

The

Benjamin

Chronicles

By Kaitlyn K

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Harriet

It's A Family Affair

Benjamin, more or less fondly, looked through the candlelight at Harriet, his part-time lover for the past couple of decades. Both had decided this would be their last dinner together, though neither had shared this tidbit with the other yet.

Harriet, at 59, was still beautiful. Benjamin was biased because older blondes had always turned him on, but Harriet was still trim, firm, tanned and gorgeous, and, importantly, still liked the young cock. Fortunately for her, and for Benjamin from time to time, she had the money to indulge this desire. They were not married. Well, Harriet was, but not to Benjamin. They had met years ago when Benjamin was 21 and Harriet 39, when Benjamin was dating Harriet's daughter Brenda, whom he had met at college. The fact he was dating Harriet's daughter didn't really bother either of them.

At the time, Benjamin presumed he had too much good sense to fuck his girlfriend's mother.

He presumed wrong.

Two decades earlier Benjamin had been standing in the large, lush garden of Brenda's family's estate, his role as Brenda's current flame required his attendance at a large gathering. Benjamin was taller than average, trim and blessed with good looks that included a shock of black hair that was somewhere between wavy and curly. He was somewhat quiet, especially around strangers, polite to a fault and had a dry sense of humor and was wrapping up an average middle class upbringing. He was wearing khakis and a purple polo shirt and had been abandoned by Brenda, whom he went to college with and had been dating for a few months. Brenda's abandonment had left Benjamin to feign interest in a conversation that interested him not at all between two people he didn't know.

"Excuse me, sir?"

Benjamin looked behind him. A servant, a short, trim Filipino man of indeterminate age, was at his elbow.

"Yes?"

"Will you come with me, please?"

"Sure," Benjamin said. "Any place in particular?"

“Yes, sir. If you will follow me, please,” the servant said.

They walked out of the garden, past the pool house and behind the main house of the estate. When they were out of view of the other guests the servant addressed Benjamin.

“Joan has requested an audience.”

Benjamin’s stomach froze. Brenda’s grandmother and Harriet’s mom, Joan was the matriarch of the family. Benjamin had been presented to her earlier in the day. Very wealthy, she maintained a fabulous form: firm, and trim, with frosted blonde hair in a bob that drove Benjamin wild. When Joan had warmly taken his hand, kissed his cheek and told him how very nice it was to meet him, Benjamin found himself sporting wood.

Benjamin followed the servant. He got the impression they were taking a back route to wherever they were going and soon enough they entered a back door, walked down a wood paneled hallway and came to two large wooden doors. The servant opened them and they walked to another set of double wooden doors. The servant opened those, too, and they entered what was obviously a library. It, too, was wood paneled, had a variety of comfortable chairs and a desk and had inlaid bookcases.

“Right in here, sir. Joan will be with you presently.”

Benjamin didn’t have to wait long. Within a minute another door opened and Joan entered the library.

“Hello, Benjamin.”

Benjamin now understood why they had taken a circuitous route to a far corner of the estate: Joan was wearing a white bikini, a sheer, purely for adornment cover and come-fuck-me heels.

Slowly and deliberately, Joan walked towards Benjamin and removed the sheer, purely for adornment cover. While not to the manor born, Benjamin did know which fork to use, however he was unclear exactly what etiquette dictated when being seduced by your girlfriend’s grandmother.

After meeting his eyes, Joan looked down.

“You’re hard again,” she said.

Instinctively, Benjamin looked down. When he looked up he gave Joan a shy smile.

“Again?”

“You were hard when we met, young man.” It was neither query nor indictment. Joan was merely stating the fact her granddaughter’s boyfriend had

achieved sexual arousal upon meeting her. "That gives us something in common because you made me wet, young man. Very, very wet."

Benjamin was speechless. He could smell Joan's perfume.

"I was wondering if you wanted me as much as I wanted you," Joan said. She paused, and then nodded in the direction of Benjamin's hard cock. "But I am not wondering that anymore."

Benjamin smiled and shrugged. Joan was in command. When she wanted Benjamin to do something, like speak, she would direct it. For example, if Joan wanted Benjamin to undress, he would undress. If Joan was desirous of sucking Benjamin's dick Benjamin would let her do that. If she wanted Benjamin to eat her out, Benjamin would do that, too.

Joan walked up to Benjamin and placed her arms around his neck and kissed him. It was a warm, tender kiss, as if they were in love. Then she pressed her body against his cock.

"My beautiful, beautiful boy," she whispered. "There are some things I want to do to you. And then there are some things you are going to do to me."

