-day long, I noticed the looks Sam got as she swept past tables or went to the bar, teasing her incessantly that she had

pulled or that she had developed a fan club. She was becoming just like my grandmother with her wit and straight-talking.

'The only thing this lot will be pulling tonight is already dangling between their legs,' she said, probably a little too loudly and making me laugh.

As the evening came to an end, I called us a taxi, the journey wasn't far but both Samantha and I had drunk a little too much and I wanted to get her home. All through the short journey, she was silent as though mulling something over in her head.

Indoors, I removed my jacket and flopped onto the couch with a sigh, it had been a long day and I was glad to be home. Sam placed her jacket on top of mine and then unexpectedly, straddled my legs as she sat on my lap facing me.

'You're a funny old bugger Andrew,' she suddenly came out with.

'Less of the old,' I quipped in reply, 'Your only three years younger.'

She sat and studied me for several minutes before continuing as though she had something she needed to get off her chest, 'You have changed you know, and half the time I don't even think you realise it.'

She had piqued my interest, as far as I could see, I was exactly the same, 'So what's changed?' I asked.

'For a start, you speak differently, when you're with family, you drop into the old ways, but I've heard you speaking to other people, and especially grans friends, you sound a lot like her now you know.

'And look at that suit your wearing, how much was it by the way?'

To be honest, I wasn't really sure, I saw it and liked it, so just bought it, 'I think it was about seven-fifty,' I told her, watching as her eyes went wide.

'Bloody hell Andrew, seven hundred and fifty pounds for a suit, most of the men there today probably paid no more than one hundred quid for theirs.'

'It's the same with all your clothes, you look like us, but you're not, it's like you belong to a different social class now.'

'Do you realise that you could have had any woman at the wedding, up to and including the bride and her mother, you fascinate and frighten them, and anyone of them would have given their right arm to be sat here with you now.'

I told her she was wrong and tried to laugh it off, but perhaps some of what she had said was true to some extent. Gran and her friends I suppose had changed me bit by bit, their influence and the things they liked had rubbed off on me.

'I've been told,' she went on, 'That you have been seen out and about quite a few times in the city with women on your arm, but always older ladies, what are you up to Andrew?'

I tried to deny it, but Sam refused to believe me, I've also seen you visiting some of grans friends, without her.'

'Look, Sam, it's all above board, there are times when some of grans friends want to go out, but their husbands are away, or they are alone like gran. All I do is escort them.'

She looked stunned for a moment and I knew it was the word "Escort".

'Do you get paid?' She asked. I explained that I never asked for money and my ladies never offered, 'It's just fun, I get to spend time with some very interesting women and visit nice places.'

The question had to come sooner or later I supposed.

'So how many have there been?' She asked.

I blushed a little as I told her, 'Currently, I think there are about ten.'

She was astounded, 'Have you slept with any of them?' She demanded.

I just nodded my head, not wanting to expound any further. Samantha was quiet again for several minutes while she assimilated what I had disclosed before she hit a nerve.

'You have, I've also noticed, been spending a lot of time around at Aunty Pamela's, have you been escorting her as well.'

I tried to keep my face non-committal, but my sister refused to believe me, continually interrogating me until finally, I

admitted the truth. 'You have got to keep it a secret Sam, there would be holy hell to pay if anyone ever found out.'

I don't know how long she sat there facing me, it seemed an eternity, she looked bemused by what she had just learnt. What I did realise, because her tight skirt had hitched upwards, was that Sam had excellent legs.

'What I have just told was true Andrew, during the day I heard lots of women chatting in the toilets, and you were the main topic of their conversations.'

I felt embarrassed, sure that this was my sister paying me back for teasing her all day. She chuckled as she continued, 'Word gets around, you interest them and they wonder if the gossip is true, but at the same time they feel that they are out of your league, and that scares them'.

Extending her arms, she leant towards me and I sensed that something was happening.

