

AMAZING GRACE

Tom often slept with his Granny till he was eighteen, and when he got lodgings with a sixty-year-old lady, it wasn't too long before he was in bed with her, but this time he wasn't just sleeping.

MF, 1st, rom

Appearances can be deceptive. When I reread this story, I realised that the opening sentence could give completely the wrong impression. You know how it is with a story, you want to grab the reader's attention straight away, so you say something a little off-track to try and make him or her carry on reading. However, I must make this clear - although this story contains sex, in fact it's mainly about sex, there is no incest and no under age sex involved. Sorry if that's a disappointment to some readers, but that's the way it is. So let's get on with what is now the second paragraph.

CHAPTER ONE

My parents separated when I was five. I gather that the marriage hadn't been any great shakes for some time, and when my father was offered a job a long way from home, my mother refused to move with him, and stayed in the family home with me, their only child. It was an amicable separation, and they stayed married, as neither was bothered about making any firm attachments with anyone else. In fact, some years later, my father moved back to the area and back into the matrimonial home. I recall an occasion when I was sixteen and I came in late one night and, as usual, stuck my head round the door of my mother's room to tell her I was back, only to find the my father was busy humping away at her. She saw me and called out "It's OK, your father's trying to do one hundred press ups without collapsing, and he's only got to sixty nine!" I went away, giggling, and next day she said to me, in front of my father,

'Look, your dad is a great friend who lives in our house, and sometimes we have sex together. Does that give you a problem? Because, if it does, we won't do it.'

'Of course not, it's up to the two of you - if you're both happy, so am I.'

Where was I? Yes, dad moved away, and for a couple of years my mother stayed at home and looked after me, but after a while she got a bit bored and looked round for a job. She didn't need the money because dad gave her a good allowance, but she was a trained nurse and wanted to put her skills to good use. She got a job at a local hospital, and after a while she was offered a senior position which involved her doing a share of night duty, which left her with the problem of what to do with me. Happily, my father's mother lived fairly close, and she offered to look after me during the night shifts, so when the first shift came round, mum dropped me off at granny's house on her way to work. I knew granny well but had never stayed with her before. The first night I had a nasty dream and woke up feeling very alone and frightened, so I ran into granny's room and climbed into bed beside her, crying my heart out. She put her arms round me and calmed me down and I was soon pacified. I then realised that she had no nightdress on.

'Granny, you've got no clothes on!'

'No, I prefer to sleep without anything.'

'Is it nice like that?'

'Well, I think so.'

'Then I'll do the same.'

Before she could say anything, I pulled off my pyjama top and wriggled out of the trousers.

‘Yes, that does feel nice.’

‘I’m not sure you should be doing that. Anyway, turn over and go to sleep.’

She cuddled me against her for a few minutes, and the feel of her bare skin against mine was very pleasant, warm and comforting, and I was soon asleep. Next morning, I said to her

‘It was lovely sleeping with you last night; I didn’t feel at all afraid like I did on my own. May I sleep with you tonight, please?’

‘I don’t know, you’d better ask your mother and see what she thinks of the idea’

When I came home from school and was having tea with my mother I said to her:

‘I slept with granny last night and we didn’t have any clothes on. It was ever so nice, and granny says I can do it again if you don’t mind.’

‘I can’t see it doing any harm, if granny doesn’t mind.’

I found out much later that granny had phoned her during the day and they had agreed that it wasn’t a problem when I was so young. Anyway, that night I went to bed naked in granny’s bed, and next thing I knew I was waking up in the morning with her beside me. This became the pattern, and we were both happy. She said she liked having another body in the bed beside her, as she had been lonely since granddad had died early some years before. This went on for several years, but one evening when I was thirteen I walked into the room naked while granny was in bed and she looked at me a bit oddly. I had grown some pubic hair, and my penis was a useful size.

‘You know, Tommykins – the name she had used since I was tiny – I’m not sure we should still be doing this. You’re not a baby any more, you’re developing into a young man, and young men don’t sleep naked with their grannies.’

‘Granny, I think I know what you are getting at, but you and I are just wonderful friends who like a little bare cuddle, and that’s all. I couldn’t ever think of you in any...I don’t quite know how to put it, shall I say a physical way.’

‘All right, I don’t want to lose you, it’s lovely having someone in the bed with me. Let’s carry on, but I think it’s time you stopped calling me Granny – I’m not much over fifty, and it makes me feel older. Call me Alice, and I’ll just call you Tom.’

So that was it, we carried on sleeping together naked. I never saw her naked, she would slip a robe on as she got out of bed. Before we went to sleep, she would give me a quick kiss on the mouth, then I’d turn over and she would cuddle up behind me for a few minutes before she turned away from me and we would soon be asleep. This continued till I was nineteen, when my mother was working nights I stayed with granny, and we were all three very happy. However, I then got a place at University, and had to leave home. The college had a limited number of places in Hall, but I did not get one. They had a list of landladies who would take in students, and an interview was arranged for me. I went to a very nice house in a leafy suburb of the town and was met at the door by a pleasant faced lady called Mrs Robinson. She invited me in, and she explained to me that it was the first time she had taken in a student.

‘Since my husband died two years ago I’ve been very lonely, and I thought it would be a good idea if I had someone to talk to and to look after. There’s plenty of room in the house, so we wouldn’t need to get under each other’s feet, and I’m not expecting you to spend hours chatting to me – just to have someone to say good morning and good night to will be nice for me. Let me show you the room you would use.’

She took me up to a spacious room, well furnished, with a large bed and even down to a hi-fi and a small television set. There was a shower room and toilet attached, so it was very

self-contained. She told me what the rent would be, and as it was very reasonable, I quickly accepted.

‘Oh, I should have said that the price includes as many meals as you want, as long as you let me know in advance when you will be here. And, of course, I’ll do your washing for you.’

This was too good to be true, so I asked if I had understood the price correctly.

‘Look, the money is neither here nor there. I don’t need to make a living out of this, and all the time we can get along well together, that’s OK by me.’

I went away thinking that all my birthdays had come together. My dad was making me a good allowance, but this meant I would be far better off than I had expected. A couple of weeks later my mother drove me up with all my gear and she was very impressed with what I was getting. She got on well with Mrs Robinson straight away, and as she was leaving she said:

‘You’ve got it made here. Just behave yourself, and you’ll be very happy with Mrs Robinson.’

She was absolutely right there – more so than she knew, or perhaps she knew more than I thought she could. I soon settled in, and life became very pleasant. I was studying engineering, and found the courses stimulating and challenging. I was working hard, and it was very pleasant to come home in the evening to a cheerful greeting and a beautifully cooked meal. Mrs R said how much she enjoyed having someone else to cook for. She had been a professional cook when she was young, and was very happy to prepare all the recipes that had not been worth the bother when she was alone. We also found that we generally enjoyed the same television programmes – both hated the soaps – and the same music. Her husband had been an amateur musician of some standing, and from him she had absorbed a love of classical music, especially chamber music.

Our life together was so easy that she asked me one night why I wasn’t going out with anyone of my own age.

