

Grandma Yvonne

Miss D'Mena

Author's Notes: With thanks to S.C. who inspired this short story about a very special grandmother.

Why is it I wonder that the potential to find a member of our own family attractive is never a subject that is spoken of? I cannot ever remember discussing the merits of any member of my family with another soul. And yet sisters, mothers and grandmothers are female aren't they, they are women in their own right, as sexual and fanciful as any other woman out there I suppose. I can remember conversations when I was younger as to who was the best-looking girls or boys in my class, which actors and actresses or pop stars we perhaps idolised, even the opposite sex in our everyday lives would be graded on their particular attraction and attributes. But our parents and perhaps siblings were always excluded from this practice for some peculiar reason, and yet we were never told that we should not look at them in that manner.

I cannot ever remember a time, where the topic of conversation centred around a member of our families and which could be construed to be of a sexual nature, it was as

though our brains refused to even consider that such people could be considered handsome or attractive. My friends never commented on my mother and I never commented on theirs, it was as if it was imprinted on our brains at birth that these people were out of bounds to us. That was why it was a shock when as an eighteen-year-old, I one day found myself thinking of a member of my family in such an illicit way.

Who do you talk to about those types of thoughts, I couldn't discuss it with friends for fear of ridicule or disgust, forever ostracised and looked at as someone peculiar? I definitely couldn't discuss it with my family, we were good Catholics and the thought of discussing my sudden burgeoning desires with them would ensure I was condemned to everlasting damnation. That only left the parish priest and I certainly wasn't going to discuss it with him, sure that my parents would immediately be informed.

I wondered in later life if we all have these feelings at some point, not just males, but females as well, do we all go through a stage where we suddenly have a longing for a member of the opposite sex, but one who is also part of our immediate

family. A desire to do things to them and with them that is outside both the bible and the law.

Yvonne was my grandmother on my father's side, she was tall for a woman, wide-hipped and large breasted and each summer whilst growing up, I would spend a week at her home during my summer holidays. Later in life, she reminded me of those types of mature women who graced our television screens, not young anymore, but still sexy and alluring with the promise of unimaginable pleasures. My grandfather on the other hand wasn't my grandfather, Yvonne had remarried before I was born and whilst he always treated me as his grandson, there was something about him that did not sit comfortably.

As her first grandchild, I was spoilt, Yvonne lavishing her love and affection on me each time we visited and especially each summer when I went to stay with her. We lived in Brighton whilst she lived only a short car journey away in Worthing, both of them seaside towns on the south coast. Her home was a large bungalow with a south facing rear garden which we used extensively during the long summers. I can vividly

remember the lawns and flowerbeds, the flint walls separating different levels of the garden and the plum tree off to one side. I would watch her as she pottered, deadheading flowers and weeding the borders, some days assisting her, though I was never sure I was pulling up the right plants.

Those visits continued throughout my early teenage years. Even after I turned eighteen, I still looked forward to that week of escape, no parents trying to tell me what to do, no demands from friends and especially my girlfriend. It was a week usually accompanied by brilliant sunshine in which I could enjoy the quiet and slower pace of life, helping my grandmother in her garden, laying out in the sun or wandering down into the town.

It was during my last visit that I was both surprised and enticed when I unintentionally overheard a conversation. It was the middle of summer and I was with her again for my week's break, mum having driven me across. In my bedroom which overlooked the garden, the window was open, trying to capture a hint of any breeze while I unpacked my case, putting clothes away in drawers and the wardrobe.

The sound of their voices was audible in the still air, my mother and grandmother sat outside discussing something that caught my attention.

'You know he's that way inclined?' It was my grandmother's voice, speaking in a quiet confidential way.

'We have never properly consummated our marriage. We have tried on many occasions, but it has become obvious that he does not find me sexually attractive or fulfilling in that department.' She continued sorrowfully.

I was knelt below the window now, trying to hear what was being said but at the same time not wanting to be seen or let it be known that I was privy to their conversation outside.

'I had no idea when we married, but now I am stuck with it, I cannot divorce him, that would go against the church and everything I have been taught. I am happy, but at the same

time, I am frustrated. At the end of the day, I am a woman, I have needs, but it would be a sin against God to cheat on him with another man.'

I don't know if my mother turned around and saw my bedroom window open, but whatever the reason, they moved down to the other end of the garden and out of earshot, leaving me struggling to understand the gist of what they had been discussing. My grandfather it seemed, was gay. I wouldn't have known it up until that point although thinking back, some of his mannerisms could be effeminate I concluded. I felt sorry for Yvonne, as my grandmother, I loved her unconditionally but the news of what she was experiencing was maybe the spark that lit the blue touch paper.

Despite being eighteen and with a girlfriend, I was still inexperienced as was she, and together we had discovered the delights of illicit sex when the opportunity arose, sure that both sets of parents would have disapproved. At that age, it takes very little to ignite one's lust and the suggestion that my grandmother was going without put idea's and images into

my head as I fantasised about the things we could have done together.

With my mother gone and gran back to her pottering, I decided that some sunbathing was in order as I laid out my big red "Coca-Cola" towel and wearing only shorts, stretched out on it as the sun warmed my body. Perhaps it was the conversation I'd heard, especially the word 'Frustrated' which first sowed the seed in my brain. Turning my head, I peered in her general direction, surreptitiously watching her knelt on her gardening mat, her bottom wiggling as she leant over and dug holes for new plants.

She had full buttocks which looked appetising in her slacks, the material stretched tightly across both cheeks making her panties beneath quite visible and awakening in me a sudden rush of blood. It left me feeling alarmed and perhaps a little dirty as I viewed her bottom, ideas of what I could do with it invading my thoughts. Over the course of that week, some days she would wear slacks but, on most days, she donned one of her dresses. I had decided that I preferred her in a dress, it would hitch up slightly at the rear as she bent forward, giving

me a view of the back of her thighs, but never rode quite high enough for me to be able to see her panties. In summer she would more often than not go without tights, complaining that they were too hot in the sun and treating me to views of her ample thighs and plenty of naked flesh.

I'm positive that she never wore a particular type of dress on purpose, it was just that her breasts were so large that each of her dress's managed to show an ample amount of cleavage and I was only too happy to help her weed flower beds on those days, especially the ones where I could kneel on the opposite side and look down the front of her garment, marvelling at her gorgeous mammaries.

Each night, my dreams were lurid, I was copulating with her, both of us naked as we had intercourse on the broad strip of lawn in the afternoon sun or maybe in the middle of the lounge floor some evening. Waking the next morning, a thin flaky layer would coat my stomach as I remembered the feel of her flesh pressed tightly against my own, remembrance re-igniting my desires once more. That's all they were though unfortunately, dreams, I could never approach her and speak

of the things that now invaded my mind, it would surely break the special bond that existed between us.

