

G I L F

*My best friend's
grandmother*

Alexander Bond

Visit <https://xxxfiction.NET> for more erotic stories.

1

I wake up and yawn, stretching out.

Last night!

I reach for my vape mod on the bedside table, and suck long and hard on it, inhaling deeply. Last night was something else. Something happened. Something I never thought I would do, ever. I made out with an old woman. Not just any woman. My best friend's grandmother. I was not even drunk. I was totally sober.

We did not undress, and we did not get into bed together, but oh man, we kissed, and we made out and we touched each other through our clothes. I take another drag on the mod, and then I slowly exhale, watching how the morning rays of the sun reflect in the dense cloud of vapor.

I am 25 years old, and I have made out with a woman who is in her late sixties. A 66-year-old grandma to be exact. Mrs. Snyder. Edith Snyder.

If my best friend, Brady, ever finds out, he is going to beat me up and nothing but a mangled pulp of me will remain. Brady is an MMA champion. Last night, there was a party at Brady's place, and we celebrated his 25th birthday.

I get up and grab my shirt where it is over the chair at my desk. I bring the fabric in a bundle closer to my face. I can smell her. Mrs. Snyder. Her old lady scent is still all over my shirt. It smells like roses and cinnamon with a touch of menthol rub.

I drop the shirt back onto the chair and in the nude, I go to the kitchen. I need caffeine. A big mug of strong black coffee to get my mind going.

While waiting for the water to boil, I suck on my vape mod, thinking about the situation. Why am I shocked? I enjoyed last night. We both were consenting adults. Damn, I must admit, Mrs. Snyder is a good kisser. Very good.

My thing is no longer dangling limp between my legs because it is busy waking up. Her body was close to mine, in the cover of the darkness in the far corner of the garden. I could hear her breathing and her hot breath caressed my cheeks before our lips met. Her hands moved over my hips, around to the back and then she gently caressed my buttocks.

I touched her in return. I hugged her in an embrace of desire, and her breasts pressed against my chest. My right hand was resting gently against her back and my left hand wandered off, over the curves of her ass. My hardness made a bulge in my trousers and pressed against her.

She was wearing a loose-fitting dress. I used my fingers to hike up the fabric, exposing her ass and then I slipped just the tips of my fingers in underneath her panties. Her breathing became ragged, and her hand urgently touched me between my legs, cupping my hard cock and then my balls through my trousers. Neither of us spoke a word. We simply let our urges and desires guide us.

The water is boiling, and the kettle switches off.

The problem is that she's my best friend's grandmother. What kind of a friend am I to make out with Brady's grandma? Fondling her ass, then later kissing her neck and cleavage and then she slipped her hand into my trousers for a brief moment. I gasped as she touched the tip of my throbbing rod, and she sighed deeply, murmuring that it had been years since she last had touched a man like that.

She did something amazing with her tongue and lips on my neck. Something that made me hard like steel and I could feel the tip becoming wet as droplet after droplet started to leak from it.

There in the darkness, I did not even think that she was old, with short gray hair, and that her face and skin was wrinkled. I reached underneath the top of her panties, at the back, slipping a finger through her butt-crack, almost to her exit hole. She made slow movements with her hips and bottom, and our tongues entwined.

Strong, black coffee. I am so hard now; I could hang a wet towel from my cock. I leave the steaming mug on the kitchen counter and hurry to the bedroom to put on something. Old sweatpants and an old T-shirt.

In the kitchen I grab the mug and exit to the balcony. My one-bedroom apartment is on the 15th floor. I look out over the city. Far away, in the leavy upmarket suburb, is Brady's place. There his parents and grandmother live with him in his mansion.

I wonder if Mrs. Snyder is awake. I wonder if she is sleeping in the nude, and I wonder what she is thinking about last night. I take a sip of the hot brew.

Vaping and drinking coffee.

When the mug is empty, the caffeine is kicking in.

Shit!

Now I remember. I promised Mrs. Snyder last night I would go this afternoon at 2 to look at her laptop and see if the hard drive can be upgraded to an NVMe.

Visit <https://xxxfiction.NET> for more erotic stories.

I am not going to be rude and ghost her. I am going there this afternoon, and I am only going to look at her laptop. No kissing and no touching.

