

Busty Teasing Aunt

rmDEXter

Erotica / Incest/Taboo

Complete



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Table of Contents

Cover
Title Page
Copyright Information
Table of Contents
Summary
1. Busty Teasing Aunt

Summary

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Logan and his friends teach Aunt Tara a lesson about teasing.

1. Busty Teasing Aunt

Busty Teasing Aunt by rmdexter

The following is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. A note to the reader: if you are looking for reality in your stories, where the men have dicks that are 5.38 “long and the average bra size is 34B, you might want to give my stories a pass. My stories are pure fantasy erotica, for people who are willing to suspend belief for the time it takes them to read this, and perhaps stretch the bounds of reality, if only for a few fleeting moments. If that sounds about right to you, then enjoy the story.

“Just make sure he doesn’t burn the house down,” were the last words Tara heard her older sister Jenn say as the car backed out of the driveway.

Tara waved goodbye as the car turned and sped off down the street. She turned back to the house and thought about what lay ahead of her for the next twenty-four hours, and wondered if she was up to the challenge.

Jenn had called Tara a week ago and asked if she could come and ‘babysit’ their son, Logan. Jenn and her husband were going out of town for a wedding the following Saturday and were staying overnight. Tara had laughed at first, knowing her nephew was 18 and hadn’t needed a babysitter in years. Jenn had gone on to say that Logan had been in some trouble lately and had fallen in with a bad crowd. She had gone on to use the term ‘wild child’ to describe some of Logan’s behaviour and said that she and her husband, right now anyway, didn’t trust him alone in the house.

“I don’t want him having a party or something like that when we’re not here. Unfortunately, that’s the way things are with him these days,” Jenn had said. “Some of the people he’s been around lately, I don’t trust them at all. He can have his friends Wyatt and Casper over, but that’s it. I’ve known those boys since kindergarten and they’re no trouble at all; anybody else, no way.”

So Tara had agreed to take on the role of ‘babysitter’ for her 18-year-old nephew.

Saturday arrived and Tara made the drive across town to her sister’s place in a posh upscale neighbourhood. Now 42, Jenn had done very well

for herself in commercial real estate, while her husband Robert was a successful commodities trader. Tara loved coming to her older sister's home, with its gorgeous pool and spectacular landscaping. Tara's own little house across town couldn't compare, but she was proud of it nonetheless.

At 38 years of age, Tara had never been married. She'd had a boyfriend for a number of years, but they'd split up quite some time ago, and she'd never found anyone worth dating regularly ever since. She figured she wouldn't really be considered a bad catch, if the right guy ever came along. She didn't make a ton of money, but as a high school English teacher, she'd done all right. The parents of her students seemed to appreciate her, and seeing the students every day made up for her lack of family.

As far as looks go, Tara thought she looked pretty good. She was tall and slim, with legs that her sister said 'went on for miles'. She had a shapely hourglass figure, with wide hips atop her long legs, a nipped-in waist, and a substantial set of 34Ds that completed the picture. With a body like that, she made sure to wear conservative clothing most of the time when teaching, her ample curves subtly hidden beneath loose-fitting sweaters and suit jackets. But there were days when she wore things that were

more form-fitting, and she could see the look of approval on the faces of her male students and fellow teachers, and even some of the female ones.

Tara had a slender face with big blue eyes, high cheekbones, and a full mouth with pouty lips. Her honey-blond hair fell in shimmering waves past her shoulders, her lustrous locks framing her lovely features like a golden halo when she let her hair down. Right now, her hair was pulled back in a tight ponytail as she strode into her sister's house, thinking about her job for the weekend.

She didn't get it; she'd always gotten along with her nephew, and had known his friends Wyatt and Casper forever. They'd always been good boys, every time that she'd been around them. Her sister had said Logan had met some new people recently that were the problem. Who knew? Anyway, Tara didn't expect any trouble from Logan and his friends. In fact, she was kind of looking forward to spending some time with the boys.

Tara had noticed over the last few years that her nephew had been looking at her differently than he used to when he was younger. She could tell by the look in his eyes that he no longer just thought of her as the 'fun aunt' who had taken him to Disney

movies when he was a kid and attended his high school football games. No, that hungry look he had in his eyes these days told Tara everything she needed to know; her nephew now looked at her as a sexual being, and the twinkle in his eye told her he liked what he saw, often commenting on how nice she looked.

Although Tara wore more toned-down clothing when she was teaching, her 'away from work' wardrobe was more to her personal taste. She often wore form-fitting sweaters with tight jeans or yoga pants, or mini skirts and dresses that showed off her spectacular legs. She loved the admiring glances of men and boys on the street, and especially the way her young nephew Logan looked at her.

Tara had to admit that Logan was kind of hot, even though she knew it wasn't right for an aunt to think that way about her nephew. From a gangly, awkward adolescent, he'd grown to be quite a strapping young man. Tara knew Logan worked out daily in the home gym they had in their basement, and his efforts had paid off as he'd developed an impressive physique for someone only eighteen years old. Tara was tall herself at five-seven, but Logan's imposing physique towered over her as he stood a good half a foot taller than her.

Tara had heard rumours about her hunky nephew from a teacher friend of hers who taught at Logan's high school. Her friend had told her that apparently Logan had already bedded a couple of his teachers, and even the school's female vice-principal. Her friend had told her all of the women involved seemed to be just glowing after the rumoured rendezvous occurred. Tara found it interesting that these women weren't new teachers in their early twenties, these were all women her age, or older, and most were married.

Although she knew they were just rumours, Tara wouldn't have been surprised at all to find out they were true. Logan had the enticing mixture of being sweet and charming, with those big doe-like brown eyes of his, plus a bit of the mischievous 'bad boy' lurking just beneath the surface. She'd noticed the way Logan had carried himself over the last year or so since he'd turned eighteen. He had a confidence and swagger to him these days that Tara, like any other red-blooded woman, found incredibly charismatic. And that impressive physique of his was something that Tara knew never failed to draw a woman's attention either.

Tara had experienced those illicit thoughts about her nephew a lot lately, as recently as last night as

she lay in bed naked thinking about what the weekend might bring. Her thoughts went to Logan, and that amazing body of his. Before she knew it, she had reached into her nightstand for her favorite vibrator. With thoughts of young Logan pounding her deep into the mattress, it was only after three nerve-jangling orgasms that Tara set aside her glistening vibrator and collapsed back into the sheets, her big breasts heaving as she drew in deep breaths of cool air. With images of her nephew's muscular body still filling her thoughts and her satisfied pussy buzzing with pleasure, it had only taken a minute or two before she'd drifted into a blissfully peaceful sleep, looking forward to the weekend ahead of her.

The sound of male voices caught Tara's ear and she snapped out of her reverie as she stood in the guest room at her sister's house. She'd been daydreaming about those three orgasms she'd had last night while she unpacked the few items she'd brought for the weekend. She heard more than one voice, and knew Logan was home with his friends, as her sister had told her he would be. Checking herself in the mirror of the room's en-suite

bathroom, and knowing there were three handsome teenage boys in the house, Tara was glad she'd chosen the outfit she was wearing.

That morning when she was dressing, she'd started off wanting to make sure she wore something Logan would approve of, and knew he loved her long shapely legs as much as her large breasts. Even though he tried to be subtle, Tara had seen him eyeing up each part of her body equally with his sidelong glances. With that in mind, she'd started with a white lacy bra and panty set. The panties were basically a thong, with a tiny panel of intricate white lace that barely covered her shaven mound at the front and slender satin ribbons that went up the back and over her wide pronounced hips before meeting at the small of her back.

The bra was beautifully feminine and intricately detailed, with the top edge of the lace cups barely covering her nipples while still having the underwire support Tara needed to show off her substantial 34Ds. The material of the lace cups was sinfully thin and delicate, allowing Tara's nipples to be clearly visible, especially if they were hard. The bra fit snuggler than she was used to, and Tara had the feeling she'd have to go up to a Double-D the next time she shopped.

To go over top of the sexy underwear, she'd started with a white miniskirt in a stretchy material that clung to her curvy bum and full thighs beautifully. The hem of the skirt sat scandalously high on her thighs, ending only a couple of inches below her pussy. Tara knew that with the thong she was wearing underneath, not a single panty line would be visible beneath the tight skirt, only the smooth curvy cheeks of her heart-shaped bum would be on display. She knew Logan's eyes would definitely go to her long legs in such a skirt, and she was sure he'd like the view from the back too.

Up top, Tara had chosen a sleeveless sky-blue tank top that fit snugly to her alluring curves. Tara thought it looked very much like a men's singlet, or what some people called a 'wife-beater', but Tara loved the way it formed itself to her prominent breasts as it hugged her curvy hourglass figure. The stretchy material was made of slender vertical ribs, which flowed in and out provocatively as it followed the shapely contours of her generous breasts. She'd purposely bought it one size too small, knowing she was coming to stay with Logan. She figured since he'd been hungrily eyeing up her full breasts for a while now, she'd really give him something to look at. Just the thought that the boy might be jerking off

thinking about his voluptuous aunt had turned Tara on.

After shimmying the tight stretchy skirt into place, Tara had slid the top over her shoulders and pulled it into place, reaching up to each side as she plumped up her ‘girls’ so her pronounced cleavage filled the deeply-scooped neckline spectacularly. She’d smiled to herself as she smoothed the bottom of the top into place over the waistband of her tiny skirt.

Tara finished off the outfit with a pair of flat white sandals, perfect for a casual summer day. She’d turned from side to side in front of the mirror, admiring the way her long shapely legs looked in the tantalizingly short skirt and the way the sky-blue tank top seemed to emphasize the impressive shelf of her 34Ds. She was sure young Logan would approve.

Not wanting her sister and brother-in-law to see her in that outfit, she’d donned a blue dress shirt she had of her father’s over the whole thing. Her father was a big man and the oversized shirt covered Tara almost to mid-thigh, and was loose enough to hide what she was wearing beneath from any prying eyes. Jenn and Robert had barely given Tara a second

glance as they'd stowed their things in the car and set off. Now, after hearing the voices of Logan and his two friends, Tara slipped her father's shirt off her shoulders and tossed it aside, adjusting her breasts one more time in front of the mirror, a pleased smile on her face.

"Hi guys," Tara said as she strode across the great room to the kitchen area. The three boys were all standing around the kitchen island, dressed in jeans and t-shirts. Tara was impressed. She'd known Wyatt and Casper since pre-school as well, and they'd grown up to be just as physically impressive as Logan, if not quite as handsome or tall. Gone were the days of the gangly adolescents all three had been. Standing before her now were three strapping specimens of young manhood, and Tara had to keep herself from flushing as she walked up to them.

As soon as she'd spoken, three sets of eyes had turned in her direction as the boys stood stock still, their eyes roaming over her curvy body as she walked towards them, their gaze travelling up and down her body from the tips of her toes to the top of her head. From the looks on their faces, and most noticeably the twinkle she saw in Logan's eyes, she knew she'd chosen wisely when she'd selected this outfit.

“Aunt Tara, you look great,” Logan said as she stopped before them, tilting one hip seductively to show off her long legs. The other boys didn’t say anything, but both nodded, smiles on their faces as they continued to look Tara up and down.

Tara was used to this dynamic amongst the threesome. Logan had always been the leader of the three good friends, ever since they were little. It was often the case where Logan would do the talking for the whole group.

“Thanks, Logan,” Tara replied. “I just got this outfit this week. Do you think it looks okay?” She did a slow pirouette, making sure all three had a good look at the way the stretchy white skirt fit in the back. By the time she turned back around, she smiled to herself as she could see that all three were having trouble keeping their jaws from hitting the floor.

“It... it looks fantastic,” Logan said, his eyes continuing to rake up and down over Tara’s tall shapely form.

“Oh, I’m so glad you like it,” Tara said as she stepped next to them and leaned into the counter of the island, all eyes now on the deep dark line of her

cleavage. “I wasn’t sure when I bought it if it this outfit was right for me.”

“Trust me, it’s perfect,” Logan said as his two friends once again nodded in unison. “Look, Aunt Tara, I’m really sorry about you having to come here this weekend. Mom and Dad are just overreacting to something and now you’re the one who has to suffer by being my babysitter.”

“Well, I’m not even going to ask what’s behind all this, that’s between you and your parents. But really, I don’t mind being here and, if it helps to make things right between you and your folks, I’m glad to help.”

“Okay then. But don’t worry, we’ll make sure you don’t have to flex that authority of yours. We’re just gonna hang out for the day, just the three of us. I know Mom was worried I’d have a party of something, but that’s not going to happen. Okay?”

“All right then,” Tara said as she walked past them and grabbed the handle of the fridge. “Would you boys like something for lunch? I’m sure your mom has something in here I can throw together.”

With her back to them, Tara purposely leaned way over, reaching into the fridge and moving things

around, as if she was searching the leftovers for something to make. Not a sound came from behind her and when she quickly glanced over her shoulder, she smiled to herself as she saw three sets of eyes glued to her backside, knowing her tiny skirt had risen high up almost to the bottom of her bum cheeks. She grabbed a Tupperware container as she stood up and turned around, noticing that all three boys had flushed faces.

“It looks like there’s some leftover chicken here. I think I can do something with that.”

Logan coughed and shook his head. “Uh... n... no,” he stammered out, and Tara could see he was obviously flustered after looking at her bum in the tight white skirt. “We grabbed some subs just before we got here. But Mom and Dad left some money for dinner later, didn’t they?”

“Yeah, your mom said I could put it on my credit card and she’d pay me back. So, what do you want to order for dinner, pizza?”

Logan made a harrumph sound and the boys chuckled. “Aunt Tara, it’s not like we’re ten or something anymore. How about some Thai food? Doesn’t that sound a lot better? And I know Mom would be okay with that, we order it all the time.”

“Okay,” Tara replied, seeing the smiles on the faces of all the boys. “Thai food it is.”

“Great. We’ll sort that out later. Right now, we’re gonna go work out downstairs for a while and then go for a swim.” Logan paused, his eyes once more flicking down to Tara’s prominent bosom. “How about you join us? I know how much you love the pool and I’m sure you brought your suit.”

“I just might do that. I’ve got some prep work to do for school next week so I can work on that for a bit while you guys are exercising.”

“All right, then. I’ll give you a heads up when we’re going to go swimming,” Logan said before walking over to the door that led to the basement, his two friends following, gym bags in their hands with Wyatt closing the door behind them.

Curious to see if the boys would say anything after her little display of bending over at the fridge, Tara sidled over to the door leading to the basement and cracked it open an inch or two.

“Oh fuck, did you see that ass?” Tara heard Casper’s voice from the room below.