‘To tell the truth, I don’t get on all that well with people of my own age. I don’t like getting drunk and I can’t stand loud pop music, so that rather rules out a lot of people. In any case, I want to get on with my studying, and I’m very happy chatting with you. I’ve grown up with older women, my mother and my granny, so it seems very normal to be in your company.’

‘Well, that suits me, and I’m sure you’ll meet a young woman who meets your exacting requirements.’

‘You’re taking the mickey, aren’t you?’

‘Just a bit, but if you ever want to bring a girl back here, I don’t mind, and what you do in your room is your business.’

‘Thanks for that, but for now I’m very happy with your company if you don’t mind.’

‘Not at all. By the way, do you want to come with me for a little party at Joan’s. You get on well with her, and it will save me walking back on my own.’

Joan was a friend of hers who popped in from time to time. She was quite amusing, though a little coarse, so it was no hardship to accompany Mrs Robinson for the evening. She had invited a few friends and had cooked a buffet supper and provided plenty to drink. Near the end of the proceedings, she called for silence, and asked my landlady what she was hoping to get for her birthday. It was news to me that a birthday was imminent, so I asked when it was.

‘Tomorrow, hasn’t she told you? And it’s the big six oh for her. Shall I tell everyone what you said you wanted last year.’

‘Don’t you dare.’

‘All right, I will. She said she wanted to wake up with a man in bed beside her. How about it Tom, you’re just the right person. Remember the film The Graduate? “Can we talk first this time Mrs Robinson?” He’s only an undergraduate, but I reckon he’ll do nicely.’

I had no idea what she was talking about, but in any case Mrs R spoke before I could ask.

‘Joan, you are a natural trouble maker. I’d never thought of The Graduate and my name. Tom, don’t ever call me Mrs Robinson again. I’m Grace, and that will do nicely. Now, let’s go home, before Joan embarrasses me further.’

We said our good nights, with various slightly off colour comments from Joan, and began the walk home.

‘What was that about? I asked.

‘It’s my sixtieth birthday tomorrow, not something I really want to celebrate. Joan’s crack was because I had said last year that it would be nice to have someone beside me in the bed, just to be there, not for anything else. And the joke about The Graduate won’t mean anything to you if you haven’t seen the film. I’ll rent the video, and then you’ll understand.’

We walked on in companionable silence, but my mind was very active. I had had a little too much to drink, so my tongue was a bit loose.

‘When I was seven I used to stay with my granny often. I started to go into bed with her when anything woke me, and after a bit, we slept together as a matter of routine.’

‘How long did that go on?’

‘It’s still going on. When I stay with her, we always sleep together. It was natural when I was little, and it seems just as natural now. We just share a bed, that’s all.’

‘You’re trying to tell me something, aren’t you? Are you offering to sleep with me?’

‘I’m sorry, I’ve drunk too much, I shouldn’t have mentioned it.’

She didn’t reply, and we were soon back at the house. We sat with a cup of coffee before bed, and she said:

‘I’ve drunk too much as well. I’m going to bed now, and if you want to join me in a few minutes, you may. But it’s just to share the bed, nothing else, is that clear?’

‘Absolutely.’

I sat for a while, then went to my room and put on my pyjamas. I went to her room and knocked on the door, and she called for me to enter. She was in bed with just a bedside light on, and she told me to come in on her right side.

‘It’s where my husband slept. By the way, do you snore?’

‘Granny never complained, so I guess not.’

I climbed in beside her, and as I did so the clock on the bedside table turned to midnight. I leaned over and gave her a little brush of my lips against hers and wished her a happy birthday. I then turned over, and was soon asleep.

When I awoke next morning, it was to see her face smiling down at me.

‘You can’t imagine how nice it is to wake in the night and not be alone. To hear your breathing brought back all the happy memories of my marriage. Thank you for a lovely present.’

‘I’m sorry I haven’t got anything else for you, but I didn’t know. How were you planning to celebrate?’

‘I wasn’t, last night was enough for me.’

‘May I take you out to dinner tonight?’

‘That would be lovely, thank you. Now you’d better go away so I can get dressed.’

That night we went to a local restaurant, and ate by candlelight. The food was good, the background music was supplied by a quartet of music students, playing Schubert, Brahms and some that I didn’t recognise. It was a magic evening, and it never occurred to me that it

was slightly odd to be enjoying an evening out with a woman more than three times my age. After the meal, we walked home, with her arm linked with mine.

‘Tom, I want to ask you something totally unfair. I’d like you to sleep with me tonight, and every other night, come to that. But I don’t want anything except your presence beside me, no... no..., well, you know what I mean.’

‘Grace, I’ve never thought of you as anything other than a very dear friend, and to be your friend in bed would be fine. It’s what I’m used to with my granny, so I’m not going to suddenly have to exercise amazing self-control. Let’s try, and if it bothers one of us, then we’ll just stop.’

‘How old is your granny, by the way?’

‘A little bit younger than you, as it happens.’

‘Good Lord, so you’ll be sleeping with an even older woman!’

So, for the next few weeks we slept together, just good friends. We would have a gentle kiss goodnight, and turn away from each other. Sometimes we would back against each other, and I would feel her warm softness against me, but that was all. Until...

I was invited to a wedding, and expected to stay the night away at a friend’s house. However, the arrangements went wrong, and I finally got a lift back home, where I arrived in the early hours. The house was in darkness, and I went to my room and changed into my pyjamas, then slipped into Grace’s room as usual and climbed into bed beside her. She woke as I got in, and spoke, in a sleepy voice:

‘This is a nice surprise. I wasn’t expecting you back tonight.’

Then, suddenly, she was wide awake.

‘I haven’t got a nightie on. I’m naked.’

‘That’s nice. Who were you expecting?’

‘Fool! I wasn’t expecting anyone. I always sleep naked when I’m on my own. Look the other way while I put something on.’

‘There is another solution. I could take my pyjamas off.’

‘What are you suggesting? I suppose you’ll tell me next that you slept naked with your granny.’

‘You wouldn’t believe me if I said yes, would you?’

‘As a matter of fact, I would. I don’t think you’d lie to me. You really did, didn’t you.’

‘Yes, always. She liked to sleep naked and that’s where I got the habit. It’s been the only drawback to sharing your bed, I’m much happier with nothing on.’

She lay silent for several minutes.

‘The hell with it. I know I can trust you, so get your kit off and let me get back to sleep.’

I slipped off my pyjamas, and leaned over to give her our usual goodnight kiss, being extra careful to not touch her body. Then we turned away, but she gently backed up to me so I could feel the brush of her smooth skin against mine, then she was gone.

And that’s how it was. She would slip into her robe as she got out of bed, so I never saw her naked, and I was very discreet about exposing myself. Two good friends, who happened to sleep naked with each other.

The end of term arrived, and I went home for the Christmas vacation. While I was there I managed to spend a couple of nights sleeping with granny, and I told her what had happened.

‘You are making a habit of sleeping with naked old ladies. But I bet you’ll do more than just sleep with her.’

