

GRANDFATHER'S BUSTY INTERN CH. 02

rmDEXter

Shannon starts to serve her well-endowed grandfather.

Incest/Taboo

4.67

13.2k words

Shannon awoke full of energy, excited about whatever the day ahead had in store for her. After sucking off her grandfather in her walk-in closet yesterday, she'd ended up almost rubbing her pussy raw the rest of the night, remembering the feel of her grandfather's huge cock in her mouth, and the luxurious taste of his hot thick cum as he'd splashed her tonsils with a massive load.

Her boyfriend, Steve, had called, wanting to see her. No doubt, he'd been hoping for a blowjob, or at least an invite over so he could check out Shannon's mother, Meredith, who he seemed to be paying far too much attention to lately. But after being with her grandfather Ted, Shannon had no desire whatsoever to even see Steve. She'd happily told him about the offer she'd accepted to be the wealthy man's intern for the summer, a job that would have her travelling most of the summer, and far away from Steve, much to his dismay. After virtually blowing off the young man, she'd returned to her room, her fingers once more seeking out her overheated pussy.

This morning, she'd packed her personal items and a few articles of clothing, based on her grandfather's instructions that he would be furnishing her entire wardrobe. The 18-year old found herself getting aroused again, wondering what a 56-year old would pick out for her to wear. After seeing the way he looked at her yesterday, she knew it would be sexy, no matter what he chose.

"DING DONG!"

"Finally," Shannon thought, racing to the door. She'd been looking at the time on her cell phone every minute of two for the last half hour, impatiently waiting for 10:00 o'clock to come. And now, right on the button, the doorbell rang. Her grandfather had said his secretary, Claudia, was picking her up and taking her shopping, with Shannon due to join up with her grandfather in the afternoon. She'd heard her grandfather mention Claudia many times, but Shannon had never met the woman. She knew Claudia had been her grandfather's secretary for over ten years, and she knew he had often said he wouldn't have been as successful as he was without this woman's proficient assistance.

Shannon opened the door to find a tall gorgeous woman facing her. The woman had to be at least 5'-10" tall, and even then, her 4" heels made her look even taller. She had frosty blonde hair, which seemed to be of middle length, but right now it was pulled up in a loosely-tied bun, feathery tendrils of wispy hair wicking down and licking sensually at her long regal neck. She had a gorgeous face, like a model, with sharp features and pronounced cheekbones. Her eyes were a vivid blue, her mouth wide and full, her lips painted a brilliant red. Her aquiline nose was slim and matched the rest of her features perfectly.

Shannon let her eyes drift down to take in what the woman was wearing. She wore a cream-colored skirt suit, the rich ivory tone accentuating her deeply tanned skin and lustrous blonde hair. The jacket fit perfectly over a French-cut white blouse, with the slim lapels of the shirt collar overlapping her jacket. The jacket couldn't hide a set of nicely-shaped breasts that strained at the front of her blouse. Shannon guessed the woman had a generous set of C-cups there. Her matching pencil skirt

hugged her long slim legs sensually, the hem ending teasingly a couple of inches above her dimpled knees. She had a heart-shaped rear end that the tight-fitting skirt clung to attractively as it followed the flowing contours of her tall body. Her tanned legs were bare, and looked smooth as silk as they glistened in the sun. Her calves were full and toned, her ankles trim and well-defined. Her sky-high ivory pumps had a wickedly pointy toe, and a slim heel that looked incredibly sexy. As Shannon looked her up and down, she knew she'd been right when she told her grandfather she had nothing in her wardrobe to wear in the business world. This woman was the epitome of the powerful female executive. She looked tremendously successful, and alluringly sexy—just the way Shannon hoped to be one day.

"You must be Shannon," the beautiful woman said, giving Shannon a wide smile as she extended her hand. Her smile was infectious, and Shannon found herself smiling back as she shook the woman's hand.

"And you must be Claudia," the young girl replied, the woman's hand slipping into hers for a confident shake.

"Yes, I'm Claudia. Are you all set? We have a lot to do before you meet up with Mr. Lockhart...er...your grandfather, this afternoon."

"Yes, I've been waiting," Shannon said eagerly, pointing to her two small bags she'd placed in the front vestibule. She'd already said her goodbyes to her parents, who left earlier for a golf game at their private club.

"Come with me, my dear," Claudia said, motioning for Shannon to follow her. "Miles will take care of that." Shannon hadn't noticed the chauffeur standing behind Claudia until the statuesque woman turned and motioned to the young girl's luggage. The chauffeur sprang forward as Claudia walked toward the waiting limousine, her arm extended for Shannon to join her. The young girl quickly fell in step as they slid into the big car, the chauffeur following behind and storing her bags in the trunk.

"So you're supposed to be taking me shopping for clothes to wear for work?" Shannon asked Claudia as Miles put the big car into gear and pulled away from the house.

"Oh no, dear. Your work clothes have already been taken care of. They're in your room at the hotel. Your grandfather has already taken care of the things he wants you to wear for work, and clothes he expects you to wear when you accompany him to social functions."

"He's already taken care of that?" Shannon asked, somewhat confused. "How...how did he know my size?"

"Shannon, your grandfather is one of the most powerful men in the world. There isn't much he doesn't know. For example, you have a credit card that was issued to you when you were 16, right?"

"Yes."

"With your grandfather's connections in the financial world, it's not hard for him to find out what you bought, where you bought it, and what size you bought." Claudia paused as Shannon took in this tidbit of information. "You'd be surprised at how much your grandfather knows about you. But trust me, he only has your best interests at heart, and...he has excellent taste in women's clothing. I'm sure you're going to love the things he's gotten you."

"Then what are we shopping for?"

"We'll be stopping at a store for you to pick up some makeup and accessories—those things are a little out of your grandfather's area of expertise. That's why he's asked me to accompany you." Shannon nodded her head in understanding. Claudia was beautiful, her clothing, hair and makeup a work of art. She looked like she had just stepped off the pages of a fashion magazine. Shannon could tell that Claudia was probably in her early forties, but she had the body of someone years younger. Her face was free of any wrinkles, but she just had the experienced and confident look of a mature woman. "From there, we're off to the beauty salon. Your grandfather is quite demanding on how he likes his interns to look, but with your natural beauty, sweetheart, there's not much those stylists will need to do."

Shannon felt herself blushing as the woman looked her up and down, the young girl's body nicely on display in a floral party dress and strappy flat sandals she'd chosen to wear. It was the nicest thing she had, and she wanted to make as good a first impression as she could. Her young breasts strained at the confines of the tight dress, and she noticed the older woman looking at her lush young body with a look of interest on her face. Shannon was happy to see that Claudia seemed pleased with the way she looked. As Shannon thought about their itinerary for the morning, and then about the items she'd packed, she had to ask something.

"Uh...Claudia, I didn't really bring much in the way of underwear. I thought from what my grandfather said, that we'd be shopping for that too."

"He's already had that all taken care of." Claudia looked directly at Shannon's voluptuous chest. "34DD, right?"

"Uh...yes," the young girl replied, blushing.

"Like I said, your grandfather knows everything. Now excuse me, I have some e-mails I need to attend to." Claudia turned to her phone to do her work as Shannon looked out the window of the limousine, her head spinning. She was amazed at how powerful her grandfather was, and what he was capable of knowing. He even knew her bra size. Shannon felt that little itch start in her pussy again, wondering about the things her grandfather had purchased for her, even right down to her dainties.

A short time later, they turned down a street in one of the elite shopping districts in the city, and Miles pulled over in front of a salon. Claudia led the way inside, with Shannon right on her heels. Entering the salon, the older woman headed right to the accessories display. "You're going to need a number of hair clips and hair bands. Your grandfather likes to see his interns' faces as much as possible when he's working with them." As Shannon chose a variety of clips and elasticized bands, she wondered if her grandfather was more interested in keeping his intern's hair out of their mouths while they sucked his cock. She could feel her pussy creaming as she thought about that huge cock he'd fed right into her young mouth yesterday, wondering when she'd get her next chance to slip her lips around that beautiful monster.

