

# HEALTHY MOTIVATION

***Ahabscribe***

*Aunt and cousin help a young man get healthy!*

Incest/Taboo

4.64

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*I consider this a more playful effort than the last few stories - a reworking of something written and posted to a now gone, but fondly remembered web site. As always your comments and emails help inspire me - I want your comments both pro and con. Enjoy!*

The characters of this story are fictional and exist only within the confines of the story and my imagination!

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I am not ashamed to say that I'd let my life spiral completely out of control after my wife left me for a goddamn graduate assistant she'd met and opened her legs for while studying to be a grade school teacher. Sherry had been my life since we first met as high school freshman at the big consolidated county high school in our home town in rural Kentucky. She was the prettiest thing I'd ever seen, like a well stacked Sandra Bullock and I was head over in heels in love with her from the day we first sat next to each other in Freshman English. We'd married two weeks after we graduated from high school and for six years, I'd thought we were the happiest couple on Earth.

We'd both been working at a local textile mill that made uniform shirts -- mostly for the military, but for service jobs too. There wasn't much money, but we were happy. Then as the economy began to slide, Sherry decided she wanted to be a teacher and while it was a stretch money-wise, I supported her one hundred percent.

She was in her second year when she met the pretty-boy, some long-haired guitar strumming son of a bitch who worked as a graduate assistant with one of her professors. Before long, she was staying extra hours and it wasn't until I came home from work one Friday night and found most of her shit missing from our trailer that I even had a clue she was fucking someone else. The break-up was ugly, concluding with me making pretty-boy not so pretty when I beat the shit out of him outside the local university's graduate student apartment complex.

I enjoyed whipping his ass, but it cost me eight months in county lockup and when I got out, I was divorced and discovered that my job that my supervisor promised would be waiting for me had moved out of the country along with the rest of the factory. Sherry and her new love had already busted up and she'd moved in with a geology professor. Go figure. And now I can't stand to see a Sandra Bullock movie either.

I've gotten by doing pick up jobs around town and by drinking a lot. Haven't had a whole lot of use for women, but when the need got too great, Greta, the waitress down at the 'Step Right Inn' has been more than willing to oblige. Ain't love -- she's pretty much been willing to oblige anything on two feet with a willing dick. The drinking and smoking and too much time on my hands led me to getting pretty out of shape damn quick.

Before my marriage crashed and burned, I thought I was an okay looking guy. Six feet tall, stocky like my daddy and grandpa before me, but factory work had kept the weight off and the muscles on. Now a year after getting out of jail I was developing quite the beer gut, the trailer looked like a trash dump and my closest relationships were the cans I pulled out of the twelve pack cases of cheap beer I made sure I kept plenty of around the place. Most of my friends and family wrote me off as a lost cause, some blaming Sherry and others saying all I needed was a good, swift kick in the ass. As it turns out, two of my relatives had a different opinion and that's where my story really begins...

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It was one of those cool, dreary days we get here in Eastern Kentucky in late March -- with an on and off drizzle and the promise that real spring will never arrive. I was watching Regis & Kelli with a wicked hangover and only a couple of cans of cheap beer between me and likely death. I was wearing grungy sweats and debating whether I should shower or not before I made my way up the road to the convenience store to re-supply.

I heard a car pull up in front of my trailer and cut off. Next came the slamming of two car doors and I groaned as I realized I was about to have company. It couldn't be good news -- I hadn't had any of that in longer than I could remember.

My hangover kicked into overdrive as someone began pounding on my front door. Then a woman's strident yell added to my misery. "John! John Hill you wake up in there and open this door. Do it right now!"

Somehow I managed to get to my feet and stagger towards the door, wincing as I finally hollered back, "I'm coming, so stop your damn bellowing!" I opened the door, ready to chew someone's ass out for bothering me, but then felt my face go red as I said in a much meeker voice, "Oh...hey Aunt Wanda."

My late daddy's younger sister, Wanda stood there frowning at me. Over her shoulder grinning at me was her daughter, my cousin, Katie. My aunt gave me a disapproving once over and then poked me in the stomach and said, "You forgot your manners, John? Let us in!"

I retreated, allowing them access, a bit embarrassed and preparing to catch hell from my aunt over all the beer cans and bottles and empty pizza boxes lying around. I couldn't remember how long it had been since I'd ran the vacuum cleaner, but I figured I could probably grow corn in the dust and dirt piling up around me. I walked a little unevenly back to the safe haven of my busted spring couch and sprawled heavily down to wait out a bitching out from family.

Aunt Wanda and Cousin Katie marched in and stood in front of me, hands on hips as they scanned the room. Katie grinned down at me and said, "Hey, Cuz -- Ain't seen you around much lately. You okay?"

Aunt Wanda turned and scowled at her. "Hell no, he's not doing okay. Look at this shithole!" My aunt turned and frowned down at me. In a voice that seemed to be growing louder and more painful by the moment, she barked, "What the hell's wrong with you? Your momma would have a stroke if she saw how bad this place looks. Your dear daddy would drop over dead again if he saw how you've let yourself go!"

Katie covered her mouth with one hand, unable to muffle her amused giggle. I shook my head, immediately regretted it and reached out for the last beer in the house. Before I could crack it open,

Wanda snapped, "Boy, you open that damn beer and I'll tear your damn head off!"

I paused and set the can down. Trying to sound as polite as possible, I said in a raw and shaky voice. "What are you here for, Aunt Wanda...besides busting my balls?" Asking the question actually made me think about it. What was my aunt doing here? We'd not talked since she passed on going my bail when I'd beaten the pretty boy up. I raised my bleary eyes to study my aunt and cousin in the rain dimmed light of my living room. What I saw surprised me and made me think maybe I was overdue to visit Greta.

My Aunt Wanda was about forty-six years old and like all my daddy's siblings, had a bit of a stocky build, but on her five foot -- three frame, it looked pretty good. She'd always been an exercise freak -- walking and doing aerobics -- even before Jane Fonda had made them popular. She wore her black hair cut short -- an elfin bob that framed her dark brown eyes and somehow fit her buxom hourglass figure. Wanda was dressed for exercise, wearing spandex shorts that didn't reach her knees -- wrapped tight around her thick, but muscular and toned thighs. She had on a tight sweatshirt that did nothing to conceal the traditional 'Hill Women's' knockers, large, sloping breasts that sat up on her chest with nipples that pointed at you like a couple of pistols. The cool air had her nipples standing up and saying howdy. Even her white crew socks and running shoes added to her sexy look.

Her daughter, my cousin Katie was very much her equally sexy opposite. Katie was tall and slender -- pushing five foot -- nine inches tall with long, bottle-blond hair cascading down her back. She had her mother's eyes, but not much else. Small cupcake sized breasts with long pointy nipples rested under a light, white sweatshirt. She had on running shorts that rode high on her thighs and drew attention to her long, coltish, very shapely legs. She'd been on the track team back in high school and now at twenty-three with a two year old girl at home, she still looked like she could run long distance.

Yeah, I was definitely overdue to see Greta if I was admiring my aunt and cousin in a sexual way. I snapped out of my reverie, realizing that Aunt Wanda was yammering at me again. I took a deep breath and interrupted her. "I'm sorry. What is it you want from me again?"

My aunt glared down at me and snarled back, "Mostly, I'm hoping we can get you to pull your head out of your ass!" She leaned over, shaking a finger at me, her heavy breasts visibly rolling under that sweatshirt. "John, look at you -- you've turned into a fat slob. How can you ever hope to find another decent job when you're so out of shape?"

I gave a heavy sigh, aggravated that I was getting my chops busted by my aunt and aggravated that I knew she was right. "Well, there aint no one hiring right now anyway, so who cares?" I responded, sounding a bit childish even to myself.

Aunt Wanda shook her head and said, "Well, you might be wrong there, boy! Your Uncle Carl thinks his mill might be hiring in a few weeks and he can get you on, but not if you can't handle the work!"