Joan kissed again, tenderly and with an open mouth, her granddaughter's boyfriend

"First, I am going to suck that large, hard cock of yours."

Joan's tongue tickled one of Benjamin's ears.

"Nobody in this family sucks dick like I do. Nobody. Not that child you're seeing now," Joan hissed dismissively "and certainly not her mother. Nobody."

"Really?"

"Young man, when you marry this rich it ain't for love. You've got to earn it. Head is a good way to do that."

Benjamin smiled.

"Then you are going to eat me out. Then you are going to fuck me. Do you understand that?"

Benjamin nodded softly.

Joan took Benjamin's hand and led him to a wall. She moved a framed picture of her, Harriet and Brenda and pushed a button.

The wall moved silently. It revealed a short hallway with soft lighting.

Joan took Benjamin's hand and led him to the end of the hall, where she pushed another button.

Another door slid open, revealing a small bedroom. There was a king sized bed, nightstands on each side and another door that led to a washroom.

“Make all the noise you want. The library is not only remote, it’s soundproofed. Trust me.”

Benjamin still maintained silence. He was going to fuck this beautiful older woman. There was nothing to say.

“Get naked, young man.”

Benjamin complied.

Joan took off her bikini. There were some signs of age. 59 is 59, after all, but the wrinkles were few and Joan didn’t look a whole lot older than her daughter, Harriet.

Both naked, she told Benjamin to get on the bed, preferably on his back. Benjamin complied and in short order Joan joined Benjamin and began sucking Benjamin’s dick. Joan did this with enthusiasm. She enjoyed sucking dick, and she especially enjoyed sucking 21-year-old dick. Sadly, however, Joan had seen her opportunities to suck 21-year-old dick diminish over the years.

But not end entirely. Though the number of young men in their 20’s that were attracted to Joan had declined as she got older, Joan had a great deal of experience fucking younger men. It began when her beloved daughter Harriet was in high school and began throwing parties, which were attended by a variety of young, strapping boys. Most of these boys were not attracted to women her age, but some were, and it wasn’t particularly difficult to find which boys these were. They were the ones with tents in their swim trunks when Joan happened to run into them in the kitchen. They were ones who stared at her and tried to drum up lame conversation with her and who enjoyed it when a foxy older broad grabbed their cocks while they were alone in the kitchen, even though anyone, like Harriet – or their girlfriends – for instance, could walk in at any time. It took some planning so innocent, precious Harriet didn’t find out, but Joan got her share of young cock.

Nobody would know. The estate was large and the party was well on the other side and she wasn’t going to tell her guests she had just fucked her granddaughter’s boyfriend. Also, Benjamin could probably be trusted not to go around blabbing about what a great lay Joan was, either. As long as they weren’t gone too long and didn’t waltz back to the party holding hands it was likely no one would miss them. The library, and the servant, had been doing their duty for years.

Joan really did not want to stop sucking Benjamin’s dick. It was insanely hard and thick and long and young, but they didn’t have all day, and Joan desperately wanted the 21-year-old cock in her pussy.

So she rolled over and Benjamin was on top of her before Joan could order it. Her perfume was intoxicating. He kissed her and sucked on her tongue and worked his way down Joan's neck and before he knew it he was working on Joan's breasts. They were nice breasts, still firm, still more or less real. The surgery to keep them looking young had been as discreet as it had been expert.

Benjamin worked his way down Joan's stomach and soon was eating 59-year-old pussy. He liked it, too. Benjamin tried to explain his older woman tendencies to a buddy once but he didn't see it. Too bad for him, Benjamin thought, because nobody fucks like an older broad getting young cock. Nobody. And Joan's pussy tasted just like her granddaughter Brenda's pussy tasted.

Joan, though, had more patience than her granddaughter. Where Brenda got really worked up really quickly, Joan was willing to let Benjamin do his work. It wasn't expert work, by any means. Benjamin, after all, was a younger man and while in possession of the raw materials required for pleasing a hot older blond, his pussy eating technique, tragically, was more useful for eating corn on the cob. But Joan's guiding hand provided expert instruction, however and in no time at all Joan had Benjamin eating her out so well she lost count of the number of times she had come.

Benjamin found he had zero moral issues with eating out his girlfriend's grandmother. None at all. It was rather easy, actually. 38 years was a lot of age difference, but Joan wasn't Benjamin's first older blonde. Two, he and Brenda weren't exactly Couple of the Year and Benjamin thought they probably would be broken up before the holidays.

Joan certainly didn't care. Her life, while certainly luxurious and not too difficult, had not been particularly satisfying. Like most women, she liked the cock and her late husband had been a dutiful provider, but her husband had been her age.

