

# The Seduction of Nana

**I**t was just after Christmas when Crystal gathered the kids together, eighteen year old Bradley, nine year old Sophia, and four year old Billy to make an announcement. "Sometime in early January your Nana Jennie is going to be staying with us for a bit."

"Why?" the ever curious Sophia immediately asked.

Crystal responded with a half-truth. "She just needs a break from your Grandpa Edward. Sort of like when I separate you and Billy when you two are not getting along."

Just before she was to move in, Crystal pulled Bradley off to the side one day. "Listen Bradley, I need to explain a couple things to you and ask for your help once your grandmother moves in here."

"Sure, Mom," Bradley replied.

"I want you to try and be extra sweet to your nana. Between me and you, and please don't you dare tell Sophie and Billy this, her break from Grandpa Edward is going to be permanent this time. Now your grandfather was never abusive to her, not physically anyways, but he was abusive in an emotional sense having convinced your nana she would never be good enough for anyone but him. He was always harping on her looks, how she needed to lose weight, how she was not particularly attractive, how she didn't have an appealing figure and so on."

"That is horseshit. Nana has always been pretty... at least to me."

"Yeah, well, if you can fit it in somehow you might wanna tell her that because her self-esteem is really low right now so might wanna take the time to remind her she is still an attractive woman. Can you do that for me and make it sound sincere? Coming from a handsome young man such as yourself it would mean a lot. *Oh!* and would you mind giving up your room for a bit and sleeping downstairs in the sofa... at least until your Nana Jen gets a place of her own?"

"I can do that," Bradley wryly stated, "even without your false praise about me being so handsome."

"False praise, nonsense son, you are handsome, and honestly for every time I say you are handsome, your grandmother will say it ten times. Don't tell her I spilled her secret, but she thinks you are an absolute doll."

"Really," Bradley replied while starting to blush.

A week later, Jennie was all moved in to the joy of all three of the kids.

Things were good at first. The kids hadn't spent much time with Jennie over the last few years after her and Edward moved out of state. But now, after a couple months, things were settling into a dull routine.

Bradley, in particular, was becoming a bit disillusioned about how things were turning out. Between taking a full load of classes at the local college, and working his part time job at the car wash, he barely had time to see his Nana Jen.

When Bradley did happen to have a free moment or two, Billy and Sophia were always underfoot demanding her attention.

As winter turned to spring, Bradley was getting more than a little frustrated, and it was beginning to show in his dealings with his whole family, but with his nana in particular.

A major part of his frustration stemmed from his now secret attraction to his grandmother. Simply put, his Nana Jen, at the age of fifty one, looked pretty darn good. She was in much better shape than the last time he saw her over the Christmas holidays roughly two years and a half years ago.

She appeared to have lost quite a bit of weight since then, and also was sporting a new stylish and shorter haircut.

Normally, Bradley did not care for women with short hair, but his nana, with her light brown hair combed short and neat over to one side, showing nary a gray hair, made it work. He also found her newly bronzed complexion to be both healthy looking and appealing.

But it wasn't just the new haircut, weight loss, and pretty tan which impressed him. The lines on her face seemed less pronounced, her smile a bit brighter, and maybe, most noticeable of all, her attitude seemed much more relaxed and carefree now that she was free of his grandfather.

This showed in the way she dressed: tighter jeans, tighter sweaters and tee shirts, along with maybe a few more buttons left undone on her blouses, all of which conspired to make Jennie abundantly attractive to her young grandson.

While it might have been shameful to admit, the truth was undeniable: whenever they were in the same room together, Bradley seemed to be having a rather difficult time tearing his

eyes off his nana's chest. For whatever reason her tits seemed both bigger and fuller than before--much to his inner delight.

The truth was Jennie, along with her stylish new hair cut had gotten both some Botox done and had a breast lift performed on her already nicely sized 36 D breasts so it wasn't just her young grandson's overactive imagination that was picturing his nana's tits as being both nicer and bigger.

Despite his secret attraction to his nana, by April things were at a low point. When Jennie actually found the time to talk to Bradley, he tended to be purposefully brusque with her with the hope she would take notice and ask him what was wrong. When, for whatever reason, she didn't do this, he started to outright ignore her.

Jennie's initial reaction to being ignored by her oldest grandchild was one of apathy. She thought Bradley was being selfish in not realizing how his mom was putting in a lot of overtime at her job, and needed her help in caring for the

younger children. In her mind she wasn't ignoring Bradley; she simply didn't really have time for him.

It was a "business as usual" Friday morning with Crystal hurrying through breakfast before heading off to work. Jennie too was up, as usual, to prepare breakfast for Sophia before seeing her off to school.

After she got breakfast laid out, Jennie clad in a pair of gym shorts and tee shirt, stuck her nose outside. The weather was unseasonably cold and windy on this mid spring morning. Deciding it was too cold for the shorts and the tee shirt she was wearing, especially since she planned on walking with Sophia down the street to her bus stop, Jennie hurried back upstairs to throw on a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt.

After stopping at the kid's room to wake Sophie up, she disappeared into her daughter's room to change. Although she was staying in Bradley's room, she was keeping the majority of her clothes in Crystal's large walk in closet, instead of his small cramped closet.

Bradley was just getting out of the shower, he had an early morning class today, when his nana entered Crystal's room to change. After crossing over to the sink to brush his teeth, he opened the medicine cabinet. "Damn," he exclaimed after seeing there was no toothpaste.

Wrapping a towel around his waist to cover his naked body, he exited the bathroom, clutching his toothbrush as he shuffled down the hallway to his mom's room. He would have to use his mom's toothpaste until he could stop and buy some of his own.

Once inside the bedroom, Jennie headed to Crystal's walk-in closet where she stripped off both her shorts and tee shirt. After slipping on a pair of jeans, she left the closet, heading across the room to Crystal's dresser where she was keeping her sweaters.

Now, in a case of fortuitous timing, Bradley walked into his mom's room just as Jennie was crossing the room half dressed.

She let out a little yelp before snapping at him, "Jesus, Bradley you scared me! Don't you knock?"

He stood there for a moment, appraising his Nana Jenn and liking the merchandise on display. The bra was a dark navy blue, his favorite color it so happened, and was adorned with a pretty white leaf pattern.

"I'm sorry... I... I thought you were downstairs making breakfast for Sophia, as usual. I didn't expect you to be in mom's room."

"Well apparently I'm not downstairs," she barked her embarrassment growing at her eighteen year old grandson catching her half undressed.

Although embarrassed, she wasn't quite mortified enough to keep her eyes from floating over her grandson's well defined bare chest while thinking, the thought came unbidden catching her off guard, how nice it might be to rest her head on it while he stroked her hair.

Then her eyes slipped down, only momentarily, but still it was enough to spy what could be the beginnings of a rather well defined boner down there under his towel.

The fact he might be sporting a boner, because of her, was a real boost to her self- confidence, but it was quickly offset by the shame she felt for noticing him "down there" in the first place.

"S-sorry," Bradley stammered trying to control his excitement over catching his Nana in her delicious looking bra. Turning, he beat a hasty retreat toward the door. He was just turning the knob when his grandma called out.

Jennie, after quickly getting over the embarrassment of her grandson catching her without a shirt on, made an impulsive decision. She sensed Bradley was already upset with her for not really spending any time with him, so now how much more would he be upset after she snapped at him for what was nothing more than a simple accident. She couldn't let him go like this, leaving this little incident to fester in his mind.

"Bradley, sweetie, wait." Her voice was no longer angry, but instead it was soft and apologetic causing him to hesitate, if only for a moment.

As she crossed the room to him, she planned on making a quick detour over to the dresser throw on one of her sweaters, but he was already opening the door. She simply did not have time to throw on a sweater-- or that is what she told herself later on anyways.

Veering away from the dresser, she reached the door just as he was stepping out of the room. "Bradley... I said wait, can you turn around and look at me."

Turning around, Bradley was both shocked, and secretly delighted, to see she was still half undressed.

Determining this was the moment to make things right between them, Jennie boldly grabbed her grandson's hand, dragging him back into the bedroom.

"Look," she said, "I am the one who should be sorry for snapping at you." Reaching past him she pulled the door shut. "I see you have your toothbrush so I am guessing you were coming in here to brush your teeth. I guess you are all out of toothpaste in your bathroom."

"Y-yes," Bradley stammered. While he may have been knocked sideways seeing his nana shirtless, it didn't keep his eyes from flickering down to her chest.

Jesus she has some nice tits, Bradley thought to himself while trying to control the growing erection under his towel.

Jennie took him by the hand, leading him deeper into the bedroom and toward Crystal's bathroom. "Let me guess. That bratty little sister of yours. She probably used all your toothpaste up."

"Yeah," he mumbled.

"Well I'm sure your mom won't mind you using her toothpaste until you can get some more."

Bradley entered the bathroom, and was about to shut the door, when his nana told him, "Look honey, can you please take a minute to talk to me when you are done brushing your teeth?"

"Nana, I have to get to class."

"I know but this shouldn't take long. Please, it's important."

"OK," he said before shutting the door.

"Good, I will wait for you over on the bed."

He hurried brushing his teeth. After emerging from the bathroom, he stopped dead in his tracks upon seeing her sitting there on the bed --still without having bothered to put on a shirt.

It was a brash decision on Jennie's part to remain shirtless. Obviously, with him in the bathroom she could have put her sweater on, but she didn't for a very good reason.

She gave him a nice smile before asking, "Surprised to see me like this still, Bradley?"

Trying desperately He swallowed hard, willing his cock not to grow hard again. After taking a step closer, still clutching his toothbrush, he finally answered. "Yeah, I'm surprised."

"Well, I just figured leaving my shirt off was about the only way I could really prove to you that I'm still not mad about you walking in your mom's bedroom and seeing me like this."

He really didn't know what else to say so he just gave her a simple, "OK".

"Now why don't you go run to your room and get dressed and then after you come back here when can have our talk."

"What about my class?"

"They won't miss you," she said with a smile, but when she saw he wasn't smiling back she hurriedly added, "C'mon hon, we need to talk. It's important."

"Yeah, I agree, but what about Sophie. I mean don't you have to go downstairs to make her--"

"Just then there was a loud knocking on the door. "Nana, are you in there?"

"Speak of the devil. I will be right back."

He watched as she hurried across the room and cracked the door open. "Sophie, sweetheart, your nana is not feeling well and I am just going to lay down on your mom's bed. Can you manage to get yourself off to school? Your breakfast is already downstairs waiting for you and can you just walk to the bus stop with one of your friends today, sweetie."

"Sure, Nana Jen. Hope you are feeling better."

"Oh and honey, could you be a doll and stop back in your room and tell Billy, he should be awake by now, to just hang out in his room and watch TV or something and I will be in later to check on him. Let him know I am not feeling well and don't want to be disturbed unless it's a real emergency."

"OK, I'll tell him," Sophie said before skipping on down the hall back to her room.

After shutting the door, she turned back to him. "There I cleared my schedule for us to talk. So hurry up and go get dressed."

"Alright," he mumbled as he brushed past her, but before he could get past her completely she reached out, snagging him by the arm.

"Wait, speaking of getting dressed, what about me? I am thinking maybe you would be more comfortable talking to me if I was to throw a top on as I am afraid, now that I have had some time to think about it, I imagine you may find the sight of me like this somewhat gross."

"No. I don't think you look gross... not at all, Nana Jenn."

"I wonder if that is the honest truth. I mean think about it honey. I'm fifty one years old and my handsome and adorable eighteen year old grandson just walked in on his grandmother and saw her without a shirt on. Seriously, I had it in my mind you could not be anything but grossed out by seeing me that way."

