

Family Easter Gathering, Chapter Four

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Brandy and I spend the morning enjoying breakfast in wondrous ways and go on to make love even more

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She turned the corner into the dining room and I saw that she had donned the same outfit she had worn upon her arrival. She walked a bit awkwardly, but then her body had been pummeled worthily and somehow it seemed only right that she be sore as heck. She sidled up to me as I slid the sausages onto two plates and scooped out the eggs to join the patties of Jimmy Deans' finest. The toast was cut diagonally and placed artistically along each side of the entree. She smiled and took her plate and mine as I carried two glasses of OJ and a cup of coffee; her Dr. Pepper sat on the table awaiting us to arrive at the top of her silverware setting. She leaned over to set my plate down and then her own, I watched as even now my love swelled, along with that singularly interested extension laying along the leg of my shorts. She must have seen my glance; she giggled and blushed saying, "G-pa, already?"

I chuckled with my embarrassment and whispered, "Well, maybe we can wait until after breakfast," and chuckled again. She stepped to her chair and sat as I placed the drinks on the table, her hand slid delicately over the swollen member with a coo with the embers of excitement at being able to so freely touch what she now considered her prize. As I sat down and we blessed the food with a simple honoring to God and family we ate, our eyes and hearts now focused on what was to happen with the new found pleasures we had thrown the door open to. The obvious question was not what would happen that day, but what would happen after her stay with me ended and we could not be together once she went home to her parents. It saddened both of us, naturally, we had found joys together, love together, and pleasures of mind and spirit that no one in our family could or would understand. "It'll be okay Brandy," I said, though my certainty was less than convincing, "we'll just have to find a way to be together as often as we can."

Her eyes filled with tears at the thought of not being with me every night to cuddle, talk and be talked to as an adult; make love or have rampant savage sex when we wanted to, she was sad almost to the

point of being depressed. "Grandpa," she finally said with a whimper, "we're moving away soon; you know that don't you?"

"I know Brandy," I said with as much conviction as I could muster, "but that could be a good thing for us. Once you move, you'll have to come back to visit and that means staying either here or with your other grandparents while you have the time to visit with your old friends. We could have the nights to share a lot more than we ever could if you stay around here; and you'll only be twenty five miles away anyway."

She set her fork down and turned, rose from the chair and wrapped her arms around my shoulders as she cried, partly from the uncertainty of our future, and partly from the knowledge that we would make love several more times before her stay was done. Her lips engulfed mine as I tilted my head to meet hers, her tears were salty and as I parted from her lips I swept them away with my fingers as I took her face in my hands and guided our mouths back together. My chair slid back and she straddled my lap in the straight backed chair. Her groin was already hot and moist over mine as the fire of arousal swept through us both, breakfast was set aside for now, but thankfully we had already eaten most of our food.

Her hips moved forth and back over my growing mass, she was hungry for much more than food in the early morning's silence, well silence but for the low animal groans of pleasures we each felt streaming from our bodies. I stood up carrying her body with mine as I rose to standing with her arms draped over my shoulders to hold her aloft; her legs wrapped around me as if her body had become a boa constrictor, her warm wet groin working now up and down just above my mound. I slid my plate to the side and set her cheeks on the edge of the table to be free to touch and feel her body's needs. Her body stiffened as my hands slid up her inner thighs and quivered knowing what was about to happen.

I slid my hands under her skirt and pulled her panties free of her and slid them down over her thighs, calves and feet; dropping them onto the table beside my plate. They were already very moist, but not as wet as her pussy would be in short order. My eyes lit up at the view of her risen skirt that revealed the lush petals of her flower beneath, my body shuddered as I whispered, "Breakfast is the most important meal of the day Brandy, and you're going to be mine," with a soft chuckle as I knelt between her thighs and slid my hands along the sensitive flesh parting them for my advance. She made space on the table to lean back onto her forearms and watch as I feasted on the all important meal of her body's nectars. My lips mouthed her thigh's most tender spots as she began to shudder with need for more, they traveled ever so slowly up and along her until at last she felt my mouth close over the engorged clitoris she knew it would. She gasped at the rush of sensations as I suckled softly and lapped in circles around it and began panting as her arousal grew, and grew more with each pass of the textured tendril over her fleshy node. She tasted so sweet and sultry as her juices flowed

into my waiting mouth and I drank all I could of her.