As Shannon fingered the different types of hair bands and clips, Claudia encouraged her to buy many of the items, letting her know that price was of no concern. They moved to the makeup counter, where Claudia started by inspecting lipsticks. "Let's try this one," she said, selecting one in a brilliant cherry-red. "This is the kind of thing your grandfather likes. Always remember to have a lipstick and hair clip handy when you're around him." Shannon applied a thick layer of the glossy lipstick, and pursed her lips as she looked at herself in the mirror, Claudia watching her closely.

Shannon thought she heard a low moan come from the woman, just before she spoke, "Yes, that looks perfect. I'm sure with that pretty mouth of yours, your grandfather will love it." The young girl noticed the woman kept her eyes on her freshly-painted lips the entire time she spoke.

After selecting a few lipsticks, they moved to the eye makeup section, with Claudia picking out various tones, from soft pinks and bronzes to smoky grays and subtle blues. "You'll need a good variety of these, depending on what your grandfather picks out for you to wear, and what kind of functions you'll be accompanying him to."

"You mean...you mean he'll want me to go with him to those fancy dinners and things he goes to?" Shannon asked excitedly, her heart racing again as she thought about the lifestyle she was going to be exposed to.

"Well yes, dear. I thought you understood that's what you'd be doing as your grandfather's intern."

"I knew I'd kind of be working as his personal assistant, but I thought that would be pretty much during the regular workday." Shannon blushed as she thought about what she was going to say next. "I assumed my grandfather would be taking one of those models he usually dates to those lavish functions."

A wry smile came over Claudia's pretty face. "You forget, dear, that your grandfather has no set hours for a 'regular workday'—he basically is on the job 24/7. So yes, you are right in that you will be his personal assistant and seeing to his needs, but that's going to be what he wants, whenever he wants." Claudia paused as her eyes once again ran over the young girl's curvy body and pretty face, a smoldering sensuality seeming to ooze naturally out of every pore of the sexy young thing. "And trust me, sweetheart, your grandfather will be happier having you on his arm than any of those models you've seen pictures of him with."

"You...you really think so?" Shannon asked, shocked and surprised by what Claudia had just said.

"Yes dear, I know so. Your grandfather is going to love having you at his beck and call." She put her arm around the young girl's shoulders, turning her in another direction. "Time for you to visit the spa to get ready for your grandfather. I've got some shopping to finish up for you, and I'll be back in two hours to get you."

"Are you sure you don't need me in order to try things on?"

"No. Like I said, your grandfather knows everything about you, right down to your shoe size. 6 ½, right?"

"Yes, that's right," Shannon replied, once again amazed by what her grandfather knew about her personal details.

"You just go ahead, dear," Claudia said, handing her off to one of the spa attendants. "They'll take good care of you here. See you in a couple of hours."

With a number of attendants seeing to her every need, Shannon felt like a queen. The spa was luxurious beyond anything she'd ever seen before, with young women seeing to the needs of the wealthy clients. They started by giving her a full body massage, the soft music and warm citrus scent in the private room had her almost drifting off to sleep. The masseuse's hands felt delicious on her body, leaving her totally relaxed. They had four attendants working on her at the same time as they gave her a manicure and pedicure. Her nails were a little irregular with one having broken

just a few days before. One of the attendants started to apply a set of artificial nails over top of her own once they had been trimmed and cleaned up. The artificial nails looked perfect, without being too large or garish. "The nails of a professional business woman," Shannon thought to herself as she watched them being applied.

"Do you need me to pick out a color of nail polish?" Shannon asked.

"No. Mr. Lockhart has asked us to do this one," the attendant said as she pulled out the thin brush and started to apply a generous layer of blood-red polish to Shannon's new nails. They applied the same color to her toe-nails, making all of her nails look wickedly sexy and naughty.

She was then taken to a hairstylist, who lavished praise on the condition of her lustrous brunette locks. "There's not much I'm going to need to do here to make Mr. Ted happy," the stylist said, pulling out his scissors. Shannon smiled, wondering if everyone in the spa knew her grandfather's likes. The stylist cut and snipped here and there, and when he showed Shannon how she looked, her hair still long and framing her pretty face attractively, she almost gasped at how beautiful she looked.

"Thank you," she gushed. "It looks amazing."

"You're welcome, dear," the stylist said, taking the cape off and letting her out of the swivelling chair. "Just take good care of Mr. Lockhart. He sends us all of our best clients."

She was then ushered to the makeup counter, where an aesthetician applied her makeup. Shannon could tell the woman knew what she was doing, the way she deftly worked on the young girl's face, her delicate fingers working the brushes and sponged artfully. A short time later, she spun Shannon around in the chair, showing her the results of her work.

"Oh my gosh," Shannon gushed, her long red-tipped fingernails reaching up to her face. "I...I look beautiful." She certainly did. The woman's work brought out the best in Shannon's naturally pretty face, making her look sophisticated, glamorous, and cock-hardeningly sexy.

"I wish all my clients were as pretty as you, my dear," the woman said. "I barely had to do a thing."

"I never thought I could look so grown-up and...and...,"

"Sexy?" the woman said, a wry smile on her face.

"Yes," Shannon replied, blushing.

Claudia came around the corner, a smile crossing her face as she walked towards Shannon, her hungry eyes roaming over the girl from head to toe, obviously pleased with the results of the spa treatment. "Shannon, you look fantastic. I know your grandfather is going to be pleased." She looked at her watch. "Which reminds me, we have to get going. He'll be expecting you soon."

Claudia gathered up her young charge and hustled her into the limo, the chauffeur heading to the hotel where Mr. Lockhart and his entourage were staying. "Your grandfather's meeting with his personal advisors right now, strategizing for a negotiation session they'll be having this afternoon with the company they're hoping to buy. They'll be breaking for lunch soon before meeting with the owners and lawyers of that company at two o'clock. He's asked to see you as soon as you're ready."

"Oh my," Shannon said nervously, looking down at her inappropriate clothes. "I don't think I should see him in this, do you?"

"Oh no, dear. You have a room in Mr. Lockhart's suite. He's already instructed us on what he wants you to wear. When we get to the hotel, you can go to your room and change, and then come to the Ambassador Room on the second floor. Your grandfather has reserved that suite of offices and a meeting room during his stay. It's basically his office away from home while he's here."

A short time later, the limo pulled into the curved entrance of the elaborate hotel. Claudia led Shannon through the lavish lobby, the young girl's head on a swivel as she took in the luxurious grandeur. They took the elevator to the top floor, where Claudia showed Shannon into the penthouse suite, which covered half of the top floor. The place was incredible, tastefully decorated with expensive works of art, and fresh colorful flowers everywhere.

"Wow," Shannon muttered under her breath as she followed her grandfather's personal assistant into the suite.

"You should get used to it," Claudia replied, giving Shannon a warm smile. "This is what it's like everywhere your grandfather goes. And if you're going to be his intern, you'll be living like this too."

"What?" Shannon asked in surprise. "Won't I just have a regular hotel room like his other staff members?"

"No. Mr. Lockhart made it quite clear that any of his hotel room suites over the next two months are to have two separate bedrooms—one for him and one for you. He said he wants to keep a close eye on his granddaughter."

Shannon smiled to herself, knowing that after what had happened in her bedroom yesterday, her grandfather's words meant far more than his staff realized. She felt a rush of excitement go through her, thrilled that she'd be staying with her grandfather every night. After seeing what that huge cock of his was capable of, she couldn't wait.