"Well, I wasn't" he answered firmly.

"I can't imagine why not?" she said in a low voice.

"Well you need to readjust your imagination, Nana Jenn coz I am not at all grossed out."

"OK, well then back to my original question. Either way, maybe you would be more comfortable if your nana threw a top on?"

Bradley's mind was whirling. Jesus what a loaded question. If he told her to put a top on she would probably think it was

because he did, in fact, find the sight of her like this, gross. On the other hand, if somehow suggested she didn't need to put a shirt on, would it make him some kind of pervert for wanting to continue to see her like this. He didn't know what to answer so he copped out mumbling, "Hell, I don't know, Nana."

"Well, I don't know either. Wait. I have an idea. Let's leave it up to fate. Your mother usually has some change laying around on her nightstand."

Jennie, before she could lose her nerve, moved quickly over to the nightstand and sure enough there was a couple quarters along with a penny or two scattered about. Grabbing one of the quarters, she told him, "Heads I go in the closet and find a shirt to put on, tails I stay this way. Even chance either way so we will leave it up to fate."

"Yeah, ahh, OK," he said.

As she flipped the coin up in the air Bradley secretly prayed for tails. Maybe harder than he had ever prayed for anything in his life.

The quarter landed with a loud clunk on the bare hardwood floor before rolling on its side for a bit and then falling over somewhere by the closet.

Jennie rushed over to the coin as Bradley stood there waiting for the verdict... while still praying for tails.

"What is it?" he asked not trying to sound overeager.

Jennie peered down at the coin before straightening up and smiling. "You are in luck honey. Its heads."

After she disappeared into the closet, leaving the coin where it sat, a disappointed Bradley hurried out of the bedroom and down to his room, where he threw on a pair of old jeans and a tee shirt.

He paused at the door of his mom's bedroom this time and knocked. Loudly.

Bradley entered the bedroom to find his nana leaning with her head sticking out of the closet. "Could you come in here, Bradley? I think I need your help with something."

He hurried across to the closet. "What do you need?"

She opened the closet door wider allowing him to see she was wearing a plain white blouse, but it was still unbuttoned.

"Before I tell you what's wrong go check the coin laying on the floor."

He shuffled off across to where the coin lay on the floor a few feet away. Bending over he peered down at it. It was tails.

"Hey, its tails, not heads."

"Yes, I know. I told a little white lie."

"Why?" I mean it was your idea to let fate decide."

"I know. I just got scared. I guess I'm still not confident in letting you see me like this. Honestly, I keep thinking how there is nothing more pathetic than an older woman trying to wear something a little sexy... and failing."

"So why didn't you just continue with your story that the coin was heads. It wasn't like I was going to go check."

"Well, that was my plan and as you can see I even started to put on this stupid blouse, but then I got thinking how it might be dangerous to go against fate. She shrugged her shoulders, "You probably think it sounds silly but now I am basically like... stuck here in the middle and not sure what to do. What do you think?"

He smiled. Cleverly, she had managed to put the onus back on him. After hesitating for a long moment he decided to act boldly. Taking a step forward, he reached out, carefully gripping the unbuttoned blouse in both of his hands. Dropping his voice to a low whisper he said, "Nana Jen, there is nothing at all pathetic in your attempt to look sexy."

Deciding to lay on the charm nice and thick, he slowly slid the blouse off of her before adding, "And I too think we should not tempt fate and go against it so..." He tossed the blouse casually to one side. "I hope you are OK with this."

"I am, if you are," she replied while taking his hand and leading him out of the closet. As they crossed the room toward the bed, she was secretly thrilled by his bold response to her dilemma.

Once they reached the bed, she turned to him, "Now are we going to sit down on the bed and talk or what?"

"Yes, of course."

After they got settled on the bed, Jennie twisted her body so she was facing him. Sitting there, she tried to organize her thoughts as to just exactly what she was going to say to him, but before she could get it all straight in her mind, he spoke up first.

"Look Nana Jenn, can I start because there is something important I wanna say to you."

"Sure, go ahead."

Bradley took a deep breath as he carefully prepared what he was going to tell her. This would be the first real chance he got to sit down with his Nana Jenn and keep his promise to his mother to say something to make his nana feel attractive.

He had a whole mess of nice and charming things lined up to say to her, but then, in an effort to make sure she understood

how sincere he was, he made it a point to stare directly into those dreamy, bliss-blue eyes of hers and it was game over. He was lost as usual and everything he planned to say went out the window. He would have to keep it simple instead.

"I... I just want to say you look real nice, Nana Jennie."

"Really," she replied tilting her head seductively to one side. "I was worried my days of looking nice were over. It's been a long time since I heard someone tell me that you know."

"Clearly, those days have not passed, Nana."

"You are too nice, Bradley," she replied blushing before adding, "You know, I miss this Bradley... us having the time to just sit and talk."

"So do I and in that regards, well, lot of it's my fault. I understand, I mean I really do, you gotta help mom with Sophia and Billy, but in my heart I feel like I'm being left behind... like you have no time for me anymore and the

honest truth is I just miss not having time to spend with you... alone."

"Well, I guess I was wrong." She reached out and touched the side of his face--tenderly-- sending a cool chill throughout his body. "Being a grown teenager, I really didn't think you would care one way or the other if you spent time with your old grandmother."

"You are not old," he snapped at her. "Shit even though you are my grandmother you still look about ten times better than all my friends' moms do. Hell you look better than even their young girlfriends."

"You can't really mean that?"

"I do," he said. Reaching out her found her hands and squeezed them tight. "I find you abundantly attractive and about what happened this morning... I--"

She quickly interrupted him. It wasn't time to discuss that... just yet. "Before we get into that I just want to say you avoiding me like you have been for this last month or so has to stop. You are really hurting my feelings."

"OK, I will stop avoiding you if you promise me one thing."

"Anything sweetheart."

"Can you make a better effort to find some free time for me, even if it means telling little white lies to Sophia and Billy like you did this morning?"

"I'm sure I can do that as long as you maybe adjust your schedule for me also hon."

"You mean adjust my schedule like this morning by blowing off class."

"Exactly. Anyways, I hope sitting here talking to me is maybe more interesting than sitting in some classroom listening to your professor drone on."

"Yeah," he replied as his eyes slipped down to her attractive bra and nicely sized tits, yet again, "this is more interesting for sure."

Jennie smiled. She felt her self-esteem growing by the minute as she noticed, much to her excitement, how her grandson was having an incredibly hard time keeping his eyes off her chest.

"Now I guess we better discuss what happened this morning and, considering how I am still only half-dressed, what is happening still now."

"OK, you want me to go first," Bradley volunteered.

"Please," she said leaning back while, maybe, involuntarily pushing her chest out at him.

"Well... you, like, hurt my feelings by yelling at me this morning. I mean it was just an accident... what happened."

"I know it was an accident, but I didn't really yell... I... ahh just sort of snapped at you."

He suspected she wanted to say more but for some reason was reluctant to do so. Hoping to get her to open up, he said, "Well, if you knew it was an accident why were you so mad?"

"Look, I admit, I reacted badly. Given another chance I would have handled it differently and I guess I should really explain why I was upset about you walking in on me like that. Hopefully, it will allow you to understand things better and see why I was upset."

"I am listening."

"The truth is a bit complicated but here it is. Your grandfather was extremely conservative when it came to anything sexual, Bradley. He didn't like it when I dressed sexy or tried to show off, even if we were alone, and you know how domineering he was and how I was stupid and always did what he wanted."

"Yeah, I know. I never liked the way he treated you, Nana. I--"

"Shhh, honey. I don't want to turn this into a conversation about him. Not now. Let me finish."

"Sure, go on, I'm listening."

"Anyways, I really wasn't allowed to have any clothes that were sexy including my underwear. For all my life, I have basically only worn the most conservative bras and panties and always white. Your grandfather didn't like the colorful ones or ones with designs... like you know this one has. Adding

to my embarrassment maybe was you, my grandson, being the first person ever to see me in something other than a conservative, plain looking bra. The past you know is sometimes hard to overcome, sweetie."

"Well, you need to overcome your past Nana because you look great in your non-conservative, non-white bra."

"Thanks. You are making this easy by being so sweet." She gave him a warm smile before leaning in and giving him a hug and whispering in his ear, "I love you so much Bradley. Have you heard enough?"

"I have heard enough only when you are done, Nana. If you have more to say, tell me more."

"I do. Probably because I am older now, and single, with my best years behind me, I kind of feel I will never be wined and dined again, have gifts lavished upon me by some doting young man, have drinks bought for me, again by some

handsome young man, after which he would politely ask me to slow dance."

She paused now, letting out a quiet sniffle or two before quickly regaining her composure and continuing. "And worst of all, I doubt, at my age, I will never enjoy the feeling of true romance ever again. I guess you could call me a skeptic, but I just don't see those things in my future and it makes me sad."

Bradley was about to respond when there was a knock on the door, followed by his little brother's voice. "Nana are you awake. I'm hungry."

"Oh God. Our time is up, Bradley. You know I gotta take care of him now."

"I know," Bradley answered.

Jennie jumped up from the bed and hurried over to the door. Cracking it open just a bit she whispered something to Billy before shutting the door.

As she moved over toward the closet she told him, "Wait there, Bradley."

When she came rushing out of the closet, fully dressed, he realized the fun was probably over, but then she surprised him with some wonderful news.

She came over and plopped down on the bed next to him. "Listen honey, I'm pretty sure I can make some arrangements with your Aunt June to pick Sophie up after school today and then after I get Billy up and dressed, and fed, I could drop him off there too. In fact, I think I could convince her to keep them overnight. You know how she loves those kids. Anyways, your mom is working a double at the hospital tonight and mentioned how she is going to spend the night there, probably will just crash in the nurse's lounge I guess, because she has to also work again first thing in the morning."

"So Mom wouldn't be home until tomorrow afternoon, and with Sophie and Billy over at Aunt June's house for the day, and the night, it would... ahh..." He paused wanting her to finish.

Jennie reached over, grabbing his hand, she squeezed it tight, "Leave us to pick up things here, once again, without having to worry about being disturbed."

He smiled. "That would be great."

Grabbing his car keys, Bradley headed out the door, still formulating his plans as he tore out of the driveway. Roughly an hour and a half later when he arrived at home, Jennie had already left to take Billy over to his Aunt June's house allowing him just enough time to arrange everything on his end.

Bradley was just finishing up with wrestling the second of the two patio chairs from outside up and into his mom's

bedroom, the small round cast iron table, also from the patio, was already in place in the bedroom, when he heard her enter the house. After retrieving a dark sheet from the hallway closet, he tossed it over the table for use as a tablecloth.

From the top of the stairs he called down to her. "Hey don't come up here yet, I am preparing a surprise or two for you. I will be down in a minute."

"Sure hon," Jennie replied back.

He hurried into his room to change into a nice pair of khakis and a new shirt he picked out at the mall. As a final touch he added a dark suit jacket over his new pink shirt.

As he slowly made his way down the stairs he hoped he was not about to make a complete fool out of himself. While setting things up in the bedroom, he hatched a wild plan to do a bit of roleplaying with her, which just might, if he was truly lucky, lead somewhere... wicked. Now the question was: would she play along?

Deciding it might be better to give her a little bit of a warning he sent her a text.

R U up for a bit of fun and games with your favorite grandson

Hmm, what kind of fun and games are you talking about?

