

Our Secret Valentine Retreat

Elena hums as she prepares a hearty breakfast for the four of them. She stirred the oatmeal, flipped the heart shaped pancakes, and then cracked open two more eggs, spilling them on the skillet before turning to face her family.

"Breakfast will be ready in a moment everyone. So, does anyone have anything planned for tonight? It's Valentine's Day you know."

She starts preparing the plates as her question is met with apathetic silence. "Oh, come on now. Someone must have something planned. I mean you two kids are both way too nice and sweet not to be enjoying Valentine's Day with a sweetheart?"

Twenty year old Ellie, the elder of the two kids, speaks up first. "I had plans and now I don't. Me and Tommy split up just about a week and half ago."

Jimmy, two years younger than his sister, chimes in cheerfully, "Yeah I heard he dumped your ass." The truth is, like many a little brother, Jimmy maybe always had a thing for his older sister, although he might have been loath to admit it. This naturally led to a bit of jealousy on his part over any guy lucky enough to date his beautiful sister.

"Yeah so. His loss right, Daddy?"

James peers over the Wall Street Journal at his lovely young daughter smiling. "Exactly sweetie. He will regret it someday."

The conversation dies down as all four of them dig into breakfast. Finally, after pushing her plate aside, Elena turns to Jimmy, "So what about you. Have a date for tonight, young man."

Before he can answer Ellie is all over the question. "Are you kidding? He hasn't had a date in like forever. He is still carrying a torch for that slut Lisa who dumped him . . ." She turns to Jimmy fixing him with an evil grin. "Like a year ago. You know what I heard--"

"That is enough Ellie!!" James interjects. "Help your grandma clean up the breakfast table."

"Oh yeah he can tease me about being dumped but I can't say a word back. I see how it is!!" She picks up her plate and with a loud bang tosses it into the kitchen sink.

James sighs loudly retreating to the den with a fresh glass of orange juice so he can finish reading his paper in peace.

Later on Elena has a chance to talk to Jimmy alone and finds out the sad truth. His sister was right. He hasn't dated at all since Lisa dumped him a year ago almost to the day.

Seeing the look of abject grief pass over his cute face is too much for his nana to endure. Of her five grandchildren, Jimmy by far, is her favorite.

While Jimmy may be relatively average in every way: five eleven, 185 pounds, sandy brown hair, a light complexion that burns too easy in the sun, he does have a couple things going for him that is exceptionally above average-- a super warm heart and generous caring personality. It is those two traits especially that his Nana Elena finds supremely irresistible in him.

"Look, Jimmy, don't feel bad. Your grandmother doesn't have plans for tonight either."

There it was; an opening you could drive a truck through. "So why don't we go out tonight and maybe do something."

"You mean like a date?" Elena says coyly while almost bursting with joy that Jimmy is showing the nerve to suggest such a thing.

"Sure." Jimmy fidgets nervously. He has only been in one relationship and that did not end well. The word "date" kind of scares him as it implies a whole lot of pressure on him to make a woman happy.

His grandma, with a keen sense of women's intuition recognizes this. "Hmm, I can see by the way you are fidgeting the word date is

probably not what we should call it. How about this . . . let's just hang out together. Maybe do something is all. No pressure just a young man and his nana spending some quality time together."

"Yeah, OK, but I have money so we can go out and do something. My treat."

"Sounds lovely my dear. What did you have in mind?"

"It's your treat. Maybe you pick Nana E."

"OK. I will think of something nice and surprise you."

"As long as you let me pay."

"Oh you will pay alright. Your nana is not a cheap date." She stands up brushing her fingers along the side of his face before leaving the room conveniently forgetting already they weren't supposed to be calling it a date.

Elena's annulment, in the works for almost two years, had just been finalized a few weeks ago back in the Philippines. Her husband, Mannie, had been cheating on her for some time, and finally Elena, despite her strong Catholic beliefs in the sanctity of marriage, had left him and come to America on a ninety day tourist visa in the mood to celebrate her new found freedom.

Arriving in America just in time for the holidays, Elena felt it finally time to live a little. In short order, she got several tattoos, coloured her pretty black hair with blond streaks, and went to a noted plastic surgeon where she received several treatments of Botox along with having her boobs enlarged.

It cost a pretty penny, but Elena looked and felt great afterwards, especially after getting a gym membership. After dropping nearly fifteen pounds since joining the gym, Elena was now down to carrying 106 pounds on her small five foot one frame. She had already looked young for her fifty one years of age even before she had the Botox, but now, after the treatments her natural beauty really shines.

After she leaves the room Jimmy plops down on the couch relieved, he would be able to keep his promise to his dad. Earlier in the week James had come to his son and explained how his grandmother was feeling a bit lonely lately and was kind of experiencing what one might call a midlife crisis.

He suggests if he did not have plans for Valentine's Day he should invite his grandmother out and make her feel special. At first he thought he might have been joking but then he catches the deadly serious expression on his face as he begins to speak.

"Your nana has a dreamy heart full of romantic notions so being alone on Valentine's Day would be painful for her even if she

wouldn't show it. So maybe you could do something extra special for her, be with her, hang out, and if you are feeling brave maybe do something a little bit romantic for her."

The five crisp one hundred dollars bills to help pay for whatever niceties he might want to do for his nana shows Jimmy just how serious his father was about entertaining his nana for the evening.

But James was doing a bit more than handing out suggestions and one hundred dollar bills to his son as he was playing both sides of the fence so to speak. Not only had he went to his son to suggest he ask his grandmother out, but he also secretly went to his mother-in-law, and told her that Jimmy had been feeling down as of late. It was coming up on the one year anniversary of when that little bitch Lisa broke his heart dumping him the day after Valentine's.

James suggested to Elena that she should maybe drop a hint about wanting to hang out on Valentine's Day. Elena, quite agreeable on the matter, promised she would try her best as she simply adored her youngest grandchild and would relish a chance to mend his broken heart.

That afternoon Jimmy takes the money his dad gave him, along with another two hundred dollars he had saved up himself and uses it to buy her a nice diamond necklace.

Having a flash of inspiration, he stops at a gift shop and buys a little cute brown teddy bear, and a single red rose. Back at home he sneaks

off to his bedroom and slips the diamond necklace around the teddy bear's neck and uses a piece of invisible tape to affix the rose to the bear's paw. He carefully places the bear back in the little pink striped bag it came in from the gift shop ready to present it to her at some point in the evening with a grand flourish.

Driving to the restaurant in his dad's flashy silver Altima 3.5 SL, Jimmy feels absurdly good. His grandmother looks pretty in her usual understated way. She is dressed casual wearing a white loose fitting off the shoulder sweater and a pair of rather tight looking jeans. He would have never guessed she was fifty one years old.