'They want to know if you are every bit as good as they hear, I meant what I said earlier, you could have had any one of those women today, married or not, all you had to do was snap your fingers and they would have jumped into bed with you.'

She was so close to me now that I could smell the shampoo on her hair, the perfume she wore and the slight hint of alcohol on her breath.

It was as though time stood still for a moment as I took in her bare thighs, my eyes moving upwards over her flat stomach to her heaving breasts and then upwards again to her sensuous lips before finally staring into her eyes, alight with desire.

'And that includes me,' she whispered, our faces only inches apart now.

After my grandmother, very little shocked me nowadays, but I was still stunned at the fact that my sister was offering herself to me and was waiting expectantly. And so not wanting to disappoint her, I drew her near and kissed her. What I received in return was not a first date kiss, it was hot and smouldering, full of desire and arousal. When we finally came up for air, she looked flushed, breathing rapidly and with her breasts rising and falling.

I suddenly envisioned her suggesting that I fuck her immediately on the couch.

Thankfully, she came to her senses. I wasn't perturbed, let's face it, I was already sleeping with my grandmother and my aunt, what was another member of my family. So far, it just seemed par for the course. But for Sam, the realisation of what she had done hit home, she looked embarrassed and then self-conscious of her body, the provocative way she was sat and the way her body was still reacting to that kiss.

Without a word, she jumped from my lap and fled up the stairs to her room, leaving me aroused and with a semi in my pants. But that was the least of my worries as I wondered what Sam was thinking, and more importantly, what she would do or say next. There was nothing I could do tonight as I switched off the lights and made for my bedroom, not a sound coming from Sam's as I passed her door. Perhaps a good night's sleep would do us both the world of good and we could hopefully sort things out in the morning.

Chapter Eight

I saw next to nothing of her that week as she appeared to be avoiding me. Friday evening, I got a phone call from gran asking if I would pop around the next morning. I had already seen her once that week and wondered if she wanted another tryst with me, chuckling to myself at her appetite for sex despite her age.

It was just after ten when I made my way down to gran's house. Entering by the back door as I normally did, I called her

name, surprised as I made my way through to the lounge that there was no answer. I was even more surprised when instead of gran sitting in her normal chair, I found my sister.

Sitting on the couch, I asked Sam where our grandmother was, explaining that she had phoned me and asked that I come and see her.

'She phoned you for me,' Sam began, I told her what I had done.'

I was interested to know what our grandmother might have said, let's face it, she could hardly take the moral high ground when she and I were fucking constantly.

'So, what did she say?' I asked.

'I told her what I was feeling and what I wanted you to do to me,' she continued, 'She said the best way to get it out of my system, was to do it and sod the consequences.'

Trying not to laugh, I imagined gran sitting there and probably getting off with what Sam was telling her.

Samantha kept her head down as she spoke, 'We were both drunk and I'm pretty sure that was why you kissed me back. I quite understand if the thought of anything else repulses you, but what I said last weekend was true, I do unfortunately have the hots for you.'

Prolonging her agony, I hummed and hawed.

'You're a bit younger than the women I've been with.....And my sister.....probably inexperienced for your age and I'm not sure if you're the type I would go for.'

Sam's face was a picture of disappointment and indignation and she looked like she was going to burst into tears at any second.

Unfortunately, I couldn't keep a straight face any longer and began laughing. Sam took one look before leaping from her chair and throwing herself at me, her clenched fists flailing.

'You bastard, making fun of me,' she fumed, beating at my chest and shoulders.

I couldn't respond, what with laughing so much, so let her vent until she was exhausted.

When finally, she sat back spent, I said but three words, 'I'm sober now.' And then kissed her, her arms going around my neck as she responded.

When she let me up for air, her eyes held that same look of desire again, 'Are you saying yes?' she inquired, still unsure and fearful that I was pulling her leg once more.

Pulling her closer, I whispered in her ear, hearing a sexy gasp as I told her what I wanted to do to her.

'Now?' she asked, getting excited as I nodded my head.

