Aunt Victoria Comes To, And In, Rio

I was mid-way through a six month IT project in Rio when I got word that my Aunt Victoria would be coming down. She was some sort of medical systems consultant and there was a week-long conference in Rio. After that she'd stay on for a few days to see the city.

I was looking forward to it. She liked to joke and flirt and enjoyed double entendres. And she wasn't bad looking either. Late 40s, about 5 foot 7, buxom and curvy with a slightly oversized ass. Her hair was brown and curly and she smiled a lot. As for me, early 30s, blond hair, 6 feet tall and trim.

Her conference started on the Monday so she was arriving Saturday about midday. I met her at the airport and smiled at her gaudy yellow skirt and floral top. I went to kiss her on the cheek as was customary in Rio but as we'd never kissed like that before, she seemed startled, jerked her head and we wound up kissing on the mouth. Not for long, just a couple of seconds more than was strictly necessary.

"Now that's what I call a real Rio welcome." she laughed. As did I.

"Sorry, but in Rio people usually greet one another with a kiss on each cheek. That's what I was trying to do, though I don't at all mind how it turned out."

"And here I thought you were coming on to me. I'll just have to live with the disappointment. "

"Aunt Victoria, I've come on to much less attractive women but you're happily married. Plus, you're my aunt."

"You're right Pytor (my name, though I'll spell it Peter henceforth). Sigfrid (my uncle) and I are in it for the long haul, though sometimes it seems awfully long. And aunts and nephews shouldn't get up to things, should they?" She had a half-smirk as though she was daring me to...I dunno. And I noted the barb about Uncle Sig.

"No, that would be awfully taboo."

"Taboo – oooh!" And she smiled with mock dismay.

"Well let's get a taxi and get back to the hotel."

For my assignment, the company would have paid for an apartment and a maid (fairly common in Rio) but when I did the math, I realized I could stay in a hotel right on the Ipanema beachfront for the same price. Victoria was going to stay with me Saturday and then check in to her conference hotel several miles away on the Sunday.

I had what was called a junior suite that was more like a large room with the TV, a couple of tables and chairs and a sofa right by the large window that overlooked the beach. There was an open archway between it and the bed part of the room. I had a queen and another that was called a double but was maybe 50% larger than a single. The spacious bathroom was nearest the door and outside it was a separate space with a sink and mirror. Victoria would be taking the smaller bed for the night.

We got back and as the flight was catching up with her, Victoria decided to take a nap. "But no more than two hours Peter. I don't want my body clock getting screwed up."

I changed in the bathroom and went down to the beach. Two hours later I went back to the room and shook the still sleeping Victoria. "Rise and shine."

She slowly opened her eyes and quickly sat straight. The covers slid down exposing her ample breasts. Although the room was dim, it wasn't completely dark and I could make out her very large nipples.

"Peter! What the..." as she shook her head and then covered up.

"Sorry Aunt Victoria. I thought turning the lights on would be too much a shock to the system and I never reckoned on you sitting up like that, or sleeping in the nude."

"Not nude, I'm still in my underwear. And as for shocks to the system, I suppose I've scarred you for life with that display."

"I didn't get a clear look but they seemed pretty nice from the glimpse. So no scarring whatsoever. But I came up to see if you wanted to go to the beach with me."

"That was the plan, but I need to get into my bathing suit, so turn around."

I stared out the window and a few minutes later Victoria returned in her suit and a beach jacket courtesy of the hotel.

We spread out our towels and Victoria was taking a good look at the nubile Brazilians in their tangas which are basically thongs. Victoria's was quite conservative – pale blue one-piece that revealed little except her shapely figure.

"God Peter, I feel so overdressed here."

"And a few minutes ago you were feeling underdressed. Hard to find that balance, right?"

"You're not going to let me forget that, are you? Anyway, I couldn't wear something like that."

"I'll let you forget that when I do, which might be never. And we could probably find you something tanga-like in your size."

She looked dubious. "Right. That is not going to happen."

We took some sun, then a stroll and returned to my room.