"Alright, dear, your room is right through here," Claudia said as she opened a pair of French doors leading into a huge bedroom. "Like I said, your clothes are laid out for you on the bed. You'd better hurry, you don't want to keep your grandfather waiting." With that final word, Claudia left her alone, the door of the suite closing quietly behind her.

Shannon turned and walked into her room, her mouth gaping open at the lavish décor. The bed was huge, with a large padded headboard, gorgeous linens in rich jewel tones, and expensive looking bedside table lamps. There was a couch a short distance away in a small sitting area, with an easy chair as well. A makeup table and small chair sat against the opposite wall, with a door leading into an en-suite bathroom. She stepped into the bathroom and flicked the light on. The room was gorgeous, extremely feminine in style and innocently sexy. The shower was enormous, with floor to ceiling glass panels and doors. The floor was done in marble, with swirling golden tones running through the large slabs of tile. The marble continued up the walls of the shower, making the whole room seem to glow sensually.

"You don't want to keep your grandfather waiting..." Remembering Claudia's final words seemed to break Shannon out of her daydream. She hurried to the bed and looked down. There were three items wrapped in soft colored tissue, and a shoe box tied up with a slim red ribbon around it. With her heart pounding excitedly in her chest, she opened the first of the three packages. Inside she found a gorgeous white blouse, similar to the one Claudia had been wearing. It buttoned down the

front like a shirt, but had a double lapel collar that made it look extremely feminine. She reached out and ran her fingers over it, the softness coolness of the rich fabric feeling tantalizing under her fingers.

She undid the second package, peeling back the tissue to reveal a jet black skirt. She held it up and looked at the tag at the back of the waistband. She recognized the name of the high-end designer, and knew she could only dream of being able to afford a skirt like that. She checked the shirt, and sure enough, it was by the same designer. She could tell that the skirt would end just past the middle of her thighs, and would be perfect for business wear.

Setting down the skirt, she opened the third package. She gasped inwardly and her fingers trembled slightly as she found a gorgeous white lace bra and matching thong panties lying beneath the colorful tissue. Her fingers slid into the shoulder straps of the bra and she held it up, letting the cups fall open in front of her. The bra was gorgeous, the luxurious white fabric reinforced with underwire support, absolutely necessary to carry the heavy load Shannon would be filling it with. The heavily-structured cups were trimmed with delicate embroidered lace, making the sensuous garment look teasingly feminine and yet provocatively alluring at the same time. The tiny panties were of the same soft cool fabric, the lace trim around the tiny waistband making her shiver at the thought of putting them on. She checked the label on the bra: Victoria's Secret, 34DD—her exact size. She shivered as she thought about her handsome grandfather picking it out for her.

She turned to the shoe box, and pulled at the slim ribbon with her delicate red-tipped nails. As the ribbon fell away, she lifted the lid and peeled back the piece of tissue paper inside. Her eyes were dazzled by the black patent leather pumps inside. She reached forward with trembling hands and drew one out, her fingers turning the shoe in her hands. She gasped as she saw the red sole, the signature of a famous designer. She'd only seen those shoes in magazines and videos of models and celebrities, and now she was holding her very own pair in her hands. They were gorgeous. They had a wickedly pointy toe and a slim 4" heel that she knew would have her young fit legs looking toned and incredibly sexy. The patent leather shone as she turned the shoe and stared at it, feeling the juices starting to run in her pussy already.

Shaking herself to calm down, Shannon stripped off her clothes and tossed them aside. She pulled on the tiny panties first, pulling the slim web of material in the back into the warm crevice of her behind, the tiny front panel cupping her sex invitingly. She then slid her arms through the shoulder straps of the bra. It was a bra that did up in front, and she pulled the two big cups into position, using her hands to fit her ample tit-flesh into the substantial cups. It fit perfectly, molding itself to her massive breasts like it was tailor-made. She turned to the full-length mirror beside the dressing table and adjusted her voluptuous guns, adjusting them until they looked perfect, the smooth creamy globes straining against the heavily-structured garment, the upper swells threatening to spill over the top of the alluring cups. Her breasts were pushed together and up, making her deep line of cleavage look a mile long.

Smiling to herself, Shannon reached for the blouse, sliding her arms into the soft fabric of the sleeves. She pulled the two sides of the shirt together and started doing up the buttons, thrilled to see that it fit tightly over her full young breasts, without looking trampy or obscene. The buttons at the top of the shirt ended partway along the inviting line of her cleavage. She smiled as she thought about it, sure her grandfather had chosen this blouse for her on purpose, allowing him to constantly get a teasing glimpse of her substantial tits.

She stepped into the skirt and shimmied her wide flared hips as she pulled it up to her waist, tucking in her blouse before pulling up the zipper at the small of her back. She looked at herself in

the mirror, the skirt ending just past mid-thigh. Again, it looked sophisticatedly professional, without looking overtly lewd. Not wanting to wait any longer, she slipped her delicate feet into the high heels, feeling her whole body seem to take on a sexual glow as her feet slipped into the snug-fitting pumps, the shoes fitting her perfectly as well.

Looking into the mirror again, she turned from side to side, seeing the way the slim-fitting skirt molded itself to her lush behind, not one panty line visible, just the smooth curvy roundness of her bum. The narrowing lines of the skirt fit smoothly over her full thighs before ending just past mid-thigh, a sexy vent at the back allowing her to move freely while still keeping the trim form-fitting line. Shannon smiled as she turned and looked at herself in profile, the jet black skirt caressing her thighs enticingly.

Taking a last look at herself in the mirror, she adjusted a few stray tendrils of hair, still glowing from happiness with her new sophisticated look. With a deep breath, she made her way out of the apartment and took the elevator to the second floor, where she saw two men standing outside the Ambassador Room. She knew her grandfather had bodyguards on duty whenever he travelled, and these two men smiled as they acknowledged her presence, having been briefed on the new intern a few days before. One opened the door to the room for her and she tentatively strode in.

"Based on the terms set out in the acquisition documents, I don't see how they can say no to the offer," she overheard one man say as she stepped into the room. The large rectangular room had a large conference table in the middle of it. She instantly spotted her handsome grandfather standing looking out the window as he listened to the man who'd been talking. Besides her grandfather and the man speaking, there were about eight other men and women sitting at the table, all of the men dressed in suits and the women in business attire.

As the door opened and Shannon walked into the room, her grandfather turned at the disturbance, a soft smile lighting up his face as he took in the vision of his beautiful granddaughter standing before him. He winked at her quickly, the simple gesture calming her. "Well, Grant, you and I know things are never that easy," Ted Lockhart said, responding to the man who'd just spoken. Ted held his hand out, gesturing towards Shannon. "Everyone, this is my granddaughter, Shannon, that I've been telling you about. She's going to be interning for me for the summer." Everyone at the table turned and nodded, Shannon smiling back at the sea of faces. Ted looked down at his watch.

"Alright everyone, we're meeting with their people at 2:00pm. Let's take a break for lunch and meet back here then." He paused for a second and looked around the table at his people. It was obvious that this was a powerful confident man, who made all those around him even more confident in themselves. They turned back to Ted as he spoke once more, "I think if we play our cards right, that company will be ours by the end of the day." He pushed his chair in, the signal to the rest that it was time to take a break. He stepped away from the table, gesturing to a door at the end of the room that Shannon hadn't notice before.

"Come this way, sunshine," Ted said as he gently took her arm. Shannon slipped her arm through his, as any granddaughter would with her loving, caring grandfather. He led her through the door into a smaller room, where Claudia was sitting behind a desk, typing at a keyboard.

"Claudia, thanks so much for getting Shannon here safe and sound."

"She was no problem at all, and everyone at the spa loved her."

"That's great." He gestured to a door leading into another room. "Has the lunch I asked for been brought up?"