The sun is shining bright, and it is going to be a lovely summer day. It is Saturday. Tonight, I am going out, to a bar, and get my mind off Brady's grandma.

2

As my rusty but trusty old Corolla groans to a halt in front of the massive iron gates, I suddenly feel self-conscious. I curse loudly. While my car gets me from A to B, it feels like scrap metal now.

I lean out the window and buzz the intercom. The heavy gates creak open, and I gently step on the gas pedal. The engine sputters, then I slowly drive up to the huge mansion. I park and climb out, closing the door behind me. I walk to the enormous front door with polished yellowwood inlays.

Before I can ring the bell, the door swings open. And there she stands. She looks beautiful in a revealing red and white summer dress. Though I've seen her countless times, now I truly see her. She smiles. My eyes drop to her bountiful bosom. How did I not notice her huge, round breasts before? The smooth skin of her cleavage calls out to me. She doesn't smell like an old woman. She smells fresh, like she just bathed in flowers and exotic perfumes. Her short gray hair is neatly styled. My pulse quickens at the sight of this lovely woman before me.

"Good afternoon, Nathan," she says friendly. I do not miss the sensual tone in her voice. My dick is stirring in my trousers.

"Afternoon, ma'am," I try to keep it formal. "Is Brady here?" I ask nonchalantly.

"No, darling, it is only me, or rather only the two of us," she says and winks at me. "Please, come in."

I enter, and she stands only a little bit to the side. Not enough so that I can slip by her without touching her. My arm brushes against her bosom. I feel the heat rushing to my face. My head tells me to rather go, but my hormones and cock tell me to stay. I desire her. I want to feel the skin of her tits underneath the palms of my hands. I want her to kiss my neck with her magical lips again and I want to feel the tip of her tongue slithering into my mouth.

I know the layout of the mansion. "Laptop in the study?" I ask.

“The study is so... cold. Let’s go to the living room,” she purrs, and I lead the way. I want to keep a polite and respectable distance between us. My mind is already wondering what her naked nipples look like.

When did she last have sex? A real cock. Does she use a vibrator, or only her finger? In all the years I have known Brady, I have never seen his grandmother with a boyfriend, or even heard that she has a man in her life. I only know that she is a widow.

Her perfume is intoxicating. The scent is waking up desires inside me, and it makes me feel reckless. Neither Brady nor his parents are at home. I refrain from asking her when someone will be back.

I see her laptop on the coffee table and breathe deeply, trying to remain focused amidst her intoxicating presence. As I open the device, I feel her hovering behind me like a hungry pantheress, her body heat warming my skin.

“Something to wet your lips?” she purrs in my ear. I struggle to concentrate as uncertainty swirls within me. Though unfamiliar with servicing laptops, I know where an NVMe drive slots in... yet that knowledge fades against her lips close to my neck, sending desire rushing through my veins.

She places her hands on my shoulders, and her touch sparks a flame in my loins. I should've relieved myself before coming, drained the well of lust within me.

I feel her chin resting on my shoulder, her big breasts pressing against my back. I blink, trying to see clearly as her body sways against mine. The drive slot comes into focus.

“It can fit,” I manage to say, my voice thick with wanting. She rubs against me like a cat in heat while I work, and then her tongue - soft and wet - caresses my earlobe. My manhood throbs painfully, straining against its confinement in my underpants and trousers. I try to get up, but she is behind me and the coffee table in front of me.

I turn to face her. “You tempt me,” I whisper against her lips before kissing her. Our lips meet softly at first, shy, then part to allow our tongues to entwine in a dance of desire.

She sighs into my mouth and presses her body against mine. I steady myself, stabilizing myself with a hand on the plush carpet. Our kiss grows hungrier, more urgent, as lust rises within us.

Her lips part to allow my tongue to dip inside, to savor the sweetness there. My tongue strokes hers, teasing, tasting. Her breath quickens and she moans softly into my mouth.

“How can I thank you?” she whispers against my kiss-swollen lips. We pause, sharing the same air, my heart is pounding.

“No need,” I murmur against her lips before kissing her again, slow and deep. She sighs and steps away from me.

