

A Mother's Treat

By yellowlavender

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Part 2 of my story

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It was three months later as I walked up to my son's house and knocked on the door. Getting no response I tested it. I was happily surprised to find that it opened, meaning that Carol, my daughter-in-law, must be at home.

"Hello," I called walking into the kitchen.

Getting no response I stepped into the hallway and was about to call again when I heard some noises coming from upstairs. Thinking that's where she'd be I headed towards her bedroom and as I got closer to the door, which just happened to be slightly ajar, I suddenly caught a glimpse of a naked body in the dressing table mirror. Not wanting to intrude; I carefully tiptoed until I could have a good look inside. What I saw was Carol lying naked on the bed playing with her rather small breasts and as I continued to look she brought her knees up so that I now had a perfect view of her vagina. Smiling with pure pleasure I instantly noticed that she was shaved. Continuing to watch she moved her hands and started playing with herself.

Watching the way she was pushing a finger inside her wet vagina I was starting to get excited and I watched in amazement when the back of a young man stepped from the shadows to strip off his clothes. Now naked, this stranger walked up to her, grabbed her knees and spread her thighs as wide as they'd go. In doing this her vagina opened even further and seeing how erotic this was my left hand instantly moved inside my knickers to start investigating just how wet my vagina had become. As well as this; my other hand located one of my nipples and started rolling it making it hard and pleasurably sensitive.

"Now lick me you naughty boy and make me cum," Carol grunted as she obviously wanted him to give her satisfaction.

Hearing this; the man stepped back and instantly fell to his knees before pushing his face towards her waiting vagina and it was then that she held his head in place. There were no words spoken by the pair in front of me, only grunts, as I watched the man increasing his head movements. I'm not sure

how long it took, maybe about eight minutes, but in one desperate push he stiffened as Carol's knees suddenly clamped like a vice around the man's head and the guttural chant easily confirmed her orgasm.

Watching this and realising that due to my age I knew I wouldn't be able to reach my climax so I started to get myself back into some sort of order. I was a little shocked when the man stood, turned, and began picking up his clothes. The reason was quite simple because seeing exactly who it was I had one of the most powerful orgasms I'd ever had. So powerful, in fact, I suddenly half screamed with satisfaction. By the time it had subsided for me to be aware of what was happening the door was fully open and there stood my daughter-in-law as well as my grandson both still naked.

"Hello nan," Jason smiled as he looked at the way one of my hands was still inside my knickers and the other inside my bra.

As I focused on him did I notice the way his penis had started to become stiff again. Carol had also spotted what was happening because her hand went down and grabbed it. For a moment we all stood looking at each other with no-one saying a word but that suddenly changed when the young man suddenly smiled wickedly.

"Let's see your tits!"

"Jason," his mother scolded.

"What?"

"That's your gran."

"I know," he answered with pure lust. "But wasn't she just spying on us having sex?"

"Maybe she didn't see anything."

"Well, if that's the case," he grinned while turning and grabbing her small breasts. "She can watch us now."

"I don't think so," Carol tried to impose as she seemed to be losing the battle to stay in control especially when he lifted her small breasts and started sucking on the large nipples.

"But I'm feeling horny again," he smiled when putting his hand between her thighs and pushing a finger into her obviously wet vagina. "And I believe you are to."

Having spoken he stepped away from his mother, my daughter-in-law, and wrapped his strong arms around her shoulders before pushing her to the floor. I just stared, in disbelief, as she fell to her knees and remembering what Paul had told me about her reluctance to perform oral sex was quite shocked when she opened her pretty mouth and took his stiff penis inside. To say that I was beginning to get excited by watching the way she knew exactly what she was doing would probably have been an under estimate. I immediately guessed that she was no novice when it came to the art of fellatio and when Jason suddenly stiffened my instincts were proved to be correct because I instinctively knew that she'd just swallowed his semen and wasn't going to let any escape.

Now realising that if my vagina was wet by watching what my grandson was doing then Carol's must have been absolutely dripping and as if to prove me right she stood, grabbed his hand and led him back inside the bedroom.

