

COUNTER SURVEILLANCE

Codes :- Voyeurism, Sex m (14) F (55) Implied Pedo,

“He seems to be in there a long time,” Edith Ward murmured to Henry, as she hovered near the bathroom door.

“Leave him, just settling in and a bit nervous dear. He's been into town and got some things, since he arrived this morning, just finding his way round.”

“Hmm! He did look a bit pecky when he came back. Wonder if he's OK, not ill or something. But he has stayed with us before,” she whispered, standing near the door, fingers to her lips.

“Yes, but not here and he was much younger then and Pat and Dave were with him at the old house. It's all new to him, come on I'll make us a nice cup of tea. He'll be out in a minute.”

The elderly couple shuffled down the hallway of their new neat bungalow and surveyed the tidy small garden, alive with birds on the many feeding stations round their plot

“Phew! It's hot again. How long do they expect this heat wave to continue,” said Edith, swiping her heavily veined, liver spotted hand over her furrowed brow.

“Don't know, maybe a day or two it said on the Beeb if you can believe them,” chuckled Henry. “But I'm loving it.”

“It's alright for you men walking round in just your shorts,” she responded, glancing at her bald headed, six feet tall, thin husband's mahogany tanned torso and the ancient athletic shorts he wore.

“Well you would normally be nude wouldn't you, if Tim wasn't here. Just a point – or two by the way. . er!” he chuckled. “Shouldn't you wear a bra, I mean your nips are up like bloody great peanuts?”

Edith slanted her face down her expansive, well-upholstered chest and saw the direction of his nod.

“Hmm! Maybe, never thought about. It doesn't matter when we have the girls to stay, they seem to accept that part of a woman's body.”

“Yes but they're usually round eight or ten anyway. It wouldn't even enter their pretty little heads,” Henry giggled, pouring water into the teapot, his mind wandering to some recent tasty visions and how he entered some pretty little heads.

“Oh Hi Tim, you OK?”

“Cool thanks Pops,” answered the fourteen-year-old bespectacled youth, entering with a sniff, the incessant sniff and the equally non-stop nudge of his wired glasses up his nose.

His grandmother peered closely at the lad as he entered the kitchen, noticing how he had started to grow some facial hair, then reached for a glass for him. Tim peered closely at her huge nipple bulges through the thin almost threadbare, pale grey, sweaty, outsize vest she had stretched over her ample bosom. The armholes of the garment were wide, sweat stained and loose and he saw the bunch of damp hair under where the slightly tauter flesh of her bingo wings melded with her front chest. The wide low neck betrayed much sun effects, giving her tanned and slightly freckled skin the texture of crepe. When her tits were squashed together, the crease of her cleavage widened into a web of tiny wrinkles.

“Cool, he says. Do you hear that Henry and he's wearing a tee shirt and a polo shirt and jeans?” chortled Edith, getting orange juice from the fridge and handing it to Tim.

“You found everything you needed this morning?” asked Henry.

“Yeah, you know Pops,” replied Tim, sipping his juice. “You think you have packed everything and there's always something.”

“Glad you got it all,” murmured Edith.

Collectively they wandered out into the garden and lounged on some reclining chairs, chatting about Tim's schoolwork, his hopes and aspirations and in turn the intelligent and streetwise boy asked them about their house move and health.

“Well of course we still carry on with our fostering, but now we have downsized. We are realising that as we get older, too many young girls running around is a lot to handle, we can only take one child at a time, but if the demand is there and it always seems to be, we might get some new bunks like those old ones we had and scrapped,” said Henry, puffing on his briar pipe, knowing quite well

that would be the next purchase. “Anyway you are the first to use the bedroom since we moved in. we took a few weeks to move and rest too, I mean those youngsters can wear us two old wrinklies down after a while.”

“I’ll bet,” agreed Tim, noting the glance and smile between his grandparents, thinking what a wonderful example they set to society with their non stop help for unwanted children.

“You were into radio or something weren’t you Pops,” Tim queried.

“Started off there Tim and went into TV. Cameras and sound combined, loved it.”

“He ended up as BBC station chief for the South,” added Edith, with obvious pride. “Of course that was many moons ago, but he can’t help tinkering with it, loves gadgets and stuff. I’m amazed at what he can turn his hand to.”

“That shed over there is stuffed with my gear and I’ll soon have it sorted and playtime will start again,” chortled Henry.

“Bad news for me that is Tim,” said Edith. “When your grand dad locks himself away in there, it seems he has gone for ever, but he always surprises me at the end, don’t you darling?”

The grins and hand touching were all evidence Tim needed, if he indeed was seeking any, that the senior members of his family were happy with their lot.

“Dad and Mum OK?” asked Edith. “They were brilliant with helping us move.”

“Fine, send their love,” replied Tim, thinking of how especially fine a mother he had.

“So two days then you’re off to France with the school?” asked Henry.

“Yeah should be good. Thanks for letting me stay here. Mum and Dad have gone on their annual cruise for three weeks and the builders are in knocking the place around as you know. Oh! by the way, got to be at the terminal by six o’clock on Saturday.”

The old Ward couple got on with their chores and gardening, while Tim did some reading then retired to his bedroom. Some packaging was screwed up and put into his bag, didn’t want that to be found – he mused, then he opened his laptop. He cleared some emails, dabbled on Facebook until he heard a small swear word outside the window. He stood and gazed through the net curtains to see Edith bending over the flowerbeds right under his window. Her vest hung wide, the neck hung low below her torso and her heavy 48DD breasts wobbled and rolled as she struggled with something. Tim gasped and grabbed his digital camera, switched to movie format and aimed at the vast cleavage exposed, loving the way the big balloons knocked each other about. Luckily there was a gap at the side of the nets he could get a clear view. Her straw like. Bleached blonde, straw like hair fell round her face a few times, but didn’t hinder his view.

Tim’s steady hand ensured the camera stayed on the subject as he checked the rest of the garden to see if his grandfather was still out and sure enough he had a rear view of Henry as he bent double, outstanding for his seventy two years, on the far side of the small lawn to attend to some weeds, Henry also offered a remarkable view of one of his balls which had slid out of the side of the very worn inner slip of his tiny nylon running shorts. Noting how low it was dangling, Tim turned his attention back to Edith.

Licking his young voyeur lips he zoomed in on her tits and wondered if that dark area was one of her gigantic nipples, they sure looked big compared to his Mum’s who had soft wide pale areolae with hardly any bulb. The sixty four year old shifted nearer the window giving Tim an even closer look at her huge hangers wobbling free, then being mashed together, making her vast cleavage crease right up to her neck as Edith grasped a reluctant root and pulled it. She nearly fell backwards when it finally unearthed and it was a wonderful vision of her boobs rolling and thrusting as she steadied herself until returning to squat. Some more prodding and pulling afforded him wonderful cleavage footage, until finally she swivelled upwards and round, now offering her large butt to his prying camera and Tim saw the tell tale line of her knickers, complete with the cross seam of the gusset beneath the grey flannel shorts, one hemline did seem to be almost lost up her crack ‘*a wedgie*’ he mused.

He remembered the pale pink pair of plain large cut knickers he had found raiding the laundry basket shortly after arriving that morning and wondered how long they had been in there. Whilst dry and not warm, they still had a strong cunt aroma on the slightly stained, cotton gusset. M&S size 14, he noted as he sniffed them hungrily but carefully leaving them in the same place. He felt satisfied

that his investigations, then subsequent trip into town on a buying mission would prove fruitful and all would soon be revealed.

Edith waddled over the lawn to consult with Henry and Tim stopped recording, he would have plenty of opportunities in the coming week abroad, so to voyeur his old grandparents, was just a bonus he hadn't thought about. The French family he was to stay with in Dijon looked ideal material for his solitary amusement. Solitary initially, until it was broadcast to his little clique of Internet friends.

The camera was immediately linked to his laptop and the Edith gardening clip was downloaded for future reference, in its own file. The camera was wiped. He was excited, this being the first time he had actually stayed away from home, apart from summer camps, which he hated, not being an outdoor sort of person. With very little family and no girlfriends, Tim's world was one of screens and learning, but the learning was in three domains. Mature ladies, voyeurism and high tech computer wizardry.

He was excited, as he was actually getting the chance in using his clever equipment in unknown territories, such as his grandparent's house and then on to the French family. OK - Edith and Henry were not obviously in the first flush of youth or even middle aged, like his Mum, but it was all good practice and in Dijon there would seem to be endless opportunities while staying with the very good looking family of five.

Tim couldn't resist opening some previous files on his laptop and gazed with great pleasure at the scenes being played out in incredibly high quality as he reached into his jeans and played with his cock. One of his favourite sequences was to watch Pat, his mother, emerging pink and steaming from the shower cubicle at home and drying herself, then applying lotion to the whole of her sumptuously voluptuous forty two year old body.

Her 38C hanging tits bounced and wobbled as did her round, curvaceous stomach and buttocks, as the body lotion was not spared from reaching every crevice and crease. Her forever soft flat nipples never seemed to get much harder or projected, the opposite he had noticed with a lot of ladies he had videos of. Even the deep dark crack of her arse received lavish attention, as did the inner regions of her thighs and cunt. Her thick dark bush splayed wild over her lower belly, untrimmed and long and Tim recalled the shower clip where the water had sluiced through her groin and off the two to three inch long strands of pubic hair. She could easily match most of the mature Japanese ladies he had viewed, in terms of bush. When dry the thick, fluffy growth protruded way out from the line of her lower belly.

He decided not to switch to the latest clip of Pat, where he was both amazed and disappointed that after her shower, she had trimmed the length of her bush and also shaved it into a tight circular shape, which did reveal more of her generously proportioned cunt flaps. During the haircut, she had called Dave into the bathroom and asked him his opinion on the trim and its extent. Tim's father had taken great pleasure in inspecting his wife's crotch in great detail, fingering it and asking her to bend double while he viewed it from the rear. His hands roamed freely over her groin and buttocks, not all actions were aimed at the matter in hand, more like trying to get her worked up, but Pat had waved him away with mock disgust. The conversation which was clearly picked up was all to do with their forthcoming holiday and the minute bikini Dave had persuaded her to wear while in the Mediterranean sunshine.

Watching the screen in rapture, Tim sunk his hand inside his travel bag, knowing exactly where to go and pulled out the pale blue pair of silk French knickers, stolen from the laundry basket at home. That morning it had been the pair Pat had discarded before showering, dressing and taking Tim to the station before driving off with Dave, his dad, to the airport to start their three week cruise by flying to Venice. He smoothed the lush garment over his face and drank in the still fresh vaginal odours of his favourite model, in fact, to date - his only model, his mother.

It had all started when he was about ten. Why - it isn't known, just that he had found a pair of his Mum's panties on the landing, which she must have dropped when taking the dirty laundry downstairs to the wash. Idly he had picked them up to follow her down, but the material, always silk - as he found from then on, intrigued him, so he had run them through his fingers loving the soft almost molten fabric until he spotted the inner gusset. The scrunched up sliver of material had crusty

little stains on them, barely perceptible in colour but clearly tangible to touch. He realised they must be the leaks from her vagina and tentatively raised it to his nose. The aroma captivated young Tim and he drank in the private secretions from his loving mother. He had slunk into his room. Once more inhaling and with his inquiring mind, he tried to imagine how the material had become stained, it could be piss of course, but surely his piss would be similar and it didn't smell like that. He was called to dinner and the knickers were hurriedly stashed away and forgotten for some time.

Hiding the sliver of silk in his cluttered bedroom was no problem, but over a year or so, being forgotten in a young boy's fertile exploring mind, they had never resurfaced, because so much of his time was taken in absorbing the internet and learning. Stumbling onto porn sites was a given and he found he was drawn to the mature figure; such were the initial sites he found by sheer chance. Bimbos and glamour pusses never got a look in; he was locked and captivated by mother figures, probably because Pat's breasts had supplemented his diet until the age of four. Being an only child without any female cousins and with a quiet, introvert personality, he was very much a mummy's boy but without the sissy tendencies many similar boys adopt.

Total immersion in mature bodies, underwear, habits, ailments, hygiene, clothing, mannerisms had followed and soon he was a fervent visitor to website full of mature ladies and their devoted followers, thence into the chat rooms. In them, chatters discussed what they knew, saw and fantasised and inevitably boys/men talked about their mothers, grandmothers, aunties, elder sisters etc, leading onto voyeuristic opportunities within the privacy of home. The blue knickers had since been unearthed and formed a catalyst for a constant raid on his mother's undies, not needing to steal any, there was always a stock of them in the laundry, which he would photograph and exchange for photos of other mature ladies underwear, all accompanied by lewd and graphic descriptions.

Equipment was discussed and soon Tim was purchasing covert camera equipment from his considerable savings and earnings from neighbours and friends of Pat and Dave who wanted computer help and advice, such was his expertise, as he hardly ever spent money on clothes and leisure. To the highly skilled IT specialist that he was by age twelve, he had rigged up minute cameras in the bathroom and his parents bedroom, finding to his shock that on top of the many clips of Pat undressing and dressing and doing many other things, he captured them making love, as it wasn't his intention. Parents didn't do that once they had children did they?

Once again the chat instigated outlets for his observations and soon video clips of his parents sex life and his mother's 'private' moments were whizzing across the world, often in exchange for clips of mothers, sisters etc of many nationalities. His parents did not own or operate a computer having no interest and could always ask Tim to source something if needed. His mother didn't work, spending her time on charity volunteering and his father was a metal worker, so there was little risk of them finding themselves exposed as they had no knowledge of hacking into their, albeit loving, but sneaky son's computer world.

Pat and Dave's friends would have been surprised to find themselves widely spread over the Internet too. Not only did Tim repair or trouble shoot on their computers, but he could infiltrate files and found many intimate photographs and personal videos, easily downloaded and used for his own and web friend pleasure.