'Gran's going to be out most of the day, she's gone to visit Angela,' she told me.

My grandmother knew what was going to happen and so had purposely made herself scarce.

Sam stood and took my hand as I led her up the stairs, intending to use one of the spare bedrooms. I especially did not want to use the same bed I was fucking my grandmother in.

Once inside we both quickly got naked and I thought that this was the difference between the young and old. Sam and I were both young and confident about our bodies.

I found it easier with my ladies if I was naked first, especially on the first couple of occasions, it was if they were not sure of my reaction. Their bodies no longer young and toned, their skin displaying signs of their age and fearful that they may not arouse me

I picked her up and tossed her onto the bed and leapt on top of her as I pinned her to the mattress, my erection pressing against her mound as I stared down at her. Sam's hair fanned out across the pillow, framing her beautiful face. Her breasts, which to my surprise were larger than I had imagined, stood upright and proud, her nipples erect and hard with excitement.

Neither of us wanted to wait, at this point, we just wanted to fuck. Pushing myself upright, I opened her legs and thighs, shuffling between them as I positioned my cock. Easing forward, I felt her labia part as my shaft slipped inside, her vagina expanding as she welcomed me and her muscles gripping my cock.

'Oh my god Andy, that feels so good, you feel so big. You don't realise how I have longed for this.'

Sam whimpered as I started to ease myself in and out of her moist tunnel.

Her skin was as smooth as silk as my hands wandered up and down her body, caressing her flat stomach and the manicured bush that covered her mound. Bending forward, I lowered my mouth to her nipples, swirling my tongue around her teats and nipping each one with my teeth as she pushed her chest towards me. All the while my cock continued its penetration of her quim as I built mine and Sam's arousal level. At last, as she was writhing beneath me, demanding that I cum in her. Ramming my cock into her cunt frantically, I roared with pleasure as she climaxed, and my shaft sent a spurt of spunk deep into her.

Sam lay on my stomach and chest once she had recovered, resting her chin on her crossed hands, she peered up at me.

'Is this how you treat your ladies?' she asked with a satisfied look on her face.

'I suppose so' I replied, 'At least until I get to know them and work out what they like the best.'

Of course, she was inquisitive, lying there engrossed as I explained some of the fantasies and preferences that my mature women displayed.

Some made her shudder; others piqued her interest as I described the antics I had got up to over the last few years. I mentioned no names, refusing to disclose exactly who liked what, but she still giggled as she imagined some of the scenarios.

When finally, she turned serious, she asked, 'Do you think gran will allow this again?' Her face telling me that she wanted us to continue our liaison.

'We can't really ask gran to disappear every time we want to fuck?' I told her, 'She would have to be out most days,' I reflected, making Sam laugh.

'So, what do we do?' At that moment, I didn't have a clue, there was always the great outdoors when the weather was nice and perhaps at home when our parents were out, but we would have to be extremely careful.

I decided that I would speak to my grandmother as she had initially given her blessing to what had just happened, but before then, there was more pressing business as I turned Sam on her side to face me and pulled her leg over my hip.

Raising myself slightly, she slipped her other leg beneath me so that I now had free access to her still moist cunt. As I looked at her face and her tits squashed together, my cock was already growing hard with anticipation as I slipped it inside her once more.

She was in effect, sat in my lap, even though we were laid down, and Sam murmured her pleasure as it felt like there was even more of my shaft inside her.

In this position, I was able, as my cock fucked her, to reach over and tease her anus with my finger. Gasping her delight at my touch she asked me to go further. I rubbed the digit around her pussy lips, covering it in her juices before pushing it gently against her puckered entrance and feeling it slowly penetrate her.

Her eyes rolled up inside her head as she moaned loudly.

'Oh fuck, oh yes, that's good Andy, push it in further.'

With my finger buried deeply up her arse, I could feel my cock each time it thrust into her pussy while she moaned and shivered with pleasure. Instinctively, I withdrew from her and readjusted my position, my cock, slick with her juices, sliding easily up her rectum as I fucked her arse.