‘Come on Alice, why would I want to do any more. You and I sleep together without anything happening, what’s the difference.’

‘She’s not your granny, that’s the difference.’

I did not for one moment believe that our sleeping together would ever become more than just that. I was still a virgin, and I wasn't in any hurry to change that state. It wasn't that I wasn't interested in sex, it was just that I felt that sooner or later the right girl would come along and then it would happen. Till then, the only lover that my penis would know would be my hand, which gave me adequate and frequent release. So back I went to sleeping with my naked landlady, and not thinking about sex at all as far as she was concerned. Good Lord, she was three times my age, an old woman, and she had probably forgotten what sex was about. I mean, people of that age don't have sex, do they. Do they?

And then...

I normally did not dream a lot, and when I did it was usually nonsense. So it was most unusual for me to dream that I was naked, cuddled up behind a naked woman, with my erect penis between her legs. And then I gradually became conscious and found that I was, in fact, naked, cuddled up behind a naked woman and with my erect penis between her legs. As soon as I realised what was happening, I went to move away, but found that Grace had put her hand behind her and on my hip, so that she was holding me close to her.

'Grace...'

'Don't say a word. You'll break the spell.'

I didn't know enough detail about women's geography to know exactly where my penis was situated, just the knowledge that I must be rubbing against her sex, and John Thomas had become thoroughly rigid, so much that I could feel it throbbing against her. Then she lifted her leg and slid her hand between her legs to take the end of my penis and push it gently up, so that suddenly the tip slid into her. I had often wondered what it would really be like to enter a woman's most secret part, but I had never for one moment guessed that it could feel so wonderful. I instinctively pushed against her, and my penis was engulfed in a warm, moist heaven. I pushed in as deep as I could, and heard a gentle sigh of content from her. We stayed still for...a minute? Ten minutes? An hour? Who knows, time was suspended as we became one person, linked by the firm length of my flesh and the soft cavern of hers.

At last I began to move, very gently in and out. Never again could sex be as wondrous as that first time. It would be more fun, more active, more adventurous, but the sheer intensity of that movement of my body within hers would never be surpassed for me. After a while, she pulled my hip firmly and pressed back against me, and I felt her body spasm against me, and felt the grip of her holding my penis. Her breath quickened, and then relaxed, and she whimpered quietly. When she was still again, I started to move once more. I could feel deep in me that I was soon going to climax, and my movements became a little more urgent till at last I held her tight as my juices flowed into her.

Deep in my imagination, I had fantasised about first sex with a nubile young woman, with me on top and thrusting hard into her, but this, this was unbelievable. I felt utterly fulfilled, happy beyond belief. I felt my penis gradually subside till it slipped out of her. We did not speak – as she had said, words would have broken the spell. I just moved up the bed so that I could put my arm round her, I briefly held her breast, then put my arm round her waist and was asleep almost immediately. I don't think I dreamed real dreams – just my mind, like my body, was glowing with contentment.

CHAPTER TWO

Next morning I woke to the touch of a hand on my penis. I opened my eyes and looked at Grace in the early morning light, and was shattered at what I saw. Usually when we woke in the mornings her face carried a gentle smile of sleepy contentment, but this time her expression was unsmiling, and was somehow disturbing. Her hand on me, added to my usual somewhat erect state in the mornings, had caused me to be fully hard.

'Fuck me – now.'

I had never heard her speak like that before, with this harsh, impersonal voice. If that was what she wanted, fine by me, but I wanted to touch and caress her first, so I went to hold her breast. She pushed my hand away.

‘Just fuck me. Climb on top and fuck me hard.’

I hated the sound of her, but the idea of what she was asking made me rock hard, so I moved over on top of her. She was still holding my cock, and with her legs widespread, she pulled me forwards so that it was parting her pussy lips. I was holding my torso up on my arms, and I began to ease gently into her warm wetness, but she bucked her hips up at me and I thrust deep into her.

‘Now do it. Do it really hard and fast.’

I was torn between my dislike of the way she was speaking and my arousal at the thought of being completely animal like, so I started ramming in and out of her hard and fast. She was avoiding looking at me, and she dragged me down so that my full weight was on her and I could not see her face. The feel of her belly and breasts as I slid over her roused me to a frenzy, and I could feel an orgasm rising fast inside me. I wanted to share with her this feeling, but I knew better than to speak. Soon it came, and I jerked hard at her, causing her to wince with pain as my pubic bone crashed against her, then I felt the rush of hot fluid pumping deep into her vagina. When I had finished, I went to kiss the side of her neck, but she just pushed me away and told me to go. I got out of bed without speaking, and went back to my room and showered and dressed.

When I went downstairs, breakfast was on the table, a place set only for me, instead of the two places where we usually eat together and talked about the day’s plans. This time, there was no talk. She set the food down in front of me, and left the room. I was totally bewildered. How was it that what had been so wonderful the night before turned into a disaster in the morning? I left the house close to tears, and in a state of misery.

That day I had lectures all day followed by an evening seminar. I paid little attention to what was said to me that day, as I was turning over in my mind what had happened, and wondering what reception I would get when I got back. I always told Grace in advance when I would be in late, so it was no surprise that I found the house in darkness except for the light in the entrance hall. I went in and went straight to my room, noticing on the way that there was a light visible under the door of Grace’s room. I undressed and contemplated what to do next. Normally I would have just stripped and, after a visit to the bathroom, would have gone in to her room naked and got into bed with her. After sitting on my bed thinking, I decided that I had to go to her, but I compromised by donning pyjamas. I crossed the landing and opened her door. She was sitting up in bed with a small bedside light on, and her eyes looked as though she had been crying. I walked across and climbed into the bed.

‘Tom, I don’t think you should sleep with me any more. I’d rather you went back to your own room, please.’

‘I’ll go in a minute, but first of all I think you owe me some sort of explanation.’

‘What is there to explain, just I’d rather not sleep with you any more.’

‘Look Grace, last night was the most wonderful thing that has happened to me in my short life. Suddenly, without any move on my part, what had been a gentle, friendly relationship slipped into a physical bond that seemed to be the most natural thing that could have happened. It wasn’t just sex, was it? For me it was much more, and I don’t think I could put a name to it. And it wasn’t just sex for you either, was it? Your body just melted into mine, as though we were a single entity. Then, this morning, we had what can only be described as a joyless fuck. What happened? Did I do something wrong? And now you don’t even want me in your bed. For God’s sake tell me what’s happening. I’ve spent all day in a state of total misery, please at least explain to me.’

‘Tom, last night shouldn’t have happened. In fact, I should have stopped you sleeping with me long ago, but it was so nice having a body in bed with me, that I couldn’t do it. I’m sixty, Tom, you’re eighteen. I’m over three times your age. It’s disgraceful that I even thought about sex with you, but several times when you’ve turned over in your sleep I’ve felt your naked sleeping body touch me and I’ve lain awake longing for you to wake and make love to me. Last night, you turned towards me and, instead of moving away, I couldn’t resist moving towards you, so that you were cupping my body in your lap. Then I felt your penis stir and I moved so that it was lying against my...my sex. That must have aroused you and I could feel it getting hard against me. You half woke and started to move away, but I couldn’t bear to let you go, so I pulled you back against me, and, as you came awake, I put my hand through my legs and guided your penis into me...and you know the rest of that, except to say that I was in heaven.’