That evening after a meal, Edith and Henry went to a meeting and then on to a pub with friends and their visitor hatched his next plan, initially having wondered if his newest piece of gadgetry could be used in the short time at his grandparents, after all he had a mature woman at his mercy. This needed care and time and now he had it, what a great second chance to test it, having captured his dear mother several times on it. The technical details were already imprinted in his brain and he entered the bathroom.

Coupled with the mini camera recorder hidden in his overnight wash bag and carefully wedged and positioned earlier to capture the shower cubicle and room in general, the tiny waterproof bullet shaped camera was easily and securely concealed in an identical toilet freshener in exactly the same place, the reason for his venture into town after arriving. It replaced the earlier freshener he had found on arrival, hanging below the lavatory bowl ring. OK he reasoned, he would obviously catch Pop having a dump as he had his Dad, but the target was Nan's big arse and what would be a totally new, real, mature, ripe cunt taking a leak.

He switched it to standby activated by sound and left the bathroom to watch a compilation video of Jessie, one of his Mum's friends taking a shower and undressing in the bedroom, when her and her husband stayed overnight earlier in the year. He had two pairs of Edith's knickers to fondle and sniff, the previous found pink pair and the ones he reckoned she had worn while gardening, which were yellow, still damp and extremely smelly. He grinned at the state of the leg elastic, which had seen better days, being extremely slack, no wonder she had got that wedgie while weeding. They reminded him of the large white pair he found in Jessie's bedroom, when he actually found some pubic hairs and being a very black woman, fat with small tits and a huge bush which was part hidden by the sag of her enormous belly, he had extracted the hairs and kept them in a part of his wallet for a while. He played his Grandma's knickers over his swollen knob end as he recalled the sight of Jessie's weedy, white, wizened cock husband, giving Jessie's big booty a slap as he passed her in the bedroom, while she was taking her knickers off.

Tim was particularly pleased with his planning on hearing that Jessie was staying and had at the last minute put more powerful lightbulbs in the central ceiling light and also the two bedside lamps. Knowing his stuff on videos, he reckoned that capturing a black woman would not be easy regarding light values and he wanked slowly as he watched the forty-four year old bend down, legs splayed, her back to the bookshelf camera and struggle to get her knickers off her feet. He played back one of his favourite sequences from this video, loving the glimpse of her big curly bush between her fat upper thighs, then she inspected and sniffed the gusset of the large whites before casting them on the chair. The very gusset that he had examined, finding and saving the pubes, which were caught in some clear but scaly stains.

He noticed again Jessie's nipples, whose areolae were very large and dark, but the actual teats were almost imperceptible until she had her shower, where they extended into considerable buds, thick, black and glossy. His Mum's never enlarged like that when showering, but they were gorgeous anyway and he never tired of looking at them.

The video ended and he did some tidying work on his screen and worked on some chat rooms, keeping his fellow voyeurs up to date with his movements and hopes. His joy at finding this new wireless tiny camera, which had its own infra red light, battery and micro SD card had been immense, once he had fixed his exchange visit to Dijon and what he hoped would be a return visit from one or both of the two teenage sisters. He would have liked Madame Girand to visit his home domain too but that was unlikely. She was a prime target in her own place, as were Chloe and Suzanne, the twelve and fifteen year old daughters. The information they had exchanged had revealed that Madame was from Fiji and her photographs thrilled Tim. She was aged thirty-eight, short and fat, with enormous tits and a big booty. Her skin was dark and she had lush thick black hair. The girls had much of the same in looks but Suzanne was chubby, while Chloe was slender. He had high hopes.

"So your new intake starts when?" asked Khoi at the pub.

"Two weeks, we need to do a bit more decorating in the lounge," answered Henry. "She can't wait."

His nod at Edith returning from the ladies was met with a knowing grin from Khoi.

"I know how she feels. I can't let a day go by without the craving. Your setup is OK in the new posh abode?"

"Posh? Yes, it's fine, we've tested it and improved it and with the different room layout, of course we only have the one spare room, we might put bunk beds in but we'll see, but our numbers will be reduced. Our grandson Tim is in there now. Got him for two days before he goes to France."

"Tim? Giggled Edith, sitting down with a puff and sipping her G&T. "Lovely lad but so unworldly, has no street cred, is that what you call it? God knows what turns him on."

"Yes Edith's right. Quiet, dead straight, but nice with it. Our Pat has brought him up all right, he's ever so thoughtful and interested. But I'll tell you what, some of the kids we get in half his age have more street cred than Tim. The first one in the next intake looks a right little so and so. Cocky and smart by all accounts judging by her case file. From Brixton, eight, pretty though," added Henry.

"Black I presume?" queried Anh, Khoi's wife.

Edith and Henry nodded in unison. Khoi licked his lips.

Anh said, "Yum yum, she got a brother?" getting a shake of the head from Henry, who added. "Been abused as far as the sketchy details we have so far."

"Needs careful handling then," murmured Khoi.

"Oh she'll get that and more," chuckled Edith. "We like handling all sorts don't we darling?"

Henry grinned and nodded.

"Whatever you get and how many, doesn't matter, you two always turn out classics. You could make a lot of money you know," suggested Khoi. "Think about it some more, maybe I can help you."

"We do alright and don't want to run too many risks. We love it and we both get a kick out of it," said Edith.

The conversation drifted on and they dispersed home, after agreeing that Khoi and Anh should visit the Ward household and meet Tim.

Tim was stark naked and wanking on top of his bed when they returned home, as he watched a video on his laptop of Pat having a groin wash at the bathroom basin, on the day after the shower had been disconnected for the building works. He had had a wash, a piss and done his teeth and replaced Edith's underwear to the laundry basket. He was excited that he may catch Edith in the bathroom and wondered what state she would be in, as both of the elderly relatives liked a few drinks.

The old couple entered quietly although Edith had spotted that the guest bedroom light was on. They were pleasantly merry without being totally boozed up, but Henry decided he wanted to go to bed straight way.

Various light switches could be heard and a door shutting and Tim realised it was the bathroom. He stopped the video clip on his screen and clicked an icon. On his fifteen-inch screen, there was Henry dropping his jeans and fishing inside his pants to take a piss. The lad decided he was not interested in this footage, but endured it and waited for more clues as to his grandparent's movements. Pleased with the equipment however, he was totally tuned in now and soon the toilet flushed, water was running and he heard Henry gargling, cleaning his teeth. The lock was heard and nothing more and he waited for a while hoping the bathroom door would again be opened. He reverted to watching his video clips.

Edith, meanwhile tidied a few things in the kitchen, noting how Tim had washed and cleared his dinner plates away thinking 'what a good lad he is.' She wandered into the study and checked the phone for any messages and whilst listening to one unimportant but interesting one, her fingers played across the keyboard of their computer. Her practised fingers automatically, as if programmed, clicked on an icon and just as she realised there would be no reason to, she gazed with fascination at the screen.

'That's one serious piece of manhood' she mused as she watched her charming grandson stroke his erection. She could see his laptop screen burning bright but could make out no images, as it was at an acute angle from her viewpoint, a hidden camera in a fire alarm in the top corner of the guest room, but it must have been porn, for him to be so horny. His hands were lovingly gliding up and down what looked to Edith as being a good seven to eight inches of thick wad and her mind immediately switched to her husband's once prized possession of a good nine inches. 'Good man Henry, the boy has got your genes' she chuckled to herself.

Her gnarled, heavily ringed, old hand hitched under her flowing floral print skirt, as she spread her chubby legs and up to her big red, black lace trimmed satin knickers, to cup her large vulva. It was hot and sweaty, such was the thermal temperature added to her own body heat and atmosphere during the intimate conversation in the pub regarding the new chapter in the Ward refuge. Tim was idly cupping his balls and rolling them through his fingers and as Edith probed the thick bundle of genital flesh trapped beneath her underwear, she realised that she wanted to urinate and should really get to bed. She had intended to switch to another hidden camera, which would have been closer and also shown what he was viewing, but her ablution alarm was flashing inwardly.

Ideas were coursing through her as she switched over to standby and made her way to the bathroom. Tim heard the door click and swiftly changed the images on his screen. He was to be delighted with what he had captured in a split screen show.

Edith stood in front of the toilet basin and turned, hitching up her skirt at the same time, giving superb views of her tanned, once muscular and now chubby, cellulitic thighs. She paused, then she unfastened and dropped the skirt onto the floor to step out, spotting some stains on it. Her hands slipped into the waistband of her large red knickers and she eased them over her bulky hips with the customary wiggle, bending to slide them beyond her knees. Tim was totally absorbed in the intimacy of the scene and over the moon with the success of his installation. She lowered her big white arse onto the seat and his view changed to a black and white, glowing, crystal clear screen full of her cunt and arsehole.

The other half of the screen showed her leaning forward, elbows on knees a studied look of concentration on her slightly frowning face. She mouthed a few silent words, then grinned as she awaited her flow to commence. He closed the screen split to concentrate on the under actions.

Her grandson grinned at the three pimples on her right buttock as he gazed in awe at the magnificent sight of her massively fat pussy mound squeezed between her flabby inner thighs. Tim tweaked the laptop and got an enhanced more colour resonant image. He recalled Pat's pussy and its chubby thick dangling lipped structure, but Edith's was enormous. The flaps of her inner labia seemed to stretch over about five inches and while seemingly multi layered, they were thin and delicate, but floppy and they traced a messy, stuck together, wrinkled mass virtually up to the gargantuan knob of her shitter. Tim had of course seen intimate details such as this on his collective web sites devoted to such specialities, but this was his grand mother Edith Ward, the willing church volunteer, ex Girl Guide leader and devoted foster carer for the world's poor.

As he studied her pooper hole, which was more a bulbous mound of solid looking muscle within a ring of other servant ligaments, Tim saw it flex and start to bulge out grotesquely, at the same time as a trickle of piss emerged from way up front of her labia, Much as he loved the detail and wholesale intimacy of this most private moment, he wasn't into shitting, although of course he had seen his Mum shit several times in the few weeks since he had taken delivery of the camera. To see his grandmother shit wasn't on his agenda, but to see that mighty exit door for her bowels in splendid action would be quite a sight he mused and after all, he had contacts that would be delirious at seeing it. The initial trickle of piss went sideways and he could see why, there being an overlap of right over left labia, blocking the opening crease forcing the weak start up surge to splatter horizontally and began its descent into the bowl from about four inches away from its source, wetting a lot of Edith's thigh in the process. There were drops of her urine scattered across those big pale limbs. Then, a further pulse in and out of the whole genital area and suddenly a waterfall of fierce flowing piss broke through the once knitted together lips of her inner labia. The trickle further on, it looked like she had two pisses going, remained flowing but with more pressure and Tim started to see minute splashes up from the bowl.

The pulses of the whole area increased and he could sense the effort the old lady would be exerting as Edith's cunt opened wider, the inner labial folds peeling back and he could see the inside of her hole as the main gusher remained in full flow, the initial dribble ceasing. Muscle and membrane showed then receded within the large gash she exposed with each pulse; he was fascinated. In and out went the pulses, the hole seemed to grow wider and slacker and her sphincter tensed and relaxed in time with the revelations from within her inner sanctum. She must have been sat legs wide apart, he reasoned as beyond all the effort, he could see the lower part of her overhanging belly and a wide area of pale bald skin, which surprised him expecting to see a mass of greying pubes. He glanced again at her arsehole and sure enough there was no hairs, not even stubble. He liked thick pubic thatches and wondered why she had none.

The flow reduced and he watched as Edith went into more pelvic pushes, her arsehole and cunt rhythmically pulsing and flexing, in and out as she attempted to exit all of her waste liquid. A dribble ensued, then a few drops, then nothing.

A hand with paper swiped through the meaty soaking flesh, just the once, then another bundle of tissue dabbed at the drips and dribbles on her thighs and suddenly the picture became bright as Edith

stood. Her fat buttocks rippled as she turned and flushed the bowl and disappeared until Tim clicked another icon bringing the split back and closing the bowl element and he saw her from the rear, naked from the waist down, her lovely wide butt quivering as she washed her hands and cleaned her teeth. She turned and he saw the low hang of her belly bulge, not quite obscuring the wide vee of her smooth pudenda, confirming her shaven appearance although her cunt gash was buried low in the fleshy fold. She stooped to gather up her knickers and skirt and dropped them in the laundry basket and then as an afterthought, Edith took off her blouse, putting that in as well. She stood upright and arched her back and rubbed her vast belly as it to ease an ache, her tits slung in a huge hammock like white brassiere, until to his delight she reached behind and unclipped it. Her magnificently low hung knockers fell out of the soft unwired cups with a slap and a delicious wobble onto her upper belly and after she dropped the well worn garment, she smoothed her hands under the floppy udders as if to ease pressure and satisfy an urge to feel their enormous sweaty weight on her hands. Her nipples were surrounded by a bubbly sort of saucer, dark and keenly delineated and the stubby thick teats pointed downwards. Tim enjoyed the amazing, wobbling, swaying fullness of them when she stooped to pick up her stuff, put it in the laundry and then the light went out.

Tim fiddled with his laptop and sat back to watch the whole video play again, prompting a massive climax which he deftly caught in a tissue. He closed his computer and slept, looking forward to France.

Edith clambered into bed beside Henry and fondled his flaccid long cock, knowing she would get no reaction, it was her nightly comforter and soon she was snoring as much as her husband.

Breakfast on the following, once more stiflingly hot day, was relaxed and easy going although Tim had been woken from an incredibly deep and comfortable sleep by Edith telling him the meal was ready. He loved the style of gear she wore in this hot weather, leaning over him actually wearing a pale blue bra that was in full view down the neckline of her loose dress.

“Nice night,” he asked them.

“Yes, great, you know – the pub few friends that’s all. You?” smiled Edith pouring a second cup of tea.

“Yes fine, quiet, you know me Nan. Watched a video, did some emails,” he answered, catching a wry grin from her.

“Oh by the way Tim. Our friends from the pub, they’re coming over tonight for a barbecue, they’d love to meet you. That’s OK isn’t it?”

“Yes cool Nan.”