You shall see, Madame when your host arrives in the kitchen. Be there in just a second and I hope you will "play along",  
Madame

She was leaning against the kitchen counter with a smile on her face as he came into the kitchen. Striking a formal tone and trying to sound elegant, Bradley said, "Ahh, the Madame is here for her noon luncheon date. And right on time I see."

Eyeing her grandson in his elegant black suitcoat, Jennie, after barely a moment's hesitation, decided to play right along.

"And you must be the maître d of this fine establishment."

"I am," he replied before presenting his arm to her and saying, "And shall I escort you to your private dining room on the upper level, Madame."

As she hooked her hand around his arm, allowing herself to be led across the kitchen, Jennie giggled to herself at her grandson's foolishness while secretly delighted he was being foolish--just for her.

"Tell me, kind sir, has my dining companion arrived?"

"Actually..." Bradley paused, thinking, before an inspiration hit him. "Speaking of that, I have a message. Sadly your companion for lunch called ahead. He will not be able to keep his lunch date with you, Madame."

"That is too bad."

Smiling at her host she said quietly, "Oh how I hate dining alone."

Bradley picked up on her gambit immediately. "Well Madame, it just so happens my shift is over as soon as I have you escorted upstairs and settled into your table. Could I be so bold, as to suggest myself joining you for lunch?"

"Why that would be absolutely lovely to have such a handsome young dining companion join me for lunch, but I'm afraid there is one tiny problem, my planned on dining companion, my shitass husband, was supposed to bring me something elegant to wear as I was too busy running errands and such so I'm afraid I really don't have anything proper for a fine lunch date."

"Oh, that is not a problem, Madame as all our upper level private dining rooms come fully equipped with both its own private bathroom and wardrobe for the ladies. I will direct you to the wardrobe where I'm sure you can find something proper to wear."

"That would be most excellent," she replied just as they reached the bedroom door.

"OK, Nana, time out for a moment. I have a couple surprises prepared in the bedroom and I don't want to spoil them so maybe you could like, close your eyes, and let me guide you to mom's closet. That's where you keep your nice clothes right."

"Yes, but I must say, wow honey, you are going all out for me huh and by the way, I like this little roleplaying game of ours. It's both fun and imaginative... two things that have been sorely lacking in my life for too long."

"Alright close your eyes then as we enter the bedroom and no peeking!"

"Promise, but I am thinking, maybe can you lead me first to the bathroom as if I am going to have such a handsome and

charming lunch companion I need to at least make myself look halfway presentable and put some makeup on. I already took a quick shower while you were gone so that at least is out of the way.

"OK, but you have to keep the bathroom door shut and when you are ready call me, and then I will guide you to the closet."

"Boy you really don't want to see how you have fixed up this so called upper dining room of ours huh?" she told him.

"Nope and remember..."

"Yeah, yeah, no peeking."

Inside the bathroom, Jennie took her time applying her makeup in an attempt to impress her "young lunch date". After spending a few minutes messing with her hair, she called Bradley to inform him she was done.

After being led over to the closer and then stepping inside, she got her first surprise. Setting in the middle of the hardwood floor was a white shoebox. Taped to the box was a plain piece of paper. Leaning over she couldn't help but to smile after reading the box's label-- A GIFT FOR THE MADAME.

Tearing off the cover of the shoebox, Jennie was happily surprised to find the sexy sandals with their four inch heels her adoring grandson had purchased for her earlier at the mall.

Hmm, she mused, if these shoes are any indication, I think someone wants me to dress a little sexy for them. I guess I had better oblige him.

At first, Jennie was at a loss as to what to wear. The few dresses she owned were quite conservative, as were all of her nice dress skirts. Then it hit her. Turning away from the small corner of the closet where she was keeping her own clothes, she turned to exam what her daughter had available to wear.

Crystal, without the restraint of an overbearing husband, owned a various array of nice, i.e. sexy clothes. After spending a few minutes checking out several of Crystal's skirts and tops, Jennie ended up going with a white blouse and a gray pencil mini skirt. Both the blouse and the skirt were made all the sexier by being a bit tight on Jennie since her daughter was a somewhat smaller woman.

Matched with the alluring high heels shoes Bradley purchased her, the "Madame" could only hope her date would find her, at least, somewhat, attractive looking.

All set, Jennie made the call to Bradley and just a short minute later he was leading her, eyes firmly shut, out of the bedroom and onto the landing just outside the bedroom door.

Once they were outside the bedroom he announced, "Game on."

"Yes, let's play," Jennie happily chirped.

"May I offer to buy the Madame a drink downstairs while we wait for our food to be prepared? I took the liberty of ordering for you. I hope you don't mind?"

"Yes, on both accounts kind sir," she happily replied allowing herself to be led down the stairs, across the living room and into the adjacent dining room. Over at the mini bar in the corner of the dining room, Bradley poured them both a glass of red wine.

"Is wine OK with the Madame?" he asked.

"Yes. I normally don't drink in the afternoon, but then again, I normally don't have such charming company for my luncheon dates either so I guess I can make an exception."

A minute later they were seated at the now smaller dining room table as Bradley had removed the two middle leafs in anticipation of them sharing a drink there.

"So shall I continue to just call you Madame or are you going to tell me your name?"

After taking a moment to ponder the question, Jennie responded. "I think I prefer Madame. Not knowing my name will add an element of mystery to our date. Plus, since I am a married woman, although my marriage is lacking in all regards, it's probably best you don't know too much about me."

"I believe I know all I need to know about you, Madame which is you are a beautiful and classy woman who has an absolute fool for a husband. That being said, may I add you look simply stunning in the outfit you picked out."

"You are so very charming... ahh I am afraid I don't know your name either."

"Certainly, my name is... Lance," Bradley said after a moment's pause.

"Hmm, Lance that is a good strong name. I like it."

"And maybe you will like this also," he said, pulling the small white oblong jewelry gift box out of his khakis and setting it down in front of her.

"What is this?"

"A small gift for the Madame. Please go ahead and open it."

Smiling, she pried the lid of the box before fairly shrieking upon seeing the white pearl necklace Bradley had bought her on his trip to the mall.

"Will you try it on, Madame?"

"Certainly," she whispered while fighting back the tears threatening to spill from her gorgeous, icy blue eyes. Bradley was being so damn charming and sweet to her she just couldn't help herself.

After getting the necklace in place and dropping it down inside her blouse, she gave him a smile. "So how does it look on me? Oh wait, here, maybe so you can see it better."

She slyly undid the top button of her tight blouse. "Better?"

"Yes, but maybe one more button would do it if you really were in a mood to show off... the necklace that is."

"Normally the Madame takes a conservative approach to her appearance but oddly, Lance, you instill me a confidence in me to show off."

Reaching for the buttons on her blouse she leaned forward while whispering, "If one more button undone would be good

to show off my beautiful new necklace I can only imagine two buttons undone would be much better."

"Yes, I very much agree," Bradley whispered back as he watched her undo two more buttons on her blouse.

"You like?" she asked after getting the buttons undone.

"Yes. Very nice, indeed," Bradley replied as he eyed the wide swatch of skin the extra buttons left undone on her blouse allowed him to see.

He only had a minute to enjoy his nana showing off though as just then the doorbell rang.

"Ahh the food has arrived," he said jumping to his feet.

After getting the delivery driver paid off, Lance turned to the Madame, "Shall we adjourn upstairs to the dining room."

"Yes. Would you mind very much if we brought the bottle of wine with us, Lance as it is most excellent and the Madame is in a mood to get a little bit tipsy."

"Of course," he said, "just give me a minute to go upstairs and make sure everything is properly prepared."

After placing the food on the table, and getting the candles lit on both the table, and throughout the room, Bradley turned his attention to his mom's heavy blackout curtains. She often worked the night shift and liked her bedroom dark for sleeping during the day which was just perfect for the dim, romantic atmosphere he was striving to create for them.

He pulled the curtains into place before turning to appraise the room. Everything was set.

Back downstairs he found his date anxiously waiting while holding the still half full bottle of red wine.

Once they entered the bedroom hand in hand, Jennie let out a small gasp, shocked at the lengths he went just to impress her.

In the open area in between the bed and the closet of Crystal's spacious bedroom, was the round patio table, with its dark sheet serving as a table cloth, along with the padded patio chairs.

In the middle of the table was a candelabra with three flickering tall, white candles. Next to this was his mom's best vase arranged with the dozen roses. Throughout the entirety of the bedroom, adding to the romantic atmosphere, were dozens of small dancing tea light candles, arrayed on both nightstands flanking the bed, on the tall dresser, and on the small vanity table in one corner.

Hearing her first gasp, and then squeeze his hand tightly, caused Bradley to feel, just maybe, he nailed things in his attempt to impress her.

They spent the next few minutes enjoying their lunch, while sharing some more wine, and before it was through, thanks to the light and playful banter they engaged in, the atmosphere surrounding their supposedly fun and innocent role playing game, was fairly reeking of sexual tension.

Pushing himself back from the table, Bradley stood up. He was feeling both brave and impulsive. Was it the wine, or was it playing the confident Lance which drove his impulsiveness to want more and more from this little game they were playing?

Striking an overly formal demeanor, he circled around to her side of the table and stretched his hand out. "May I have the supreme honor of sharing a dance with the beautiful Madame?"

"God, I haven't slow danced in ages. You are serious?"

"Very," he whispered.

"I would love to but we have no music."

"A situation easily remedied." He crossed the room to the dresser. Pulling the top drawer out, he retrieved his Amazon Echo from its hiding spot, placing it on the table.

Just as the Madame was preparing to ask the Echo to play one of her favorite slow songs from the eighties, Lance touched her on the arm.

"Please before select your song may I make a suggestion."

"Certainly, if you want to pick the song go ahead."

"Oh no, my suggestion has nothing to do with the song we shall dance to, but something a bit more... ahh... provocative. In fact, I probably should not even suggest it being it is so provocative and... hmm, somewhat bold, and could cause the Madame to become embarrassed and think ill of me."

"Well, Lance, dear, after that build up you must tell me. As for your suggestion being provocative, well, may I give my handsome young lunch date a small hint?"

"You may."

"As I am working on my third glass of wine, the Madame is in a rather provocative mood so I am hoping in my heart of hearts, whatever suggestion you are contemplating making, it will be bold... very bold, in fact."

"Well, if that is truly the case..."

"It is. I assure you. Make your suggestion... the bolder the better."

Lance cleared his throat before launching his clever ploy to hopefully get his Nana to remove her pretty blouse and maybe even a bit more.

"You know I normally work the dinner and dance hour and since our fine establishment here is so high end, I often bear witness to the latest fashion trends. Now you may not be aware of it Madame, but it is all the rage now for the ladies to dance, slow dance especially, in their very classy and very elegant... ahh underthings. I heard it started in Paris and has swept the world, and quite honestly, I do believe it would be a nice look for you, Madame."

"Oh you are a charmer young man. I will give you that. Tell you what, allow me a moment in the ladies room so I can powder my nose and I promise I will carefully consider your proposal."

"Of course, take your time," Bradley replied with relief. He half expected her to not only shoot down his naughty suggestion right away, but maybe put an end to the game they were playing once she maybe got an idea as to where he was trying to steer it.

Inside the bathroom, Jennie took all of about thirty seconds to make up her mind. She would dance with him... wearing only her bra and panties. It would be a bold and daring thing to do--this much she knew-- just as she knew she could use a little boldness, along with a dash of daring, in her otherwise dull life.

Jennie took a deep breath preparing to do maybe the naughtiest thing she has ever done in her life. Opening the bathroom door slowly, she stepped out and into the bedroom--after stripping off her clothes.