I have no idea if she ever realised what I was doing, if she did, she never commented, and I would return from my weeks holiday with images and visions in my head of gorging myself on her huge tits.

Unfortunately, the more I learned about sex, the greater my lust became for my grandmother as each summer I continued making that pilgrimage to her home. No longer did my parents have to run me there in the car, I could easily take myself off on the train, the anticipation of being with her fuelling my fantasies. She always welcomed me in the same manner, flinging her arms around me and kissing my cheek when I first arrived. As a child, it had seemed normal to be welcomed in this way, as a young man, I was now conscious of her breasts pushing against my chest, fearful that if she held me for too long then she would be able to discern my inevitable erection pushing against her groin.

How I wished that from somewhere, I could find the courage to tell her how I felt. But I was forever afraid that to make mention of my feelings and desires would bring to an end my visits with this beautiful woman. And so, I continued to suffer in silence, watching her keenly over that week and taking home with me, images of her smiling face and shapely figure, my right hand having to satisfy my lust for her body.

She must have been in her mid-fifties and although I could see that she was ageing, to me, she looked as delectable as ever. I wanted her badly, to undress her, to gently touch her naked flesh and to see her writhe beneath me. The older I got, the harder it became to keep those desires to myself, my own flesh becoming my betrayer. Watching her move around the house with her sweet smiles and especially out in the garden when she bent over, seemingly offering me her wide hips and rounded bottom, would have me scuttling for cover as I tried to hide my bulging shorts or pants. My visits were perhaps becoming more a torment rather than a pleasure.

I remembered one occasion, trying to be helpful and picking up wind-blown fruit from the plum tree, I had been warned,

but was so engrossed in my own thoughts of her that I forgot. The sudden sharp pains in my fingers and hand brought me back to reality as I let go of the plums, wasps and bee's buzzing around me as I ran for cover. With my eyes watering, I watched as Yvonne carefully took my hand and extracted the stings, dabbing antiseptic on the red swellings. The feel of my hand in hers and the softness of her skin helped diminish the pain. And then she leaned forward and kissed my cheek, my eyes focusing on her plump succulent lips and wishing that they were headed for my lips rather than my cheek.

'God, I wanted to kiss her,' I remembered thinking afterwards, I wanted to feel her lips against mine and hold her in a lover's embrace.

But sadly, nothing ever happened, I would have my break and then return home, perhaps feeling as frustrated as my grandmother felt. Summer's were not my only visits to her home, I would make the journey regularly to go and visit her, but summer was the time I got to spend a whole week in her company.

It was on one of my many normal visits, accompanied by my girlfriend that I did something that was never meant to happen. We'd had lunch in the garden, my grandfather disappearing after we had eaten for his normal Saturday pint. Gran was in the kitchen washing up the dishes that I brought in from the patio tables outside when for no reason at all, I slipped my arms around her waist and kissed the back of her head. 'Love you, Gran,' I whispered. There had not been anything sexual intended, it was just a show of affection for my grandmother. But time seemed to stand still as I breathed in the smell from her hair and the occasional waft of her perfume. Her wet hands came from the water and cradled my own, neither of us making any attempt to move or speak as the embrace continued. I was lost in my thoughts, enjoying the feel and warmth of her body pressed against mine until I suddenly realised that something had happened down below and that surely, she must be able to feel my erection pushing against her bottom.

I released her suddenly, stepping back and going red as I tried to escape. She said nothing, turning her head slightly as I bolted from the kitchen and giving me a shy smile. I wanted

to stay but at the same time, I wanted to leave her house. I felt embarrassed, hoping that she had not recognised the desire she had ignited in my loins. When she eventually came back outdoors, my conversion was stilted as I tried to keep my girlfriend near me at all times, sure that Yvonne would say something once we were alone.

Taking my leave early I managed to escape without any talk of my indiscretion. I had stepped over the line and allowed my secret desires to be known, fearful now of ever returning and facing my grandmother's accusations. On my way home I came up with a raft of excuses, each one more outlandish than the last as I vowed to leave it a while before once more visiting her. My girlfriend noticed my quietness on our return journey, commenting and asking if I was alright. What could I tell her, certainly not the truth, how did I disclose that truth to anyone without expecting my life to change dramatically?

I had hoped that by not seeing my grandmother, the damage would repair itself and that my desires would eventually subside and diminish, fading into the past and never to be spoken of. But then we never know what fate has in store for

us, especially if we could only pluck up the courage and see some actions through.

Her grandson had gone, her husband yet to return. Yvonne sat in her garden, her eyes closed as she prayed for forgiveness and admitted her sins. She had felt the desire in his loins as he stood behind her, wondering if she was the cause of his erection. With his arms around her, she hadn't wanted him to move as she basked in the pleasure of having a man thrust himself against her body and making it obvious what was on his mind. She had sinned, she had not remonstrated with him, her body overcoming her faith.

What had happened was wrong in so many ways, but her mind refused to deny the pleasurable sensations that had suddenly overcome her. Images refusing to leave her mind as she wrestled with her conscience, those very thoughts causing her nipples to ache and dampness to erupt in her panties. It had seemed to be an eternity that she had been denied those pleasures and yet now, the person who had awoken her desires once more should rightly be denied themselves. To let it go any further would mean that she would commit a

cardinal sin and also break the law, tears ran down her cheeks as she felt herself presently losing this battle. Was she being tested, had the almighty put temptation in her way to see whether she would succumb?

In the days and then weeks that followed, she knew she was being punished. Normally she would see her grandson at least every couple of weeks, months had now passed with no sign of him visiting. It weighed heavily on her conscience, had she forced him away, perhaps she should have said something to him. The more she thought about it, the more consternation it caused her, her husband was no help, wrapped up in his own secret as he was.

The simple act of her grandson wrapping his arms around her had filled her head with demons as she lay in her bed each night and tried to sleep. Her husband laid next to her and snoring softly could be a thousand miles away for all the good he was to her. The moment she closed her eyes, lewd images appeared, she was naked, her grandson towering over her, his erect cock bobbing at his groin with anticipation. Her nipples were so hard they hurt and currently she was trying to fight

the urge to touch them through her cotton nightgown. Raising her head slightly, she glanced at her breasts, two quite large protrusions pushing the thin material upwards. For a second, her body shook uncontrollably, her hand which appeared to have a life of its own had moved without her realising, her fingers softly rubbing at her raised buds.

She moved her hand away and tried to thrust the thoughts from her mind. But it was only a momentary reprieve, a sensation even greater than the first one soaring through her body as her fingers found the lips of her pussy and slowly stroked her gradual opening vagina. She was panting she suddenly realised, the noise sounding loud in the deathly silence of the bedroom. Tonight, the battle was lost as one and then a second digit slid into her cunt.