“ They are from Vietnam, parents were boat people and took sanctuary here. They are not as old as us, mid fifties. I am sure you will get on with them. Anh is a darling.”

Tim nodded and enjoyed the source of the delicious smell of bacon wafting through the small home. He felt lucky that he might have the chance to capture a mature Oriental cunt on his toilet camera. That would be a first.

Wanting to view last night video clips again was a priority, although he knew he would have some time to watch later and carried on talking to the old folk, announcing that stupidly he had forgotten to buy some batteries and an extra travel adaptor while in town the previous day. The Wards told him the right places to shop, Henry telling him he could drop him near the shopping precinct but adding that Tim must use the number five bus back as the old man was away at a bowls match all day. Edith suggested that he call her on his mobile to let her know he was safely on the bus.

Sat alongside his grand father in the Citroen Berlingo, listening but not hearing what Henry was chatting on about, Tim pondered hopefully on his morning video captures, once more catching Edith in the bathroom, a piss then a shower. He hadn’t viewed the clips as such but knew from the sounds what was happening. He guessed he had also caught Henry too of course and assumed besides the wash and shave there would be a piss and maybe a dump. No doubt there would be an international market somewhere for male toilet actions, but he didn’t care and didn’t bother to search or store them.

Edith cleared the kitchen and got on with some chores as a matter of course and deliberate habit, although inwardly churning with excitement and anticipation. She had a different mission, other

than the usual walk to the shops and call in at the church hall. So after the males had left she had immediately stripped off, which was nothing unusual for her or Henry. Tim's cock was the catalyst of her excitement and soon she was ensconced in the study, opening the computer.

Luckily for her purposes, Tim had used the main lighting all the time he had been in the guest room so the light factor was excellent. Dreamily, the old lady fingered her huge hanging boobs, teasing the bulbous pale pink nipples from their three inch wide, knobbly areola as she played back all of Tim's activities. She fast-forwarded where necessary, concentrating on his wanking and trying to get an idea what was on his laptop. Towards the end, after he had been in and out a few times, therefore shifting it about, she had an angle from one of the covert cameras, which annoyingly didn't show Tim's huge erection..

Silently thanking Henry for his expertise, she paused and zoomed in and saw the clear-cut image of a mature fat pussy sitting and having a piss. She was amazed at what seemed to turn Tim on. Was that it. Fourteen-year-old watching piss movies? Piss movies of an ugly old pussy too, she mused.

He moved again and shielded the screen but his hand was lovingly caressing his swollen knob while sniffing what was an obviously large pair of knickers and Edith's own hand slid to her crotch and dived in amongst the folds of her wet twat. She couldn't remember when she had last had a big cock inside her and longed for one, but of course Henry, since his operation, could not get an erection so she had found ways, although few and far between. Her vibrators came in handy and her husband was expert at using them on her, but a big fat slimy dick slamming into her wide-open fanny could not be bettered, but it could be fantasised and now she was, using the stimulus of her precious grandson's juvenile cock.

Then the words. Up till now all Edith could hear were the odd grunt and moan and background noise, but suddenly Tim's voice bloomed from the computer.

"Oh Nan," groaned Tim. "Oh yes, what a fucking enormous wet cunt. Piss on me, go on, shit if you want to Nan, let me see your big lovely old snatch splash my cock and make me cum."

Edith's fingers froze in her cunt as her brain sorted the jumble within. Surely she hadn't heard correctly, he had said 'Nan'. She sat upright, her enormous knockers trapped against the edge of the desk and played the sequence again. Yes – it was 'Nan' again and she let the video continue, watching Tim shift his position and his laptop screen clear on her screen again. Listening to his grunts and groans, she watched the urination subside and then seconds later, Edith could recognise her own bathroom and her bare bum and belly as she washed and did her teeth

'Nan' 'lovely old snatch' 'piss on me' kept cycling round her bemused mind as it gradually dawned on her that the lad had secretly placed some spy cameras in the bathroom and all her private moments had been captured. She chuckled, thinking about the filthy snooping little teenager, that equally she was in turn snooping Tim's private moments on the covert cameras Henry had installed in the guest room.

She carried on watching and realised that the knickers he had been sniffing were indeed hers and she realised that Tim was as much a pervert as her and Henry, but with different tastes. Stopping the video, she waddled to the bathroom, briefly checking and finding the self same undies in the basket, before inspecting the toilet. It wasn't easy to see, but then she realised the freshener was the only place it could be. She unhooked the lemon scented plastic housing and unclipped it finding the tiny gadget, marvelling at its size and Tim's ingenuity. It had to remain, she knew, but this could work for her and Henry too.

Edith was an old pro at covert cameras as much as Tim and she guessed he would only be recording when knowing a target was active, sat on the toilet, to save battery time. Therefore the check she had just done probably wouldn't be on the boy's laptop. While there, she had a piss and returned to the study, swung one leg wide and high on the edge of the desk, laid back, hoisted her belly roll out of the way and sunk a hand into the now soaking wet mire of her aged cunt. She resumed her viewing, by replaying Tim's video several times and jilling herself off to one of the biggest climaxes she had experienced for a long time.

Interrupted by a phone call, then having to make one, but check some reminders in the kitchen, Edith carried on with some minor chores and as she passed the guest room door, she paused as her hand rested on the handle. '*Should I enter?*' she asked herself. '*It's a private area while we have a guest, but it's not private really when Henry and I have our play,*' she pondered.

'Privacy? That was out of contention now. Lets play something different.'

The old gal entered and promptly glanced at the two covert cameras, an automatic response and then she saw Tim's laptop on the table. She lifted the lid and to her delight in switching it on, getting Face Book as wallpaper and home page. He had left it unlocked, no login, no password. There were some icons scattered about the screen with letters for titles. She clicked the one marked M and to her amazement a large series of dated files going back to 2009 were listed. Feeling very evil and sneaky, she opened one with the date of two days previous and found a .wmv file. A video - she knew.

The bathroom was familiar, but it wasn't hers. She had seen it sometime recently. Edith didn't need any more aide memoirs as a naked well-rounded female emerged from a shower screen on the extreme left of the picture. There was no mistaking her own flesh and blood - Pat, her only daughter and she gasped in astonishment that Tim had stooped so low as to capture his own dear Mum in all her pink, naked, steaming, out of shower glory. But, he had also videoed her, his granny, sat on the toilet, that was very filthy and perverted, so a simple shower scene was tame in comparison.

Edith watched Pat drying off for a while, then stopped the video and clicked on another file. The same bathroom, but this time Pat entered fully clothed, then dropped her jeans and her knickers and sat for toilet action. The noise of an explosive fart, then the gush of piss amused her, even though she was slightly disturbed by Tim's sneaky ways. She closed it and clicked on a file D&M.

This time it was Pat's bedroom. She was undressing and by the light values - at nighttime. The video was edited and next Pat was lying on the bed, legs apart frigging her hairy cunt as Dave appeared, rampantly erect and plunged onto and into her, accompanied by shrieks and giggles which descended into moans and grunts as he fucked her lustily. D&M, Dad and Mum she reasoned and while she curtailed her viewing of her own daughter in the bathroom, the hot intimate shagging scene was pure sex. Edith plunged her fingers into her groin, her hand a blur as she played the video through, twice, turned on by the very sexy sight, in excellent quality too. She searched for another and found many. There were at different times, day and night and she marvelled at both Dave's energy and Pat's willingness to accept his thick cock at any time. Edith orgasmed at a 69 scene, followed by Dave shagging Pat doggy style, astonished at her daughter's sex drive - it matched Edith's.

Well! Young Tim was a filthy little peeper, she mused, panting heavily. *'But so are you Edith and Henry and much more besides, but that's another matter'* she reasoned within herself. She clicked an icon marked N *'got to be Nan'* Edith mused, and sure enough it opened her toilet visit. The old gal actually viewed it for some while, not having ever seen her own genitals for quite a while and in such detail and certainly not from that angle. She wasn't sure she would tell Henry about Tim's IT escapades, but she would need to maybe if she suggested they invest in a similar gadget for themselves. It would be amusing to catch some of their friends, but also very lucrative with their younger guests.

She opened another file in N and found the short video Tim had made of her gardening and marvelled at his willingness to capture every nuance of voyeuristic opportunity.

She realised the time so she carefully closed down, made sure the table was as she found it and left the room. She dressed and popped out to the shops and the church hall, chatted to the neighbours then back at home, did a lot of cleaning and sorting out garden furniture and tidied some rose bushes then went indoors to make a phone call.

"Anh, yes Edith here, got to tell you this ... yes - Oh really? ... is he... Oh well. I told you about Tim being such a nice boy... yes that's right, our Pat's boy, only one. ...yes .. child I mean. Yes. . . we would have liked another. . . . yes.... But...I know... Anyway he is in our guest room and you know what we have in there.Yes right. . .two. Well, now it was an accident. . . I was tired, but I opened them and saw him. . . it was honestly, I just clicked it automatically. . . . I diiiidddd. I thought about turning them off . . . I know but, you know . . well I saw him..... yes hang on... yes I did. . . I know, its wrong, but compared to what we do you know, this is nothing. Yes think about it Anh dear. . . . Hmm I know, but listen, he was naked on the bed and wanking. . . Yeses and it's huge, hahahahah. yes I did of course I did, enjoyed it too.. . . I mean for a fourteen year old lad.. no he's not, that's the point, he's not a big boy, sort of lean and wiry, no fat on him. Too pale for our liking, should get some sun on him. Oh hang on my mobile is ringing, don't go away."

Tim was calling as instructed, adding he had called the landline and got the engaged tine.

“Yes back again.... it was him, he’s on the bus back from town. Anyway Anh it’s ever so big and he’s only fourteen. I bet he’s a virgin too hahahah. . . . Well that’s why I called you, knowing your yes you do and why not? We all have our own fancies. . . . I bet you would. Well I have it on video of course yes of course we could, the boys would be interested. . . . Has he? Oh dear I didn’t realise. . . .oh dear. . . .you didn’t tell me last night. . . .no true. .Oh yes, nothing like the real thing and Khoi has the real thing I know hehehe. You’re going to ask him?. . . . I know it’s serious.... Anyway, you have the charm with the young lads, why don’t you. . . .yes you could. . . . tonight. See how it goes. Tell Khoi, but I won’t tell Henry. Bit of a laugh eh, for his birthday?yeah – good. I knew you would... would Up for it darling... heheh. He is here until the day after tomorrow then he goes to France. What? you’re free tomorrow too, naughty girl. Well lets see what happens later. Khoi will enjoy it, byeeee till tonight.”

Satisfied with her evil machinations, Edith rested in the garden, naked and tucked into partial shade, until she knew what time her grandson would arrive, then she donned some, big voluminous white knickers, shorts and a blouse and set to preparing some tea and cakes for his return.

“Good day Tim?” she asked airily, as he entered the kitchen. “You’ll know Folkestone pretty well now.”

“Cool thanks, got everything - at last,” he chuckled, rolling his eyes. “You? – Oh wow cakes!” he exclaimed, taking one of the cakes and eyeing her unfettered nipples.

He got a playful slap from his Grandma reaching over the breakfast bar, which made her big knockers clash beautifully under the shirt, Tim not missing a centimetre of the motion.

“Pops is doing a barbeque tonight, Khoi and Anh are coming round, you’re included of course,” she murmured.

“Cool. I love them, barbeques I mean,” he chuckled. “Don’t think I know them.”

“You may have met them here when you were younger. They are Vietnamese in their fifties, but they get on well with young people like yourself. Parents were boat people and took sanctuary here.”

“Hmm! Don’t remember. What time?”

“About seven? It’ll be a nice evening.”

Tim glanced at his watch, seeing he had ninety minutes to wait and sneakily pinched another cake and was chased out of the kitchen by a mock angry Edith, shouting back that he would have a shower.

“OK, I’ll be on the computer if you want anything,” she called back, scuttling to her desk, trying to conceal her vocal excitement in seeing him naked in his room again.

He packed his purchases away and stripped off to his John Roche pants, to cross the corridor and took a shower, checking that his toilet gadget was still intact, plus the camera and recorder concealed in his wash bag. Back in his room and naked, he switched on his laptop and cleared business stuff, viewing some photos of his Mum faked on to porn poses he had been sent by a contact. He opened a file and up came the recordings since he had been out.

Edith clicked some icons and gazed at her computer screen and drooled over his slim strong naked body, reclining on the bed, His hands idly hefted his cock and she watched it start to blossom, long and sturdy, licking her lips. Suddenly Tim stiffened and sat upright and peered at his laptop, but she couldn’t see what was on screen.

“Fucking hell!” he exclaimed loudly. “Nan!”

Two related faces bent closer to their screens. Vastly different in years - but as one in their sordid interests.

“Shit! Why didn’t she say,” he muttered. “I’m busted – fuck. I bet she’s waiting for Pops to come back. Oh fuck,” he moaned.

‘*He said Nan*’ Edith mused. ‘*Why this time?*’ knowing he must have got over the initial surprise of seeing her genitals close up and pissing. His screen was still masked by his body, until he shifted, obviously agitated and she could zoom in her camera. Then it hit her too. She could see her own naked body in her bathroom, searching and finding the toilet camera. No wonder Tim was stunned.

So now they both knew that each other was aware of his surveillance, but she realised he had concealed another camera in there too. This boy was a sneaky wizard of the highest order, she pondered, but what to do now?

Tim replayed the video recording, confirming she had unearthed the freshener capsule and opened it and the look on her face, but that meant she knew something was up – so----- had she hacked into his laptop? She must have done to suspect a camera in there. She had seen her own cunt and arsehole. How fucking stupid had he been? Discounting the old couples as ignoramuses in IT. He could have easily hidden the files. FUCK!! But what to do now?

Of course Edith had the edge, with Tim unaware of her surveillance of him, but that wasn't any help to a solution. The two voyeurs sat over their respective computers, minds racing, wondering how the rest of Tim's stay would pan out.