“And those legs of hers,” Wyatt chimed in. “They go on for miles. Fuck, Logan, that aunt of yours is

gorgeous.”

Tara felt her heart flutter a bit at what the boys said about her, a pleased smile on her face.

“Tell me about it,” Logan added. “How about those tits of hers? I swear they’ve gotten bigger since the last time I saw her.”

“That whole outfit she’s wearing is amazing.” It was Casper who was speaking again. “I started to get a hardon as soon as she walked into the room.”

“How old is she?”

“I know she’s four years younger than my mom, so that’d make her 38.”

“38, eh?” Wyatt said. “That’s younger than a lot of the MILFs we’ve fucked, but I definitely wouldn’t mind a shot at that. It would be something to have those long legs of hers wrapped around my back while I’ve got my cock buried inside her.”

Tara’s eyes flew wide open as she listened, and she could feel a creaminess between her legs.

“Forget it, Wyatt,” she heard Logan respond right away. “That’s my aunt you’re talking about. A woman like that would need a real man’s cock to satisfy her, not a little pea-shooter like yours.”

“So, tough guy, it’s too bad we can’t all be blessed with a horse cock like you’ve got,” Tara heard Wyatt shoot back, “but Mrs. Connors wasn’t complaining when I had all eight inches buried in her ass.”

“That’s only because I had my ten-inch dick stuffing that hot cunt of hers at the same time,” Logan added.

Tara couldn’t help the gasp that escaped her lips. Her mind was just spinning. For one thing, it sounded like those rumours she’d heard from her teacher friend about Logan were true. For another, she knew the woman they were talking about. It had to be Janine Connors, a teacher at Logan’s high school. Tara had met her at a couple of workshops over the years, and always found her pleasant. She was a few years older than Tara, married with two kids. Tara had always assumed her marriage was a happy one, but after hearing what the boys had just said, she had to question that thought. Or maybe it was being with the boys that made Janine Connors happy in her marriage, who knew?

But the main thing that had Tara’s mind doing cartwheels was the last part of that conversation, with Wyatt not only saying that he himself had an

eight-inch dick but that Logan had been blessed with a ‘horse cock’, and Logan basically confirming that by saying he had a ten-inch cock, a cock that he’d stuffed into Janine Connors’ married pussy. Tara felt the warmth between her legs get even hotter as she started to cream at the thought that her handsome nephew might really have a cock that big. She couldn’t help herself, her hand reaching down and slipping up underneath her skirt, her fingertips sliding beneath the leg opening of her panties, her pussy dripping wet.

“Seriously, Logan,” Casper said, “with an aunt as gorgeous as that, you can’t tell us you’ve never jerked off thinking about her.”

There was a pause, and Tara held her breath, waiting for Logan’s answer, her middle finger rolling over the swollen bud of her clit.

“What do you think?” Logan finally replied. “Let me tell you guys, if I had a dollar for every time I’ve whacked off thinking about her, I’d be driving a Lamborghini right now.”

Tara gasped as a thrilling shudder tripped down her spine. She had pinched the fiery bud at the apex of her sex as soon as she’d heard what Logan said, triggering a climax that shot through her like

lightning at the lurid thought of her nephew masturbating while thinking about her. She leaned against the doorframe as she came, her body quivering and shaking as she rode out the delicious sensations that had every one of her nerve endings tingling.

When her orgasm subsided, Tara pulled herself together and stepped back, gently closing the door and made her way to the kitchen, her breasts heaving as she regained her breath. She couldn't believe what she'd heard, but more than that, she couldn't believe how excited she was by it, and by how fast she'd climaxed listening to the boys talk.

"Easy now, girl," Tara said to herself under her breath, "you know they're all over 18, but control yourself, they're only boys, and one of them is your sister's own son, for god's sake. Now, just do your work and forget about it."

Tara got her books and laptop out and sat at the dining room table, trying to immerse herself in the complexities of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet', information necessary for passing on to her students this week. She could only hold out for about half an hour before she heard laughter coming from the basement, and her thoughts went back to what she'd

overheard. Could Logan really have a cock that big? When he said he had a ‘ten-incher’ neither of the boys chided him as if he’d been lying. Could it really be true? Did her own nephew really pack a cunt-stretcher that big?

Tara shuddered at the thought of it, and knew her vibrator would be getting a good workout once she got home tomorrow. But right now, her thoughts returned to the boys downstairs, to all three of them. She thought about them working out, and wondered how they’d look. Tara tried to make those thoughts go away, but she realized it was hopeless, the thought of three virile young men, in their prime, stretching and working those impressive young bodies of theirs. Just the thought of it was making her squirm, her pussy starting to cream even more.

With her curiosity having gotten the better of her, Tara closed up her laptop and went to the fridge. Looking inside, she spotted several cans of Red Bull in the back. She figured those would be Logan’s, since she couldn’t see her sister or brother-in-law drinking something like that. Grabbing up three of the cans, she made her way across the room and opened the door to the basement.

“Okay if I come down for a second?” she called out, feeling as anxious as a schoolgirl on her first date.

“Sure, no problem,” Logan responded from below.

With her heart thumping wildly, Tara descended the stairs and stepped into the large home gym. She all but gasped as she stopped up short, taking in the view before her. The boys were working at different stations, exercising different muscles. “*And what muscles they have,*” Tara thought to herself. The boys were wearing gym shorts with socks and running shoes. That was all. The first thing Tara noticed when she stepped into the room was that they were all gloriously bare-chested, their young physiques glistening. The firm muscles of their pecs and the flowing sinews over their broad shoulders and powerful arms drew Tara’s eyes like a magnet. If her heart had been beating fast before, it was going like a runaway steam engine now.

“You... you’ve been down here for a while,” Tara stuttered out as she tried to compose herself. “I thought you might like something to drink.”

“That’s perfect, thanks,” Logan said as he put down the weight he’d been doing arm curls with.

“You guys really drink this stuff?” Tara, said, nodding to the cans of Red Bull as she set them on a side table.

Logan shrugged. “Yeah, all the time. You never know when you’re gonna need that extra boost of energy, right guys?” He turned to his friends with a wry smile, both boys grinning and nodding in return. He turned back to Tara, a sly grin on his face. “Red Bull is great. While other guys, usually older guys, are done and ready to give up, we can just keep at it, pushing ourselves to the limit, doing it over and over, until we just can’t do it anymore. It’s exhausting, but it’s such a good feeling, knowing you’ve given your all. You should try it, Aunt Tara, you wouldn’t believe how much pleasure you feel when you push yourself like that.”

Tara had been almost mesmerized as Logan had been talking. She knew that with the kind of thoughts on her mind right now, she was surely taking his suggestive words the wrong way... or was she? Logan still had that knowing look on his face, as if he could read her illicit thoughts. “Uh... I... I think I’ll stick to my Diet Coke for now,” she said.

“Suit yourself,” Logan shrugged again as he drew one forearm across his shiny brow, his impressive

body glistening with sweat, just like the other two boys.

Tara found it hard to concentrate. She felt like she could just stand there and stare at them for hours. Her vibrator would definitely need some new batteries after she was done with it once she got home.

“Look, Aunt Tara, we’re just gonna finish this round we’re doing right now and we’ll have a drink after that.” Logan paused and pointed to a narrow workout bench next to him. “Say, I was just about to do some bench presses, how would you like to spot me for a minute or two. That’ll allow these guys to keep going with their routines if you could do it.”

“I... I couldn’t do that. That would be far too heavy for me to even help with, wouldn’t it?” Tara asked, pointing to the long heavy weight sitting on the metal structure at the end of the bench. She didn’t know the names of all the parts and equipment, but she did know the amount of weight he had on it was far beyond anything she could handle.

“Sure you can,” Logan replied. “It’s easy. You don’t have to lift anything at all. All you have to do is stand there at the end as I do the lifting. You just

have to reach forward and guide me in case I start getting off line. That way, if I do drop it, it just drops back into the cradle there. Tell her guys.”

“It’s a piece of cake,” Casper said. “We’ve never had a problem, and you won’t either, but for safety’s sake, somebody has to be there to keep the person from getting in trouble.”

“Um, okay, I guess I can try,” Tara said, totally unsure of herself.

“Great,” Logan said. “I was just about to get started on this. Let me just get into position first and then I’ll tell you what to do.”

Tara watched as Logan lay down on his back on the bench. He inched himself backward until his head was beyond the bar, the actual weights positioned over his upper chest. He reached up and grabbed onto the bar with both hands, testing to make sure he was situated correctly. “Okay, that’s good right there. Aunt Tara, just come over here behind me and I’ll show you what to do.”

Tara tentatively moved closer, not exactly sure what to do. She knew what spotting was, and the whole concept behind it, but as she got closer and closer to Logan, she realized the white miniskirt she

was wearing probably wasn't the best thing she could have worn for a job like that. But she didn't want to be a spoilsport and back out now.

"That's good," Logan said as he tipped his head back and looked up at her. "You need to come closer though."

Tara did as he asked, realizing she was going to end up standing almost right over his face. She hesitated, not sure what to do.

"Sorry, you're not quite there yet," Logan said. "Just a few more inches forward should put you in the right spot. If my head and shoulders are in the way here, you might have to shift your feet out to each side a bit."

Tara felt herself blushing, but did as he asked. She shifted her feet further out to each side as she moved a few inches closer, her feet now a little over a shoulder's width apart. She could even feel cool air rising up between her spread legs.

"There, that's perfect," Logan said as Tara saw him wriggle back a couple of inches more, his face now right between her spread knees. She glanced down to see him looking up beneath her skirt. "Yes, that's absolutely perfect."

Tara felt a salacious thrill run through her, knowing her nephew could see her thong-covered pussy beneath her short skirt. She could feel her pussy dripping again already.

“So, what do I do now?” she asked.

“Well, to start, why don’t you lean forward a bit so you’re touching the bar, just in case you have to grab it?”

“Uh, okay.” Tara reached out, leaning forward at the same time while keeping her feet flat on the ground. She could feel the motion make her little skirt pull up even higher at the back. Her fingertips touched the steel bar.

“That’s good,” Logan said from beneath her. “Now, just in case, reach your hands around and take a nice firm grip of the bar.”

Tara did as her nephew instructed, wrapping her fingers around the chrome-plated shaft.

“How does that feel in your hands? Can you grip it okay?” Logan asked.

“It feels good,” Tara replied, flexing her fingers for a surer grasp.

“Mine’s bigger,” Casper said.

Tara looked up to see Wyatt and Casper leaning against one of the leg machines, watching them. Casper's words threw her, her mind once again thinking lascivious thoughts. "Wh... what?" she asked, feeling herself blushing once more.

"The bar," Casper said as he pointed to the silver bar Tara was grasping. "I've got a similar weight bench at my house, but the bar on mine is bigger. Thicker, harder to get a good grip on."

"Oh, I see," Tara responded, not sure what to say.

"Don't worry about that idiot," Logan said. "You're in the perfect position now and I want to get lifting. You can ease up on your grip there while I do the work. Just keep your eye on the bar to make sure I stay in line."

"Okay, I can do that."

As Logan started to lift the bar up and down, Tara kept her eye on things, making sure he was going straight up and down and not moving too far forwards or backwards. The weights at each end of the bar were substantial, and she couldn't believe he could lift it as easily as he was. She glanced down past the bar to his chest, watching it puff in and out as he breathed and lifted, his pecs flexing

spectacularly. She let her gaze move further back to his shoulders, the powerful sinews beneath the skin moving fluidly as he flexed. For a second her eyes went to his face, noticing that he wasn't even looking at the bar or the weights, he was looking right up her skirt.

Tara felt a little thrill when she saw that, and purposely shifted her bum from side to side, as if she was just settling into position better.

“Oh yeah, that's so good,” Logan said as he dropped the bar into place on the steel cradle and drew in deep breaths of air.

Tara didn't know if he was talking about the feeling he had from his workout, or from the view he had up her skirt.

“Just stay right there for a few seconds, Aunt Tara, and then I'll go for a second set of reps.”

Tara stayed where she was, casually shifting her feet even a little further apart just before Logan started his second set. This time as he lifted the bar up and down, she glanced down past his clearly-defined abs to his shorts, where she saw a prominent bulge beneath the shiny fabric, and she was thrilled to see that the bulge was growing!

Logan went through his second set and, excited by the lewdness of what she was doing and by the size of that bulge, Tara shifted her legs even further apart as she leaned forward on the iron supports, knowing he could see clearly up between her spread legs.

“I was gonna do some bench presses next,” Wyatt piped in as Logan did the last of his reps. “You don’t mind spotting for me too, do you, Aunt Tara?”

Tara had known Wyatt and Casper forever, and they’d always called her ‘Aunt Tara’ as well, which she thought was very sweet. “No, I might as well,” she replied, knowing exactly why Wyatt wanted to be in Logan’s position. “I’m right here, so I might as well stick with it.”

Wyatt quickly took Logan’s place on the bench, shifting his body just as far back, his head right between Tara’s parted knees. As Tara spotted for him, she subtly looked down to see his eyes wide open as he stared up between his legs, huffing and puffing as he lifted the bar up and down. She glanced down to see the bulge in his shorts puffing up as well, the sight of it making her smile to herself.

“Well, I might as well take advantage if you’re willing to keep spotting,” Casper said as Wyatt finished his second set.

Tara nodded in agreement and wriggled her backside slightly as Casper took his spot, his face directly below her panty-covered pussy. Casper’s crotch started to tent up as well, and Tara felt herself getting just as aroused as the boys. She could feel that she was so wet that if her thong wasn’t in place, she’d probably be dripping all over their faces.

As excited as she was by what she was doing, she knew it couldn’t continue. Tara summoned up her willpower and stepped back as soon as Casper had finished, all three of the boys staring at her hungrily.

“You boys look pretty hot after that,” she said as she tilted her head coquettishly. “Maybe you should go for a swim pretty soon and cool off.”

“That sounds like a plan,” Logan said as he popped open his can of Red Bull and downed half of it in one gulp. The other two did the same. “What do you say, Aunt Tara, gonna join us by the pool?”

Tara liked what she was seeing of the boys in their workout gear, they strapping young bodies glistening from their exertions. And, she had to

admit, she loved the feral look in their eyes as they blatantly looked her up and down. She knew it was wrong to wear such a short skirt and tight top like this, and to act the way she was around three teenagers whose hormones were running rampant. But Tara knew she couldn't help it. There was no denying it; she loved the attention.

As she thought about all that, Tara could see the wolfish look in their eyes at the suggestion of her joining them at the pool, all of them wondering how she'd look in a bathing suit. The thought of them seeing her in the new bikini she'd bought the day before had her squirming with excitement.