I get up, and we wrap our arms around each other. We lose ourselves in each other, lips and tongues moving in perfect harmony, hands exploring, bodies yearning. A kiss of longing and promise, of desires awakened and passion ignited.

Her fingers make quick work of my belt and the button of my trousers. I hear the sound of my zipper coming undone and then her hands slip inside, dragging my pants and boxers down over my hips and buttocks.

Her warm palms find my manhood and begin to stroke me slowly at first. I gasp at her touch, electric pleasure coursing through my body. She knows just how to touch me, how much pressure to apply, how fast or slow. My breath quickens and I lean my forehead against hers as her hands work their magic. Her eyes meet mine, full of desire and mischief. I reach for her, putting my hands on her buttocks kneading them gently. She moans softly and increases the pace of her strokes. Waves of pleasure build within me, the tension coiling tighter and tighter. I kiss her neck, her jaw, her lips, tasting the sweetness of her skin. She speeds her movements until I am right at the edge, every muscle taut and straining.

She whispers my name and that's all it takes. I let go with a groan, spilling myself into her hands. She holds me and strokes me through my release while I tremble in her embrace. I want her to orgasm as well. I need her to orgasm. I reach underneath her dress and move my hand to the sweet spot between her legs.

Her hands stop me. “Not now,” she whispers. I let go and she takes a step back. I feel the cum flowing down the deflating shaft of my soiled cock. I am not sure what to do. Is this it? The yearning is burning inside me to touch her pussy, to drag my finger through her slit, to feel the hardness of her clit with my finger, and to push my finger into her cunt.

“Wait here. Do not move,” she whispers, and with cum dripping from my cock, I stand on the carpet in the living room while she hurries away. I hear her somewhere in the kitchen, and she returns with a handful of paper towels.

Gently, she wipes my cock clean. “Brady may be back any moment now,” she says and that gets me going. Like a flash I pull up my boxers and trousers and fasten the button and my belt. I grab the paper towels from her and on the double, I reach the toilet of the nearest bathroom where I flush everything.

Her timing is good. As the toilet flushes, I hear the loud roar of Brady's powerful motorbike.

As I enter the living room, Mrs. Snyder greets her grandson at the front door. When they enter the living room, I am busy closing the back cover of the laptop.

Visit <https://xxxfiction.NET> for more erotic stories.

“The training session was hard. Good! But hard!” Brady says and greets me with a fist bump.
“Sorted Grandma’s laptop?”

“Will just have to buy the drive and then put it in, and clone the existing...”

“Whatever,” he says and laughs. “I am going for a swim!” and he rushes away.

“We are not yet done. I want you,” Mrs. Snyder whispers barely audible. “Unless you want us to be done.”

I shake my head. “We are not done,” my lips form the words.

I want to fuck her. If she wants to, I am going to bury my cock balls deep inside her old granny pussy.

“When can we meet again?” I ask, my voice louder than I intended.

“I will let you know,” she says.

It is time for me to go, and she walks with me to the front door. I give her a quick but very passionate kiss on the lips. She slaps me on the butt, and then I am outside. “I am going for a drink,” I say and then whisper the name of the bar into her ear. “Mirrors”.

She does not walk with me to my car. I get in the driver's seat, and feeling satisfied for now, I pick up my vape mod from the cup holder and take a long drag, enjoying the nicotine rush. I exhale slowly, watching the vapor cloud drift and dissipate in the still afternoon air. I put the key into the ignition and start the engine.

3

There's a certain thrill I find in frequenting a bar. It's more than just a place to drink; it's a theater of life with its own unique, intoxicating ambiance. The combination of sounds - the rhythmic throb of the music pulsating through the room, the symphony of laughter and conversation from patrons, the delicate clinking of ice cubes in their glassy prisons, the hum of whispers and giggles from the elegant ladies gracing the establishment - all contribute to a symphony that resonates with my spirit.

And then, there are the drinks, the lifeblood of the bar. My preference? A frothy, ice-cold beer that offers a refreshing reprieve from life's incessant drone. The taste, the cooling sensation as it snakes down my throat.