She sat up and pulled my face tighter against her flower with a groan before whispering, “G-pa that feels so good,” and pulled at me to give my tongue over to her channel. I thrust it against the opening of her core and she yelped with glee as another surge of nectars filled the heavenly portal. I figured she would cum in no time, but was surprised as she continued to groan and pull at me to give more and more of the oral delights she found so enticing. I lifted her feet to my shoulders and opened her legs farther as my tongue thrust into her again and again being sure to cross the textured patch of her g-spot with each entry and exit from the wet hallowed path; my mustache raking over her clit sent shivers through her as well. Her body tensed and I pushed one of my thumbs into the willing muscle to continue the arousal of the inner tender spot, she screamed out loudly as her climax finally came over her in a wave of glorious thunder and erupted into my mouth with a copious flow of sweet honey; I gulped as much as I could and the rest flowed over my chin and throat as she came with all she had to give before her body fell back to her forearms in a gasping sated puddle. As her flow ebbed I lapped her clean and lowered her feet back to my thighs as I kissed the sensitive flesh on and around her groin to give as much loving care over her quivering body and mind as I could. She laid down fully over the table as she moaned with a completion she had never known could be, the glory one only fantasizes of in dreams.

I stood up and gazed over the most beautiful girl I could ever imagine, the love for her swelled in my chest and thoughts as she lay quivering from what little I had been able to give. I picked up her panties and slid them over her feet and tugged them into place as she raised her cheeks with what seemed a great effort. My hands outstretched to her and helped her sit up, and as she did she grunted at the agony of emptiness, her eyes pleaded with me to fuck her even then. I slid her from the table and lowered her into her chair saying in a taunting whisper, “eat your breakfast Brandy, it is the most important meal of the day you know,” and chuckled heartily as I pulled my chair back into place and sat to finish my own meal. We laughed over whether I was already full, which in ways I was. My heart was over full with love for my little girl, my cock was full from not finishing what we had begun, my sack was full and tight with needs of its own, and my head was full with thoughts of when we would take care of those needs as well. Her eyes took in the swollen mass that lay along my thigh and she sighed but didn’t resist my command to finish her breakfast.

Once the meal was done we took the dishes to the kitchen and washed up those and the pans dirtied in the process; she never strayed far from my side and seemed to brush against me at every turn. I was in awe of the pleasures she found with just a simple touch, my heart welled with pride that my little grand daughter could offer so much love and expect only love in return, well that and as much explosive sex as I could offer her. As we finished putting away the dishes and such I turned to her and said, “I have an idea of something we can do today,” which brought a lust filled glimmer to her eyes as she smiled and sidled up closer. I laughed softly and put my hands on her shoulders as I

cooed in ways a man should not admit, “We’re going to play an on line game, I figured out how we can still have each other even when you get moved,” and pulled her close enough to kiss her forehead before turning us to go to the bed room.

“What kind of on line game is it G-pa?” she asked with both curiosity and seemingly overwhelming interest as she led the way down the hall. Her butt swayed with the beginnings of arousal at the prospects of what I had said, but I remained silent until we got to the desk top’s computer terminal and I sat her down before it.

“Turn on the computer Brandy, I’m going to get you set up on one of the games I play from time to time,” and kissed the top of her head as she clicked the unit on. I stood behind her as the screen came to life and instructed her how I was forced to log on to the net out in the middle of the woods, she listened and learned quickly; but that was no surprise. As the net came on to my home page I told her to click on my favorites and showed her the site we would share, I won’t reveal the name, for remaining anonymous is still a factor in my writings and life on the internet, but let’s just say it is a 3D gaming site with fully interactive characters in a myriad of scenarios and settings that are fully functional at flirtation, motion, and yes sex; lots of sexually explicit scenarios are available. Her eyes grew wide as she gazed at the exquisitely presented graphic representations of men and women came to life on the screen and turned to smile at her tutor.

I smiled back and said, “Okay, let’s let you create a character first,” and proceeded to guide her through the process of creating, or should I say recreating her on the screen under an assumed name as one of the female characters I could interact with, and yet still maintain control with the listing being under my paid enrollment. I watched as her fingers deftly worked and formed a virtual look alike to herself, with only the hair color being altered, she even maintained the perfection of her figure, just looking a bit older than she was in truth. She had picked the name, “Candy” since she knew I would like to think of her sweet body whenever we got to play.