I was about to follow, hoping to watch whatever she'd got planned, when the door closed and feeling slightly dejected I stood outside the door and listened to the continual sighs of satisfaction coming from inside the room until eventually deciding to go downstairs to await their appearance. I'm not sure how long it was but finally they came into the kitchen together and as they walked towards me Carol suddenly turned to her son.

"We need some more milk," she instructed. "So will you go down to the shop?"

"Of course," he answered and with that he'd gone.

Now alone we just stood looking at each other and it was then that she said something that completely took me by surprise, "Paul has never liked my tiny breasts."

"What makes you say that?"

"Because, he suddenly stopped having sex with me," she half whined while looking directly at me, and if I didn't know better her eyes were focused on the way my nipples seemed to be sticking up. "And I think he's seeing another woman."

"I don't think he is," I lied

"So why's he never in the office when I need him," she asked looking down at the floor, and as she did I could look straight down the front of her blouse to see that she wasn't wearing a bra. "Because sometime I'm feeling really horny and want him to come home."

“Maybe he’s out on business,” I answered when the image of my son between my open thighs flashed inside my head. Then looking at her, especially the way her nipples have suddenly hardened, smiled, “You’ve got lovely breasts because I’m sure there are plenty of men who’d be willing to have a play with them.”

“You think so.”

“Of course,” I answer.

Her next statement knocked the stuffing out of me. “So would you,” she asked while pulling her blouse open and pushing her naked breasts at me. “Be willing to play with them.”

“Is that what you want,” I ask watching the twinkle in her eye.

“Since your son’s being a complete asshole,” she sighed with confidence. “I just want to get my own back on him by trying a larger range of sexual activities.”

“So how far have you got with your quest,” I ask looking as she moves and when she reaches me I stand up. We touch and it is then that my hand immediately takes hold of her right breast before rolling the nipple between my fingers.

“Not too far,” she admits. “As I’ve not been given much opportunity in trying my skills.” As I listen to her I’m suddenly very conscious of the fact that she’s just pushed her right hand down inside my knickers and immediately inserted a finger inside my vagina.

Knowing the obvious pitfall, well I am having relations with my own son, I step back and look concerned.

“I’ve got to go,” I reluctantly offer while turning and walking away.

Once outside the house I stop and think about what I’ve just witnessed. First there was my daughter-in-law performing incest with her son, next she’d succeeded to pushing a finger into my rather wet vagina while allowing me to play with her breasts and it was while thinking about any possibilities Jason walked up to me carrying bottle of milk.

“Hello,” he smiled.

“Hi,” I returned and it was when looking at him that I added as a sort of joke. “So you’d like to see my breasts?”

“Of course I would,” he smiled standing directly in front of me.

“Well if that’s the case,” I teased knowing full well that he’d never do such a thing. “You’ve got to let me see your stiff penis again.”

“Ok,” he answered, having put the bottle of milk on the floor, and undoing his jeans. It didn’t take long before he stood in direct eye sight and I just stared at how thick his cock actually was in fact it seemed slightly bigger than his father’s.

“Your turn,” he grinned.

“You’ll have to get them out,” I instructed while pulling up my cardigan to show him that they were hidden inside my white bra. Hearing this he didn’t need further instructions as he stepped forward and brazenly took out both of my breasts. He licked his lips, as if eating a lollipop, when seeing them and smiled. As he made a grab for them I wantonly asked, “Can you do your old granny a favour?”

“With these in my hands,” he smiled. “You can ask for anything.”

“Can I touch your stiff cock?”

Expecting him to say yes I wasn’t anticipating him to ask, “Only if I can see you pussy.”

Realising that here was a young man wanting to see my old vagina it didn’t take me long to decide what to do and watching his face light up I lifted my skirt and pulled down my knickers. It was now his turn and as promised he took my hand and gently placed it on the thick mass of his cock. I was in heaven as he placed his strong arms around my shoulders and pulled me close. Now feeling how my breasts were pressing into his chest I suddenly became very aware of the fact that he’d somehow managed to place the head of his cock against the vertical slit of my pussy and it was a moment later that he thrust the entire length of his erect penis inside.

It had been many years since I’d felt a man’s cock penetrate me and to feel that it was my grandson’s only seemed to intensify the pleasure.