'Oh, dear lord. Please forgive me,' she screamed silently to herself, her fingers now moving faster inside her fanny as her arousal increasingly took hold of her. Her body denied for so long came alive as her climax approached, an orgasm like she had never experienced before, flooding her senses and driving all other thoughts from her head.

Summer was a memory and autumn had passed as Christmas neared. Yvonne and her husband had been invited to her son's for Christmas day and hopefully, it would be the first time she would see her grandson again after several months. She had decided that if there was an opportunity to get him alone, she must speak to him. She hadn't a clue what she was going to say, all she knew was that somehow, she had to put a stop to the things she was imagining and desiring. The opportunity had not arisen as she had hoped, there always seemed to be other persons present and she had not managed to get Stuart her grandson alone. She continually glanced at her watch, hour after hour passing as the day progressed.

Stuart had been reluctant at first to offer his cheek to be kissed, fearing that such intimacy would trigger his desires to resurface. By staying away from Yvonne, he had banished his disturbing thoughts to the back of his mind. The first curious thing he had noticed was his inability to call her "Gran" anymore. It was as though he had separated her into two entirely different entities, one was his grandmother, an old woman over three times his age. A woman who dressed from

a bygone era, who had been born and lived through a completely different generation. The second, was Yvonne, a mature sexually attractive woman, a woman with a voluptuous figure who enticed him, who set his blood rushing through his veins and who sexually excited him.

When an opportune moment had occurred, Stuart had disappeared to his bedroom, hoping and praying that his grandmother would make no mention of his indiscretion to his parents. His mother in particular would be horrified, how could he ever explain to her this sudden rush of blood to his head and the fervent desire to fornicate with his father's mother.

A soft tapping came at his bedroom door, Yvonne entering and closing the door behind her.

'We are about to leave, and I just wanted to come and say goodbye,' she said. He found it hard to look at her as she came and sat next to him on his bed, so close that their legs and thighs touched.

'I haven't seen a lot of you lately. Too busy to come and see your old gran nowadays?' She asked and Stuart could feel the tears prick his eyes. He shook his head, not presently trusting his voice.

'I don't want you to worry about what happened. It was just one of those things and I will never say anything to anyone about it.' Yvonne continued.

His face was hot, 'So, she had realised,' he thought. 'She had felt his erection pushing against her bottom.'

'You know it is wrong and that it breaks every one of God's laws,' she said softly. 'Please, look at me, Stuart.' He raised his head, trying to look her in the face, but his eyes refused to make contact with hers, instead, focusing on her lips. They were plump and succulent, still with faint traces of her lipstick and he so much wanted to kiss them. The soft fragrance of her perfume assaulted his nostril as she leant forward and rested her forehead against his, those lips now less than an inch from his own.

There was a conversation taking place between them, but neither of them could hear what the other person said, their own voices loud inside their heads.

'I want to kiss you, Yvonne.'

'Another inch my darling boy, that's all it would take.'

'I want to touch you, to undress you. I want to make love to you so that you feel whole again.'

'I know it would be wrong, but if you just kissed me, I would know precisely what you desired, that I was the one you desired.'

The conversation continued, neither one of them able to read the signs and take that first step that could perhaps lead to a fulfilment of their imaginings. And then the moment was

gone as her head moved and she kissed his cheek, giving his hand a final squeeze before saying goodnight.

Slowly, Stuart resumed his visits to his grandmother and their natural friendship seemed re-kindled, unfortunately, his fantasies had not disappeared, more or less he had suppressed them although as a new summer approached and they took to her garden once more on his regular visits, it felt easier. No mention was ever made of that momentary lapse and at long last, he began looking forward to his summer break at her home. He was still with his girlfriend, a friendship that had lasted longer than he had first thought it may do, perhaps a time would come, he was thinking, when he would ask the question and take their relationship to the next level.

Of course, he was having sex with her when he got the chance, but his parents were not the type to willingly allow it to happen under their roof and with their knowledge. His mother wanted the same for him as all mothers wanted, a good job, a loving wife and plenty of grandchildren. In a way, both he and his mother were very much alike, she was a child of the sixties and seventies while he was a child of the

seventies and eighties. And whilst they wouldn't admit to it, they very much viewed the world in a similar vein, even to the extent of liking some of each other's musical tastes. She wasn't puritanical or anything like that, his childhood was no different from that of many of his friends. It was just that she saw morals and rules as a way of living a just and righteous life.

This summer promised to be a good one, it had started early and by the time he went to stay with his grandmother, there were already whispers of a drought. Laying out in the garden sunbathing, he raised himself on his elbows and picked up the bottle of cold beer, holding it to his forehead as he enjoyed the icy feel. His gran as usual was tending her plants, knelt on a mat with her bottom stuck up into the air, it swayed back and forth as she dug up weeds with her trowel and fork.

'Holy Shit!' Stuart closed his eyes tight, willing the image to fade. He had just imagined himself, knelt behind her as he lifted her dress and pulled her panties down to her knee's. She had turned her head, peering over her shoulder as she smiled

sweetly at him, nodding her permission as he opened her legs slightly, found her vagina and rammed his cock into it.

It was like a shock running through his body, the bulge in his shorts obvious at this distance if she turned her head and glanced in his direction. Turning on his side away from his grandmother, he tried willing it to become flaccid once more. He lifted the beer bottle and emptied its contents before heading for the kitchen to replenish it. She didn't necessarily condone him drinking during the day but accepted that today's youth saw things differently than her generation had done.

With his bulge now gone, he settled down on his towel once more, necking half of the new bottle of beer and feeling that slight throbbing in his temples that told him he was drinking too much too quickly. He was just about to lie back and close his eyes when her voice called.

'Stuart! Stuart darling. Can you help me, please? My knees have gone to sleep, and I can't get up.'

He stood and went over to her, taking her outstretched hand and arm. Positioning himself, he helped his grandmother to her feet, hoping his body would behave itself now that they were in such close proximity to each other. Everything went perfectly as she came upright, but as she moved one foot, she must have caught her kneeling mat because the next second she was in his arms, her face literally centimetres from his own. As usual, it was her lips that his eyes suddenly focused on, they moved and quivered slightly, as though she was about to say something which was interrupted as his face covered that short distance and he gave her the simplest and lightest of kisses before his head jerked back and his face went red.

The garden was quiet, his ears picking up the sounds of insects, birds chirping as they flew overhead. Neither of them moved, it was as if they had been frozen in time as the world carried on around them until suddenly Yvonne's face blocked out the sunlight as her lips were pressed against his once more.

The kiss was soft and gentle, at first exploratory as they broke apart and then came together once more, he felt her tongue slide across his bottom lip and then across his top before it exploded into his mouth as she gripped him tightly, pressing her body against his, their mouths sliding back and forth against each other. His cock was hard and erect, and he was having contrasting feelings, embarrassment that his grandmother would be able to feel it pressing against her belly, but also elation that she knew what it was and was pushing her groin tightly against his own.