As I step into the dimly lit bar, the familiar scent of rich brewed ale and aged mahogany greets me, comforting in its familiarity. Without hesitation, I stride purposefully towards the

Visit <https://xxxfiction.NET> for more erotic stories.

long, polished bar counter. The barman, a middle-aged man with an aura of worldly wisdom etched in his kindly wrinkles, spots me. He seems to recognize in my eyes the unspoken order.

“A beer,” I say, my voice cutting through the noise. The man simply nods, a silent agreement passing between us. He pivots, his movements well practiced, and opens the door to a fridge packed with the promise of liquid respite. The chilled bottle of beer emerges from its icy confines, beads of condensation kissing its surface.

With an ease born of years of practice, he places the golden elixir before me, atop a coaster that tells tales of a million drinks past.

I can't help but smile. I am not here to pick up a voluptuous babe my age, but to have a drink and think about my encounter with Mrs. Snyder. A granny jerked me off. I soiled her hand with my hot sticky cum.

The thing is that I want more. I am not in love with her or anything like that, but I want to have sex with her. I want to get naked with her. Completely naked and take in all her nude treasures and enjoy carnal pleasures with her. Old rich wrinkly men fuck younger babes, so why can't an older rich lady not fuck me? Technically, Mrs. Snyder is not rich, as she lives with Brady, but she is the one living in a mansion while I live in a small apartment.

I am not sure why I told her that I would be here at the bar. *Mirrors*. I love this bar. It is my favorite place to unwind and have a drink. Usually I come here with friends, but not this time. I do not want to be in the company of anyone in case she arrives.

It is early in the evening. After I left Brady's place, I went home and then had an afternoon nap. I hope she was not here earlier and that I have missed her. I long to caress her big breasts. I long to fondle them, to look at them, and to kiss them.

In short: I am fucking horny.

One beer becomes another one. And another one. By the fourth beer, I think I better get something to eat.

“Howdy!” I hear a familiar voice behind me. My heart skips a beat as I turn around on my chair.

I was just beginning to think she would not pitch up, and here she is. My jaw drops. She is old, but somehow, she is extremely sexy, dressed in a hot denim outfit.

“Hi,” I say and get up. I drag a chair for her closer, next to mine. Her denim jacket hugs her big breasts. She must be wearing a push-up bra because her feminine mounds look bigger than ever before.

“I do not have your number,” she says. There is a tone of shyness in her sensual voice.

“What can I get you?” I ask.

Visit <https://xxxfiction.NET> for more erotic stories.

“I... I... just came here, looking for you. There is nobody at home,” she says.

I am not sure if she wants to stay or go. “No drink?”

“Ah, fuck it, let me have a drink,” she says and takes a seat.

“We can go if you want to?”

“I don’t want you to feel uncomfortable, sitting here with an old woman,” she says and looks down at her hands.

“Not at all!” I reassure her. “Now, can I get you a drink?”

“A glass of dry white wine will be fine,” she says and smiles.

I call the barman over and order her drink.

She puts a hand on my upper leg. I like it, the physical touch, I mean. Inside, I am in turmoil, because I want to reciprocate and put my hand on her leg, but I also feel... a bit odd, embarrassed even, to touch her here in the bar like that. If she was my age, I would not have thought twice, but now, I feel we should keep it more formal between us. I move my leg.

She takes her hand away. “You are feeling uncomfortable,” she says softly.

Now I feel ashamed of myself. I want to put my penis into her, but I could not even put my hand on her leg or endure her hand on mine.

“I am sorry,” I say. I turn to her, facing her. Slowly, I put my hands on her cheeks, framing her lovely face. I look into her eyes. I lean in, and then I kiss her on the lips. A long kiss. A kiss that is clearly not a greeting. Her lips relax against mine. The soft heat of her mouth, and she opens her lips. A kiss with tongue.

The barman clears his throat, and we break the kiss. I put my hand on her leg.

I hand her the glass of wine. The barman winks at me and goes to tend to another thirsty patron.

“Thank you,” she whispers. “But maybe we shouldn’t. Not here. People talk and I don’t want things to get weird between Brady and you, and Brady and me...”

“Let’s just relax then,” I say, and I wink at her.

She gives me a naughty smile “I am wet,” she says casually.