Lance, hearing the seductive click of her heels on the hardwood floor, raised his head up... and stared. She actually did it! He watched, spellbound, as she slowly crossed the room toward him. She was wearing the same delicious bra from this morning, along with a pair of matching panties.

Stopping at the table where he sat sipping on his wine, she gave him a warm smile before whispering, "I do hope the Madame looks at least a little bit acceptable in trying to follow

the latest fashion but I do worry. Might I be too old to be following such a naughty and daring fashion?"

Lance stood up, taking her hand into his, he kissed the back of it softly. "Madame, your beauty is only enhanced by your maturity and your choice of underwear to dance in, while indeed sexy, is not over the top slutty, like many of the young girls that come in here to dance. In short, I am impressed."

Jennie sighed. Her grandson's charm was taking her breath away as he led her out to the open spot in the bedroom that would serve as their makeshift dance floor.

As her slow romantic ballad started to play, Lance carefully slipped his arms around her.

They slowly circled the candle lit dance floor snug in each other's arms. Bradley fought hard to keep his hands from slipping down and fondling his nana's ass, almost as hard as he fought to keep his eyes off her tits.

Instead, he contented himself by rubbing his hands up and down her back, stopping just short of her ass several times, as she, seemingly, remained blissfully unaware to the internal battle he was fighting to stay decent with her.

The wine was starting to get to Jennie as she tilted forward, leaning on her grandson heavily. It might have been the only thing keeping her upright while they swayed gently to the romantic music.

Moving his mouth to her ear, he whispered, "I like dancing with you Madame. You feel right in my arms."

"As you do, Lance" she murmured back. Closing her eyes. Jennie felt dizzy. Was it the wine? Or maybe his sweet boyish charm? Or was it this highly intoxicating romantic game they were playing? More than likely it was all these things combined.

Her hands dropped down searching for the buttons on his dress shirt. Bradley held his breath as she started to ever so carefully undo his shirt.

"Do you mind as the Madame thinks it's a bit unfair her being so underdressed while her date is very much overdressed."

After a moment's pause, where Bradley fought hard to still his thundering heart, he replied in a voice hoarse with excitement. "No, I don't mind."

Each button coming undone was like one small step closer to their forbidden destination. They were no longer really dancing but had stopped in the middle of the dance floor as she-- showing the patience of a saint--- slowly unbuttoned his shirt.

While the Madame was busying herself undoing his shirt, Lance let his hands slip around to the Madame's front. He used a pair of fingers to trace small circles all over her bare

tummy with each circle rising higher and higher toward the lofty rise of her lovely tits.

After she finally got the last button undone, Lance stepped back and stripped off his shirt. Taking a couple steps away from her, he tossed the shirt across the room so it landed on the bed.

Before stripping off his shirt, his restless fingers had stopped just short of the lower edge of her bra and now he was anxious to get back and see if maybe she would allow him to do the unthinkable and maybe let his fingers, his hands even, explore those beckoning hills.

Turning back to her, he noted the playful look on her face, she was staring at him the way a cat stares at bird-- right before pouncing.

She slowly scrapped her fingernails teasingly all along his bare chest causing goosebumps to break out over his chest and arms as they started to sway to the mellow romantic

music once more. As they danced his eyes slipped down, becoming hopelessly stuck on her tits.

There was a naughty purpose to Bradley staring at his nana's tits. He simply wanted to burn the sight of those tits, clad in their sexy bra, into his memory for the basis of what promised to be a very hot masturbatory session later on.

Sadly, as he knew it must, the song finally ended.

"Shall we dance again?" he asked again hopefully.

"Hmm, not quite yet sweetie, can I call you that, sweetie?"

"Of course," he promptly replied.

"Good," she whispered. "I would love to dance again but the wine. I'm afraid I need to sit for a minute."

He took her by the hand, guiding her back over to the table. After they settled down across from each other she looked at him, a coy smile tugging at the corners of her mouth.

"I must say Lance, you are truly a gentlemen with the way you were keeping those hands to yourself while we danced despite the Madame being in her underwear. I am thinking most men would have taken that, you know dancing with a lady in her underthings, as a free pass to let their hands roam as they may."

"Well, Madame, I am not most men and was raised to be a well-mannered gentlemen."

"Well..." she said before reaching across the table and squeezing his hand. "I agree mostly with that self-assessment."

"Only mostly?"

"Yes, more on that later, but for now, I am wondering if you can help me with something? Something happened the other day, maybe a week ago, and I am in desperate need of a young man's opinion."

"I would be glad to render my opinion, Madame."

"Well, if you are to hear of what happened, I must have your absolute assurance you will give me your honest opinion. In other words, Lance, no little white lies in a well-meaning attempt to spare the Madame's feelings. Promise?"

"I promise."

"OK well, I was over at my daughter's house last week, staying there. She has three kids, the oldest of them is my favorite. His name is Bradley and he is just eighteen and an absolute angel of a boy, but last week we had a most unfortunate accident."

"What kind of accident?" Bradley said playing along. He was intensely curious to see where she was taking this "story" of hers.

"The poor boy. He walked in on me while I was getting undressed, an accident of course, and then fled the room as if the very devil was chasing him."

"Oh, he did?" Bradley asked intrigued by the way she was changing what really happened between them.

"Yes, I fear his seeing his fifty something year old grandmother in her underwear was too much for him. Anyways, put yourself in my grandson's shoes, if you could. It shouldn't be too hard as I imagine you are roughly the same age."

"You said he is eighteen?"

"Yes."

"That happens to be my age so I think I can oblige you and put myself in his shoes."

"Good. The bra I am now wearing happens to be the exact same bra I was wearing that morning he walked in on me. So tell me if you were him, what would you be thinking? I think you are qualified being the same age and since now you have both seen me so very undressed."

Jennie took a large sip of her wine and waited to see how strongly Bradley would take the bait she just tossed to him.

"If I was him..." he replied leaning forward, "I would consider myself to be the luckiest boy on earth for catching a glimpse of heaven in seeing how sexy, so elegant and so desirable my nana looked in her divinely gorgeous bra."

"Really, hmm, tell me more, like, what do you think my adorable grandson might be hiding deep in his heart from his Nana about that morning?"

They stared at each other for a long moment, both knowing they shouldn't go on; both knowing they couldn't stop.

When he said nothing, Jennie rose to her feet and circled around the table to his side. Leaning against the table for support, she reached out with one hand using it to turn his face upwards toward her.

"I see now I will have to bribe you if I am to elicit more information. Here give me your hands, Lance."

He brought his hands up allowing her to take them. "You are truly a gentlemen, Lance, yet unless the Madame has an overactive imagination, she has noticed how you have had an incredibly hard time keeping your wandering eyes off her chest as we danced."

Bradley, maybe shocked by her bold statement, said nothing.

"Well, have you nothing to say young man. Is the Madame imagining things or... not?"

"No, she is not. Tis true the beauty of your divine breasts is hard, nay I say, impossible, to ignore, especially as they are being put on such fine display by the Madame's exceedingly sexy bra."

She brought his hands up to her mouth kissing them lightly before placing them on her shoulders. "Oh really, tell me more."

"I should say no more, Madame."

"Then I shall simply have to encourage you to say more, young man... with the bribe I spoke of earlier."

She ever slowly guided his hands down until they rested on the full firmness of her breasts. "So what do you think of the Madame's bribe. Is it... well received?"

"Yes," he replied in a voice that barely rose loud enough to be called a whisper.

"Good. Well then, go on, you can fondle them if you want. Just as I imagine my grandson might have been dreaming of doing... or is that just wishful thinking on my part?"

She gave him a pointed look as he slowly began to move his hands around in semi circles feeling her tits, her very nice and firm tits, through the softness of her sexy bra.

He glanced up at her. In the flickering light of the candles he could see she was still staring at him with an extremely stern look on her face which suggested she fully expected him to answer.

"Stand up and answer my question, Lance," she said harshly.

He stood up, having to lean on the table for support as his legs felt like rubber. His voice was shaky, his cock hard, as he gave his answer. "I doubt very much it's your imagination Madame as I can't fathom your grandson not dreaming of fondling his nana's tits."

"Well I do hope, if your paths were ever to cross, maybe you could do the honors of telling him of just how nice his nana's tits do, in fact, feel."

She slowly begin to turn around, his hands slipping off her tits as she added with a giggle. "I bet it will make him quite jealous."

After getting fully turned around, Jennie pressed her back against him as he leaned back against the table. Closing her eyes, she found his hands and slowly began to guide them up to her chest. "You truly think they feel nice, Lance?"

Cupping them delicately in his hands, he bounced them up and down as he raised his mouth to her ear whispering, "Madame, your tits feel heavenly."

"Once again, your kind words flatter the Madame's heart. Now use your imagination... what dark confession do you think could that grandson of mine could make to me?"

Bradley's mind was reeling. While he had indeed fantasied about seducing his Nana he thought it would never get much past a simple kiss or two before she called the whole thing to a halt. This... what was happening now was most extraordinary, leaving him nearly speechless.

"I... Hmm, well... Madame... I'm not sure I can say. I--" She quickly cut off his fumbling speech with a decisive action that would send them both careening over the edge and deeper into the delicious waters of forbidden desire.

Turning her face abruptly, she whispered, "I see further bribes are in order to loosen your tongue."

She brought her mouth to his, and after snaking a hand around the back of his neck, they kissed, almost violently, tongues lashing out, lips smashing together again and again. Pressing back against him, the Madame slinked her lower body against his crotch in a provocative manner.

Her hands fumbled around-- down there-- until she found his cock. It was not difficult considering how big and hard he was.

"Oh God, I do believe the Madame's latest bribe has found its mark."

She stroked him through his dress pants, slowly up and down, her breath coming in ragged gasps, as he continued to fondle her tits with a recklessness leaving him on the verge of losing control.

When he let out a soft moan she knew he might be close to coming right there inside his nice dress khakis. Jennie quickly pulled away from him; it was time to put an end to their little game.

He looked at her, confused, his orgasm being snatched away at the last second. "What is wrong... Madame?"

Jennie reached out taking his hands in hers. "Nothing really, but Lance I am afraid I must say good bye to you." Leaning in, she gave him a tender kiss on his cheek resisting the urge to smile as--poor Lance--he looked like a little kid on Christmas morning who just heard the holiday had been cancelled.

"I don't understand, Madame. I... I thought everything was going so well."

"It is sweetheart and that is why..." She leaned forward, whispering in his ear, "I want my grandson back."

He gave her a serious look before asking quietly, "Will your grandson be allowed to... to continue on this adventure his alter ego Lance started?"

"Of course," she whispered, "if he really wants to."

He took her hands into his, kissing them each in turn, before whispering, "Oh he wants to... that is most definite."

"Good because your grandmother most assuredly wants to give her charming grandson a happy ending to this naughty little role playing game he set in motion for us."

"You know Nana I didn't really intend it to be naughty... it just turned out that way."

"I know sweetheart. We both got swept up in it and let it carry us away... which is OK as sometimes one must accept fate as it's dealt to them."

She gave him several light kisses on the lips, her hands holding his face in place, not allowing for any chance of escape. With the music stopped, the only sound in the silent bedroom was the delicate smacking of their lips as they came together again and again.

Her hands dropped, finding his and guiding them around to her back once more, and then on down, pushing them lower to the rise of her ass just as their soft sweet kisses began to turn deadly serious.

Breathlessly he whispered, "God, you are so beautiful Nana and I love you so much."