"So no tanga for you Aunt Victoria?"

"Peter, I couldn't. And what's with these women here? Do they all shave their pubic hair?"

"I don't know about all but I gather that a lot do."

"And that's one more reason why I can't wear one."

Although I suspected what she was getting at, I looked mystified. "You mean...um...couldn't you..." It went on.

"Were you going to say 'shave'? How would that look to Sigfrid? I go to Rio for a week and come back with a bald pussy?"

"Well, if that's the issue, could you maybe just trim a bit?" I felt I was floundering here but didn't know what else to say.

"Peter, look." With that she pulled up the sides of the crotch area of her bathing suit. A LOT of hair just burst out. I gaped.

"You see? Oh, you DO see." And she put her bathing suit back in place, entrapping that pubic jungle once again.

"And what about you?"

"What do you mean?"

"You're wearing a pretty conservative suit. Is that because you have the same family pubic hair genes?"

While it was true my bathing suit was a baggy boxer style that came halfway to my knees, she was wrong about the

pubic hair. I'd never had much. Just a couple of sparse blond tufts. "No, the swimsuit is comfortable. And no, I don't have much pubic hair."

"I don't believe you. Let's see."

I couldn't believe where the conversation was going. "Seriously, I don't have much."

"Do you shave then?"

"No. Of course not."

"Well then, I showed you mine..."

Damn. I could have refused but that would have seemed prudish, and a bit unfair. Also, I was enjoying this playing-with-fire."

"OK then, since you asked..."

I started lowering the front of my bathing suit. Down a few inches and still no hair. I lowered it some more until the top of my crotch was beginning to show.

"You do shave it. You must Peter."

I shook my head and lowered it a bit more. Now the tops of the tufts were showing. All this had put pressure on my cock which was now starting to stiffen.

"I can barely see it Peter. Are you sure you don't shave?"

I pulled it down some more until the top of my shaft was showing. "OK Aunt Victoria, you've seen all there is to see. Satisfied?"

"Oh my, yes." Now she was looking straight at my hard-on. I pulled up the suit and tried, unsuccessfully, to disguise it.

"Looks like someone is thinking about those young chicks in tangas."

I tried and failed at a comeback.

Anyway, we got changed, went out for dinner, stopped into a music bar and called it a night. Nothing else happened but Victoria was due back on Friday when her conference was over.

We spoke only briefly during the week but I had to admit I was curious about the next weekend. That pubic hair business was well outside our normal family dealings and would something more be in store?

Victoria arrived at my hotel on Friday and I got back from the office a bit later. I'd planned for a late night out at a classy restaurant that also had a band later on. It had the reputation as a place where every date ended in sex, but maybe that was just Rio.

We were given a nice table close, but not too close to the stage and its small dance floor.

Have you tried the caipirinhas yet?" They were a local drink made of cachaça (a sugar cane based drink, very potent), crushed limes, sugar and ice. It was much stronger than it tasted.

"I'll leave it to you tonight Peter."

The drinks came and we had some basic chit-chat. We ordered seconds on the drinks and they arrived with the meal.

"I like the ambiance of this place." I could see why. It was well-furnished and the crowd was mostly 20s and 30s, well-dressed and all couples. The club policy didn't allow for unaccompanied males. And the music which was to come later was usually great. A live band that played a mix of bossa novas and the less raunchy hits of the day.

"Peter, I noticed you're reading Shogun."

"Yes, about halfway through. I'm really liking it. Have you read it?"

"Yes, the sex scenes are really hot."

Whoa. That was an unexpected turn. "Which was your favourite?"

"Oh, I think the one where Mariko comes in the night to Anjin."

"Wait, I thought that was her maid."

"That's what she wanted Anjin to think, but it was her."

"Really. But they didn't have full-on sex. Didn't she just give him..." I didn't want to say blow-job.

"A blow-job? Yes. Anything wrong with that?"

"Not from my perspective. But wouldn't that be a little unsatisfying for a woman?"

"Depends on the woman I guess. I love giving them so that scene worked for me."