“We can go,” I say, doing my best to contain my excitement. Her three words stoke the desire inside me.

“Later,” she laughs and brushes over my leg with her hand. “Or sooner. Join me after a minute in the bathrooms?” she surprises me, and she gets up.

I get up and casually walk to the bathrooms. She is standing just outside the ladies' rooms. "Wait here," she says and enters. I lean back against the wall, trying to appear normal. Luckily, nobody else is around.

The door opens again. "Come," she says urgently, and I enter. She takes me to a toilet stall, closes and locks the door. My heart is beating fast, and my cock is rising. If she wants to fuck in the toilet stall, then I am not going to protest. My breathing is fast with raw anticipation and lust.

"Finger me. I need you to finger me so badly," she murmurs while dropping her pants. The sight of her in her white panties with her pants around her ankles makes me rock hard. My dick is about to burst through my trousers. "Come on, finger me," she urges me on.

I hook my fingers underneath her panties and slide them down. I gaze at the dense jungle of dark pubic hair with streaks of gray between her legs. Still standing, she shifts into a better position with her feet apart, giving me access to the hairy slit between her legs.

The bathroom door opens. We remain standing like statues. In the stall next door, someone softly farts and then we listen to the loud splashing of urine in the water. More sounds, and then flushing.

I do not wait any longer. I dip my finger into her slit. She is indeed wet. Slippery wet. I drag my finger through her slit, and then the tip of my index finger feels the firmness of her fleshy clit. Her hairy bush feels soft on my hand.

"Ah... Ah..." she moans as I work her clit with my finger. I stand closer to her. Our lips meet and I open my mouth. She moans into my mouth as I finger her pearl.

I move my finger through her slit, reaching for her sweet wet hole. "Sit on the toilet," I whisper.

With her panties and pants on her ankles, she sits on the lid of the toilet and opens her legs wide. I steal a look at the glistening pink wet flesh between her legs, then lean over her and plunge my index finger into the silky, wet warmth of her cunt. Deep. I add another finger. Keeping my index and middle fingers close together, I finger her cunt.

I am acutely aware of yet another person urinating in the stall next to us, but I do not stop. She bites her lip to keep silent, and I finger her wet fuck hole faster. I want to look at her cunt, to feast my eyes on her pink intimate parts, but I rather keep on fingering her.

I feel how the tip of my penis is getting wetter with the pre-cum that is secreting from it. I withdraw my fingers from her pussy and find her throbbing clit. I move my fingers with short, fast movements over and around her pearl.

“Faster! Ahhh...faster...” she shrieks. Someone else may still be in the bathroom, but I no longer care. I want her to orgasm. I want to look into her eyes as she orgasms.

I keep the tips of my two fingers together and gently rub over her clit.

“Fuck... yeah... fuck...” she moans, and it looks like her legs are cramping. She bites her lower lip. I look into her amazing eyes. She is having an orgasm. Her cheeks turn rosy-red, and her breathing is ragged. Her eyes look damp, almost glazed over.

Her lower body shudders. I cup her pussy and feel the orgasm rippling through her body. Her pubic hair and my hand are soaked with her flowing arousal and orgasm.

“That was... fuck that was a good one,” she sighs and gets up. I stand back. She looks unsteady on her legs. She opens the lid, sits down and pees. I hand her toilet paper and she wipes. My hand is wet, and the scent of her pussy fills the air.

She gets up, flushes, and then pulls up her panties and pants. “I’ll go first,” she whispers. When I whistle softly, it is safe for you to exit.”

It is eerily quiet. I can almost hear my own heart beating and when I inhale and exhale, it sounds loud.

I hear water, I think it is she washing her hands, and then the bathroom door. A moment of silence. Again, the bathroom door and a barely audible whistle. I dart out of the toilet stall and out of the bathroom.

I go to the men’s rooms where I take a leak, touching my cock with my hand still damp with her juices. I hope, I pray, that the next time when we have a chance to be intimate, that we will have full-blown sex, my cock inside her vagina.

5

Sunday morning. Yesterday afternoon in the bar we had a few more drinks, then we ate burgers and fries, and she went home. I departed shortly after her. She told me to be at the mansion just after 9 the next morning. Today.