"C'mon, Aunt Tara," Logan continued, an imploring tone in his voice that Tara found charmingly sweet. "You've got to take a break from doing all that school prep work sometime, and it's only Saturday. You've got all day tomorrow to do that."

Tara couldn't help but smile at the logic of Logan's argument. "Well, okay then."

"Great!" Logan burst out, and Tara could see that he'd said it louder than he'd intended. Composing himself, he shrugged before continuing. "We're just gonna finish up here and grab our showers before

going into the pool. We'll be there in about twenty minutes."

"All right then. I'll see you in a little while."

Tara turned and strode towards the stairs. She was just about to go up when she stopped and looked back at them over her shoulder, giving them a look at her in profile, her long legs beautifully on display and her curvy bum and large breasts accentuated by her stance. The boys hadn't moved from when she'd started to walk away, three sets of wide eyes staring right at her. "I've just bought a new suit this week. You boys'll have to tell me how you like it."

With that statement, she gave them a teasing smile and scampered up the stairs. Alone in the guest room, Tara chided herself, telling herself she shouldn't be so mean to the nice young boys by teasing them like that. But the thought that they might masturbate thinking about her excited her more than she'd thought possible. So, what if she gave them a look up her skirt, or posed in such a way that she knew her breasts, bum, and long legs were shown off to their best advantage. In the long run, who could that hurt? By the looks on the faces of all three of those boys, it was pretty obvious none

of them were going to complain about the provocative little show she'd just given them.

With those thoughts circling around in her mind, Tara slipped out of the clothes she was wearing and put on her new bathing suit. It was a bikini in brilliant white that she knew looked great with her tanned golden skin and blonde hair. Knowing she was coming here to stay with Logan, she'd specifically picked this one out. The main reason she'd chosen this suit was that not only did the colour look great on her, but the bikini top was totally unstructured. She loved the way the two tiny triangles molded themselves to her large breasts, allowing the natural curves of her mounds to stretch and fill the soft cups spectacularly. Tara also knew that with the way the fabric clung smoothly to her breasts, her nipples would clearly be on display. She knew Logan would like that.

Tara checked herself in the mirror, noticing the way the bikini bottom dived down scandalously in the front, barely covering her shaven mons. Narrow ribbon-like ties were secured high on her broad hips, making her already-long legs look even longer. She loved the look of the teasing bows tied high on each hip, the slender ties seeming to call out for a hand to

pluck them open and expose the treasure lying beneath.

Tara ran her hands up her body, her fingertips tracing over the firm muscles of her flat stomach. Tara was proud of her toned stomach. She never had any children but, at 38 years old, she still had to work hard to keep it trim and firm. She went to the gym at least three times a week, but even with that, on the days she didn't go, she did stomach crunches at home every night. Her efforts had paid off, her stomach as flat and toned as when she'd been a teenager.

Satisfied with the way her new bikini looked, Tara fluffed out her long blonde hair and was just finishing applying a shiny coat of deep red lip gloss when she heard the boys out by the pool. Checking herself one last time, she drew her colorful wrap around her, tying it at the back of her neck so it covered her all the way down to her knees, with only her shoulders and arms left exposed. She grabbed her sunglasses and a beach towel from the hall closet, along with a Diet Coke and her bag of school work. Tara set everything down just inside the patio door as she looked at the boys goofing around in the pool. Smiling to herself, she reached beneath her floral wrap and tweaked each nipple between her

thumbs and forefingers, making them instantly come to attention. With that done, she picked up her gear, opened the door, and slipped on her shades as she padded her way across the pool deck.

“Aunt Tara, come on in, the water’s perfect,” Logan said as the boys stopped roughhousing in the pool and turned to look at her.

Tara smiled as she walked up to them and stood next to one of the loungers sitting poolside. It felt wonderful to Tara to be out here, the air fresh and sweet with the afternoon sun’s warming rays making her skin tingle already. “I think I’m fine right here,” she said as she set her things down.

Standing near the edge of the pool and facing the boys, Tara reached behind her head and started to undo her wrap. From behind her sunglasses, she could see the boys watching her intently, even though they tried to be cool about it, with Casper paddling his hands through the water and Wyatt tossing a football up and down as if they weren’t paying attention. But Tara could see that they were watching her just as intently as Logan was, who’d hoisted himself onto the far edge of the pool and was leaning back on straightened arms, his eyes glued to her.

Tara undid the knot at the back of her neck and drew the flowing wrap away, tossing it onto the lounge next to her. She casually reached up with both hands, running her fingers through her hair and flipping her head from side to side until her blonde locks fell in shimmering waves about her shoulders. As she'd done that, she'd casually glanced down through her sunglasses, happy to see that her nipples were visible through the soft white material of her bikini top. She also knew the act of raising her arms up would make her sizable breasts lift up and wobble provocatively as she moved her head to shake out her hair. Looking through her dark sunglasses at the three sets of youthful eyes focussed on her, she could tell the boys liked the show she was putting on.

Tara took a step over until she was next to pool and squatted down as she leaned forwards, trailing her fingertips through the water as if testing the temperature. "Nice, very nice," she said softly.

"Yes, it certainly is," Casper muttered, and Tara could see him looking intently into the deep dark line of her cleavage from just a few feet away, his face directly in line with her chest.

“By the way, Aunt Tara,” Logan said, “you asked us earlier to let you know what we thought of your new bathing suit. Well, it looks pretty good to me. What do you think, guys?”

“Good, really good,” Wyatt added and she heard Casper say “Fabulous” as both boys nodded in agreement.

“Well, thank you very much. I’m glad you like it.” Smiling inside, Tara stood up and stretched a bit before ending up with her hands on her hips facing them, her feet spread about shoulder width apart. She took a deep breath and glanced up at the sky. “It certainly is beautiful out here, isn’t it?”

“That’s one word for it,” Logan said. Tara glanced over at her nephew sitting across the pool, watching as his eyes raked up over the full length of her body before he added, “not only is it beautiful, it’s pretty hot too.”

“It is, isn’t it?” Tara responded coyly, having seen the boys try to keep their smiles hidden after Logan had said that. She purposely waved her hand in front of her face, fanning herself, knowing the gentle motion of her arm would make her boobs wobble. Again, three sets of eyes went to her chest as her full mounds swayed gently back and forth.

“It’s hotter than I thought it was going to be,” she added. “I just might have to come in the pool and cool off after all.”

“Good idea,” Logan said. “You’ll love it.”

“Just let me tie my hair up, I don’t want to get it wet,” Tara said as she turned, leaned over, and rummaged through her bag, her body now in profile to the boys. She knew this was a good angle from their point of view. Her long toned legs would look great like this, as would her curvy heart-shaped bum, a fair amount of bum cheek nicely displayed in her tiny bikini bottom. Up top, her bent-over position would draw attention to her trim flat stomach and sizable breasts, warm mounds of tit-flesh bulging over the outside edge of her bikini top.

When she stood back up and started fixing her hair, Tara could see that she’d been right. All three boys were almost drooling as they looked in her direction. Smiling to herself, she took her scrunchie and a hair clip, quickly whipped her hair into a ponytail and then anchored it in a loose bun on the top of her head, a few stray tendrils of glistening blonde hair trailing down to lick at her neck provocatively. “There, that should do it,” Tara said as she turned and stepped to the end of the pool,

where she walked down the steps until the water was above her waist.

All eyes were on her as she moved forward, now just a few feet away from the boys. She quickly ducked down in the water until it was up to her neck and then stood up slowly, water streaming off her breasts, the droplets shining in the sun like glittering jewels. She could tell by the feel that her nipples had gotten even harder and, from the way the boys were blatantly staring at her chest, she knew they were all but poking right through the soft wet fabric of her bikini top.

“You’re right, the water feels wonderful. It’s perfect.”

“Perfect... that’s exactly what I was thinking,” Logan said and, from the way he was looking at her, Tara knew he wasn’t talking about the temperature of the pool.

“Well, that little dip cooled me off well enough, so I’m going back and out and do some of that school work I brought with me.” Tara turned and made her way out of the pool, glancing back over her shoulder to see that all the boys were looking at her curvy backside as she made her way up the stairs and back to the lounge.

Once she reclined in the deck chair and got her books out, the boys went back to their game of tossing the football around and roughhousing in the water. From behind her sunglasses, she surreptitiously kept her eye on them as they occasionally talked quietly to each other, usually followed by one of them nodding and looking in her direction as they shared a smile. At one point, she saw Wyatt talking closely with Logan, and then she heard Wyatt quietly say, “You really said thirty-eight? Are you kidding me? Wow, no fucking way!” Tara had to lift her book up in front of her to stop the boys from seeing her smile after she heard that.

The four of them stayed out there for quite a while, with the boys joining her poolside and taking their spots on the loungers, all of them drifting off for a little snooze in the warm afternoon sun. It was getting on when Tara woke up, the sun moving further into the western sky.

“Logan... Logan,” Tara called out as her nephew slowly opened his eyes from one of the chairs a short distance away from hers.

“Wha... what?” Logan said as he sat up and rubbed his eyes.

Tara could see the other boys starting to wake up as well. "I think we should go in and start thinking about ordering that Thai food you talked about," Tara said as she sat up and slid her books into her bag.

"That sounds like a good plan," Logan said. 'Hey, how about we order the food and just eat it out here.' He gestured to the patio table and chairs a short distance away. "That way we wouldn't have to worry about getting changed or anything."

Tara noticed the other boys were quick to nod in agreement. She was sure they hoped to keep ogling her in her bikini during the meal.

"No," she replied as she continued to gather up her things. "We're going to eat in the dining room like civilized people. We're going to get cleaned up and put on something proper for dinner."

She turned towards Wyatt and Casper. "You boys have something decent to wear, don't you?"

"They can borrow polo shirts of mine," Logan interrupted. "That should be okay, right?"

"Polo shirts should be fine. Just no t-shirts with stupid logos on them."

“What are you gonna wear?” Logan asked.

“I’ve got a new summer dress that I haven’t had a chance to wear yet. I brought it along just in case, and since we’re having something fancier than pizza, I think I’ll wear that.”

“Well, okay then,” Logan replied. “I hope it’s as nice as your other new outfit you had on earlier.” Tara could see smiles on the boys’ faces as they nodded in unison, obviously remembering the time they all spent on the weight bench looking up her tiny skirt.

“I guess you’ll just have to wait and see,” Tara said as she stood up and gave them coy smile as she drew her wrap around her. “Now go and get cleaned up and I’ll see you in a little while.”

Without another word, Tara turned on her heel and strode into the house. She headed straight to the guest room and peeled off her bikini before getting into the shower. She kept her hair pinned up as she washed, loving the feel of the stinging pellets against her skin as she stood under the shower head and soaped her tall curvy body. Her boobs were soon a slick mess of frothy lather as her hands moved over them, squeezing and hefting as her thumbs toyed with her nipples. She’d been turned on by the

attention the boys had given her throughout the day and contemplated rubbing one off right there in the shower. Instead, she used her willpower to fight the urges, knowing she'd have to get off a few times later that night in order to sleep. Although she'd left her vibrator at home, her fingers would be good enough to do the job.

Cleaned up and dried off, Tara applied some cream she'd brought with her to her legs. It made her legs glisten sensually, almost as if they had a coating of some kind of oil on them. Tara loved the look it gave her long legs, and she hoped the boys would like it too.

Next, she stood before the mirror and fixed her hair and makeup. She did her makeup first, starting with some mascara and eye-shadow, doing her eyes in bronzy-pink tones that she knew looked sexy and exotic. The mascara added a nice touch to her already-long lashes. A quick touch of blush on her cheeks was followed by some lipstick. She'd brought a bottle of wet-look bright red lipstick which she applied with the tiny brush, her full pouty lips becoming a brilliant red gash. She thought the alluring shininess of the wet-look gloss made her mouth look like a perfect target for a big cock that needed sucking.

“A girl can dream, can’t she?” Tara muttered to herself as she puckered her lips and gave herself an air-kiss in the mirror. She finished up by taking the clip and scrunchie out of her hair and brushing it out, her shimmering golden locks falling in cascading waves past her shoulders. She was very proud of her hair, the way it framed her face attractively, the long tresses looking good on her tall body.

Satisfied, Tara started to get dressed. She set out the bra and panty set she’d chosen on the bed. It was a match to the one she’d been wearing earlier in the day, but while the other one was made of white lace, this one was a beautiful corn-silk yellow. She slid her long legs into the tiny panties and drew them up as she shimmied her broad hips from side to side. The slender ribbon like waistband anchored high on her hips as the tiny panel at the front barely covered her, the whale-tail at the back sitting just at the apex of her heart-shaped bum.

The lacy yellow bra was next, and Tara loved how delicate and feminine it was as she slipped the lace cups beneath her breasts and drew the thin straps over her shoulders, the slender yellow ribbons stretched taut by the weight of her breasts. She

adjusted her girls just so, her cleavage devastatingly deep, her boobs attractively pushed together and up.

Smiling to herself, she slipped on the new dress she'd bought. It was a gorgeous buttery-yellow sleeveless sundress. The neckline was scooped low, but not 'trampy-low', Tara thought. The bodice fit snugly to her ample curves, with a few tiny buttons in the middle between her breasts. The soft yellow material fit smoothly against her narrow waist and flat stomach, which was one of the reasons Tara had loved it when she'd first tried it on. From her waist down, the skirt went out in flouncy pleats, looking fun and flirtatious as it flowed out over her wide hips before ending high on her thighs. Tara did a little twirl in front of the mirror, loving the way the flouncy bottom section flipped out playfully as she twirled around. The dress was so short that she knew if she spun around quickly enough, her panties would definitely show.

Tara completed her outfit with a new pair of shoes she'd gotten when she'd bought the dress. They were yellow slingbacks, the colour matching her dress perfectly. The slingbacks had sharp pointy toes and slender heels that were about three inches high. Not exactly high enough to wear if she was

going out to a nightclub, Tara thought, but to go with a fun summer dress, they were just right.

By now, Tara could hear the boys out in the great room. Taking one last look in the mirror and fluffing her hair out a bit, she stopped. Her eyes went to her boobs, where the tight fit of the dress and the scooped neckline allowed a teasing glimpse of her cleavage. Something didn't seem quite right. When she'd put the dress on, Tara had initially done up all four buttons at the front between her breasts, but after looking at herself in the mirror, and thinking about the three boys, she undid the top button... and then the second one. "Well, maybe just one more," she uttered quietly as she plucked open the third button, allowing a bit of her bra to show where the buttons opened up and her breasts swelled forward to fill the gap. Satisfied, she reached up and once again gave each of her nipples a firm tweak, the rubbery buds instantly coming alive beneath her touch, tiny little shadows showing on the front of her dress as they stiffened.