‘Afterwards you went straight to sleep, but I couldn’t. I knew that what I had done was absolutely wrong, and that it mustn’t happen again. I knew that I had destroyed the wonderful relationship between us, which was by far the happiest that I had been since my husband died. But it’s obscene to have a physical relationship with our age disparity, and I’m sure that you will feel disgusted at being seduced by an old woman. I don’t know why I made you fuck me this morning. I suppose it was to prove to myself that last night had just been crude sex, but it didn’t work, and now I feel I have totally demeaned myself.’

‘Grace, you said last night not to speak, it would break the spell. Well, this morning was a damn good effort to break it. The genie is out of the bottle, we’ve made love and we’ve fucked, and that can’t be undone. I don’t think we can live together any more without some form of physical relationship. I’d never thought of you as a sexual being before last night, physically you were just a pleasant sort of shape with a nice face with a lovely smile, but our friendship, relationship, call it what you will, has been leading up to this without my even realising it. Now what do we do?’

‘Can’t we just go back to being good friends? Why do we have to have sex?’

‘When I look at you now I’ll be looking at a woman, not just a friend. It just won’t work, will it.’

She looked at me without speaking for what seemed like an hour. Then she smiled, a smile that seemed to grow from nothing till it suffused her face, making it quite radiant.

‘I suppose you had better take off my nightie.’

I suddenly felt a little scared. Could I cope with making love to this lovely person? Well, I’d talked her into it, let’s see how I could cope. I folded the bedclothes right down, and looked down at her. The nightdress was long, and of white cotton with some embroidery at the high neckline, and showed nothing of her body. I leaned down and took hold of the bottom hem, and slowly pulled it up her calves, then further to reveal her knees and lower thighs. Without my asking, she raised her bottom so that I could slide it under her and up to her belly. Her legs were long and shapely, the regular exercise that she did keeping her in trim, but there was a slight creasing of the skin at the top of the thighs. At the junction there was a full bush of curly hair, dark but with some streaks of grey. Her belly was smooth and slightly rounded, and there was fullness at her hips. She sat up, and I lifted the dress up and over her head, leaving her naked. Her breasts were full and firm, with big, dark pink aureoles and large quiescent nipples, pointing a little downwards as she sat. Again, at the top of her arms the skin was slightly creased, and her neck bore the lines of age. This was a lovely body, the body of a mature elderly woman. The bloom of youth was long since gone, but it was still very desirable, and I spent a long time just looking.

She giggled. I had been teaching her to use a computer, and she had obviously remembered some of the anorak words, for she said ‘WYSIWYG!’

What you see is what you get!

'You mean this is all for me?'

'As much as you want. Before you do anything sordid, can we establish some ground rules?'

'Ground rules?'

'Yes, rules for copulating couples. Actually, I'm not joking, it's important that we really understand each other. First of all, I suspect that you haven't had a lot of sex up to now?'

I nodded, she was absolutely right. Sex had never particularly bothered me. I had known from the first stirrings of puberty that one day I'd "do it", but there didn't seem any urgency. I had gone out with a few girls, but none had made me feel that I particularly wanted to have a "relationship" and nothing more than a few kisses and a couple of breast fumbles had happened. I had started to have wet dreams, and a boy at school initiated me into the wonder of wanking, and I found that a regular penis pumping in the shower meant that I was dry at night and I didn't get embarrassing stiffies. And that was it.

'I've done it twice, with this older woman that I'm friendly with.'

'I did wonder about you sleeping naked with your granny, I wonder how she kept her hands off you.'

'Don't say things like that. I had no idea that you wanted me, now you've got me worried that perhaps she did. I don't think I can ask her.'

'No, I don't think you should. Anyway, back to the rules. You may think that, because I was married for thirty years that I know it all, but I don't. My husband was a wonderful man whom I adored, but in bed he was totally inhibited. He came from a very religious family who thought sex was a sin put on earth to tempt us, but that women should submit because the only thing worse than intercourse was masturbation – the sin of Onan, if you know your bible. So, at not too frequent intervals he would say at bedtime "Do you mind" and I would pull my nightie up to my waist and he would climb aboard and do just what you did this morning – only less vigourously! When he finished, he would thank me and turn over. This always happened under the bedclothes and in the dark. I never saw him naked, and I doubt he ever saw me.'

'That sounds awful.'

'There was certainly no pleasure in it, and it always left me sore, because I was dry inside. It wasn't till I started desiring you that I found as I lay there that I was getting wet in my vagina, so you could slide into me so sweetly.'

'It certainly was sweet!'

'Anyway, the first rule – well, really the only one – is that we should be totally honest with each other. Let's try anything we fancy, but if one of us is unhappy with the idea, we must say so, not just put up with it. Is that OK?'

'Perfectly. We seem to be a pair of near virgins as far as playing sex games, so I'll try anything that doesn't involve giving or receiving pain – that's just not in my mind at all.'

'You mean I can't smack your bottom if you are naughty? Never mind. Now, can I ask a favour? You said that this morning was a joyless fuck, and I agree. Will you do the same again, with joy? I've often wondered how much pleasure my husband could have given me this way.'

'I'd like that, to wipe out the memory of this morning.'

'Right, excuse me while I have a pee first.'

She got out and walked across to the bathroom door, and I had my first view of her naked rear. Voluptuous is probably the best description. Not fat, but beautifully rounded, the softness of her back, her full hips and her gorgeous full arse, above those long legs which were still in perfect shape. Learning how to excite this lovely body was going to be fun. She

quickly returned, and watching her walk back was even better. She got back into bed beside me, lay down with her legs parted and said:

‘Please come and enter my body – I need you.’

I needed no second invitation. My penis was hard and ready, and I manoeuvred myself into position above her, resting on my knees and arms, and with John Thomas poised above her cleft. I didn’t feel very confident about finding my way in, so I asked her to guide me.

‘You’re a big boy, find your own way.’

I pushed forward so that my tip was touching her in the general area, then I made several gentle probes, till suddenly I felt that I was starting to penetrate. I was looking down, and I saw that her lips had parted and were holding the end of my glans. I pushed a little more, and I heard her make a little sigh of pleasure. My cock was starting to be enveloped in a warm, moist softness, and as I pushed further I felt her vagina holding me in a gentle grip, and I carried on till I was at last fully entered into her. The feeling was better than anything I had ever imagined, and the sheer physical pleasure of the wonderful sensations in my body was augmented by the joy of being united in love with this lovely woman. After savouring this feeling, I slowly withdrew, until my cock left her vagina, and I could see it glistening with her wetness.

‘Come back, I feel empty without you.’