On Joan's orders Benjamin stopped eating her pussy and started fucking her.

Benjamin's affair with Harriet began a few days later. They were having lunch, which they did from time to time. Harriet was a chatty and funny lady and, in addition to wanting her, Benjamin genuinely enjoyed her company.

Since it turned out that both her daughter and mother had wanted to fuck him, Benjamin wondered if Harriet wanted to, too. He certainly wanted to. He had from the start. Tanned like the her daughter and mother, with big tits, long platinum blonde hair she wore layered and a really hot, curvy body she had to be as good

in the sack as Brenda and Joan. Well, as good as Joan. Brenda was all right, but Joan was better. He knew though, that like her daughter and mother, if Harriet was interested in Benjamin she would let him know.

Harriet filed her letter of interest in fucking her daughter's boyfriend after lunch, while they stood on the sidewalk preparing to say goodbye.

"I know what you did to my mother Saturday."

"Really?" Benjamin hoped his voice didn't reveal how shocked he was.

"I know about the library. Mom's been fucking there for a long time."

Benjamin looked at Harriet as if expecting to be killed, or worse, but Harriet shook her head dismissively. To further disabuse Benjamin of the notion that fucking her mother while simultaneously dating her daughter was of any particular consequence, Harriet waved a hand.

Harriet then scoped Benjamin out, top to bottom and looked at him through lowered eyes.

"I would like you to do those things to me, Benjamin. Nobody's ever gone down on me like that before."

And that's how it began, the 20-year affair that was about to end. Twenty minutes later they were standing naked by the window in a suite in a luxury hotel. Benjamin was kissing Harriet's neck from behind. One hand was massaging a breast while another had two fingers searching for her clit. Harriet had one hand working the back of Benjamin's head while the other reached down and had a hand on Benjamin's ass.

"I can't believe nobody's eaten your pussy before."

Harriet moaned. She couldn't either, really.

"I need to make sure it's wet enough, though," Benjamin whispered.

Harriet shivered. Her daughter's boyfriend and her mother's latest boy toy was going to eat her out.

First though, Benjamin bent his knees and stuck two fingers really deep inside Harriet's pussy. A probe which revealed Harriet was, in fact, sufficiently wet to warrant the eating of her pussy. It was about the same as if he had stuck his fingers in a cup of water, really.

Harriet had not had decent sex in a while. Long divorced, she had found the money she had grown up with, married, and later earned on her own had made her snobbish. Most men her age did not possess the wealth she now required in a husband and the ones that did couldn't fuck for any length of time anymore. And

as an educated woman who was now a successful lawyer, Harriet found she hadn't had a whole lot in common with the younger men she had gone out with.

But she and Benjamin had always gotten along. Not too surprising considering her daughter liked him, even though Brenda had confided to her that while Benjamin could fuck, they would probably be broken up before the Christmas revels. And she could tell he was attracted to her. Women knew things like this. But she wasn't entirely sure Benjamin would fuck his girlfriend's mother until she saw him fucking his girlfriend's grandmother.

Fucking mom. First she fucks the boys in her high school class, then she starts fucking another generation. Not that she blamed her. Getting fucked by a young stud was good for both body and mind.

Benjamin took two fingers full of Harriet's pussy juice and put them in his mouth. He pulled Harriet's hair slightly so she could see him do this.

"I'm wondering if you suck cock as good as your mommy. Or your daughter?"

Harriet complied. Willingly, feeling the same perverse sense of accomplishment her mother did at seducing Brenda's boyfriend. She sucked so well that Benjamin was obliged to retire to the bed.

Unlike Brenda, who lacked the experience to tell when Benjamin was about to come, Harriet knew, and since she didn't want Benjamin to come any more than Benjamin did, she knew when to stop.

Then Benjamin ate his girlfriend's mother out. He was kneeling at the edge of the bed, his face between her legs. He teased her first, flicking his tongue in the general area of her clit before Harriet, unable to stand it anymore, put her hands on Benjamin's head, grabbed his hair, and pushed his face between her legs. Benjamin really enjoyed eating pussy and fresh from the lessons Harriet's mother had provided a few days earlier, he eagerly and expertly ate Harriet out. Harriet wouldn't let him stop! When he tried to stop Harriet would simply push his head back between her legs.

So Benjamin ate pussy.

They fucked for an hour the first time and only stopped because either Benjamin was getting bored or he couldn't wait anymore. He wasn't too sure. Besides, he was young and if Harriet wanted more cock he would be ready to provide it soon enough.