The sun is barely up. I am wide awake. There’s no way I can go back to sleep. I pick up my phone. It is still more than three hours before 9 o’clock.

When she was sitting on the toilet while I fingered her, I could not get a good look at her pussy. I like, I absolutely love, to look at pussy. Porn is good, but the real deal is infinitely better. I think I am sexually visually focused.

I put my phone down and go to the bathroom. Just as the stream of piss is flowing from my semi-hard cock, my phone rings. I immediately stop, and rush back to the bedroom.

Visit <https://xxxfiction.NET> for more erotic stories.

Brady.

Shit.

“Hi!” I answer.

“Howdy Nathan! Hope you’re not still sleeping. Listen, why don’t you join us at the lake today?”

“The lake?” I ask, feeling unsure. Why the lake and why today?

“Yes, the lake! Yesterday we got two brand new jet-skis, and we are going to try them out today. It will be great fun!”

“You?”

“Yes, Dad and I. Come on, it will be fun!”

I hesitate. I try to think of an excuse. Yes, jet-skis on the lake will be a lot of fun, but going balls deep into his grandmother will be even better.

“Even Grandma will be going,” he says. My heart skips a beat. Why mention that his grandmother is going?

“She is?”

“Yes, she was reluctant to go, but Dad convinced her. She needs to get out. She is always at home.”

“OK then, I’ll be there,” I say.

“Great!” Brady says and ends the call.

So, Mrs. Snyder decided to go to the lake, for a ride on a jet-ski, while we were supposed to meet at 9 at the mansion. My heart sinks. Dis she have enough? She jerked me off, and I fingered her. Looks like my cock will not feel the inner walls of her pussy after all. Brady did say she was reluctant. Should I phone her?

I hold my phone in my hands for a while, and then I drop it onto the bed and finish my morning routine in the bathroom.

I opt to go out for breakfast, and thereafter I go straight to Brady’s place. It is just after 8.

I buzz the intercom. The gates swing open, and I drive up the driveway. She is standing in the garden, looking beautiful. She is modestly dressed in yellow trousers and a gray blouse. Old lady clothes, but she looks good in them.

I get out of the car. She greets me with a wave of her hand and then ignores me.

“Hi Mrs. Snyder!” I greet her and she smiles, then turns her attention to the flower bed.

“Brady’s inside,” she says without looking at me.

Brady comes out of the mansion. His dark hair is slicked back, and he wears shorts and a sleeveless shirt. He is muscular with defined biceps and chiseled abs. I realize again if he finds out I fingered his grandmother, and that she has jerked me off, he'll easily beat me to a pulp.

Brady was not always a muscular, tattooed MMA fighter. In school, he was one of the geeky guys, often teased for being skinny. Then after his seventeenth birthday, he started hitting the gym and training in martial arts. We all thought it was just a phase, but it was not. Brady poured a lot of effort into his training, learning different techniques, and training endlessly. Two years later, his hard work had paid off. He was winning amateur fights and gaining popularity in the MMA world.

"Howdy, Nathan!" he says, and we greet each other by bumping fists.

"Dad has already left to the lake with the truck, the jet-skis on a trailer hitched to the back."

"Awesome!" I say nervously.

"I have a huge favor to ask you," he says and looks seriously at me.

"Yes?" I ask cautiously.

"Grandma can only go later. Will you stay here and then she can ride with you to the lake, around 11 o' clock?"

"Oh," I say. I wonder what excuse she came up with, but I do not ask.

"So? Is it OK with you?" Brady asks.

"Yes, yes, it is good. I'll wait for her," I say.

He slaps me on the shoulder. "Thanks!" he says and rushes away to where his huge red truck is parked. I put my hands into my pockets and casually saunters away into the mansion.

When I hear his truck roaring down the street, I dart outside, and look for her in the garden. She is nowhere. I walk around the mansion, and she is not in the backyard either. I enter the mansion again, and I call out her name. Nothing. Not a sound and no answer.

No wait, I hear something. A splashing sound. It comes from one of the upstairs bathrooms, I think.

I run up the stairs. I hear more splashing. I follow the sound. The bathroom door is standing wide open. I knock on the door without peeking inside.