Double whoa. I can't say I was accustomed to being in a swanky nightclub with an attractive woman who just confessed to loving to give blow-jobs. So no tried and true lines to fall back on. I ordered more caipirinhas.

"Well, lucky Uncle Sig."

"Yeah, you'd think so." Yet more whoas.

"I do think so. Every guy loves them. Unfortunately, some women don't."

"Well I'm not some women. And not every guy loves them."

"I don't mean to pry but are you saying that..."

Victoria took a drink. "Believe it or not Peter, my husband has an aversion to oral."

I took a drink. "Yikes. Even an aversion to receiving?"

"Yes. I think he thinks it creates an obligation to reciprocate and I know he doesn't like going down on me."

"Yikes again. Poor you."

She nodded. "No marriage is perfect. They all come with compromises. Sigfrid is a decent man, a good provider and very handy around the house. But damn, I do miss oral."

"Have you ever had..." I didn't want to ask if she'd cheated but it seemed the obvious next question.

"An affair? No. Too many complications and I don't want to bust up my marriage. Besides, how would you tell someone you want an oral-only fling?"

"Just telling them, maybe?" That elicited a grimace. "Easier in theory than practice I guess."

"I've never come close to practice so forget that. But enough about me. I've been blabbing on. I take it you enjoy a blowjob?"

"Who doesn't? I mean, aside from Uncle Sig? Yes, but I enjoy giving and receiving equally."

"Sure Peter. Lots of guys say that but I always suspect it's a line to get more blowjobs."

"It's true. I had a girlfriend a few years ago who preferred oral to PIV (I had to translate that acronym). We probably had more nights of oral-only than regular sex."

"Hmm, lucky her, and you."

"It was loads of fun alright." By this time the caipirinhas were talking effect and I was sporting an erection. It wasn't as though I wanted to have sex with Aunt Victoria though part of me, an influential part, did.

"Let's dance." The band was playing some lively music and the small dancefloor was filling up. We got up and I really showed those Cariocas (the name for Rio residents) just how to do the Gringo Samba. From their looks they'd never seen quite this level of mastery.

We danced a couple and then they played a slow one. I was about to head back to the table when Victoria grabbed my hand. "One more" she purred.

At first we were dancing proper with my right hand on her shoulder and the left hand in hers, outward. But the dancefloor filled up and I had to put my arms around her shoulders. She did the same. As it got more crowded we moved closer together, our bodies now plastered against each other.

I was getting hard again and I swear I could feel Victoria moving her breasts against my chest. My erection was against her crotch and she moved it against me.

"I like how you're dancing Rio-style" I whispered in her ear.

"I think I could get used to Rio-style" she whispered back, and blew into my ear as well.

That got me even harder and not knowing what else to say, "Sorry, we're so obvious about these things", referring to my erection.

"Well you should know you're making me very wet." This time she swirled her tongue in my ear.

"I bet it's delicious." I whispered back and returned the tongue-swirl.

"Ummm, you're really thinking of how I taste?" Another tongue-swirl.

"I sure am now. I love it when a woman is really juicy."

"Charmer. You don't think the juice would be a bit...vintage for your tastes?"

"I was told once that the riper the grape, the sweeter the wine. So no, au contraire actually." This time she really gave my ear a tongue-lashing. I was getting more and more turned on and began to worry that at some point I might cum on the dancefloor.

The song came to an end but after a few seconds, they started another. Victoria fanned her face. "Whew, I think I need to sit down."

We returned to the table and I asked her if she wanted another drink.

"No, I think we're done here. We can have a nightcap back at the hotel."

We paid the bill and hailed a taxi. Like many in Rio, it was a VW bug. We squeezed into the back seat and I put my arm around her. She placed both her hands high up on my thigh. I put my left hand just above her knee and she put hers over mine and moved it higher. We didn't speak.

At the hotel we strode quickly through the lobby and got into the elevator. She snuggled up close. But just as the doors were closing, another guy got in so we separated. Even though it was just a few seconds, the tension of waiting till we were alone was elevated.