When she had finished that part I asked her to just walk around on the site to see what buildings and settings there were as I went and retrieved my laptop from the other room and sat down behind her on the bed. I too logged on and soon was on the same site, the means of us having fun even when apart; so long as we were careful. In the game I strolled up to her character and prompted her to visit with me, from there I guided her through various rooms in the casino and up to the hotel room my character used as his lodging. She giggled as she saw that my character looked like a twenty five year old version of myself, I chuckled a response, “Well, if nothing else, I am myself both on line and off.”

We began simply as she learned the controls to guide her character into varied poses and situations of sensual pleasures; we replicated my eager advance at eating her out at breakfast on the table in

his hotel room and Brandy panted as her left hand rubbed over her mound and clit viciously bringing herself close to climax as the characters on the screen played out our oral adventures of only a half hour before with explicit details too refined to ignore the duplication of our moves and sounds. After her character, Candy, came and was left gasping on the table I changed our true play time as my character, George, stood and dropped his slacks to the floor exposing what could be called a fair duplicate of my own meaty ten inch dick, maybe even a little thicker than truth, but the ladies I had interacted with on the site seemed to like feeling the fullness of the erections he provided. Brandy gasped as she watched his advancing cock; her body shuddered as she worked even harder at pleasuring her pussy with her hand, guiding her character with the other to avail George of her wet gaping flower.

My hands were much too busy as I worked the controls to invade her character with the massive cock and slowly bring her to waves of climax that would rival real ones, in fact Brandy came as hard as she ever had when her character was driven over the edge and exploded with fervor and screams of orgasmic pleasures. I chuckled silently as I slipped the animated cock dripping with semen and nectars from the wondrous character on the screen's gash, Brandy shook as her orgasm ebbed a bit from the fruitful wonders of sex on the net. "Grandpa," she stuttered with her breathing still ragged from the massive climax she had found in reality, "That's unbelievable, it was almost like we really did it, I just had to help a little with my hand and got off almost as hard as when you fucked me for real."

I set the laptop aside and stood behind her, my hands resting on her shoulders as I leaned over her still quivering frame to kiss the top of her head. "I thought you might like it baby girl, if we're really careful we can do this even after you move away," I whispered into her ear. Her head turned to face me, her eyes lit up like it was Christmas morning and she had just received the best doll ever made. My eyes fixed on hers I spoke in serious tones, "I said we can do this, but we have to be really careful, it is on my account, you won't be able to just wander any time you want and find other guys to have fun with. I know that you could, but I am going to trust you not to, it's my ass on the line if I get caught letting an under aged girl play under my account; I'd go to jail for it Brandy, so I need to know I can trust you as much with this as with what we have shared for real. Can I?"

Her body turned in the chair and she looked at me as if I'd hit her in the gut hard. Her eyes were filled with tears of understanding and fear as she spoke, "Grandpa, I guess I didn't know you could go to jail for being with me, either here or on the net." I simply nodded, knowing it had just hit her how important our secret was. Her lips pulled back as she spoke again, "I'll be careful, I won't go on the site unless I know you're on it too and only if nobody else is around. I'm sorry this is so hard on you Grandpa, I just figured that we would fool around and you could teach me how good sex could be, but I hadn't planned on it being so intense and beautiful until it happened. I love you Grandpa," she ended with tears of love and wonder welling in her eyes.

My hands slid over her shoulders and cupped her breasts as I leaned over her and kissed her softly on the mouth. She whimpered at the tender caress of our mouths and opened hers to receive my tongue as hers joined in the dance of pleasures not yet found. As my lips trailed over her throat I whispered, "I want you Brandy, I want to make love with you right here, and soon."

She wiggled her way out of the chair and stood in front of me with a smile that warmed my heart and caused my pulse to pound in my ears. My cock swelled again and formed a tent between us in my shorts as her body pressed snugly against mine. "Turn off the computer Brandy," I whispered as my teeth nibbled on her ear lobe. She released me and turned to do as I asked as I turned and clicked off the laptop and set it aside. I picked up my cell phone from the computer desk as she snuggled against me again, I dialed my daughter's number and waited while it rang, two, three, and then four times, she picked up on the fifth ring and greeted me with a happy, but sleepy voice. "Hi Tam," I said in my normal voice even though Brandy was even now seducing me with her hands and body, "just thought I'd call and let you know Brandy seems to be feeling okay this morning," a play on words I couldn't resist. "How'd the tournament go last night?" I asked politely as usual and quivered as I felt Brandy's hand slide over my swollen prize.