That perked my interest. Wanda's husband was a foreman at a local lumber mill and I knew they paid better than most places in the county. My aunt could see the interest in my face and continued, "Katie and I are here to get your fat ass up and exercising so you can get hired on and not die of a heart attack!"

"Exercise, how?" I asked, not liking the sound of that.

"To start with, you can go walking with us, Cuz," Katie chimed in.

"Ummmmmm...I don't know," I replied. "Maybe tomorrow if it ain't raining." Aunt Wanda was all about exercise -- doing aerobics and walking miles every day. I had a dim memory of her bragging about walking a minimum of five miles a day at a family get-together back when I was still married. She had different routes that took her all over town and out into the rural areas. Katie had walked with her off and on since before graduating high school.

"Today, John Hill!" Aunt Wanda said in a firm voice. "You get up off that couch and walk with us today and tomorrow and everyday until you get back into shape.

With my head banging a heavy metal number on my brain and the nausea of last night's drinking threatening to send me running to the bathroom, I slowly shook my head and said, "No, not today. Maybe tomorrow." I licked my lips and eyed that last can of beer wistfully.

"Not tomorrow, dammit!" Aunt Wanda shot right back. "We want to help you, but we need you to get your sorry ass off that couch today...NOW!"

I started to argue back, but before I could speak, Katie moved to kneel beside me, bringing one hand to rest on my upper right thigh, mid-way between my knee and crotch. "John...Cuz, we wouldn't be doing this if we didn't love you," she said softly, her eyes imploring me. She squeezed her hand as she said, "Hon' we all care about you. You're family and we're worried about you. Do this, please." Katie moved her hand a little so her fingers draped down my inner thigh. She squeezed again and said, "Please go with us, you won't be sorry you did."

My eyes traveled back and forth between my cousin's pretty blue eyes and her hand on my leg, pausing just long enough between to admire those pointy nipples of hers, poking through her light sweatshirt. I felt a twitch in my crotch and felt heat rising in my face -- a reaction I'd not had for Katie before.

Before I could make a reply, Aunt Wanda crouched down on the other side of me, resting her hand on the opposite leg at about the same place as her daughter. Surprisingly powerful fingers squeezed my fleshy thigh. "John, I know I growl like an old bitch sometimes, but you're my nephew and I love you. Please do this for me." There was a kindness in her eyes and in her voice I'd never sensed before and again, my eyes moved back and forth looking at her gripping my thigh and then at her dark eyes. Then as if drawn to it, my eyes traveled down farther to witness something unexpected.

Aunt Wanda was squatting there, her knees spread apart for balance and inadvertently flashing me an incredible shot of camel-toe, her cunt lips clearly outlined against the tight fitting spandex of her shorts. I felt my cock throb and begin to grow in my sweats. I shifted in my seat, trying to keep it from letting its presence becoming known. At a loss for any other answer, struggling to keep my mind from going places it shouldn't go, I finally nodded and said, "Okay, I'll do it!"

Both my cousin and my aunt rewarded me with huge grins and together they reached down and hauled me off the couch. Moments later, my beat up old sneakers on my feet, I was staggering out the door. The rain had stopped at least for the moment, although the cool air was still thick and humid -- a mildly warm breeze blowing up from the south hinting at the merest possibility of Spring.

We walked down the gravel lane that led to my trailer from the main road, ignoring my old pick-up and my cousin's little blue Buick. Aunt Wanda and Katie walked on either side of me, moving easily along at a mild pace and I was keeping up with them fine, trying to ignore my still painful hangover -- although the fresh air did seem to ease the pounding in my head a little.

Once on the road, we headed north, towards Gil's Market -- the convenience store where I usually picked up beer, maybe a half-mile away. The state had built a bicycle lane on the road years before and we were able to continue to walk three abreast -- Aunt Wanda bringing me up to date on family gossip with occasional comments from Katie. As we approached the market, I was now breathing just a little heavy -- not winded, but clearly not used to the exercise. Already, I was hoping that maybe we'd turn back at the store and call it a day.

I was really disappointed as we turned off the main highway at the Market and began walking down a smaller, older paved road -- Tilman's Road -- that led away from town and into the Kentucky Hills. "So, how far are we going?" I asked, trying not to sound like I was already out of breath.

Katie grinned at me and said, "Not far. Momma and I usually park at Gil's and start from here on our shorter walks. We'll take it easy on you today."

A half mile or so past Gil's I began to grow concerned. There were the occasional house that we passed now, but the woods on either side were growing heavier and as a light rain began to fall, I realized we were beginning to go uphill on what was called Tilman's Grade -- a fairly steep hill that topped out perhaps a mile beyond us. I quickly felt the strain of walking up hill washing over me -- my headache announcing new levels of pain as I sweated the booze from my body.

There was little traffic on Tilman's Grade -- the occasional old truck or car swinging wide of us as we trudged up the asphalt road. The air was thick with moisture, making it harder to breathe and despite the coolness of the weather, I was now sweating profusely. I began to slow, allowing my aunt and cousin to take a lead a few feet in front of me.

My growing physical discomfort now found competition for my attention. Even as I was gasping for breath and my leg muscles began to burn with the effort, my eyes were drawn to the two very different but definitely feminine asses wiggling in front of me. I shifted my gaze back and forth as I watched appreciatively the full and rounded ass of my aunt in her tight spandex shorts and the tight, pert heart shaped butt of my cousin.

My cock began to waken again, despite my exhaustion and pain. I never realized how nice Aunt Wanda's ass was -- full and firm or just how Katie's heart shaped butt swung just the right way to make a man's cock want to grow and get hard. I had a sudden yearning to see what my aunt and cousin would look like naked -- to hold and cup their ass cheeks in my hands, wanting to feel each woman's unique flesh.

I had to stagger for a moment as I readjusted my sweats, allowing room for my cock to lengthen along my left thigh. Aunt Wanda looked back at me, a bit amused and called out, "Are you alright, John?"

I nodded and then huffed, "Sure -- how much longer we going on?" We were going around a sharp, banked curve in the road and I could see ahead a long uphill stretch of road leading to the top of Tilman's Grade. It was probably less than a mile, but it seemed to be a world away.

Aunt Wanda grinned and said, "Not too far -- just to the top of the Grade." She turned and resumed her steady march alongside her daughter while I felt the wind falling out of my sails. The top? The fucking top of Tilman's Grade? I felt my erection began to wilt as I began to lose any taste for walking. I tried to figure out how far we'd come -- a half mile from my house to Gil's Store -- maybe a little more than a half mile from there with damn near another mile to go.

I was beginning to gasp for air now, my leg muscles trembling with exhaustion -- burning from lack of oxygen and my hangover maybe in its last gasps, but going out hard. I was quickly losing ground -- now maybe eight or so feet from my cousin and aunt. Their asses looked as good as ever, but I was hurting now and losing heart. "I'd done," I called out. "I can't go another fucking step."

Katie turned and began walking backwards, holding out her arms to me. "C'mon, Cuz, you can do it. We'll be there in no time." Under her light sweatshirt, her small, pert breasts bounced like apples on the tree.

I shook my head as I slowed down. "I'm fucking done -- maybe tomorrow." I stopped, maybe embarrassed and ashamed, but definitely done in as I watched Aunt Wanda and Katie move away.

Aunt Wanda glanced over her shoulder and said something I couldn't make out to her daughter. Katie grinned in response and then without a word, reached down with her hands and pulled her sweatshirt up, exposing her breasts to me, never breaking her backwards stride.

I'm sure my jaw hit the ground and my eyes nearly popped out of my skull as I gazed at my cousin's naked tits. Small, firm and round, like young, ripe melons, capped with two very stiff and long nipples the size of pencil eraser tips. Katie grinned at my stunned reaction and stuck out her tongue at me. "C'mon, John, you can do it. I know you've got it in you. Holding up her sweatshirt with one hand, she reached down and cupped the crotch of her running shorts with the other. "I promise you, Cuz, you want to reach the top of the Grade!"

