

This story was inspired by a November newspaper article about Christmas parcels being shipped to Kosovo.

Hope, Aid and Fun in Kosovo Part1

John, Nick, Charles and Doreen finally completed loading the two seven tonne trucks with early Christmas presents for the underprivileged families in Kosovo, they had supplied, in some of their cases, for ten years. It would take Charles and Nick as drivers and John as mechanical backup, they were his trucks, two weeks to complete the round trip across Europe. The loads would supply food, clothing and footwear to around 2500 needy families and it was sixty five year old John's tenth trip on behalf of Hope and Aid Direct.

Nick, aged eighteen was John's son, his mother having died aged fortyone giving birth to him, the one and only offspring of the Nesty family. He slammed the rear slider of his truck and wiped his forehead with the back of his wrist as Doreen walked round the back, knowing her husband Charles was with John inside the temporary warehouse they had just emptied.

"Tired sweetie?" she murmured, stepping close. "It's OK they're inside."

They embraced and kissed, tongues interlaced, hand searching each others bodies, contrasting bodies - as Nick was a small, wiry teenager and his mature lover was tall, big built and busty.

"Hmm! Not too tired then," she breathed in his ear, feeling his burgeoning erection against her belly. "Good, they'll be going to the pub in a minute so we're free for an hour or so."

"Mrs Lewry, you are lewd tonight," Nick gasped, as her hand gripped his cock through his jeans. "What's a young tee total Christian meant to do when he's held in such a compromising position with a woman old enough to be his mother."

"You could have called me mother for all I care darling. I only wish I could have suckled you from day one. Anyway, let them drive off and then come round, park in the usual spot. See you soon," she giggled, without offence at his age remark, giving him a light kiss and walking away.

Nick watched the undulating sway of the forty-eight year old's lush rear in her tight jeans and the way, even with her back to him he could catch sight of the swing of her pendulous breasts. Farewells were said, kisses exchanged after the warehouse was locked and unlit and the two men drove away in the opposite direction from Nick and Doreen.

Young Nesty drove his Suburu to the usual spot and watched as Doreen parked carefully inside the large garage at the side of her large detached Georgian house. As she clicked the remote to close the garage door, she knew he would be watching her every movement from his hidden place, but gave no reaction or giveaway motion, to preserve the utter secrecy they had maintained since Nick was five years old. She entered her house and lights went on.

Nick locked his car, trod the well worn path through the copse that surrounded the vicarage and slipped over the back fence. He found the key and entered the kitchen as Doreen walked in from the hall, her jeans belt flapping round her hips and her zip half down.

"Coo! Needed a pee desperado," she giggled. "Gone are the times you could come in by the front door my darling," she murmured, as they embraced.

"Well not as frequently maybe, but the weekly tutoring is above board and Charles knows that," he chuckled, fiddling with her brassiere clips under her tee shirt. "God! I've been horny for you watching you bend over those boxes all afternoon."

Within seconds, Doreen had hoisted her tee shirt high and off as Nick unlooped her lacy, black, 44GG bra off her shoulders and sank his head into her cavernous cleavage. With a quick push

downwards, she freed her jeans of her thick arse and shimmied them to the floor. Nick turned her and bent her over the kitchen table, undid his flies, snapped out his cock. Her sheer black tights were stretched down below her crotch then he pulled her white, size 14 Sloggi briefs to one side. The vicar's wife spread her chubby legs and with one stroke, he buried his six inches up to the hilt in her soaking hairy snatch. The frantic fuck was energetic and noisy, their skin slapping loudly at each urgent thrust, echoing her gasps and his grunts. Cutlery rattled in the two drawers built in the old pine table and a large empty plastic vase, gradually made its way to the edge as the lovers fucked with abandon.

Doreen made to rescue the vase, but her flailing arm missed it as her climax started. The thin clatter bothered them not. She arched her back up, arms braced, neck curved back, head high, eyes closed as wave after wave of the ultimate female sensation coursed through her, while Nick pounded at her rump. The cotton gusset of her briefs rasped along his cock, heightening the sensations, as he grasped lumps of her wobbling buttocks, his climax rising and suddenly blasting his cum deep into her cunt.

Gasping and wheezing, he collapsed against her sturdy rear as they let their joined genitals soak in a heady cocktail of free flowing juices. Doreen lowered her torso, her huge tits mashed flat on the pine planks that made up the historic table, as her breathing slowed. She wiggled her butt slightly and Nick's cock plopped wetly out and dribbled onto the massive stone flagstones. She levered up slowly, turning and grinning widely as he stepped back and then stooped to lower her tights, which she stepped out of after kicking off her trainers.

Whilst at the lower level, he buried his face into her crotch, the briefs not managing to capture the wild mess of her forested dark pubes. He drank in her scent, the mixture of sweat, piss, fanny juice and cum rich to his young nose, whilst she murmured approval and messed her fingers through his long brown hair.

"Upstairs quickly Nick," she told him, as he sucked the soaking cotton gusset. "I want to taste you, but in comfort."

He rose and cast off his jeans and pants as she jiggled past him having gathered up her clothing. Together they trotted up the wide stairs, racing to her bedroom and leaping on the marital bed. His tee shirt was thrown aside, with his socks and trainers, as Doreen made him lie then straddled his feet. She dipped her head to his sticky crotch and lapped his balls, then explored his flaccid shaft to the rim of his knob which shone in the low light from the bedside lamp. Gurgling with pleasure, her lips enveloped his glans. While she rolled his foreskin back and forth, tasting every morsel of their combined juices they had created in their urgent needy fuck, Nick relaxed and grinned at the recent photograph on the bedside showing the Reverend Charles Lewry and Doreen meeting the Bishop of Winchester at a large function, remembering how he had shafted her bum that morning during one of his weekly cello lessons.