We got to our floor, entered the room and turned to face each other. I hugged her. "Thanks for being such good company tonight Aunt Victoria."

"No, thanks to you for showing me Rio's nightlife." Then she kissed me and I kissed back. No tongue but it was much more than your normal thank-you kiss. Then she grabbed my cock. "So this is what was poking me on the dancefloor."

"You noticed did you? And speaking of poking.." and I caressed her breast.

She pulled back. "The night isn't over yet. Why don't you pour us some wine while I powder my nose."

I did and sat back on the sofa. She was in there for quite a while and I smiled when I heard her using the bidet. When she came back into the living room area she was barefoot and dressed only in a hotel robe. I could only speculate what was underneath. She picked up her glass and clinked mine. "To Rio."

We both took a sip. She cuddled up and thanked me again for the night out. "I can't remember when I enjoyed a dance so much." I replied.

"Same here. It's such a turn-on when you know you've made a man hard."

"Well you sure did that Aunt Victoria."

She put a finger to my lips. "Shush. It's Victoria for the rest of the weekend. 'Aunt" is too formal."

Anything you say, Aunt, er, Victoria."

"That's better. And you really did make me wet. Why, I just had to rinse out my panties."

I must have looked surprised. "You'll see the evidence yourself when you go to the bathroom. Which you should do NOW. As you slip into something more comfortable.

Hey, I know when to take a hint. At least when they're as broad as that one. So I went to the bathroom and sure enough, all of Aunt Victoria's clothes were hanging up, including her bra and panties. I brushed my teeth, took a leak and since the evening seemed portentous, washed my underside in the bidet. I stripped off, put on a robe and returned.

"That's better. Did you have to rinse off your underwear too?"

"No, but another dance and I'm sure I would have."

"Ooohhh Peter. You would have cum just from dancing with me?"

"Well, it was a pretty erotic dance. And I never knew my ears were so sensitive."

"Your ears? You mean..." and she grabbed my face and lusciously tongued me ear, mixing it in with gentle blows. That got me hard again. And it was obvious. It was dangerously close to poking up through the partition of my robe.

"You really are sensitive there. Are you sensitive here too?" And she grabbed my cock.

"I've been thinking about this all night."

She lowered her head and took my cock into her mouth. Her robe fell open and I caressed her nipples. She was on her knees on the sofa and I was leaning back. She cupped my balls and held the base of my cock while her mouth went up and down. Sometimes she would apply extra pressure with her lips which felt fantastic. Having been aroused for so long, I knew I'd come quickly.

After a couple of minutes I could feel it coming and moaned out "Victoria, I'm going to come." She sucked ever harder and I exploded. She kept sucking and then then raised her head, smiling.

"God I've missed that. I loved feeling you in my mouth and loved when you came. I hope we can do it again." Then she kissed me, this time with lots of tongue. I sensed a bit of my taste on her tongue but what the hell. That was one of the A-list blow-jobs I'd ever received.

"If you're up for it, so am I, or will be." as I noticed that Peter Jr. had now reverted to the frightened turtle stage. "That was fabulous Victoria. Once I catch my breath, I'd sure like to return the favour."

"I was afraid you'd never ask." With that, she tossed off her robe and lay down on the bed, missionary position.

I took a quick swig of wine and moved on to the main course. Man, she really was hairy. Almost up to her navel and on the inside of her thighs too. While I'm not a fanatic for hairlessness, I'd never been crazy for really hairy women. But this didn't bother me now. Her pussy lips were thick, prominent and very wet. I moved in.

She was the oldest woman I'd gone down on by a good 15 years. Her taste was stronger, even after the bidet, but it had a muskiness that really turned me on. I started licking up and down, sucking in her pussy lips and flicking my tongue around her clit. She was bucking and moaning with a few "Oh Gods" thrown in. I stuck my tongue as far as I could in her pussy and then moved back to her clit. She grabbed my head and pushed it hard down. I sucked her clit and then she violently bucked and with a loud "Oh God Peter" she bucked a few times fast and collapsed.