At the restaurant, a casual Italian pizzeria, they enjoy a pleasant dinner that grows more interesting as Elena starts to get a bit tipsy. She downs two glasses of red wine with her veal Parmesan allowing the underage Jimmy to take furtive sips from her glass from time to time. The alcohol loosens up Jimmy just enough to where he is feeling quite charming and full of bravado as the night wears on.

After dinner, Elena suggests going on a little sightseeing tour of the old historic Maple Hill downtown section before heading home since it was such a pleasant evening with the temperature being an unusually warm 59 degrees.

After spending an hour window shopping and stopping at an ice cream parlor for a pair of cones they decide to head home. On the way home Elena suddenly has a whim. Although it's just starting to get cloudy she wants to go do a bit of star gazing. Jimmy thinks he knows just the spot . . . maybe, if he can find it again.

Lookout Point was a local landmark of sorts. It was nothing more than an old logging road that wound its way up through the pristine pine forests that surrounded Maple Hill and ended in a wide turnout that had a clear view of the surrounding countryside, and most especially of the small town.

It had once been a hot spot for teen lovers, back in the day long ago, but now it was mainly used by stargazers to watch the night skies over Maple Hill. Jimmy had been up there one time years ago with his family on their own star gazing adventure after his dad had spent about a thousand dollars on some fancy new telescope.

"Jimmy, hon, I think we are, maybe not on the right track here. Shouldn't we be climbing I mean to get to Lookout Point."

She is right. The narrow dirt lane they are on has been sloping downhill for at least a good two miles now. "Yeah I think I maybe should have went right at the fork a while ago. Like I said it's been a while since I was up here. Sorry, but I think I am kind of lost now."

Actually there is no "kind of" about it. He is lost. The fact it has started to rain adds to his growing discomfort. The once clear night skies started filling with dark rainclouds almost as soon as they started heading toward where he thought Lookout Point should be located.

Jimmy had suggested turning back, but Elena said she still wanted to see the famous Lookout Point even if it was becoming too cloudy to do any real stargazing.

He is starting to get more than a little worried although his Nana Elena seems rather unconcerned by the whole thing. Another ten minutes pass with the rain coming down harder. The narrow dirt lane they are on seems to have no end as it winds its way among the tall pines of Maple Hill. Maybe worse still, there has thus far been no decent spot to turn around the car and head back.

Jimmy curses and bangs his hand on the steering wheel; they have finally come to the end of the narrowing winding road. Unfortunately the end is a dead end. Despite there being precious little space to turn the car around he will be forced to try to do so anyway.

He eases the car to the right as far as he dares before turning the wheel sharply and then backing up. Forward again, another sharp turn of the wheel and then . . . more cursing as the back tires have slipped off the road and into a little trough of slick gravel.

"Shit!" I am going to have to get out and push while you give it some gas, Nana."

Elena slides across the seat. "Which one is the gas again hon?" she giggles.

"The one on the right. Just be careful and gentle on the gas. Wait till I say go."

Jimmy climbs out of the car cursing he didn't bring a jacket. He rubs his hands together and walks around to the back of the car.

"OK . . . Give it some gas," he yells pushing hard. Elena gives the gas pedal a gentle tap and the car lurches forward.

"Good, no more," he yells as the back tires clear the edge of the road. Elena emboldened by the car finally moving forward, and thinking Jimmy said, "More," taps on the gas harder this time.

The car shoots across the narrow lane and slams nose first into a wide ditch on the other side of the road. Jimmy, thrown off balance by the car suddenly shooting forward, is thrown face first to the ground. Fortunately, he is able to get his hands under his body somewhat breaking his fall.

He jumps to his feet unconcerned with his own pain worried about his nana. Rushing up to the driver's side, he lets out a sigh of relief when he sees her smiling faintly at him.

"Oops," she whispers.

"Well," he walks around to the front of the car. The nose of the small car is angled deep in the wide ditch. "We are defiantly stuck now and going to need a tow. Let me guess." He pulls his phone out of his pocket as he climbs into the car next to her slamming the door shut in frustration. "No signal."

"So what do we do?" Elena asks. "I guess I really screwed up huh?"

"Oh shit, Nana I'm the one who got us lost in the first place so if it is anyone fault its mine."

"Hmm . . ." She reaches out and brushes a hand through his hair, "Taking the blame for the ladies screw up. How very chivalrous and charming of you young man."

He smiles faintly at her before responding. "Well right now I am not feeling very charming as the way I see it we have three choices. None of them good."

"Tell me?" she says smiling disarming at him.

He smiles back starting to relax. She seems totally undaunted about their predicament. On the other hand, if this had been Lisa setting next to him, she would be fucking freaking out and demanding he do something . . . right . . . now . . . to solve the situation. It is a pleasant change to say the least.

Still, they could be in a spot of trouble up here as he sighs preparing to explain their choices as he sees them. "One, we could wait and see if someone comes along. At this hour on a Tuesday night late, I don't see that happening. Second, we walk back to town . . . now . . . in the rain. Or, finally, we wait in the car and see if it stops raining and then walk. Thing is the rain . . . it's coming down harder and I don't think it's going to let up anytime soon."

Elena seems to be not listening; she has her head turned and is staring back across the road seemingly intent on trying to see something in the dark.

"Maybe there might be a fourth option hon. I thought just a bit back I seen a mailbox on the side of the road."

"Really, a mailbox out here?"

"Yeah, there are houses up here aren't there?"

"Yeah, a few, I suppose."

"Well, if there is a mailbox, then there is a house nearby, and maybe someone could help us. We could use their phone and call for help maybe."

"You sure you seen a mailbox, Nana. Was it close?"

"Yes, pretty close. We should at least go see right?"

"Fine, just let me grab the flashlight out of the glove compartment, and we will go," he replies although he thinks the chances of someone being home, someone willing to answer the door at this hour, are remote.

Elena was right after all. They barely had went thirty yards maybe when he spots a mailbox, and a narrow opening for a driveway just off the road.

Although they did not have to walk far the whole thing is still quite the ordeal. Elena is wearing a pair of four inches heels defiantly not made for walking on dirt roads slick with rain making the going slow as he has to hold onto her the whole way. Making things even worse is the rain is coming down harder still and they are getting soaked to the bone.

When the driveway opens up they spot the house, which is not a house at all, but instead a cabin, and Elena lets out a small whoop.

"See I told you hon."

"Nana don't get too excited. I have been thinking. It's a cabin, not a house. A summer cabin that is probably only used . . . you know . . . in the summer."

"Oh, right."

"I think most of the houses or cabins up here are that way mainly just summer retreats for rich people."

"So no one is home."

"Doubt it. Maybe if it was the weekend might be a better chance, but now mid-week." He shakes his head no as they slowly approach the front porch.

"But we can at least knock and see. Besides the porch is covered and we can get out of this damn rain."

They knock on the door. Of course, there is no answer.