"There, perfect," she said quietly to herself as she smiled into the mirror one last time before walking out to join the boys.

“Wow! Aunt Tara, you look gorgeous,” Logan was the first to say as Tara walked up to them.

“That dress is fantastic. It looks amazing on you,” Wyatt added, his eyes zeroing in on Tara’s protruding nipples.

Tara noticed that Casper was standing there as if struck dumb, his mouth literally hanging open as he stared at her. “You all look very nice too,” she said. “For teenage boys, you certainly clean up well.” She definitely thought they did. Freshly scrubbed and polished from their showers, the boys all looked like the epitome of fit and healthy young men in their prime. Tara could see that all three had matured into fine physical specimens, compared to the awkward gangly youths they’d been just a few years ago. All three were barrel-chested and broad-shouldered, evidence of the time they’d put in working out. The other two boys had borrowed clean polo shirts from Logan that looked just as good on them as they would have on Logan. Tara was quick to notice that the boys liked to wear their shirts tight, which she definitely approved of. The full thick chests and strong, powerful arms on all three stretched the material of those shirts almost to the bursting point. Just looking at those firm athletic muscles was making Tara’s pussy start to tingle.

“Uh, I’ve ordered the food already,” Logan said. “I hope you don’t mind.”

“No, not at all. Since you’ve ordered from there before, I’m sure you know what’s good.” She paused, noticing how often the boys’ eyes flicked down to her chest. She was happy she’d chosen to undo those extra buttons. “Besides, you know me, I’m willing to try anything.” Tara was quick to notice the smile that came over Logan’s face after she said that.

“That’s good to know,” he said, the sly grin on his face sending a shiver down Tara’s spine.

The food arrived shortly after and Tara loved everything that Logan had ordered. The Thai food was delicious and the boys ate heartily. Tara realized that at eighteen years of age, boys like that needed a lot of fuel, all three of them refilling their plates until everything was gone. Even though they’d ordered take-out, Wyatt and Casper were considerate guests and took care of the few dishes they’d used when the meal was finished.

“I’m just gonna go freshen up,” Tara said as she got up from the table. “I’ll be back in a minute and

then maybe we can play a game or something.”

“Playing a game, or something, sounds good,” Logan replied, the tone in his voice making Tara wonder what he was thinking.

Using the en-suite washroom off the guest room, Tara checked herself in the mirror. She brushed out her hair quickly and then touched up her makeup, applying a fresh coat of the shiny red lipstick that had come off while she’d been eating. Giving herself another air kiss and quick wink in the mirror, she turned and walked out of the bathroom.

“Wha... what are you doing here?” Tara said as she stopped up short.

Logan and the other two boys were standing just inside the door of the guest room. Logan was in the front, with the other two boys just behind and to either side of him, as if they were lined up in some kind of blocking formation.

“You said you wanted to play a game, or something.” Logan paused and nodded towards his two friends behind him. “Well, Aunt Tara, we’ve chosen the ‘or something’.”

There was something about the way her nephew said that, and the look in his eyes, that made the hair

on the back of Tara's neck stand up.

"What, what do you mean?" Tara asked, alarm bells starting to go off in her head.

Logan quietly turned and looked over his shoulder. "Close the door, Wyatt."

With her heart starting to beat faster, Tara watched as Wyatt closed the door and returned to his spot behind Logan. Tara looked at all three of them, seeing the hungry look on their faces as they blatantly ran their eyes over her.

"You know," Logan said as he slowly stepped forwards, the other two following right behind, "it really wasn't very nice of you to tease us like that all day."

"What... I... I don't know what you mean," Tara said as she instinctively took a step backwards as they moved towards her.

"We're not stupid, Aunt Tara," Logan said, his voice more calm and assured than Tara had ever heard before. "It's obvious you enjoyed the attention. But I don't blame you. A beautiful woman like you, 38 years old, no doubt in her sexual prime, and without a boyfriend for quite some time now. It's natural that you'd like it when young men pay

attention to you, to prove to you that you're beautiful and desirable. Like I said, it's natural that you need that to make you feel good."

Logan paused and Tara stood there, her heart beating wildly as he slowly ran his eyes up and down her body, taking his time as his eyes settled on her heaving chest.

"Yes," Logan continued, "with those long beautiful legs of yours, that perfect ass, flat stomach and big tits, you have a killer body that you've loved showing off to us today. And the fact that you've got the face of an angel makes you even more worthy of the attention. But I don't think it's just the attention you need."

"What... I... I... Logan, I don't know what you're talking about," Tara said as she took in the eager look in the eyes of all three boys.

"Oh, I think you do," Logan said, the confident tone in his voice scaring Tara. "I think part of you needs that attention, but I don't think that's all you need."

Tara was trembling now, backed up against the wall as the boys closed in on her. "No, no... you're

wrong about all this. Like I said... I... I don't know what you mean."

"Sure you do," Logan said with a carefree shrug of his shoulders. 'We all saw the way you acted today, with those outfits you wore. It's obvious to all three of us, and to you too, once you admit it to yourself.' Logan paused for a second, his dark eyes peering at Tara intently. "It's not just the attention you need and crave, Aunt Tara, what you really want is cock, and lots of it."

As soon as he said that, all three boys started moving in on Tara.

"Logan, stop," Tara said as she put her hand up in front of her. "You don't want to do this. I'm your aunt, for god's sake."

Logan slowly shook his head. "That just makes it that much better for me, and for these guys. We've all been dreaming about fucking you for years, and now the time has come."

Tara felt herself shudder, but did her best to put up a tough front. "If you just forget about this right now, I won't say a word. But if you don't get out of here and leave me alone, trust me, I'll tell your mother as soon as she gets home. If you think she

was mad at you before, that'll be nothing compared to what she's gonna do when I tell her about this."

Logan shook his head again, a broad smile on his face now. "No, you're not going to say a word. I don't think you know that we've got a video camera set up in the basement. We use it to film ourselves to ensure we're following the correct techniques and critique each other's workout. It was running earlier when you spotted for us."

Tara felt a shiver run down her spine again, remembering exactly what had happened.

"Yes, I don't think Mom would appreciate seeing her sister standing over her own son, wearing a tiny miniskirt with her legs spread open like a whore."

Logan paused, and Tara knew he could see the look of shock on her face. "So, go ahead, tell Mom whatever you like. She might see things a little different after I show her that, and the video of you in your bikini out by the pool."

"Video... what?" Tara asked, her head spinning.

"Yeah, I'd set up a video camera in the bushes on the far side of the pool yesterday morning, since I had the feeling you'd join us in the pool. I think Mom would find it very interesting to see the way

you basically posed for us in that tiny bikini of yours, not to mention the way you stretched and showed us those big nipples of yours once your bikini got wet. Not only would Mom find it interesting, but I bet a lot of guys at our school would love to see that video clip. Hey, maybe even some of the guys from your school. I'm sure a lot of them jerk off to you every day and would be happy to pay a few bucks for a video like that."

Tara was mortified by what she'd just heard. The thought of her sister seeing her parade around in her bikini was bad enough, but the thought of students at her school seeing her like that left her cold. "*This really can't be happening, can it?*" she thought to herself.

"See, I had the feeling you might think Mom would see things a different way," Logan continued. 'So, me and the boys here are gonna give you what we all know, and by 'all' I mean you too, we're gonna give you what you really need.' He paused and glanced at his friends before nodding in Tara's direction. "Guys."

Tara stood there helpless, totally panic stricken as Wyatt and Casper moved in on her. Before she knew it, their hands were all over the place, groping her

breasts, squeezing her bum, pushing her dress up as their hands slid over her thighs.

“Logan, please, make them stop,” Tara gasped out.

“I don’t think so, Auntie, the fun is just getting started.”

“I’ll tell you right now,” Tara spat back, “there’s no way you’re going to fuck me.”

“Oh, we most certainly are, all of us, and not just once either. As I said, a beautiful woman like you with a body like that needs a lot of cock, and well, let’s just say we’re here to give you all you need... and more.”

The next thing Tara knew, the two boys were pulling her dress up right over her head. It only took them a few seconds of dealing with her struggles before her dress was off and tossed aside. The two boys held her arms as she stood before them, dressed only in her tiny bra and panties, with her high heels making her feel even more naked than she actually was.

“Now, that’s a beautiful outfit,” Logan said as he walked up to her, his eyes taking in every luscious curve and enticing valley of her exposed form.

Tara leaned against the wall behind her, as if it could shield at least part of her.

“Move her out into the middle of the room,” Logan said to his two friends. “I want a good look at that body of hers in better light.”

Tara struggled as best as she could, but it was no use, the two boys were just too strong. They pulled her over until she stood in front of the bed, directly under the light. She stood there in her high heels, trembling as all three opened ogled her. Tara was close to being frantic, but she knew she was fighting the nervous excitement she was feeling inside just as much as she was fighting the boys. As they blatantly looked her up and down, she could feel her nipples getting stiffer, the protruding buds visible right through her lacy yellow bra.

“Yes, that’s much better,” Logan said as he slowly walked around her, taking in the view from every angle. “Oh fuck yeah, even better than all those times I jerked off thinking about this gorgeous bod, and what I’d do with it if I had the chance.”

“Well, it looks like you’re going to have that chance,” Wyatt said snidely, which made the other two boys laugh.

“You’re right about that, buddy,” Logan said as he stepped back in front of her, “we’re all gonna have that chance, as much as we want.”

Tara shivered when Logan said that, wondering what was in store for her. *“They aren’t really going to try and have sex with me, are they?”* she thought. *“Surely they’re just trying to scare me, some weird way of having fun. They’re going to let me go soon, right?”*

Tara wasn’t so sure of that as Logan moved closer, the other two boys still holding her still. She looked up as her nephew’s tall muscular body towered over her as he stopped just inches away.

“Do you know how long I’ve wanted to feel these?” Logan said as he slid one hand up the front of Tara’s body and cupped her breast, squeezing it firmly as his thumb rolled over her stiff nipple.

Tara shuddered, wondering how she could have ended up in this situation.

“And how long I’ve wanted to do this?”

Shocked and incapable of reacting sensibly, Tara could only watch as Logan slid his other hand down over her flat stomach and across the front of her lacy panties. His fingertip traced along the leg opening

before he slipped it right inside, his long fingers sliding over her flushed mound.

“Hey guys, she’s absolutely soaked. Go figure.” Logan turned and looked her in the eye, “And just to think, Aunt Tara, you said you didn’t like the idea of this. Your body seems to be saying otherwise.”

“Stop it, Logan. Right now. I mean it.”

“Huh, you say you want me to stop and yet your hot little cunt is dripping like crazy. Yeah, I don’t think we’ll be stopping anytime soon.” He paused as he looked at his two friends. “Guys, she’s been doing a lot of complaining with that pretty little mouth of hers, so I think it’s time we put it to better use.”

Tara’s eyes opened wide when Logan said that and the boys quickly nodded in agreement. Logan took hold of her and held her tightly as the other boys started to shuck their clothes one at a time. First Wyatt pulled off his polo shirt and shorts, and then Casper was right behind him. Her eyes went to their thick, barrel-like chests as they tossed their clothes aside. She glanced down to see that both boys were incredibly well-hung, and she remembered Wyatt talking about his ‘eight-inch cock’ stuffed inside his teacher. She could see that

Casper's cock looked just as huge, and both of them had big heavy balls that looked swollen with cum. Tara couldn't help it as she felt herself salivating. As she stood there trembling, they moved right back in and started groping her again, their hands mauling her as she looked down to see their impressive cocks on the rise.

"You like what you see?" Logan asked as he peeled off his own clothes.

Tara felt ashamed, knowing Logan had seen her checking out the boys' cocks even though she still struggled against their grasp. Their hands seemed to be everywhere at once and, even though she continued to fight against them, Tara could feel her body responding to their rough touch, awakening something deep inside her. Logan had his clothes off by now, and Tara's eyes opened wide as he stood before her, his hand wrapped around his thick cock. Her nephew was definitely an impressive physical specimen, tall, muscular, with a cock to match. It was bigger than any Tara had ever seen before, and it wasn't even hard yet. His balls looked bloated and full as they hung low in his sack, the thought of the huge load contained there making Tara's mouth water even more. She looked at her nephew's magnificent body as if hypnotized, feeling that

needy itch way up inside her as she watched his cock start to stiffen and lengthen beneath his slow pumping hand.

“Well, from the look on your face, Auntie, it looks like you’ve really found something you like now. Is this what you want?” Logan said as he waved the broad crimson crown in her direction. “The way you’re almost drooling, I’d guess you can’t wait to feel this filling up that pretty mouth or sweet cunt of yours, is that right?”

Tara felt herself flushing with embarrassment, and even though she still pulled and struggled against Wyatt and Casper’s gripping hands, she knew that when she raised her eyes to Logan’s, he could see how she really felt inside.

She saw a wicked leer come over Logan’s face before he spoke. “Yeah, that’s what I thought. Don’t worry, you’ll be getting all you want soon enough.”

“Should we take her bra and panties off?” Casper asked as he squeezed one of Tara’s big tits, while Wyatt groped her curvy bum at the same time.

“Not just yet,” Logan said as he continued to stroke himself. “She looks really sexy in just that

and her high heels. Let's just leave her like that while she sucks our cocks."

The devils and angels were fighting on Tara's shoulders, and she knew who was winning that battle, and it wasn't the angels. She knew there was no way the boys were going to stop now that they'd come this far. She could see by the look in their eyes that they were feeding off each other's hunger for her, their hormones raging with lust. Rather than just give in to them, she thought pleading with them to stop would enflame them even more. Tara saw it as some form of illicit game that had to be played out. That resisting them would just make them want her even more, that they'd continue to just take her as they pleased, to force her to be their plaything, their bitch, a hot mouth or juicy cunt for them to fill with cum.

The thought of being taken like that, of being taken against her will, taken by a number of strong young men who could fuck all night long, that had always been the most powerful dream for Tara. That fantasy was the one that always made her pussy weep uncontrollably. Logan had just said they were going to make her suck their cocks, and although Tara's mouth was already salivating at the thought of getting her hot mouth on their hard young pricks,

she knew what she had to say in order to play this game to the finish.

“No, no way,” Tara shouted out. “There’s no way I’m doing that.”

“Who are you kidding?” Logan said as he stepped up and traced his fingertip all around Tara’s shiny red lips. ‘With a mouth as beautiful as that, are you trying to tell me you’ve never sucked a cock before?’ He paused and Tara didn’t have any kind of answer. Continuing to blush, she could tell Logan knew the truth. “Yeah, I’m sure you’ve used that pretty mouth many times before. A mouth like that was made for sucking cock, lots of big hard cocks, and that’s exactly what we’ve got for you. Now, get on your knees, Auntie.”