The look on her face was magic as her eyes opened and she stared at me in astonishment, my shaft sodomised her while my hands fondled her tits and tweaked her nipples as we constantly kissed. It did not take long before she was ready as my manhood slipped from her arse and back into her cunt and I fucked her as fast as my hips would move. Sam cried out long and hard, her face turning red and her muscles and body growing taut as she orgasmed, my cock filling her cunt for a second time.

Panting with the exertion, I eventually had to stop as my lungs sucked in the much-needed oxygen. Sam's eyes were closed as though she were sleeping, slowly descending from her plateau.

'Bloody hell Andrew, no wonder all the women want to get to know you. If you carry on like this, I'm going to start getting jealous when I know you're with someone else.'

Can I say at this point that I'm not built like a donkey or have a cock like some of the porn-stars you see, I'm just a normal bloke with a normal pecker, who gets the same angst as everyone else.

It was something that my grandmother told me at the beginning that put my mind at ease.

'Don't believe women when they tell you bigger is better. It's not how big it is, it's what you do with it. Having a baby is painful, and no woman wants to feel like your shoving the baby back up her flue when she has sex.

'What she does want is to be pleased, to have her desires and sexual needs satisfied, never be selfish Andrew, show consideration, do all that, and she will keep coming back for more.'

And that was exactly what I did and look how far it had got me.

Sam was still pushed up tight against me, refusing to let my cock out of her cunt, even though it was now limp.

'I don't want you to leave me,' she murmured, 'Why can't we stay here forever?'

Unfortunately, the time had passed faster than we had thought and unless we made a move, gran would be returning home to find us still in bed. Though I did wonder if that was something she might actually look forward to, knowing my grandmother, anything was possible.

Reluctantly, we got up and dressed and remade the bed which by now was dishevelled before going downstairs.

'Do we wait for her to come back or just lock up after ourselves?' Sam asked.

'It's getting on for teatime,' I told her, 'Head back home or mum will be wondering where you have got to and tell her I'm just waiting for Gran to get back to make sure she's ok and I'll be along shortly.'

I kissed Sam as she left to make her way home, knowing that gran would be back in the next thirty minutes. I wanted a quick word with her without Sam in attendance as I still tried to figure out how we were going to manage to spend time together in the foreseeable future.

She returned shortly after Sam had left and I hurriedly gave her a rundown of the situation. She did have a solution, but true to form, she left me agog with her request and left me promising to give it some thought as I headed for home.

Chapter Nine

Gran's request wasn't something I could discuss with Sam even though it would include her. Despite what we had done together, our behaviour during tea aroused no suspicions and I managed to catch my sister alone later. I told her I was working on a plan and to give me a couple of days while I worked things out.

The following Saturday morning our grandmother again disappeared for several hours while Samantha and I shared the bed in the spare room. Saturday evening saw me back at gran's, but this time in her bed as we watched the action on the tv screen opposite the bed on a chest of drawers. I was watching Sam and myself fucking and currently she was sat on top of me as she slid up and down my shaft and moaned loudly.

This had been my grandmother's request.

'I want to watch you and Samantha fucking,' she had said with an excited smile.

'I'm sure you know how to set it all up, I don't mind disappearing sometimes, but I want to watch when I get back.'

It was easy enough for me to set up wirelessly, all I needed to buy was a camera that would be innocuous when hidden discreetly to stream its picture to gran's laptop.

'Of course, if I can't go out, I'll stay out of the way, but I want to watch while you two are at it.'

I didn't mind at all but imagined that Samantha would have reservations if she knew gran was watching us fuck. Her eyes were glued to the screen as I slid down the bed and between her open thighs, immediately catching the scent of her talc and juices. Her cunt was already open and wet with arousal as she watched me shagging my sister on screen.

My tongue speared her soft sensitive interior, and I felt her shiver and heard her gasp as I licked and sucked her pussy.