"Now what. Like I said, no one is home and probably won't be for months." Jimmy says turning to Elena. His heart breaks as she looks miserable standing there shivering in the cold rain.

"We need to go back to the car turn it on and get the heater going. I am freezing."

"Hmm see the thing is . . ." Jimmy is looking around as he contemplates what to do next. "Nana there is not much gas left in the car. Not enough to last the night anyways and it's only going to get colder."

"So what we walk. Jimmy I am not sure I can make it. I . . . with these heels on and the rain . . . Jesus."

"OK . . . so . . . there is another choice." He says slowly turning to look at the door. Its looks sturdy unfortunately.

"You're not thinking of breaking in hon. What if they have an alarm."

He starts to laugh hoping to ease her fears before telling her cheerfully, "Well, then I guess we will be arrested and rescued all at once. And if they don't have an alarm, then we have a nice quiet and dry place to spend the night. I think we have no choice."

He tells her to stay on the porch while he goes around back trying to find an easier way in without trying to batter in the front door or busting the picture window out in the front.

A minute later Elena hears a small shattering noise and her heart leaps with relief. Another minute passes and he is at the front door letting her in to the cabin.

They take a quick minute using the flashlight, the power is not on of course, to explore the interior of the cabin holding hands going room to room. The cabin is smaller than it looks from the outside and only has four rooms.

After sitting her purse down by the front door, Elena whines she really has to go pee. They locate the cabin's only bathroom, a spartan half bath, just down a short hallway and off the cabin's only bedroom. Jimmy gives her the flashlight as she shuts herself inside the bathroom.

He doesn't wander far from the bathroom door as the interior of the cabin with the curtains all shut is extremely dark. He waits patiently slumping down on the bare hardwood floor shivering. The interior of the cabin is cold, but at least it dry and will keep the rain off their head. If they are lucky maybe they can find some blankets or something to help keep them warm.

Hearing the door open he gets quickly to his feet. "Ready to explore our new home, Nana?"

"You mean our secret Valentine retreat. Maybe it has a fireplace and I can tell you a love story later."

"Well, the day is perfect as is the settings for such a story. Yeah, secret Valentine retreat I like that Nana."

Taking her by the hand he leads her out of the bedroom before she stops. "You know if we get in trouble for this . . . it's all my fault."

He takes the flashlight from her and shines it briefly in her face wanting to show no fear. "Yes, it will be your fault, but in the meantime . . . we have not been caught so . . . lets explore."

"You are right hon, we haven't been caught and actually . . . hmm this is kind of exciting. Let's explore and pray this old fashioned little cabin of ours has an equally old fashioned brick fireplace. Jesus, I am cold."

"Yes you are. Your hands feel like ice," he whispers as he leads her down the short hallway to the front room. He doesn't know why he is whispering but somehow it just feels right to do so inside the small dark cabin.

Emerging into the front room, Jimmy plays the small beam of the flashlight up one wall and down another. "Jackpot!" He exclaims as the light picks up a fairly large stone fireplace against the far wall.

"Now let's pray there is some wood someplace." Moving across the room, dodging the only two pieces of furniture, a small couch and love seat, he plays the light around searching for some wood.

"There . . ." Elena cries out as the beam falls on a small bundle of wood piled neatly in a black holder stuck in the corner closes to the fireplace.

"Now, the kitchen. Pray they have matches."

They are in luck as not only do they find a two new boxes of long stick matches in one of the drawers, but also a whole cache of tea light candles.

They quickly divide up the chores. Jimmy takes one of the boxes of matches and is tasked with starting a fire while Elena takes the candles and starts to light them one by one placing them strategically throughout the front room.

They finish up about the same time coming together standing in front of the fire enjoying the glowing warmth. "Well, at least we have a fire to keep us warm Nana," Jimmy says quietly.

"Yeah, well, hon, now we have to decide what to do about our wet clothes. I think we need to get out of them don't you?"

"You mean like what so we are totally naked?" he asks nervously.

"No, silly. Don't sound so worried. Just to our underwear. I mean you are wearing underwear under those fancy dress pants of yours aren't you hon?"

"Yes, of course. So what we will strip and then wrap up in blankets to stay warm while we lay our clothes out by the fire to dry?"

"Actually that would be a good idea wrapping up in blankets. It would spare you from having to see your nana's fifty year old plus body on display."

She pauses briefly, flashing him a wry smile curious to see his response. It doesn't disappoint as he quickly interjects. "Oh Grandma stop it. You have a . . . real nice body I would bet and you don't look fifty something by the way . . . much younger actually."

"Ohhh you are a sweet boy. Maybe that is why you were always my favorite, but anyways while you were busy finishing the fire I did a bit of exploring searching the only closet I could find and there was a couple blankets."

"Well great. Where are they?"

"Hmm, sorry but they kind of smell musty and have stains on them. I don't really want them anywhere near my body hon and neither would you if you got a look at them."

"Oh . . . well what about the bed then. We could strip the blankets off of there. Maybe the sheets."

"I checked. The bed is bare except for a single quilt."

"I suppose that is nasty too."

"No, it actually smells nice and fresh. I was thinking we could share it."

"Share it?"

"Yeah, move the couch here closer to the fire and then kind of snuggle next to each other under the quilt after we get rid of our wet clothes."

"That sounds OK. I'm going to use the bathroom. I will get undressed in there I guess."

"Fine, hon. Bring the quilt with you when you come back. I am going to explore the kitchen and see if our hosts left us anything to drink."

As he heads off to the bathroom Jimmy head is filling with unwelcome naughty thoughts of just what kind of bra and panties his nana might be wearing under her clothes.

Shutting the door to the bathroom he tries to banish the naughty thoughts from his head as he slowly gets undressed. A few minutes later he comes into the front room carrying the quilt and his wet clothes expecting her to still be dressed as he thought, like him, she would get undressed in the bathroom.

Instead, he is greeted to a wonderful sight. His nana has already stripped out of her wet clothes and is standing there, her back to him, arranging her jeans and sweater in neat order on the floor in front of the fire.

She is bending over while arranging her clothes so he is treated to the rather appealing sight of her lovely ass being on full display thanks to the exceptionally sexy pair of white ruffled panties she is wearing. And then she turns around and his heart nearly stops.

Not that he ever went out of his way to try and notice one way or the other, but up until this point in his life the few times she had come to visit from the Philippines, which was maybe once every four or five years, he had always thought his grandmother to be attractive looking with a typically Filipino body . . . slim and petite and not particularly well endowed.

But as she turns around his world suddenly goes on tilt. She is wearing a strapless ruffled white bra that perfectly matches the panties and looks absolutely delicious on her. The bra has the added feature of showing off that she is, in fact, rather well endowed.

He stands there staring dumbly. She is speaking but he is hardly hearing a word she is saying. It is beginning to dawn on Elena why her young grandson may be struck dumb as she approaches him repeating herself, "I said give me your clothes hon and I so I can arrange them in front of the fire."