"Show me baby," she replied her voice hoarse with desire as his hands began to slide all over her ass feeling its plumpness and loving it.

They took turns arcing their tongues into each other mouths as her hands clawed at the front of his pants once again. She

hooked a pair of fingers under his belt practically dragging him over to the bed.

As they stood next to the bed exchanging one breathless kiss after another, he brought his hands up feeling the fullness of her tits through her bra for a few brief glorious seconds before reaching around to her back.

He clawed at the bra's double clasp in the back, briefly, and without much success, before Jennie pushed his hands away.

She settled herself on the edge of the bed before reaching out. Her voice was full of husky desire as she whispered, "Let's get these off of you, sweetheart."

He struggled out of his dress pants-- while she watched like some hungry bird of prey. Her eyes darted to his crotch when his pants hit the floor. Her grandson was wearing a pair of white briefs and was sporting an absolutely tremendous bulge causing her heart to throb with lustful cravings.

"I have a confession to make," she whispered. She carefully pushed herself forward slipping from the edge of the bed to her knees. Leaning forward, her face mere inches from that tremendous bulge, she told him of her sinful confession. "Your Nana has been thinking of this. How big and hard you might be. Yes, I noticed it under your towel this morning and haven't been able to think of anything else all day and now I want to see it."

"Oh Jesus, Nana really?" he asked scarcely believing what she just told him.

"What do you think? Will you show it to me?" Closing her eyes she pressed her face firmly against his crotch loving the way he was so big and hard... just for her.

Pulling back after a second or two, she looked up at him. "Take them off Bradley, slowly please, as I want to savor this moment forever in my heart."

He hooked a pair of shaky fingers around the waistband of his briefs, and following her instructions, he slowly pulled his briefs down before stepping out of them. His purposefully deliberate actions only served to ratchet up the sexual tension to another level--just as Jennie knew it would.

She let out a small gasp as his hard manhood, like a tiger being sprung from a cage, leapt out at her. His stiff cock, nearly seven inches long, was mere inches from her waiting lips.

"Oh God, Bradley you are such a big boy," she whispered.

Dumbly he replied, "I am?" He didn't know what else to say.

"It's been too long since I have had a cock in my mouth honey. Would you mind?"

Without waiting for an answer, her tongue darted from her mouth. She lapped at the quivering head of his cock with several dainty licks of her experienced tongue, making him

shiver, before she opened wide and took him into the warm cocoon of her mouth.

"Oh God, that feels so good," he moaned, his hand dropping to the back of her head as Jennie sucked him deeper into her mouth. Letting him slip out for a brief moment, she looked up at him.

"Hmm," she purred. "You taste good."

"Suck on it please, Nana Jen. Please... I am begging you."

Of course he didn't need to beg, but still, she liked the fact he was. She wanted his cock with a desire that only a sex starved middle aged woman could understand.

Closing her eyes, she took him deep into her mouth, sucking on his stiff member with both skill and patience causing him to rush head long toward a powerful orgasm.

She pulled back, not wanting him to come just yet. Looking up at him, she batted her eyes at him seductively, before turning her attention back to his hardness.

Jennie knew her grandson was oh so close to blowing his load when she pulled back. Now she had a little something different in mind to finish him off.

"Sit down on the edge of the bed, Bradley."

His voice came out in a harsh whisper, "I was almost there, Nana!"

"Don't worry, honey, your nana is still going to make you come, so very hard, but just not in her mouth. I have another idea you might like."

"Really," he said wondering what could have been possibly better than coming in her mouth. He was about to find out.

Giving him a sly smile she said, "I think it's fitting that I let you come over all your Nana's big tits while she still has the bra on that started this whole thing."

"Just wait will I grab your mom's coconut oil from the bathroom."

Bradley watched his nana stride across the bedroom to the bathroom, his anticipation growing. She was going to let him fuck her tits!

She tilted the bottle of coconut oil over her chest, allowing a generous amount to come splashing out soaking both her bra and her chest above it, before twisting the cap back in place and tossing it aside.

After sinking down to her knees, directly in front of him, Jennie scooted forward thrusting her chest out as she barked more orders at him. "Use your hands Bradley to trap that big cock of yours between my tits."

"But... can't I take your bra off Nana?" he asked.

"Not now, Bradley, now do as you were told!" she snapped at him.

Using both hands he happily obeyed. After squeezing her tits together he pushed upwards, his cock gloriously spearing up and in between her tits encased by the soft cups of her bra. The feeling was nothing short of heavenly.

His cock was just reaching new levels of hardness when she bent her mouth down and took him in her mouth. Moving up and down quickly, she lathered the entirety of his cock with her wet saliva before letting it slip out of her mouth.

Sensing her young and inexperienced grandson would not last long, Jennie went in for the kill. "Now let's finish this," she growled, "Go on fuck your nana's tits hon... fuck em hard."

He used his hands to again squeeze her tits together once more imprisoning his jutting cock in between her boobs. Bradley propelled his hips up, again and again, bouncing up and down on the bed, furiously fucking his nana's tits.

Biting his lip, he tried to forestall the inevitable but it was to no avail. Looking up at him, a coy smile on her face, she batted her eyes seductively saying in a determined whisper, "Oh that's it baby... fuck em hard, harder baby. Come all over your nana's pretty bra and big tits."

Bradley closed his eyes as his orgasm came rushing home. He wanted to prolong things, it felt that good, but it was like trying to stop a tremendous wave. He just couldn't help himself. He let out a sharp little cry and after another hard thrust the head of his cock erupted.

Jennie watched as a tremendous geyser of cum shot out of his cock soaking her chest and bra with a white, naughty stickiness. Together they collapsed back on the bed as she whispered, "That was some lunch date huh, sweetheart."

"It was. I hope we can have more dates like that in the future."

"Oh I am sure it can be arranged," Jennie replied happily.

Later on that day, after taking a nap and enjoying a quiet dinner, they were cuddled together on the sofa watching some TV. Soon Jennie was dozing peacefully as Bradley picked her up in his strong arms.

"Where are you taking me?" she murmured.

"Upstairs, to bed."

The way her powerful, young grandson was so easily carrying her, was so easy "man handling" her that is, sent her imagination into overdrive, giving her an idea. Tapping him on his bare chest as they reached the foot of the stairs, she whispered. "Stop. Put me down. I have an idea."

Bradley carefully set her on her feet hoping her idea would involve more sex. He was not to be disappointed.

"I was thinking. That roleplaying game of ours earlier today, it was fun... wasn't it?"

"I liked it," he replied.

"Well how about we explore another role playing game. One that is a bit spicier and a whole lot naughtier."

"I am listening."

"Let's go sit back down on the sofa and I will explain what I have in mind."

After they both sat down, Jennie explained what she wanted. "Look Bradley, what I am about to suggest may shock you but, well, keep an open mind."

He nodded his head keenly as she leaned in closer. "Remember how I mentioned your grandfather's and my relationship, especially in the bedroom, was really boring. Let's say he just lacked imagination when it came to our lovemaking while I, on the other hand, was forced to keep my wicked imagination under wraps."

She pulled back to gauge his reaction. "You don't have to keep it under wraps with me Nana."

His reaction was just as she hoped. "Then I will just come out and say it. I have always had a bit of a rape fantasy where my attacker was some handsome very young stranger that takes me by force. Not bad force, I mean not where he really hurts me mind you just... well... he overpowers me and..." Bradley listened to the rest of what his nana suggested with breathless enthusiasm.

They would be reprising their roles of the kind sir and the Madame, but this time with a bit of an explosive ending.

Bradley, dressed again in his nice khakis, and a fresh dress shirt, waited for his nana downstairs on the living room sofa. She was upstairs searching through his mom's clothes looking for something "slutty" to wear for this new game.

Five minutes passed, and then ten, as Bradley waited. He was on the verge of dozing off when he heard her high heels clicking seductively across the tiled foyer.

He came instantly awake upon hearing the front door first open, and then close. He waited anxiously checking his dress pants for the knife, along with the hastily scribbled note. Both were there.

Ironically, the knife, a six inch switchblade affair, was a present from her on his one of his birthday's some years ago.

The doorbell rang; the game was afoot. After rushing over to the front door, he paused for a count of five, allowing himself

a few quick seconds to get in character, before opening the door.

Bradley opened the door just a crack. Making his voice coldly formal he said, "May I help you."

This new game would feature a much less polite host for the Madame--just as she requested when telling her grandson what she wanted from their new roleplaying game.

"I hope so. I am running late, but I have a reservation for dinner and a private dance floor... oh and a private bedroom for after our dinner."

"That is nice but you are running late Madame, very late. So late, in fact, I'm afraid the dining room is closed, but the dance floor, along with the bar, is still open for another forty minutes or so. As for the bedroom you reserved... You understand this is a private club and I will need to see your membership badge."

"My husband actually made the reservation. He is a member and I am supposed to be meeting him here. He should already be here in fact."

"Under what name is the reservation, Madame?" Bradley asked using the same cold, formal tone.

"Blankenship." She resisted the urge to smile. She thought the fake name was good, especially since she just made it up on the spot. This new game allowed for a bit of improvising on both their parts.

"I will check. Give me a minute." He started to shut the door.

"Can't I come in," she asked. "Its cold out here and I stupidly left my coat in the car that dropped me off."

"Afraid not. As I said, this is a private club... very private and I can allow no one inside until I am assured they are either a

member or a guest of a member. Quite frankly, I don't remember anyone under the name of Blankenship having a reservation for the evening... but I will check."

Without another word he slammed the door shut in her face. Yeah, playing rude seemed to agree with him.

He walked back over to the sofa and sat down. He would purposefully leave her out in the cold for longer than necessary, knowing it would only ramp up her desperation.

He waited in the nice warm house, sitting down on the sofa and relaxing, while Jennie stomped around on the porch in the cold. He smiled to himself; he had went as far as locking the door and turning out the porch light on her.

Jennie was far from being upset about his rude behavior. Instead, she simply loved it knowing he was taking his role so seriously. True, it was cold and windy on this unseasonably cool spring night; it was also equally true she was not dressed for the weather in her extra tight white blouse, along with the

black skirt, extremely tight and short, coming barely down to her mid-thigh.

Finally, after making her wait for a good five minutes Bradley crossed the living room to the foyer. Cracking open the door, he smiled at her coldly.

Jennie resisted the urge to brush past him into the warm house--it would only ruin their game-- instead she took a deep breath, waiting to see how he would handle things.

When he said nothing right away she barked at him, "Jesus it took you long enough young man. It's cold and dark out here you know!"

"Yes, I am sure it is," he replied coolly.

"Well, did you find our reservation? You are going to let me in?" Jennie asked crossing the porch toward the door. By now

she really wanted inside the damn house, but apparently he was not going to make it easy as he quickly blocked her way.

"Yes I found the reservation but I afraid we have a small problem."

"W-what problem?" Jennie's teeth were starting to chatter as the cold was really beginning to get to her.

"Mr. Blankenship is not here. I first had him paged, and then remembered I had a note passed to me earlier this evening."

He slowly fished the note out of his pocket, it was actually an old shopping list he mom left in the kitchen, and pretended to peer at it a moment before he glanced at her. She was visibly shivering as she stood out on the cold, dark porch.

"Apparently, something came up and your husband will not be able to meet you here tonight and since the reservation is in his name, and his name only, and you are not a member, I

checked, there is precious little I can do. I might suggest you call yourself a cab or an Uber to pick you up Mrs. Blankenship."

He started to shut the door when she cried out desperately. "Please, my phone, it was in my coat. I can't call anyone."