Henry arrived home and fussed about, then took a shower. Tim emerged from his room as Henry did, one entering the kitchen cheerfully, the other shy and withdrawn. Tim and Edith's gazes hardly met, but meet they had to and it was uncomfortable and with stilted conversation for a while, until Edith took Henry to the end of the garden, supposedly to pick some salad ingredients. Tim watched furtively, how else does a voyeur watch, but this time in fear and trepidation, as he could see there was an earnest conversation going on.

The old couple came back inside, as if nothing had happened. Henry got on with preparing the gas barbeque, tables and chairs while Edith made salads and boiled some new potatoes. Tim mooched about doing little jobs they requested, but not offering much in conversation. He wondered whether to come clean and remove the toilet camera, then his perverted young mind whirred into action. There was the imminent arrival of what sounded like a tasty mature oriental lady. OK – his grandparents would know he would most likely see Anh's genitalia, but they hadn't challenged him yet, so why at least not capture it? He made sure the setup was all in order.

"Gosh I need a pee," giggled Edith. "Shouldn't have had those two G&Ts."

Tim's heart sunk as she left the kitchen. This was it. She would return with the evidence.

The old gal dropped her shorts and knickers and stood for a while, scratching where the thin thatch of her pubes would have been only two days earlier, her eyes scanning the room and guessing he had the second camera in his wash bag – it was the only place. Her eyes avoided any direct contact as she sat on the toilet. Her piss flushed rapidly and on ending she put her hand between her fat old legs and fingered the many layers of her labia, knocking drops of piss off. Then she swung the same hand round her back, sitting up straight and arching her back as she caressed her bulbous anus with her fingertips. Finally she swiped some paper through her crotch, stood and pulled her clothes up, washed her hands, then smiled knowingly at Tim's wash bag.

Tim and Henry were watching an antiques programme on the TV when she came back, catching an anxious glance from the teenager. No anger, no accusations, no evidence. Tim was puzzled.

Khoi and Anh arrived and introductions were made to Tim, who thankfully got involved in travel conversations with them, while Anh weighed him up and he in turn studied her incredibly short denim mini skirt, without getting a flash. Her trim, tall body was a dark swarthy colour, topped by a mass of long glossy black hair, which was piled up on her head, but still styled casually, with stray wisps round her neck and ears. Her upper torso was covered in a loose blindingly white cotton shirt, with most of the buttons undone, its front kept together by a knot tied across her bare midriff. Anh was barefooted. She went and joined Edith in the kitchen and immediately joined in a very close mannered chat, while Henry and Khoi enjoyed their beer in pint glasses and giving Tim a smaller glass, knowing he was allowed some at home.

The meal was delicious and they all sat in the garden in the smouldering late evening and Tim was thinking that maybe Edith had decided to gloss over her findings, such was the camaraderie building between the two Oriental visitors and him. He was enjoying himself rather nicely, relaxed with what he thought was a second beer and starting to get the odd glimpse up Anh's elegant thighs, to a white gusset. She excused herself and went to the toilet and Tim's excitement built, although catching an odd glance and grin from his grandma.

"Another beer Tim?" asked Khoi. "I'm getting some more from the fridge."

"Yesh pleeaasshh," slurred the lad after a slight belch, liking this amiable Vietnamese, but feeling light headed and also wondering what Anh's cunt would look like on his camera.

“It’s OK Henry, another beer for him?” Khoi queried, getting a magnanimous wave and a nod.

Edith smiled and nodded too and also at Khoi with more expression, although the teen didn’t notice. Khoi carefully measured Tim’s drink and returned at the same time as Anh who carried the tray through, offering Tim the last one and when bending forward, showing him a large area of her chest down the loose white shirt. He gulped as he saw her small pert breasts and the large dark nubs of her nipples, inches from his stunned face and tensed his cock, finding it responding firmly. Edith nudged Khoi and smiled at Tim’s expression and shifting in his chair.

Khoi’s huge toothed, goofy grin was wide under his button nose, big tortoiseshell framed spectacles and floppy mop of thick, black glossy hair that covered his ears, and most of his forehead, but the lad had lost interest in the charming oriental man and also all concern about the cameras and Edith, seemingly being tolerated and cosseted in the four adults friendly companionship.

“So Tim, are you in a large party going to France?” asked Anh.

“Yes, my year of the school is going – well not all of them,” he giggled.

“Do you have a girlfriend going too,” she queried, leaning forward and opening her legs.

“Don’t have one of those,” he chuckled. “I mean a girlfriend,” he added, staring at the very dark mass between her legs.

He was sure she had white panties on earlier and tensed his cock. Maybe she had removed them at the toilet. Maybe she had pissed in them, or a dribble or her period – his mind raced, familiar with various states of his Mum’s underwear.

“No girlfriend?” spluttered Khoi. “Bright young lad like you, that’s ridiculous.”

“He’s so handsome too,” cooed Edith. “I like men who wear glasses.”

“Yes isn’t he,” murmured Anh, making sure she had eye contact with Tim before crossing her legs which allowed him a long flash of what he could now see as a panty less cunt.

His cock gained another inch. Edith nudged Khoi who smiled knowingly. Henry was admiring the scent of honeysuckle growing on the trellis and thinking he might go to the garden centre tomorrow.

“Nah!” blurted Tim. “No time for girls, never knew one anyway, not for a girlfriend, not bothered.”

“You’re a big growing boy, you should have,” said Anh, her fingertips rimming her right nipple, which was very erect, but discreetly hidden from the adults, but not from Tim, behind her wine glass.

“Leave the boy alone,” said Henry, drifting back into the conversation, but feeling a little tipsy and wondering how he was going to talk to Tim tomorrow, about what Edith had told him.

“It’s OK darling,” soothed Edith patting his bony knee. “Anh’s just being friendly.”

“I think I might go to bed Nan,” announced Tim, starting to rise.

He stood up in an ungainly wobble and grabbed the side of the table. His cock was suddenly released from down his leg and sprung against the zip of his jeans, tenting it. The adults bade him goodnights and watched him stagger into the house, grasping at any solid structure and finally making it to the bathroom.

“Poor lad, you shouldn’t have let him have those extra beers,” muttered Henry, feeling a little tipsy himself.

Edith, Khoi and Anh smiled across at each other. They heard the toilet flush, a tap running, some gurgling throat noises, until Edith spotted Tim crossing the hall, through a mirror. She nodded at Anh, who rose and kissed Khoi and disappeared inside after the pat he gave her trim round butt accompanied by some Vietnamese phrases. The Oriental lady waited outside Tim’s door for a while, as Edith and Khoi persuaded Henry to get up from his comfy lounge and follow them into the study, where Edith booted the monitor and clicked an icon.

“What’s going on?” whispered Henry, suddenly realising what they were doing, as Edith zoomed the cameras.

“Works perfectly,” murmured Khoi in admiration. “You two are... wow look at that!”

Tim was trying to stand and kick off his jeans. His erection was waving about below the hem of his tee shirt. He collapsed onto the bed, managing to free his legs. He levered himself up and perched on the edge of his bed and grabbed his laptop, then flung off his shirt.

“Why we looking at Tim, Edith?” asked Henry.

She shushed him and indicated that he should concentrate. Khoi certainly was as they watched the youngster run his hand lightly over his rampant dick as he booted the computer and clicked some icons. Edith zoomed in to max, seeing that they could see the screen. that Tim had now placed on the bed, while he reclined side on and stroked his cock.

“That’s impressive Edith,” Khoi chuckled. “I mean Tim’s cock as well as the camera set up.”

“He’s certainly hung for a fourteen year old,” she answered, filtering a hand back and fondling her husband’s crotch.

“Shit! Look at that,” exclaimed Henry, pressing forward into his wife’s grasp.

“That’s Anh,” murmured Edith, gazing at what they could all see on Tim’s screen.

“Wow!” gasped Khoi and Henry simultaneously; gawping slack jawed at Anh’s thickly forested cunt sluicing an almost horse like piss.

“Ah! Now I see Edith. What you told me about the toilet cam,” chuckled Henry. “That is good.”

“You mean her piss old boy?” giggled Khoi, nudging Henry playfully. “I think what he has set up is magnificent and I want one.”

“Look watch,” Edith hushed them as Anh entered the frame in a scene change, stealthily creeping behind Tim.

The slender mature was motionless behind Tim’s bed, watching him wank as he gazed at her toilet procedure. He had seen her thick lipped, solid looking; orange peel like textured inner labia spit some drops then suddenly gape with the force of her urination. The long lush hairs around them became sodden and hung long and glistening, as she pulsed her pelvic muscles to empty her bladder, knowing that she would be watched.

Tim was entranced; not knowing whether Edith had tipped her friend off about his voyeurism and stroked his magnificent cock to full hardness, indeed he felt it was harder and thicker than he had ever known it.

“Is that my cunt?” purred Anh. “It looks good from that angle.”

Tim whirled round and stood, wobbling as his heightened state took over until he grabbed the table.

“Fuck!!” he gasped.

“Yes we will, and that looks good too Tim,” she giggled, walking round the bed to the startled and very scared teenager, who backed against the table thereby trapping himself “You are a big boy, like your Grandma told me.”

“Sshhee. . . tttold you?” he stammered as Anh grasped his cock. “Oh fuck.”

“No need to swear but we will don’t panic. It’s OK. Wow! This is hard,” Anh told him admiringly, dropping to her knees and cupping his tight balls with her other hand.

“She going to fuck him?” queried Henry, eyes glued to the screen.

“I hope so,” replied Khoi. “She will sort him out. Looks like he needs it and she’s the one as we all know.”

“Mmm, true!” agreed Henry and Edith knowingly.

“You all knew except me, you buggers,” chuckled Henry.

“Little surprise for your birthday tomorrow darling,” trilled Edith.

A totally frozen Tim, his fists clenched to the edge of the table as he leaned back and looked down, watched Anh gobble his dick head with gusto, her thick mane gradually becoming looser and fall over the white shirt in contrast. She felt him start to push and again took control, losing her suction; rising and moving the dumbstruck lad round to his bed and pushing him backwards. Tim fell somewhat awkwardly and she let him watch her drop her skirt and untie her shirt, finally naked and beautiful, standing over his splayed legs.

“She’s gorgeous,” murmured Henry. “Haven’t seen her nude for ages.”

“Mmm,” Edith agreed.

“She needs big young cock,” said Khoi. “Loves it.”

“Mmm yes!” agreed Henry. “And he’s got one, good grief! Must be eight inches.”

Anh climbed on to Tim’s bed and swung her legs either side of his, nudging his wiry strong legs together and reaching to lever his quivering penis up from its hover above his flat smooth belly.

“OoHhhh!” he gasped as she positioned her hairy crotch over his dick and settled down on it like a mother hen over a clutch of eggs, wiggling her butt to make sure it engaged.

“The mixture seems to be working well,” said Khoi.

“Yes stimulates sex and befuddles the head, like booze but not giving him the droop, I think it’s well worth the investment,” added Edith.

The completely unworldly boy laid supine and compliant as the accomplished sexual predator lowered her wet cunt lower by the inch, smiling into his confused, wide-open, spectacled eyes. With a sigh, Anh finally had his full erection sucked up her mature minge and she stayed motionless outwardly, but her pelvic muscles were making some lovely ripples on the solid shaft within. She took hold of his wrists and swung his arms upwards and placed his long delicate hands on her small pert breasts, leaning forward into his fondle, recognising that was what he had to do.

“That’s it Tim, enjoy,” she whispered. “First time is it?”

He nodded, blinked and mewed as she rose slightly creating more sublime sensations on his cock. His fingers twiddled her hard dark nipples without finesse, making her wince slightly until she corrected him, then she leaned lower, her hands either side of his head and started to ride him up and down. Tim gasped and moaned and at the second time, where Anh had risen so high and nearly lost the tip of his glans then plunged down full length, he gave out a long moan, shuddered and shot his cum high into her vagina. She continued to milk it, sharpening the angle, increasing the speed and giving it full length feeling his heat coating her and the outpourings start to collect round her cunt lips and onto the root of his dick.

“He’s cum. Quick, but only a lad,” said Henry.

“Yes, he’ll get better now he’s lost his cherry,” added Edith.

“Anh likes virgins,” chuckled Khoi, watching his wife lower and kiss her gasping, sighing victim.

She grinned up at the cameras in triumph, then raised off Tim’s heaving body, his cock slapping heavily and wet against his thigh, while she lay beside him. On her request for tissues, he blearily waved towards the table and she had to get the box, extract a wadge and clean her crotch and then clean his softening prick. She realised how much jism he had produced, because when she moved a river of it flowed from her cunt lips.

“Looks nice even soft,” murmured Edith. “He’s hung alright, takes after you darling.”

She squeezed Henry’s tackle.

“Those were the days,” he muttered cheerily; not minding about discussions about his now useless, except for pissing, cock.

“OK Tim?” breathed Anh, in his ear.

“Oh yes, that was cool thanks. It’s amazing. I never knew...” he faltered, as her hand sought out his ballocks. “Oh my! you are still doing things.”

“Oh yes, do you think I am finished with you sweetie,” she chuckled, hefting his large sac and rolling them in her hands. “You have a lovely cock Tim and a lot of cum from these beautiful balls.”

“Er... . thanks. Shouldn’t we better get back, or you should, I came for a lie down – wasn’t feeling too good. Too much food, ohoh. . . oooo!” Tim gasped, as he watched her slide down and start to suck on his balls, mouthing one completely, then the other.

To his side, he could see her thick black pubic thatch and in admiration for it as he had so many examples in his files and of course his Mum, he tensed his cock. He got a little squeak of reaction from Anh who grasped it and started to wank it. He got brave.

“Er Anh?”

“Yes baby,”
“Can I see it? Your er . . . ! you know?”
“My pussy?”
“Mm!”

The watching trio murmured approval as they saw Anh’s slender mature body rise and lever over the teenager, to straddle his face with her lower torso. Tim gazed up in wonder at the luscious sight six inches above his face, as his cock was persuaded into erection once more by the experienced mouth now exerting all of her attentions on it. She guessed he might need some prompting, having initially requested a look, so Anh eased her butt down until his face from her view below her belly resembled a heavily bearded man.

