Forbidden Fruit: Part 3

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Candy and her mother satisfy my cravings

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It was getting more and more difficult to keep from taking Candy's virginity. She practically threw herself at me all the time. My cock wanted to nestle itself deep inside her womanhood, but my other head just couldn't get past the grand-daughter thing. Candy, with her sweet, but lustful innocence, her short red-hair, petite, but nicely developing breasts, and her untapped, but smoldering desire to experience all things sexual. And to complicate matters, there was her mother, Trina. Trina of the long blonde hair, full round breasts, and a sexual energy that had lain dormant, as mine had, for too damn long. How could I keep up with both women? How could I avoid jealousy between the two. How long could I keep sharing them before the needs and wants of one overshadowed the other?

When her mother wasn't home, Candy would tease me unmercifully with her body, parading around bra-less, bending over, showing off her cute round ass with nothing but a gauzy thong between my eyes and her luscious young treasure.

At first I would gather her close and play with her pussy until it oozed honey, then lick her labia and suck on her clit until she came on my face. When done, she would plead with me to stuff her full of my cock, but I stood fast, trying to explain how difficult it would be for me to do what we both wanted. I tried to get her to promise to keep her cherry for someone really special, someone closer to her own age.

She began spending more time down at the old swimming hole, about a quarter mile from the house. Some of her friends would come over mid-morning and return in late afternoon, changing back into dry clothes, and goofing off in her room until dinnertime.
This went on for much of the summer. My days were spent half-heartedly fending off Candy, while my nights were spent feeding the lust-filled monster that existed inside her mother.

One afternoon, she came home a little earlier than usual. She had a friend with her, only this time it was a boy. Part of me jumped for joy that she was finally coming out of her self-cloistered mourning period brought on by her father's death. Part of me dreaded the thought of some raging hormone driven teenage boy was going to do to my grand-daughter what I could not bring myself to do. His

name was Rob. He was tall and very skinny, and seemed extremely bookish, almost nerdy. He was polite to a fault. Candy excused herself to go change into dry clothes, leaving us alone to talk. Not much was said early on, until I asked how he knew Candy. “We were in a couple of classes together.” he said.

“So you are going to be a senior, too?” I asked. “You look a little older than the other kids.”

“I’m 18, sir” he answered, “My folks had to move around a lot and I lost a year. I should have graduated”

“Hey, Gramps! Could Rob borrow a pair of your shorts? You guys look about the same size. He needs to put on something dry”

Laughing at the thought of this kid wearing my pants, I told her if he wanted to, he was welcome, but to grab a belt too, “Even though I’m no fat-ass, I think you would walk out of my clothes.”

While he was changing, I quizzed Candy about Rob. “We were just gonna hang out in my room. ….If that‘s OK”

“Just leave the door open, young lady!” I said sternly, for Rob’s benefit as he re-entered the room. She made a face at me, turned and led the boy to her room.

After an hour, he left, saying he would see her tomorrow. Then she came over to me and sat down in my lap. Facing me and straddling my hips with her legs, she asked what I thought of Rob. “He seems nice enough.” I replied.

“I think he’s going to be the one, Gramps!” she said, “He’s awfully nice!”

“I take it there’s no way I can talk you out of this.”

Rocking her hips in my lap, she answered, “Only if you get there first.” , a Mona Lisa smile spreading across her face.

I frowned. “You know I would if I could….” I whispered back. I felt my manhood expand as she rubbed her panty clad pussy against the bulge in my jeans. She smiled knowingly as she continued to rock in my lap.

I could tell she was getting slightly agitated as she leaned into me and whispered in my ear, “You could do me a big favor…” she said rubbing her petite breasts against my chest.

“And what would that be?” I answered breathing in the fresh scent of her hair and skin.

“I need to practice making him cum in his pants.” she whispered, licking my ear and grinding her hips against my denim covered dick. “I want him to desperately want me.
I think I’m gonna take his cherry when he takes mine.” She paused for a moment, then continued, “Mmmm! You feel soo hard! And I’m getting sooo wet. Will you cum for me?”

I reached up under her shirt, cupping her small breasts as she pushed herself against me with renewed vigor. I could feel the heat from her cunt radiating through the fabric of my pants as she cooed and moaned in my ear. “Suck them for me” she asked as she pulled way and stripped off her top. Leaning in to her I kissed one nipple, then the other before sucking as much of her tiny tits into my mouth as I could. I was so engrossed in pleasuring her chest, I didn’t notice that she had unsnapped and unzipped my pants and was now rubbing her lust-dampened panties against the flimsy cotton of my boxers.

I was so overwhelmed that I began squirting my semen before I realized that she was rubbing it directly on the crotch of her panties. Before, I could react and pull away, she came as well, soaking my shorts with her love oils as I did with hers. Getting off my lap, she knelt down and fished my shrinking cock from its hiding place and began to lick up the pearly juices still leaking from my piss slit.

Later that night, as Trina and I got ready for bed, which usually meant, I laid down on my back and she impaled herself on me until we were both spent, she spoke of her concern for her daughter. I reassured her that I had not, and would not, be the first man to feel the ecstasy of being deep inside her. I also said that I did not believe that she would wait much longer to relieve herself of the burden of her virginity. Headstrong, “like her mother, she will go after what she wants until she gets it.” I said. Trina laughed, replying, “So what’s kept her from getting you?”