Ah! The cello lessons. He had started with her at about five years old, one hot summer and turned up wearing a pair of baggy, boy scout type shorts. She had been wearing a loose, knee length Laura Ashley skirt. The introduction to the instrument had been to thrust it between her splayed legs, telling Nick to do the same with the old cello she had handed him. With the neck of the instrument wedged between her voluminous tits, hardly covered by her airy cheesecloth blouse, she proceeded with various movements. For his sake, the view up her legs was captivating, not knowing why, but being motherless and sisterless, his physical contact with females had been nil, apart from cuddles and outings with Doreen who had treated him as if he was her own son. John had been extremely grateful to her and Charles for the way they had taken Nick up as a surrogate son whenever his huge haulage business demanded a lot of his time. The way her breasts enveloped the cello neck, which in turn

caused the crevice of her cleavage to extend virtually to her neck captivated the young and quickly realising lusty lad.

Doreen found his attention wavering somewhat and it dawned on her the direction of his ill disguised stares, but at the same time, with his fidgeting, his cello had pushed up one of his trouser legs and there for her unadulterated view was his sweet little pecker. Being a natural cock lover from her early years and well seasoned in paedophilic tendencies by abuse by her father, the Dean of the cathedral city they lived in during her formative years, suddenly the opportunity to play with and educate an intelligent but naïve boy with only his father's administrations loomed large in her mind.

She had known Nick from a few days after the tragedy, so had seen him naked and in nappies, but it hadn't occurred to the vicar's wife that he could be the answer to her prayers. Charles was a crap lover with a small dick and no libido, so she had dabbled sexually with choristers, a local policeman, even her doctor but never with a minor. This one could be trained up and service her.

"Tasty," she murmured, slithering up him to kiss deeply and then alongside her youth.

"That's what you said that day," he chuckled, nodding at the photograph.

"Oh yes. Gosh! I was running with your cum all the time we were in the guildhall. You should have seen my knickers and stockings. I was sure the old bugger would smell me," she shrieked. "It seemed so evil to be buggered rather than pussy fucked, the day I was meeting him. He's a sod for picking the pretty choir boys, mind you he's often groped me."

"Yes, you told me. You seem to like pretty boys too darling," Nick murmured licking her ear.

"Only ones - one like you," Doreen corrected. "You're perfect. You were the first and the only one."

"Maybe I should see what the fascination is then?" he jested, tweaking the enormous bulb of her right nipple.

"Stop that," she slapped his hand, but not aiming to curtail its playing. "No little boys for you and that's an order."

"Oo get you!" Nick mocked. "Little girls then?"

"Nick please."

"Well if it was good for you..."

"You don't want to, do you?" Doreen levered up, letting her udders swing below, puzzlement writ on her pretty face. She grabbed his limp damp cock, shaking it, threatening him with feigned anger. "Do you?"

"Forget it, it's not going to happen, where am I going to find that?" he replied sternly. "Now let me have a taste of your beautiful hot old cunt before I go away on this trip."

Nick rolled her onto her belly and slid down between her legs. He loved this rear approach, her chubby buttocks all warm and wobbly. Some elements of the old enemy for mature ladies, cellulite, evident below the deep creases and as he gripped her butt and spread them, the dark hairy cave round her arsehole beckoned him.

He dived in, his tongue seeking the heavily muscled, protruding sphincter. He remembered when he had first seen it, it worried him that maybe she had a problem, but he had politely continued to rim her as instructed, after all she was the tutor and he was so so innocent. Many years later when they shared digital photographs of their intimacy, he had brought it up. Doreen was quick to advise him her anus had always had this sort of pucker and she had sought other photographs on the internet to convince him.

Nick's cock was already hardening as he drank in the potent stink of her sweaty bum and the juices from her cunt, mixed in earlier. He got her to raise her butt, but keeping her arms and shoulders low, her legs splayed wide and enjoyed the meaty mound of her vulva. Soon from the thick matt of hair,

easily as long as those mature Japanese women he knew that had big bushes, the thick inner lips blossomed and started to pulse as Doreen used her pelvic floor muscles. The gash opened more with each pulse, glowing red and pink and dripping wet, until he could see the inner membranes that housed her piss hole.

With a moan of pure lust, his mouth pounced on the orange peel like flaps of her inner labia, then roamed throughout the hairy mess of her snatch as Doreen rolled her sumptuous butt in time with his licks and slurps. His nose kept bumping on her engorged sphincter and he lavishly transferred juices on to it. One of her hands slid between her thighs and flicked at her clit and muffled moans could be heard from the pillow.

“My arse Nick, shag it please,” she pleaded, her middle finger a blur on her love bud.

The teenager rose up and levelled his now stiff penis at the inviting bulb of pink and purple skin of her anus and stroked it with his greasy knob end.

“Now darling,” she urged, pulsing, making it enlarge greatly and become soft.

He aimed and eased into her bum. His cock head was fully engaged and he paused as always, until she started to shunt back on him. Soon he was plunging in deep and hard, little shouts and groans emanating from Doreen as the carnal pleasure in the marital bed heightened.

To be continued