The covers had fallen from the bed so that I was able to watch her eyes fluttering each time my tongue flicked at her exposed clit, but she was determined not to miss one moment of the action playing out on the tv screen.

She was playing with her tits and nipples, something I loved to watch, her arousal reaching fever pitch especially when I slid a finger up her arse. She timed it to perfection as she orgasmed, her cries mingling with those of my sister as she too climaxed.

We even ended up fucking across the bed so that she could turn her face to the screen as she continued to watch me fuck my sister's arse.

'I want that,' she said, 'Ram your cock up my arse Andrew, go on my darling, fuck your grandmother's arse for her'.

My cock was already slick with her juice and slid easily up her back passage as I shagged her anally, her hand slipping down to her crotch as she inserted several fingers into her cunt, frigging herself.

We were both close, but I had an idea I wanted to try whilst I still had time. Withdrawing from her, despite her protestations, I moved her hand and inserted my finger into her quim as I began fingering her. It soon increased to two fingers and then three, by curling up all my fingers together I managed four.

Four fingers now sliding up her flue distracted her from the tv for the moment as she urged me to try more.

'Go on my darling, I'm sure I can take it,' she muttered as I slowly inserted my thumb as well, rocking it back and forward as I eased the rest of my hand into her cunt.

Her juices flowed, leaving a large damp patch on the bottom sheet as I fisted her. Gran not content to be receiving all the pleasure grabbed at my erection, her fingers wrapping around it as she started to toss me off.

Loud squelching noises came from her cunt as my hand slid back and forth, gran's hand frantically rubbing at her clitoris while her other flew up and down my shaft.

'Cum on my tits,' she urged as she felt me tremble, my ejaculation imminent.

Moving slightly so that I could still fist her, she gripped the base of my shaft for a moment before wanking me urgently while I cried out and sent spurts of cum across her bobbling tits as she tilted her head back and climaxed.

'Cover me in cum,' she was shouting 'Give me your spunk,' her hand furiously jerking me and emptying my sack as my hips jerked with the sensations.

Sam and I were coming to the end of our encounter onscreen as gran and I collapsed in a heap.

Initially, I had secreted one camera, a small HD affair, but gran was not happy with that.

As I moved about on the spare room bed, testing the system, she was missing bits and so it ended up with three camera's set at different angles, capturing everything that went on. I was concerned, the more camera's, the more chance that Sam would eventually spot one of them.

At work mid-week, my mobile phone suddenly went off, glancing at the screen I was surprised to see Angela's name and number displayed. Whilst she did have my number, normally our meetings were arranged through my grandmother so as not to raise any suspicions.

After all, I was her computer guy, and it was surprising how often her laptop needed attention.

What surprised me more was that I had already had a liaison with her several days earlier.

Just like my grandmother, she came straight to the point.

'Andrew darling, I'm having a party at the weekend for my grand-daughter and wanted to do a slideshow of pictures as she has grown up. Would you mind coming along and show me what to do, your grandmother has already accepted.'

Readily agreeing, we spent a few minutes verbally teasing each other before she ended the call. I remembered that I had another of my grandmother's friends to see before the weekend, a delightful fifty-plus lady by the name of Eloise.

She, like most of my grandmother's ladies, was reasonably attractive if a little on the plump side but had a penchant for

being tied down and abused with all manner of toys before finally receiving a "good fucking".

Dressed casually, I'd arrived at Angela's with my grandmother mid-morning and set to work setting up the slideshow so that it would show on the large screen set up in the marquee out on the lawn.

I was being very careful as her husband was home that weekend, Harold came and shook my hand, thanking me for looking after his wife's computer and helping out. I did wonder what he might be shaking if he ever found out I was fucking his wife. Under the pretence of showing Angela how the small remote changed the picture with a press of the button, I copped a couple of feels of her tight buttocks making her giggle and getting her quite hot under the collar.