Wyatt and Casper pushed down on her shoulders. As much as she fought against them, Tara knew it was a losing battle, they were just too strong. Within seconds, she was on her knees as they grasped her arms firmly, holding her in place while Logan stepped up in front of her. Tara could see that Logan’s cock was almost totally hard now. Looking at it made her heart race with both dread, and excitement. It was absolutely huge! She had thought the other two boys were well-hung, but Logan was a

stallion compared to them. His rigid prick thrust out like a cannon from his shaven midsection, the thick shaft arrow straight, the veins pulsing as his hot blood flowed into it. The dark menacing mushroom-shaped crown took Tara's breath away. It was as big as an apple, broad and flared like a deadly missile, the thick rope-like coronal ridge making her gulp as she thought about taking a cock that big into her mouth or deep into her needy cunt. The damp red eye at the tip was already glistening with pre-cum, and Tara watched as a bead of cock-sap pulsed to the surface and started to distend downwards, making her pussy weep with longing even more.

But as she looked at her nephew's god-like cock wide-eyed, Tara knew Logan had been right. He was right about all of it, how much she liked the attention, how much she craved it. But most of all, he'd been right about one thing; that she needed cock, she needed cock bad. As she stared at his throbbing member as if in a trance, Tara knew she was losing the battle, that inside she had already surrendered, that she'd be theirs to do with as they pleased, to fuck her as much as they wanted, to use any of her three hot holes as nothing more than receptacles for their lustful teenage urges.

“Now remember, Auntie,” Logan said as he moved closer and drew the drooling tip of his cock across her face, the feel of the warm precum making Tara shiver with anticipation, “no biting. Don’t even think about it, unless you want those boys in your classes to be looking at that clip of you in your bikini the next time they jerk off.”

Although she wasn’t going to give Logan the satisfaction of admitting it, biting his beautiful cock, that beautiful huge hard cock, was the furthest thing from her mind. As the hot pebbly glans moved all over her face, Tara closed her eyes. She was overwhelmed as she felt the heat of him flow through her skin. The sensation was so wicked and yet felt so good that she shivered, just waiting for Logan to slip that massive cock between her lips. She couldn’t help it as she instinctively ran her tongue out to wet her lips.

“That’s it, that’s a good girl,” Logan said, and Tara could tell by the tone of his voice that he’d picked up that she’d become more docile. “Wyatt, grab that scrunchie off the night table there and give it to her. I want her hair out of the way while we taking turns fucking her face.”

The next thing Tara knew, she had a scrunchie in her hand and as the boys kept stroking their stiff pricks, she whipped her hair up into a ponytail and cinched it tight.

“There, that’s a much better look for you when you’re sucking cock,” Logan said. “We can see that pretty face of yours better as we feed you. Now, it’s time for you to start sucking. I think three loads in a row should get the night started off properly.”

With that, Tara felt Logan’s cock press against her lips. As he pressed forward, she let her lips open and follow the flowing contours of the flared crimson crown. Her jaws started to open up, and then they just kept going. She started to get fearful that her lips would tear at the corners, and then, just at the moment she thought was going to happen, the whole cockhead slipped inside her mouth. Her lips clamped down just past the thick coronal ridge, trapping the enormous knob within her mouth.

“Mmm...” As much as she tried to fight it, Tara couldn’t stop that warm purr that emanated from her throat. It felt incredible to her to have such a huge, powerful cock in her mouth. The heat alone coming off the engorged knob was sending waves of arousal through her body, her pussy creaming even more

into her already-soaked panties. With just the big knob locked between her lips, she pushed a big gob of saliva forward, rolling her tongue all over the sensitive glans as she bathed it with her hot spit.

“Oh fuck, yeah,” Logan said from above her as he reached out and slid his fingers deep into her hair. “Her mouth is so fucking hot and with the way she’s been teasing us all day, this isn’t going to take long.”

Tara felt her nephew grip her head firmly as he started to rock his hips back and forth. He quickly got into a smooth rhythm, working his thick hard cock in and out of her mouth. Between levering his hips and using his hands to pull her head back on forth on his surging rod, the friction between Tara’s wet sucking mouth and his pistoning cock was increasing by the second. Tara forced another gob of saliva forward. She could feel it seeping out from the corners of her mouth as his rampant horse-cock drove deeper and deeper into her vacuuming mouth.

Tara felt dizzy, but she knew it was more from excitement than anything. She’d tasted his seeping precum right away when he’d plugged his cock into her mouth. It tasted wonderful to her. She eagerly run her tongue over the tip to gather it in, knowing the tasty treat was just an appetizer. Logan had only

been fucking her face for a minute or two, but Tara was already hungry for the main course. She didn't have long to wait.

“OH FUCK... YEAH! I'M GONNA COME... GONNA... FUCCCCCKKKK!” Logan groaned loudly as Tara felt him start to go off. His body became almost as rigid as his cock as the sensations of his ejaculation took over. Tara felt a hot thick rope of spunk slam into the back of her mouth as Logan held her head tightly, his throbbing prick starting to spew his load into her avidly-sucking mouth. His first shot was followed by a second, and then a third. Tara felt the warm creamy cum quickly growing into a sizable puddle as it pooled on her tongue. Her instincts took over. Not wanting to waste a drop, she swallowed.

“Mmm,” she moaned softly as Logan's hot thick cum slid smoothly down her throat. He kept shooting, and Tara could barely keep up to the massive load filling her mouth. She felt some overflowing and seeping out from the corners of her stretched lips and drop down to land on the upper swells of her breasts, there was just that much of it.

Tara hadn't even noticed that she'd done it, but as Logan's spurting cock started to slow, she saw that

at some point while he'd been fucking her face, she'd reached forward with her hands and started jacking off each of the other two boys, who had been standing on either side of Logan watching. As she started to come down from the euphoric high of sucking Logan's cock, she could feel the heat and the wanton need in the two stiff pricks she'd been subconsciously pumping back and forth.

“Oh man, that was fantastic. Who's next?” Logan said as he drew his spent cock out of her sucking mouth, his slippery dick coming out with an audible POP!

“Fuck yeah!” Wyatt said as he quickly took Logan's place in front of Tara and plugged his steely cock into her gaping mouth.

Within seconds he was driving it deep into Tara's hot sucking mouth, and she responded instantly, caving in her cheeks to give him a nice tight sheath to fuck. With his cock sluicing deep into her mouth, Tara could tell that Wyatt's sturdy prick was just as big as he'd said. Although not as big or as thick as Logan's anaconda, Tara had no doubt that he had every single one of the eight inches she'd heard him talk about. With one hand still on Casper's throbbing dick, she reached forward and gently cradled

Wyatt's balls, massaging them in her rolling fingers in order to coax out the load she knew they carried.

"That's the way, look at her go," Tara heard Logan say from behind her. She felt his hand grip the base of her ponytail and then he started to pump her head back and forth on his friend's cock. "Yeah, I love a good fuck-handle, and it's not just good for fucking."

Wyatt was just as juiced up as Logan had been, and within just few minutes of her vigorous sucking, Tara felt his balls draw up close to his body and his prick get even harder.

"FUCK MEEEE!" Wyatt bellowed as the first thick rope of cum jettisoned from the tip of his enflamed cockhead, spurting forcefully against the soft tissues at the back of Tara's mouth.

'Mmm... "Tara groaned softly as the teenager's cock continued to throb and spit, sending a deluge of semen to splash across her tonsils. But still, Tara kept avidly working on Wyatt's spewing dick, hollowing in her cheeks and sucking voraciously as Logan pulled her head back and forth from behind. She couldn't believe how much cum these boys could shoot as, first Logan, and now Wyatt, flooded her mouth with massive loads of hot thick seed. Not

that Tara was complaining at all, she loved every glorious second of it as the young man continued to dump his cum into her vacuuming mouth.

“My turn,” Casper said as he pulled his friend back as soon it was apparent Wyatt’s climax was ebbing away.

As Wyatt’s cock came free from Tara’s nursing mouth, a glistening strand of semen bridged the gap between the tip of his cock and her lower lip. It quickly narrowed as Casper pulled him further back before it snapped, a shiny ribbon of jizz falling onto Tara’s heaving tits as she fought to catch her breath.

Her mouth had only been empty for a second or two before Casper was on her, sliding his raging prick between her wet lips. He didn’t waste any time either, levering his strong hips back and forth like a jackhammer as he all but destroyed her mouth.

“GLLPHHH... GLLPHHH... GAA...” Lewd sounds escaped Tara’s mouth as her spit and gobs of cum clinging to the inside of her mouth started flying everywhere. She couldn’t believe the size of Casper’s cock. She had assumed his would be closer to normal than his two friends, but no, he was huge as well. To Tara, it was just as long as Wyatt’s, but thicker, the girth of the immense tree-trunk-like

shaft stretching her lips almost as much as Logan's monstrous cock had.

"Give it to her, Casper," Logan said as he kept pumping her head back and forth. "Let's fill that belly of hers."

Again, just a couple of minutes later, Casper did his best to do just that.

"OH FUCK MAN... FUCGKGGKKK..." he groaned out incoherently as he started to unload, his hands grasping the sides of Tara's head, pumping it back and forth at the same time as Logan, fucking her face for all he was worth.

His eruption caught Tara by surprise, happening in a flash as jet after jet of thick teenage spunk gushed across her tongue like a tsunami. Tara quickly swallowed, but again she couldn't keep up. Gobs of brilliant white semen leaked out of the corners of her stretched lips and slid down her chin, glistening strands of spunk dangling lewdly before dropping onto her breasts and thighs.

As Casper's climax started to slow, she felt Logan let go of her hair, but she kept nursing at the seeping cockhead in her mouth, drawing out as much cum as she could. She heard a rustling next to

her and from the corner of her eye she saw Logan pull the covers off the bed, leaving just the bottom sheet and the pillows.

“Okay, enough of that,” Logan said as he stepped back to the rest of them. “Let’s get her up and onto the bed. I want her on her back so we can start filling that hot cunt of hers. She’s pretty tall, so I bet she has a nice deep one that can take every inch we can give her.”

Tara shuddered at Logan’s words as the other two boys pulled her to her feet. As she stood on shaky legs, she could feel all the cum she’d swallowed sloshing around in her stomach. Although Tara had never admitted it to anyone, she loved cum. She loved the taste of it, the feel of it, the pure masculine scent of it, everything about it. Just the thought of all the jizz she’d had slide down her throat in the last few minutes had her tingling with excitement. But the guilt factor rose quickly within her as the boys’ hands roamed over her once more. Sucking them off was one thing, but letting them fuck her... that was something else altogether.

“Logan, you’ve had your fun now,” Tara said as she tried to squirm out of their grasp. “I’ve done what you wanted, now stop this and let me go.”

With a beguiling smile on his face, Logan slowly shook his head from side to side. “I don’t think so, Aunt Tara. Like I said, we all know how much you need cock, and not just in your mouth. No, we’re gonna fill all three of your holes before we’re done tonight.”

Tara’s eyes flew wide open in shock. She’d had anal sex with her boyfriend a few years back, and she’d liked it. But his cock wasn’t even six inches long. There was no way it could even compare to the deadly truncheons all three of these boys carried between their legs.

“Yeah, it’s time to stretch out that tight little cunt of yours first before we get to that sexy ass of yours,” Logan said as he reached behind her.

With a quick flick of his fingers, Tara’s bra came off in his hands. He tossed it aside as the two other boys reached forward from each side, each one cupping a breast and mauling them. Tara swooned in their grasp, flashes of both fear and excitement coursing through her body.

“Oh fuck, feel how hard her nipples are,” Wyatt said as he openly groped Tara, his thumb rolling salaciously over one red bud that was as stiff as a bullet. “You could cut glass with these fuckers.”

Casper did the same to her other breast, tweaking her nipple as Logan reached out and felt the one Wyatt had been squeezing. Tara looked down to see Logan scoop up a gob of cum that had fallen on her breast and rub it into her nipple, making it harden even more.

“Fuck, they’re gorgeous all right, and bigger than I thought they’d be. I bet she’s got a clit to match,” Logan said as he reached down and started to tug on the waistband of her panties.

Tara struggled against him, scissoring her legs close together. “Don’t do this, Logan. Stop and think about what you’re doing. I’m your aunt, it’s... it’s not right.”

As she’d hoped, Tara’s struggles seemed to inflame Logan’s fiery libido even more as he pulled forcefully on her panties while the other two boys held her still. He drew her panties down her legs and worked them over her high heels before standing back up, dangling her tiny yellow panties from one fingertip. “Let me tell you something,” Logan started, his words slow and sure, “when a woman is as beautiful and sexy as you, getting fucked anywhere, at any time, is ‘right’, as you say. And the

fact that you're my aunt, well, that just makes it all the more exciting. Don't you think so guys?"

"Oh fuck, yeah," Wyatt said.

"We've all been waiting for this for years," Casper chimed in as both boys continued to grope Tara's exposed body.

"See, everybody thinks it's a good idea," Logan said as he stepped closer, his strong hands prying her legs apart as he slid his fingers into her dripping groove. "And from the feel of this, it seems like, deep down, you think it's a good idea too."

Tara knew he was right. Her body was flushed and glistening with perspiration, but she knew it was more from excitement at this point than fear. But still, she couldn't bring herself to admit it in front of them. Something kept telling her she had to tell them to stop, knowing it would only arouse them even more. "Logan, please, I'm begging you, don't do this."

"You can beg all you want, but we're still going to fuck the shit out of you," Logan said as he slid his big thumb up to the apex of her slit. He found her protruding clit and gave it a teasing rub, which made Tara's eyes roll back in her head, even as she tried to

stop the blissful sensations flowing through her. “Oh yeah, it looks like you want it just as bad as we do. It’s time we put you where you’re going to be for the rest of the night.”

As easy as he’d pick up a doll, Logan scooped her up in his arms and tossed her onto her back in the middle of the bed, her body completely naked except for her high heels.

“Get that scrunchie out of your hair. I want to see that gorgeous blonde hair of yours spread out on the pillow beneath you while we’re fucking you.”

As if hypnotized, Tara obeyed, reaching behind her head and letting loose her ponytail. She tossed the stretchy band onto the night table before shaking her head, her blonde locks falling past her shoulders as it came free.

“That’s better,” Logan said as he stepped closer to the side of the bed and ran his fingers through her hair. “Wild and sexy, just the way I like it.”

He turned to his two friends, who Tara could see were both stroking their cocks as they looked at her lying there, their faces like two hungry wolves.