"Here," she gently takes his pants and shirt from him before turning back around breaking the spell her large tits have cast over him. He watches him bend over again as she carefully lays out his clothes in front of the fire next to hers.

Elena can feel his eyes crawling all over her ass and much to her surprise, maybe it's the three glasses of wine she had over dinner, it doesn't bother her one bit. She also sensed her young grandson got quite the shock when she turned around and was presented with the sight of her newly upsized 32 DD tits.

She must admit the feeling of him staring at her chest left her feeling kind of queasy on the inside . . . queasy in a good way that is. Deciding to push the envelope a bit, she turns around slowly to face him.

Taking his hand, she leads him over to the couch, before turning around to face him, "Here let's get you tucked under the quilt all nice and toasty hon."

Arranging the quilt carefully around him after he sits down and get comfortable on the couch she whispers, "How is that hon? Nice and comfy?" She sits down next to him and patiently starts to put her shoes back on.

"Why are you putting your shoes back on? Aren't you going to get under here with me Nana?"

"I will. I just need to take care of a couple things before I join you baby and the floor is cold so I'm putting my shoes back on."

"Can I help?"

"Doubtful unless you know how to apply makeup and fix hair. The rain really did a number on both."

"Oh Nana you really going to worry about that now?" I mean--"

"Of course I am," she replies interrupting him. "You have been so sweet to me tonight it's the least I can do to still make an effort to look good for you sweetheart. Sit tight I won't be long."

She then turns and slowly swishes her way toward the front door where she grabs her black purse off the small accent table and carefully slings it over her shoulder. Smiling at him she struts across

the hard floor, her heels clicking seductively, and past him on down to the bathroom.

His eyes helplessly track her all the way until she disappears inside the bathroom where he lets out a deep breath. He had not realized he had even been holding his breath during the show. And make no doubt about it—it was a show.

The way that nice ass of hers was wagging as she sashayed over to the table to grab her purse, helped immensely by the effect of her five inch heels doubtlessly, was the warm up act. And then came the main event, when she slowly turned, slinging the purse casually over one shoulder, its blackness standing out in dark contrast to her bra, and swaggers back toward him, parading past him heading toward the bathroom, those big tits bouncing ever so noticeably under the tight confines of that gorgeous white strapless bra of hers. Yes, he had been holding his breath, and when she finally disappears inside the bathroom he lets it out after wiping his sweaty palms on the quilt. He looks under the quilt. He has a fucking boner.

Just within the past few minutes the atmosphere inside the cabin has changed. The cabin has been filled with a palpable sexual tension that seems to be a living breathing entity all onto itself. The boner he is still sporting is apt testimony to this fact.

"Jesus I hope she takes her time in there," he whispers quietly as he can only imagine what might happen if she was to hurry back snuggling under the quilt with him, and discover to her grisly horror her favorite grandson has a fucking boner that won't quit.

He closes his eyes trying to relax and think of anything but how fucking hot she looks half naked. It works. Almost. He is at least down to a semi firm status when she emerges from the bathroom a few minutes later.

Standing in front of him, hands on hips she purrs, "Well what do you think, Jimmy, better." Inside the bathroom, she had put on a fresh coat of her bright red lip stick, some more blush, and fixed up her hair as best as she could. She hoped he would notice the difference.

Jimmy looks at his nana. She has positioned herself so she is framed by the dancing fire in the background and looks absolutely gorgeous. He wants to say something clever and charming but the best he can do is maybe kind of corny but he says it anyways.

"Your beauty is the envy of all, unequaled in its rarity, and hopefully mine to enjoy forever more."

She reaches out one hand stroking his cheek softly. "Yeah I know that was corny, Nana."

"No honey it was beautiful."

"Just like you then."

She smiles again before turning around and heading toward the kitchen. At the doorway she pauses and quickly turns back. Of course, she catches him staring at her ass as she was walking away which only gives her the courage to say what is in her heart.

"You know if you don't stop being so charming honey, your nana is going to just eat you up when she gets under that quilt with you." Before he can respond she turns and heads into the kitchen.

In the quiet stillness of the cabin, he can hear her opening cupboards inside the kitchen.

"Hey what are you doing?" He yells out to the kitchen.

"Surprise, baby, sit tight, I'll be right back."

Elena comes back into the room carrying two medium sized bottles of what he is not quite sure.

"I couldn't find any clean glasses so we will just have to drink straight from the bottle. The peppermint is yours and the butterscotch is mine. I love butterscotch so I hope you don't mind."

"What is it?"

"Some kind of alcohol I guess. The bottle says Schnapps. I have never really heard of it before and never drink anything harder than wine but I am feeling daring tonight and it is a special occasion so . . ."

"Oh shit!!That's right. It's still is Valentine's Day." Jimmy jumps up from the couch throwing the quilt off.

"What is it honey?" Elena says stepping back surprised.

"I almost forgot something," he replies rushing over to his clothes. He picks up his pants and starts to hurriedly put them on.

"Hey those can't even be close to being dry yet, Jimmy."

"Yeah, I know, but I gotta get dressed. There is something in the car I forgot."

"Honey, no you can't go back there. Can't you hear it's raining harder than ever now?"

Pausing, he hears the steady thrumming of rain on the cabin's roof. Shrugging his shoulders he tells her, "Yeah, well this is important so . . ."

He is quickly buttoning up his shirt when she comes over to him. "Really can't it wait, Jimmy? You were just getting warmed up and now you are going back out there for what?"

"You'll see," he answers heading toward the door as he finishes with the last of the buttons on his shirt.

He was about to open the door when she yells at him with such desperate urgency "to wait" that he pauses.

Hurrying over to him, she throws her arms around him and gives him a hug. "Be careful out there hon."

"Nana, I am only going to the car."

"Yeah but it's cold and dark and raining out there and you are leaving me all alone so please just hurry anyways. OK."

"OK," he replies anxious to go already.

He was just about to turn away when she says softly, "Kiss first."

He pauses, turns and plants a small kiss on her cheek. "Promise me you will hurry."

"Promise," he whispers and then it happens. They share a spontaneous kiss on the lips. It doesn't last so long as to be classified as "improper", but yet it lingers just long enough to let each one know that tonight is shaping up to be something special.

He dashes out the door, the taste of her lips still haunting him, while she wanders slowly back to the couch her heart thudding. Jimmy tries to run fast but with rain, and now a fierce wind in his face, his pace is not at all fast.

He actually slows down afraid of losing his balance in the utter darkness, and landing in a heap face first in this damnable muddy driveway.

Reaching the car he jams his hands down inside his pants pocket searching for the keys. He doesn't find them and begins to panic thinking they maybe fell out on the cabin floor by the fire.

He takes a deep breath and checks the other pocket as he says a quick prayer. They are there. He fumbles the keys into the lock and then wrenches the door open before diving into the back seat.