"It just arrived a couple of minutes ago and I had the server set it out for you on the table."

"Fantastic. So I want to talk to Shannon over lunch and then the negotiation session is starting at 2:00. I don't want to be disturbed, alright."

"No problem, sir. No one will bother you, unless this place is burning to the ground."

"Perfect," Ted replied, leading Shannon through the door to the adjoining room and closing it behind them. Again, she never noticed that he locked the door behind him. She looked around the room, spotting a large desk before her with a couple of chairs sitting in front of it. She could see another door leading into a private bathroom. Off to the side was a smaller round meeting table, big enough for six people at most. On the table, she could see her grandfather's lunch set out, with a large salad, a plate of fruit, some fresh bread, a couple of crystal tumblers filled with ice, and a bottle of Perrier standing in an ice bucket.

"They fed you at the spa, didn't they?" Ted asked, leading Shannon over to the table.

"Yes, they did," Shannon replied as her grandfather directed her to one of the chairs. She sat down, a small plate with silverware and linen napkin set out before her.

"That's good. I asked them to make sure you were well taken care of. Did you like it?" he asked, slipping off his suit jacket and putting it on the back of the chair behind his desk.

Shannon stared at him, with love and awe in her eyes. Her grandfather was so handsome, his tall strong frame honed from years of exercising and eating well. His salt and pepper hair made him look confident and prestigious, just like the charcoal gray suit he was wearing today. His white shirt was impeccable, with French cuffs and stylish cufflinks that looked incredibly smart. His silk tie was subdued but powerful, just like the man who was wearing it. She found her heart racing as he strode over and joined her at the table, angling his big frame comfortably into the seat next to her, a big salad already in place before him. He opened the bottle of Perrier and poured some into the ice-filled tumblers before each of them.

"Yes, I loved everything they did for me," she said. She thought back on the bikini waxing they'd given her, the attendant taking care to make sure her soft young mound was smooth as a baby's bottom. She wondered if that had been done at her grandfather's request as well. "Thanks so much for doing that for me, Grandpa. I know it sounds kind of silly now that I'm 18, but after all the things they did for me at the spa and the way they made me look, I feel so grown up."

"You look grown up, sweetheart," he replied, his eyes flashing down to her sumptuous chest as he speared a mouthful of salad. She watched his eyes roam further, down over her tight-fitting skirt to her full thighs. Under his experienced gaze, she felt herself getting gushy between her legs.

"Thanks, Grandpa. And thanks so much for these clothes, I love them."

"They look wonderful on you, dear. With you going off to business college in September, I think it's time for you to start looking the part. Did you have a chance to see the other clothes in your room yet?"

"No," Shannon replied excitedly. "We were kind of running late, so Claudia asked me to come down and see you right away."

"That's good," Ted replied as he continued to eat, buttering a piece of fresh bread and plunking it into his mouth. "There'll be time for you to see everything later. Now remember, we'll be attending

a nice dinner tonight, and I've picked out something special for you to wear to that as well."

"Will other members of your staff be going?"

"Of course."

"Will Claudia be going?" Shannon asked somewhat timidly.

Ted Lockhart could see what was happening—his granddaughter was feeling jealous. "Of course Claudia will be going. Just like all my other staff. Claudia goes to all of these functions." Ted paused for a second. "Shannon, you're not jealous of Claudia, are you?"

"Well, I uhh...I...," the young girl stammered. "It's just that she works so close with you and she...and she's so beautiful."

"Yes, Claudia is a beautiful woman, and we've known each other a long time. But I have to tell you, Claudia has her own likes and dislikes, with girls fitting high on her list of likes." Ted kept eating as he spoke.

"You mean...you mean she's a lesbian?" Shannon replied, her mouth gaping open in surprise.

"Yes, you don't have a problem with that, do you?"

"No...yes...I mean no, I don't have a problem with that at all," Shannon said, a wave of relief coming over her as she realized she wasn't in competition with the beautiful older woman for her grandfather's attention. "She really likes girls? I never pictured someone as beautiful and sophisticated as that being a lesbian for some reason."

"Yes, she likes girls, and she prefers young ones just about your age. Don't be surprised if you see her with someone like that at one of these parties. I'm sure there'll be a number of attractive young girls there tonight."

Once again, Shannon's jealousy radar started to ping. "So there'll be lots of single women at this function?"

"There always seems to be for these Hollywood-type parties," Ted replied, finishing up the last bite of his salad and pushing his plate away. He wiped his mouth and tossed his napkin onto his plate. "But you don't need to worry about anything, sweetheart—you're going to be my special date for the night."

"Really, I'm going to be your date tonight?" Shannon felt her heart pounding in her chest, excited beyond belief that her sexy powerful grandfather had chosen her as his date. She felt his eyes look hungrily at her lush young body, his gaze roaming over her wantonly from head to toe.

"You'll be my date tonight, and every night this summer. Would you like that?" He reached forward and tenderly stroked her cheek, the delicate touch almost making her swoon.

"Yes, I'd love that," she replied, her eyes closing softly as he stroked the smooth skin of her pretty face.

"I'd love that, too." Her grandfather paused, looking down at his watch. "Good, we've got just the right amount of time for what I have in mind." He pushed his chair back slightly from the table. "C'mere sweetheart, come and sit on Grandpa's lap."

Totally aroused and under the mesmerizing spell of this experienced older man, Shannon got up from her chair and eased herself onto her grandfather's lap as she sat sideways, her arms slipping around his neck. He brought his hands up to either side of her head and tenderly took her face in his big masculine hands, gently pulling her face down to his. "Let's start your first day on the job with a kiss, and then I'll be ready for you to suck my cock. You've already had your lunch, so I want to give you a nice creamy dessert. I'll be feeding you like this every day."

"Mmmnnngg," Shannon purred deep in throat as her lips touched her grandfather's, his words making her head spin. Her lips parted easily, allowing his tongue to slip into her mouth. As his tongue rolled over hers, she almost collapsed against him, surrendering herself to the sinful pleasure she was feeling. His tongue was incredible, fluttering here and there within the hot confines of her mouth, making her feel things she'd never felt with boys her own age. They kissed passionately for a number of minutes, her tongue following his back into his mouth where they duelled hotly. Finally, they broke the kiss, and Shannon found herself gasping hotly, her ample breasts heaving enticingly beneath her tightly-stretched blouse.

"You're a wonderful kisser, sunshine," Ted said, calling her by his pet name for her. "You don't kiss like a little girl anymore." He slid his hand confidently up the front of her body. "And these definitely don't belong to a little girl either."

Shannon sat transfixed as her grandfather's experienced fingers plucked open a couple of buttons at the top of her blouse, the front of her sexy lace bra coming into view. He kept going, popping open the buttons until he reached the point where the tails of the shirt disappeared beneath the waistband of her black skirt. He stopped, pushing the sides of the shirt to each side, opening her voluptuous chest to his hungry gaze.

"Yes, you're all woman right here," her grandfather said as he slid one hand into her open shirt, his fingers feeling deliciously cool on the smooth skin of her stomach. His big hand slid up, cupping her breast. He squeezed softly, watching as the fleshy orbs oozed up against the delicate lacy edge of the bra cups.

"Mmm... that feels good, Grandpa," Shannon said softly as she looked down at her grandfather's hand, his fingers tracing teasingly along the lacy top edge of her bra.

"Well, let's take a good look," Ted said, reaching between the bra cups with both hands and deftly slipping open the clasp. He pulled the cups to each side, her enormous breasts seeming to swell and relax downwards over the full breadth of her chest. Once released from the confines of her bra, Shannon's nipples stiffened and swelled, becoming a vivid pink color. Ted hefted his granddaughter's spectacular tits, amazed at the weight of them.