He hadn't been sure if he should do anything else, his arms still around her waist. But they had a mind of their own as they slid downwards, his hands cupping her magnificent buttocks and squeezing her cheeks as he pulled her firmly against the constant throbbing in his shorts.

Yvonne had given up praying for forgiveness, she was thanking her lord now for allowing this to happen. She could feel the throbbing of her grandsons cock as it pulsed against her, how many years had she waited to feel this once more, fearing that she may die without ever feeling it again. She

crushed her breasts against his chest, her nipples were demanding to be touched and she knew that her fanny was opening like a flower as dampness appeared in her panties.

As they broke apart, they both found themselves panting and not solely because of the heat of the day as she pointed to the patio area and asked him to escort her there. Going indoors to get her a cooling drink, Stuart reappeared with a cold glass of water and another beer for himself. Despite having already consumed two, that single moment had left him with a thirst that he needed to slake. There was a continual silence for a short while as they both contemplated the boundary that they had just crossed.

'So, Stuart. I'm not going to ask about the why's or the when's or anything else. All I will ask is, are you sure that this is what you want to happen? Is this something that you want us to do? I'm not going to use the word, but you know exactly what I mean.'

He felt it only right that he be truthful with her as he tried to explain what was in his head. 'I know about my grandfather. I know how you have been feeling.'

'I see you as two different women, one is my grandmother, whom I love and respect and would do anything for. The other is as a woman Yvonne, a strikingly attractive woman, who has a body that entices and tantalises me. Would I do those things with my grandmother?' Stuart shook his head.

'But would I do those things with you, Yvonne?' Yes, most certainly. I have dreamt of doing those things for quite a while.'

There was quietness again as she sat ruminating on the words that he had spoken. He had no wish to interrupt her thoughts, nothing more he could say would help her come to a decision.

'I need to think about this Stuart, I'm not going to say yes, but, by the same token, I not saying no to you. This is not a decision to be taken lightly, it goes against everything we have

both been taught and it is also against the law. Either, or most probably both of us could be prosecuted if it ever came out that we consensually or not, started this type of relationship.'

She must wait and she must pray she was thinking, despite what her body was urging her to do, it was not something she was prepared to rush into. Yvonne believed in her faith, it had always been with her, steering her journey through life. It felt strange now that the person causing the conflict with her beliefs was herself. Even though the yearnings of herself and her grandson were out in the open, it was not making her decision any easier. On the one hand, she was, she decided, ready to take the risk, but now doubts plagued her mind. It was not a doubt about her faith or about the decision she was about to make but doubts about herself.

She was so much older than he was, how could he have those types of feelings for an old woman. She was afraid that if she went through with this, he would see her naked and that he would turn away in disgust. No longer was she the young woman she had been, her body had changed over the years and not necessarily for the better. Would she disrobe only to

find that his image of her did not meet his expectations and that he would not be able to perform with her? Having been rejected by her husband it was easy to imagine being rejected by her grandson once he viewed her properly.

She was not the only one wrestling with her thoughts, Stuart was facing a similar dilemma. He had thought that with the truth out in the open, everything would fall into place and flow smoothly. From initially feeling excited, he was now feeling anxious, he was young and whilst he was having sex with his girlfriend, he was still inexperienced. Yvonne wasn't some young girl that he could charm with words, she would, he presumed, expect more than a fumble and a rushed fucking. She was mature and experienced with men, could he even begin to satisfy her, or would she quickly realise that he was still a child.

Just like his friends, he had perused magazines of that type, looking at the pictures and reading the stories. Stories of men who performed four, five times a night, seemingly lasting for hours on end, could he ever compete with people like them, was that what his grandmother was expecting? Slowly his

excitement turned to self-doubt and fear as he realised that it had been so much easier to imagine those things happening rather than actually now waiting for it to begin.

Over the next couple of nights, neither he nor his grandmother got much sleep, they were loath to close their eyes and let their imaginations take over their minds, both of them afraid that they could not live up to the other person's expectations.

It was the third day of his stay, the weather outdoors still exceptional when they finally came together. His grandfather was at work and both he and Yvonne had risen early, now sitting on the patio as they drank their morning coffees.

'Are you sure that you still want to go ahead with this?' Yvonne asked. 'If you have any doubts at all, now is the time to voice them. Once it has happened, there is no going back. You do realise that?'

Of course, he had doubts, he was petrified, but to change his mind now, no matter what the outcome would mean that he could never face his grandmother again. He wanted to stand and run, the nervous energy in his body making his knee's shake slightly.

'I just hope I can satisfy you and give you what you want,' he said. There, it was done, he had committed himself now to at least going through with the initial act.

She nodded her head sagely as she stood and held out her hand, taking his lightly as she led him indoors and towards her bedroom. The sun streamed in through the open curtains, filling the room with light. Yvonne would have liked it to be dark both outside and inside the room, that way she could have put off the inevitable when Stuart finally got his first view of her body.

Turning her back to him, she asked him to unzip her dress before shrugging it from her shoulders and letting it fall to the floor as she stepped out of it. It felt as though she was naked

already, very few men had ever seen her in this state of undress. She turned to face him; her modesty still covered by the white underslip she wore. Stuart pulled his t-shirt over his head, Yvonne's hand coming upwards as she touched his naked chest for the first time. She marvelled at the softness of his skin, his muscles flexing and moving slowly beneath its surface.

He could see she was nervous, perhaps more so than he was presently feeling. In an effort to dispel her fears, he unbuttoned his pants and allowed them to fall to the floor before kicking them away. As he moved closer to her, he eased the straps of her slip from her shoulders and allowed it to slide down her body. Yvonne felt her face get hot, sure that she was blushing as she watched him look up and down her body. She had picked out her nicest underwear, but there was no way that it would look as sexy as the lingerie that the young girls now wore.

As she cast her eyes downwards, she had to smile, despite what she thought of herself, it seemed that she was still women enough to arouse her grandson, the bulge in the front

of his briefs telling her that he liked what he saw. She turned her back to him again.

'Will you unhook me?' She asked him.

He could feel his fingers trembling as he tried to undo the three hooks and eyes. Men on tv made it look so easy, able to do it with one hand behind the woman's back. Here he was with both hands and he was still struggling to get her bra unfastened. Much to his relief, the last one finally gave way as his grandmother turned back to face him, still clasping her bra tightly to her bosom.

'You remove it, Stuart,' she said, allowing him to slip the straps from her shoulders and arms, all the while keeping the bra covering her breast.

At last, he steeled himself as he took hold of her garment and pulled it from her chest, allowing her tits to fall free as he dropped the bra at his feet. Her breasts were magnificent, large perfectly formed orbs with a darker areola in their

centre topped with even darker erect nipples. He wanted to grab them and squeeze, to feel their weight resting in his palms. Instead, he pulled her towards him, feeling her naked flesh press against his own as he kissed her.