Gran and I had returned home and changed, getting a taxi back to Angela's home. The party was now in full swing and I hovered around the edges of the groups. Mostly it was Angela's grand-daughters friends with a smattering of adults,

some of them part of my entourage of sexual acquaintances and so to avoid any embarrassment I was trying to keep out of the way.

Standing outside the marquee I drifted further across the lawn, welcoming the cool breeze after the heat inside when I realised someone had come out to join me.

'Do I know you?' The young woman asked as I turned to face her.

She was extremely pretty and reminded me of someone as I answered her.

'I don't think so, but there is still time before the party ends.' She smiled shyly, holding out her hand.

'I'm Emma and this is my birthday party.'

Taking her hand politely I shook it.

'Happy Birthday Emma, my names Andrew. I'm here with my grandmother, she's one of your grandmother's friends, I set up the slideshow.'

So, this was Angela's granddaughter I thought, there was a resemblance. I was trying to let go of her hand, but she was gripping mine firmly.

'Ah, so your Andrew, I've heard my grandmother and several of her friends speak about you.'

It wasn't what she said, it was the way she said it as she gave me the once over and noticed she was still gripping my hand.

'I'm sorry,' she said, finally letting go.

'You must think me rude,' she laughed, 'Keeping hold of you like that.'

I laughed with her, putting her at her ease.

'It's ok, just grab hold whenever you feel like,' I said, noticing that she didn't have a drink.

'Can I go and get you something?' I enquired, but she shook her head.

'Perhaps you could walk me around the garden,' she said, 'While I get a breath of fresh air.'

With her arm through mine, I escorted her around the edge of the large lawn and flowerbeds, chatting about inconsequential things until the subject unexpectedly changed.

'You're a lot younger than I imagined,' she said, 'I thought you may have been in your forties or fifties. Anyway, all my grandmother's friends seem to have an intense fascination with you.'

Thankfully, we had arrived back at the marquee before she could ask me any more pertinent questions when just like her grandmother, she came straight to the point.

'What are you doing Tuesday evening?' She asked.

I shrugged my shoulders, I had nothing on as far I knew.

'No prior engagements?' She asked mischievously.

I told her I was free that evening.

'Good, then perhaps you could take me out?' She said, making it sound more like a request than a question.

Emma told me the name of a bar on the other side of town, 'Perhaps we could meet there and then see what the evening brings,' she said, just as Angela appeared.

'Ah, Andrew, I see you have met my grand-daughter, you need to take a firm hand with her, she gets her own way far too easily.' I was at a loss as to how I should respond when Emma chirped in.

'Andrew's going to take me out on Tuesday evening, I'm quite looking forward to it.'

Angela smiled, 'That's very good of him, but I think you have taken up enough of his time and you have other guests.'

Emma gave me a coy smile as she released me and headed back into the marquee to join her other friends. Angela must have spotted us because she had brought two glasses of wine with her, 'Would you be good enough to walk me around,' she asked, handing one of the glasses over.

'I thought she would take an immediate shine to you,' Angela was saying, 'Your just the type of young man she needs, but don't put up with her messing you about.'

By now we were at the far end of the garden where the shadows were the deepest and where the hedging created a quiet area with an arbour. Angela took my glass and with her own, placed it off to one side.

'I've wanted you all evening,' she said breathlessly as she hoisted her skirt and removed her panties before putting one foot up on the bench and waiting in anticipation.

What could I do, except what any gentleman would do, I dropped my pants and shorts, shuffled forward and slid my cock up her cunt?

We did not have long as my hands went to her breasts and our mouths clamped together, it was the only thing I could think of doing that may keep her quiet as I shagged her. With one hand on her left tit and the other on her bare bottom, I fucked

her rough and fast, hearing her trying to groan and gasp through our compressed lips.

The excitement of what we were doing heightened both our senses as we reached our pinnacle, her moan escaping as I released our lips and grunted, my cock twitching inside her cunt as I released a stream of cum and tried to support Angela as her legs shook convulsively.