"Just a few minutes, and I'll be with you," she answers. "You can enter if you want to."

I do not wait. I enter. She is in the huge bath, only her head peeking out. The rest of her body is covered by a thick layer of foam.

"Do you think I should shave it?" she asks, looking at me with a naughty glimmer in her eyes. I know she means her pussy, but I pretend to be dumb.

"It?"

Visit <https://xxxfiction.NET> for more erotic stories.

“My pussy!” she says and bursts out in laughter.

“Oh. It does not matter. It may itch if you shave,” I say.

“Then I’ll leave it all hairy. Give me ten minutes, and meet me in my bedroom,” she says.
“You can wait downstairs, and I will call you.”

I go downstairs. First, she told me I could enter, and then she sends me downstairs. I would have loved to watch her bathing, heck, I would have helped to wash her. I smile. Meet her in her room? I can’t wait.

Almost half an hour later, her ten minutes is still not up.

6

The scent of her exotic perfume tickles my nose. Is she done? I wait and wait. Then, I hear it. She is whistling. Is that the sign for me to go to her bedroom?

I am not going to wait any longer. I rush up the stairs.

“Come in,” I hear her whispering.

I enter her room, and my jaw drops. She is on the bed, wearing only a sexy lingerie set. Her hair is done, her lips are red, and she smiles. My eyes take in the scene in front of me. I linger on the slit that is visible in the fabric of her panties between her legs.

She taps with her hand on the bed next to her, and I do not wait a second longer. I join her on the bed. She turns onto her side, facing me, and her face is mere inches from mine. Our bodies collide together as we embrace in lustful hunger.

I feel her hot breath on my cheeks, and I try to control my heavy breathing. Our lips meet in a kiss that is deep and shameless. My hands roam her curves, squeezing her ass and caressing her breasts. She moans into my mouth as our tongues dance together. She nudges closer to me, pressing her pelvis against my swelling manhood.

I move my hips, grinding against her heat. My hand slides down between her thighs and I can feel the dampness there through her lacy panties. I tease her womanhood through the soft fabric of her crotch as our kiss grows more frenzied.

She reaches down and grabs my hardened length, squeezing me through my trousers. I groan into her mouth from the pleasure. Our bodies are on fire with desire and passion as we continue touching, kissing and exploring each other. The bed creaks beneath us as we grind together desperately, craving release.

“Take off your clothes!” she pleads with me. Her desire and longing fill her voice. Reluctantly, I let go of her and I get up from the bed. I undress hastily, my eyes never leaving her gorgeous body.

I watch as she wriggles out of her sexy panties and then reaches around to unclasp her bra. Her breasts spill out, full and inviting. Big breasts. Her areolas are everything I imagined them to be and more. Dark pink round velvety skin. Pointy nipples.

Both of us are now completely naked, and with my cock hard and ready, throbbing with need, I get back onto the bed with her. She spreads her legs wide, offering herself to me.

I look at her hairy pussy. I take it all in. “Fuck me,” she moans. “Fuck me,” and with her fingers she spreads her pussy wide open, revealing the velvety wet pink inner folds.

I stare, transfixed, at the entrance to her vagina. Her delicate pink petals are swollen and glistening with arousal, parting to reveal her moist slit. Her pussy is gaping wide open, as if begging to be filled. I can see the soft fleshy pink folds, pulsing and contracting with need. Her outer lips are flushed and engorged, the pinkish-brown hue accentuating her arousal. Drops of her dewy juice coat her inner thighs, glinting in the low light of the room.

The head of my cock is throbbing with desire at the sight, already weeping precum. I slide my finger through her slick folds, teasing her swollen clit and eliciting a moan of pleasure from her. As I rub her sensitive button, her cunt lips part further, giving me an even more tantalizing view of her most intimate parts. I gently probe her opening with my fingertip, feeling her muscles spasm in response. She is so wet and ready for me, dripping with want. I long to plunge my hard length deep into her waiting warmth, filling and claiming her completely.

I position myself between her thighs and slide my tip through her slippery slit. She moans and rocks her hips, urging me to enter her.