Despite the worries and misgivings both of them had experienced, once they started to arouse each other all their anxieties disappeared. Yvonne's hand slid downwards, rubbing at the bulge in his shorts and now wanting to gaze at his erection. She felt Stuart's hands move upwards from her waist, she knew where they were heading, her chest had always attracted the attention of other men. She shivered as he caressed the outside edges of her breasts, wanting him to touch them fully. When his hand went downwards between their bodies, she emitted her first gasps of pleasure, his fingers tracing patterns across her round slightly protruding belly. And then his hand flattened as it slid farther, over her pubic area before curving as it slipped between her legs.

Yvonne felt Stuart's hand massaging her cunt, her legs turning to jelly and shaking as sensations flowed upwards to the pit of her stomach, juices leaking from her slit and making her

panties damper still. She could deny herself no longer as she pushed the front of his briefs down, grasping his erection as it sprang free and sliding his skin up and down as she slowly tossed him off.

The feel of his grandmother's vagina through her large white cotton panties was exhilarating, he could immediately tell that her pussy lips were far larger than his girlfriends. It seemed he was doing everything right so far, the same things his girlfriend seemed to enjoy because his grandmother was moaning incessantly. Their mouths would come together for a moment and break apart as they gulped in air, their arousals escalating swiftly.

Whilst Stuart had imagined this happening, he had not anticipated his grandmother's reaction as he pulled the gusset of her panties to one side and stroked her quim with one of his large fingers.

'Slide it in me. I want to feel your fingers in my cunt.' Her first utterance had taken him by surprise, never imagining his grandmother would use language like that.

As he slid a finger between her lips into her now wet passage, she tilted her head back, guttural cries echoing around the room.

'Oh shit! Yes, a little harder there. Oh, my fucking God. That feels like I have a small cock inside me already,' she cried, as he began frigging her.

Neither of them had anticipated the intensity of their lust as she pulled him towards her bed, and both rid themselves of their final bits of clothing. Lying back, Yvonne raised and opened her legs wide, pulling her grandson between them and fumbling for his cock as she used it to drag him closer, feeling his bulbous head now pressing against her cunt.

'Fuck me! Please, Stuart, I want you to fuck me.'

His hips pressed forward as he felt his shaft slide inside his grandmother's cunt, her juices making the process swift and easy. She gasped loudly again as his groin came to rest against her own and she felt his cock filling her passage. He looked down at her from his position, fascinated by the size of her breasts, nature and gravity pulling them apart and spreading them across her chest. Although her waist was still slim, there was no denying that she had a tummy which he found highly arousing and then her hips flared, wide and full. Well-trimmed blond hair covered her mound and then lower still, he could see part of his cock buried deep in her fanny.

Stuarts movements at first were imperceptible, the throbbing in his groin at such a level that if he were not careful, he would explode inside her far too early. Showering kisses over her face, mouth and breasts allowed him time for his arousal to diminish. Bending forwards, he took her nipples, one at a time, into his mouth as his tongue swirled around and across them, bringing them erect once more as he sucked on both teats'.

As he began to fuck her slowly, Yvonne lifted her legs, wrapping them around his buttocks and dragging him deeper into her quim with each thrust. She had lost any sense of decorum now, her mind focused solely on his cock as it fucked her. Despite her age and upbringing, she enjoyed sex, never afraid to abandon herself to it. Presently the sensations coursing through her body had caused her to lose all her lady-like inhibitions as she spoke to him coarsely, demanding that he fuck her faster and harder.

His shaft slammed into her as his point of no return drew ever nearer, watching as her tits and belly bounced and wobbled only increased the sensations overpowering his brain. It was now or never he thought to himself, his hips becoming a blur as he pounded his grandmothers cunt, her hips rising to meet him each time he rammed his cock into her fanny. Verbal diarrhoea spilt from her lips, enough to make even a sailor blush as she started to climax, juices flooding from her wet and sloppy slit as her orgasm flung her back against the mattress, her body going taut as she screamed her release and his shaft ejaculated spurts of semen deep inside her pussy.

Flopping down beside her, they both stared at the ceiling, their chests rising and falling rapidly as they got their breaths back. In many ways they were both alike, Stuart wondering if he had done enough to satisfy his grandmother and Yvonne wondering if now that it was over, he had been disappointed in her and that she had not lived up to his expectations. Eventually, he turned on his side, gazing at her nakedness as she lay next to him. He found her breasts astonishing, so much arousing flesh that he wanted to bury his face in them. He rested his hand on her stomach, the fact that she had more meat there than his girlfriend did not concern him at all. There was something distinctly arousing and sexy about it as he allowed his hand to slide downwards, his fingers idly playing in the slightly darker blond hair that covered her mound.

Surprisingly, the sight of her was beginning to arouse him again already as he allowed one finger to tease her as he softly rubbed either side of her clitoris, watching as her ample bosom began to rise and fall rapidly once more. Yvonne closed her eyes, luxuriating in the knowledge that he found her sexually attractive, his fingers showing her that, as they

brought her body to life once more and she felt the first stirring of his cock against her thigh.

With her fanny demanding attention again, she straddled her grandson's hips, his new erection pressing against her moist vagina. She smiled to herself, in one respect he was no different to other men as his eyes constantly gazed at her huge bosom, his hands jerking upwards to support them as she teased him and leant forward, allowing them to swing over his face. She felt her increasing arousal down below as he brought his head up from the pillow and his mouth latched on to her left teat, his tongue making the nipples hard, especially as he nipped it between his teeth.

Raising her bottom, she fumbled for his cock, bringing it upright and then lowering herself onto it, unable to suppress the groan she emitted as she felt it fill her quim once more.

As his grandmother rocked back and forth, Stuart looked at her from his prone position, her udders swinging like pendulums as she excited both herself and him. The skin of

her stomach and belly creased as she leant forwards, excess flesh spilling out the sides and expanding her waist and hips. Stuart noticed and approved of everything he saw, despite her age and the fact she was his grandmother, Yvonne was the sexiest woman he had ever met.

Her cries grew louder as her rocking grew faster until he eventually caught her hips and buttocks, holding her aloft as he raised his knees and began ramming his cock up her love tunnel. Her blond hair cascaded over her face as he fucked her vigorously, slapping and squelching noises audible as his groin and her buttocks smashed together. As he watched, her eyes went vacant, her mouth hanging open as she neared her climax, and then she was calling his name, sitting upright as she played with her tits, her head thrown back as she howled, the sound increasing exponentially as he ejaculated, his semen filling her pussy.