He was fucking her with her legs held in front of him and her hips up driving his 21-year-old cock into her 39-year-old pussy, which Benjamin thought wasn't a

whole lot different than her mother's 59-year-old pussy or her daughter's 20-year-old pussy.

Bored, Benjamin pulled out and worked his way up until he was straddling Harriet's face.

Harriet had a look on her face that said she didn't quite know what was coming up, but she suspected.

Benjamin worked his cock around her face a bit. Then he took it in his hand and slapped her with it. His cock was big enough, and hard enough, that there was some force behind this, not that Harriet minded. Certain that some psychologist somewhere could explain why she liked that her daughter's boyfriend was slapping her face with his hard cock and not her daughter's face and certainly not her mother's face. This boy was hers. For now.

"Suck it, mommy," Benjamin said, sliding his dick back into Harriet's mouth.

Mommy sucked off her daughter's boyfriend. Benjamin, enjoying the view that came from straddling his girlfriend's mother's face as she sucked him off, worked it for a while. He put a hand behind Harriet's head and grabbed some hair and drove his cock as far down Harriet's throat as it would go. He pulled out and teased her, pulling her hair so no matter how hard she strained for Benjamin's cock, it remained out of reach of her mouth.

Eventually Benjamin got bored and he had a date with Harriet's daughter to get ready for anyway, so he allowed Harriet to suck until he came on her face. Nobody had ever come on Harriet's face before and, like getting eaten out and her face slapped with Benjamin's python cock, she found she liked it and she found she really liked it when Benjamin rubbed his come in her face with his dick and then with his hands and she breathlessly and willingly ate the come off Benjamin's hands when he forced her to.

That was 20 years ago. A lot had happened since then, including Benjamin getting bored a few years later and almost ending it. He livened it up one morning in New Orleans. They were both flying out later that day and Benjamin had Harriet on her knees with her arms stretched out and her hands tied to the bedpost. He was spanking Harriet, reminding her that even though she was a successful attorney, at this particular point in time she was nothing more than a goddamned fucking cunt, not to mention Benjamin's goddamned cum receptacle and if Harriet somehow got the impression Benjamin considered her a whore who could only

dream of the day when she could fuck like her mother and daughter, well, Benjamin had no control over that.

To reinforce to Harriet that she was nothing more than a whore Benjamin spanked her with a paddle he brought on their trips.

Recently Benjamin had suffered a financial setback and the old bank account was in need of a modest boost, and, in a moment of inspiration, he wondered why he should be living in reduced circumstances when this horny bitch he had tied up in an expensive hotel suite in the Big Fucking Easy had more money than she knew what to do with and could easily provide bailout funds.

Benjamin did not directly ask for or demand money from Harriet. He did put his cock inside her from behind and started fucking her doggie style with her hands tied to the bedpost and since her hair was still long, he started pulling it. When he let up a half-hour later she fell to her stomach, exhausted. Benjamin laid on top of her and put his mouth to her ear.

“You need the young dick, don’t you bitch?”

Harriet nodded exhausted, as if that were obvious to even the most casual observer. She liked it when Benjamin called her bitch in private.

“Yes...” she sighed, as if conceding a point.

“You need it enough to pay for it, don’t you?”

Harriet nodded. She didn’t even blink.

“How much?” Her tone was the same as if Benjamin had reported she needed paper clips to hold her documents together and Benjamin could sell her some. Unfortunately Benjamin didn’t have a rate card handy, and he had no idea what the Younger Man’s union asked for a weekend of company and, therefore, could not quote her a price.

Benjamin told Harriet he would leave that detail to her.

With that Benjamin untied Harriet and went and took a shower.

When it was time to leave Harriet gave Benjamin an envelope that had \$5,000 in it. She was not really surprised it had come to this. She knew Benjamin wanted her because he liked older blonds, like her mother, and a stiff cock doesn’t lie, but as a couple they had been going through the motions for a while and she had sensed Benjamin might ready to end their affair.

Harriet, however, was not ready to end their affair. She was engaged to a wealthy, older man who did not fuck as good as Benjamin did. He did not eat her pussy at all, much less with the diligence Benjamin did and if he ever bothered to

smack her face with his cock it certainly would not have the same force Benjamin's cock had. Harriet was long over the glee that came from fucking her daughter's boyfriend – especially since the pair had broken up years ago – but she was not over the fact Benjamin was almost 20 years her junior. That still turned her on and she was not ready to give up that up, though she would not marry Benjamin like he had shown some interest in. She had a professional career, and a potential political career, to think about and she would marry for wealth and money and status because marrying a younger man who could provide none of these things would not get her what she wanted out of life. But if money was what Benjamin wanted, and, she suspected, needed, she'd provide money.