Another moment of panic seizes him as at first in the darkness he can't find the small gift bag he had stashed in the back seat. He had decided not to give her the gift over dinner, but instead to wait to they were back home and hopefully alone.

With all the excitement of first getting lost, and then stuck, and then breaking into the cabin, he had almost forgotten about the gift until that very moment she mentioned it was still Valentine's Day.

Once he remembered the gift, nothing short of the earth actually opening up and swallowing the car would keep him from getting the gift and presenting it to her.

He leans over frantically searching for the gift bag. He finally locates it and lets out a huge sigh of relief. He takes a deep breath looking outside. The rain is still falling in ugly black sheets. He pauses, hand on the car door, steeling himself for the ordeal of going back to the cabin.

Elena sits down wrapping the quilt around her body before twisting the cap off the bottle. She raises it up to her nose and sniffs. "Hmm, smells delicious," she whispers. Raising the bottle in a mock toast she whispers again, "Here is to being daring."

She closes her eyes, maybe expecting the worse despite the smell, and takes a hearty pull from the bottle. "Wow that is good," she whispers before taking an even bigger gulp.

The warmth of the liquor spreads quickly through her body. She smiles tipping the bottle to her mouth once more sensing whatever Jimmy was so eager to get from the car it must be something for her.

The thought, the wonderful, wonderful thought that he would go charging out in the rain for her leaves her giddy with anticipation. She will have to make sure she is doubly certain in showing her appreciation for whatever sweet gift he was so hell bent on charging out in the rain to retrieve.

Again she tips the bottle to her lips taking the longest pull yet of the sweet tasting Schnapps enjoying the way it is making her feel a bit woozy. Sitting the bottle aside she has a sudden thought. He is going to be soaked when he returns so she decides to search the cabin a bit more thoroughly in hopes of finding a towel or two. She gets lucky locating two neatly folded towels on the bedroom closet's upper shelf.

She places the towels on the small table next to the door proud of herself for finding the towels. So proud in fact she takes a huge gulp of the butterscotch Schnapps as a reward.

By the time Jimmy is weaving his way up to the front door, Elena has nearly finished half of the bottle and is happily on her way to getting plastered . . . in a most pleasant way. Then he bursts through the door causing her to let out a little startled cry as he interrupts her dreamy thoughts.

Slamming the door shut behind him he exclaims loudly, "Jesus it's raining cats and dogs out there."

Elena jumps to her feet allowing the quilt to fall from her body and goes rushing over to him. Dabbing at his wet hair with the first of the towels she leads him over toward the fire tossing the other towel over her shoulder.

Jimmy lets his nana baby him, knowing that is exactly what she wants, while trying to hide the bag from her prying eyes.

It doesn't work. Taking the bag from his hand as they reach the fire she calmly lets the bag drop onto the couch telling him, "Your gift for me will just have to wait until we get you out of these wet clothes . . . again . . . and dried off a bit. Jesus hon you are soaked."

Turning from him, she shoves the already wet towel into his hands, "Here finish drying your hair off a bit while I get your bottle. It will help warm you up."

Bringing the bottle over to him she thrusts it into his hand. "Take a big drink honey. It will help warm you up."

He tips the bottle back, taking a large swig wanting to show his nana he was a man and could handle his liquor. He takes another good jolt from the bottle before setting it aside on the fireplace's upper mantle watching with growing amusement the way his nana is clawing at the buttons on his shirt.

Seeing his set the bottle down she shifts her attention lower. "Finish undoing your shirt hon while your grandma works on getting these pants off of you."

Jimmy is taken back by the aggressive way she nearly tears his dress pants off of him but says nothing. Being this close to her, he can smell the Schnapps on her breath when she talks figuring she must have had a rather generous amount to drink in his absence.

His clothes end up in a heap at his feet as she pulls the second towel off of her shoulder. "Oh poor baby you soaked clear through your clothes all the way to your skin. Here let me dry you off a bit before Nana snuggles with you under the quilt and gets you all nice and warm."

She starts patting his bare chest slowly working her way downwards in a circular pattern while he leans against the wall next to the fireplace. She reaches over and snatches the bottle of peppermint Schnapps off the upper mantle and takes a big swig of it.

"This one is good too. Your turn. C'mon you have lots of catching up to do in the drinking department." She pushes the bottle into his hands imploring him to "drink up."

He takes another large gulp, nearly spitting it out when he feels the towel brushing up against his crotch before slipping down to his thighs.

Patiently, Elena towels off his legs trying not to stare at him down there. Jimmy too has been trying not to stare at his nana's tits but it's nearly impossible with her standing so close to him. It's as if her chest held some kind of magical force that simply willed his eyes to stare at those two lovely bra clad hills of hers.

He hopes she hasn't noticed how very firm he was down there when she "accidentally" brushed the towel against his crotch. His firmness had indeed not gone unnoticed by Elena, and instead of making her feel ashamed it stirs something deep inside of her. Was brushing the towel against his crotch truly an accident? This was a question she asked herself, and answered by pleading the fifth.

"There baby all done," she announces rising to her knees. She risks a furtive glance downward and sees her little drying session has left her grandson with quite the bulge. The sight leaves her shaken . . . and excited all at once.

"Now let's get you all nice and warm as you are shivering sweetheart. You don't mind if your nana babies you a bit do you? It's just this whole night is really bringing out the motherly instincts in me once more."

"It's OK, if you wanna baby me some Nana. I will let you," he whispers back his nervous voice betraying his growing excitement.

As they reach the couch she turns to him smiling. "Here I have an idea of just how to warm my baby up real nice like." She picks up the

quilt wrapping it around her body tightly before grabbing the bottle of butterscotch Schnapps and taking another drink from it. Sitting the bottle back down within reach she settles down in a sitting position on the couch. Slowly opening the quilt back up, revealing that luscious body of hers once again, she pats her lap with one hand.

"Come snuggle up to Nana on her lap little Jimmy," she purrs. "Oh and don't forget her gift baby. You better hope she likes it coz if she doesn't she may have to pull down your briefs and give that cute little bottom of yours a good spanking," she says before bursting out into giggles. She is truly drunk now with the last bit of Schnapps sending her reeling happily over the edge.

Jimmy takes a large drink of his own before slowly sinking down on her lap. Elena pulls the large quilt around them both before turning to the gift bag he just placed in her lap. Pulling out the light blue envelope containing the Valentine's card he bought her first she quietly asks, "Should I read the card first or unwrap my gift?"

"The gift, Nana, please."

Elena savoring the moment, very slowly unwraps the delicate white tissue paper carefully tucked around the bear. She just has a distinct feeling her grandson is about to break her tender heart in the very best possible of ways.

She starts to blink back the tears as soon as she sees the small bear holding the rose. "Oh baby how cute. A rose for your Nana and a

little cute bear. I guess you remembered my weakness for stuffed animals . . . especially bears huh?"