I moved up beside her on the bed. By now we were both naked. She rolled over and we kissed; a slow sensual kiss with plenty of tongue. She caressed my cock.

"Oh Peter, I can't tell you how wonderful that felt."

"Well I was right. You were delicious."

"And so were you. I want to taste a lot more of your cum before I leave."

"I'm sure that can be arranged. But there's a condition." She looked up, puzzled.

"I'll only come in your mouth if I know you're going to come in mine. And since women have a greater capacity than men, I think that means you have to come twice for every time I do."

We kissed. "You're not much of a negotiator Peter. I accept. But I'm going to drain you over this weekend. Are you sure you want to do the same for me?"

"Do you want me to prove it? Right now?"

She kissed me again. "I trust you Peter. But give me a minute.

We laid and her hand never left my cock. I played with her breasts and we rolled over and kissed. "Whose turn now?" she whispered.

"How about mutual?'

"Oh, you mean 69? I'd love to."

Victoria got up and placed her hips above my head. She lowered herself and I could feel her sopping pussy hair all over my face. Her muskiness was intoxicating and I ran my tongue between her lips. At the same time I felt her mouth enveloping my cock and it quickly went hard. We rocked back and forth as I was alternating between licking between

her lips, thrusting my tongue into her pussy and sucking her clit. She was using the same technique of fast slides up and down my cock mixed with slower ones where she'd use her lips to put extra pressure on the shaft. I was really enjoying it and tried like hell to postpone coming. Baseball and spreadsheets worked but only for a while. Then she began bucking her hips harder and took her mouth off my cock.

"Oh Peter, I'm going to come. I'm coming!"

She slammed her pussy on to my face and I stuck my tongue far up her pussy. Meanwhile, I felt the pressure building and turned my mind from intentional walks to the soaking pussy in my face. That did it and I started coming. Victoria didn't take her mouth off me and swallowed every drop. We collapsed and I breathed in her redolent-of-sex aroma.

She got up and with one last suck, sidled up beside me. We kissed.

"I love how I taste on you. And I love how you taste in my mouth. I must be perverted."

"No Victoria, it's just a healthy love of oral sex and all its aspects. A love I share by the way."

"Looks like this will be a fund weekend then." She sighed and we softly kissed some more. "But now I need my beauty sleep. Let's continue this tomorrow."

I awoke to daylight streaming through the curtains and Victoria sucking my cock. I was hard alright but didn't feel I'd come anytime soon so just lay back and enjoyed it. She was going up and down and caressed my balls. That felt surprisingly erotic. I could feel the volcano about to erupt and then she started fingering my ass. That did it. A strong spurt followed by a couple of aftershocks. I fell back feeling completely relaxed.

She looked at me with a big smile. "Good morning Peter. You know, I think that beats coffee for starting the day right."

"No argument there Victoria. Oh, and good morning to you too. And thanks."

"My pleasure. I love feeling your cock go from soft to hard in my mouth and I love your cum. And I love knowing you'll have even more for me later."

She moved up and kissed me. "Mmm, you still have my juices all over your face, but I think I like them better when they're fresh."

With that she straddled my head and rubbed her wet pussy over my mouth. It was just for a minute or so and then she dropped back down and kissed me some more.

"Yes, much better. Now come have a shower with me."

I got up and we went to the bathroom. This was the first time I'd gotten a good look at her naked. Her breasts were quite large, at least 38C and probably more. They drooped just a bit but I didn't mind. She definitely had a few extra pounds on her stomach but I've always found a small paunch to be kind of sexy. Odd perhaps but who in hell knows why we have the sexual predilections we do. Her hips were wide which made for a shapely figure and man, there really was a lot of pubic hair. It was dark grey, very curly and thick. I'd seen her nipples before but in the light she had a very wide, pink aureole and the tips stuck out prominently. I leaned in to give them a quick suck.

"I love it Peter but later – we need to shower and have breakfast."

We took turns soaping one another and I knelt down to do her legs. With her crotch right in front of me I leaned in and started licking her lips. She moaned and I grabbed her hips

for support. She started thrusting and I licked and sucked on her clit. Her moaning got louder and she was panting too.