“Here,” she said smiling, handing him the envelope.

Benjamin smiled back and took it and put it in his bag. Since he had done his duty and earned it, he didn't thank her for it.

“Aren't you going to count it?”

Benjamin smiled again. It was bulging and Benjamin suspected it wasn't with one dollar bills.

“No, lover. It's the thought that counts. Thank you.”

Harriet had been paying Benjamin for his company for the past 15 years or so. With the exception of a couple of times when he had been particularly broke and had requested a specific amount he had never made any demands. He didn't complain the handful of times she had been unable to secure first-class air transportation for him and he never counted the money she gave him in her presence. And he kept coming back and fucking her blind. And she kept paying him. And Benjamin continued to be good company. Funny, polite and easy-going. Thanks to Harriet's expert guidance, he now knew how to behave in the world's best hotels and restaurants, a debt Benjamin was both aware of and grateful for because before he could barely order a burrito without causing an international incident.

Now as they both sat at a candlelit table in an elegant, expensive restaurant they both needed to end this affair.

Benjamin didn't need Harriet's money anymore. The personal financial crisis that had – brilliantly, in retrospect – led him to request the Harriet Financial Bailout had long since passed and for years Benjamin had been banking Harriet's contributions to his general fund. He was not wealthy yet, but the money was working for him and Benjamin wasn't too far from having a nice nest egg.

Plus, he was tired of being drop-shipped all over the country to put out.

Harriet, after years in a very successful private practice, had decided to run for office and while there was certainly no shortage of politicians who had affairs on the side, Harriet found power, or more accurately the prospect of power, more intoxicating than young cock and was prepared to give Benjamin up.

Harriet broke the news first, over coffee following dessert.

"I need to end this, Benjamin," she said matter-of-factly.

Benjamin regarded her with raised eyebrows.

"You should have married, me, then you wouldn't have to."

"I couldn't marry you, Benjamin. You know that. There are things I want to do. To do those things, I needed to marry someone who could provide entree to the life I want to live."

"Still though, it was fun going on your honeymoon with you," Benjamin said laughing.

Harriet laughed, too. She had married an older man. She had married him because he was a very well connected widower who could provide the benefits Harriet required. Her husband was not exactly Don Juan in the sack. He was dutiful and enthusiastic because Harriet was a beautiful younger woman, but there was no way he could possibly fuck like Benjamin did.

So Harriet brought Benjamin along on her honeymoon. She shipped him to Hawaii a couple of days before their arrival and over the course of the next three weeks fucked Benjamin whenever her new husband was off playing golf, which was pretty much every day.

"You don't seem too disappointed, Benjamin."

Benjamin smiled warmly, but otherwise kept quiet.

Suddenly, Harriet had an insight.

"You were going to leave me, weren't you?" Harriet quizzed, not too pleasantly.

"No, no, no," Benjamin said, smiling a shit-eating grin while lying through his teeth. "Not really."

"Bullshit. I know you."

Benjamin shrugged.

"Perhaps..." he said, letting the sentence trail, as if he was looking for a way to conclude it.

"Perhaps what? Our ship has sailed?"

"No...no" Benjamin said, still thinking.

“Well?” Harriet’s tone was actually rather stern.

“Perhaps our ship has pulled into its harbor?”

Harriet considered that for second before smiling, taking her champagne glass and offering it for a toast.

“Nice recovery, Benjamin,” Harriet said, smiling. “To harbors, then, Benjamin,”

Harriet beamed a smile that had Benjamin ready to sign up for another 20 years of adultery. For his part Benjamin smiled and nodded his head happily, pleased his analogy – which he had pulled out of his ass – had found favor.

“Cheers. To harbors. Today’s and tomorrow’s.”

He tapped Harriet’s champagne glass with his own. Harriet laughed.

“You’re sounding like a Hallmark card, Benjamin!”

Their meal done, Harriet smiled as she signed the check the waiter had brought.

“We have one more night, then,” she said, returning her pen to her purse. “I would like to be eaten out, and fucked, and I want you to spread my pussy juice on my tits and then lick it off before you fuck me some more. And you are going to come on my face one final time.”

Benjamin looked around in horror, because Harriet had said this in a normal tone of voice, as if she were dictating tasks for her secretary to accomplish and not detailing the sex acts she wanted her young lover to do to her.

“And stay away from my granddaughter, too,” she said seriously as they both stood up to leave. “Three generations of us women, in non-chronological order – is enough for you.”