"Now, these are truly a woman's breasts," he said, his mature voice lavish with praise as he filled his hands with the mouth-watering orbs, his thumbs now rolling over the stiff buds of her nipples.

"Oh Grandpa," Shannon cooed, resting her head on the older man's shoulder as he toyed with her sensitive breasts. He seemed to know exactly how to touch her, so different from the backseat mauling she was used to from high school boys.

"Yes sweetheart, these are beautiful," Ted said, keeping one hand on her breasts as he put his other hand around her trim waist and pulled her further onto his lap. "Can you feel how much I like them?"

Shannon groaned as her grandfather pulled her slightly forward, her curvy bum sliding over the immense cylinder of flesh beneath his trousers. She rolled her hips, gasping as the stiffening slab of meat pressed up against her tight-fitting skirt. She remembered how big it was when she's sucked him off yesterday, and she wanted to taste and feel that big fucker in her mouth again. She slid on his lap, as if measuring it with her ass. She moaned as he flexed up against her. 'Oh fuck', she thought to herself, 'that thing has to be at least 10" long, and it's so incredibly hard. He said I could suck it all night long tonight. I hope he hasn't forgotten what he promised.'

"Shannon," her grandfather said, his calm powerful voice taking on that hypnotic lulling tone again. "Did you remember your lipstick and hair clip?"

Shannon remembered Claudia telling her to always have those two things handy. "Uh, no. I'm sorry. They're up in my room." She sighed, worried her grandfather would be upset with her.

"That's alright, dear. It's your first day. I had Claudia leave one of each in the vanity drawer in the bathroom. I want you to go in there, put your hair up in the clip, and apply a fresh coat of lipstick."

"Yes sir," the young girl replied obediently before sliding off her grandfather's lap and walking to the washroom.

Ted watched his granddaughter step away, her full round ass swinging seductively from side to side as she walked across the room in her sky-high heels. As he looked at that tremendous curvy behind, the full spheres mouth-wateringly defined in the tight black skirt, he felt his prodigious member lurch in his pants, knowing he'd be burying himself balls deep in the girl's tight young pussy tonight.

Shannon quickly found the drawer in the vanity and opened it, a tube of lipstick and an ornate hair clip inside. She pulled back her thick brunette hair and fastened it securely with the clip, making sure her face was clear of any loose tendrils. She uncapped the lipstick and drew out the tiny brush, glistening with the brilliant cherry-red lipstick. She pursed her lips and applied a thick coat, making her already full lips look pouty and alluring—perfect cocksucking lips. With her shirt and bra hanging open, she looked at her large young breasts filling the full breadth of her chest, the nipples swollen and stiff from her grandfather's skillful groping hands. She could feel a trickle of emulsion slip from between her pussy lips, and knew it had escaped from the leg opening of her panties and was slowly making its way down the inside of her thigh. She looked at her face in the mirror and pursed her lips, knowing she'd soon have those glistening red pillows wrapped around her grandfather's stallion-like cock. The thought made her pussy twitch again, and she felt another trickle ooze out and start to slide down her other thigh.

Shannon walked out of the room and towards her grandfather, flushed with excitement. He got up from his chair as she walked towards him, his eyes zeroing in on her exposed tits, the heavy mounds wobbling enticingly as she walked. As she approached, his eyes focused on her mouth, a smile crossing his face as he looked at her hair and shining red lips. "That's a good girl. That's what I like to see, the hair off of your pretty face and a nice fresh coat of lipstick—perfect for getting a mouthful of cock," he said in his soft low voice, his hands reaching for her shoulders. He pushed down. "Just kneel right there and take my pants off."

Shannon dropped to her knees obediently, her face mere inches away from the substantial bulge straining at the front of his pants. She reached forward and undid his belt, and then slid down his zipper, the raspy metal sound tingling erotically in her ears. Grabbing the waistband of his pants, she slid them down his legs and off, noticing he had already kicked off his shoes. He wore a pair of

white fitted boxers, the enormous slab of flesh angling crazily upwards and to one side, a translucent stain visible where his flowing precum was soaking through the material. The soft cotton fabric was stretched to the bursting point, the enormous mushroom head fighting to escape the constraining waistband.

"That's all for you, sunshine. Take my underwear off so I can feel those pretty red lips of yours."

Shannon compliantly did as she was told, her red-tipped fingers gripping the waistband and pulling, the tightly-stretched material getting caught up for a split second on the enormous cock-head before slipping past. As the massive cock came free, it snapped upward, flicking a shimmering trail of precum up along her throat and across her face, the slimy cock-sap feeling like a tingling electric shock as it splattered onto her face. She quickly drew his underwear down and tossed them to the side, her eyes instinctively coming back to the menacing fuckstick looming before her.

"It's beautiful," she mumbled under her breath, her eyes taking in the dazzling sight of her grandfather's huge dick lifting to full erection, the engorged crimson crown seeming to pulse and bob with each powerful beat of his heart.

"C'mon, sweetheart," her grandfather said, sitting back down in his chair and spreading his thighs lewdly. "Wrap those sweet lips around it so I can feed you. I haven't come since I was with you yesterday, so you're going to get a nice big mouthful."

Shannon shivered with arousal, a flicking tingle tripping down her spine. She leaned forward on her knees, her hand reaching out to the throbbing dick pulsing before her. Unlike yesterday, her grandfather let her put her hand on it, her slim fingers circling the thick shaft near the root. She gasped as her fingers closed around the velvety hardness, the heat emanating from the throbbing weapon warming her hand. She was amazed at the thickness of it, her fingers coming nowhere near to closing as they circled the impressive girth. She slid the outer sheath towards her face, marvelling that something so exquisitely soft could be so mercilessly hard as well. As her hand came forwards, a gleaming bead of precum slid forth to fill the damp red eye as she milked more of the warm syrupy liquid to the surface. It started to distend downwards, the shimmering web of cock-sap dangling down erotically. It quivered teasingly and shone provocatively in the light, drawing Shannon to it like iron filings to a magnet.

"Ohhhnnnn..." With a groan of pleasure, she couldn't wait any longer and dove onto her grandfather's cock. Overwhelmed with desire, she wantonly opened her mouth and extended her tongue beneath the shimmering web, letting the slimy sap gather on her tongue. She brought her mouth upwards, slurping at the glittering strand as she sucked it into her mouth. When she got to the wet red eye, she slipped the tip of her tongue into the shining opening, and then brought her pursed lips right onto the pebbly membranes of the glans, her lips clinging to it in a searing kiss.

"Oh yeah, that's my girl. Those red lips look so pretty on my cock. That's exactly where they belong. You better get used to it, sweetheart, that's where they're going to be for most of the summer."

Shannon felt her pleasure level rising as she listened to her grandfather, his words firing her libido even more. She loved the feel and taste of his magnificent cock, and spending the whole summer with that beautiful slab of flesh between her lips was more than she had ever dreamed of. Wanting to please her grandfather more than ever, she pushed forward, allowing her lips to spread open and follow the contours of his flaring knob. She could feel her lips stretching over the massive lemon-sized crown, feeling her mouth tightening at the corners, and then, her lips slipped over the purple ridge of his rope-like corona, trapping the engorged head within her mouth.

"Mmmmmmm..." She almost swooned with pleasure as the massive knob filled her hot young mouth, her tongue rolling all over the sensitive tissues of the crown. She could feel it leaking a steady trickle of precum into her mouth, the purely masculine taste thrilling her as it slid silkily down her throat. She loved the taste of precum, but she knew what she really wanted was the real thing—a mouthful of his thick rich semen. She'd had her first mouthful yesterday, and she already knew she was addicted. She knew she'd love nothing more than for her grandfather to feed her as much of his cum as he wanted, whenever he wanted. More than anything, she wanted to make him happy with her efforts, starting now.