He was knackered, but given the chance, he would happily have spent the day in bed with her, making love to her again and again once he had recovered and his stamina returned. Yvonne in other circumstances would have liked to have done

the same. He had satisfied her completely, but she knew they had been fortunate, despite her husband being at work, that was not to say that a friend or neighbour would not call round. Despite his disappointment, she suggested that it was for the best today that they got up, washed and dressed again. The last thing she wanted was to be caught before their relationship had properly found its feet.

During what was left of his stay, they both put their free time to good use, making love several times once her husband had left for work. And then his break was over, and it was time to return home, such was his present infatuation with her, he was going to miss their daily encounters.

Thankfully, they plotted and schemed, managing to achieve at least one or two encounters every couple of weeks. With each session, he began to realise that his grandmother, in reality, was two different people. She was everyone's idea of what a grandmother should be, loving caring and with an ability to spoil her grandchildren. Yvonne on the other hand was a sexual delinquent. She loved sex, perhaps even the thought of sex. He had presumed that she would revert to

being his grandmother when they were in company or his grandfather was present. But she was flirtatious and definitely a prick tease.

He had been visiting with his girlfriend, all of them sat in her lounge because the weather outside wasn't the best. From his vantage point on the couch, he glanced across at her as her eyes held his gaze, her fingers casually inching her dress a little higher as she uncrossed her legs. For the briefest of moments, he got a full view of her naked fanny before she covered herself and smiled slyly at him, knowing full well that his cock was already starting to jerk into life.

It was with her, that he got his first proper blowjob. His grandfather had been around all day and had just nipped to the shops to pick up a couple of bits. He was randy but his grandmother knew they did not have enough time for full-blown sex. He heard her call his name from the lounge and went indoors to join her. She pushed him onto the couch, immediately kneeling in front of him as she unfastened the first few buttons of her top and with a bit of a struggle, extracted both of her tits. Unbuttoning his jeans, she slid the

zip down and then pulled both them and his briefs down to his ankles as she stroked his cock to full erection. Taking a breast in each hand, she wrapped them around his shaft as she began to wank him off until suddenly, she lowered her head, and he felt his knob enveloped by her lips and the warmth of her mouth.

It hadn't taken him long at all before his hips were rising from the couch as she alternated between titty-fucking him and face fucking him. There was no way he could last, his excitement already at fever pitch. He tried to warn her, but she just raised her eyes and gave him a mischievous look before taking him back into her mouth once more as her hand wanked him furiously. As he cried with loss of control, he watched her cheeks suddenly puff outwards as he filled her mouth with his cream, her hand continuing to pump up and down his shaft until she had emptied his balls. She grinned at him, partially opening her mouth so that he could see his semen and allowing some to dribble out onto her tits before swallowing what was in her mouth and rubbing the rest into her breasts.

'Better now?' she asked, as he nodded his head, totally lost for words.

He wondered at one stage if his girlfriend suspected that there was another woman in his life, his thoughts nowadays centred more around Yvonne than his other half. Things hadn't been going well, his infatuation with his grandmother and especially the adventurous sex she was prepared to try, distracting him from his other relationships. Despite the triumph, they both felt, little did they know that there were dark clouds on the horizon that were going to put an instant dampener on their sexual activity.

Stuart did not have a clue how it started, but from nowhere, a disagreement erupted between his family and his grandfather. He had heard it was about money, but exactly what the details were, he never did find out the truth. As a consequence, there were long periods when he saw nothing of his grandmother, while he wasn't necessarily banned from visiting, he got the impression that it would be frowned upon if he did go to her home.

He felt deprived, nearly a year had passed, and he had seen nothing of her. Sometimes, laid in his bed each night, he wondered if his grandfather or his parents had suspicions about what he and his grandmother had been doing and that was really what the disagreement was about.

Slowly at first, he did start to see her again, but it was always at his parent's house and never at hers which unfortunately gave neither of them a chance to resume their relationship. Yvonne had managed to get him alone one day for a few minutes, making it plain, as she told him she was missing him every bit as much as he missed her. Time seemed to pass slowly, and he was now working, overjoyed when he found out she was visiting this coming weekend.

She had taken him to one side and in a whispered conversation asked him if he could get a day off work. Easter was still a couple of weeks away, so he saw no difficulty, wondering why she asked.

'About eleven o'clock, next Thursday. I'll meet you at Rotary Park and I'll pack us a little bit of a picnic.' The idea had excited him, if nothing else, he would get to spend the day alone with her.

He found it hard, waiting for the day to come around but eventually it arrived. He went out that morning as though he was going to work, a change of clothing packed in his bag. While it was not yet as hot as summer, the day was still warmish with not a cloud in the sky. It meant a couple of bus journeys, one into Worthing and then another to the park, but he was there with plenty of time to spare as he went for a walk. At just before eleven, he saw her strolling up the road from the bus stop, going to meet her and relieving her of her shopping bag.

With it being a school day and with most people at work, the park was empty as she pointed towards clumps of trees and bushes across the far side. Looking around her, Yvonne chose what she considered a quiet spot and extracted a large picnic blanket from her shopping bag. Laying it out, she put the bag to one side and removed her short jacket. Her dress was

sleeveless and summery with buttons down its front. Glancing about her to make sure they were alone, she unfastened the bottom three so that the slight breeze opened it, displaying her legs and thighs.

From where Stuart was sat, he couldn't quite see those last few inches of her inner thighs, wondering if she was wearing panties or not. His imagination said 'Not,' which immediately started a reaction below his waist. Her eyes gleamed as she looked at him, his grandmother knowing exactly what she was doing as she teased him incessantly. The dress, like all her others, showed a vast amount of cleavage every time she leant forward, and Stuart was in two minds. With her large bosom, surely, she had to be wearing a bra and yet the large protrusions at the centre of each breast pushing the flimsy material outwards had to be her hardened nipples.

With another glance, she moved closer to him, their lips coming together as they kissed, Yvonne he had found, had a way of kissing that quickly ignited his desire and as they broke apart, she had a mischievous glint in her eyes. She glanced around again before turning back to him.

'Would you like to unfasten the other buttons?' she asked, giggling like some young schoolgirl who had a secret only she knew.

One by one Stuart slowly undid them until he was able to open the front of her dress, his mouth dropping open in amazement. The white bra she wore, supported her breast but covered nothing of her nipples while her panties, if you could call them that, just about managed to cover her slit.

'I hope you approve?' She said with a slight laugh as her hand gravitated to his groin, rubbing at his erection which was plainly visible in his pants. With another cursory glance, she undid his button and slid his zip down, pushing his briefs out of the way as she extracted his cock. Squeezing it gently, she worked his skin up and down as his arousal increased, to a point where he was ready to throw her down and fuck her. She continued to tease him, displaying her body to him but making it plain that he was not yet permitted to mount her.