I pushed back in again, with more confidence this time, and started to slowly move in and out, enjoying this new and exciting experience. I was so involved in the sensation in my cock that the rest of my body seemed not to exist, and, when she spoke, I realised that I wasn’t thinking of her feelings at all.

‘Don’t you think it’s time you kissed me?’

I grinned at her.

‘I’m not sure I’m ready for more excitement, but I’ll risk it if you like.’ And I leaned down and gently brushed my lips against hers.

‘What I had in mind was a bit more comprehensive than that. I want to be kissed till my lips are crushed. And while you’re crushing things, come down onto me, so I can feel all of you. I may be old, but I’m not fragile!’

I lowered myself so that my full weight was on her, and I felt the swell of her belly against mine and the softness of her breasts. Her arms were round me, her hands caressing my back, and I slid one of my hands down her side and caressed her hip and round to the plush roundness of her buttock. Our mouths met, just gentle touches at first, then more firmly. One of her hands moved to the back of my neck, holding me firmly to her, and her lips parted under mine. I slid my tongue slowly between her lips, and as it entered the soft cavern, I felt her vagina clutch at my penis. I began to move in her with more urgency, and, as the thrusting of my penis became quicker, so I moved my tongue in and out of her mouth, while she pushed hers back into my mouth. I felt that I was getting near to orgasm and I slid both hands down under her and grasped her lovely arse firmly. I lifted my head and said:

‘I’m going to come now.’

With that, I felt my body thrust without any control from me and the fluid shoot from me into her vagina. Again and again I thrust, till gradually I stopped, with one last convulsion. I dropped down, my head against her shoulder, panting slightly from the effort. I could feel my cock subsiding, and I didn’t know quite what to say, so I just said: ‘Thank you’

‘Thank you too, young sir. Before you lose interest, do something for me. Put your hand down between us to my dirty bits.’

I slid my hand down till I could feel her pubic hairs.

‘Just keep going till I tell you to stop.’

I pushed down, till I could feel the start of her cleft.

‘Now, probe around a little lower till I tell you.’

I did as I was told, and my finger slid into the divide, and I felt a protruding bump. She gasped and said:

‘That’s the place. Now just rub around there for me.’

I started moving my finger around and over her, and I could tell when I was doing it right because she would catch her breath suddenly. As I rubbed her, her vagina started to spasm gently, and my cock, which had been pretty limp, began to stiffen again. Soon I was rock hard and I started to move inside her, still caressing that lovely bump. Suddenly she grabbed my arse and held me firmly against her as her hips jerked up at me, and one hand dragged my head so our lips were locked on each other. With a little cry, she relaxed, and went soft under me.

‘Thank you, darling. Now help yourself, I’ll just lie here and watch.’

I wanted nothing more than to be here, lying on her, feeling the length of her body against me and the warm wetness holding me gently inside her. I propped myself up on my elbows and began to move gently in and out. We didn’t speak, just looked at each other as our mingled juices smoothed the way for my cock inside her, and for what seemed hours I kept moving, sometimes dipping my face for a kiss, then finally with just a touch more urgency I moved to a long, gentle climax, my juice spurting as her vagina pulsed around me.

I lay on her, kissing her lips, then burying my face in her neck. I felt totally fulfilled. If this was how sex was going to be, I’d never get enough.

‘That was pretty good for a beginner – it’s taken me sixty years to have an orgasm, now I’ll have to make up for lost time, but just now I feel so wonderful I just want to sleep and see if I can dream about doing it again. Do you mind? Perhaps tomorrow we could go exploring just a bit?’

‘That’s fine by me.’

‘I ought to go and wash, but I want to go to sleep with the juice still running out of me. Is that too disgusting?’

I slipped my hand between her legs, and brought it out with my fingers wet, and I offered it to her. She tentatively touched a finger with her tongue, then smelt it and licked it. I took it back and did the same.’

‘Not too disgusting.’

With that, we went to sleep in each other’s arms.

CHAPTER THREE

When I woke next morning she was still asleep, and, after lying and watching her for a few minutes, I kissed her neck so that she woke.

‘Shall we...?’ I asked.

‘I am ravenous, both for you and for food, and if you don’t mind, let’s start with food.’

We got up, put on robes and went down to the kitchen, where she cooked me an enormous breakfast. As we sat, eating, she suddenly giggled.

‘I can feel your juice oozing out of me. That’s got to be totally disgusting for a sixty-year-old woman. Shall we go and wash, and then, as it’s Saturday and you haven’t got any courses, perhaps we could...?’

‘What a good idea.’

We went up to her bathroom. It had a big walk in shower, and beside it was a bidet. She turned on the tap and adjusted the water temperature, then slipped off her robe and sat astride the bowl. I knew what a bidet was, but had never met one in the porcelain before. As I watched, she turned a control and I could see a jet of water squirting between her legs. She moved on it so that it sprayed up at her vagina, then slid her fingers to open the lips and let the jet enter her, then moved so that it was spraying her anus. She turned the jet off after a

bit, then handed me a bar of soap and asked me to wash her. I soaped all round, over her lips and inside, then she took it and soaped her anus. After that she turned on the jet again and rinsed herself.

‘Now that’s all clean and ready for use. Let’s shower together.’

We went into the shower, and I offered to soap her, but she would only let me wash her back, nowhere very interesting. She watched while I washed myself, and looked closely as I pulled back my foreskin and washed my glans. Then we dried ourselves and went back into the bedroom.

‘This bed’s a bit smelly, but I guess it will only get worse. Shall we...?’

We lay down side by side. I wasn’t quite sure what to do next, so I did the obvious and asked.

‘I don’t remember if I told you last night what a beautiful body you’ve got. I had no idea till last night, I suppose I had thought that women’s bodies weren’t worth even thinking about after – thirty, thirty five? I was wrong, you are ravishing, and the look on your face when we made love will always stay in my memory. Now, if I go exploring will you help me? And we’d better decide what we call things for starters. This is my penis, call it what you like, cock, prick, hampton, willy, it’ll answer to anything. And my testicles are balls or bollocks in my scrotum, or ball bag if you prefer. Everything else is pretty obvious. What do I call your bits?’

‘Well, breasts are boobs, tits, whatever, but I think breast is such a nice descriptive word – it sounds soft and round, doesn’t it. And nipples are nipples, though when I was tiny I used to call them pippies. The part round the nipple is called the aureole, but I doubt you’ll need a name for it. Going down, pubic hair is anything you like. You’d better have a good look at the rest, and then I’ll tell you.’

She opened her legs wide and I could see her rounded outer lips and the pink inner lips just showing. She parted herself and drew the hood of skin back so that I could just see a tiny bump.