"Yes, of course. Do you like it?"

She sniffs the rose whispering, "Its adorable baby just like you." She leans in, placing a soft kiss on his cheek making his heart sing with pride.

It's almost too perfect. She has missed the necklace wrapped around the bear's neck. Not too surprising since the only light near the couch comes from the dancing flames of the fire. Now he gets to surprise her with the real gift.

"Hold the bear up so the light catches him Nana and you might see something."

"Really?" Elena carefully lifts the bear up holding it out closer to the fire. The dancing light catches the diamond necklace making it sparkle just enough where it catches her eye.

She lets out a small shriek. "Oh my God baby!!" Using fingers shaking with sheer delight, she carefully unhooks the necklace from around the bear's throat.

"Jesus, it's beautiful hon and must have cost a small fortune."

"Or maybe two small fortunes but I'll never tell. Tell me you like it and however much I spent was well worth it . . . and then some."

Lowering her voice to a seductive purr she breathes, "Close your eyes baby and I will show you how much I like it."

He closes his eyes; his heart thudding as she draws nearer. A pair of soft lips on his; lingering, making his palms sweaty. She breaks off the kiss, too soon, but enough still to caress his soul with the warmest of feelings.

Opening his eyes he finds her near tears. She turns whispering for him to help fasten the necklace around her neck. He fumbles with the small latch before finally managing to get it closed tightly. Turning back around she thrusts her chest out at him. The large heart shaped pendant, inlaid with small diamonds, dangles just above the swell of her breasts.

"Does it look nice on your grandma, honey?"

The Schnapps, instilling in Jimmy a courage to say what is really in his heart, pays her yet another charming compliment. "It's look beautiful, Nana, just like you?" "You had better stop with all that charm or I am going to have to kiss you again sweetheart."

"Well," he holds up the bottle of Schnapps announcing formally, "I have not yet begin to charm you my beautiful lady. Now if you would, you have a card to open."

"So I do."

She gives him a mischievous smile as she tears open the card before carefully pulling it out. She begins to giggle.

"Oh wow, this is most unexpected. A homemade card . . . Hmm just like last time I was here for Valentine's Day card and a certain favorite grandson of mine who was all of what . . ."

"Thirteen, I think, Nana."

"Yeah, that sounds about right. I remember you made me the sweetest homemade card ever."

"You think it's stupid now that I am 18 and still making homemade cards. I mean I could have bought you a nice expensive card but--"

She touches her finger to his lips, "Shh baby. Yes, you could have bought me one of those expensive cards . . . with someone else's words, but this is so much better and sweeter. Your card, your words . . . no nothing could be sweeter."

The outside of the card is made from simple dark red construction paper, carefully folded in half, and adorned with a dozen or so less than perfect small homemade pink hearts. In between the hearts he used a childlike scrawl --in red crayon no less— to etch a greeting—
To my Nana Elena.

She stares at the card, marveling at not only the time and effort he put into making the card, but the courage it would take for an eighteen year old man to do this for his grandmother. The whole thing is once again leaving her on the edge of tears almost more so than the bear with its lovely necklace.

"Hurry, open the card, please, I want you to read what I wrote for you."

She opens the card. The words are written in the same red crayon, but this time the writing is extremely neat. She clears her throat and begins to read aloud.

Again, and again, do I love you from the bottom of my heart to the tips of my toes . . . and then back again. Nana, U are the sweetest, prettiest, most special lady I know in the whole wide world. Will you be my Valentine??

XOXOXO

All my love,

Jimmy

Using the edge of the quilt to dab at her eyes she whispers, "Jesus, I need another drink. You have set my soul on fire sweetheart with this little display of affection for me."

He hands her the bottle of butterscotch Schnapps not minding at all that she wants another drink. He has fond memories from years gone by of just how sweet and loving his nana can be when she's a bit tipsy.

Elena takes a generous swallow from the bottle before sitting it aside. Turning back to Jimmy, she addresses him solemnly doing her best not to slur her words, "So h-honey everything you say . . . in your sweet little card . . . tis true?"

"Everything, I swear," he replies with a big smile.

She picks up the card and points to just above the closing. "Hmm XO times three I guess that means you wanna give your Nana some hugs and kisses along with your card huh."

"Sure, I mean, if that is OK with you."

Leaning in close she whispers to him with that maddening mischievous smile that turns him on so, "As long as I get to pick where you plant my three kisses. Agreed." He whispers his agreement hoping she will agreed to at least one kiss on those soft lips of hers that he finds so intoxicating.

She points to one cheek whispering, "First here, and don't forget the hug either baby." He pulls her into a tight embrace and gives her a soft kiss on the cheek, and then the other cheek as she points there next.

Pulling back, another smile, and then she brings her finger to her lips. "Saving the best for last hon and make it . . . not so hurried this time. I want to feel you truly mean the kind words in your lovely card."

He brings his quivering lips to hers knowing she is expecting a lot from this kiss; knowing it perhaps will be the most serious one yet they are to share.

Their kiss, patient and unhurried, slips past any pretense of innocence and into forbidden territory when he feels her tongue licking at his lips. He opens his mouth slightly as her tongue slithers inside his mouth for the briefest of instants before slipping back out.

Sighing, she breaks contact. "That was nice baby. You are still holding back with me but . . ." She takes his hands into hers, "I can still feel the soft love in your lips."

"Me too . . . I mean I can feel your love too, Nana."

They spend the next few minutes snuggling under the quilt getting warm in a quiet solitude that only causes the raw budding sexual tension that has been building between them all night to rise to nearly unbearable levels.

Finally, she is ready to embark on Act II on their drama. She shifts slightly gently pulling his head off of her shoulder. They stare intently at each other for a moment before she begins to speak quietly.

"You know your ex-girlfriend, Lisa, was so wrong baby. You are a good kisser . . . maybe a little inexperienced sure but with some practice . . ."

Alarm bells begin clanging inside his head when his nana mentions his ex-girlfriend. How does she know his secret? Lisa swore she would tell no one of the details of what happened that night when he tried to make out with her for the first time at her friend's party.

"Who said I wasn't a good kisser?" he demands his voice rising from a mixed bag of fear and anger.

"Your sister told me she had heard it from a friend of hers, who is a friend of Lisa's older sister."

"Oh Jesus, what . . . why did she have to tell yo-"

Elena sensing he was about to fly into a tirade against Ellie, puts a finger to his mouth. "Shh baby, don't be mad at your little sister. I practically dragged it out of her and like I said . . ." She pauses, using the light touch of one finger to turn Jimmy's face toward her. "With a little practice you would have nothing to worry about in the kissing department. I liked it when we were just kissing you know."

"You did. Me too. So all I need is practice?" His mind is spinning with the possibility of just where this might lead.

"Absolutely."