"Peter, Peter." Her thrusts got harder and she clutched my head. "Oh Peter" and with one strong thrust she came.

"Best. Shower. Ever."

"Hey, I'm glad you invited me." She squeezed my cock and we kissed. When we exited the bathroom I was surprised to see it was almost noon.

"Well we've missed the hotel breakfast but there's a nice, casual café a couple of blocks from here."

At the café we ordered omelettes and juice and talked about nothing. As we finished and were on our second coffee Victoria leaned over.

"So, when you met me at the airport I bet you never thought you'd wind up with your cock in my mouth." I smiled and shook my head.

"True. I can't say it was forefront in my mind."

"And did you ever think you'd have your tongue up my pussy? Were you expecting me to ride your face, letting all my juices drench you and then having me lick them off? Did you expect we'd get naked and I'd suck your cock? Did you fantasize about me drinking your cum and loving it?"

I kept nodding and smiling. This talk was getting me hard. She smiled back and gave me a quick kiss. "Do you know what I'd like to do now?"

"No, but I bet I'll enjoy it."

"You will. I'd like to go back to the hotel and give you a leisurely blowjob."

It sounded good to me so I hurriedly called for the bill and we were back in the hotel in minutes.

"Now get undressed." I did and so did she.

"Now lay back on the bed towards the side." She put the TV on, CNN, and cuddled up beside me. Her head was near my cotch and she gave me a slow suck. When I was hard she stopped.

"We'll just keep this up for an hour or two." So we watched TV, chatted a bit, and whenever I started to droop, she'd take me in her mouth and slowly suck until I was hard again. Now and then she'd give a quick suck even while I was hard and sometimes she fingered herself.

"Don't you think that oral is the nicest, sexiest, most intimate thing one person can do for another?"

"Hard to argue with that Victoria" as she gave me a long, tight suck.

"By putting your face there you're acknowledging and accepting their sex and offering full-on pleasure. And the other is offering their sex to you and trusting that you'll make them feel wonderful." I didn't have much to add and as she interspersed her sentences with varying easy and forceful oral action, I was happy to let her go on.

As she did, the oral episodes came more frequently and even the blathering from Elsa Klensch and Wold Blitzer couldn't dampen my excitement. I was now getting chills or body trembling as it had been well over an hour. At some point I warned her.

"Victoria, I think the next time you take me I'm going to come."

"Well then, let's make sure you REALLY come."

With that she got on her knees and gave some fast, hard sucks. It didn't take long and I blasted what felt like a gallon on cum into her mouth.

"Wow Peter, and yum." She gave me an ear-to-ear smile and licked her lips. My body, all of it, was limp and I lazily reached to give her a kiss. She leaned over and this time I could definitely taste some of my own ejaculate. Slightly weird but I wasn't about to complain. No one had given me such prolonged oral love and if that was the price, it was well worth it.

I soon conked out. It was a couple of hours later when I awoke and Victoria was still lying beside me naked and playing with my cock. As nice as it felt, she wasn't close to raising the dead.

"What a treat, waking up and having naked you beside me. That was fabulous, beyond fabulous, Victoria." We kissed.

"Now I'd like to return the favour but in a different way."

"Oooh, this sounds like it's going to be fun. What do you have in mind?"

"What's your favourite position for oral?"

She looked surprised. "I don't know. I've never really thought about it. Aren't they all tied for first?"

"Well I think we should find out. Now lay back."

She did and I raised her knees and parted her legs. "First we'll try the standard mish."

I started slow and licked up and down her pussy lips. After she started getting wet, I sucked her lips into my mouth and sucked them around her clit. Then I licked her clit directly and took it into my mouth for a direct suck. In the meantime I was caressing her inner thighs and ass. The next several minutes were variations of the same and she started bucking and moaning before a couple of hard thrusts.

"Oh Peter."

There were aftershocks and I gave a few more nibbles. "Are you ready for more?"