Tim’s specs were bent and shoved to one side as his mouth struggled to cope with the cascade of thick fine pubic hair that hung stickily from her groin. Then he was forced to suck on the thick soaking lips of Anh’s twat lowered smotheringly on him. He had never smelt such a hot, fascinating concoction, not realising it was his cum with her cunt juices as a cocktail, but he liked it and lapped hungrily. Suddenly his head was clear as more of the fluid escaped and flooded his open mouth. Anh rubbed her clit on his chin, wondering if he would find it on his own, but didn’t worry as she sucked him hard. She could always teach him later.

“Lucky lad on his first to get a sixty-nine,” chuckled Edith.
“Just look at his cock too dear,” murmured Henry. “Up again already.”
“That’s my girl,” added Khoi.

Anh was happily confident with her work and swivelled off her teen loverboy and lay down, her knees up, legs splayed and coaxed him over her. Tim knew what to do, having seen countless showpiece, handpicked versions of the standard missionary position over his last four years. But actually having to do it, was still a new experience, but he was in the hands of a mistress supreme, literally - as she leaned forward and grasped his large fat cock and pulled then nudged it amongst the folds of her waiting wet gash.

Tim thrust bluntly, making Anh flinch, gaining several inches until she slowed him with murmurs of encouragement and advice and soon he was lodged fully into her welcoming snatch, as she instructed him to take it easy and be still and take his time.

“What about Khoi and Nan and Pops?” he gasped, feeling the ripples of her inner muscles working on his shaft.

“Forget them, enjoy Tim. Just enjoy,” she whispered, “You know what to do, now do it.”

He dwelt on her statement, that he knew the technique. He did, he had seen it on videos, but she knew it was his first time and she wouldn’t know about the videos, but soon his mind drifted to the pure unadulterated situation and started to pump into her. The once virgin geek got into his stride and as she predicted, he was going to get more of a fuck as she was going to get more of an experience.

His youth and vigour came into its own and he shafted her with a relish and pleasure all over his face. His specs had been discarded as they were bent and somewhat smeared. Anh persuaded him to alter his position, making his cock enter her in a more upright angle, which excited her clitoris and she started to derive her own sweet pleasure from the lesson she was giving him. It was rough and untutored, but that would follow. She saw a change in his features, the grimace almost painful and she recognised the signs, urging him on, raising her knees towards her chest, astonishing the lad at the various sensations each position he attained.

Suddenly, he grunted and then shouted an almost animal noise, thrusting his head high and back as his climax arrived in the blur of speed he had reached, with several sharp banging strokes, Tim fell onto her, his body heaving and shaking as his cock drained into her cunt.

“That was some cum,” Khoi chuckled. “She would have enjoyed that.”

“Yes, most women would,” murmured Edith wistfully, wondering if she should venture an incestual tryst with her grandson.

Anh allowed Tim to lie full weight on her for a while cooing and stroking him, until he became too heavy. She gently rolled him off, his cock leaving a sticky snail like trail over her thigh. To his amazement, she extracted her arm from under his head and slid down the bed and proceeded to lick him clean, savouring every inch of his softening prick. Tim didn't comment after his initial glance, he was devastated and exhausted in waves of pleasure and surprise, letting her do whatever she wanted with his genitals.

"I need a pee," she whispered. "You rest Tim. Maybe see you tomorrow."

'Er . . . Ok Anh. Erm . . . yes Ok, er. . . thanks that was really cool. Thanks," he panted.

He watched her rise and gather her two items of clothing, her thong already in the pocket of her skirt when in the bathroom. She made no pretence at hiding her bum crack when she bent to the floor and Tim saw the deep dark crevasse coated each side with glistening, thick black hair leading to the unruly sticky thatch that hung round her cunt. Her slender tall body moved gracefully away from him as he admired the cute wiggle of her butt and the glimpse of her dark erect nipples as she turned, blew him a kiss and then left him alone, deliriously happy, in which state he drifted off to sleep.

Edith switched off the computer, having saved the recording as Henry and Khoi returned to the balmy evening outside, opening more beers and pouring wine for the ladies.

"We must show her that," chuckled Henry, handing his wife her glass. "I'll email it to you in the morning Khoi."

Anh joined them, grinning broadly and lounging elegantly as always with her replenished glass.

"That was lovely thanks Edith. A fourteen year old virgin, but he soon got into his stride," she giggled.

"I was amazed he didn't run away when he saw your hairy snatch," chuckled Henry. "Most youngsters would, they don't see pubes like that any more."

"Don't be so crude about Anh's lovely pussy darling," said Edith with a pleasant frown. "Anyway. I have a confession to make. You see he is well used to seeing lots of pubes. The boy is totally obsessed with mature ladies...."

She told them how she 'accidentally' opened the cameras on Tim and watched him wank and then saw what was on his screen, which made them all gasp. How she checked the toilet and found the hidden camera and then she had opened his computer and found files of his Mum and Dad etc. How she had phoned Anh and set up the evening. Henry, Khoi and Anh – all true hardened voyeurs sat open mouthed at what the old girl was telling them. Tim's expertise coupled with Edith's snooping stunned them all, but only to the point where they wanted more info which she filled in. An excited, animated conversation took place and plans were made.

"Mornin' Tim," said Henry brightly as the lad entered the kitchen, rubbing his eyes.

"Hello Pops, got anything for a sore head please?"

"Nan has something, Edith got a minute?"

She came through from the study and on explanation got the teen some pills and water and started on his breakfast. Tim sat and stared out of the French windows into a bright and hot morning, wondering what dream he had just returned from, savouring the moments but in dread of what his grandparents will say, it had to be today surely. The old folk had plans kept to themselves and were ruminating on how well the mixture they had spiked his drinks with had worked, as they washed the previous nights glasses and cutlery, then busied around the dazed and confused boy.

"I'm popping down to the church darling. Any thing you want while I am out? Tim?" Edith queried.

Apart from reminding her that he had to be at the terminal ready to go to France at six that evening, Tim had no needs other than his sore head remedy and worries and repercussions. He got a confirmation that they would drive him to pick up the school coach in plenty of time. Henry was negative, so she prepared herself and left them, reminding her husband that they had to go out for lunch and she would be back in an hour and to be ready. Henry took the newspapers to the garden to read. Tim was puzzled and sat in a sort of daze on his chair, wondering why nobody had said

anything yet. He decided to look at his computer and see what had been revealed since he had flaked out after Anh had fucked him. *'She had fucked him hadn't she?'* He mused as he strolled to his room, Henry watching closely. *'He hadn't done anything, he just wanted to lie down surely,'* the lad pondered, opening his laptop.

Not really relishing the opportunity, but needing to check the toilet camera performance, he opened the files. He deleted those of Henry and Khoi taking a piss, but noticing the Vietnamese man's prodigiously thick brown cock, as it hung slackly over his hand. His interest surged with Anh's ablutions and enjoyed the unusual views of her cunt and arsehole flexing amongst the thick lush curtain of hair that festooned the whole area. Two separate toilet visits for Edith, including this morning's visit when she passed a couple of huge turds stretching her anus to unbelievable shapes and proportions were saved, there was an interest from a guy in Kosovo for elderly women shitting, and he was puzzled by the fact that although Edith knew about the hidden camera which again had done wonderfully well in its work, there was the only glancing smile at his washbag as a sign of her awareness in the bathroom,

Half-heartedly, confidence low, expecting the world to crash in on him very soon, he saved and filed the clips, placing Anh in Nan's file. Listlessly he checked emails and chat rooms and added some comments and some reviews of the toilet cam, then he decided he was better off going out somewhere to get lost for a few hours. He gathered and packed his things ready for travelling, double checking that the laptop was locked to avoid any more access from Edith, or even Henry as *'he must know'* Tim reasoned, he went through to tell Pops he was going out.

"Ah Tim. A word please," said Henry surprisingly cheerfully Tim noted as Henry got up and entered the kitchen.

Shit, the lad thought, but the old boy had a grin on his face as he beckoned Tim to follow him through to the study. Henry pulled up a chair for Tim sit alongside him and turned on the monitor.

"Look Pops, I know what thi....."

"Quiet Tim. Just wait a minute."

"But Pops, please let m . . ."

"Wait, it's OK. Ah here we go," murmured Henry clicking on an icon.

Tim's mouth dropped open as he realised what was on screen. Anh had walked behind him and then the shock was clear as Tim turned to see her and the scene played on.

"Remember this? How was it then son?" asked Henry gently, smiling at the lad's slack jawed expression. "Enjoyed your lesson with Anh."

There was no response from Tim who eyes were like organ stops at the unfolding seduction scene.

"So let me show you this," added Henry, opening another screen, within the screen.

He clicked more and then Tim could see his empty room and details of his bedside table, the closed laptop, the neatly made bed, all with zooms in and out played by his Granddad. Not a word escaped the lad's dry lips as Henry then closed those scenes down and opened another file, which depicted Tim stark naked, wanking to his voyeurism on Edith.

"Oh noooooo!" groaned Tim. "I'm so sorry."

"It's OK Tim. Don't you see? We are not angry; surprised maybe - yes, but we are as much peepers as you are. Edith and I have peeped into bedrooms in the last house for a long time and now can peep into this one. As it happens you are the first victim, but there will be lots more."

"But why Pops? Why me?"

"It's not you, it just that Nan was testing, not sure if you were in or out and came across this," chuckled Henry, pointing at Tim's wank to a climax.

The shattered and now embarrassed teenager, hung his head as his climax was shown in full colour. He looked at Henry, who returned his glance with a grin.

"Nice climax there and thoughtful with the tissues and not Grandma's knickers. I've done that many times, with other knickers too, but that's another story. So Tim, we have an issue that needs to be resolved, yes?"

Tim nodded and splayed his hands in a 'what now' gesture.

"Khoi and Anh and of course Nan, have seen you shagging Anh and were very impressed. Not just your performance, but more so with the equipment and expertise you seem to have accrued at such an early age."

“Khoi will kill me surely,” gulped Tim.

“Not if you can help us and him. There’s a deal on offer Tim and I think you should listen.”

“How can I help. I am so embarrassed Pops. I can’t face them now. This is unreal. It’s a dream,” wailed Tim, standing and wandering round the room.

“Let’s see your setup to start with,” murmured Henry ushering Tim to the door and to the bathroom.

The lad showed him where the camera was concealed and suggested it could be removed to which Henry agreed. It was retrieved and the old man examined it with awe as Tim, unearthed the camera in his wash bag. They returned to the study where Henry quizzed Tim on the technical abilities and costs of the setup. Making notes and saving websites that Tim brought up for him, the teen getting totally involved in helping and forgetting his discomfort, Henry then quizzed him on how it started. Tim confessed to his fixation on his mother and where it developed and how he got involved with websites and forums, Henry listening with total concentration.

“This was a bit of test to be honest Pops,” Tim confided. “I’d never tried this installation in another house than ours, like how long would it take to set up – you know. I knew it worked, because of at ho. . . well you know,” he grinned sheepishly.

“Yes your mother, our daughter Hmm!” said Henry, sternly.

“Yes sorry, but I had high hopes of in France, that’s why I wanted to test it here. I am so sorry you found out.”

“So what’s happening in France? You’re staying with a fam . . . Oh I see,” chuckled Henry. “Who is she?”

“Well, there’s a mum and two daughters. They are all beautiful but the mother – well you know.”

“Yes mature, that it? Big tits too?”

“Cor! Yes Pops,” answered Tim enthusiastically, finally realising he may be out of trouble. “Hey! I could show you their photos.”

They passed over to the guest room, Henry indicating, although not needing to as the boy scanned immediately, the two covert cameras concealed as smoke and fire alarms. Tim nodded his approval, of course he knew the gadgets from his many forays into the covert camera market. The laptop was opened and booted and Henry watched Tim’s fingers fly as he sought out the file and opened it - the boy was a genius he thought.

“Wow! Yes, big knockers and a foreigner too. I mean not French,” he chuckled gazing at the images in full screen HD colour. “The daughters are luscious too, how old are they?”

“Twelve and fifteen and Madam Girand is from Fiji, but she is French. Do you like her?” asked Tim, warming to his grandfather’s basic humour and interest.

“Yes but the girls wow. They are something else, got their mum’s features, I like the chubby older one, but that little cutey is gorgeous, so slim. Tim you have got to capture them all on the toilet, promise and of course I want to see them. Nan, Khoi and Anh will have to see them too,” added the old man.

“Yes of course and I will not just have toilet views. This camera will pick up them showering or whatever in the bathroom, that’s if I can get a good place for it,” he told Henry, fingering one of the gadgets. Then, “Hang on, you’re showing Khoi and Anh, why?”

“Well you heard me say there is a deal to be made earlier. In return for not telling your Mum and Dad about all this and also showing them you fucking Anh, we want your expertise and time in buying some of this stuff and setting it up. We pay of course, you just tell us what to buy – interested?”

“Yeeees,” Tim answered slowly.

“This is absolutely confidential and I suppose a sort of blackmail, but you’re a bright lad and want to continue with your hobby – let’s call it that shall we?”

Tim nodded fervently.

“So you help Nan and I, plus Khoi and Anh with their business, easy,” said Henry, sitting back in the chair and folding his arms.

“Yes I suppose so. Don’t quite understand how it helps you and Nan. You haven’t got a business,” suggested Tim. “And I haven’t a clue about theirs.”

"We have visitors too you know. It would be nice to see what they're like, I mean we can all have the same interests can't we?" queried Henry evasively avoiding any further detail.

"Yeah cool," said Tim shrugging his shoulders. "And Khoi, what's his angle?"

"They have a chain of gym clubs, with tanning studios, you know. Imagine the women and the men of course using their facilities, baths, showers, toilets, tanning beds. Millions of opportunities. They would sell the results though. You could get a cut I suppose, but that's down to them."