"It went good," she replied, "Mack's not in the tournament this year, but he's been having fun officiating and stuff. You know how he is. The other girls are having fun, I guess, didn't see much of them after send off, but they know what they can do and can't."

"Good, I'm glad everybody's having a good time," I replied sincerely, thankful that it was going well enough that they weren't going to come for a visit any time soon. "We were talking about coming down for lunch after a while. What time will the fish be ready?" I asked as if it would be the highlight of mine and Brandy's day to go to the lake and visit, knowing full well that fish would not be on the menu, it would be reserved for the participant's dinner gathering on the second night of the tournament.

"Daddy," she chided, "you never come down for the tournament any more, you don't even know what we serve for lunch. Hot dogs and hamburgers for lunch, the fish that was caught last night is for the big dinner tonight."

"Oh," I sighed as if ignorant, "that's right, well maybe we'll come down for dinner and watch the send off tonight then, if she's feeling up to it that is. I'm not sure what her problem is, she isn't talking much about it. Is it one of those girl things you think?"

"Yeah, Brandy has troubles sometimes even between her periods," my daughter replied knowing it was a taboo subject with her Daddy who had raised two daughters and four granddaughters; enough is enough.

“Okay Tammy, that’s enough, actually more information than I needed,” I said as gruffly as ever I had about discussing the subject of my girl’s periods, “I’ll let you know if we’re coming down or not tonight.”

Tammy chuckled as if she had brought me grief, a thing she loved to do from time to time and replied, “All-righty then, have fun doing chores, since I know you’ll take advantage of having a slave for the day,” and chuckled heartily before continuing, “we’re gonna get a little more rest and then just hang out for the day. I think the girls are going swimming this afternoon. Tell Brandy she’s missing out on all the fun. Bye Daddy,” she ended with casually.

“Bye Tam, you guys have fun, and trust me I’m going to work her little buns off, since as you say I have a slave for the day,” and laughed before saying, “Bye Tammy, give the girls a hug from their Grandpa,” in my usual departing words. My attentions had been distracted almost the whole time I talked to my daughter as her second born fondled my swollen meat inside my shorts and rubbed her body against mine willfully. Her actions had changed as soon as she knew the call was all but over; her hands worked at the zipper of my shorts and sent them to the floor as I hung up, a gasp of delight overtook me as her hand stroked the lengthy almost fully engorged prong. I stepped from the shorts allowing my sandals to fall from my feet and looked into the glistening eyes of desire, “Strip Brandy,” I said in a commanding tone.

Her hands released the swaying member as she burst into a shining star of radiant needs. Her arms pulled her tank top over her head in one swoop and unfastened her bra in the next motion allowing them both to fall onto the chair by the computer. She twisted her lips as if in a smirk and said, “Told you we should just avoid the delays and stay naked today Grandpa,” with a humorous tone of delight to her words. She unfastened her skirt and stripped it off letting it too fall onto the chair now only clad in the wet panties I had just put back on her at the dining room table and that she had flooded with her climax as she sat and played the game on the computer. I pulled off my shirt and let it drop atop of her clothes and reached over and pushed her panties down to where they would fall the rest of the way, they did and her lush mound was again mine to see.

I reached to her and tickled her sides; she squirmed to avoid the onslaught of tortured pleasure as my grip relentlessly brought groans of laughter to her as she tried unsuccessfully to escape. In the midst of the tickle fest I moved her to the bed and tossed her onto it as she gasped for air with my assault. As her efforts to avoid me continued I made my way atop of her and stopped the tickling as my lips gently suckled her nipple and licked over the areola that surrounded it. Her laughter slowed and was replaced by groans of sensual awe as she pulled my head to her chest wanting me to suck her breast deeper, which I did willingly and willfully for my baby girl. As her breaths evened out she asked me a question, “Grandpa, in that game can my character suck yours?”