"Well now that is unfortunate, but I am afraid without a reservation I can't let you in and please you must vacate the porch... now." He resisted the urge to smile as he started to shut the door in her face.

"Please, you can't leave me out here in the cold and the dark. Can't you let me in for a moment? Just so I can warm up and figure out what I'm going to do." "

"Doubtful," he replied promptly.

"Wait, I have money. I can give you a nice tip, you know, just for being kind and letting me in."

"In that case, if you are willing to pay a nice tip." He stepped aside allowing her into the house.

"Thank you. It's so cold out there and I'm freezing."

"Yes, I can see that," he replied dryly as his eyes floated up and down her body. Again, he resisted a smile as he observed the super tight, and rather short, skirt she was donning along with a pair of stunning black leather knee high boots. The heels were a generous four inches making the boots the pure embodiment of sluttiness.

Holding out his hand, palm up, he gave her a wry smile before announcing, "Now please Mrs. Blankenship, quickly, let's take care of our business. My shift is over just about now and I want to go home."

Jennie searched inside her skirt pocket and pulled out a five and three ones. Holding the bills out she smiled wanly

wondering what his reaction would be to such a paltry amount.

"Eight dollars," he sniffed, "really Mrs. Blankenship? There is precious little I can do for such a small amount. I am afraid you are going to have to leave."

"Please just let me use your house phone to make a call."

"No personal calls. Now, really you must leave."

"But I have a reservation!"

"Once again, your husband has the reservation as I stated." Firmly gripping her by the shoulders, he roughly steered her toward the door.

Brushing his hands off of her, she raised her voice, "Jesus, isn't there something we could work out. You can't send me back out into the cold. Please sir."

"Well if you were a paying customer I could let you stay and have a drink from the bar but then again our drinks start at, I believe, seventeen dollars so you are out of luck there too."

He once again started to steer her toward the door.

"Well if you were any kind of gentlemen you would offer to buy me a drink. I mean the bar is still open and you said your shift is over so..."

"Mrs. Blankenship, you are a married woman? Furthermore, your husband is a member here and if word was to get back to him--"

"I thought this club was known for its discretion, especially its employees. I am sure if we were to share a drink, or two, it should remain our little secret, especially if you were to find us some dark corner to share our drink in. After the drink maybe we could even share a dance and to that end I'm sure

if you did care to dance with me, since you work here, I would think you would be able to get us a private dance floor."

"You are absolutely right Mrs. Blankenship I am sure I could steer us to a dark corner and secure us a private dance floor but--"

Jennie stepped forward, brushing her fingers along his hand, interrupting whatever lame excuse Bradley was going to try and use not to accept her over the top invitation. Dropping her voice to a sultry whisper, she said, "Please young man, get a couple drinks in me and you might find my company to be... hmm, exceedingly pleasant."

Taking her by the arm he guided her across the foyer to the nearby sofa. "Wait here, I just have to run to the office in back to clear things with management that you shall be my guest for the evening."

"Don't you mean date, young man?" Jennie asked with a seductive smile as she sat down on the sofa.

"Of course, Mrs. Blankenship, your date... that is what I meant." He turned to leave but she stopped him.

"Wait, what is the possibility of securing a room for me for the evening ahh... I'm afraid I do not know your name."

"Lance," Bradley answered without hesitation. "Let's see how the drinks and the dancing go first Mrs. Blankenship... or do you prefer I call you something else."

"I think you called me Madame once or twice earlier. I like that. It's both formal and you not knowing my first name will add a bit of mystery to our date."

"Fine, Madame it is. I shall return shortly."

He hurried off toward the dining room his mind whirling with the upcoming possibilities of this new game they were playing.

Once inside the dining room, he went straight to the liquor cabinet, looking for something a bit harder for them to share as opposed to more wine.

In the back he found a bottle of Canadian Club, still almost two thirds full. "Whiskey, oh yeah, this will do just fine."

Smiling he pulled the bottle out looking forward to getting his Nana Jen, the elegant and sexy Madame that is, really fucking drunk... just like she whispered to him while she outlined her ideas for their new game.

Ten minutes later they were sitting across each other at the dining room table. "This is the finest the house has to offer Madame." He reached over filling the small shot glass for her. "I hope you like whiskey."

She leaned seductively over the table, allowing him to spy the lovely purple colored bra she was wearing. Purple was his favorite color; and she knew this.

"I don't drink whiskey much, hardly at all as it hmm, tends to make me both friendly and reckless but I suppose if you are going to join me I will have a just a bit."

He looked up-- from staring down her blouse-- before saying, "I think I will join you, but, be warned, whiskey tends to make me... aggressive."

She smiled at him coyly before responding, "Well in that case, you better have two shots."

They both downed their respective shots before she boldly reached out and grabbed the bottle of whiskey. "May I?"

"Of course."

She filled his glass up before nodding her head at him. "Like I said, you better have two shots."

Not wanting to disappoint her, he downed the second shot quickly. "Now what about you. Would you care for a second shot?"

"Yes, if you allow me a quick moment to recover from the first."

"Of course, in the meantime, why don't you tell me about yourself?"

"What would you like to know?"

"What about your marriage. Is it a happy one?"

She sighed before launching into a whole laundry list of complaints. Some of them real from her marriage to his Grandpa Ed, and some just made up on the spot.

Deciding to end the list with a very real complaint, and one that should cause him no small amount of excitement, she finished up by saying, "My final complaint is, I probably shouldn't tell you this, but you know the whiskey..."

She held her shot glass up. It was still half full as she had only been taking small sips from it thus far. Smiling at him, she quickly downed it before continuing. "My husband is quite neglectful to my needs... sexually that is. I dare say he maybe doesn't find me attractive anymore."

Lance, recognizing the opening, stood up. "The poor man must be blind as you..." He circled around to her side of the table and gently took her hand. Pressing it to his lips, he applied the lightest of kisses. "Madame, your mature beauty is nothing short of intoxicating."

Despite the fact they were playing a silly game, her grandson's over the top charm caused her heart to race. "Thank you, Lance. You are much too kind."

"May I have that dance now, Madame?"

"Well that depends young man. Can you handle one more shot of whiskey as I truly want to see that aggressive side of your personality?"

"I don't know... can I," he replied while reaching over and filling up his glass with a partial shot of CC.

He downed it quickly. "What about you?"

"Hmm, I think I have had quite enough unless you want me to pass out in your arms as we dance."

As they danced next to the dining room table, the Madame snuggled herself deep into the handsome stranger's arms--at least that is what she kept telling herself, that this was not her grandson but some stranger, both handsome and maybe a little dangerous.

He held her tight-- behaving for the moment-- as his hands traced small circles along her back.

After swaying in her arms for a few peaceful moments she whispered, "How about that room. Did you happen to check up on it?"

"Yes, well, about that, I am afraid we are booked solid for the evening, Madame."

"Really..." she brought her lips closer whispering, "you sure there is not at least one room available." She planted a light kiss on his lips before pulling back. "Somewhere..." She placed another kiss on his lips, this one lingering longer.

"I could check again."

"Please do," she whispered. Bringing her lips to his, she punched her tongue deep into his mouth, swirling it around

to maximum effect, while at the same time she reached around to her back, pushing his hands southward onto her ass--thus sealing the deal.

His hands groped at her ass through the tight skirt as he kissed her back. Their tongues intertwined, allowing any pretense of them enjoying an innocent dance, to come to an abrupt end.

Presently they found themselves back at the dining room table. "Please, I need to sit down for a moment. The room is spinning."

He easily lifted her up, placing her butt first onto the dining room table. Staring at her, he smiled. "Don't worry about the room. I will secure it without a doubt Madame, so now I am just wondering how grateful you might be?"

"Maybe this much." She slowly started to undo first one button, and then another on her tight blouse, before taking his hands and pressing them up against the front of her blouse.

He eagerly began to fondle her tits through her blouse for a few blissful moments as Jennie allowed him this one aggressive moment before she managed to push him away. He was still staring at her chest... panting like a dog.

It thrilled her, absolutely thrilled her beyond words, that her fifty one year old tits could inspire such passionate emotions in her sweet, innocent grandson, but still she wanted his aggression to simmer just bit longer. She knew the real trick would be to harness his aggression, if only for the moment, before getting it upstairs and into the bedroom.

"Great... so you got me a room. Can you escort me there, please?" she told him as she leaned back away from him.

With a tremendous effort, "Lance" managed to put his passion on hold and find his professional demeanor once more. "Yes, Madame. Your room is just upstairs."

"Yes, just give me a moment to use the bathroom and straighten myself up."

She wasn't gone long before emerging from the downstairs bathroom. Pausing in front of him, she whispered, "Maybe the Madame would care for another drink or perhaps another dance before going to her room?"

He asked this, hopefully, despite noticing how her blouse was once again buttoned all the way up.

"While that is a generous offer, I'm afraid I'm ready to retire for the evening. If you could just show me to my room."

Apparently, whatever was going to happen between them, wasn't going to happen down here... or maybe not at all considering her dismissive tone with him.

The Madame used her cold tone with the express purpose of hoping it would fuel the idea the "Madame" was nothing more than a cock tease, who had used the kind young man to get what she wanted, and now had no use for him.

It worked as Lance stewed all the way up the stairs, imagining how he would feel if this was a real scenario. His imagined hurt feelings received a boost when he tried to take her hand while leading her up the stairs.

Yanking her hand back, she said, "Please, I am tired." Jennie snapped, with exaggerated curtness.

At the top of the stairs, he turned, leading her down the few short paces to his mom's room. "Your room, Madame," he said to her formally as he opened the door.

Jennie poked her head inside and sniffed. "Hmm, a bit quaint for my tastes, but it will have to do, I suppose."

Lance tried to step past her and into the room saying, "Here let me turn back the covers on the bed for you, Madame and-  
-"

Hoping he was attuned into the game she was now playing, Jennie quickly stepped in front of him. "That will be quite alright, Lance, as I stated quite clearly I am tired, so good night."

"Yes, of course, Madame, it's ju--"

As a final touch she made it a point to shut the door rudely in his face.

Bradley took a step away from the door. Taking a deep breath, he shut his eyes allowing himself to sink deeper into character.

Who is Lance, he asked himself. Bradley took a quick minute to answer himself silently.

Although appearing calm and cool, Lance was actually hot headed with a bit of a bad temper and a nasty streak of

aggressiveness toward women--especially after he had been drinking.

Yes, this was exactly the way his nana told him to view his character, before adding with a smile, "He is also quite sexually frustrated, a frustration that shall boil over tonight after being aptly teased by the alluring Madame."

Bradley opened his eyes. He was ready; Lance was ready that is. "Fucking teasing bitch." He muttered taking a step back toward the bedroom door.

Raising his hand, it trembled slightly, he knocked quietly on the door and waited.

Jennie resisted the urge to smile as she crossed the room. She hoped her cock teasing had gotten to her grandson, revving up his engine to full throttle-- so to speak. She paused at the door giving her time to slip back into character.

Cracking open the door, she glared out at him with a smug look on her face before whispering harshly, "Look young man I already tol--"

"Lance" took a deep breath before shoving the door inward. Hard. Hard enough to cause the Madame to stumble backwards as she let out a little yelp. Although Jennie earlier while discussing their impending role playing game informed her grandson, maybe even begged was more like it, to be overly aggressive with her, still she was caught somewhat off guard.

Lance reached out gripping her wrist tightly.

"I will scream. God help me I will."

"Go ahead and scream," he said as he twisted her arm behind her back, "and if you do I will break your fucking arm you teasing bitch."