As I slowly push inside her tight wetness, inch by delicious inch, the head of my cock encounters her velvety inner walls. I feel them grip me, clutching at my sensitive glans as I breach her threshold. Her inner flesh massages my length as I continue to press forward, enveloping me in delicious flames of liquid heat. With each push, her muscles squeeze and milk me, already coaxing my release.

When I am finally fully sheathed within her, I can feel her throbbing and pulsing around my entire cock. Her juices coat me, allowing me to glide in and out with ease. But it is the exquisite pressure and grip of her core that has me groaning with pleasure. I feel like I am being drawn ever deeper into her very being, fused together by this most primal of acts. Her wetness acts as a velvet vice, alternately sucking me in and pushing me out, stoking the fires within me with each movement. I begin to slowly withdraw before thrusting back into her depths. The

Visit <https://xxxfiction.NET> for more erotic stories.

sensations are overwhelming - the enveloping tightness, the slickness, the grip, the heat - combining to drive me ever closer to the edge. I quicken my pace, seeking release within her willing depths.

“Fuck me hard,” she demands. I comply, pulling almost all the way out before slamming back into her with force. Our flesh slaps together as I pound into her relentlessly. She arches her back and cries out as I hit that sweet spot deep within over and over. I am on top of her, fucking her deep and fast. My lips take turns on her pointy nipples, further pushing her towards climax. Her walls begin to contract around my cock as her orgasm hits, triggering my own release.

I swear and grunt loudly. “Fuck! Aahhhh!” I spill my hot seed deep inside of her, filling her to the brim as we both orgasm. The cum pulses in strong spurts out of my cock.

Release. My breathing is fast and ragged as waves of pleasure continue to gently wash over me in the aftermath of my intense orgasm. Her face looks utterly flushed, sated and spent from reaching climax along with me. I become aware that her nails are still digging into the skin of my exposed buttocks from the throes of passion, and slowly her fingers relax their grip and fall away.

I roll off her, my still semi-hard cock slipping with a wet sound out of her cunt. I lie next to her now, bathed in sweat, our combined juices filling the air with our unique scent. My entire being feels suffused with warmth and satisfaction from being so intimately joined with her. There is a profound sense of connection and intimacy that comes only from sharing such raw physical pleasure.

Her hand finds mine and our fingers intertwine as we lie there in silence. My heart rate begins to return to normal as the aftershocks of ecstasy subside. But my body still thrums with residual energy, sensitized from our lovemaking. Every place her skin touches mine feels hyper-aware, still attuned to her. I take a deep breath, inhaling the heady scents of our sex that linger in the air and on our bodies. In this moment of stillness and satiation, I feel an overwhelming sense of gratitude for the woman beside me - for the pleasure, release and intimacy we have just shared together.

It was sex, just sex, raw sex, and it was the best sex I have ever had thus far.

We arrive at the lake on this beautiful sunny day. The azure water sparkles invitingly. She is wearing a simple white summer dress, but underneath she has a one-piece green swimsuit on.

She gets out of the car and slides the dress off her body, revealing her curves encased in that tight little number. The swimsuit hugs her hips and ass snugly, the elasticized waist accentuating her figure. Though she may be in her late 60s and a granny, her body is still lush and voluptuous.

Her ample breasts strain against the swimsuit top, threatening to spill out with each movement. When she bends over to gather her things, I get an enticing view of her cleavage. Beads of sweat begin to form in the hollow of her throat and between her breasts.

When she turns to face me, I see that the swimsuit rides up her thick thighs, exposing more of her aging yet still-desirable flesh. Though lines have formed on her face and body over the years, she remains sexually attractive to me in that moment, exuding a confidence and sensuality that only comes with age. The green of the swimsuit brings out the sparkle in her eyes as she smiles at me, secretly knowing the effect she is having on me. She may be a grandmother, but in that swimsuit, she is still hot for me.

We smile.

We have agreed that we will keep our sexual relationship a secret, and that we will still have many rounds of raw fucking, giving ourselves over to the pleasures of our naked bodies.

“Ready for the water?” I ask.

“I can think of better things to do,” she smiles with a mischievous look in her eyes, “but jet-skis are not too bad. Let’s go for an adrenaline rush!”

She swings a sarong around her hips. Together, without holding hands, we walk to Brady and his parents.