“Wyatt, you go first,” Logan said as he nodded to his friend before a smirk came over his face. “If I go

first, she might be too loose for either of you clowns to feel anything.”

“Fuck you,” Wyatt said as he climbed onto the bed and tried to push Tara’s legs apart.

Tara feigned like she was fighting him, crossing her legs and trying get away as he moved over her.

“Grab her legs and arms,” Wyatt called out as he grabbed her hand that had been trying to scratch him.

Tara saw Casper race around to the other side of the bed from Logan and then both boys reached forward and took hold of her. One of each of their hands grasped her tiny wrist while the other hand circled her ankle. She could only twist uselessly against their powerful grip as they pulled her arms up and legs out to each side at the same time, totally spreading her open for Wyatt’s to fuck.

“Logan, please, please stop him,” Tara pleaded as Wyatt quickly moved over her, his hands planted on either side of her chest as he got into a push-up position, his cock pointed at her flushed mound.

Logan ignored her as Tara felt Wyatt lower himself as he looked down between their bodies, and

then she felt the head of his throbbing prick as he nestled it between her slick labial gates.

“LOGAN... LOGAN PLEASE... PLEASE STOP THIS...” Tara cried out. And then Wyatt started to push.

“LOGAN... OH MY GODDDDDD... NO!” Tara groaned like a wounded animal as Wyatt’s cock slid further into her. Her eyes were closed tight as the youth’s big cock started to stretch and fill her. The feeling was intense and scary, wondering if this cock, bigger than any she’d ever had, was going to tear her insides. But at the same time, she felt wave upon wave of sublime pleasure rising up from her stretched vagina as luxurious sensations pulsed through her entire body. It felt like the tips of her fingers and even her hair was tingling with delight as the teenager went deeper and deeper, his huge cock stretching those tight wet tissues inside her.

“OH MY GOD... IT’S SO BIG... SO FUCKING BIG...” Tara called out as she shifted her hips as best as she could with the other boys holding her spread wide open. She felt the tight vaginal walls inside her stop Wyatt’s progress, and she knew he’d reached the depth of the biggest cock that had ever been inside her, one of her professors at college. But

Wyatt was not to be denied, and Tara felt him draw back and then flex his powerful hips forward, trying to get every inch inside her.

“OH FUCKKKKKGGGGKKK!” Tara shrieked loudly as the tight folds of flesh inside her yielded, letting him go the rest of the way in as her surrendering pussy bathed the invader with hot oily juices.

“Fuck, that’s tight,” Wyatt said once he was balls deep, his midsection pressed tight to Tara’s. “And so fucking hot too. It’s like a fucking blast furnace in there. You’ve gotta try it.”

“Then hurry up, asshole,” Logan said as he kept a firm hold on Tara. He and Casper were holding her spread wide open for their friend to fuck. They had her stretched out like she was being crucified as Wyatt nailed her to the cross with the hard fleshy stake between his legs.

“Pull her legs back,” Wyatt said as he kept pounding into Tara. “I want to get it as deep into her as I can.”

Tara felt her legs being pulled back towards the top of the bed until she was spread open even more,

her high heels now pointing at the corners of the ceiling behind her head.

“Oh fuck, yeah,” Wyatt said with a groan as he kept hammering away, driving every last inch balls deep into Tara’s steaming box.

As much as she tried to fight it, Tara couldn’t stop the exquisite feelings she was experiencing from being fucked harder and deeper than ever before. Wyatt was rutting away at her like a wild animal, and Tara was loving every second of it, loving every deep driving thrust from the rock-hard teenage cock he kept pounding into her.

“Stop... please stop,” Tara called out, her hips shifting restlessly from side to side as she felt the pleasure level rising in her body. She didn’t want the boys to see her come like this, so she tried to will the feelings away, but it was useless. The way Wyatt was pummeling her yearning pussy with his long thick cock had Tara’s temperature rocketing up the thermometer.

“Wyatt... no... don’t...” Tara gasped out, her body wriggling as she tried to fight him off.

But it was useless, and he just kept pounding every inch into her, their sweaty bodies making a

nasty slapping sound as they came together on every vicious stroke. Tara felt the telltale tinglings start deep in her pussy, coming faster and faster before they exploded like an atomic bomb, the delicious sensations rocketing to every nerve ending of her body as she climaxed.

“OH NO... I... I AAAAAHHHHHHH!” Tara groaned loudly as she came, her restrained body twisting every which way as the boys held her in place for their friend to savagely fuck. Her eyes rolled back in her head as the exquisite sensations shot through her, her body flexing and gyrating as she tried her best to thrust her hips up against the turgid prick stuffing her cunt.

“Let her arm go,” Tara heard Logan say, and then a second later, her arms dropped to her sides. Instinctively, she reached up and put her hands on Wyatt’s broad shoulders, pulling him closer as she coaxed him to fuck her even harder.

“Oh fuck, what a tight cunt,” Wyatt moaned as he redoubled his efforts, his hips a blur as he drove Tara deep into the mattress over and over.

“OH GOD... NOT AGAIN!” Tara called out as she came for a second time, pulling herself up

against Wyatt's shoulder as the blissful sensations had her all but convulsing beneath him.

"OH FUCK... GONNA... GONNA CUM," Wyatt gasped out as he slammed his hips forward one last time, the bed creaking in protest as he buried his rigid prick to the hilt and then started to go off.

Tara was still riding out her second climax when the boy came, both of them sharing the delights of a mutual orgasm as Wyatt's load spewed deep into her gripping snatch. Tara could feel the hot jets of cum shooting into her steaming depths, rope after rope of potent teenage semen filling her receptive cunt. Wyatt was breathing like a runner at the finish line as he hovered over her, squeezing one breast in his big hand as he continued to unload inside her. They both came for a long time before the feelings started to slowly subside for both of them. Tara knew his gorgeous young cock was oozing out the last of his warm seed into her. She couldn't help herself, flexing the muscles in her pussy, massaging his throbbing dick to pull as much cum out of him as she could get.

With both of their climaxes waning, Logan and Casper let go of her legs, Tara's high heels dropping

onto the mattress on either side of Wyatt as he kept his cock buried inside her. They both stayed where they were, savoring the blissful lassitude following their incredible fuck. At least it felt that way to Tara, and by the glassy eyes and pleased smile on Wyatt's face, she was sure he felt the same.

Tara had never been fucked like that before, and if it felt this good with Wyatt, her mind was already racing at the thought of taking every beautiful inch of her nephew's cock even deeper inside.

"Oh man, what an amazing cunt," Wyatt said as he moved back, his spent cock coming out of Tara's gripping twat in a slippery rush.

Tara felt some of his jizz gush out of her as soon as he retreated. She knew he'd dumped a huge load inside her, and it was already leaking out of her pussy onto the sheets.

"Let me in there," Casper said as he reached down and grabbed Tara by the shoulder and hip. "But you guys know how I like it from behind."

As easy as if she weighed nothing at all, Casper flipped her over onto her stomach. The movement broke Tara out of the trance she'd been in. What was actually happening to her, that these boys were

actually taking her like this, rose up in her conscience in a heartbeat. It was better than any of the fantasies she'd had like this, and with her body on fire, Tara knew what she had to do to keep it going.

"No, stop, please stop," she begged as she tried to scramble away, pulling at the sheets as she fought towards the far side of the bed.

"I don't think so," Tara heard Logan say and she saw that it was his hands that grabbed her and pulled her back into the middle of the bed. "Now, get up on your hands and knees, Auntie. You heard Casper, he likes it that way."

Tara felt Casper's hands pulling up on her broad hips and, under his gripping hands and powerful touch, she knew she couldn't fight any longer. There was going to be no way out of this, at least not until each boy got to fuck her at least one time.

"That's better, almost there," Casper said as he moved in behind her, "just one more thing."

He pressed down in the centre of her back. Tara was forced down, her face and the top of her chest pushed into the sheets, but he held onto her hips, keeping her backside high in the air. She could tell

that with her back arched like this, it was opening her pussy up for the assault she knew was coming.

With no hesitation, Casper moved right in on her, plugging his cock right into her cum-filled pussy. Tara felt his cock stretch her out, and remembered comparing his cock to Wyatt's when she'd been sucking them. The same eight inches, but Casper was even thicker. And now she could feel that thickness stretching her as he knelt on the bed behind her and flexed forward, sending all eight thick inches way upside her in one merciless thrust.

"OH FUCK..." Tara groaned loudly as she gripped the pillow in front of her in her fists, fighting against the exquisite pain as Casper's trunk-like cock opened her up even more.

"Oh shit, Wyatt, you're right," Casper said as he started to lever his hips back and forth. "This cunt of hers is so fucking hot I can't believe it."

"No... I... stop... please..." Tara whimpered as she clutched the pillow her face was mashed into. Even Tara could hear that her protests weren't as loud or sincere as they had been just those few short moments ago. She could feel herself once again responding to what the boys were doing to her, her

body just buzzing with arousal, making her feel more alive than she had in years.

“Stop? I don’t think so,” Wyatt responded. Instead of stopping, he started fucking her even harder, their bodies slapping together as his shaven midsection slammed repeatedly into her flushed mound. He was really fucking her now, relentless as his turgid cock shuttled back and forth in her juicy cunt. Tara was getting more and more excited by the second, and she knew it wasn’t going to be much longer before he sent her over the edge.

“Oh fuck... so thick... so fucking thick,” Tara moaned just before she turned her face right into the pillow as she started to come again. “AIEEEEAIEEE...” Her shrieks of pleasure were muffled by the pillow as she ground herself back on Casper’s hard cock as she came, wave upon wave of pure delight coursing through her. As her body twitched and shook from the intense sensations, she felt Casper lean forward over her back, his hands reaching beneath her. Even though her breasts were pressed into the sheets, he slid his hands beneath them, cupping each one as he mauled her big tits.

“Oh man, these tits are incredible,” Casper said as he continued to grope Tara, squeezing and

stroking the huge mounds of her breasts as he thrust away, his surging cock plunging deep into her juicy cunt.

Tara felt like her body was on fire, and there was no way to put it out. Instead of fighting it, she went with it, rolling her hips salaciously against Casper's thrusting invasion of her pussy, the muscles inside her working once more to grip and pull at his thrusting member.

"Holy fuck, what a cunt she's got," Casper said as he hammered away, giving it to Tara with everything he had. He pulled Tara up for a second as he kept his hands on her breasts, her back pressed against his front.

Tara could see both Logan and Wyatt stroking their cocks, lewd smiles on their faces as their friend pummelled her from behind, hunching his rock-hard erection into her in this strange upright position. She could see the boys focussing on her chest as Casper hefted and squeezed her big boobs, his thumbs rubbing forcefully over her protruding nipples.

"Unnghhh," Tara groaned, her body surrendering to the stimulating attention Casper was giving her everywhere. She was gasping as her heart raced, Casper's sweaty body pressed against her back, both

of them glistening from the exertion. As if tiring of that position, Casper let her go and forced her down onto her stomach again. This time he went right down with her, his body against hers as he forced her fully down on the sheets, flat on her stomach, her prone body beneath his. He had never taken his cock out of her for a second, but Tara felt him use his knees to push her legs further out to each side as he continued to rocket his turgid prick in and out of her gripping cunt. His rugged powerful body was pressed against hers, his breath hot in her ear as he slammed his hips forward again and again, his midsection slapping against her curvy bum over and over.

“OH FUCK...” Tara started to moan loudly, “I’M... NOT... NOT AGAIN... OH FUCKKGGKKK...”

Tara climaxed, her hands clutching at the sheets and her face pressed into the pillow as intense paroxysms of pure pleasure shot from the depths of her cock-filled cunt to every tingling nerve ending of her body. She was gasping and shaking from the intensity of her climax, and Casper kept going, slamming every last inch into her with every thrust.

“OH FUCK ME... YESSSS!” he growled as she felt him start to come. He drove as deep into her as he could as he started to climax, the head of his prick spewing rope after rope of sizzling teenage semen into the depths of her oily cunt.

Tara could feel his sweaty body as he pressed his firm pecs against her back as his cock continued to buck and spit inside her, flooding her pussy with another big load of jizz. He stayed pressed against her for a minute or so after his throbbing dick had stopped shooting, letting the final drops of seed ooze out into her.

“Oh man, what a hot cunt that is,” Casper said as he slowly drew back, his spent member sliding out of Tara’s flushed pussy.

Tara didn’t know why she even bothered, but something inside her told her again that she had to get away. Too exhausted to pull herself even up to a crawling position, she reached forward and started pulling herself across the bed.

“No you don’t, Auntie,” Logan said and Tara felt him grab her by the waist and easily pull her back.

Tara knew she couldn’t fight them anymore, but lay there on her stomach, drawing in deep breaths of

air as she started to recover. She felt the bed give as Logan sat down on the edge next to her. Through glassy eyes, she looked over at him as he started to reach for her. He had a soft smile on his face as Tara felt his hand slide over her bum and then teasingly up and down over the backs of her thighs. He pulled her legs apart and then she felt his fingertips move tenderly between her thighs. He stroked gently back and forth, his touch so soothing and caring that Tara felt like she could have dropped off to sleep right there, letting him do that forever, it felt so good.

“Yes,” Logan said quietly, “there’s nothing as soft as the inside of a woman’s thighs.”

Logan continued his gentle stroking of the insides of her thighs as Tara lay there, letting him do as he pleased, loving his soothing touch. His fingertips started sliding higher each time he went up and down, and now, he was rubbing them over her flushed pussy-lips from behind.

“Hmm, looks like the guys really filled you up,” Logan said as he toyed with her gooey mound for a minute before sliding a finger deep inside her.

Tara could feel his invading digit sloshing around in the cum deposited inside her, two massive loads from two teenage boys in their prime. As he stirred

his finger around, Tara could feel it leaking back out of her, slowly running down her slick pussy lips onto the sheets.

“Yeah, there’s a lot of cum in here all right,” Logan said as he started to go more deeply, using two fingers now as his probing digits stirred and rubbed against her hot coital walls teasingly.

“Oh god... oh fuck...” Tara muttered under her breath as she clutched the pillow beneath her tightly and closed her eyes, not wanting the boys to see how much she liked what Logan was doing to her.

“You like that, don’t ya?” Logan asked, and Tara knew he’d heard her little gasp. “Well, let me see if I can help you out a little bit.”

As Tara lay there on her stomach with her legs spread out, she felt Logan move slightly to put himself in a better position as he sat next to her, his big hand starting to work more diligently between her legs. He started rubbing the tips of his two fingers more forcefully along the sensitive tissues inside her, making her start to squirm beneath his probing touch.