She continued to show off her young, fine titties, glistening as they became wet in the light rain, until I was again moving -- slowly, but gaining speed, completely unawares that I had again a burgeoning erection in my pants until she puckered her lips and blew me a kiss and then dropping her shirt, spun around and kept walking.

Minutes passed and I was a fucking mess. My body ached in ways I never knew possible, but other parts of me throbbed in anticipation of unexpected pleasure. My mind raced in circles, trying to figure out what was going on. Was this Katie's idea of a joke? Had her mother told her to expose her breasts to me? What would happen when we reached the top of Tilman's Grade?

Closer and closer we marched to the top of the hill until finally, I could see off the road in a stand of trees an old roadside picnic area where in the days before the interstate, travelers could pull over and have a bite to eat and enjoy the scenic view of the Appalachian Mountains of Eastern Kentucky. A couple of ancient picnic tables still stood amongst the trees bracketed by two small stone and concrete buildings -- one a public restroom and the opposite one a storage building for the state park service.

Aunt Wanda and Katie veered off the highway and into the picnic area. I followed and collapsed on a picnic bench, the ancient wood creaking dangerously under me. Katie stood near me, stretching, but Aunt Wanda walked over to the old storage building and producing a key from her fanny pack, unlocked it. She glanced back at us with a strange smile and said, "Well, come on -- ain't you got sense to get out of the rain?"

With a groan I stood up and followed Katie to the storage building. I stopped in the doorway, surprised to find that instead of a grungy supply/storage room, it was a clean 15X15 foot room -- an old couch resting against one wall. A straight-back wood chair sitting against another with two large plastic coolers sitting on either side sat next to another wall. Aunt Wanda was squatting next to the chair, pulling water bottles out of one cooler. Katie was bent over the other, coming out with

dry towels, one of which she threw me. Handing one to her mother, she began toweling her hair with the other.

Katie looked at me and said, "Come on in, take a load off," as she dried her hair. To my look of further confusion, she said. "You know Paul's daddy, Cyrus?" She was referring to her father in law. "His brother, Darren works for the Park Service, cleaning up and doing yard work and all. He fixed this place up to take breaks in now and again and he gave Momma a set of keys a couple of years back. We keep water and towels and stuff for when we might need it."

Aunt Wanda came up, a smirk on her face as she handed me a bottle of water. She pushed me towards the couch and said, "Take a break, honey. You deserve it."

I nodded dumbly and took a seat, looking at both of them and not knowing what to say. I felt confused and no doubt looked it too. My aunt gestured to the water. "Drink up, John. You've been working hard -- you need to keep hydrated."

With her hair a damp and wild tangle, Katie came up from behind her mother and began toweling Wanda's short, wet hair. "You went and walked two miles, Cuz! I'm damn proud of you!"

Wanda let out with a snorting laugh. "Well, I always said if you want a man to do something for you, show him a bit of titty and he'll follow you anywhere!"

Katie's face reddened a little while they both had a good laugh at my expense. I was still freaked out by the whole thing, but felt a little irritation too at both of them. They seemed to be enjoying this a little too much. I tried to reclaim a little self-respect by joshing back. "So what would you have done if it hadn't worked?"

Katie paused in drying her mother's hair and grinned evilly at me. "Why, Cuz, I'd have pulled down my shorts and flashed my little pussy at you. I bet you didn't know I keep it clean shaven -- smooth as a baby's butt!"

Her answer rocked my world. I couldn't believe my own married cousin was saying something like that to me. I couldn't believe it turned me on as much as it did -- my cock which had not really gone down since she'd shown me her tits, now throbbed angrily in my pants. Still, surprised as I was, I tried to act cool about it, replying, "And if that didn't work?"

Katie didn't bat an eye, instead dropping the towel and yanking her mother's sweatshirt up, exposing Aunt Wanda's large, gourd-like breasts -- thick, round nipples standing out erect nearly a half inch long! "I imagine you'd do whatever we asked to get a good look at these big hooters!" she said, the glee in her voice evident.

As I stared at awe at my aunt's meaty breasts, part of me realized that Wanda wasn't a bit perturbed by her daughter's actions. She laughed as her daughter pulled her sweatshirt over her head and turned to drape it over the straight back chair. "Actually, I was betting it would take my big titties to get you all the way up the Grade. I reckon I didn't bet how horny you might be," my Aunt said in a teasing voice.

Katie returned and stood behind her mother. As I watched in utter disbelief, my cousin wrapped her arms around her mother and cupped Aunt Wanda's heavy breasts. "You do have to admit, Cuz, these are mighty fine tits!" she giggled, looking at me from over her mother's shoulders. Her hands squeezed and mauled my aunt's heavy tits, fingers twisting and pinching those thick, meaty nipples

while Aunt Wanda's face took on a dreamy expression. I felt my cock throb in my sweatpants, precum bubbling from my piss-slit as Wanda wiggled her firm butt against her daughter's groin.

No longer even attempting to sound cocky, I managed to gasp, "What the hell is going on?"

Katie began to nuzzle her mother's neck and ear as Aunt Wanda smiled down at me and said, "This is that we love you and we've been worried about you and your cousin and I decided to do something about it. A lot's been going while you got divorced and been feeling sorry for yourself -- a lot's changed for Katie and me as you can see and these are changes that we want you to be a part of. She paused as Katie kissed her cheek, spurring her to turn her head and exchange a brief and exciting kiss with her daughter -- tongues dueling merrily as I watched, shivering with arousal.

With her daughter's saliva wet on her lips, Aunt Wanda continued. "We both want you to be a part of these changes. It will be good for you and," her eyes dropped down to my crotch, "Judging from the size of the tent in your sweats, it'll be good for us too!"

I was having trouble processing my aunt's words although my body seemed to have to trouble responding to the unbelievable things I was seeing. "You...you mean, me and you and Katie are going to...um..." I couldn't even say it. My god, this was my daddy's sister! She was a respected member of the community. She taught the junior high kids in Sunday School down at the Blue Creek Baptist Church and unless I had suddenly been struck stupid...

"We're going to fuck your brains out, Cuz!" giggled Katie, finishing my thoughts aloud.

"Really?" I said in a squeaky voice, feeling stupid even before the words slipped out of my mouth.

Aunt Wanda slipped out of her daughter's embrace and climbed onto the couch next to me -- kneeling so that her breasts were level with my face, almost brushing my lips while she ran her fingers through my damp hair. "Really, John," she answered. While Katie moved forward and squatted down in front of me, my aunt continued. "If you make an honest effort to clean up your act, quit the drinking and start exercising with us, your cousin Katie and your Aunt Wanda are going to rock your world like you never dreamed possible."

Katie leaned forward and slipped fingers into the waistband of my sweats. Firmly, she began tugging them off. "Now this will be a little sample of the good family loving we're willing to give you, Cuz," she said, her voice a little husky. She gave a good yank and suddenly my sweats and briefs were around my ankles. "Oh, Momma -- will you look at that fine thing." Her brown eyes were fixed on my cock, waving hard and long in the air.

Wanda gave a low moan and in a voice I could barely hear, sighed, "Why in the world would Sherry give up something like that? That's beautiful, nephew!" She leaned down and with a cool hand slowly stroked me up and down, making me jerk and gasp -- aroused as I had never been before -- my mind thrilling at the knowledge that my own aunt was masturbating me. "Katie darling, show your cousin what a sweet mouth you have!" Aunt Wanda said, giving me a little squeeze before letting me go.

Smacking her lips, Katie was on me in a second, her lips slipping around the head of my cock. "Oh God!" I cried out as she began to suck furiously on the upper three inches or so of my erect penis, her tongue lavishly rolling around the head of my cock like wet velvet.

Aunt Wanda took my face in her hands and turned my head to kiss me -- her lips pressing to mine and then slipping her tongue into my mouth, meeting no resistance as my tongue leapt forward to



greet hers. I was French kissing my aunt while my cousin sucked my cock. I was sure I'd died and gone to heaven. As Wanda and I kissed, she took my hand in hers and guided it to her left breast, pressing my fingers into the pillow like meatiness of her large tit. My palm scraped over her swollen nipple and I could feel the blood pulsing within, betraying her aroused state.