Just to add a bit of realism to his statement, Bradley even went as far as to actually twist her arm enough to make her cry out. "Please... Lance... you are hurting me. I won't scream. I promise."

Relaxing his grip he brought his mouth to her ear growling, "If I let you go you better behave."

"Yes, yes, I will, promise."

He released her and then took a step back.

Jennie, doing her best damsel in distress act, began to slowly inch away from him working her way back around toward the door while whispering, "Look, just tell me what you want hon and I'm... well, I'm sure I can oblige you."

Lance watched her inch closer and closer to the door and was preparing himself once more to go into attack mode.

Just as she started to reach for the doorknob in two long strides he was across the room. He violently snatched her hand away from the door as Jennie let out a small shriek at her grandson's aggressive behavior. Well, at least he was taking their game seriously. Yeah, no doubt about that!

"Planning on going somewhere... Madame."

Jennie, deciding it might be fun not to play the innocent victim at this point, made her voice sarcastic as she said, "Yes actually I planned on trying to escape... I thought that would have been rather obvious."

She stood there, glaring at him tapping her foot on the floor, waiting to see what his reaction might be to her sarcasm.

"Try to escape again and I will be forced to use my knife and maybe cut that pretty face of yours up something bad."

Jennie quickly made a firm decision. I shall continue to push his buttons until he snaps. "Really, so does that mean your mommy lets you play with knives, little boy." Taking a step toward him, she dropped her voice. "Actually, I bet you don't even have a fucking knife, Lance."

Lance took a step closer to her. "Oh yeah you wanna see it then huh?"

"The knife you mean?"

"Yes, the knife... so you know I am fucking serious about getting what I want from you."

"Go ahead and show me then... if it makes you feel better... then again I don't really care to see anything you have."

Knowing this should push him to the edge, she waited until he was busy fumbling inside his pants pocket to retrieve the knife.

Turning quickly away from him, she snatched open the door and was just stepping outside when Lance swiftly reacted. He let the knife slip back down inside his pocket as he reached out and with one powerful hand grabbed her trailing wrist. He viciously yanked her back in the room before wrenching the door shut with a loud bang.

He gave her wrist a malicious little twist, causing Jennie to quickly go limp as she cried out, "OK, OK, I will be good."

"Close your eyes and turn around. Do it now," he barked as he took a step closer to her.

Jennie now decided to flip the script and become wholly docile, just to see how he might react.

Turning around, she closed her eyes. Lance pressed the full weight of his muscular body against her body pinning her face first against the door.

Jennie was starting to get really fucking turned on as she could feel the full weight of his young, powerful body pressing up against her; she could smell the whiskey on his breath, along with the faint aroma of his cologne, but most exciting of all was the threat of violence and sex which hung in the air between them, made all the more serious by his immense hardness pushing up against her firm backside. She wondered if he would have guessed by now how she wasn't wearing any panties under her slutty little mini skirt.

This is what she had been longing for, and now that it was here, she wanted it all the more. Her pussy, already pre-soaked from the night's naughty affairs, was now on fire.

He waited for the Madame to close her eyes before reaching down and retrieving the knife from his pocket. Holding it out just far enough away from her face to be safe, he hit the button.

Upon hearing the blade swish out, so dangerously close to her face, Jennie started to squirm with untold excitement. So he had not been bluffing after all!

Her handsome attacker having a knife--now this was an exciting twist she hadn't been expecting.

"Did you hear that? You know what that was?"

"A knife."

He carefully dragged the knife slowly across the back of her neck. The cold hard steel sent shivers of excitement up and down her spine.

"Open your eyes"

Jennie's eyes flickered open. His mouth was pressed up close to her ear. Whispering, he said, "I could hurt you really bad,

bitch. I should hurt you... and maybe I will still... you fucking tease."

"Please Lance, I'm begging you, I wil--"

He banged his fist loudly against the door, right next to her face, interrupting her intended plea for mercy.

"Shut up," he barked. "Turn around slowly."

Jennie carefully twisted her body around so she was facing him. He glared at her--handsomely--as he brought the knife slowly up to her throat. Ever so slowly, he dragged the sharp edge of the knife against her creamy white throat until it reached her pearl necklace.

"Nice," he whispered using the edge of the knife to toy with the necklace.

"It was a gift from my grandson. He is adorable and loves his nana so much."

"I just bet he does," Lance whispered back as he slowly pulled the knife back from her throat.

"Now are you going to be good so I won't need this?"

"Yes, you can put your knife away, Lance. The Madame will be good."

"You're mine right?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Say it. Tell me."

"I am yours. You can do whatever you want to me."

He clicked the blade back into place, before turning and tossing the knife across the room. It hit the bed with a quiet thud.

Turning back to her, he softened his voice. Raising his hand, he gently used one finger to stroke the side of her face. "All I wanted was a good night kiss. Nothing more. That would have been good enough for me."

"Well that is a simple enough thing." She gave him several light kisses on each cheek, before pulling back briefly, and then leaning forward she let her lips brush teasingly against his several times as she whispered, "You can undo my blouse if you want sweetie."

Her hands found his and pressed them against her blouse as she leaned back against the door. He nervously began to fiddle with the top button of her blouse.

The buttons were small and delicate, and her light kisses, she was again teasingly just barely brushing her lips against his,

while pulling back anytime he tried to kiss her more forcefully, were a major distraction.

He was having difficulty getting the small buttons undone, but finally just as he managed to get the top two buttons undone, she pushed him away.

"There I kissed you good night. Are you satisfied now, Lance?" she asked in a sultry whisper.

"Yes," he lied. He wasn't satisfied by a long shot.

"Well good, then I imagine you will be leaving," she said while squeezing out from between him and the door. Turning, she gave him a smile. "I hope you enjoyed your good night kiss now if you would kindly leave."

His eyes narrowed as he realized she was back to being a fucking tease... once again. "I thought, I mean, you invited me

to unbutton your blouse and now you want me to leave? Why are you scared of me or something?"

"Scared of you?" she fairly snorted, "don't be silly. I knew you were harmless all along. Your inability to get my blouse undone, even without me struggling to stop you, only proves my point."

Her voice up until this point had been playful and teasing, but now it turned cold and biting. Giving him a hard stare she finished by saying, "Now can you kindly... get the fuck out of my room so I can undressed?"

Jennie turned away and started to open the door praying her biting comments and dismissive attitude would do the trick. It did.

Lance whirled on her, slamming the door shut with such force it shook the entire room. He moved up close to her before growling, "You say I am harmless. I will show you just how... not harmless I am."

Reaching down, he started to unzip his pants before Jennie reached out and grabbed his hand.

"Allow me," she whispered.

Lance sighed, hoping the teasing was finally at an end. He was so fucking hard by now it was beginning to hurt.

Jennie slowly, ever so slowly, began to unzip his pants before, with a unexpected rapid twist of her wrist, zipped them back up as she casually pushed him away.

Staring at him directly she spoke to him much in the same way a mother scolds a wayward child. "Yeah, right, little boy, you could barely get my blouse undone, so how could you ever hope to take advantage of me. Now again, can see yourself out and please... your slamming the door act is getting tiresome so maybe can you shut the door quietly on your way out."

She brushed past him flippantly, crossing the room toward the bathroom when he finally snapped. In two long strides he was on her. Gripping her by the arm, he pulled her over close to the bed as she let out a small squeal... of utter delight.

Twisting her around in his arms, he tried to kiss her, but she fought back banging her fists against his chest. It mattered little, his blood was up once more, for real this time, as he crushed his lips to hers.

They kissed angrily almost, both thirsting for more, their mouths crashing into each other, over and over again. He brought his hands up pawing at her chest briefly before he began to tear at the buttons of her blouse driven by her earlier biting comments on how he wasn't able to get the buttons on her blouse undone.

"No, wait," she whispered pushing him back.

"You are nothing but a tease. Jesus you kiss me, then it's 'no wait'."

"I am sorry, Lance," she replied batting her eyes innocently at him. "It's just I didn't want you to ruin my blouse. It's expensive and the buttons are delicate so..."

He wasn't buying her song and dance this time. Without thinking Lance snarled, "You mean ruin it like this..."

It was like a sudden violent summer storm had rolled inland destroying everything in its path... including her expensive blouse with its delicate buttons. The storm's name was Lance and it rolled over Jennie violently.

Using both hands to grasp either side of her blouse, Lance brutally ripped the blouse open. The small, delicate buttons went flying everywhere as Jennie screeched loudly, half in terror, half in sheer delight.

Lance tossed the ruined blouse aside before pushing her roughly onto the bed. He was on her before she could even react, diving onto the bed and pinning her there.

His mouth found her neck, raining violent kisses down as Jennie struggled to free herself to no avail. His wild kisses fell to her chest, the feel of the pretty purple bra against his angry lips only urging his lust onwards.

"Wait, honey," she gasped. "Take my bra off... you obviously want the Madame's boobs."

He reached under her body and struggled with the triple clasps briefly before she rose up. Dropping her voice to a sultry whisper she said, "Why don't you let me take it off for you sweetie? I think that would be easier huh?"

He pulled back, lost under the spell of her beauty and charm once more.

"Here sit on the edge of the bed and..." She hopped up off the bed as he moved to obey. "I will stand here, right in front of you, so you have a front row seat as I take my bra off." She stroked the side of his face tenderly before whispering, "I bet you would like that huh?"

Moving closer, she pushed her tits in his face while bringing her hands behind her back intending on fulfilling her promise. But then she spotted it and the game changed again.

The knife he tossed on the bed just a little while ago lay there within easy reach. Distracted by the Madame's tits in his face, Lance did not notice her reach out and grab it until it was too late.

Taking a step back, Jennie brought the knife around, waving it in his face.

"Now I have the knife," she snapped at him.

He laughed. "Shit, I bet you don't even know how to open it. Go ahea--"

With relish, Jennie pushed the button. The knife snapped opened causing Lance to let out a surprised chuckle.

"Shit, I guess you do," he said warily as she moved the knife closer to him.

"Now you are going to listen to me," she said taking another step back while foolishly brandishing the knife closer to him.

"I don't think so," he said before whipping his hand out. He had her wrist, the one holding the knife, in a vise like grip. She struggled as he hissed, "Give me the knife... now."

He squeezed her wrist harder before shaking it. "I said now!"

Jennie gave up and let him take the knife from her.

"What am I going to do with you, Madame? Those hands of yours are always getting you in trouble. They push me back, they hit me, they grab things they aren't supposed to; they playfully tease me without pleasing me... ever."

"I know. I'm sorry, Lance."

"Bullshit I don't trust your 'I'm sorry' any more than I trust your hands." He brought the knife up to her chest, and then higher toward her throat. "Maybe I ought to just cut you some and then you shall understand not to cross me."

"No, please. Look... I have an idea where you can trust me. Check my purse. It's right there on the nightstand."

"What are you talking about? I think you are just trying to distract me with more of your bullshit."

"No, seriously. Look for yourself."

"You do it. Show me what you got in your purse that will make me trust you. Go slow though and no fucking tricks."

"OK, OK, I promise, no tricks." Jennie pulled back from him and leaned over grabbing her purse off the night stand. "I am just going to open my purse and then you shall see."

One day, shortly after she had moved in, while arranging her stuff in her daughter's closet she came across a shoebox tucked away in the far recesses of the closet. Curious, thinking it was probably nothing more than a bunch of old photos, Jennie opened the box.