“Oh yeah, those guys really filled you up, let me move that cum around for you,” Logan said as he

sawed his fingers in and out.

It was making a nasty wet sound as he did, but Tara was feeling too excited to be embarrassed by the lewd erotic sound. She subconsciously tipped her hips up, letting Logan know she loved what he was doing.

“That’s it, that’s a good girl,” Logan said as Tara felt him turn his fingers downward, his fingertips now focussing on the soft folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina, her throbbing clit barely separated from his rubbing fingers. He pressed on the spot, rolling his fingertips in a slow circle.

“OH FUCKKKK...” Tara groaned into the pillow as he hit her trigger spot perfectly. Tara knew then that all those rumours about Logan and those older women were true. At eighteen, this boy knew his way around a woman’s body like most men never know in a whole lifetime.

Tara’s body started to respond in a flash. Her hips were rocking up and down as Logan fingered her from behind, his teasing fingers making her climb the walls in no time flat as they rubbed over that magic spot.

“OH MY GOD... OH MY GOD... LOGAN... NO... NO, I CAN’T,” Tara groaned out before surrendering to the climax that quickly overwhelmed her, biting onto the pillow again as her body started to thrash about beneath his working hand.

“Yes you can,” Logan said as he kept working her over, his fingers teasing that spot relentlessly as Tara climaxed, more of the boys’ spunk and her own juices gushing out of her as she came on his hand.

Logan didn’t let up as she kept shaking, her hips flexing up and down spastically as she came for a long time, wave upon wave of blissful delight coursing through her. The feeling was so good that Tara wondered if she’d died and gone to heaven. As the luxurious sensations slowly started to dwindle, Logan slowed the movements of his hand, letting Tara know again that he knew exactly how a woman likes to be touched.

“Okay, Aunt Tara, it’s time,” Logan said and flipped Tara’s limp body over onto her back.

She couldn’t believe how easily he had turned her over, as if she was no more than a toy to play with, which she knew was basically all she had become to the three boys. Logan pushed her until she was higher up in the bed, her head resting on one of the

pillows. She looked up at him as he clambered onto the bed and faced her on his knees, his hand idly stroking his cock.

Tara's eyes went wide once more when she took in the sight of that monster between his legs. It looked even bigger than when she'd had it in her mouth just a short time ago. The long thick shaft was arrow straight, capped by the enormous cockhead that looked as stiff as the helmet it was shaped like. From the talk she'd heard from the boys, she knew they fucked a lot of older women, but looking at Logan's huge cock, she wondered how many young girls he'd destroyed with that 'virgin-wrecker' of his.

Tara couldn't help stare at it longingly as he continued to slowly stroke it at her, her pussy itching for it as her brain was swirling with the thought of feeling that broad coronal ridge tearing across the slippery folds of flesh inside her. There was a shiny gob of precum at the tip, glistening lewdly as Logan continued to stroke his throbbing prick, the dewy drop of cock-sap getting bigger until it started to distend erotically downwards. Tara felt herself salivating, remembering the glorious taste when she'd had it in her mouth earlier.

To Tara, it was the biggest, most breathtaking cock she'd ever seen. If only she'd known her nephew was packing such a majestic display of manhood, she knew she would have given herself to him long ago. As much as she'd been fighting the boys earlier, she knew now she was done, there wasn't an ounce of fight left in her. Just looking at that glorious cock, and wanting to feel it inside her, had crushed her will, made her surrender totally. As Logan looked down at her, she couldn't help it as she drew her knees up and let her legs roll apart.

"That's better," Logan said with a satisfied smile on his face. "Now you're finally getting into it."

Tara looked into his eyes and knew he could see what she was feeling, the intense longing to have him inside her, the wanton lust flowing through her pulsing body as she all but begged him with her eyes to take her.

Logan leaned over her, his hands planted on either side of her body as he hovered over her, his handsome face mere inches from hers. "I'm gonna fuck you know, Aunt Tara, because we both know that's what you want, that's what you need," he whispered to her. "I've been wanting to fuck you for

years, but I want you to enjoy this just as much as I will.”

With that, Logan lowered his hips, pressing the underside of his thrusting erection against her mound. The huge ventral ridge slipped between her slippery pussy lips, and he rocked his hips slowly back and forth, the tip of his cock reaching almost to her belly button. Tara was whimpering already as his hot throbbing prick rubbed teasingly over her swollen clit, making her gasp as the exquisite sensations emanating from her fiery love-button coursed through her.

Tara instinctively reached up, her hands running along the firm muscles of Logan’s thick powerful arms and shoulders. Her heart was beating like crazy, her pussy creaming like mad, but still, Logan teased her, slowly lowering his hips to let the enormous cockhead nuzzle right into the opening of her pussy, and then he shifted back up, dragging the underside his pulsing cock over her clit once more.

“Oh god, Logan,” Tara whispered back to him, her heart hammering with excitement in her chest, her body thrumming with need, her skin glistening with perspiration, “please... please, Logan, don’t... don’t tease me anymore. I... I need you inside me.”

“Getting teased is kind of exciting, isn’t it?” Logan said as he rolled his hips, pressing his rigid cock down provocatively against her throbbing clit.

“Ohhhnn,” Tara groaned at the exquisite sensation of what he was doing to her, but she knew what he meant by what he’d said.

“Logan, I... I’m sorry for what I did. I shouldn’t have done that, I know it wasn’t right.”

“Well, that’s okay, Aunt Tara, because you’re making it up to us right now, and for the rest of the night,” Logan said just before he drew back, nestled the head of his prick between Tara’s seeping pussylips, and started to slide it into her.

“OH MY GOD!” Tara said, her eyes opening wide as she gripped Logan’s arms tightly, her fingernails digging into him as she felt her pussy getting stretched and filled like never before. Casper’s thick cock had really been something, but Logan’s cannon-like prick was on another level altogether. Tara dragged her high heels across the sheets as she drew her knees up higher, trying to open herself up for Logan as much as possible. He kept going, and then stopped. Tara lay there gasping, her heart beating rapidly as she got accustomed to her pussy taking a cock so big.

“I’m as far into you as those other two fuckers,” Logan quietly said to her, “but we’ve still got a couple more inches left to go. Do you want it?” He slowly rolled his hips, stirring her insides like a batch of wet cement, making Tara groan like a wounded animal.

Tara’s eyes rolled back in her head, the sensations incredible as he teasingly made use of her. But she knew it would be even better once she took him fully inside her, took each one of those ten hard inches. She could tell Logan knew just as well that she wasn’t going to be satisfied until he was completely inside her needy cunt, their bodies joined as one. “Please, Logan... I need... I need...”

“What do you need, Aunt Tara?” he asked, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes as he stirred her insides, the massive knob rubbing salaciously over her hot vaginal walls.

“I need... I need you to fuck me with every inch of that beautiful cock of yours,” Tara gasped out, her hands sliding down his back and over his firm bum, pulling him towards her.

“All you had to do was ask,” Logan said with a smile on his face as he drove his broad hips

downward, sending those last few inches into the depths of her steaming box.

Tara felt the tight tissues inside her yield reluctantly, allowing the enormous knob deeper than any cock had been inside her, bathing his raging prick with hot oil as he slid it into the hilt, every last inch stretching her sizzling cunt until the broad flared head bumped up against the gates of her womb.

“OH FUCK... I CAN’T... NOT ALREADY... OH MY GODDDDDD...” Tara gasped out as the incredible sensations blossomed from deep inside her roiling vagina and shot to every nerve-ending like she’d been zapped by a tazer. Her high heels dug into the mattress as her hips bucked and twitched, her eyes closed as the euphoric sensations of a blistering climax rolled through her time and time again. She could feel herself gushing like crazy, spraying their connected bodies as she continued to come. When her orgasm hit, her hands shot back to grasp onto Logan’s arms, her fingernails digging into his flesh as her cunt gripped and pulled at his buried member.

“OH FUGGKHH... SO BIG... SO FUCKING BIG...” she heard herself mumble as Logan drew

back and then slammed it forward. Tara could feel the cum from the other boys being pushed back as Logan's massive cock displaced the huge loads of seed they'd dumped into her. He got into a steady rhythm, his broad powerful hips nailing her to the mattress with every thrust.

Tara heard the nasty wet sucking sound as his thick driving erection forced out the semen inside her, the other two boys' loads squelching out of her, his massive prick leaving no room for anything else. She could feel cum running down her ass onto the sheets beneath her. She knew the puddle was growing into an obscene mess as Logan kept hammering away, more thick teenage jizz seeping out of her stretched cunt.

"NO... NO... AAAHHHH..." Tara gasped just a minute or two later as she came again. She couldn't believe how wonderful it felt to have Logan's huge cock slamming so mercilessly into her. The thick coronal ridge was rubbing firmly over her g-spot each time Logan hammered it into her. Tara was shaking like a ragdoll as she climaxed, her eyes closed tightly as her head flipped from side to side, drool hanging out of her parted lips as she surrendered to the intense paroxysms of pure bliss racking her body.

When that orgasm had finished, she was surprised when Logan backed right out and flipped her over onto her stomach. Seconds later he was balls-deep inside her from behind, pounding her into the mattress as he drove his cock into her gooey cunt again and again.

“OH MY GOGGDDGG...” Tara groaned incoherently as she came again that way, her breasts mashed beneath her, her high heels pointed to the corners of the bed as Logan used her like he’d use his own fist to jack off.

In another minute of two, he flipped her over onto her back again. Tara looked up at him, pleading with him to put it back in as she reached up for him, her arms circling around his neck as he leaned over her and drove it home once more, bottoming out as his balls slapped noisily against her cum-soaked ass.

“Gonna cum soon, Aunt Tara, gonna fill up that tight pussy of yours,” Logan said as his broad powerful chest pressed against her breasts, both of them covered in sweat.

“Give it to me, Logan. Fuck me as hard as you want. I love it,” Tara gasped back as she pulled his body against hers, her stiff nipples tingling as they pressed against his firm pecs.

The bed was creaking and groaning in protest as Logan absolutely destroyed her pussy, giving her every one of his rock-hard ten inches with each hammering thrust.

“OH FUCK... OH FUCK... AAAHHHH...” Tara groaned loudly as she came one more time, just as Logan pounded his hips against her receptive body as he buried it and held it there.

“OH FUCK... YESSSSSS!” Logan growled like an animal as he started to fill her.

Tara could feel the liquid heat of his cum smashing against her cervix as he went off, rope after rope of semen getting pasted against the hot oily tissues inside her. She was gritting her teeth and shaking spastically, coming at the same time as her young nephew, their bodies perfectly in sync as they savored the pure joy of a mutual orgasm. Logan kept hunching away, and Tara could feel his throbbing prick continue to spit as he totally unloaded, flooding her insides with a massive load of spunk. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the shattering sensations of their climaxes started to ebb away, leaving them to share in the blissful afterglow.

Logan had said he'd been dreaming about this for a long time and, as she lay there, her racing heart

finally starting to slow, Tara realized they had just shared a wondrous experience that she needed, and wanted, and had dreamed about, just as much as Logan had. With dreamy eyes, she looked up at him as he drew his face back from her shoulder. She could see nothing but love in his eyes, and she knew he could see the same in hers.

“Kiss me,” she whispered softly, her arms circling his neck as she pulled him down to her.

Tara closed her eyes as Logan’s wide full mouth pressed against hers. She parted her soft lips as his tongue gently slid into her mouth, her own tongue meeting his.

“Mmm,” she purred like a kitten as they kissed slowly, passionately, the kiss of lovers. They kissed for a long time, and Tara felt her heart swelling with pure love and desire for her handsome nephew. He had sensed something in her, a need lurking deep inside her that she had been afraid to let out. But Logan knew her better than she knew herself, knew that what had happened tonight was exactly what she needed. Tara realized now that, as much as she’d tried to suppress it, Logan had been right, she needed cock, and lots of it. As amazing as getting fucked by Logan had been, there was something

illicitly wicked about getting fucked by his two friends as well that made the whole experience even more exciting for Tara. This had been the best night of her life, ever, better than any of those fantasies she'd had about being taken against her will. And somehow... she knew it wasn't over yet.

"Mmm, that was so nice," Tara said softly as they broke the kiss and Logan pulled back slightly, his face mere inches from hers, a soft smile of pure contentment on his face. Tara knew she must look exactly the same. "Nobody's ever fucked me like that. It was wonderful." She pursed her lips and tenderly kissed the tip of his nose.

"I'm glad you liked it," Logan whispered back to her, his cock still balls-deep inside her, "because I think you and I are going to have a lot more fun like that from now on."

"Oh, you can count on that," Tara replied, giving her nephew a naughty wink.

"But are you having fun tonight, with those two as well," Logan said with a grin as he tipped his head in the direction of his friends.

"I have to admit, I definitely wasn't expecting to be the subject of a gangbang when I came here

today, but I'm not minding it one bit."

"A gangbang?" Logan said, smiling broadly now. "This isn't a gangbang, this is just me and a couple of friends having a good time with the sexiest women we know. If it's a gangbang you want, I know a bunch more guys from school who think you're pretty hot who I'm sure would love to join in."

Tara laughed, pulling Logan in for one more kiss. "Maybe another time," she said teasingly. "Right now, the three of you are plenty for me."

"That's good, 'cause we're not done with you yet," Logan said as he gave her one more quick peck on the lips before withdrawing, his thick cock coming out of her wetly, the erotic sucking sound of their bodies parting making Tara smile.

Tara felt a gush between her splayed legs as what felt like a river of semen spewed out from her spasming cunt. She propped herself up on her elbows as the thick milky strand oozed out of her seeping box and slithered like a white snake onto the sheets.

As Tara felt the cum leaking out from between her legs, Logan flipped her over onto her stomach

again. As soon as he'd turned her over, he clambered onto the bed and sat back against the headboard, a stack of pillows beneath him. Tara looked up as he slowly drew his legs up and let his knees roll apart. A lewd smile came over his face as he reached down and lifted his semi-hard cock, pointing the gooey tip at her.

"C'mere, Auntie, you've got some cleaning to do."

Like a moth to a flame, Tara couldn't help herself as she crawled up the bed between Logan's spread thighs, her mouth watering as she looked at his huge cock. Even though he'd just come, it looked close to being fully hard, the surface of the lengthy beast glistening with a combination of her own cunt-honey and traces of the three loads of semen that had been dumped into her.

"I thought we were gonna take her in the ass next," Tara heard Wyatt say. She turned to see the other two boys standing next to the bed, their hands stroking their totally hard young cocks.