'Fucking hell!' He thought to himself if his grandmother continued like this, he was going to burst and cover her hand with his spunk. With an effort to delay his eruption, he jerked away and took the opportunity to ease her down onto the blanket. Now it was his turn for a cursory glance as he opened her legs and slid between them. He picked up the scent of talcum powder and her musk, his face only inches from her fanny as he stroked her slit through what there was of the now damp flimsy material that covered it.

Yvonne emitted her first groans as his fingers caressed her vagina, she could feel his breath on her thighs and fanny and then she felt the material slide to one side as his tongue licked the length of her pussy, her hips leaving the ground as she tried to push it against his mouth. Now it was his turn to tease her, his tongue flicking out with the lightest of touches as he kept her waiting.

Finally, she felt his fingers open her up, exposing her pink moist interior to the slight breeze, and then his tongue was in her cunt. It was a good job the park was empty, the way that she bellowed, his mouth now clamped firmly against her

genitals as his tongue went to work on her. Yvonne's hips moved every which way, especially as he exposed her clitoris and sucked on her tiny bud. She would have liked to wait a little longer, but his administrations had already brought her to a point where her climax was imminent. When he inserted a finger into her cunt and continued to suck on her clitoris, she abandoned all hope and allowed her orgasm to consume her, juices shooting from her quim as she soaked her grandson's face and her panties.

Neither of them even bothered to check anymore as Stuart ripped the panties from her and pushed his pants and briefs to his ankles. Yvonne opened her legs wide, pulling him between them as she gave a sharp intake of breath, his cock now filling her cunt. This was not going to be slow and seductive, both of them highly aroused. Stuart fucked her furiously, his shaft pounding her cunt as she coarsely urged him onwards. Sensing that she was near, he put in a final effort and was rewarded as she cried out, bucking beneath him, 'Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me.'

His head went back, and he felt her juices saturating his shaft and balls as she orgasmed once more, his cock twitching constantly inside her cunt as he filled her with his hot cum.

She gave him a handful of tissues to wipe himself as they cleaned up the best they could, her sodden panties, she folded and popped into his bag, 'Something to remember me by until the next time. I expect you to use them,' she said with a devilish laugh, Stuart knowing exactly what she meant.

They ate the sandwiches she had brought, and he joined her in a cup of coffee. By now, there were other people in the park and as much as he would have like to have shagged her again, no opportunity presented itself and it was not worth taking the risk of someone seeing them.

Although it was not ideal, they managed to find similar occasions from time to time, coming together to fuck and then going their separate ways. The family disagreement did not look like it was going to be resolved anytime soon and so

he had to content himself with those rare occasions that he got to fuck his grandmother.

His relationship with his girlfriend was deteriorating and he could sense that it was in its final throes. If he could have seen his grandmother permanently, it would not have bothered him in the slightest, girlfriend or not, Stuart would have been content to have Yvonne as his sexual partner for as long as she wanted.

He seemed to go through a period of desperation, no girlfriend and no grandmother to satisfy his needs which caused occasional mood-swings. An occasional one-night stand here and there left him unfulfilled, and he would take to his bed each night, dreaming of himself and Yvonne in some kind of semi-permanent relationship. Life at the moment seemed to be a drudge, especially in the colder winter months when there was no chance of them being able to get together. He had perhaps reached a stage where he wondered if it would ever happen again, if the last time, they had made love was actually their final liaison.

And then news arrived one day that his grandfather had passed away. Suddenly they were re-united again, able once more to visit her but the sad occasion of her bereavement was not the ideal time to re-kindle their activities.

When he saw his grandmother on the day of the funeral, she took his breathe away, the black dress she wore, whist for once not displaying any cleavage, fit her snugly, her figure looking like an hourglass and her black stocking clad legs attracting his attention. Throughout the service, he could not take his eyes off her, but today was not the right time he thought, thrusting his imaginings to the back of his mind.

It was a long service and then there was the reception afterwards and to Stuart it seemed like the day went on and on until finally, people began to disperse. He was stood with his parents when his grandmother came over.

'Would you mind if Stuart stayed over with me tonight? Just so that I have company?'

Of course, his parents weren't going to refuse her, staying for a coffee before taking their leave. Alone, at last, Stuart was expecting to sleep in his normal room, having no idea that his grandmother had other plans for him that night. They sat and chatted for a while longer until Yvonne was sure that her grandson had no inkling of the surprise she had prepared. Her husband was gone, no longer would she have to wait and deny herself, she could now indulge her fantasies to her heart's content.

With the curtains covered, she could now be as wanton as she desired. She stood and cleared away the cups and saucers, watching her grandsons eyes continually following her. When she returned to the lounge, she asked him to stand up, her heels, making her equally as tall as he was. Turning her back to him, she quietly asked.

'Will you unzip me please Stuart?'

His fingers trembled slightly as he slid the zip down, those brief glances of her flesh and the back of her undergarment, enough to ignite his desires.

'Take a seat,' she told him as she waited patiently, and he wondered what she was up to.

As he watched, she began to sway her hips from side to side, humming a tune to herself until as she got louder, he recognised it instantly as "The Stripper".

She turned and twisted, easing herself out of the tight black dress, bit by bit exposing more flesh to him, the throbbing in his pants increasing as the dress now only covered her hips and thighs before it finally slid to the floor as she stepped out of it.

His grandmother was a beautiful woman and Stuarts greatest wish was that he could have met her when she was young, of course, that was impossible. He just stared, mesmerised at the

way she was dressed as she slowly turned, this way and that, displaying herself to him.

Her black basque was lacy, semi-transparent and enabled him to see her areola and nipples through it as well as the rest of her figure. Her panties were the same, they caressed her hips and mound, the front panel of the same lace texture allowing him to see her pubic hair beneath the nearly see-thru material. Her black stockings which came most of the way up her thighs were attached by lace straps to the basque and he admired how good her legs were. Stuart would have happily gone down on one knee there and then and proposed if he had been allowed to, the vision in front of him was everything a man could ask for.

Coming to his feet, his jacket was cast to one side, his tie going in a different direction as he frantically tore at the buttons of his shirt before casting that away as well. It took him no time at all before he was naked, his cock jutting proudly from his body, demonstrating to his grandmother how much she aroused him and how much he wanted her.

Tantalisingly, she drew nearer, one step at a time until she stood directly in front of him. Taking his hand, she placed it on her breast, moving it over the lacy material and across her nipple which now stood prominent. Keeping hold of his hand, she moved it to her other breast, repeating the process. He was waiting for her to move his hand downwards, when instead she bent her knees and crouched in front of him, her legs splayed and his cock directly in front of her mouth, as she opened her lips and swallowed him whole.