"Well, too bad girls aren't just lining up to practice with me huh, especially after Lisa went and apparently blabbed to everyone what a lousy kisser I am."

Elena takes a deep breath knowing what she is about to say could very well lead them down a dark and forbidden path, but she is happily intoxicated, and if she can instill some much needed self-confidence in her grandson it will all be worth it. She takes the leap.

"Do you wanna practice with your Nana sweetie, or maybe the thought of kissing with me is just too . . . I don't know too gross . . . too disgusting to even consider." Suddenly after saying it out loud it somehow does not sound like such a hot idea because what if he gets

totally disgusted by the whole idea of a practice kissing session with his grandmother.

When Jimmy does not respond right away, he is too much in shock to do so, she looks away sadly believing her worst fears are being realized. "I'm sorry honey. I just embarrassed myself. I feel like I should go hide in the bathroom let you be alone for a minute to . . ."

She doesn't finish her sentence, instead she starts to get up meaning to flee the room.

"Nana, no, stay." He gently grabs her wrist and pulls her back down next to him. "It was not gross or disgusting. I would love to . . . you know practice with you."

"Would you," she replies softly knowing relieved she wouldn't let her leave. "Show me."

They move their lips together bit by bit inching ever closer before that final blissful moment when they come together. Everything in this mad fairy tale of a night seems to have been leading to this very moment; this very moment when Elena crashes through yet another forbidden barrier by wasting no time in working her tongue in a soft swirling motion deep into Jimmy's inexperienced mouth.

He hesitates before responding by shoving his tongue against hers. It is an altogether heavenly feeling kissing his grandmother in such a forbidden manner.

Elena, encouraged by his eager response, even if it was a bit hesitant at first, searches for his hands. She finds them laying limp at his side. Taking them tenderly into her own hands, she guides them to her bare tummy in preparation for the next big secret to be revealed.

They fall back against the couch snuggling closer together under the quilt as their tongues slip and slide in and out of each other's mouths. Jimmy strokes his Nana's bare well-toned tummy marveling at how fit she is for her age.

He tentatively moves his hands northward as the passion blooms in his heart. He desperately wants to fondle those nice looking tits of hers, but his inexperience causes his hands northward journey to first slow down, and then stop.

She pulls back from him slightly whispering, "You are doing great hon, but this time you push your tongue into my mouth first. I want you to practice at being the aggressor, showing the girl you really want her."

Their lips meet again, and after just a moment's hesitation, Jimmy twirls his tongue into her mouth just as he starts pushing his hands upwards again. Elena falls back supplicating herself to him hoping his hands don't stop until they reach where she knows they are so

desperate to go. She lets out a gentle sigh breaking off their kiss as his hands grind to a halt just short of her pretty white bra.

By just stopping short of feeling her up-- yet again-- she knows the time is right to reveal another secret she has learned. She pulls back slightly bringing her mouth around to his ear.

She begins to whisper tenderly to him. "Sweetie, your sister told me one more thing. How Lisa teased you a bit at that party when you . . . ahh tried to take off her bra and . . ." Elena pauses pulling back to look at him trying to gauge how he is taking this. Not well she sees as a storm clouds of anger, or maybe frustration, are taking over his adorably cute face.

"Yeah failed," he spits out bitterly finishing the sentence for her. "I couldn't get the stupid thing undone. Jesus I can't believe Lisa went and told about it. She promised. God this is so embarrassing. I'm eighteen years old, look like I'm fifteen, and have the sexual experience of a twelve year old. Stupid me . . . I have never even . . ." He pauses wondering if he should say it and then just blurts it out. "Felt up a girl."

He clenches his fists in frustration as he starts to pull away from her. She reaches out pulling him into her embrace. "Honey listen to your grandmother. Relax . . . here lay your head on my shoulder and let me talk to you. Just listen."

Her tone is soft and soothing calming the growing storm inside his heart. He rests his head on her shoulder submitting yet again to her will.

"Honey, first of all, bras can be tricky to undo, especially for someone inexperienced. Some of them have intricate clasps to wrestle with, some have difficult hooks to try and undo so there is nothing to be ashamed of because you couldn't get it undone. Lisa should have understood this and been more understanding."

"Yeah, bu--"

"Wait I'm not done. I have to address this other complaint of yours. You worry about looking young for your age, but trust me you look adorably cute. Why do you think your nana enjoyed kissing you so much?"

"Did you really?"

"Very much so and no way you should feel down because you are inexperienced and never felt up a girl."

"Yeah, but it's embarrassing."

Elena reaches a momentous decision. It's fueled by the alcohol and her simple love for him which at this very moment has never been stronger.

She moves her mouth to his ear again whispering words that surely will set his soul on fire. "We can change that if you want. Here, tonight, hon. I could tell your restless hands wanted to do more than you let them . . . so let them this time."

She doesn't give him time to even think of saying no, instead she brings her mouth to his aggressively. He kisses her back knowing, this time, their little kissing session is so much more serious considering the implications of what she just suggested he do.

His hands float across her bare tummy as their tongues begin a fearsome wrestling match. He is kissing her deeper and with a much stronger sense of craving as his confidence swells. His hands continue their slow ascent north; this time they do not stop just prior to reaching her white ruffled bra.

Just as Jimmy stabs his tongue into her mouth his hands drift up and on to her bra. He gives both of her tits a tentative soft squeeze loving the way they feel under the soft bra.

Running his hands over the ruffles of the bra he half expects her to pull back in horror, but when she doesn't his boldness grows along with his young penis.

Elena allows him to get comfortable fondling her tits through the bra as they continue to share several deep impassioned kisses before she submits herself totally to his youthful desires.

She leans back, resting on outstretched arms, thrusting her chest upwards, letting her head fall back allowing her beautiful black hair to fall down. It is a totally submissive pose that has Jimmy's cock throbbing with hardness.

He moves his hands carefully all around her tits caressing them as tenderly as possible before giving each a gentle squeeze that makes her sigh. He finds her ripe nipples through the ruffled bra and flicks his fingers across them over and over almost giggling with unabashed delight that she is allowing him such total access to her breasts.

He goes back to squeezing them with curious delight wondering if she is enjoying satisfying his curiosity about this once unknown part of the female anatomy.

Finally, she raises up, smiling and removes his hands from her boobs whispering, "I guess with the way you were so eagerly fondling them sweetie it means you really like the way your nana's tits feel huh?"

"Oh God, yes, Nana they feel so nice," he says as she brings his hands up to her lips and gives them several small kisses.

"I bet you would like touching them even more hon if my stupid bra was not in the way."

He feels the same way hoping she will offer to take it off for him as he is fearful of a repeat episode of what happened with Lisa. Elena keenly observing the latent fear hiding in his eyes under the obvious lust, knows it's time to extend him the invitation.

"Jimmy, sweetheart," she begins softly. "You have nothing to fear like what happened before. Here let me show you."