Wanda kissed me with more passion that I ever recalled experiencing, even with my ex-wife -- our tongues intertwining and dancing, lascivious desire growing with every touch and taste I had with my aunt while my cousin took more and more of me into her mouth with each downward movement of her head. While her fingers cupped and gently massaged my balls, Katie's mouth swallowed me inch by inch, taking me deep into her throat, humming a nonsensical, happy tune as she did so, her tongue busy licking my cock head and rolling up and down my shaft.

All too soon, I could feel the familiar urge as my balls tightened and began demanding release. I fought it as my cousin sucked me, one moment her cheeks hollowing as she sucked furiously the head of my penis and then the next moment, taking me into her throat effortlessly as if she were born to deep-throat. I fought to not cum as Aunt Wanda sucked on my tongue and then offered me hers, leaning her body against mine, my fingers busy pinching and twisting and pulling on her meaty nipples. I fought the urge to cum as best I could, but in the glory of this unexpected incestuous moment, I could not resist.

Breaking the passionate kiss with my aunt, I sobbed, "I'm cumming," as I felt my seed racing up my shaft, my cock head swelling as the pleasure built up beyond the point of no return. I cried out again, "Oh, God -- Katie!" as I realized my cousin meant to take my sperm in her mouth -- something Sherry had always steadfastly refused to do. I exploded in Katie's mouth, ejaculating jet after jet of thick, creamy semen, my hips bucking wildly, rising off the couch in the power of my orgasm.

Aunt Wanda rose up on her knees and pulled my face to her breasts, burying me in a mountain of soft titty flesh as I continued to ejaculate in her daughter's mouth. My lips kissed and bit at her breasts as I turned my head left and right until finally I found a huge, swollen nipple and closed my mouth around it, sucking furiously, finding the sensation of sucking my aunt's nipple strangely familiar and comforting. For a moment, I wondering if I would ever stop shooting jism, but finally I began to lose intensity, the streamers becoming less and less until all that was left was the intense pleasure of Katie running her tongue over and around my still throbbing cock, so intense it bordered on pain.

Finally, Katie let me slip from her lips -- the cool air almost a shock in itself on the sperm and saliva slicked shaft of my cock. I felt Aunt Wanda move, almost pushing me away as she broke my grasp and while I gasped for breath, my head spinning from the sweet cock-sucking mouth of my cousin, I watched with renewed awe as Wanda knelt next to her squatting daughter and kissed her, Katie meeting her mother's lips with her own open mouth, my hot semen pooled on her tongue before she slipped it into Aunt Wanda's mouth.

I watched my aunt and cousin as for the next couple of minutes, they swapped my fresh jism back and forth as they passionately kissed, little streamers of spit and spunk dribbling down their chins from time to time. At one point their lips broke contact, Katie pulling back slightly, a string of semen running from her lips to her mother's. She grinned evilly and seemed to snap up the streamer of semen up as she pressed her lips to Aunt Wanda's. Finally, they separated, my semen now shared and swallowed. With big 'cat that ate the canary' grins, both turned and looked up at me, both obviously pleased with themselves.

"I can't believe that just happened," I said in an awed whisper. "Thank you."

Aunt Wanda just reached out and patted my knee. "Thank you, John. And that's just the beginning. You make the effort to clean up your act and you won't believe how nasty your ol' Aunt Wanda can be."

My aunt stood up, Katie following her, several minutes in a squat not causing her a bit of discomfort. Katie put her arm around her mother, leaning in to kiss her on the cheek with semen smeared lips. My cock, if it had begun to deflate following my climax had resumed being fully erect upon witnessing the naughty, incestuous and cum filled kiss between mother and daughter, now throbbed at the sight of my aunt and cousin being so...so familiar. A thousand questions swarmed in my head, but somehow all I managed to say was, "What happens now?"

Katie held out her hand and helped me climb to my feet -- my legs shaky although whether it was from the two mile hike or from her awesome blowjob, I could not honestly tell you. "Now, Cuz, you pull your pants up and we walk back down to your place and show you what family love is all about."

Both women moved in against me, wrapping me in their arms and kissing me, not shy about sharing the taste of my own spunk with me. Aunt Wanda stroked my face with her hand and said huskily, "My turn comes next -- it's time to go. I need that big dick in my pussy, nephew and soon!" She reached down and gave my hard penis a quick couple of strokes and then moved off to reclaim her damp top.

A couple of minutes later, we were back on the road, the storage building locked and the three of us heading down Tilman's Grade. It was a little easier going downhill, although it made its own unique demands on our muscles. I paid little attention to my physical discomforts with my attention focused on the two women bracketing me. Despite a heavy sweatshirt covering Aunt Wanda's tits, I could see them clearly with my mind's eye -- the very thought of the two large, gourd-like breasts making my stiff dick throb.

As we walked through the light drizzle, Aunt Wanda and Katie tried to explain how this had all come about. Katie stated it bluntly. "John, you are looking at two sex-starved women...hungry for cock, hungry for pleasure."

I glanced from one to the other. "What about Uncle Carl? What about Paul?" I asked.

Aunt Wanda and Katie gave each other a glance and Aunt Wanda said, "Well, you know Carl and his fishing. The only thing that gives him a boner these days is the fish he pulls out of the lake...well, that and those bright shiny new fishing boats he's always dreaming of buying. It's been seven or eight years since he's had the urge to fuck me more than once a month and I usually have to talk at him until I'm blue in the face before he'll do it then."

My aunt let out a long suffering sigh and added, "And even then, it's two minutes and done." Wanda reached out with one hand and quickly copped a feel of the hard pole trying to poke a hole in my sweats. "Boy, I expect more than two minutes from this big old peter!"

I gulped nervously as Katie began to speak. "And with Paul -- we used to fuck up a storm, at least until I had the baby. Since I got pregnant, he can barely make himself make love to me. I think he has some kind of goddamned mother issue. I begged him to get counseling -- him or both of us and he won't do it. Calls me a fucking nympho!" She too stole a quick grope of my hard-on. "I'll show him what a fucking nympho is!"

I was silent for a moment, processing all this before I finally said, "And, um, you've never done this with anyone else?"

Again, the two women glanced at each other before Katie responded. "Well, no, if you don't count what we've been doing together. Momma and I have always been faithful to our husbands."

"We've been considering finding lovers and then I got to thinking of you one night after visiting your momma. She's been so worried about you and saying that all you needed was a good woman to get you straightened out," said Wanda. She slipped one hand into mine and squeezed it. "You've always been a good looking man and I got to thinking that if Katie and I were to find a lover, that it might as well be someone we both loved!"

I felt my heart do a little flip at her words and I started to reply, but the words got choked up in my throat. I felt my face burning with embarrassment before I said a bit awkwardly, "Well...I love you ladies too." I paused and then with a grin added, "I just never realized I might love you THAT way." I looked back and forth at them and said, "Funny, I reckon I always knew you both were beautiful and sexy, but now...it's like it's a whole 'nother level."

Katie took my other hand in hers and replied, "It's the incest thing you know. Fucking family is so goddamn hot and sexy. Since Momma suggested we seduce you, I can't tell you how many times I've cummed just thinking about it!"

We walked on and I was surprised as I realized we were approaching Gil's Store. We fell silent as we passed, waving at the few folks coming and going from the little business. Once past the store, going the last stretch to my driveway, I worked up the nerve to ask, "And what about you two? I mean, Aunt Wanda -- you and Katie are a lot closer than I ever imagined any mother and daughter to be."

There was a long silence afterwards and for the first time, my aunt and cousin seemed to be the ones a little embarrassed. Aunt Wanda seemed to be studying seriously on her answer while Katie just beamed with a shit-eating grin. Finally, Aunt Wanda said, "Well, I blame my spandex shorts."