The suggestion of cash triggered Tim's clever mind. OK he'd not been so clever as to get found out, but unless the Girand family had covert cameras in his room, he shouldn't get caught again, so the idea of setting up a whole new system with the owner's permission was a godsend with the possibility of payment, at least in terms of his expertise and labour.

"Cool yeah Pops," he replied, closing down the French images.

"So er? . . . what else you got on here son?" asked Henry. "They all mature ladies. I know your Mum is on here but I don't want to see her of course."

"Yeah, really I suppose matures, although there is a family I caught. Friend of Dads, works with him I think, their daughter figures in one shower session with the mum. They stayed with us last September. Innocent, just sharing the bathroom but I love the Mum. The daughter is too young anyway," murmured Tim, searching his files. "Got them in the bedroom too."

Henry watched closely and saw various file titles. Edith had briefed him on them just in case. He with great interest until Tim opened a file marked Sept and noticed two sub files in it. It was the mother and daughter one he had mentioned and Henry immediately focussed on the young teen in the shower, while her robustly bodied mother undressed.

"Must admit your camera stuff is amazing Tim," murmured the old man, licking his lips at the sight of a just perceptible pair of tits on the young girl and the total lack of hair on her mons veneris.

"I love her panties," giggled Tim.

"Wow! Yes French knickers. Don't see them very often," Henry replied, reluctantly dragging his eyes to the mother, when he had a perfect frontal view of a quite plain, chubby teen, who he guessed was about eleven, all soaped up.

"Er? What time is Nan due back?"

"Golly, yes. Good lad. I'd forgotten with all this excitement and it is excitement too yeah?" Henry said, getting up and making for the door.

Tim nodded and Henry grimaced with envy that the lad went back to viewing the video he would love to see right through. Somehow he needed to extract it and its companion. He showered and prepared to go out realising he was actually early, so he sat and thought. He made a phone call. then he undressed down to his underpants and rejoined Tim who had gone into the lounge.

"Can you leave that file open for me, that one we were just watching?" he asked, walking towards the guest room and rubbing himself with a towel.

"Of course," replied Tim, getting up and scuttling after him. "Hang on – I can email it to you. It's a chunky size, probably one twenty meg, can you receive that OK?" suggested Tim, opening the file again

"Yeah sure, no problem - oh here's Anh, she looks a bit worried," said Henry, as the Vietnamese lady walked passed the window. "Can you see what she wants Tim, I'm not dressed yet and I'll be late. Quickly now, it must be urgent."

He gave the lad a gentle nudge and made to follow him out of the room. Tim dutifully went through the kitchen and opened the door to a frantic lady while Henry grabbed a memory stick from his study. Tim called through as Henry entered the hallway, to say she needed some urgent help with an electrical item that seemed to be smelling badly and he was going to try and hoped to be back soon. Henry replied with an OK and also called out to Anh that he was sorry he couldn't help, but he was due out any moment.

The plan worked. Anh was good at acting, Tim was completely in awe of her and she was only wearing a very tight tee shirt with her nipples standing out like peanuts. Her butt swayed in incredibly tight and minimal denim shorts and her long lissom legs teetered on bright red, spiked, high heeled sandals.

The old man entered the guest room and plugged the stick into Tim's laptop, found the files under Sept he wanted and had noticed earlier, not the file he was watching, knowing Tim would email that

one and clicked copy Thirty minutes later, Edith returned and then left with her husband, the stick safely in Henry's cupboard.

"We must be very careful darling," said Henry as he navigated the town traffic. "As much as we let Tim into our confidence and with Khoi and Anh, he must never know about our stuff."

"Oh of course not dear, that would be catastrophic," his wife replied, rummaging in her hadbag for a receipt.

"I found a super file on his computer while he was round at Anh's. all safely gathered in hehheh!" he chuckled, patting his jeans pocket. "He's going to email me a file too and this one seems to be connected."

"Oh yes, what's on it?"

"It's a friend of Dave and Pat's who stayed with them and Tim has captured them in the shower and the bedroom. It's a mother and daughter and the girl looks about eleven. I'm really looking forward to it, as I saw a bit of her in the shower. Tim was interested in the Mum of course, I'm just glad he didn't wipe the daughter off the tape."

"I'll bet - anything fresh and unknown is a great bonus. Khoi would be interested in seeing it I bet," Edith chuckled. "Ah here we are."

The emergency in Anh's home, which was about six houses along the road, was the exercise machine in the room adapted as a gym, that Anh and Khoi had rigged to smell by something rubbing in the gearing. Khoi was comfortably seated in a large equipment cupboard, with his cam-corder on a tripod and looking through some slots in the door.

Tim needed to be on his knees to look underneath and Anh joined him, then she crawled round in front of him, then stood almost over him, ostensibly helping to hold things while he fiddled with tools she had supplied, from a box on the floor, but bending down from her supple trim waist and exposing the full moon like quality of her firm butt beneath the skimpy shorts.

Tim gulped and tried to concentrate on his task. which was seriously puzzling the electronics whiz kid. He realised he was getting an erection amongst all this close contact and sexuality. The oriental lady's lush locks moved round her bare shoulders like a satin curtain, wafting an exotic perfume, making him feel quite heady until the machine smell once again pervaded his nostrils. Anh got down on hands and knees next to him and her butt nudged his side, knowing she was in his way. Politely, the lad shuffled round behind her and couldn't resist another close peep at the crotch in doggy position, noting the way her thick curly pubes splayed freely from the tight denim gusset. Pubes he had seen, felt, smelled and fucked less than twenty-four hours previously.

Finally, the problem was resolved, Tim kicking himself for not spotting it sooner, but revelling in the sultry atmosphere he had been able to experience. He helped her tidy up the tools, enjoying being around such a sexy woman and the sights she so blatantly offered and accepted the offer of a long cold drink and a seat on the patio outside the floor to ceiling sliding windows.

"When do you go to France Tim," she asked.

"This evening. Got to be at the terminal to get on the coach at six. Pops and Nan are getting me there."

"OK. If they're pushed for time, Khoi or I can take you."

"Cool thanks."

"Funny time to be travelling," she queried. "I mean a coach trip, then a train, then the other side. It's going to be late when you arrive."

"It's fine actually. We are on the Tunnel and that's only four miles from here. The main party from school would have an hour at least on the coach. It's half an hour crossing and the family I am going to is about an hour from there," he explained, gazing at Anh's long swarthy skinned legs and her cutely painted toe nails. "It helps that Pops and Nan live so close to the tunnel and I could get the train direct to Folkestone from London the other day."

"Those videos. What will you do with them?" she suddenly asked, gazing at him from over the top of her wine glass.

"Er! Dunno. Delete I suppose. Is that what you'd like me to do?" he stammered.

"Pity after all that effort Tim," she simpered, knocking an imaginary fly away from her tits and making them wobble. "You'd like to wank with them wouldn't you?"

He gulped and swallowed and altered his seat as his cock surged at the memory of them.

"Well yes . . . but you know?"

"Look baby, it's OK with us and Edith and Henry are, so why not enjoy them. We don't mind. We've had or have our kicks too you see," Anh murmured, patting his thigh, noting the tented bulge in his groin. "We're all broadminded and after last night, you know I don't have any inhibitions about any of my body," she giggled.

"Yes Hmmm!" Tim gurgled on his drink, not quite swallowing it properly. "Has er Khoi found out?"

"Found out?" she exclaimed. "I told him – silly. He's my husband, I wouldn't cheat on him. He knows everything. Look, it's a bit too bright for me here. Come and sit inside."

Anh got up and led him back inside the gym, to a huge comfy looking sofa that had seen better days. A red light started to glow on a cam-corder.

"I can't throw this old thing away," she chuckled, patting and smoothing the well worn furniture. "It was made in my home village and I imported it. It comes in useful to crash out on after a session," she added, nodding at the various pieces of fitness equipment.

As Tim sat next to her, she snuggled close and put her hand on his knee.

"You really must get yourself a girl friend Tim. All those lonely hours – wanking," she whispered, pulling him close.

He felt Anh's hand on his neck pulling him to her and she kissed him tenderly. He kissed back tentatively and then tried to grab both of her tits and started kneading them. She let him roughly paw at her, until in his haste, he pushed Anh down on the couch then slid his hands under her shirt.

She pulled away and said, "Whoa, easy Tim, just slowly that's all."

"What do you mean? I don't understand. You're so beautiful, I've got to," Tim said pulling back, "Baby, some girls will like it fast and rough. But I can guarantee you, most of the time they want you to be gentle and considerate so that you both can share in the good feelings. Now, sit back up and let me show you," Anh told him.

Tim sat back up as she put her arm around his shoulders and pulling him to her. With the other hand, she softly rubbed his chest, kissing him and darting her tongue in and out of his mouth, teasing him with it. Then she let her hand drift down to rub over his hard cock, which was tenting his pants. Tim groaned into her mouth at that touch.

"Now, stand up and let's get you out of those clothes."

Tim jumped up and quickly started tearing at his belt and jeans, so she knocked his hands away with a tut and unzipped his jeans. Leaning forward, she licked around his belly button then lower, as she pulled his jeans and pants down at the same time. Once his pants pulled down over his hard cock, which snapped upwards and quivered, she took the tip of it in her mouth, pushing his clothes down to the floor. Tim groaned in ecstasy.

Anh realized that she had two choices. Suck him off real quick so he could then better make love to her and last longer like last night or to be very careful not to stimulate him too much before he got that wondrous rod into her hot cunt. Tim's moans were getting a bit louder and faster, so she pulled her mouth back off his cock and looked up at him. He remained standing in front of her.

"Tim baby, Undress me now and slowly," she murmured, kicking off her sandals.

Typically male, he went for gold and unclipped her shorts and zipper, then struggled to extricate them from her hips, watching her thatch of pubes reveal themselves. Anh raised her butt to help and finally she was cocking her legs to allow him to slide them from her feet. A strong musky scent immediately reached his nose as he leaned forward to grasp her tee shirt and peel it off her upper torso. He mewed in awe at her swarthy slender beauty, her nipples hard and erect. Dark buds in a wide saucer of gathered wrinkles.

"I want you to take this real slow. We've got plenty of time not like last night, so don't rush it. I'm going to help you and believe me, you will love it," Anh told him.

Laying back onto the bed, she helped him manoeuvre so they were laying side by side. She gave him a long kiss.

"I want you to use your mouth to pleasure me. Don't worry, I'll help you and tell you what to do."

She offered a breast up for him to suck on. He took the nipple in his mouth almost hungrily and started sucking like a baby fresh from the womb.

"Tim, my sweet. Gently. Just suck lightly and use your tongue. Swirl it around the nipple and enjoy the taste and feeling," she told him.

He followed her directions and she moaned with pleasure as he ministered to her tit.

"Now, the other one. Can't ignore the other one."

He switched to the other one and did a little spit shine on it. Anh was really starting to enjoy this.

"Now, move down, licking your way down. You know where I want you to end up, but don't hurry," she guided him.

Tim happily followed her directions until he was down between her legs. Anh spread them and used her hands to pull her lips apart, first by parting her pubic forest which took some sorting out, then spreading the thick folds of her inner labia, opening herself up for his tongue. Seeing what she wanted, he applied his tongue to the pink tissues of her hole. To his surprise, the taste wasn't all that bad. In fact, the way it felt and with how turned on he was, it wasn't half bad at all, especially when Anh moaned loudly with pleasure. He stopped licking and looked up at her. Anh grabbed his ears and pulled his mouth down onto her snatch.

The young boy got the message and started licking again. Anh used his ears as handles to guide his mouth and tongue to her clit. Once he hit it, she bucked and squealed, letting him know that he was indeed over the target. As Anh shuddered, moaned and shook as he licked on and around her clit, Tim thought, *'Wow! This is cool.'* His tongue was getting sore when Anh's legs spasmed and she pulled his face hard against her, her body shaking while she shrieked loudly with an orgasm. His head shot up, eyes wide with fright, watching her writhe, her legs folding past him and closing and opening as she convulsed in sweet ecstasy. *What had he done?* Anh finally simmered down and raised her head up to look at him, seeing his startled countenance.

"It's OK baby. You are learning fast and for some reason you hit exactly the right spot to make me cum," she chuckled.

"Shit! I thought I had bitten you or something."

"No way, that was perfect and now let's get that thing in me and get you off."

She enticed him up her until he was kneeling between her legs, his hard juvenile shaft banging at the entrance of her hairy, wet slot. Anh kissed him tenderly and then said,

"Gently, now, stud. Slip that thing into me slowly so we both can enjoy it as it goes in. OK?"

He nodded and she reached down to guide his cock in between her labia. When he felt the lips of her mature cunt wrap round his cock head, he slowly slid it into the tight tunnel of hot flesh. It felt so good to him. It had felt good last night, but this was even better. To assist his full penetration, she lifted her legs up.

"Put my legs over your shoulders and then you can start fucking me with that lovely cock of yours."

Putting his arms under her legs and getting them up on his shoulders, he felt the back of Anh's vagina against the head of his cock. Pulling back until he was almost out, he plunged back in until he again struck the back wall of her cunt. Anh moaned with pleasure.

"Be careful you don't push too hard back there. It can hurt if you do. But you fill me up wonderfully Tim. Fuck me now, work it in and out."

Tim followed her directions, the pleasure mounting as he drove in and out. It didn't take any time at all before Tim felt that familiar tightness and he started spurting his cum up into the Oriental woman's cunt. Abandoning himself to the pleasure he thrust into her and threw his head back and groaned. Anh frigged her clit and came shortly after he did.

Tim couldn't hold himself up and he shrugged Anh's legs off his shoulders and they dropped down so he could lay down beside her. She rolled with him so his cock stayed in her until it got so soft that it slipped out from between her cum slicked lips. They lay there for about fifteen minutes, their heavy breathing easing. Once they both had calmed down a little, Anh leaned over and kissed Tim. Then she slid down his body to take his cock into her mouth and lave it, savouring the taste of his cum and her own cunt juices. When she had sucked him clean, she got up and walked to the bathroom. Getting a warm washcloth and cleaning herself up, she walked

back to the bed and knelt down to gently wash Tim's cock with the warm cloth. Through half lidded eyes, the boy watched her in amazement, remembering he had seen his Mum do this to his Dad.