"Mmmmmmm..." She purred again as she took a deep breath through her nose and pressed forward, her painted lips pursed forward as she moved further down his surging erection.

"That's my girl, take a little more," Ted Lockhart said as he sat back and let his granddaughter use her talented mouth on him. The girl was a natural-born cocksucker—no doubt about it. He loved the way she enthusiastically went about her work, sucking on him feverishly like someone who'd been handed a drink after weeks of being stranded in the desert. Her lips looked amazing. They were full and pouty to start with, but the cherry-red lipstick gave them the alluring look of pure innocence. As she started to bob up and down on his cock, he smiled as he looked at the residual red stains her lips were leaving in his throbbing shaft, saliva flowing down the shaft of his cock and over her pumping hand.

Shannon was in heaven, never having had such a magnificent cock to suck on before. It filled her mouth and stretched her lips luxuriously, letting her know this was a cock that had full control over her, and she loved it. She loved being a slave to it, to worship it whenever her grandfather wanted her to. It was so hard, and yet so velvety soft, she found herself overwhelmed with desire for it, and shivered as she thought about what that monster would do to her young tight pussy, should her grandfather ask that of her. She prayed he'd take her, take her deep and hard, fucking her within an inch of her life with that huge cock, making her come over and over again until she passed out from the blissful pleasure, her body his to do with as he pleased.

"That's the way, sunshine. Just keep sucking it like that. Just a little more and you'll get a nice big reward." The girl was sucking on him like a porn star, and as much as Ted would have liked to have her slow down and make this last, he knew that once again, they didn't have a lot of time, and he wanted to do something for her in return. After all these years, he had great control over his cock, and he allowed the scintillating pleasure of her magical mouth take him to the pinnacle, her pumping hand and swirling tongue drawing the cum right out of his overflowing balls.

"That's it...that's it...just a little...just a little...OH FUUUUCCCKKK...HERE YOU GO..." Ted warned as he felt the first rush of semen speed up the shaft of his cock.

Shannon almost had her head knocked off his pulsing dick as the first rope jettisoned forth and slammed against the hot wet tissues at the back of her mouth. She sucked slavishly as another sizzling jet spewed forth, the massive ribbon of semen sloshing onto her tongue. Another was spewed forth, totally filling her mouth, and she felt her cheeks bulging as she fought to contain the geyser of masculinity going off in her mouth. Feeling it about to overflow her bloated cheeks, she swallowed, a huge thick puddle of liquid protein sliding down her throat. She was so turned on, the taste and texture of her grandfather's potent seed slithering sensually down her throat was all it took—she climaxed right there on the spot.

"Ennnngghh," she keened into his bucking prong, her body twitching spastically as her grandfather continued to flood her mouth with a steaming load of semen, torrents of the gooey slime splashing

across her tonsils. She sucked voraciously, wanting as much as she could get, her tiny hand pumping his pulsating erection in order to coax every drop of masculine seed out of him. Her climax started deep between her legs, but it rapidly blossomed throughout her entire body, every nerve-ending tingling with delight.

Ted looked down and smiled as the delicious orgasmic contractions flowed through his midsection, his sweet young granddaughter sucking slavishly at his spewing cock. Her sexy red lips were pursed well forward, circling his pulsating shaft obscenely as she sucked like a pro, the muscles in her neck contracting provocatively as she swallowed, wad upon wad of sperm-laden cum sliding wantonly down her young throat. He could see her twitching and shaking as she continued to suck, her eyes closed in blissful pleasure as she climaxed, a glowing sheen of perspiration covering her pretty face. It thrilled him to know his granddaughter was such a hot little thing, coming from just sucking him off. He couldn't wait to get inside that hot little cunt of hers. He planned on being in that tight young pussy for a good long time tonight, plus he wanted to start working to open up that throat of hers. But right now, what she was doing was perfect, that hot mouth of hers sucking out the last creamy wads of semen, his cock spewing the last tasty morsels right onto her waiting tongue.

"That's good, sweetheart, you got nearly all of it," Ted said as he sat forward and kissed the top of her head, her lips still nursing on the tip of his spent prick. He sat back and looked at her pretty face, her eyes glazed over as she held his beefy fuckstick in her hand, her lips drawing softly on the tip, making sure she got the last of his seeping juices into her mouth. He reached forward with his index finger and gathered up a glistening trickle of milky fluid seeping from the corner of her mouth, feeding his gooey finger into her mouth in order for her to get every drop. She sucked wantonly at his finger, her tongue fluttering against his invading digit suggestively.

"That's just what I needed before a negotiation session," Ted said, pulling his cock out of her sucking mouth and getting dressed. As he pulled on his underwear and pants, Shannon continued to kneel before him, her mouth open and gasping, her lipstick smeared erotically around her gaping mouth. "Come up here, sweetheart."

As she got to her feet, he slipped his arm around her and picked her up, lifting her easily onto the table in front of his chair. Shannon was amazed at this strength, at how easily he'd lifted her, his strong arms feeling wonderful around her.

"I think you deserve a little reward for that," he said. Now fully dressed, he sat back down in his chair and pulled it closer to the table. "Put your feet on the arms of my chair." Shannon compliantly brought her feet up, her sexy red-soled shoes perching on the arms of the chair, her grandfather now sitting between her spread legs. "Sit closer to the edge." He reached forward and grabbed her hips, pulling her closer. As she slid forward on the top of the desk, her knees came further up, the hem of her short black skirt rising higher and higher on her smooth young thighs. "That's my girl, now let your legs roll open to each side." Shannon let her thighs drift apart, her bent knees pointing to opposite sides of the room. She put her palms behind her on the desk to support her upper body, her arms extended straight behind her.

"That's the way," her grandfather said, peering intently between her spread legs. He reached forward with both hands, his fingers disappearing beneath the hem of her skirt. She felt his fingers trace along the groove of her oozing slit, his fingertips finding the warm cleft beneath her tiny panties. "Let's just move these out of the way, shall we?" He pushed her panties to the side, exposing her shaved pussy to his mature gaze. His fingers immediately came back to her overheated loins, the tips rubbing teasingly over the dripping mound of her teenage cunt. She could feel that she was soaking wet, her slippery juices already bathing his teasing fingers.

"Mmmmm, it looks like you're ready for this," he said, slipping his long middle finger into the creamy groove. Shannon's eye rolled back in her head as he ran his fingertip along the roof of her vagina, the long digit rubbing luxuriously over the hot folds of flesh inside her. When he hit the palm of his hand, his finger probing as far into her as it could, he slowly drew it back, and then slowly slid it forwards once more, this time adding a twist as he rolled it over the searing tissues inside her. She looked down as his other hand moved beneath her skirt, the hem stretched tightly over her widely spread thighs. She felt his fingers on the other hand fluttering over her dripping labia, and then she felt his index finger rolling over the erect spire of her clit.

"Oh...oh...OH MY GOODDDDDDD!!!" she hissed, her body starting to shake wildly as another orgasm swept over her, her grandfather's experienced hands bringing her to a rapid climax. She threw her head back and gasped for breath as she came, her thighs quivering, her young pussy gushing all over his probing hands.

"Thatta girl, let 'er buck," Ted said, watching his granddaughter flex and gyrate through paroxysms of pleasure. Her fresh womanly scent filled the air, the alluring fragrance of a gushing young pussy. He loved how sexually sensitive she was—he'd barely started fingering her before she exploded, her whole body shaking as he continued to slide his finger deep along the roof of her vagina, the fingers of his other hand tweaking the sensitive button of her engorged clit. She shook and twitched for a long time, her beautiful breasts heaving beneath her open shirt and bra. Finally, a tingling shutter ran down her spine as the last vestiges of her climax waned, her body slumping as his fingers stopped moving.

"I think you needed that," Ted said, slowly running the tips of his gooey fingers all around the opening of her young pussy.