Katie snorted with laughter and answered, "And I blame our periods."

My aunt sighed and said, "Well...that too, I suppose."

I looked totally confused and Katie patted my shoulder and began to explain. "Some women just before their menstrual cycle have a day or two of sheer horniness." I nodded, remembering that Sherry had been like that sometimes. "Well, when it hits me, I'm like a cat in heat."

Aunt Wanda added, "Me too -- I want to fuck anything then -- I'd fuck a trailer hitch."

Katie giggled and continued. Well, see Momma and I are literally on the same schedule and one day I went over to Momma's to exercise...just about a year ago and we're both like two days from our periods and I'm horny as hell and Paul won't as much as finger me, let alone, fuck me."

"I was needing to be fucked too," said Wanda. "I'd been using my favorite dildo all that morning before Katie got there and I just couldn't get enough. I stopped 'cause I know Katie's on her way and get dressed, pulling on a t-shirt and some white spandex shorts like these -- no panties. They were tight like I wear them and every movement I make gets me on the edge of cumming and my pussy is leaking like a damn river."

Katie took over the story, "I got there and Momma and I are exercising to some work-out DVD she's got and she just looks all hot and bothered. Momma's face and neck were flushed and she was breathing funny and her nipples are hard enough to poke someone's eye out and I get to smelling her...I get to smelling her sex!"

Licking her lips, Katie went on. "I aint never been with a woman before, but I knew wet pussy when I smelled it, I just never knew another woman's rutting scent could smell so good. As we work out, Momma keeps letting out little moans and sighs and I reckon she's having little orgasms and I don't know what to think, but I know I'm already horny and this turns me on even more.

"Then we start doing some sit-ups, you know with me sitting between Momma's legs, holding them down so she can work those stomach muscles more. Momma is literally quivering -- needing a big orgasm and I suddenly realize that between her legs is the biggest, god awful pussy juice stain around her clear camel-toe that anyone's ever seen. As Momma's doing her sit-ups, I can see that stain getting bigger and before I knew what I was doing, I let go of her leg and palmed her mound." My cousin let out a shivery sigh letting me know the memory still excited her.

"And I had the biggest orgasm in my life," whispered Aunt Wanda. "My sweet daughter rubbed my pussy like she was trying to start a fire and then the next thing I know we were kissing and I had my own daughter's tongue in my mouth and she was peeling me out of my shorts and her fingers were in me..." Wanda let out a moan, her hand running over her covered tits as she relived the memory.

"I fingered Momma till she had her orgasm and then I damned near fisted her to another -- I had four fingers in her wet cunt and my thumb teasing her big clit," said Katie and then I had my mouth on her pussy. I didn't have a fucking clue, but acted on instinct just licking away at her wet puss."

"Somewhere in all that, I got your clothes off you, sweetheart and then I was licking my first pussy too. Hell, I didn't even know what a sixty-nine was!" Aunt Wanda said, grinning at her daughter. "I guess we both were nymphomaniacs that morning!"

We turned off the road and walked down the gravel lot towards my house trailer. Katie let out a laugh and said, "We were incestuous nymphomaniacs! I couldn't get enough of my mother -- I just fell in love with her fat lipped pussy. We fingered and licked and fucked each other all day! Momma had a dildo, a banana and a big old cucumber from the garden in me before she was done."

An expression of lust now dominated Aunt Wanda's face as she recalled the beginnings of her love affair with her daughter. "I went crazy with love for Katie -- feelings I never knew I could have. I wanted her, no, I needed her like I needed air. I wanted to eat her sweet cunt forever and wanted her face and hands in my pussy all the time. We both cried like babies when the day had to end, before Carl got home and then the next morning she was at my door and we were at it again like two rabid animals.

"I didn't know anymore than my daughter did about eating pussy or pleasing a woman, but we taught each other and we learned how lusty and nasty two women could be." Aunt Wanda's face was flushing bright red now, not from embarrassment, but from lust.

We reached my trailer and climbed the concrete block steps to the front door -- all of us huddled together as I fumbled with keys to unlock it. It didn't help that while I was doing this, my aunt and cousin were running their hands up and down my body, pausing frequently to massage my aching erection. Aunt Wanda lasciviously sucked on my earlobe before whispering in my ear, "Nephew, are you ready to see just how nasty two women can be?" Lucky for me I had just then got the key into the lock or I would have likely kicked the damn thing down.

We stumbled in and my aunt immediately took charge. "Katie, why don't you go get your cousin cleaned up while I take care of a few things." She turned and headed back outside towards Katie's car.

Katie meanwhile began pushing me towards the bathroom. "C'mon, Cuz. I like a man with a bit of sweat on him, but you really do need a hot shower!" She propelled me into the small bathroom, pulling off my sweatshirt along the way and then as we waited for the hot water to arrive, stripped me naked. My cousin had a big smile on her face as she let her eyes travel up and down. "You got a bit of beer belly, John, but you still look pretty good."

She reached out and wrapped her hand around my cock and pulled me to her, planting a kiss on my lips as she slowly stroked my shaft. "And you have a cock just made for incest!" Her smile grew larger and her eyes had a wild look in them. "Don't you just love that word...innnnnnceeeest? It even sounds like nasty, sinful fun!" She kissed me again and then said softly, "Don't you want to see me, naked, cousin?"

I immediately began working on stripping my cousin. I roughly yanked her light sweatshirt off, getting another, more up close and personal look at Katie's small, pert breasts. Before I stripped off her shorts, I took a moment to cup her firm breasts, marveling at the long, pointy nipples, flicking them with my thumbs. Finally, I squatted down, tugging her running shorts off. Their dark blue color had helped conceal the fact that she was not wearing panties or that the crotch was soaking wet and judging from her glistening and bloomed labia, it was not from walking in the rain. I moaned in appreciation, unable to stop myself from reaching out with one hand and palming her dripping wet pussy -- a pussy so hot, I could feel the heat radiating out from her slick, sodden flesh before I even touched it.

Katie let out a moan and then was pulling me back up to kiss her. "Time enough for that in a bit -- let's get you cleaned up!" She pulled me into the shower stall and we both quivered in delight as the hot water poured over us. The next few minutes passed pleasantly as Katie and I soaped and lathered each other up, our hands busy exploring as she washed me thoroughly.

Try as we might, we did find ourselves distracted several times -- at one point, Katie kneeling before me in the shower, sucking my rock hard cock, bringing me to the edge, but denying me another orgasm and then later, Katie allowing me to finger her nearly to orgasm as she faced the wall with me embracing her from behind, fingers buried between her legs inside her furnace hot pussy.

We emerged clean, skin a bright pink from the steaming hot water, laughing as we toweled each other dry, ending in a tight embrace, kissing while my cousin raised one leg and wrapped it around my thigh, her slick, aroused pussy quivering against my skin. Katie led me to the back of the trailer to my bedroom, her hand wrapped around my cock.

We came through the door and I stopped and stared. Two things were different about my bedroom since I had awoken and stumbled out early this morning. There were clean sheets that I didn't recognize on the bed that my Aunt Wanda was lying naked on with her toned, muscular legs spread wide, one hand tenderly fingering her pussy. I felt my cock stiffen a little more, rising up to almost slap my belly as I stared at the luscious middle age woman in my bed.

Aunt Wanda was a curvaceous woman -- voluptuous with extremely womanly curves yet without seeming even slightly fat -- the result of copious workouts and exercise. Her heavy tits rolled gently with every breath, her thick, round nipples now engorged with blood, looking like huge ripe berries

ready to be picked. Below her flat stomach, was a thick, but trimmed strip of black pubic hair atop slick and thick, swollen labia, now spread by her plunging fingers to reveal folds of juicy, pink flesh.

"I thought I was going to have to come in there and drag you two out," moaned my aunt. She pulled her fingers from her wet cunt and showed them to me, three digits gleaming with pussy cream. Katie left my side, her eyes glowing and climbed on the bed to kneel at her mother's side. Without a word, she pulled Aunt Wanda's fingers to her lips and then as she looked back at me, she slowly licked her mother's fingers clean.