I chuckled as my mouth left her nipple, wet with my spit and aroused to its fullest swell. "Sure, why do you ask sweetie?" I replied having a feeling she wanted to try something more than she had already.

She actually blushed, her normally tan skin flushed a deep earthy pink as she said, "I wanted to see what it would look like to deep throat that monster dick of yours Grandpa is all."

It all but stopped my heart as she seemingly was asking to take my erection all the way into her throat, I didn't know if I dared even let her try. No woman had ever been able to take it all, and those that tried only did so once before giving up on the effort, I am unfortunately too thick for most to venture to that goal and have choked the ones who tried with the provocative swell of my manhood. I sat up and smiled as she too sat up facing me. My words were serious as I confided the uncertainty of her request, "Sweetie, on the game the characters can probably do that without any more than a little creative gag reflex, but that's only an animated game Brandy. You don't want to try that for real do you?"

Her head bowed for a moment as she thought about what to say, "I'd like to try, it can't be that hard. I've seen enough porn videos to know that some women can do that and I know you'd really like it if I could," she cooed with the same coy uncertainty as I would have expected from my young inexperienced lover.

I looked straight into her eyes as they glistened with some hope that I would teach her the tricks to that offering. She was frightened at even saying anything about it, but I knew her curiosity was overpowering her reasoning. "Brandy, the guys in those videos aren't even hard when the women deep throat them, I can't say that I'd be able to not be fully erect if you try it. You're right, I would like it, but I don't want to take the chance of hurting you either. You know how full your mouth was even just sucking me in a little last night." I was trying to reason with her against her curiosity and desire to please me, I'd have been just as happy if I could feel her wondrous sheath grip my shaft again, but her eyes cried out to let her try.

"Please G-pa. If it's too much I can stop and I'll let you fill me up the other way, its lots of fun too," she ended with a giggle.

I looked at her eyes again, her sincerity was absolute, her want to know every way to pleasure her Grandpa foremost in her thoughts and spirit. "I'll know if you can't handle it Brandy, but I'll teach you how to try," I whispered as I slid closer and pulled her face to mine. Our lips met with loving passion and I held her as my arousal grew once again and filled the mighty tool she wanted to know completely. I slid my body along hers, my head near her knees, hers falling beside my prone torso. She knew enough to know she had to be facing me in the 69 position to even hope to line up the

massive member to slide it down her throat. I felt her hand as it took hold of the shaft and gently stroked it up and back down a few times as she mustered her courage. Her lips closed around the head and I groaned at the pleasure of her warm wet mouth over me. Her head lowered and I felt the back of her mouth on my crown and shuddered as she paused, straightening her body along mine to extend her torso and neck to align my cock with it. A tentative push of her jaw took the head into the opening of her throat and she gagged, a very natural reflex, and backed away as her lips gently closed over it again as she sucked on the head. She tried again with not much better result, but managed to hold the head at the opening for a few seconds even as she gagged on it. My hands rubbed over her back and butt to sooth her thoughts, but her determination may well be her downfall as she tries again to take the head into her throat. I gasped as it slid into her gullet even though it only stayed there for a second or two. My voice groaned out, "Oh God baby, slow and easy, you're doing great," to reward her efforts.

She backed off again, gasped in a gulp of air as the slick spit coated head came from her mouth. She jacked me off with slow even strokes as she caught her breath and then returned to her efforts. This time she didn't wait, she slid her mouth farther down over the shaft and barely gagged at all as the head entered her throat which seemed to open wider this time than the last. The girl had talents no other woman had been able to accomplish as now half of my cock slid into her throat with some degree of ease as I quivered in restraint of cuming into her throat and belly. She raised herself from the mass once again and gasped for air several times. My hand found its way to her juncture and slid two fingers inside the supple wet walls and felt them contract tightly over the two probing digits as I again found her inner point of delight. Her body tightened as she extended her neck one more time, this time she opened her throat and slid her whole body over me as she engulfed the thick velvet shaft and found her lips pressing against the base. I gasped in a huge gulp of air as I knew my baby had done what no other had ever accomplished, my cock quivered within the gripping muscles of her throat even though she dared not move to do more. After a few seconds of swallowing along the rigid pole she withdrew with a gasp and turned around in haste. The smile on her face was worth a million bucks, her pride well deserved and I pulled her face to mine and thrust my tongue into the parted lips to honor her fully.