‘That’s what you were rubbing for me last night. It’s my clitoris, or clitty or whatever and it’s just there for fun – my fun. These are my labia major, just lips I think, and here are the labia minor which are the doors to heaven. Vagina sounds a bit clinical, and there are hundreds of names, but I like pussy, it sounds sort of soft and sweet and lovable. Words like cunt and twat are ugly, I think, but perhaps in the heat of battle they might be more appropriate – like fuck, another word that’s a bit ugly. Did you know that D H Lawrence talked of John Thomas and Lady Jane? Now that sounds nice. Anyway, these are my pussy lips and they just long to open and let you in. Oh, there are two other bits, the urethra I pee from, and you don’t need to know about that, and my anus. You know what that’s for, I don’t suppose it will interest you too much. I call the whole back bit my arse, which I like, so that’s my arsehole, which doesn’t sound so good. So that’s me, or any other woman come to that. Please feel free to enjoy!’

I rested my hand on her breast.

‘They are quite sensitive, don’t be too rough.’

I let my fingers wander around the upper swell of her, then traced a slow path around her aureole to the lower curve and cupped the weight in my palm. I squeezed gently, and started a caress that surrounded her nipple on one breast, then repeated the process on the other. I approached nearer to her nipple so that I was stroking the aureole with one fingertip, then I brushed the tip of her nipple as softly as I could. Her nipples had been quiescent, but at my touch they started to rise, and I took one between my finger and thumb and gently squeezed it.

‘Oh yes, that’s good, a little bit firmer, please’

I held her more firmly, and pulled outwards. I could see and feel the dark tip harden under my touch, and I became firmer, pulling and twisting, and I heard her catch her breath. As I held her I leaned over and kissed her, our lips and tongues urgently seeking each other, and as my hand moved from one breast to the other, grasping her nipples in turn, she held my head firmly against her so that our mouths were locked together. After a while I reluctantly drew away from her mouth and moved my lips across her cheek and down her neck to her shoulder, then to the swell of her breasts. I was kissing and nibbling her with my teeth, and I move slowly round her full globes, squeezing with my hand and drawing her soft flesh into my lips. As I approached the centre of her breast I began to lick with just the tip of my tongue, round one aureole and then the other, till at last I brushed the tip of her engorged nipple. I heard her make a little squeak of pleasure, and I moved from one nipple to the other, licking at first, then drawing the tips up between my teeth, more and more firmly till the whole tip of her breast was enclosed and I sucked hard while I raked the nipples with my tongue.

‘Oh Tom, that’s just so good, I’m going to explode with pleasure.’

Her whole body was shaking, and I squeezed one breast firmly while I sucked at the other, and I felt her tense, then relax, panting for breath, and I released her.

‘I’ll have a heart attack if you keep doing things like that, but at least I’ll die happy.’

‘You’re not going to die just yet, I’ve only just started, and I’ve got plans for pleasuring you – and myself, of course.’

‘That sounds exciting, what do I have to do.’

‘Just lie back and enjoy, your part comes later.’

I’d been unsure how to behave, but it was obvious that I could do anything I liked with her. To my surprise I found that I could caress her without getting over excited myself, and my cock was only half hard. I had no idea how long this state would last, but it seemed as though I could bring her to orgasm without the need to cum myself – it was just a wonderful tactile experience, and the feel of her arousal was giving me enormous pleasure. So, I thought I would take it slowly and see how long I could last.

I drew away from her breasts so that we could both watch my hand as I started to move down onto her belly. She was softly rounded, and I stroked her and slid one finger into her navel, which made her giggle. I went to and fro across the gentle mound and her hips, always creeping a little lower. We watched together as I felt the soft curly bush over the padding of her pubis, then I moved away onto the tops of her thighs, my fingers pressing down to slide between them. I pulled gently and she parted her legs a little, and I slid my hand up and turned it so that my palm lay flat on her lips, and I pressed against her.

‘I want to look at you properly, please.’

I moved down the bed so that I could see her, and she opened her legs wider. I looked again at those full outer lips with their curly hair, and saw that her pussy lips were pushing out more than before. They were beautiful, those lips, the doors to the wonders within, and I had an urge to kiss them.

‘Grace, may I kiss you – kiss your pussy lips?’

‘If that’s what you want.’

I leaned down and began kissing the insides of her thighs, moving all the time upwards. Her body had the lovely fresh smell from the shower, now I caught for the first time the musky smell of a sexy aroused pussy. My tongue was licking the inside of her thigh and then into the joint between her thigh and her outer lip, and I changed from one side to the other, taking little pulls at her curls with my teeth. Then I pushed her legs wider apart so that her pussy was fully exposed and lowered my lips firmly onto her lips. I heard her gasp as I touched her, and I sucked at her and ran my tongue over the outer folds, then pushed it

slowly into the warm slit. As I did so, I felt a wetness round my mouth and chin, and she pulled my head up.

‘Tom, what’s happened to me, I feel as though I’ve wet myself.’

I had been looking at various internet sites and had learned about female lubrication and ejaculation. I looked at her pussy, it was glistening with the fluid that was leaking from her, and I touched it with my finger and felt the slippery surface.

‘I think what you’ve done is quite normal – you’re just pleased to see me! And, by the way, it tastes good’.

She put her hand down to feel the slippery liquid.

‘I have to admit that I lied to you last night. I said I was going for a pee – actually I went to put some KY jelly in my pussy, because I thought I would be too dry for you. It looks as though I needn’t have bothered. Carry on, please.’

I lowered my mouth onto her pussy lips again, and she moaned quietly as I touched her. I licked and sucked her, then I began to run my tongue up her slit and onto her clitoris. As soon as I touched her, I could feel her body push up against me, and I started to lick around the mound and flick across the tip, then I held her in my lips and tongued her firmly as I nibbled with my teeth. I pushed two fingers into her slippery lips and moved them in and out. Almost at once her legs closed firmly around my head and she thrust up at me, and I could feel spasms passing through her vagina and gripping my fingers. I was feeling a bit stifled as her thighs held me so firmly that my mouth was jammed against her lovely pussy. She was making little whimpering noises, then she suddenly let out a long gasp, and I felt her relax, and her thighs opened to release my head. As I took in a big breath she said “I can die happy now.”

‘Not for a bit you can’t, I haven’t finished yet.’

‘Sorry darling, let’s see what I can do for you.’

I moved up the bed and kissed her, so that she could taste her own musky juices. She smiled at me, and pushed me onto my back. She kissed my mouth, her tongue thrusting deep inside and exploring my teeth, my tongue, my palette, delighting me with her sucking and biting. Then her mouth moved to my cheeks, and suddenly I felt my ear lobe being bitten and a warm tongue licking around my ear before being pushed into me, which I found amazingly sexy. She moved on downwards, kissing and nipping over my shoulders till she came to my nipples. She took one nipple in her teeth and pulled at it, while her hand tweaked the other, then her mouth opened wide as she sucked the nipple in and thrashed the tip with her tongue. Her hand was moving slowly down over my stomach, and I felt her fingertips probing through my pubic hair till they touched the base of my penis. She stopped teasing my nipples so that she could watch what she was doing. As she lightly stroked me, John Thomas decided that it was time to wake up and began to rise from his sleeping position. Her fingers advanced slowly towards the tip, and curled round to hold the shaft in a gentle grasp, causing him to grow substantially.

‘Oh Tom, did I do that? It’s a magic feeling having it swell under my fingers. Am I doing it right?’