We stood for several minutes with my shaft buried in her quim while our breathing slowed before I withdrew and allowed her to make herself decent. Picking up her panties which were still warm from her body, she folded them carefully and tucked them into my pocket.

'Something for you to use later when you think of me.'

Chapter Ten

We made our way back to the marquee where Angela pecked me on the cheek and disappeared inside, the party was beginning to break up slowly as my gran appeared looking ready to make a move.

'Angela says you are taking her grand-daughter out one evening,' she said casually but I could tell by the look on her face that the two of them were hatching some kind of plot.

Going to get her jacket, I encountered Emma once more as she made a beeline for me.

'Don't forget our date,' she whispered as she pecked me on the cheek, 'And I wouldn't let everyone see those,' she said with a knowing smile as she looked down and tucked the end of the pair of panties properly into my pocket.

Tuesday, I drove across town to the bar that Emma had suggested, arriving with time to spare as I entered the quiet

room and ordered myself a soft drink. Surprisingly, she was on time, looking extremely attractive in a cream jersey dress as she came over to the booth I occupied.

'Can I get you a drink?' I asked before making my way to the bar to get Emma a "Gin and tonic" and bringing it back to the table.

Our initial conversation was a mixture of what we had done since we had met at her party and titbits of information about ourselves. She was an easy person to get on with, witty at times as she made me laugh but also as I was to learn, "savvy".

'You know my grandmother speaks quite highly of you, why is that?' she asked innocently.

But before I could answer she continued, 'In fact, most of her friends seem to know you and mention your name quite a lot. There seems to be some sort of fascination with you, why are they enamoured with someone so much younger than they are?'

One thing I've learned over the last few years when faced with difficult questions is to always tell the truth, just tell it in such a way, that people don't believe you.

Lowering my head and putting on my most solemn face, I answered Emma.

'It's because I'm sleeping with them all.'

Raising my eyes, I watched her expression as she looked blank for a moment and then a slight smile played across her face before going blank again. I could see her mind ticking over as she tried to work out whether to believe me or not.

Giving her long enough, I smiled slyly and watched her face light up.

'You're pulling my leg aren't you,' she laughed.

I laughed with her and then presented the lie, 'They keep in contact quite a bit by computer, even though none of them have grown up with laptops.

'When a message comes up, they tend to push any key until it disappears and then a few days later, everything stops working and I get a call.'

She accepted the lie because that sounded nearer to the truth than the truth did and I've found that with a lot of people, the more outlandish the truth, the easier they accept the lie.

I had a very enjoyable evening in her company which sadly went to quickly as I offered her lift home only to be told that she was, in fact, staying at Angela's.

Sat outside her grandmother's we chatted as she asked.

'The panties in your pocket that night, which of my friends did they come from?'

Here we go again I thought, 'Truthfully,' I asked as she nodded her head.

'I got changed at my grandmothers and needed a handkerchief. She told me a drawer, but I wasn't listening properly or paying attention and just grabbed something and stuffed it in my pocket. Imagine my surprise when as I was talking to your grandmother and my gran, I pulled out a pair of gran's knickers to blow my nose on.'

Emma was howling with laughter, tears streaming down her face as she held her sides.

When finally, she managed to compose herself she turned sideways, 'Are you going to ask me?'

With my best straight face, I answered her question, 'No!'

The disappointment on her face was discernible, 'I never ask a lady to sleep with me on a first date.....but I would like to see you again.'

I got a punch on my shoulder as she hitched her dress up and scuttled across the gearstick and into my lap, sitting facing me.

Looking into each other's eyes, her face came nearer to mine until our lips touched and we kissed. Emma was perfect to kiss, her lips soft and her body warm as she pressed it against me.

'Are you sure I can't change your mind,' she whispered sexually, both of us now aware of the bulge that was now pressing against her groin.

I shook my head, 'I'm betting that your grandmother is waiting up for you. Actually, I wouldn't be surprised if she isn't presently watching us through binoculars.'