She scooches back away from him letting the quilt slip away completely from her heavenly body. Taking his hands into hers again, she guides them around to the back of her bra.

"Here sweetie feel around the back of your nana's bra. Take your time." He slides his fingers up and down and all around the back side of her bra feeling nothing but the same soft ruffled material like on the front when he was fondling her tits earlier.

Pulling his hands back after a long minute he says, "I'm not sure what I was supposed to be feeling for nana." He is starting to feel stupid—again—but at the same time cannot believe his nana would do anything to embarrass him.

"You felt nothing but the soft material of my bra right baby?"

"Right."

"You know what that means?"

"No," he answers quietly.

"It means my strapless bra you are so fond of here has no latches, no hooks, no anything to secure it baby . . . which makes it very easy to do this . . ."

She stares at him intently while carefully hooking one finger from each hand under the front edge of her bra. Then she ever so carefully pulls down.

Jimmy mouth almost instantly goes dry as he watches in awe as his nana's sizable boobs come tumbling out of the front of her bra.

"Jesus Christ," he whispers under his breath as his eyes get big. This is the first time he has seen an actual pair of titties—live and in the flesh and it just very well may be the most beautiful sight he has ever had the honor to behold.

"You like em baby?" she whispers knowing the answer already.

He nods his head not trusting himself to speak articulately.

"I am so honored my bare boobs will be the first you ever touch. I mean you do want to touch them right baby?"

"More than anything, Nana . . . Jesus they are so beautiful," he breathes moving his hands forward little by little afraid if he moves too fast the fantasy will somehow come crashing down. His fingers finally reach her heavenly hills as he uses one finger to trace along the slope of first one breast, and then the other.

He eyes have become trapped staring at her fully erect nipples. God in heaven they look just absolutely stunning. Unable to resist their immense beauty he brushes them lightly with the tips of his fingers liking the small moan that escapes from her lips.

Elena finds her grandson caressing her tits with such fondness she finds herself turning into butter under his tender loving touch. She had only planned on showing him her boobs and then, maybe letting him play with them for just a very little bit, but that plan is soon being replaced by something a bit more daring.

Pulling away from him, she pushes a disappointed Jimmy's hands off her tits before carefully tucking her tits back into her bra.

"Did I do something wrong, Nana?" Jimmy whispers.

"No, not at all sweetie, it's just I want to help you gain some confidence so . . ." She gets to her feet looking at him seriously. "You aren't always going to be with a female who is going to pull her tits out for you baby."

She strikes what she hopes is a sexy little pose with her hands on her hips and her head slightly cocked to one side. "So you are going to have to learn to do some things for yourself."

She takes his hands and guides them up to her waist as she moves directly in front of him. He scoots to the edge of the couch; the view is nearly perfect with his face practically on the same level as her chest.

He moves his hands upwards, more confident than the last time, and a thousand times more confident than when he was with Lisa nearly a year ago.

Once his hands reach the summit of her breasts he gives them a quick squeeze before imitating what she did earlier, and hooking a pair of shaky fingers under the front edge of her bra.

He applies just enough downward pressure on her bra to allow her breasts to come toppling out much to his utter delight, while Elena looks down at him, hands still on her hips, a happy smirk on her pretty face.

His eyes are drawn to those delicious looking stiff nipples of hers. Staring open mouthed he becomes lost in their beauty doing nothing . . . saying nothing.

"You know honey its kinds cold not being under the quilt so unless you wanna your nana to put her titties away you going to have to do something to warm them up baby."

Wrapping one hand carefully around the back of his head, she guides his quivering lips closer to her scrumptious mounds. "You wanna use that mouth of yours baby to warm your nana's boobies up."

He closes his eyes, and opens his mouth, before feeling one of his nana's ripe nipples brush up against his quivering lips. Latching onto her erect nipple with such boyish eagerness that it paralyzes her in its absolute intensity he lashes his tongue over and around her nipple again and again making his nana moan.

As the storm that is his hungry mouth attacks her delectable tits with a mighty fury of forbidden passion, they both become utterly lost to their passion for one other.

Elena recklessly tosses aside any thoughts of showing restraint as she finds his hands and steers them around to her ass. Jimmy takes her hint and begins to knead her scrumptious ass through the white ruffled panties that match her bra so perfectly.

Falling back on the couch, his mouth still glued to her tits, they claw at each other's underwear while whispering desperate exclamations of undying love to one another.

Naked, they snuggle under the warm quilt, as he struggles to push his hardness up and inside of her. With a gentle guiding hand she finally maneuvers his cock in place nudging it just inside of her.

Elena lets out a deep sigh of contentment as his six inches ever so slowly pierce her to the very core. Having her grandson deep inside her throbbing wet pussy is the most wicked, the most depraved thing she has ever done-- in an otherwise well-mannered life.

As they make gentle love she offers tender words of encouragement. "God, honey, you feel so good inside me. You love your nana so much baby boy . . . tell me you do."

"Oh God yes, Nana, I love you so much." He pauses resting above her on his arms. His cock is barely inside of her as he looks down at her heaving chest. The purest emotion, tears of blissful joy, flow from both of their eyes. Under this veil of tears they make such sweet gentle love that quite suddenly she is on the verge of cumming.

She claws at his bare ass urging him to push deeper and harder with every downward thrust of his penis. He responds almost perfectly - - going faster and harder but still managing to be gentle and sweet making love to her just as she craves it.

The first tremors of a tremendous climax begin to make themselves known throughout her body. "This is so wonderful and so naughty baby. I lov--" Her cry of love is cut off as she climaxes hard.

Her hunger satisfied she now pleads for him to come. "It's your turn now. Fuck me hard and come inside of me pleas--" She loses her voice when he suddenly and quite forcefully, slams his hardness deep inside of her making her big tits tremble.

He does it again, rocking his cock into her as pure lust overwhelms all other emotions. One last time causes his growing orgasm to rush home as he cums deep inside of her before collapsing into her arms.

Elena pulls the quilt around their naked bodies as he snuggles his face against the softness of her breasts. What could have been a rather awkward moment between them turns into something special when she decides to confront what just happened between them.

Twirling her fingers in his still damp hair she begins to whisper, "Sweetie, you know what happened between us just now was something really extraordinary."

"Yeah, it was good for me too, Nana."

"No silly, I mean I'm sure it was, but what I meant . . . what I am trying to say is us making love . . . of you losing your virginity to me . . . to your grandmother. I am pretty sure that is really, really, rare

thing to have happen. I bet it hasn't happened in the whole history of the world very many times at all."

"I guess that means our relationship has reached a very special place."

"Yes baby. A place that maybe we will want to visit again."

"And again . . . and again," he murmurs showering the valley between her tits with several soft kisses before slipping into a most contented sleep. She soon joins him sleeping soundly under the warm quilt wrapped in a perfect cocoon of pure love.

THE END