‘It feels pretty good to me too. Would you like to uncover my helmet?’

‘How do I do that?’

‘Just hold the skin and pull it back.’

She did as I said, and the foreskin slowly uncovered the glistening glans, with a bead of pre-cum at the opening.

‘That’s lovely, I want to kiss it.’

‘Please do.’

She moved down the bed, and lowered her head to touch her lips to the tip of my glans, and she pushed her tongue out and licked off the pre-cum. Then her tongue slowly lapped

round the helmet, giving me the most intense sensations. After a while she opened her lips and I watched and felt as my cock slowly slid between them. My erection was the hardest I had ever experienced and was throbbing as it disappeared practically to its base. She drew back a little, and her tongue was dancing over me. I felt as though I was going to grow enormous, I was hot and desperately wanting to cum, on the other hand I wanted this to go on forever. As she moved her lips on me, I knew I was going to eject at any minute. I pulled her head off me gently.

‘Grace, darling, I’m going to cum any second now.’

‘Fine, so I’ll find out what you taste like.’

With that she took me back in her mouth and began moving quickly, and very soon I felt my fluid start to rush up from my balls, and jetting into her mouth. She drew back as I filled her, then swallowed quickly, but not before some of the juice had run out round my cock. She held me in her lips till I began to subside, then sat up without a word and leaned over to kiss me, lips wide open and tongue thrusting so that we could share the slightly salty taste of my cum. At last she drew back, her face wreathed in smiles.

‘That was fun my end, how about you?’

‘I’m not sure, you’d better try again.’

‘How soon can you manage it?’

‘Not long by the feel of it.’

‘If I get it big for you, perhaps you could subject me to your vile attentions again.’

‘Oh God, do I have to?’

‘If you want to eat tomorrow...?’

‘I want to eat – I’ll probably eat you later, just now, get me going!’

She gave me one of her lovely smiles, then quickly bent down and took my limp cock deep into her mouth, while her hand slid between my legs and took hold of my balls. As she sucked me and squeezed me, John Thomas rose to his full height. She released me and looked at him with a look of satisfaction.

‘Right, can I play with him properly now?’

‘What game had you in mind?’

‘I think Lady Jane would like to swallow him whole. Just lie back and think of England’

‘Do what?’

‘Sorry, old advice to women soldiers going abroad, in case of rape.’

‘Did it help?’

‘No idea, I wasn’t in the army. Now just shut up and enjoy.’

This chattering had left my penis a bit limp, but a quick kiss and licking soon restored him to all his glory. When she was satisfied with the result, she straddled me and held my penis while she rubbed her lips and her clitty against his helmet. When she was satisfied that she had coated him with her juices, she moved over me so that his tip parted her pussy lips and, as she lowered herself gently I watched as her lips open to receive him, the foreskin peeling back as he slowly disappeared from view into her hot slippery canal. Each time that we made love, it was amazing to me how wonderful it felt, that opening of her body as my cock probed deep into her, and the feel of her pussy gripping me. She slowly rose till I was nearly out, then dropped down fast, ramming me deep inside her, and this she repeated several times, till she leaned forward so that her breasts were hanging low enough for me to take one of her engorged nipples into my mouth. I sucked and bit her, and I felt her pussy muscles spasm each time I pulled at her. She sat up suddenly, took hold of my hand and pushed my fingers down to her slit.

‘Quick, rub my clitty, I’m bursting.’

I had hardly touched her before she exploded. Her whole body was shaking as her orgasm hit her, and as I slid back the hood and squeezed the little shaft, she screamed with pleasure. She was panting loudly and as I took hold of both nipples she just collapsed onto me, her face buried in my neck

‘Oh Tom, I think I’m too old for this, I didn’t know I could lose control of myself like that.’

‘You’re never too old if you are enjoying it. Now it’s my turn.’

I gripped her hips and began to thrust up into her. Soon she began to move with me, and we were bouncing on the bed, my cock throbbing as it drove in deep, then back as I lifted her off me. I felt the pressure build up in my balls as the juice began to flow, and I pulled her hard against me as I shot jet after jet of my sperm high up into her vagina. She was moaning quietly and I felt her shudder gently as she had another orgasm, then again she flopped down onto me, her mouth against my shoulder. I could feel our juices trickling from her pussy onto my thighs as we both came down from the ecstasy we had been experiencing.

After a while my cock had subsided and began to slide out of her, and she rolled off me and lay beside me. Her cheek was against mine, and I realised that it was wet. I drew back and saw that tears were streaming.

‘What’s the matter, Grace? I thought that you were enjoying yourself.’

‘Sorry, Tom. It just struck me how much my husband and I missed by not being open about sex. All those years together, and I never once enjoyed it, and I don’t think he got a lot out of it. If only his bloody parents and his stupid religion hadn’t brought him up to think that all this was dirty.’ Then she smiled through her tears. ‘They were right, it is dirty, and absolutely marvellous, but this bed’s beginning to smell a bit strong, so I think we ought to get up.’

We passed the day together, saying the silly things that two people say when they have just become lovers. We both knew that we had started something that could not last too long, but just then we were living for the moment. Every now and again we would kiss, and I loved coming up behind her and slipping my hands round to cup her lovely full breasts. During the afternoon we went into the garden, where there was a patio in a secluded corner. She had poured drinks for us and we went onto the patio and stretched out side by side on two reclining chairs. I leaned across to her and began caressing her breasts through her dress, then I undid the buttons from top to bottom, drawing the dress away to either side. She was wearing knickers and bra that were designed strictly for practicality, not for their sex appeal.

‘Grace, your undies aren’t going to rouse my beastly carnal desires.’

‘Well, I didn’t expect any man would ever see me in them, so they’re built for comfort, not for speed, as my father used to say – only he was talking about cars. If you don’t like them, you know what to do, don’t you.’

‘Buy you new ones?’

‘That wasn’t what I had in mind, though you may if you wish.’

‘What then...oh, silly me.’

I stood over her and drew her up so I could slide the dress off her shoulders, then unhooked the bra and slid it off, releasing her gorgeous globes. I bent over her and took one of the nipples into my lips, sucking and biting it so that I could feel it standing up hard. When I was sure it was fully awake, I did the same with the other, hearing Grace making little noises of pleasure. I leaned back, admiring my handiwork.

‘Your nipples are gorgeous, darling.’

‘Yes, aren’t they. It’s a pity they never got used for what they are intended, but it’s worth having them just for you to play with. Ouch!! That hurt.’

I had given them a quick twist, and had obviously overdone it, so I bent over and kissed and caressed her till again I heard her happy sounds. I began running my hands over her

rounded belly, covered by her unsexy knickers, and slid down over the fleshy cushion over her pubic area and down between her legs, where I found a patch of dampness.

‘Really, Grace, I do believe you’ve wet your knickers. I’ll have to take them off and see what you’ve done.’

‘Oh dear, that’s terrible, it’s because you were so rough with my titties, you made me jump.’