Emma couldn't help herself as she spun to look up towards the house and then back to me as she laughed.

'Are you like this with my grandmother,' she asked, I nodded my head.

'Only worse,' I said.

'I tease and flirt with her, she seems to love it.'

She went serious for a moment, 'You're an odd one Andrew, you have no respect for convention, but at the same time, there's something about you. I can see why grandma likes you so much.'

Driving home I felt elated, Sam was still up and waiting when I arrived back. She was full of questions, wanting to know what Emma was like and what we had done.

We kept our voices low, our parents upstairs and in bed would not appreciate being disturbed.

'Are you seeing her again?' Sam asked, but before I could answer my phone rang. I answered it to find Emma on the other end.

'I'm missing you already,' she purred in that silky voice she had.

I couldn't help but laugh as she continued.

'You were right about my grandma, she was waiting, and she says you're a naughty boy for not coming in. Anyway, you're invited to dinner tomorrow night.'

Aware that Sam was listening I accepted her invitation and chatted for another few minutes before making my excuses and ringing off.

Samantha came over and took the phone out of my hand as she straddled my lap.

'Well, if I'm going to have to share you, I expect preferential treatment,' this was said as she hoisted her pyjama top, exposing her jutting breasts, her nipples already hard and dark.

Cupping each, I fondled her tits, twisting and pulling at her nipples and continually telling her to 'hush'. It took very little effort from my sister for my cock to feel constrained inside my pants, especially when she ran the flat of her hand up and down my erection.

Undoing the waistband and zip, she helped me ease them down to my ankles while she pulled the gusset of her shorts to one side, baring her quim.

I was buried deep inside her cunt as she rocked back and forwards, my shirt completely open now as she ran her hands over my chest. She leaned forward so that I could lick and

suck her nipples, her cunt starting to squelch a little as her juices flowed into my lap.

Sam had increased her rocking, a sure sign that she was getting close, her face displaying how close she was as she leant further into me so that I could raise my hips and fuck her.

'Oh god, oh yes, oh god Andrew.....that feels so good.....cum in me, I want you to cum in me.'

She cried out huskily as she orgasmed, and my cock filled my sisters cunt. Her head was tilted backwards, her eyes closed as she enjoyed her climax, her body visibly shaking as the words slipped from her lips, 'Fucking hell.....that's the best.....I love you, Andy.'

Well, here I am aged twenty-eight and doing very nicely thank you. Emma is now my fiancée and we are due to get married next year. Right from the start we hit it off and have never looked back. Unfortunately, I have had to say goodbye to my entourage of ladies, both gran and Angela advising that Emma must never find out, at least not yet.

Am I still sleeping with my grandmother? Of course, I am, though she has slowed up a little as she's got older, which is a good job because it means Angela gets to see more of me.

'Now we are going to be related,' she explained one day, 'There is every reason for you to visit regularly.'

Aunt Pamela finally found herself a man and got married last year, though I must say that there are times when Norman, her husband, looks knackered. That woman is insatiable which is why from time to time I still visit her. On the run-up to her wedding, she went on a diet and lost quite a bit of weight and is now back to her slim self. If it weren't for Emma, I would have married her myself, she is one super, hot, lady.

And what about Sam I hear you ask, well after that evening when she said she loved me we had a couple of weeks where it felt funny. Until I came to realise eventually that I loved Samantha, not a sisterly love but something else. We both knew from the start we could do nothing about it, but it did create a bond between us that feels stronger than ever.

Sam is also engaged nowadays to a chap she met called Davey and to be honest, he is a nice bloke and I'm sure he'll look after her. Are Sam and I still sleeping with each other? Dammed right we are, as much as I love Emma, I couldn't give Sam up, and so we still manage to find time to fuck whenever the opportunity arises.

I don't know what path my life will take next, whatever it is, it can wait for another time. Who knows, by then I could even be sleeping with my mother, now that would be another story.

fin.