"Did I ever. Thank you, Grandpa," Shannon replied, her ample chest still heaving as she slowly regained her breath. She watched as her grandfather withdrew his hands from beneath her skirt, his eyes looking down to check his watch.

"Perfect timing—the meeting starts in just a few minutes." He stood before her and brought his hands up, holding his glistening fingers in front of her face. "Clean these up for me, sweetheart." Shannon obediently opened her mouth as he brought his shining fingers closer. He slid them into her mouth as she instinctively closed her lips on the sticky digits, her tongue eagerly lapping up her own juices. She was happy to see the pleased smile on his face. "That's the way, you're going to be cleaning me up like that a lot from now on." When she'd finished licking her juices off one hand, he slid the fingers of the other one into her mouth, loving the feel of her skilful young tongue doing its work.

"That's good. You've got a beautiful mouth. I've gonna have fun making use of that," Ted said, pushing his chair back, her sky-high heels dropping off the arms. He stepped around to his desk and slipped on his suit jacket as Shannon eased herself off the table and smoothed down her skirt. She was pulling her bra into place and doing up the clasp at the front as Ted reached into a drawer of his desk and drew out a large leather folio, the logo of Lockhart Holdings etching into the front. "This is for you, inside you'll find a tablet and cell phone as well as a standard note pad, should you need to take any quick notes. During the meeting this afternoon, I want you to sit in one of those chairs along the side wall. Take any notes you see fit, or jot down any questions you have. Today, I want you to just get used to seeing how we do things, and who we are. When I nod to you, that means I want you to bring me a glass of water. I like Perrier, which you'll find in the ice bucket on the table in there. And make sure it's on ice, in a crystal tumbler. Can you do that?"

"Yes sir," Shannon nodded, doing up the buttons on her white blouse.

"Good," Ted said, handing her the folio as he looked her up and down, a sly smile on his handsome face. "You might want to go into the bathroom and check your hair and lipstick—it's kind of a mess. And let your hair down again until I tell you—I like to see those gorgeous brunette locks framing that pretty face of yours."

"Yes sir," Shannon replied, feeling herself blushing like a schoolgirl.

"Good, I'll see you inside. Come in when you're ready." Ted turned and strode across the room, never looking back as he entered the large meeting room and closed the door behind him.

On shaky legs, Shannon made her way to the bathroom and looked at herself in the mirror. Her grandfather was right—her lipstick was a mess, the brilliant red smeared wetly around her mouth. But to Shannon, and obviously to her grandfather, it looked wickedly erotic. Her hair was still pulled back in the clip, but wispy tendrils had come loose during her cocksucking and licked teasingly at her neck, one more piece of evidence of their illicit encounter. She ran her tongue along her teeth and over the insides of her cheeks, tasting the residual flavors of her grandfather's potent semen. Smiling to herself, she pulled the clip out of her hair and fluffed it into shape, the long lustrous locks falling about her lovely features attractively. She found a facecloth and washed her face, drying it before pursing her lips forward and applying a fresh new coating of lipstick. She looked at her face and smiled, hoping she was making her grandfather happy. Checking her whole look once more, she picked up her new folio and entered the meeting room, quietly taking her seat to one side just as things were getting started.

"Why don't we all flip to page two of the prospectus," she heard the man called Grant say to the parties assembled. He was sitting beside her grandfather, who looked over towards her and gave her a quick wink. As Grant continued talking, she looked over at the table, all of her grandfather's people on one side, while another party of about eight people sat on the other, all with the documents open before them that Grant was leading them through.

Shannon opened her folio as Grant kept talking. She found a slot on the inside cover with a business card: 'Shannon Westbrook, Executive Assistant, Lockhart Holdings Group'. She was thrilled to see her name as part of her grandfather's company, and her heart swelled with emotion at the confidence he must have in her. Inside the folio was a small sleeve with a number of similar business cards, plus an expensive pen. There were two other larger sleeves, one with her computer tablet and one with a cell phone. She took both of them out and turned them on. As she surveyed the goings on at the table, she made a few short notes on her tablet, especially taking note of the names of her grandfather's employees.

"I think we can agree that the proposal Grant has outlined will be beneficial for all parties involved." Her grandfather's powerful voice drew Shannon's attention. As most of the people at the table nodded their heads in unison, it was obvious that when Ted Lockhart spoke, it was the voice of authority.

The meeting continued, with conflicting arguments going back and forth. At one point, Ted nodded to her, and then he nodded towards the table at the side bearing a coffee machine, an ice bucket, and trays of fruit and pastries. She set her things on the chair beside her and strode to the table, finding a number of crystal tumblers set out, obviously at her grandfather's instructions. She used the tongs placed there and quietly placed a number of ice cubes into the glass, before filling it with Perrier. She walked silently around the table and slid the glass in place beside her grandfather, who

nodded in acceptance. As she stepped back to her seat, she noticed a number of eyes following her, the men all staring at the busty young woman who was the powerful man's new intern.

Shannon smiled politely and went back to taking notes, keenly listening to what was happening. Things were getting intense and her grandfather spoke a couple of times as Grant seemed to be getting flustered. As another woman on his team took the parties through another part of the document, Shannon saw her grandfather reach into his suit pocket and pull out his cell phone. He appeared to be texting. As she saw him pause, she was surprised to hear her new cell phone buzz softly. She picked it up and peered at the text message:

"Are you bored yet?" She looked up to see her grandfather looking at her out of the corner of his eye.

"No. Its fine," she texted back. "I love it." She watched as he read the message and typed back, her phone buzzing quietly once more.

"I'm glad you're enjoying it. I think there's something else you're going to like even more. This is going to be you later on tonight." As she read, she noticed a link below his text that she was supposed to click on. She did, and her eyes went wide as she looked at the video clip filling her screen.

The clip was off a girl lying on a bed, her head propped up on a stack of pillows against the headboard. The girl was about her own age, and was very attractive. The angle of the camera was mostly from the side, but taken about halfway down the length of the bed so you could see most of her pretty face as well. She was wearing what appeared to be black corset, her ample breasts almost spilling out of the overflowing cups. Shannon immediately compared the girl's tits to her own, smiling to herself as she realized the girl was a C-cup at most.

But what made the clip so fascinating was that there was a man straddling the girl's body, raised up on his knees, his long hard cock sliding back and forth as he fucked the girl's face. The cock was huge and Shannon wondered if it was her grandfather, or just some clip from a porno movie. The immense slab of meat shuttling in and out of the girl's avidly sucking mouth was certainly big enough to be her grandfather's, but with the way the camera was, you couldn't see much of the man's body except his flexing midsection. It was obvious that he was holding onto the headboard as he fed his rampant cock deep into the girl's mouth, the headboard shaking back and forth as he pounded her mouth.

The look on the girl's face told Shannon she was loving it, her eyes half-closed in hooded bliss as she sucked and slobbered over the huge fuckstick, gobs of her saliva dripping off the pistoning shaft. Little did Shannon know this was her grandfather's previous intern, Lindsay, the girl who had just been replaced by Shannon.

The clip was only about a minute long, and Shannon watched, totally enthralled, as the man in the video pulled his surging cock out of the young girl's feverishly sucking lips and jerked off all over her face. The girl turned her face up to the mass of thick white semen raining down upon her, her eyes closed in rapture as he showered her with his cum. Shannon had to suppress the urge to gasp as she watched, the man skilfully directing torrents of pearly jizz all over the girl's pretty face. By the time he was done, the girl was totally covered, her face painted white with his massive load. The clip ended with the man shaking the last dangling gob into the girl's open mouth, a blissful smile on her face.