I pressed my fingers firmly into the dampness, pushing them into the moist crack. Then I brought my hand up to my face and smelt the odour of pussy juice. I offered the fingers to her to smell.

‘I rather think that it doesn’t smell of naughty girl pee, but very naughty girl excited pussy.’

‘It does rather, perhaps you’d better take my knickers off and check properly.’

I knelt on the ground next to her chair and slid my thumbs under the waistband of her knickers, and, as I began to push them down she lifted her bottom so that I could slide them under her and down her legs, finally pulling them off and leaving her naked, and, as her legs parted, I could see the shiny wetness of her pussy lips. She then stood up and quickly stripped off my clothes, and then we were holding each other close, feeling the warm softness of each other’s bodies. Then she pulled away.

‘Do something disgusting.’

I was dumbfounded.

‘What do you mean?’

‘Just use your imagination.’

I looked round helplessly, then inspiration hit me. Close to where we were sitting was a row of ripe strawberries. I went and picked a handful, then pushed Grace down onto the ground. I divided the fruit and firstly began to squash some onto her breasts, so that the juice was running down her chest. Then I took the rest and began to push them, one after another, into her pussy, till she complained that I was hurting her, and the juice was pouring out, making her vulva look as though she had suffered some terrible accident. I had some berries left, and I lifted up her legs and pushed them wide, so that the dark brown diamond of her anus was on display, and I crushed one of the berries against the puckered aperture, and as I took another one and pressed it firmly against her I felt my finger start to penetrate her. I took some more berries and, as I pushed them into her arse, my finger followed and I felt the tight ring of her anus slacken and let me slid deep into her. She said nothing, and when I looked at her face she was biting her lip, but, as she didn’t complain, I guessed that she wanted me to go on. I added another finger to the first, and felt them being gripped in the hot channel.

I had a huge erection by this time, and I pulled her to her feet and led her down the path to where there was a big heap of grass mowings. I told her to kneel, then pushed her gently forward onto the heap, leaving her luscious globes high in the air, and the red gash of her fruit filled pussy leaking juice down her thighs. I knelt behind her and pushed my cock into the start of her pussy, but it was so full that she cried out in pain as I tried to enter her, so I withdrew and instead pushed the tip of my cock against her scarlet anus. I pushed gently and saw the tip start to spread her, and felt her flinch as her ring began to open to let me in and my cock slid slowly deeper and deeper into her, till I was as deep as I could go into the hot, tight, passage.

‘Is that disgusting enough?’

‘It’s a good start.’

I hadn’t noticed up till then that the grass heap was both hot and smelly where it had started to ferment., so I grabbed two handfuls and pressed them against her ample breasts, and felt the squishy mess ooze out between my fingers as I rubbed it into her flesh. Then I began to move slowly in and out of her arse, gradually getting quicker and quicker. She was

moaning quietly, and as I banged into her really hard, she was thrusting her arse back against me. I slid one hand under her belly and found her clit and, as soon as I touched her, I felt her body shudder as she started her orgasm. I thrust two fingers deep into the fruity mess of her vagina and her muscles clamped down on them as she cramped up. As I was about to come myself, she collapsed down onto the smelly heap and as my belly finally slapped hard against her arse cheeks I erupted deep into her, jetting over and over again as the pressures on my balls relieved themselves.

I lay still on top of her, as she panted beneath me, and at last I felt my cock soften so that it finally slid out. I rolled off her, and, as she turned over, we lay side by side on the hot disgusting mess.

‘Was that disgusting enough?’ I asked.

‘Remind me not to make stupid suggestions in future. Yes thank you, I think you’ve satisfied my desire to be disgusted for a day or two. Mind you, I like you in my bottom. I’d never have let you do that if you’d asked me, but it was fun – nearly as good as the real thing, and I won’t mind if you want to do it again, only next time we’ll use a better lubricant than strawberry juice. I’m going to be sore for days, and God knows if I’ll ever get rid of the smell of this stinking grass heap.’

I pulled her to her feet, and we walked into the house together. She stood in front of the mirror and looked at herself. Her breasts and belly were covered in brown staining from the grass, and pussy was a vivid gash of strawberry red, which was leaking out and running down her thighs, mixing with the sperm that was running out of her anus.

‘Not a pretty sight!’

We went into the shower and washed each other, then she ran a bath and we slid in from opposite ends, as it was big enough for two. After a while, her hand slid onto my cock, and, as she gently stroked it, it rose to its full manhood. She turned and backed up to me, offering her pussy to me, an invitation I certainly wasn’t going to refuse. We moved gently against each other, just tiny movements that didn’t get either of us too excited, till she asked me to rub her clitty, which I enjoyed doing, as usual. I gently rubbed in a circular motion, then took the little bud between my fingers and massaged it the same way as I would have wanked my cock, and before long she had a long, soft orgasm, her pussy pulsing slowly and her breath coming in long sighs. As she relaxed, I moved gently inside her, then released my tension as the sperm flowed into her.

This was just the start of several months’ pure pleasure. I was enjoying my studies and, working hard, but when work was out of the way, Grace and I spent happy hours finding new and different ways to enjoy our physical love together. Nearly every night we’d go to sleep satiated with our efforts to give each other maximum pleasure. She was doing her best to make up for sixty years without a love life, and I was certainly enjoying helping her.

I went home for a few days and, while I was there, my Dad asked how I was getting on with Grace. As we chatted, he guessed that our relationship was a good deal closer than landlady and lodger.

‘You like older ladies, don’t you. I mean, sleeping with your Granny, now with your landlady.’

‘I didn’t say I was sleeping with Grace.’

‘You didn’t need to. Anyway, good luck to you both. By the way, changing the subject a bit, have you ever seen my father’s grave? You might find it interesting.’

He wouldn’t explain why, but he told me where it was and I went to look at it. To my amazement it hadn’t only got his name on it, dead at forty two, but it had got his wife’s name on it, dead at nineteen in childbirth. So who was Alice – presumably his second wife?

I was going to spend the night with Alice and, as usual, when it came to bed time I went up and undressed and got into her bed and she slipped in beside me afterwards, both of us naked. As we lay side by side I told her that I had seen the grave for the first time.

‘So now you know, I’m not really your Grandmother.’

‘So we aren’t really related.’

‘Not blood related.’

There was a long silence, then I put on my best little boy voice.

‘Grannykins, can I do something naughty?’

‘How naughty, Tommykins?’

I turned on the bedside light, and slowly drew back the bedclothes to her waist, uncovering a flattened but still attractive bosom, her breasts surmounted by dark nipples on big, slightly raised, aureoles.

‘Very naughty, Grannykins.’

I pushed the bedclothes right down and, for the first time, I saw my Granny naked. Inevitably I was comparing her with Grace. She was a little plumper, and her bush was nearly white below her rounded belly, and she looked very desirable.

‘Yes Tommykins, oh yes Tommykins, please be very, very naughty.’

And I was, very, very, very naughty!!!!!!!!!!

You see, I told you that there was no incest or under age sex involved in this story

END OF PART ONE