My turn to laugh, saying, “It’s my superior ability to deny myself pleasure.”

“But, you just pleasured yourself with me. What’s the difference?”

“You’re not sixteen! Had she been a year or two older, I might not have had the strength to resist. Besides, I’ve lusted after you since you walked into my son’s life.”

“Oh, you have, you dirty old man!” she said, mock slapping me as she dismounted.
“For your punishment, you have to eat me!”

Sliding down the pillows until I gazed directly into the puffy pink lips of her love nest, I pulled her hips down and nuzzled my face in the sperm soaked folds of her softness. Rubbing my nose against her exposed and swollen clit, I breathed in the aroma of our lovemaking. The heady perfume emanating from her recently fucked recesses drove me on to bring her to new heights of passion. Reaching up and massaging her protruding nipples, I snaked my tongue into the warm salty valleys of her cunt, bringing her to moan and grind her pubic bone into my face. Slurping up the easy flowing passion juices from her succulent twat became a labor of love. I was intent on making her cum on my face! Tweaking gently on her turgid nipples I drove my tongue deeper and deeper inside her tasty thirty five year old birth canal.

“OhhhGod! Ohh! Ohhh! Ahhh! Ofuccckk! OhmyfuckingGod! Im…Im …commmminngggg!” she screamed as she grabbed my head and tried to pull it into her inflamed cunt. Copious amounts of her juices inundated my face with her essence. I drank as quickly as I could, feeling the excess drip down my neck, pooling behind my head. But, I could not stop! I would not stop! Turning my attention to her clit I sucked it into my mouth, rasping it with my tongue. My gentle tweaking of her nipples turned to wholesale grabbing of her tits, kneading them in my hands like bread dough.

“Ahhhhhh! FUUUUCK! I’m cumming again! Don’t stop! Pleeeaase! Don’t st..Ahhhhhh!
And come again, she did, only this time her pussy pumped its clear essence on my face, my forehead, pooling in my eye sockets and dripping down the side of my face.

“FUCK ME! NOW!” she ordered, rolling off me and opening her legs as an invitation to her inner being. I rolled on top, sliding easily inside her already sopping pussy. She wrapped her legs around my waist, demanding, “FUCK ME HARD! FUCK ME DEEP! MAKE ME COME!” As I thrust inside, feeling hour pubic bones touching, she kicked me with her heels. “DEEPER! HARDER!” she screamed lifting her hips to meet my down thrusts. My balls slapped her butt cheeks as my cock slid effortlessly in and out of her love tunnel. The air was thick with pussy perfume, and the squishy noises emanating from her cunt, and the urgings for more forceful sex, filled the room. She grabbed my neck and pulled it to her breast. I latched on, sucking voraciously on her nipple. She slid her hands down to the small of my back, holding me close, making escape virtually impossible. I was nearing the point of no return when she blurted, “OH GOD!I’M COMING AGAIN!” No longer afraid of hurting her, or perhaps oblivious to any pain I might cause, I pumped harder, driving her into the mattress. I felt the intense pleasure-pain of her fingernails raking across my back as her pussy pulsated around my pistonning fuckpole. I stopped trying to hold it back and let the cum spew from my cock, washing her womb with my sizzling seed. Grunting like an animal in heat, I kept spitting dollop after dollop of sperm deep inside the lust crazed blonde as she thrashed beneath me.

Lifting off her, I noticed a sheen of sweat had formed on her breasts, and began licking it off, starting in the valley of her cleavage. When I reached her left nipple, she squirmed, and stated firmly, “No

more! I can’t take it! I’m on overload!”

I pulled out with an audible plop. Looking down at my depleted, cum covered member, I noticed a string of sperm running from my cockhead to the entrance of her ravaged pussy.
It seemed to be fighting the separation, clinging desperately to the place it came from and the place it wanted, no needed, to go. Finally, it broke, landing on her belly. She reached down, scooped it up with her fingers, brought it to her lips, and licked it off. “God! I love your taste!” she said, her chest still heaving from the exertion of her orgasm.

Laying next to her, watching her breasts rise and fall, part of me (my head) wanted to do her again, but part of me (my other, smaller, head) wouldn’t let me. We were both raw from such intense sex. I wondered how much alike, sexually, these two women were, and verbalized that to Trina.

“You know what they say,” she said, looking me in the eye, “The apples don’t fall far from the tree.”
With that, she rolled over and went to sleep, with me following her lead, turning on my side and reaching around her, cupping her breast and pulling her close, my limp cock nestled in the crack of her ass.

For the rest of the summer, I divided my time between gardening, Trina, and Candy.
For the most part, my Candy sessions were devoted to giving her pointers on giving and getting oral sex. By the time school started, she was an expert cock sucker, and knew how to make someone else’s tongue work magic on her clit. She had gained a mountain of self-confidence and had developed physically. Her focus was now on Rob, rather than me, which I was fine with. I was happy to advise her if she wanted it, and just as happy to let her grow up on her own, but I secretly wished that I was a fly on the wall the day she and Rob lost their virginity. Little did I know how close I would come to being that fly.