Her leg swung over my torso and I found her slit still dripping wet over the bulbous head she had swallowed only moments before. With a look of devious desires she slid her sheath over it and lowered her body to take me in with slow deliberate determination. I had become the student to my grand daughter who was about to show the master how to enjoy being taken. Her body quivered with each inch she took, perhaps 20 seconds had passed and she was just able to feel the whole of my member, she paused and shook with the magnitude of her move and groaned with animal abandon. "Oh God Grandpa," she groaned. Her core so full of heated velvet she could hardly stand to move and lose even a bit of the joy she felt. Her hips fluttered front to back and she quaked with urgent need but knew not what to do next.

I laid my hands on her thighs as they lay against my rib cage, her cheeks clenching against whatever they could as her inner muscles went into spasms of tactile pleasure at being so full. Even her cervix contracted around the broad invasive meat she craved and she groaned again with the waves already beginning to fill her innermost chamber with female cum. I reveled in her sheath as much as she enjoyed the filling of it and we remained quietly in the bliss of joining for over a minute before I couldn't help but raise my hips against her weight and bring her from the plateau of nirvana we had found. Again her muscles contracted in ripples over the length of my shaft as she began to move in slow sultry circles, never raising from the base but moving in sultry ways that drove me towards the haven of climax none the less. I remained still as she brought wondrous feelings of pleasure more than any lover I had ever known, likely because of our love was amplified by the very nature of our immoral, illegal acts of passion.

Her body rose slowly and lifted the warmth of her walls from my shaft until the chill of the air touched all but the head. Her smile broadened as she thrust her channel down over me with a quick hard move to impale herself on the spike. She cried out as it filled her and ground her petals against my mound with a vengeance for several circling moves to satisfy both of our wants. Again she rose with slow resolve, and again she thrust onto the velvet steel she longed for, her core wet with creamy fluids mixed from my pre-cum and her nectars. She didn't rush us to climax, but built to it with each tantalizing move. My hands slipped up to her bare luscious breasts and cupped them, pinching her nipples between my thumbs and index fingers that held each one. She groaned again as the pleasure of modest pain swept through her, her hips fluttered differently and she rose more quickly and impaled her self harder than before. As her rhythm increased one of my hands left her breast and pinched at the swollen clit just above the petals that engulfed my tool with each downward thrust. Her body went rigid as she fought against her orgasm, her eyes pleaded with mine as she spoke, "Cum with me G-pa, I'm gonna bust," and whimpered as her body rose and fell with quick eager thrust on and off of the pole of delight she wanted to know as it erupted deep inside.

I could hardly move with the onslaught of joyous feelings she drove me to, her body gave itself to mine fully without hesitation and as her climax came upon her, I felt her flooded walls coated with honey sweet cream and added my own to hers as two and then three steams of hot sticky man cum erupted within her womb. My body shook violently with my orgasm as did hers. Within seconds she collapsed atop of me panting, gasping and shaking all over from the tumultuous thunder of pure orgasms we had shared, this time more than even before. My arms surrounded her body and held her tight as she ebbed from the most recent onslaught of pleasures, my cock softened within her sheath and soon slipped out with a sloppy wet sound followed by the inevitable seeping creamy mix that had been blocked by my shaft. It was still hot as it coated my sack and sphincter, filling the crevasse of my cheeks with heavenly goo. I kissed her neck and whispered into her ear, "I love you Brandy, you are absolutely the best."

Her head rose as she looked into my eyes, hers filled with the glistening of joy and triumph. Not only had she deep throated the impossible length and girth of my manhood, but taken charge and brought me to the quaking mass of manhood that only comes from being fully drained. "I love you too G-pa," and giggled as she said, "And you thought I couldn't do that," giggling again even more heartily.

I hugged her tighter and kissed the side of her neck as I whispered, "nobody has ever been able to do that with me Brandy. It's just too big for any woman to enjoy it that way. But, yes baby, you did, and I'm proud of you." My lips quivered as I pressed them to hers, our passions still aflame as we made out naked on the king sized bed and fondled each other with the post play of sated sex. After a few minutes I pulled the covers back and we moved under them to cuddle in the afterglow of passions shared. I only hoped her parents wouldn't show up while we rested buck naked and coated with the sheen of pleasures found.