Shannon found herself shaking, that nasty itch starting deep in her young pussy at she looked at the screen, the clip ending with that final shot of the girl's cum-covered face. She looked up to see her grandfather smiling at her slyly, before looking down as he typed once more on his phone. Her cell buzzed again, and Shannon looked down:

"That's going to be you later...but not before I fuck you a couple of times first."

"Ohhnnnn," Shannon couldn't stop herself from moaning out loud as she read the lewd text. The people at the table all looked over.

"Are you alright, Shannon?" Claudia asked from her place a few seats down from Ted.

"Yes, I'm sorry," Shannon said apologetically. "I'm fine. Sorry to interrupt."

"Let's say we all take a twenty minute break," Ted Lockhart said as she stood up from the table. "I know I could use it." With nods all around, the group broke up, most of them heading to the washroom or the refreshment table.

"Come with me," Ted said to Shannon as he headed back to the room he was using as his office. She followed him in as he closed and locked the door behind them. She had barely turned before he was on her, his mouth seeking out hers as he pulled her close. He kissed her passionately, his hands cupping her lush ass as he pulled her against him, her soft breasts pressing against his chest.

"Did you like my text?" he asked as he slid his hand up the front of her blouse, his hand cupping her heavy tit.

"I loved it. Do you really mean what you said in it?"

"That I'm going to do that to you, or that I'm going to fuck you first?"

"I...I..." she stammered, totally flummoxed.

"Tonight after the dinner, we're going to take our time. I'm going to fuck you deep and hard...at least twice. I'm going to stretch and fill that tiny cunt of yours until you can't take it anymore. And then I'm going to paint that pretty face of yours, just like in that video clip." He paused for a second as she stood in his arms gasping, her heart pounding with excitement in her chest. "And then I promised you something, didn't I? I promised to let you suck my cock all night long. And dear, I always keep my promises."

"You...you mean after what we did already, you'll be able to do all that?" Shannon asked, amazed at the stamina of her 56-year old grandfather.

"Don't worry about me, sunshine. I know my body, and my cock will stay hard for you as long as you keep sucking it. Which reminds me, I want you to suck me off again—I always negotiate better once I've dumped a load in a nice hot mouth. Put on some more lipstick, I want to see those sweet red lips wrapped around my cock again. And don't forget your hair clip—I don't want any hair getting in the way. We don't have a lot of time, so while you're sucking on the head of my cock, I'm just gonna jerk off right into that pretty mouth of yours."

Shannon rushed to the bathroom and retrieved the hair clip she'd been wearing earlier. She whipped her hair up in back and fastened the clip in place. She opened the lipstick and hurriedly applied a fresh shiny coat. When she returned to the office, her grandfather had taken off his suit jacket and stood before her, his massive boner sticking out of the fly of his pants, his big hand

leisurely stroking back and forth along it, precum already glistening from the yawning red eye at the tip.

"That's my girl, get down here and start sucking," Ted said, gesturing to a spot on the floor right in front of him. Shannon obediently dropped to her knees, her face now level with his huge cock. "That's it, now form that mouth into a nice 'O' for me. I like a little target practice." Shannon pursed her lips forward, forming them into an inviting oval, her soft pillowy lips glistening with the brilliant lipstick. "Oh fuck, you are so beautiful, sunshine...so beautiful."

Ted flexed forward as he pointed his rigid dick right at his busty granddaughter's face. "I just want to do a little painting first," he said, rubbing the oozing tip against her cheek, a shiny snail-trail of slime being left behind as he moved the massive knob all over her face. He was happy to see his granddaughter whimper softly as her eyes closed, turning her face towards his engorged cock as she lovingly allowed him to rub it across her soft young skin. When it was almost totally covered with a shimmering coat of cock-sap, he pulled it back, aiming the enflamed crown between her pursed lips. "That's just an appetizer—you're gonna get the full whitewash later." He flexed forward, feeding the broad mushroom head right between her ovalled lips.

"Mmmmm," Shannon purred wantonly as she felt her lips stretch over the tremendous girth of the flared head. Once again, her lips stretched wide open until they slipped over the coronal ridge, the massive knob locked within her mouth.

"That's it. Let me feel that tongue of yours work on the head. And don't forget to keep sucking. While you're doing that, I'm gonna jerk it off right into your mouth. I've got another big load for you. You may not even need dinner after swallowing this load of paste."

Shannon's head was spinning with desire as she listened to her grandfather, his words enflaming her arousal even more. She drew her cheeks in, enveloping the massive head in a nice tight sheath. She pushed a wad of saliva to front of her mouth and rolled her hot young tongue, bathing the enflamed crown with her spit.

"Oh yeah, that's perfect," Ted said, his hand pumping back and forth along his rigid erection. He looked down at his granddaughter as he jerked his cock, listening to her whimper and mew like a cat with a saucer full of cream as she laved away at the sensitive tissues of his glans. Her mouth was like a hot buttery furnace, blissfully caressing the head as she sucked at it slavishly. His hand continued to pump back and forth along the outer sheath, the front of his hand becoming smeared with her vivid red lipstick as it bumped against her pursed lips. With her perfect sucking and the feel of her soft wet tongue rolling wantonly over his dick-head, it didn't take long until he was ready to come. He kept up the smooth long strokes along the veiny shaft as he felt his balls draw up close to his body, precursor to his imminent release.

"Get ready, sweetheart, just a sec...OH FUCKKKK...HERE IT COMES!" Ted warned as he started to go off. He felt his stomach muscles contract as he came, ropes of semen spurting forth into her avidly sucking mouth. A second, and then a third wad burst forth deep into her mouth, her cheeks starting to bulge obscenely. "Swallow, and then open your mouth."

Shannon quickly swallowed, taking the massive clump of thick rich cum into her stomach. She opened her mouth wide, and her grandfather drew back slightly, the massive head coming into view, the surface covered with her shiny spit, and glistening brilliantly with traces of her red lipstick. He held the tip an inch or so outside her open mouth, and continued to stroke his hand vigorously

back and forth. As he pumped, shot after shot of thick white semen streaked into the inviting opening between her painted lips, forming a massive puddle inside her welcoming mouth.

"That's my girl, it's all for you," Ted said as he flooded his granddaughter's mouth with his viscous seed, totally unloading, using the young girl's mouth as a willing receptacle for his lusty desires.

Shannon could feel her young pussy twitch again as she came once more, the thrill of her grandfather feeding her his cum in such a lurid manner turning her on beyond belief. She moaned and whimpered as he kept shooting into her mouth, the amount of cum he was producing unlike anything she'd ever imagined. He kept stroking, and long milky ribbons kept spewing onto her tongue, the hot tip of his cock bumping now and then against her parted lips as he jacked it right into her mouth. Finally, as the last few spurts splashed onto her tongue, he fed the dripping tip fully back into her mouth, her lips instinctively closing down on it possessively.

"That's the way," Ted said, his hand now holding his dick steady in her mouth. "Suck out the last of it. Get every drop you can. I want to make sure you don't go hungry." He smiled as he looked down at his young granddaughter, the girl whimpering with pleasure as she nursed at his spent cock, her lips and talented tongue drawing out the last pearly morsels.

"Well, that's just what I needed," Ted said as he pulled his cock out of her sucking mouth with a resounding "POP". He stuffed it back in his trousers and zipped up, and then slipped his suit jacket back on. "Now I think it's time to go out there and close this deal."

Still kneeling on the floor, Shannon watched as her grandfather went back out to the meeting room, closing the door behind him without another word. Overwhelmed with excitement, she shoved her hand beneath her short skirt, her fingers sliding deep into her dripping pussy. As she buried her fingers deep in her gushing cunt, she thought about what the night ahead had in store for her, wondering how she'd be able to take that monstrously huge cock into her tiny body. Just thinking about how that beautiful cylinder of flesh would stretch and fill her, she came again, covering her hand with her flowing juices.

To be continued...