His legs trembled as she sucked on his knob, her hand running up and down the length of his shaft. Taking him from her mouth, she ran her tongue along the underside of his cock while her hand gently massaged his sack, giving it a gentle squeeze frequently as he felt his throbbing intensify. For all her teasing, Yvonne had no intention of letting him attain a level of arousal where he simply wanted to fuck her, she wanted him aroused but pliant.

His hips were beginning to pump his cock into her mouth when she pulled back and released him before standing and going over to the sideboard. Retrieving a small bottle, she

returned to Stuart, pouring a small amount of baby oil into her hand before massaging it into his shaft. Looking down, his cock glistened, a thin film of oil covering his member as his grandmother wiped her hand. Having removed her panties, she moved across to the couch, crooked a finger and beckoned him over to her, putting her face close to his as she whispered in his ear.

Stuart's eyes went wide, it was something he had not yet attempted, and he watched as she settled herself on the couch, gripped behind her knees and pulled her legs up, high and wide. She nodded her consent as he sank to his knees and pushed his cock down so that its tip rested against the small tight puckered entrance of her arse. With the help of the oil, it took very little force, marvelling at the feeling as the head of his shaft disappeared up her rectum.

It was so much tighter than her fanny and he glanced at his grandmother to make sure he wasn't hurting her. She smiled back at him and readied herself.

'All of it. Go on, you won't hurt me. I want all of your cock up my arse.'

Gripping her ankles, he supported her legs as his hips exerted a small amount of pressure and inch by inch his cock disappeared up her back passage. He watched her changing expressions as he sank himself into her until she finally let out a loud moan, his shaft now buried deep inside her shitter.

'Now fuck me. Fuck me just like you would fuck my pussy.'

As he sodomised her, he watched as she began to play with her breasts, pulling both of her tits from their cups and massaging and squeezing her flesh, her fingers twisting and pulling at her nipples as his thrusts became quicker and harder. And then to his amazement, she placed one hand between her legs and used her fingers to open her fanny wide so that he could see its moist pink interior. Her other hand joined it, as her fingers began to rub either side and across her exposed clitoris, stimulating herself as she brought her climax closer.

Stuart was enraptured, the sight of his grandmother touching herself, raised his arousal level several notches, his hips slamming his cock into her faster.

'I'm nearly there, Stuart,' Yvonne gasped as she suddenly jammed several fingers into her cunt, her hand moving rapidly as she frigged herself.

Yvonne's face was red, her eyes gazing downwards towards her mound and her fingers pummelling her cunt. For a moment, Stuart thought she was frowning until he realised that she was concentrating on her oncoming climax, her eyes suddenly flicking up to his as she acknowledged she was ready. And then as his seed filled her rear end, she abandoned herself to it, soaring like a bird in flight as the sensations generated between her legs consumed her body.

For both of them, it was a culmination of everything that they had perhaps wished for, having made love once, they took to her bed. For the first time ever, he would spend the complete

night with her, not just making love, but cradling her in his arms as they both fell asleep.

Stuart spent several weeks with his grandmother, his daytime routine had returned to normal, and his parents would visit most days. But each evening he would return to her, like a newly married couple as they allowed their bodies to declare their love.

Yvonne had a sister in America and after a while, she planned a visit, she had told her grandson one day.

'It's only for two weeks, so put that bottom lip away,' she said with a kindly smile.

He had been disappointed of course, in a way she had become a part of his life, a woman other than his grandmother.

'Anyway, it will do you good to miss me. Imagine what we can get up to when I return.'

Those two weeks had seemed an eternity, but then with great relief, she was home. He had to spend time away from her, there was no explanation he could have given to his parents as to why he wanted to move from home and into his grandmother's place. In some respects, for a time they became a couple, but it could not last forever, Yvonne realised that.

She had just returned from a second trip to her sisters an extended one this time and she had already made plans for another. It had given her time to think, she loved what she had with her grandson, but she also realised the impracticalities of their relationship. He was young and she was a lot older, if the age difference had been smaller, maybe she would have reconsidered. But as it was, in another ten years he would still be a young man and she would be a pensioner, add another ten on top of that and she would be coming to the end of her life while his life was still in front of him.

She had returned from her second long-stay having made a decision, all she had to do now was tell Stuart. She had made all the arrangements, keeping everything a secret until the last moment, waiting until they were in bed together one Saturday night.

They lay on their sides facing each other, his eyes glancing up and down her body, her large breasts and slim waist, his hands moving over the flare of her hips and onto her thighs. Dipping his head, his mouth latched on to her nipple, teasing it with his tongue as he brought the teat erect. His hand moved from her thigh, stroking her belly and his fingers running through her pubic hair as they neared her quim and then moved away as her breathing quickened each time.

She could already feel the tingling in her fanny as she teased the head of his cock, rubbing his pre-cum into its plump shiny surface. Stuart drew nearer, kissing her plump succulent lips the second they came in range, their mouths grinding together as he moved closer still and felt her full body push against his own. There was nothing frantic about their

lovemaking that night, it was slow and sensual as they increased each other's arousal and desires.

Her fanny was hot and wet as she pulled him on top of her, her labia already open and waiting as his cock slid inside her moist tunnel, Yvonne gasping as she did each time his cock filled her fanny at the onset. He fucked her slow and steady, building her up and lowering her down, making the moment last. They changed position several times, she straddled his hips, and he took her from behind until they ended where they had started, facing each other with his shaft buried deep inside her. There was no frantic finale that night, it was just a constant rhythm as he fucked her until they were both ready to plunge over the edge, hand in hand.

She had waited until they had both recovered, his arms wrapped around her as they settled down. She started slowly, finding the words hard to say and her heart-breaking as she saw his face.

'Stuart, my darling. I'm going to be going to America again. Only this time, I won't be returning.'

He had sat bolt upright, and she could see the look of desolation in his face.

'It's for the best, as much as I love what we have, there will come a time when you look at me and realise that I am an old woman and that your own life has passed you by. I couldn't bear that to happen, or the thought that it may cause you to hate me' She watched as the tears ran down his cheeks.

He had put up arguments, trying to persuade her she was wrong, but she knew she had made the right decision.

'Tonight will be our last time. I have made arrangements and will be leaving shortly. I want you to make love to me again and spend the night with me. And then in the morning, we will part as we have always done, I as your grandmother and you as my grandson.'

Yvonne had left soon afterwards to start her new life. Of course, they had made promises to each other that they would visit often. But it never happened, life, as usual, got in the way.

A while later there was a new girlfriend on the scene and after that, marriage and children. Always a reason to put the trip off until another day.

And then the news arrived, his grandmother had passed away and part of his heart was lost forever. He cursed himself for a while, if only he had made the effort.

As he got older, he began to acknowledge that her reasoning and decision had been correct. He could not have stopped her passing and would now have faced life with nothing.

Stuart could never properly speak of that part of his past, of the two women he had truly loved, his grandmother and Yvonne, but he would happily take her memory to his grave.