As she ministered to his cock, the stimulation started to get it to harden again. After all, this was a fourteen-year-old boy who could do that. Anh grinned and set the cloth aside, wrapping both hands around the shaft and gently stroking up and down. Tim groaned loudly. She knew it would take a bit for him to cum again now that he'd just cum, so she wasn't worried about stimulating him too much. She slowly and lovingly stroked his cock, then leaned down to swirl her tongue around the head, flicking the tip over the opening of his pee hole. The boy's moans let her know that he was enjoying it.

Grinning, Anh crawled back up Tim's body, rubbing her breasts against him all the way. He shivered at the feeling. Lying down next to him, she gave him a kiss,

"So what do you think of your lesson so far Tim?"

"Oh, wow!" was about all that Tim could get out.

Apparently his vocabulary was diminished in inverse proportion to the amount of blood going to his cock. Anh grinned.

"Just lay there and relax. We've got plenty of time. Bags of time before you have to go."

Tim nodded his head and checked his watch.

"Cool."

Anh stroked his chest, leaning down to give him a kiss once in a while. When he started kissing her back and fondling her breasts, she moved her hand down and wrapped it around his cock, making him groan.

"You've got one hell of a big cock for your age. It feels really good inside me. But remember that it isn't the only thing. You got me off just with your mouth and tongue. That was really nice. Did you like it?"

Tim nodded. Anh continued stroking him.

"That's your first lesson. You can make a girl feel good with more than your cock. Although, I do have to admit, that beauty feels pretty good."

She continued to stroke his cock, making sure it was nice and hard. Then she leaned down and whispered in his ear,

"Think you're ready to go again, stud?"

With a gulp, Tim nodded to her.

"OK, that's your second lesson. Just 'cos you've cum once doesn't mean that's the end and everything's over. Women can cum multiple times without much time in between. I think you saw that. But males have what's called a refractory period, where you have to get your tubes charged up again. But with a little tender loving care, you can see that you'll be up for another one pretty quickly. So if you're a considerate lover, you get your girl off and then you can get off. And if you have the time, you can do it again and get both of you off again. Like double your pleasure, double your fun. None of that 'wham-bam-thank-you-maam' stuff. OK?"

Tim nodded and cleared his throat.

"Umm, Anh, can I ask you something?"

"Certainly, Tim. Anything," she said.

"Well, uh, are you, like on the pill or something like that? Because I really didn't realize that we were going to do this and shouldn't we some protection. I mean I've never had one. What if you get pregnant?" he said sincerely concerned.

Anh had to laugh.

"Baby, thank you for worrying about that. But it's a little late, don't you think. From now on, when you're with a young lady, you'd better make sure ahead of time that she's protected or you are. Get it?" Anh said squeezing his hard-on.

Tim nodded.

"But I have to tell you that you don't have to worry with me. I'm a bit beyond what they call 'child bearing years'. So you don't have to worry about how much of your yummy cum you shoot into me." She grinned and kissed him. "Now tell me how you feel."

"Oh, wow, Anh you're unbelievable. That was so good," Tim gulped.

"So how do my breasts feel," she asked him, pulling one of his hands up to cover one of her breasts.

"They feel so neat," Tim said, rubbing her breast.

"Tim, a girl wants you to tell her how good she makes you feel and how good her body feels to you. Now try again."

She put her hand on his and held his fingers to show him how to softly tweak her nipple.

With a big grin, Tim said, "I am so pleased we did it. You're amazing! I can't believe what this visit to Nan's has done for me and all because of my stupidity."

"You mean getting caught out. Well er! yes, you naughty boy," she giggled. "Fancy watching me having a pee. Shame on you . . . and Edith, your granny too."

"Hmm! Yes – sorry, but. . . "

"But what?"

"It's a lovely view, your pussy and your pissing from that angle," he giggled.

"Tiiimmm!" she screeched. "That's rude. You naughty boy. I'd like to feel that big cock in me again, that's what I'd like. But I want to do what you'd like. I've pretty much done different things, so I'll help you try out what you want." She reached one hand up to stroke his cheek while her other hand still gently rubbed his hard cock. "What have you read about or watched videos of on the web that you'd like to try? Anything in particular?"

"Uhhh, like the doggy position? It looks cool, but is that good for the girl?" he asked.

"Oh, yeah, baby. It's great." Anh got up and got on her hands and knees. "Get behind me and put that gorgeous cock in me and we'll see how you like it."

Tim quickly got up behind her and rubbed his cock up and down her fat lipped slit, then slid it into her hole again, gasping at the feeling of her warm membranes sliding over his hard cock.

"Feels good, doesn't it sweetie?" Anh asked him, glancing at the big mirrored wall across the gym and grinning at the slotted doors either side of it.

Tim just nodded and started thrusting into her. Anh let him work his cock in and out of her for a while then looked back over her shoulder.

"Would you like to shoot in my mouth this time, instead of in my cunt?"

Tim's face lit up and he nodded vigorously, his thrusts becoming harder and faster, fortified by even more lust as he gazed down at the black forested valley from the small of her back down to the engorged flanks of her flexing twat.

"OK, lover, when you get about ready to blow, you let me know and I'll pull off and get my mouth on you. OK?"

She grinned as he nodded again to her and started thrusting harder and faster. He grabbed her hips and pulled her hard into him as his cock drove in and out of her.

"Ohhh, I'm gonna cum!" he shuddered.

Anh pulled forward off him, then quickly flipped around and took his hard cock in her mouth. Pulling off him had stopped him from cumming, but her warm mouth enveloping his hard cock brought him right back and soon he was spraying her tonsils with his creamy, white cum. Anh kept her mouth glued to his cock, taking every drop of cum he could give her. After he finally quit spurting and thrusting into her mouth, she slowly pulled back off his cock. Tilting her head back, Anh looked up at the boy and opened her mouth to show it full of his cum. Then she slowly swallowed every bit of it and grinned up at him, licking her lips.

"Like that, stud?" she asked him.

All he could do was nod and drop down onto the bed. Anh laid down beside him and stroked his chest, running her hand up and down it, cooing at the exhausted teenager. They lay still and canoodled for a full half hour, Anh managing to conceal his view across the room, allowing Khoi to slip out of the cupboard, leaving the tripod and camera to lessen any noise factor.

"All ready to go?" asked Edith as Tim emerged from his room.

"Cool Nan, really looking forward to it," he answered with a smile. "I've had a great time here thanks."

"I know you have. You're a lucky boy, even if you are a bit naughty. Come here," she giggled.

Before he could protest, he was smothered in her fat arms, her mighty, brassiered tits squashed against his chest, her powerful perfume masking her natural hot body odours as Edith hugged him. Henry looked on, sucking his pipe.

"We've all learned a lot over the last couple of days Tim, would you say?" asked the old man.

"Gosh, yes Pops. It was a bit stupid of me I suppose to have . . ."

"No way Tim my boy," interrupted Edith. "Stupid boys don't get to have sex with a lady like Anh do they? She thinks you're lovely. And so do I and very very clever. Pops and I thought we knew a thing or two about covert cameras, but you've broadened our knowledge and you've got a contract with Khoi too."

"Well when I get back I will Nan," Tim answered. "Anh told me the outline of it this morning," he gulped, getting a knowing grin from his grandparents. "I'm happy to help them."

"I'll bet you are Tim. Earn some money too. Khoi is going to Ireland on Monday to open some new spa tanning places – you know, so the scope is widening all the time," mused Edith. "Let's have a cup of tea and some cake before we take you to the coach. Out in the garden."

"You can get me two of those cams straight away then Tim? The toilet ones?" asked Henry, swotting a wasp from his cake.

"Yes no problem Pops. They'll be here in a few days and they're dead easy to install. You got some visitors coming then? Your bowls club ladies, you must show me. Email them to me," Tim chuckled.

"You and your old ladies Tim. Naughty boy, but no not them," gurgled Edith with mock chastisement. "By the way you do know we can help you with your desire to capture more mature women, can't we darling?"

Henry got her knowing wink.

"Gosh yes! Not sure if you know we are members of a nudist club?" he chuckled, getting a negative shake from Tim, stuffing his face with a large slice of jam and cream sponge.

"Later on, in the summer, if you want to come here again, we could take you along as a guest, er? Would you object to taking off your clothes for a day?" asked Henry, getting a shrug to say no from the lad. "In fact we are going there on Tuesday for the rest of the week."

"Oh is that why you shave.....?" Tim faltered.

Edith burst into trills of laughter.

"You were going to say shaved my pubes off weren't you? He is so naughty, isn't he darling? Yes it is as a matter of fact. It's the done thing, but up to the person – anyway loads of mature ladies there Tim. All you'd have to do is devise some way of hiding one of your mini cams and capture tits and bums galore and I'll tell you what, you'd be quite a hit with the ladies too," Edith roared with mirth, pointing at Tim's groin.

"Naaaaan," whined Tim with embarrassment.

"Edith behave," admonished Henry with a grin. "Of course lots of young ladies too, all ages. We know a lot of those and they come by for tea and things."

"Wow!" exclaimed Tim. "That would be cool, wow yes please. Don't suppose we could try the toilet version?"

"For Pete's sake lad, hang on, slowly slowly," advised Henry. "We haven't got you in yet, but I can see the potential."

"What about . . . er . . . you know? Nude and ladies about. . . You know, what happens. . . like?" the lad stammered, glancing down at his crotch.

The old folk grinned at each other., Edith still nurturing the thought of getting Tim's monster cock inside her greasy old cunt, but knowing she had missed the boat and she could have engineered it anyway, so it wasn't important. Besides – she had plans.

"It doesn't happen generally Tim and if it did no one bothers. Every one has seen that happen, you do mean an erection don't you?" chuckled Henry, getting a shielded nod. "You'll be OK."

The tea and cakes were finished over more mundane chat about his trip ahead and soon they were packing Tim's knapsack in the Citroen. It was short drive to the channel tunnel terminal and Tim spotted his coach amongst the many in the coach park, it being the season for schools across the south to arrange exchange visits. The lad introduced his grandparents to the teacher in charge, although a somewhat distracted Henry was in love with several school girls, giggling and

shrieking. He wandered off to drink in the high hormonal atmosphere, lighting his pipe and Edith reached into her handbag.

“Take this as a little leaving present Tim,” she told her grandson, handing him a A4 sized manilla envelope, which he took and felt, finding that the contents were soft “Don't open it till you're private, on your own, but I think you will enjoy it.”

Farewells were said and the coach was waved off by the elderly Ward couple.

On arrival at the terminal in France, a toilet stop was offered and he took it with several other kids. He carried the envelope inside his shirt and found an empty cubicle. Once locked in, he opened the envelope and to his surprise and delight he found a pair of Edith's white dirty knickers and a tiny sliver of white silk, which once unravelled, proved to be a thong and a dirty one he found as he sniffed the narrow gusset. A small note he found folded into the tiny garment was from Anh, saying that she hoped this would remind him of their special moments and looked forward to the next time.

Tim spent a few moments examining both garments and drinking in the very different odours, until he packed them away again and with a smug expression, he boarded the coach, wondering what the delights of the Girand females would produce.

Henry played bowls on Sunday, some forty miles away and the trip included a dinner at the host club, so he wasn't expected back until about ten o'clock. Anh went shopping in Canterbury with her gym club friends. Khoi finished his paperwork around lunchtime and decided to pack his bags later in the evening.

He answered the back door bell after pressing a button on a remote on the kitchen diner and greeted Edith and welcomed her inside. With a knowing grin, she walked to the back of the room and immediately stripped off her floral dress. Her massive bra fell away allowing her huge pillow like breasts to fall heavily on her belly and then sway full and loose as she drew down her large white knickers. She stepped forward to Khoi and lowered his beach shorts, which were kicked free of his feet. She guided the naked Vietnamese man back to the sofa and he turned to allow her to sit and then she grasped his thighs and pulled him forward until his crotch was level with her face.

Minutes later, still no words had passed between them, she had sucked and fondled his cock upright and she leaned back and admired its thick shaft and small domed knob, which gleamed shiny and wet as it stood proud and quivering. She could not get her fist round it's prodigious thickness and stroked it gently, whilst cupping his tight hard nuts, savouring the first feel of a fully erect man for over two weeks. She made him open his stance and filtered her hand through his crotch seeking his arsehole. She rimmed it, sensing Khoi working his pelvic muscles which opened it and stuck her fingertip inside, while she resumed sucking his leaking knob.

Edith then swivelled her fat bulk with a grunt and within seconds, Khoi's big dick was completely stuffed deep into her gaping sticky twat, while he in turn rimmed her bulging sphincter. The old lady groaned as his delicate fingers danced on the large muscular crown, surrounding the mass of knotty looking membranes until she pushed it open and he sank two fingers as far as they would go while shafting her increasingly sloppy cunt.

He rammed hard and vigourously, tightly grasping the wide quivering expanse of her sun tanned buttocks; she enjoyed the slight pain coupled with the depth of penetration of his stiff cock. Khoi loved the sight of her mammoth mammaries crashing below her torso, swinging sideways, forwards and slapping noisily with each stroke of his shagging action.

Her still prolific cunt juices flowed round his shaft and splashed his groin as he speeded up, nearing a climax. Their grunts, gasps and mews melded in the still hot air of the lounge until suddenly with a huge thrust Khoi started to pump his jism high in the old woman's snatch and several thrusts later he sank against her sturdy butt. They rested in mutual silence, broken only by their pants and sighs until Khoi gradually backed away and his softening cock slid out of Edith's sappy gash. They both giggled as a wet air fart escaped from the still closing flaps of her cunt and they sank together onto the sofa.

“There's a towel there sweetie,” murmured Khoi.

