Forget the Apple. Have the Tree Instead

By Jordan8181

Published on Lush Stories on 08 Dec 2007

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/mature/forget-the-apple-have-the-tree-instead.aspx

The apartment was quiet. It had been this way since Tina left. John Harding sat quietly at his kitchen table. The day's newspaper lay spread out in front of him, yet he hadn't read a single word from it. Tina had left a week ago, and he hadn't heard from her since. This happened on occassion after they had a big fight, but only for a day or two, not a week.

The first moment he began to worry, he decided to call Tina's mother. When her mother answered she seemed a little angry that he had called "You know Tina's really mad, she went out with some guy last night." Tina's mother had said. John imagined that she smiled as she said it, because she had never liked John from the very beginning. "Alright." John answered, and then hung up the phone. He felt like crying, yet part of him knew that this was probably for the best, since he wasn't even sure how he felt for Tina any more. Their relationship over the past year had changed, and John could except that.

Getting up from the kitchen chair, he went into the bedroom. He got undressed and moved himself into the bathroom where he took, a long shower. When he finally turned off the taps, the water was no longer warm, he had used all the available hot water. He got out and dried himself off. Heading towards his bedroom, a knock came from the door. With his towel wrapped tightly around him, he opened the door slightly. There stood Mrs. Huxley Tina's mother. Puzzled he asked

"Mrs. Huxley?" She pushed herself into the apartment. "Listen John, you and I need to have a little chat!" She exclaimed glancing around the apartment. "Excuse, but I'm going to go and get dressed first." John replied getting ready to turn and leave the small living room. "No, this will only take a few minutes." Mrs. Huxley sternly stated. Reluctantly John let himself sit on one of the kitchen chairs. The idea of being almost naked in front of Tina's mother, gave him a hard on, so sitting was probably the choice for the moment.

"Now I know, it's going to sound weird, but let me tell you something John, you can do much better than my daughter. She uses men, and that's the bottom line." Huxley said, taking off her thick black coat. Underneath she wore a blouse, which John quickly realized she wore no bra over top of her large breasts. It would be a long while before John could stand. He was positive that his erection was no longer concealed behind the fabric of the towel. "Mrs. Huxley, it's a little more complicated than that! We've had a fight, maybe she's left for the right reason's." John stammered out. Again he glanced at her large milky breasts. *You've got to stop looking at them John!* He thought deeply in his head. "Well John, I'll leave, but think about what I've said." She stood, and then said " Come here a moment and at least give me a hug"

John stood, not sure what to do, but moved closer to her, hoping that his erection did not come to her attention. She stood her arms wide open, ready to embrace him for a hug. She put her arms around him, and then to his surprise she pulled him close. Her large breasts hard against his chest, and then he realized, his cock was pressing hard against her too. Embarrassed, John quickly tried to pull away, but she held tight. "You poor thing, she's left you all alone." Huxley said. To John's utmost surprise, she rubbed her hand across his cock through the towel, and then groped it. A moan, which even surprised John, escaped his mouth. " Let me help you John." Huxley whispered out, and then sat him back on the kitchen chair. Un-wrapping his towel, she smiled at the large cock in her face. " This must have been a lot for my daughter to handle." John didn't answer, he still couldn't believe any of this was happening. She took his cock in her mouth. Her age and experience shined on through, never in his life had a blow- job felt so good. John tugged at Huxley's blouse. The buttons ripped letting the large breasts fall out. The sight of them brought, a hunger upon him. He could remember many times he looked at her breasts in previous situations, but never did he believe, he'd see them like this. She stood, and pushed them into his face. He didn't need to be told what to do, he knew what he wanted to do. He rubbed and squeezed them. He put his mouth greedily upon a nipple, and sucked and licked. " That's a good boy!" Huxley said as she un-buttoned her jeans. A second later she was naked with him, she took his cock, and guided it into herself.

She rode him slowly at first. John still kissing and toying with her nipples. "What a good boy you are." She began riding him a little faster and harder. They went like this for a few minutes, when John decided he wanted her from behind. She happily accepted. His hands gripped tightly on her hips, he pulled her into him firm and fast. He could feel himself growing near to his climax. "Oh, Christ." He said out loud. "I'm coming." She cried out, "Come in my fucking pussy." Huxley cried out. John came, his load shooting out of him in thick shots.

They stood in the position for a minute before moving, both lost in some magical moment, and then Tina's mother grabbed the Towel wiped herself off, got dressed. With a quick good bye, she left. That was the last time John ever saw Tina's mother. As for Tina, he seen her the odd time, but only in passing. Everytime he spoke to Tina, he couldn't help but secretly smile, and she'd ask "What are you smiling about?" and John could only reply " I can't get over how much you look like your mother."