Aunt Wanda pulled her knees back slightly and spread her legs wider, almost forming a diamond topped by her wet, womanly cunt. "John, this is all yours," Wanda said in a solemn, lust filled voice. "My daughter and I will give you all the pussy you can handle and we'll take all the hard cock you offer us. Just promise us you'll take care of yourself. We love you, nephew!"

I found myself nodding in agreement before I could even open my mouth. My heart was beating so hard, I thought it might explode. I was feeling the lust in my heart sweeping away all reason -- any argument that what we were doing was wrong, but strangely, a part of me also recognized that beyond the carnal desires of my aunt and cousin and my own suddenly discovered incestuous desires, part of me was touched by the love that underlay what was happening -- that Aunt Wanda and Katie truly did care for me. That realization in itself seemed to fuel the desire I suddenly felt for them.

"I love you too, Aunt Wanda...and you, Katie," I said. "Thank you for caring so much."

Aunt Wanda smiled, my words pleasing her. She raised her arms to me in supplication, wagging her fingers and beckoning me to her. "C'mon, honey, come give your Aunt Wanda that big, fat cock!"

I was on the bed before you could've blinked an eye. On my knees, I climbed between my aunt's thighs and settled myself gently atop her, our lips meeting in a fervent kiss. Any space between us was gone as she wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me down, her large breasts spreading out to cushion me on heavenly pillows. Her thighs tightened against my hips, moving back and forth, her skin feeling silky smooth against mine.

Aunt Wanda's mouth tasted sweet to me as our tongues writhed together, dancing and dueling like lovers. My aunt held me tighter as we kissed while she undulated her hips, her vulva seeking out the hard pole between my legs. With each movement of her hips, it felt like my thick shaft was receiving wet, warm kisses. Katie hovered over us, kissing her way down my back, her hands moving ahead, cupping and caressing my ass cheeks. I jerked in surprise as I felt her hands spread my cheeks and her tongue rolled down the crack of my ass to flicker for a moment over my asshole.

My aunt's nipples scraped across my hairy chest, creating sensations that filled my mind with the desires of a rutting bull. Then Katie had a hand on my shaft and she was directing it. I rose up slightly and felt her place the head of my cock between the tender lips of a drooling wet mouth and I growled into Aunt Wanda's mouth as I obeyed instinct and thrust into her hungry pussy.

I felt a few inches of my cock become enveloped in hot, tight and cum juice soaked flesh. Her pussy muscles flexed around my cock and Wanda broke the kiss with a guttural moan, flinging her head back, a sneer on her face as she demanded, "More, John...give me more cock!"

I slowly withdrew until only the crown of my cock remained in her, her flesh quivering about it possessively and then I thrust forward again as my aunt flung her pelvis up to meet me. Most of my

cock sank into Aunt Wanda's cunt this time. She felt incredible -- furnace hot silk soaked in a fragrant, sweet oil that wrapped itself tight around my stiff penis.

"More, goddammit. Fuck me, nephew! Give me more COCK!" Aunt Wanda screamed this last after I had withdrew again and then slammed my cock into her cunt again, this time parting her narrow channel until I felt my groin slam into her pubic bone, my hairy pubes scraping against her bare vulva making her quiver with pleasure. My aunt's body stiffened underneath me as she arched her back, flinging her hips up to me, squirming around on the cock she was now impaled on. Words disintegrated into babbling sobs as I pushed forward, determined to get myself as deep as I could inside my own aunt's pussy.

Her arms tightened around me and I felt her thighs rise up as she flung her legs around my body -- unable to cross them and so settling on digging her heels into my ass cheeks.

I suddenly felt Katie's hot breath on my neck as she leaned in and kissed my cheek and began nibbling on my earlobe between excited whispers of "Fuck my momma! Fuck Momma good, Cuz -- make her fucking scream!" Her fingers ran up and down my back, sometimes wandering down to tickle me as they trailed along the crack of my ass.

Aunt Wanda and I began to hunch against each other -- me ramming my cock into her welcoming cunt with short, brutal thrusts while her muscular thighs tightened almost painfully against my sides. Her years of exercise were evident as I quickly realized that there was no way I could break her embrace until she wanted me to. I didn't care, mind you. I was in heaven, burying my aching cock deep inside her tight, clinging cunt flesh, dripping and slick with pussy juice that seemed to flow without ending. Her pussy was on fire and growing hotter it seemed with every thrust of my cock.

I was constantly on the edge of cumming, my cock having been stiff since we'd come back down the hill. It throbbed and ached with the need to release the massive load of spunk building in my balls, but I wanted it to be good for my aunt. I wanted it to be better than good. I wanted to give Aunt Wanda the fuck of her life! Somehow, I managed to keep my act together, my resolve strengthened by the sweet noises of carnal pleasure my aunt was making as I fucked her -- the wordless croons that rose and fell in intensity as she edged closer to orgasm, pleasure building and building until I felt her fingernails dig into my back, her thighs tightening until I thought I wouldn't be able to breath.

"Cum -- cum -- CUMMING!" sobbed Aunt Wanda as I felt her pussy bathe my cock in her molten juices as her cunt muscles began to spasm and clamp down around my cock. Against her tightness, I rammed my cock deep into her pussy, spurred on by the sudden sensation of a wet finger sliding into my asshole, catching me by surprise. I whipped my head around to see Katie grinning at me wickedly as she pressed her index finger into my ass and found my prostate and as my cock buried itself to the root in her mother's pussy, I exploded in orgasm like I never had before as she massaged the small gland.

As I spewed jet after jet of hot semen in Aunt Wanda's cunt, it triggered an expansion of her orgasm as well and we both thrashed madly about, our only conscious thought being to grind our crotches together so as to be as closely joined as possible. A rich aroma of sweat, spunk and pussy juice filled the room -- a heady mixture that seemed to inflame us more, intensifying our mutual orgasm. Even as my aunt's cunt milked my cock seemingly dry, her orgasm seemed to go on and on. She writhed underneath me, her body slick and soft as I rose up on my arms and ducked my

head, wrapping lips around a nipple and sucking and nipping the turgid thing with my teeth and then moving to the other nipple, the added sensations seeming to add to her erotic pleasure.

Suddenly, Aunt Wanda's arms and legs went slack, falling back all akimbo on the bed -- her eyes closed and only the heaving and rolling movement of her breasts as she gasped for breath indicating she was alive at all. I felt my aunt's cunt muscles relax slightly and after Katie withdrew her finger from my asshole, I began to slowly withdraw from her womb. Wanda's eyes snapped open and she began to cry, softly gasping, "I...I love you, John. That was...wonderful. I really needed..."

She began crying a little harder and I paused with the head of my cock still wedged between her lips and leaned down and kissed her, slipping my tongue past her lips for a gentle, loving soul kiss. Aunt Wanda responded in kind, her tongue greeting my own as they curled about. I felt the wetness of her cheeks upon mine and was touched and happy that I had brought her so much pleasure. I felt her bring one hand up and shaking fingers ran slowly through my shaggy, brown hair. I felt her heart beating -- slowly going from frenetic to normal -- her pussy pulsing around the crown of my cock in perfect rhythm with her heart. For a moment, there was only the two of us in the world and I felt an intimacy with my aunt that I couldn't remember in all the years I'd been with Sherry.

Finally, we both ended the kiss and I gently slipped from her pussy's grasp -- my semi-erect cock exiting with a wet plop. I started to carefully slide up and over to her left side when Katie giggled and said, "Now hurry up...I'm hungry," and shoved me on over to land next to her mother with a bounce. I looked up to see a wild look on Katie's face as she climbed between Aunt Wanda's widespread legs and then literally dropped to the bed, her legs and torso sliding back across the clean sheets so that her face paused just above her mother's cunt.