She grabbed it from the side table and stuffed it under her crotch.

“Thoughtful to the end darling,” Edith chuckled. “Can't spoil the furniture can we, no clues for her to find.”

“Yes, Anh must never know. She fucks her boys and I fuck her and my girls, but she would go ballistic if she ever found out I was fucking an old friend, or indeed anyone outside our arrangement,” he replied.

“Yes strange that, how jealous she is that way,” Edith added. “Is it her upbringing or something?”

“I'll tell you a secret. I got busted fucking my mother in law in”

“Whaaaaat?”

“Listen, it's true. Anh was working late, her mother visited, things just developed, she was very attractive and only fourteen years older than Anh and I...”

“Only fourteen years, that's quite a lot,” stammered an amazed Edith.

“Yes but I was rampant Edith. I was fucking anything I could find either while I was seeing Anh and a long time after we married, I was - am obsessed with sex and the old mum hadn't had a shag for about twenty years after the old man died.”

“Bet she was grateful Khoi,” Edith chuckled, lifting Khoi's cock from between his legs to lay across his thigh. “Bit like me really.”

He watched her gnarled old hand stroke his dick gently and leaned over, scooping what he could hold of her right tit to nibble her right teat.

“And I am grateful to you Edith. I love to fuck you and Henry likes to watch too doesn't he. He and I often talk about you and the videos you and I make,” he mumbled.

“Yes oh yes, he does like to see them. You did one today didn't you?” she queried, stroking the back of his head..

“Yes and Anh still doesn't know that camera is in the clock,” he chuckled, surfacing from the pile of breast he had buried into. “It's on the usual zoom in setting.”

Their eyes swept to the innocent looking wall clock and back to each other when they kissed.

“Send it over as soon as you can this afternoon please, but not before this beauty has been up my bum.”

Khoi smiled he wiped his flaccid heavy cock with a wet cloth in the kitchen, before he made them a couple of iced coffees, hearing the loud spluttering fart Edith made in the downstairs toilet. She waddled through, her bare feet slapping on the tiled floor to gather up her clothes, tits wobbling, belly quivering, buttocks undulating. He watched her sort out the tangle of her knickers and step into them, wiggling her large butt as she heaved them upwards, losing her balance and collapsing with a shriek on the sofa where she continued to heave them up. When she stood up, Khoi noticed that while the undies were large and comfy, they were actually quite pretty, with inlaid lacy panels at the sides and a cute bow at the front. Edith pulled the waistband high on her belly and then sorted out the front seams of the legs to encompass the wide overhang down to her hidden crotch.

“You got a young lady lined up in Dublin?” she asked brightly picking up her brassiere.

“Yes two actually, I think it's daughter and mum actually,” Khoi grinned.

Edith shook her head with mock disapproval as she slung her flabby arms through the bra straps and then clipped it behind. Holding the cups at the extent of the elastic, she bent forward and pulled the cotton garment low so as to let her enormous boobs find their own place in the soft unwired cups. She jiggled her torso as she lifted the cups round the billowing breasts then she stood upright and then manoeuvred it to rest comfily round her body. The large bulbs of her nipples bulged through the lacy material. Then followed a complicated manoeuvre as she tried to get her tits comfortable, pulling the soft billowing mams inwards and up, each in turn, constantly adjusting and holding the material taut beneath, until she was happy with her vast cleavage. She levered the floral dress upwards and over her tousled head and then patted it smooth.

“I love the way you get those babies into your bra,” he grinned, as she took the coffee.

“Best way for big ones,” she laughed. “Got to get comfy. So what's the scene in Dublin. You fucked the daughter already?”

“No the mother as it happens. She's thirty-eight, half Indian, half Irish.”

“Wow! A potent mixture. The daughter? I mean how old?”

“Fifteen apparently and up for it, right little shag queen so Mum says. The family have an open arrangement,” chuckled Khoi, indicating parentheses on the last word. “Mum is the estate agent finding premises for me.”

“Hmm! Delightful, but you'll enjoy it. You like the change don't you?”

“I like anything,” he replied. “You let me, I'll fuck it. Looking forward to your new guest too.”

“Oh yes, we'll have fun don't worry, she is a pretty little thing,” cackled Edith. “Hey! Did Anh actually catch you fucking her mother?”

“Yes, just as I was cumming. It was a dreadful scene as you can imagine. The old gal, well not old old - but you know what I mean, actually did most of the smoothing over. She was brilliant; apparently Anh's dad was a real monster and her mother reminded Anh of that and suggested that she and I fucking was far less a problem than his previous activities. That's when it all came out, a bit later actually when Anh and I were lying in bed talking about sex and she told me he had been fucking his two daughters since they were kids. I quizzed Anh for a bit of detail being curious and she asked if I would like to try younger girls, and of course I said yes. She knew where her dad's papers were, he didn't have internet then and that she wasn't the only child on his list and we started then, with her not minding at all, in fact she was positively enthusiastic, probably because of her early indoctrination. I guess she thought it was normal. I never found out what happened to him.”

Khoi repeated the iced coffee, having asked Edith to retrieve the camera recorder from the clock.

“I trust you file these very carefully Khoi?” she queried, the cam in the palm of her hand.

“Of course sweetie, they're safe - as safe as your collection, which is even more important. Just think if they were found,” he chuckled, handing the old gal her glass in exchange for the camera.

“Yes we are ultra careful as you know. I often think about how you found us. Funny that,” she murmured gazing out to the garden, then sitting next to Khoi at the breakfast bar.

“Yes, we were knee deep in it back home,” he told her. “We thought maybe too long in one place it could get dangerous so we thought we'd better get out and came here. Of course Anh's legacy and the property here which allowed us to start the business was a pull too. We kept the contacts, the world wide network is just staggering and then that guy in the fostering group committee was caught out, Henry's pal - and he gave you details before he topped himself,” said Khoi with a sigh of sadness.

“Hmm!” agreed Edith. “But he was stupid. The good thing was he trusted Henry so much having got him out of that financial cockup, that he gave us the info after Henry hinted he could have an interest.”

“What was it? Him and Henry idly chatting about the things the school girls wear like the mini skirts and they just clicked they were on the same wavelength?” asked Khoi. “In the park wasn't it?”

“Yes, simple as that, they were both out walking dogs and sat on a bench, risky of course, but easy when it happened and then after all those phone calls from call boxes, my that was a pain, up you and Anh popped,” chuckled Edith, sucking her straw too much and making an ugly slurping sound from the empty glass.

“Well you know how mobiles can be dangerous,” Khoi added sagely, looking at his watch.

“Gosh yes!” Edith exclaimed. “You have to pack an all that. I'll get on and see you when you're back.”

They kissed full on the lips and she gave his crotch a gentle squeeze.

“I'm glad you're around Khoi,” she murmured. “Pity Henry can't do the business anymore, but he wants me to be serviced regularly thanks.”

They chuckled as they broke the embrace and she left him.

Meanwhile Tim had arrived in Montreuil on schedule and had been greeted off the coach by Monsieur Girand and none of the females he was expecting. There were profuse apologies, but Suzanne had unexpectedly reached the finals of a tennis tournament in the town and would be

along in the evening. The suave casually dressed patron got the lad ensconced in a pleasant room in their elegant apartment and then took him round the town to show him the sights. They stopped for coffees at two places and chatted, the Frenchman having impeccable English, but Tim was bored and wanted to get back and view the contents of a small mobile camera recorder he used for catching candid views in any circumstances.

He didn't realise Miss Armitage, one of the specialist IT teachers was on the school trip and he had always harboured desires to see her in intimate situations. The fact that she was wearing a loose summery dress and natural coloured tights excited him. The other fact that made him home in on her, was that she was the only one of two female teachers on the trip that remotely attracted him, the other woman being older, scrawny and wearing jeans, with bad breath and smoked incessantly when off duty. Simple, plain, white ballet pumps completed Miss Armitage's simple ensemble. She always wore tights, natural or sheer black he had remembered, since his interest in her commenced now she was on the coach trip.

She was a tall, plain, slenderly built, flat chested, mousy brown, in fact geeky sort of woman in her late forties he guessed, with a cropped haircut that was always neat and showed off the gracious curve of her neck and she had the most beautiful smile and happy countenance and had been very helpful to him in his learning and development, getting him to excursions to manufacturing plants and seminars. He loved her gentle perfumes, the way she sat next to him in class to discuss a project and the thoughtful manner she taught the class.

Finding her at the Folkestone terminal gave him a buzz amongst the girls of his age, which didn't really interest him. He had carefully clipped the charged and active small camera to his trainers, hidden amongst the laces and followed her through the shopping area, managing to get his foot under her dress many times, in some cases where she stooped to examine something low down. She was happy for him to around her browsing and they discussed some of the cameras and other techie stuff on sale.

He even succeeded in walking back to the bus with her, sadly not being able to accompany her to the toilet, chatting innocently, after he had slipped the camera off his trainer and into his hand. It was easy to hold the gadget under her hem as she climbed the high four steps up into the coach.

Back in the apartment, Tim excused himself to unpack, so his host told him to make himself at home, while he popped out on an errand. Tim's unpacking was minimal as he was alone to a great advantage, so the video could wait too – but not for long, such was his anticipation and soon he was searching the two bathrooms for laundry.

Both toilets had a freshener capsule hanging on the rim and he checked them finding they were virtually new. However he didn't know how much time he had before Msr Girand would be back, so he decided he would take a shower later and have enough time to set the camera up. Judging by the toiletries and other stuff, he deduced that one was the parents room, the other the daughters. Being here for a week, he reckoned he could cover, if that's the word, the mother and daughters to suit him and Henry. His room was next to the assumed parent bathroom and he hoped he would be directed to use it, eager to capture Mdm Girand in all her naked, bare cunt, pissing glory.

He found no laundry, but deciding on a thorough search while he had some time, he found next to the kitchen was a utility room and there was the treasure chest, a sort of aereated plastic bin, full of dirty clothing. Gleefully he rummaged, finding men's wear as much as ladies. Whilst only fourteen, his vast experience in searching such places, made him ultra careful in remembering the order in which he extracted each garment. He reasoned that it was not ultra important which other clothing they were next to, just the right sequence.

He had to be quick but soon he had extracted four items. Two white, one red and one silver grey. Two large panties - white and red, one plain girlie panty and one tiny knot of grey size 8, which was a thong. He had fun unravelling its complicated knots to find the gusset, finding it heavily stained and guessed it was Suzanne's, the fifteen year old daughter on her period. He sniffed hungrily, the powerful odour filling his nostrils, then he picked up the prettier of the two larger garments.

It was white, size 16, satin, plain cut panties, with lace panels set into the sides, almost as a means of expansion. The smell of the gusset although hardly discoloured was as powerful as the

thong, but totally different with traces of perfume and he drank it in, in high hopes of seeing many views of the exotic hopefully hairy twat that had left its mark.

Tim took up the small size 6 plain white pair of knickers and investigated the gusset as with the others. These would be Chloe's, the slender twelve year old and they too had a distinctive odour, but more pissy but gently perfumed.

The red pair turned out to be french knickers and he giggled at the appropriate setting for him to find a pair of French housewife's truly local undies. They were nearly sheer, but had a delicate floral pattern set in to the front. He sniffed and licked the gusset although finding little odour compared to Mdm Girand's white ones.

Carefully he put them all back and spotted the straps of a brassiere to one side, He extracted it and found to his delight, that it was a massive 44GG cup, in a sexy red mixed with maroon colour on a carefully wired structure. He checked the label and found it was British, Scottish actually from Ultimo. He knew his Mum had some of the same label.

The undies replaced, Tim happily retired to his room, thoughts of great expectations coursing through him. He unpacked his laptop and the mini camera, linking them with a USB cable and he gazed with high anticipation of seeing Miss Armitage's upskirt secrets. He was not disappointed.

The clear but wavering view up between her legs was unhindered by overhead lighting or bright sunshine, the light material of her dress was a bonus, affording him a perfect picture right up through her slim legs to her crotch. He paused the video several times to gaze in rapture at the secret she revealed in that what he thought were tights, were actually hold up stockings. The natural coloured ones had very attractive elasticated parts which held them up and in place. Beyond was about two inches of bare thigh, then her crotch which was concealed by a plain white gusset, but on pause once more, there were the tell tale smudges at each side of the cotton, which betrayed her pubic hairs.

Tim wished he had zoom, but of course he had no LED screen showing him what was being captured live therefore zoom was no use anyway. His walking steps jolted the camera, but the near stationary browsing in the terminal was ideal for long sequences of nothing but his teachers legs, thighs and obviously hairy crotch.

His hand unfastened his jeans and he dug out his hardening cock and was soon wanking to replays of Miss Armitage's upskirt video. He had cum by the return of his host, hearing a call and he responded, but finished unpacking until sauntering downstairs to resume chatting. Msr Girand got on with preparing dinner, so Tim decided to wander round the local area having received a map. He took his mini camera, but didn't capture anything.

About an hour later, the females turned up and were loud and excited even though Suzanne had lost the final tennis match of her age group. Tim was in heaven when he saw the delights of Mdm Girand, the delightfully cute and chubby Suzanne and the slender quiet, long legged Chloe. Fifteen year old Suzanne was not developing much in the way of breasts he noticed, but the thin tee-shirt that Chloe wore, betrayed some gorgeous bumps with sharp perky tips as it was plain she wore no brassiere.

Mdm Girand was everything he wished for and was exactly as her photographs, dressed in a blue denim mini skirt which barely covered her massive fleshy thighs. She wore a tight white tee-shirt which clearly defined the cut of a bra and the surrounding billowing bulges of her tits and love handles. All of the females had glossy black long hair, which in all cases was tied up in various ways with scrunchies.

They all disappeared for showers and afterwards at dinner, Tim was allocated the bathroom he hoped for. He planned to shower before bed and position the cameras, to catch the jolly hostess with the rolling butt, jiggling tits and happy smile at her toilet and also the girls later in the week.

But that's another story.....