Instead of just a bunch of old, boring photos, inside the shoebox was a pair of gleaming black handcuffs. She was actually not really that surprised. It was years ago, but still she remembered Crystal confiding in her one day, about how her and Donnie, Bradley's dad, and her former son-in-law, were trying some new kinky stuff in the bedroom to spice up their

sex life. Apparently, it had not worked all that well as roughly eight months later Crystal and Donnie were divorced.

"I don't suppose you would want to use these to secure my naughty hands, Lance?" Dangling from her hand was the handcuffs.

She watched a smile come across his face as Lance, liking where this was heading, snapped at her, "Yeah, now we are talking, turn around."

He roughly secured the cuffs around her wrists before whipping her around to face him.

Settling back down on the edge of the bed, he told her, "Now take a step closer to me... that's good, now another one."

With a wicked smile, he pulled the knife back out of his pocket. Moving it close to her chest, he hit the button. The knife swished out mere inches from her heaving chest.

He wielded the knife, moving it closer and closer to her chest, before dropping it down to the middle of her tummy. Starting at just above her navel, he carefully dragged the sharp point of the knife across her bare skin, just enough to tickle her as he moved it ever slowly upward towards the lower edge of her bra.

Jennie held her breath as she did her best to convince herself she was at the mercy of this very handsome, but incredibly deranged stranger. "Lean back a bit, thrust your chest out and close your eyes. DO IT NOW!" he growled at her.

She met his eyes briefly before obeying. There was a dangerous twinkle in them, indicating she was maybe about to embark on a very wild ride. Leaning back, she did exactly as he wanted, thrusting her chest out while closing her eyes. Jennie was nearly beside herself with anticipation, feeling the sharp knife crisscrossing over her bra as the deranged stranger used it to toy with her boobs.

"Open your eyes," he snarled at her after a few long electrifying seconds of his knife play.

Looking down, Jennie watched with bated breath as her attacker carefully slipped the knife under her right bra strap; moving it up, he paused it at her shoulder. "Please Lance, sweetie," she whispered, "don't cut the Madame's bra. It's very expensive. You can do anything you want to me but--"

He gave her a wicked smirk before giving the sharp knife a quick twist, neatly slicing the strap of her bra.

Jennie let out a small gasp. She hadn't thought he would really do it. Lance, his excitement reaching a near fever pitch, quickly brought the knife over to the opposite strap. This time she said nothing; she actually wanted him to do it as she knew what would follow.

Another quick twist of the knife sliced through her left bra strap. He tossed the knife on the bed, before quickly catching both cups of her bra, not allowing them to slip off her breasts.

He was holding both of the cups in place with his fingers as he whispered, "Take a step back."

Bradley took a deep breath. He had been dreaming of this moment for what seemed like forever. Now that it was here, he could scarcely believe it.

His fingers trembled as he allowed the bra to slip from his fingers. His excitement was at a fever pitch as her pretty, ruined bra fell forward dangling precipitously on the peaks of her twin mounds still hiding, albeit just barely, her nipples from his hungry gaze.

With a loud giggle, Jennie shook her chest, allowing the bra to slip off and down. It fluttered to the floor, landing there to be forgotten as Bradley hungry gaze was finally rewarded with the glorious sight of his Nana's bare breasts.

"Do you like them, Lance?" she whispered.

"Oh God yes, they are beautiful, Madame."

"Good..." She took two small steps closer, her voice dropping to a mere whisper as she said, "Here, why don't you take a closer look at them."

Bradley swallowed hard. The ripe nipples on her tits stood out, fully erect, mere inches from his quivering lips.

"Close your eyes, hon."

Although she was the one in the physically helpless position, he obeyed, closing his eyes tight.

She stood there for a moment, doing nothing, letting the raw sexual tension build to it a cataclysmic fever pitch, before she slowly thrust her chest forward.

Bradley kept his eyes shut while holding his breath, waiting, hoping for a warm fleshy reward. He was not to be disappointed. Jennie purposefully pushed her big tits into her grandson's face, working them in small semi circles all around his face, sending a shower of shivers up and down his spine.

Stepping back, she tilted her head at him--seductively-- while flashing a knowing smile. "You wanna play with the Madame's big boobies Lance, sweetie. I will let you."

He swallowed hard saying nothing, although, considering her helpless position, the irony of her "letting" him play with her tits was not lost on him.

He finally found his tongue. "God yes, I wanna play with them. More than anything in this world."

"Can you give me some kisses first, Lance? Please." Her voice was soft and pleading, her lips inviting as she leaned down.

He scooted forward on the bed, his grasping hands attacking her naked tits with a forcefulness Jennie would never have believed her grandson possessed. Smashing his mouth against hers, he pushed his tongue deep in her mouth as his hands continued to claw feverishly at her boobs

His kisses fell down, off her lips, and onto her neck. Jennie straightened up, arching her back. He took a quick glance upwards. It was a surreal sight. His nana, her hands cuffed securely behind her back, topless, braless, with a short, tight slutty skirt on, along with an equally slutty pair of high heeled boots, standing there, stock still, basically offering up her bountiful breasts to him --like a pair of beautiful sacrificial lambs-- to his hungry mouth.

When one of her fully erect nipples brushed up against his parted lips it was as if a dam burst.

His tongue darted out, flickering across her distended nipple, causing a small moan to escape from her. Wanting more,

Bradley opened his mouth and began to suck on her tits in a wild, crazed frenzy.

She allowed him a few glorious moments to satisfy his intense hunger for her boobs before, slowly, ever so slowly, as she did not want to move too fast and shatter their dream, she took a step back breaking contact.

He looked up, wondering what was next.

"Kiss me some more," she demanded.

Standing up, he wrapped his arms around her before their mouths crashed together, his hands fondling her tits clumsily with youthful eagerness. After breaking their breathless kiss off, she whispered in his ear, "I have an idea you might like Bradley. The Madame is going to beg Lance to release her. She will make promises. Lance falls for it again and grants the Madame her freedom by undoing the cuffs. Then when free the Madame will begin to fight back and once again try to escape and that is when you take me by force. Manhandle me

over to your mom's vanity table, use your knife in a threatening manner again, and then turn me around so I'm not facing you and then... fuck the shit out of me. Don't hold back when I fight you or when you begin fucking me."

She pulled back smiling at him. He nodded his head softly indicating he agreed to her wicked plan. The both took a deep breath before the curtain rose on the conclusion of their playacting.

"Lance honey, can you please release me... I gotta go pee. I promise to be good and I will even touch up my make up in the bathroom for you. I wanna look pretty for you that is."

"I don't know--" He started to say, not wanting to give in too quickly.

"Please Lance honey, I promise to be good. I mean I have been good so far right in letting you do whatever you want to me. You can always put the cuffs back on me. I wouldn't mind."

Resisting an urge to smile, Lance released her from the handcuffs before plopping back down on the bed to wait for her as she made her way slowly over to the bathroom. Keeping in mind what she said about the knife, he had it tucked away in his right hand ready to use at a moment's notice.

After what seemed forever, but in reality was probably no more than five minutes, the Madame reappeared. As promised, she had touched up her make up a bit and looked altogether ravishing. Equally ravishing was the way her bare naked ample tits bounced up and down as she strode confidentially across the bedroom back over to him.

Lance eagerly stood up and tried to draw her into his embrace but the Madame "unexpectedly" gave him a two handed hard shove. Lance staggered backwards, pretending to be caught off guard.

"You bitch!" he cried as the Madame hurried across the bedroom to the door. She was just opening it when Lance roughly grabbed her around the arm. Dragging her back across the bedroom toward the vanity table, he did not at all try and be gentle, especially as she was continuing to struggle.

Halfway across the room, Jennie cried out, in a most dramatic fashion, "Please, I'm sorry."

He paused enough to bring his right hand up holding the knife. Clicking the button, the knife whooshed out as he snapped, "Enough, I am done playing with you."

Holding the blade mere inches from her throat he whispered, "Stop struggling or I shall cut you."

Jennie was beside herself with anticipation as she suddenly went limp before meekly whispering, "OK, you win."

Over at the vanity table, Lance roughly picked her up under the arms, sitting her down on her butt on the table facing him. He smiled at her wickedly before bringing the sharp edge of the blade up to her chest.

The Madame's breath was coming in short, excited gasps as her attacker began using the sharp pointed edge of the blade to toy, ever so carefully, with her nipples.

The excitement of what was happening along with the cold steel of the blade caused the Madame large sensitive nipples to come fully erect in a mere matter of seconds.

"Oh Lance, please... don't hurt me... please honey," she said. Reaching up with one hand she attempted to stroke his face but he quickly snapped at her, "Keep your fucking hands flat on the table."

Docile as a lamb now, the Madame obeyed, laying her hands flat on the table. Lance stared for a quiet minute at his grandma's palpitating chest allowing his already over charged

lust to build to the boiling point before his mouth darted down. Using both hands, he assailed his nana's breasts with a pawing, grasping attack, while raining down an impatient zealous series of kisses onto her tits. The attack soon broke down to him sucking on her tits like a mad man.

Jennie let out a series of half moans and half grunts as her excited grandson ravished her body. After an inordinate amount of time, the attack on his nana's tits finally subsided. "Turn around, Madame" he whispered, his voice raspy with desire. "And keep those fucking hands flat on the table."

Jennie took one quick look at him before turning around. She knew by the wild look on his face she was about to get the fucking of a lifetime.

While she was turning around, Lance struggled out of his dress pants before yanking his underwear off. His penis stood out, proud and erect, aimed at his nana's backside.

Reaching up and under her slutty little skirt, he was pleasantly surprised to find she wasn't wearing any panties.

He yanked her skirt up just enough with one hand to show off her creamy white ass. "Spread them legs, bitch and stick that ass out" he snapped at her and when she didn't comply fast enough he helped her by lashing out with his own foot, kicking at her ankles in order to spread her legs out a bit more.

He pulled back for a moment, if only to savor the sight of his nana leaning over onto the vanity table and, my god, what a fucking sight it was: her legs spread, big tits sagging down, and maybe best of all, was the way her ass was sticking out under her hiked up slutty little skirt.

Moving closer, he nestled the head of his cock up against the warm recesses of her moist pussy.

"This is what the Madame wants huh... a nice big cock buried in her mature wet pussy."

"God yes, Lance, please fuck me... pleaseee." Reaching out, he used both hands to grip her hips. "Come on baby, I need it so ba--"

Lance propelled his hips forward, driving his full seven inches into the Madame with such force it shook his mom's vanity table like there was a small centralized earthquake with the epicenter being the vanity table.

The Madame moaned louder, and then louder still, as her young attacker slammed his cock into her with each successive blow being harder than the last.

Poor Jennie barely had time to catch her breath as her eager young grandson fucked the shit out of her.

At this rate she knew he would not last long before spurting a load of cum deep inside of her... just as she wanted, which was rather fortunate as their wicked fun and games had so turned

on Jennie she too was ready to have the most powerful orgasm of her entire life.

Three more quick hammer blows to his nana's red hot pussy had Lance ejaculating inside her mere seconds before Jennie tipped over the edge herself.

"Oh Lance," she moaned, "The... the Madame is cooommming... Oh God yes!!" Her moans tapered off to a quiet whimper as she collapsed against the vanity table, her whole body shaking from the aftereffects of their wild ride.

Presently, she felt herself being lifted in his powerful arms and being gently placed on his mom's bed... after undressing her of course.

Bradley wasted no time in stripping totally naked himself before joining his nana under the covers where they cuddled sweetly until she fell asleep wrapped in his warm embrace.

Jennie after years of an ultra-boring sex life finally got her chance to "walk on the wild side". And in the end, it mattered little said walk was with her adorable young grandson.

THE END