Katie looked up at me and grinned madly. "I've been dreaming of eating a man's jizz from Momma's pussy ever since we became lovers!" Without warning or hesitation, my cousin pressed her face into her mother's pussy -- forcing her mouth into the wide spread gap of semen coated flesh between Wanda's swollen and slick labia. As tired and exhausted as I was, the sight of watching my cousin ravenously eat her mother sent a thrill through me.

I will happily admit, like most men -- I find two women making love to be a turn-on, but seeing these two and knowing them to be kin -- mother and daughter took my arousal to a whole new level and Katie's earlier words about how exciting and good incest was made so much more sense, especially with my cock coated with the pussy juices of my aunt.

At the first touch of Katie's long tongue into her pussy, Aunt Wanda jerked liked she'd just touched a live wire. Her daughter lapped at her pussy like a ravenous beast, Katie's slobbery grunts mixing with Aunt Wanda's cries of pleasure. I laid there, resting on one elbow, gazing on in awe as my cousin seemed to be trying to get her entire face inside her mother's well fucked cunt, tongue seeming fluttering everywhere, lips tugging and sucking at my aunt's semen flecked flesh. Wanda's legs moved and shifted aimlessly as she tried to deal with the intense pleasure her daughter was inflicting on her sensitive flesh.

My cock began to stir, a pleasant feeling ache spreading through my stiffening penis as it once again responded to the pure carnality of the moment. Suddenly, Katie lifted her head from between her mother's thighs, her face from cheeks to chin smeared with her mother's juices and globs of my semen. A streamer of sperm ran from her lower lip down to her mother's labia, finally snapping and splattering on Katie's chest and her mother's thigh. Through sperm smeared lips, her tongue



frosted with our cum, Katie said in a guttural voice, "Fuck me, Cousin. I want that cock inside me now!" With a certainty that I would obey, Katie again dove back to her mother's quivering cunt and resumed enthusiastically eating her.

Any weariness I felt vanished as I felt my cock slap against my belly. I knew I was still a young man, but I hadn't felt this aroused in years -- maybe even more than on my honeymoon. I was on my knees and clambering to get behind my cousin -- reaching down and taking her by the hips and raising her to a kneeling position, her ass up in the air. I slipped a hand down between her legs and felt her naked, bald beaver -- hot and slick, my fingers parting her labia like a hot knife through butter.

Katie moaned approval through muffled lips and wiggled her raised butt in anticipation. I got behind her and guided my throbbing cock to her pussy. My cousin responded by tilting her ass slightly upwards, bringing my erect, pained penis into perfect alignment with her cunt -- lips spreading, awaiting my cock. I lightly pushed my cock against her slick flesh and Katie tried to take me inside her -- pushing back anxiously.

I teased her, pulling back so that only the tip of my cock remained in contact with my cousin's cunt. She moaned her frustration against her mother's sodden pussy meat, wagging her hips in a wordless pleading to be fucked. I let one hand slide up the smooth, flawless skin of her back until my fingers were wrapped around the tresses of her long, blonde hair. I jerked her head back with a quick movement of my arm simultaneously as I thrust forward. With semen and cunt cream dripping from her face, Katie let out a soulful scream as with one motion, I buried my aching cock deep inside her fiery pussy.

Amidst my lust, I grinned happily at my cousin who smiled back at me with an evil look of pleasure. As I ground my crotch against her taut ass cheeks, her tight vagina pulsating around my cock, I let go of her tresses and palming the back of her head, pushed her face back into Aunt Wanda's crotch!

Katie spread her knees apart a little more to help stabilize her body as I began to fuck her rapidly, thrusting my cock hard and deep into her womb. Each time I rammed my cock home, there was a gratifying muffled moan of pleasure from between Aunt Wanda's thighs and corresponding sobs of pleasure from Aunt Wanda's lips.

My cock throbbed with a not unpleasant pain from sudden and frequent use -- the sensation one gets only from intense and frequent sex. Part of me yearned for release, but I instinctively understood that I was now capable of a long term bout of sex and so, without fear of sudden and undesired premature ejaculation, I proceeded to give my lean and sexy cousin the fucking of her life -- desiring to pleasure her like I had done to her mother.

I fucked Katie hard and furiously fast. I fucked Katie slow and sensuously gentle. I made her moan and sob and cry and beg for mercy. I fucked my cousin as she cleaned her mother's pussy of my semen. I fucked her as she rose up, my arms around her waist, her head leaning back on my shoulder and sharing with me a cum filled kiss while her mother groggily moved around. I fucked Katie as Aunt Wanda moved around so her head was under her daughter's cock filled cunt, surprising me as I was swept in my lust for her daughter's pussy.

Aunt Wanda had wormed her way under her daughter and I wished I'd been paying more attention and could have seen her wiggling underneath Katie who was on her hands and knees, sobbing for me to fuck her harder. As my aunt told me later, she took her time, pausing to kiss and bite her

daughter's long, blood swollen nipples, to tongue her flat belly and tickle her belly button and to kiss her way down Katie's cock filled pussy, her tongue trailing over the smooth skin of her mound before announcing her arrival to me by running her tongue along my cunt cream covered shaft as I fucked my cousin.

My aunt hungrily ran her tongue over our joined loins, licking pussy and cock together, adding fuel to a sexual conflagration with her wet tongue and warm breath. Katie's cries of ecstasy became more strident. My cock throbbed painfully with need, but I was in full control and unwilling to yield to any need to cum. Katie sailed wildly through one orgasm, her arms collapsing, causing her upper body to land on her mother -- her face once more in Aunt Wanda's crotch while her ass ground back against my thrusts in an erratic yet arousing fashion..

Wanda's moans joined our own as Katie again madly lapped at her mother's wide-spread cunt. My aunt's hands snaked upward, gripping her daughter's ass cheeks and spreading them apart. My heart beat faster as I gazed down at her winking little brown hole. Aunt Wanda's right hand disappeared and I felt it rubbing against her daughter's pussy and my cock. She returned it, now shiny and began massaging fingers against Katie's asshole. She did this once, then twice, the second time pressing her middle finger into my cousin's asshole up to the first knuckle.

Fevered swipes of my aunt's tongue over my cock and her daughter's pussy were followed by muffled gasps of "Fuck it! Fuck that hole, nephew!" In my lust and pleasure of fucking Katie's sweet cunt, it took a bit of time for me to comprehend what Aunt Wanda was asking of me. I almost lost control -- nearly shooting my load into Katie's womb as the idea of fucking her asshole took root in my mind. Looking down, I caught a partial glimpse of my aunt's cream smeared face -- lust and something more shining in her eyes.

Katie screamed in protest as I withdrew completely from her pussy, fury in her eyes as she looked back over her shoulder -- fury that changed to disbelief as she watched me spread her cheeks while her mother guided my painfully swollen cock to her small, tight brown hole. As the thick wedge-shaped head of my cock pressed against her asshole, Katie screamed, "OH GOD -- NO, I -- OH GOD, OH GOD, OH GOD." I never stopped, pressing forward steadily as Katie, despite any fears, pushed back out of instinct.

Katie's asshole was incredible tight and beneath my lust was thinking I might harm her when suddenly her sphincter relaxed and I was sinking into her warm, moist channel. I withdrew slightly and thrust again, going deeper. Katie whipped her head about, sending her sweaty, blonde tresses flailing as she screamed and clawed the sheets. Her anus tightened around my cock and I felt as if I were stuck inside her asshole. I decided not to withdraw, but instead placed my hands on her waist for leverage and began a steady, constant pressure to move forward. Her skin clung to my erection, but began to yield a fraction of an inch at a time.

My cousin's asshole was like a furnace and her cries and screams were like an aphrodisiac -- passionate moans of "YES!" and "NO" echoing in my ears. I had over half my long cock inside her tight back door and then I slowly began to worm my way in and out, each movement slightly easier than the one before as I opened Katie up. Wanda helped by licking her pussy furiously, keeping her daughter on the edge of orgasm with her talented tongue.