"I am. Where do you want me?" Actually, I thought of her pussy but she'd already made it clear that PIV wasn't in the cards.

"This time I lie back and you put your pussy on my face."

"Gladly."

Now this was really the hair pie special. It was wet and swabbing over my cheeks and nose but it was pretty erotic. Also, Victoria was really into it. We got into a rhythm where her pussy would swipe up and down over my mouth and her ass would mash my chin. I tried licking and just keeping my tongue erect but it was her show. Up and down and back and forth when suddenly she froze, then forced her pussy hard on my mouth. I stuck my tongue inside and she came, noisily and soggily. Then she collapsed on me.

She needed a few moments to catch her breath, or so I thought.

"I don't think I can ever get enough of that Peter" and she kissed me again, taking care to lap up her juices on my face.

"Well we need to try something more. That's only two positions and we need at least a third for a fair test."

"God, I never thought I could get enough oral but after that last bout I'm re-evaluating."

"You throwing in the towel?"

"Re-evaluating doesn't mean retiring Peter. I'm curious what you have in mind and still turned on enough to want more."

"Well then...get on your knees and lean your head on the pillow with your rump up." For reasons I'm still unsure of, I thought that saying "ass" would be too vulgar.

I got behind her and began to lick her nor engorged pussy lips.

"Oooh, I've never been in this position."

I looked up. "Hope you like it." I got my answer when she reached back and pushed my head back down to her pussy. I kept licking and thrusting my tongue. Then I got curious about her asshole. She had large cheeks and all I could see was some hair tufting out. I kept licking but now started to

caress her ass while gradually pulling apart her cheeks. She was panting and cooing. I lengthened my licks so they now went up to the taint. From her moans she must have been enjoying it so I took the plunge and took a faint lick of her anus. That produced a sharp "Oooh!"

I went back to her pussy and clit but moved quickly back to her ass. This time I spread her cheeks and gave her asshole a strong lick.

"Oh yes!"

I kept that up and fingered her clit as she panted and oooh-ed ever faster. The "oohs" got stronger and she came, pulling my head against her ass. We remained in place for a minute or so before she rolled over and pulled me in beside her.

"Oh Peter, no one has ever done that to me. I loved it."

"I thought you might. And believe me, I enjoyed it too." I'd rimmed women before but none with hairy asses. But as I knew that Victoria was diligent with the bidet, hygiene wasn't a concern. And at that moment she kissed me and made a point of sucking my tongue into her mouth.

We had some vigorous Frenching and she grabbed my cock. We broke and I asked "So, did you have a favourite?"

"Can they all be tied for first?"

"Well, they could be, but is that really how you feel?"

"Each has its advantages. Lying in missionary lets me focus on nothing but my pleasure and the sensations of your tongue on my pussy. Fucking your face feeds my aggressive side. And that last one, well, it's new to me and I felt so exposed. But it's not a fair comparison because of that anal stuff. Which I loved by the way."

"So...?"

She smiled and squeezed my cock again. "What if I say 'None of the above?'"

I looked surprised. "You mean there's another we should have tried?

"We've already tried it."

Surprised look changed to puzzled. I may have uttered some syllables but nothing that would pass for words.

"Here, I think this is my favourite."

She got up, moved her head over my cock and placed her pussy on my face. "Ahh, 69."

"You got it. I told you I love giving blowjobs and I love having my pussy licked. So this is my Number 1."

We started out leisurely, picked up the pace and soon enough came again. She doused me with so much more juice that I was worried about turning pruneface.

The rest of the weekend was variations on all of the above. By the time we finished the afternoon session and had a short siesta, it was nightfall. We went somewhere casual for dinner and returned to the hotel for a night and following day of oral.

Aunt Victoria's flight was on Monday and she gave me a quick blowjob just before her taxi arrived. After that I saw her again at family gatherings but never had the chance to reconnect. She and Uncle Sig lived happily, after a fashion, ever after and I was glad I hadn't wrecked that. But I was

grateful for the memories except for one thing. Nowadays, whenever I watch Wolf Blitzer I get a twinge.