I let go of my cousin's waist, my hands rubbing her back, trying to sooth her through the ecstatic pain of being ass fucked with slow steady strokes, going deeper and deeper into her bowels with each thrust. Sweat poured off Katie's body in streams as she quivered and shook with pleasure, building up to another orgasm...and then she went insane.

At first I thought I'd hurt her, but her body went into spasms -- almost like a seizure and she flopped down, her face landing roughly on her mother's cunt and then I felt Aunt Wanda's fingers...inside Katie's pussy. I marveled as I realized that my aunt has inserted her entire hand inside her daughter's pussy and was fisting her! It felt like a large massive lump rubbing against my cock through the thin sheath of flesh that separated cunt and ass.

Katie screamed and although her limbs weren't cooperating, she tried to scrabble away from the unbelievable torrents of intense pleasure exploding inside her. "PLEASE FUCKGOD, NOOOOOO! TOOOO MUCH MOMMMMAAAA! STOP! CUMMING TOOO MUCH CUMMMMING!" she shrieked as she vainly tried to pull away. I'd never seen anything like it before, but the erotic carnality of the moment was too much and I lashed out with a hand and grabbed her by her sweaty mane and tugged back, not that I need to -- my cousin being impaled on both cock and fist -- her body essentially incapacitated by the greatest orgasm of her life!

Her mother and I continued to steadily fuck her -- me worming my cock in and out of her clamped down asshole and her mother steadily working her hand back and forth inside Katie's cunt, buried inside her to the wrist. Finally, Katie simply collapsed atop her mother, limp and helpless, unable to move, her face pressed into her mother's open pussy, gasping for breath. She let out low moans as Aunt Wanda and I continued to fuck her, her body shivering with little convulsions as we pumped cock and fist into her tender flesh.

Gradually, Katie's moans began to increase in intensity as we brought her closer and closer to another orgasm. Her hips began to movement in response to our thrusts. Suddenly, my cousin rose up on her arms and looked back at us through tear stained eyes and sobbed. "Fuck me...cum in me...fuck me and make me cummm!" Katie's face was smeared with pussy juice and semen -- her hair wet with sweat and held an expression of great carnal need.

I began to fuck her ass hard, Aunt Wanda picking up the pace in response and Katie threw her head back as she pushed back against us and let out a blood curdling scream of overwhelming pleasure. I felt my control slip away and I shoved my cock deep into her bowels and unleashed a torrent of hot semen, flooding her ass with my spunk. My cousin's body stiffened in response and her screams died away to a hoarse whisper as her orgasm immobilized her again. My own orgasm was enhanced as I felt my aunt's tongue rolling over my balls and then upwards along my ass crack.

Then Aunt Wanda began tonguing the shaft of my cock as I slowly worked it back and forth in Katie's asshole, lapping at the sperm coating it as the thick, white fluid was forced out. Finally, my cousin's sphincter relaxed enough to release me with a wet pop and I fell back and away from my family members coupled together in a classic sixty nine.

Katie was barely moving atop her mother's stocky body, spent from the exertions of being doubly fucked. Her only clear reaction came when her mother eased her whole hand from her cunt -- pain and pleasure erupting together as Aunt Wanda removed her hand and then happily licked the thick coating of Katie's juices off her entire hand. In a faint voice, Katie whimpered, "I love you, Momma."

Aunt Wanda chuckled and responded, "I love you too, baby. Now give it to me. Give it to Momma like we talked about." My aunt reached up and massaged Katie's taut ass cheeks and spread them apart, exposing her now wide open ass hole. Moments passed as Wanda kneaded her daughter's spread cheeks, Katie occasionally moaning. Then my cousin seemed to flex her ass cheeks and her asshole seemed to pucker and then I understood. A blob of my semen was expelled by Katie's sphincter and slowly drooled out her ass to fall and splatter on my aunt's face!

Aunt Wanda moaned, "Yesssss...that's it baby...feed me John's jizzum!" As Katie softly made quiet noises of pleasure, she continued to work her sphincter muscles to push my seed out of her asshole, letting it slowly pour onto her mother's waiting face -- her mouth open and tongue extended in a vision of depraved carnality. My exhausted cock throbbed and ached at the sight and I almost thought I would have another erection on the spot -- never having seen such a wildly sexual sight, but I had momentarily reached my limits and could only watch in awe as my aunt ate my semen from her daughter's ass.

When no more sperm seemed to be in the offing, Aunt Wanda lifted her head and tongued Katie's well fucked asshole, making my cousin cry out anew between her own licks of her mother's pussy. Finally, both began to move, coming around to face each other, their faces smeared with semen and pussy juice, to kiss each other in an incestuous moment beyond anything I had ever imagined possible.

My aunt and cousin finally crawled over to me and cuddled with me, each one kissing my face gently before resting their heads on my chest, their legs draped possessively over my thighs. For an hour or so, we drifted in and out of sleep, all exhausted, but very content. Aunt Wanda wrapped a hand gently around my weary cock and squeezed it lovingly. "This worked out just fine, nephew. I think me and Katie have found the man we've been looking for."

I let out a long, happy sigh and replied, "I am your's, Aunt Wanda."

Between little cat-naps, we talked, mostly of future plans. My aunt and cousin painted a picture of daily bouts of sex -- maybe with both, sometimes just with one, depending on their schedules, accompanying our walks. Katie snuggled closer to me and kissed my shoulder and said, "You might want to go to the doctor and see if you can get some of those magic blue pills. I reckon you'll need to keep that cock hard a lot more than you used to."

I laughed and said, "I don't know -- you two certainly can inspire a stiff cock in a man. You two did stuff today that I never even dreamed a woman could or would do!" My cock, weary as it was, gave a twitch at the memory of my aunt and cousin kissing, their faces coved in cum.

Aunt Wanda slowly stroked my deflated cock and said, "Yeah, it surprises us too, sometimes. Before Katie and I became lovers, I never knew I could be that way. I was a good Christian girl -- hell, I was a virgin on my wedding night, but since the first time my little girl touched me -- all these wicked things keep coming to mind and I doubt there's anything I wouldn't do with Katie...and now you." She gave me a wicked smile -- one that had a lot of promise to it.

"We're a couple of incestuous sluts, Cuz, and you get to be our incestuous lover," giggled Katie, rising up to kiss me on the lips. "Like I told you, I think it's what makes it better...incest. Fuck, I love the word!"

I could do nothing but agree with my aunt and cousin. I had been transported to another world...a world I never imagined existed and a world I could never imagine leaving. I felt like I was in a dream as I helped Aunt Wanda and Katie shower and clean up, helping to towel off their luscious bodies. Even though my cock was temporarily out of commission, I was already looking forward to the next day.

Dressed in clean clothes, my aunt and cousin gave me long, loving kisses -- Aunt Wanda ending hers with a nasty lick across my lips and a few reminders. "You be ready at 7:30 in the morning, nephew. The sooner we get in our walk, the sooner we can get back here and spend the day

fucking and sucking." She glanced around my messy living room. "And clean this place up -- I might want to fuck you on the living room floor!"

My cousin Katie gave me a good bye kiss and said, "Oh, and in case you need a reminder of what's in store, I'll leave this here." She reached into her gym bag and pulled out a long oddly piece of rubber. My eyes widened as I realized I was looking at a very life like dildo -- eighteen inches to two feet long, with realistic cock heads at either end. My cousin laid it gently on my coffee table and added, "I reckon that might serve as a motivator if you wake up sore in the morning and don't think you can make it!"

And when I did wake up that next morning, looking at that wicked dildo and imagining my aunt and cousin using it did help me move my aching body to the shower and get cleaned up by the time Aunt Wanda and Katie arrived. Every day that followed brought two sure things: unbelievable incestuous sex and a healthier body. Six months have passed by. I've never felt better in my life and my sex life is wonderful. I've been working second shift at the mill for almost four months. I go home and get some sleep and then I'm up exercising with and fucking two insatiable and lovely women. I'm happier than I've ever been and all it took was a little healthy motivation!

The End