"Don't worry about that, Aunt Tara," Logan said as he reached forward and swept up a handful of her hair. Gripping it firmly near the back of her head like a ponytail, he pulled her forward until her face

was right over his cock. “You’ve got a cock right here that you need to take care of.” He pushed her mouth down until her lips were pressed against his shiny prick. Tara instinctively started to lick.

“Yeah, that’s the way,” Logan said before turning to his two friends. “You guys can start on her ass right now while she’s taking care of this. I think she’s gonna be pretty tight back there, so we better go in order. I put some Astroglide under the sink in the bathroom right there. We better use that.”

Anal sex was nothing new to Tara, and in fact she always enjoyed it. The problem, as Logan pointed out, was that she’d had never had a cock in her back there anywhere near the size of any of these three boys. Her boyfriend fucked her in the ass regularly, but his cock was barely six inches long, if that. Fearing and excited by the thought of Logan’s cock filling her tight little ass, Tara was glad he’d said that they should ‘go in order’. Which she knew meant Wyatt would be first. Even though both his cock and Casper’s were about eight inches long, Casper had him beat when it came to girth. When it came to anal sex, Tara knew that thickness was a big deal. Logan was even thicker, so she hoped taking the other two boys in order would help to loosen her up for Logan’s monster.

“That’s a good girl,” Logan said to her as he kept hold of her hair, using it as a fuck-handle to move her nursing mouth all over his cum-coated midsection.

Less than a minute later, Tara took a quick glance over her shoulder when she felt the bed shift under additional weight. She saw Wyatt move in behind her, a purple plastic bottle of lube in his hand.

“Get up on your knees for him,” Logan instructed, and Tara was quick to comply. She brought her knees well forward and then arched her back as she kept licking Logan’s sticky cock, making sure her bum was opened right up for what she knew was coming.

“Oh fuck, what a gorgeous ass,” Wyatt said, and Tara could hear the excitement in his voice. Seconds later, she felt him spread some of the warm goo over her tight little rosebud, working it all around with his finger.

“Mmm,” she purred into Logan’s stiffening prick as Wyatt slid his finger right inside her bumhole, sliding it slowly back and forth as he got her ready for his hard teenage cock.

“Get down there and lick those balls clean for me,” Logan said as he reached down with one hand and pulled his surging cock to the side, giving Tara better access to his swollen nuts.

Tara loved the scent coming off him. His own musky masculine scent combined with her juices and the semen of all three sticking to him. She’d already licked most of that off his cock, but his silky bag was still coated with the stuff. With her heart beating rapidly at the lewdness of what she was doing, Tara dove right in, rubbing her face against him, her eyes closed as she felt the sinfully soft skin of his sack against her cheek. After a few seconds of that, she extended her tongue and started licking, gathering in all the tasty goodness.

“That’s the way,” Logan said as he moved her mouth from one nut to the other. “You take care of them and they’ll give you just what you want, another hot creamy mouthful of cum to fill that belly of yours.”

Tara shivered at what Logan had just said, but she knew he was exactly right; there was nothing she’d like better than feeling another batch of his thick rich sperm sliding down her throat. As Tara kept licking the tangy juices off Logan’s silky bag, she

felt Wyatt's finger slip out of her bum as his hands moved to her hips. Seconds later, she felt the bulbous head of his cock pressing against her little pink hole.

"Relax and open up for him," Logan said in a calm soothing voice as Tara felt Wyatt press firmly against the constricting ring. "That is definitely an ass we've dreamed about fucking, and we're not gonna stop until we've filled you with cum back there too."

Tara shivered at the thought of it, but did her best to relax her tight hole, knowing if she kept fighting against Wyatt's probing dick, it would only be worse for her.

"Oh yeah, that's the way," Wyatt said as Tara felt the broad flared crown stretch her anal ring wide before the big knob slipped fully inside, the tight muscle clamping down on the rigid shaft, the throbbing mushroom cap trapped inside her.

Tara felt Wyatt adjust himself on his knees behind her. He gripped her hips firmly and then slowly flexed forward, sending inch after steely inch way up into her steaming guts.

“OH FUCGGKKNNGGGG...” Tara groaned as she felt her tight rectal sheath being stretched. She loved anal sex, and this massive cock was making her body sing with both pain and delight as he went deeper and deeper.

“Good thing I lubed my dick up pretty good,” Wyatt said. “She’s fuckin’ tight all right.”

Wyatt didn’t stop his slow purposeful intrusion until he felt his midsection press up tightly against Tara’s curvy heart-shaped bum.

“OH GOD... SO BIG... SO FUCKING BIG...” Tara moaned out loud as Wyatt kept his turgid prick buried to the hilt, letting her get accustomed to it for a minute or so before he slowly drew it back.

Tara had quickly gotten used to the luxuriously full feeling she knew came with getting fucked in the ass and when Wyatt started retreating, she felt anxious, wanting that void inside her to be filled once more. She didn’t have long to wait. Wyatt drew back until he felt her constricting ring tugging on his thick coronal ridge, and then he drove it home once more, with one vigorous thrust sending it deep into her bowels.

“YESSS... YESSS... YESSS...” Tara crowed as Wyatt started to fuck her rhythmically, his hard young cock hammering away at her gorgeous round bum, his firm abs slapping nastily against her soft bum cheeks.

“I know you’ve got something else on your mind right now,” Logan said from in front of her as Tara felt him start to rub the engorged head of his cock all over her face, “but I’m sure you’re talented enough to suck this at the same time.”

Tara couldn’t believe Logan was hard as a rock already. He’d just dumped his second load into her pussy moments ago and already his mammoth prick was standing up strong and full, pulsing and throbbing as the tip pointed to the ceiling. The endurance and stamina of these young boys was both thrilling and terrifying to her, and she found herself wondering how long they’d be putting her body to use tonight. Wanting to please Logan more than anything, she quickly slipped her lips over the immense knob, bathing the sensitive glans with a mouthful of hot saliva.

“Oh yeah, I knew this mouth of yours would be perfect,” Logan said as he gripped Tara by the fuck-handle of her hair and started working her mouth up

and down. Tara thought he was using her like nothing more than he'd use his own hand when he jerked off, methodically pulling her face up and down on his thrusting erection. Just the thought of that was wickedly exciting to her, making her even more willing to do as he wanted, as all the boys wanted.

“Oh fuck, this ass of hers is so tight, this isn't gonna take long at all,” Wyatt said as he kept pounding away.

Tara felt him add a delicious corkscrewing motion of his hips, and that added sensation was all it took to send her off the edge of the cliff, her body exploding with pleasure as another climax shot through her.

“NGNNNGHHGGNN...” she groaned into Logan's thick cock as she came, but she kept sucking, her lips pursed forward as Logan pulled her head up and down.

“OH FUCK YEAH... GONNA... GONNA COME,” Wyatt cried out as he slammed his cock home, every inch buried in Tara's clutching ass as he started to shoot, rope after rope of sperm-laden jizz spewing into her guts. He kept it there as he totally unloaded, torrents of spunk jetting into her.

“Oh fuck, what an ass, the best ever,” Wyatt said, his voice weaker now as he withdrew from Tara’s upturned bum, a gooey trail of cum oozing out of her hole as his cock came free.

“Casper, you’re up,” Logan said as he continued to work Tara’s mouth on his turgid prick.

“Yeah, but I want her on her back when I fill that sweet ass of hers,” Casper replied as he moved onto the bed.

“No problem,” Logan said, pulling Tara’s mouth off his throbbing dick, a glistening web of spit connecting her lower lip to the tip of his cock.

Before she knew it, both boys had flipped her onto her back and pulled her further down towards the bottom of the bed. Logan pushed a pillow under head, and then further down, under her shoulders, making her head tip back over the edge of the pillow. It didn’t take Tara long to figure out what they were doing, and she was sure this wasn’t the first time they’d worked in unison like this. As Casper grasped her ankles and lifted her legs far out to each side, Logan leaned in over her from behind her head, the dripping knob of his cock pointed right at her mouth.

Tara looked up, shivering with excitement as she looked at Logan's magnificent form looming over her. His broad shoulders and powerful muscular chest made her want to whimper with desire just looking at him. She could see the defined muscles of his six-pack stomach as he moved closer. It was topped by that huge majestic cock of his, over ten inches of thick hard muscle, what Tara thought of as a weapon of indescribable pleasure that matched the rest of his gorgeous body perfectly.

"Are you ready, bro?" Logan asked his friend as he wrapped his hand around the thick root of his cock and pointed it downwards.

"Oh yeah, I'm more than ready," Casper responded as Tara felt the blunt head of his dick press up against her bumhole.

At the same time, both boys fed their cocks into her at each end. Tara felt her opening being stretched even more as Casper's thick cock pushed inside. With her head tipped back, Logan plugged his swollen manhood right into her waiting mouth. As Casper started rocking back and forth, fucking her upturned ass, Logan did the same as he leaned over and hunched his rigid prick in and out of her avidly-sucking mouth.

Tara had to admit that she was in heaven, getting filled at both ends at the same time. Casper's thick boner had her rectum jammed full, while Logan's long hard cock was sliding smoothly back and forth between her stretched red lips. She reached up with her hands and grasped Logan's broad hips, pulling him even further into her vacuuming mouth.

"Oh fuck, yeah," Logan said as he looked down at her, a contented smile on his face as his hips flexed back and forth. "That's the way, Auntie, keep sucking... just like that."

And Tara did, thrilled by the taste of Logan's syrupy pre-cum sluicing out onto her tongue, her taste buds tingling as the warm slime landed on her tongue and slid luxuriously down her throat.

"Jesus, you were right, Wyatt," Casper said as he pounded Tara's bum, on his knees between her widely-spread thighs as his outstretched arms held her wide open. "This ass of hers is amazing. I'm not gonna be able to hold out much longer either."

Tara was getting penetrated at both ends, and loved every second of it. Casper's thick cock had her climbing the walls in no time, and she came again as he hammered his turgid prick into her over and over. Her body was thrumming and quivering like a

plucked guitar string as she rode out her climax, scintillating waves of pure delight rolling through her.

And the next thing she knew, Casper groaned loudly as he drove it as hard into her twisting backside as he could. She could feel him shuddering as he moaned, and she could feel the strands and gobs of semen shooting into her as he ejaculated, adding his load to the huge one Wyatt had already dumped into her bowels.

And then Casper was gone, leaving that empty void inside her once more, a void that she knew needed filling.

“I guess I’m next,” Logan said as he pulled his engorged cock out of her mouth and clambered lower on the bed. He flipped her back over onto her stomach and then pulled her hips up so she was on her knees. “I want you this way while I fuck your ass.”

Breathing raggedly like someone awakening from the hottest dream possible, Tara glanced over her shoulder to see Logan lubing up his enormous cock. She trembled as she looked at the glistening monstrosity, thinking there was no way she could take something that big in her backside.

She didn't have much time to worry as Logan quickly moved in behind her, positioning the apple-sized head of his huge prick against her beckoning pink hole, the opening now slick with both lube and the gobs of cum that had leaked out of her from the other boys' loads. Logan pressed forward, not be denied.

Tara tried to relax her anal ring as quickly as she could, and she was just in time, the broad mushroom-shaped crown stretching her almost to the tearing point before popping inside.

"OH FUCK ME... FUCK ME..." Tara moaned as she dropped her face down on a pillow, closing her eyes and gritting her teeth tightly against the pain she was experiencing.

"That's exactly what I plan to do, sweet Auntie," Logan said as he gripped her hips tightly and started to drive his throbbing prick deeper, sliding it in inch by inch as he fed it to her in one slow merciless stroke.

"OH GOD... OH GOD... OH GOD..." Tara groaned as more and more of his enormous cock went higher up into her steaming guts. He didn't stop until she had it all, every one of his ten hard inches buried in her hot tight chute. He held it still,

his firm abdomen pressed up against her soft bum-cheeks, letting her get used to what Tara thought felt like a telephone pole shoved up her ass.

“That’s the way... nice and easy,” Logan said in a soft lulling voice a minute or so later as he stroked her hips tenderly, his cock throbbing inside her. “I bet that’s starting to feel real good now, isn’t it?”

Tara knew Logan was exactly right about that. The pain didn’t last long. In just that short time of him gently stroking her hips and letting her get used to it, the pleasure of being stretched and filled more than she’d ever imagined was taking over from the initial discomfort, and taking over in a big way. Tara slowly rolled hips back at him, letting him know she was ready for more.

“Yeah, I knew you’d love it soon enough,” Logan said as he responded to her cue by withdrawing until just the bloated head remained inside her, and then flexing his hips forward, giving her every last inch again.

“YESSSSSS...” Tara hissed loudly, like the air coming out of a balloon. Within seconds, Logan was going at her full tilt, and just a minute or so later, Tara was responding in kind, rocking her hips back and forth against his driving prick. Their bodies

were slamming together noisily, the lurid wet nasty sound echoing in the room as they worked together to give each other as much pleasure as possible.

“OH FUCK... THAT’S SO GOOD... SO FUCKING GOOD,” Tare moaned, fucking back at her nephew as hard as he was fucking her. She felt him reach forward and cup her breasts that were swaying beneath her as she rocked back and forth, filling his hands with the heavy mounds as his body pressed against hers, both of them sweating like animals. Logan squeezed her breasts firmly, and then his thumbs rubbed roughly over her sensitive nipples. That touch, combined with what his incredible cock was doing inside her, was all that Tara needed to send the mercury in her thermometer rocketing to the top.

“AAAAAHHH... I... I... AAAAAHHH...” Tara gasped and spit out as she climaxed, feeling like her whole body was exploding from the intensity of the orgasm that was shooting through her. She could feel her rectum clamping down on her nephew’s cock, squeezing it as he continued to drive it in and out of her gripping hole. It felt incredible, and she couldn’t control her body, twitching and shaking as she moaned and mumbled, drool hanging off her

bottom lip, her eyes closing as wave upon wave of exquisite pleasure rolled over her.

“OH FUCK, MAN...” Logan moaned out just as loudly. “WHAT AN ASS. I’M COMING TOO.”

Tara felt him grip her breasts even harder in his mauling hands as he hunched his prick into her again and again, her body melting against his as she came and came, totally numb now from the intense sensations coursing through her. He was coming now too, and Tara could feel the liquid heat blasting from the head of his throbbing cock right into her guts, ropes and strands of cum spewing into her one right after the other. Logan came for a long time, and Tara felt bloated from the amount of sperm he was pouring into her, adding another massive load to the ones already inside her as he flooded her with everything he had.

After what seemed like ages, they both collapsed in a heap, Logan’s body driving Tara’s lithe form deep into the mattress. They lay there gasping, both of them breathing raggedly as they slowly recovered. Tara felt like she was on the verge of slipping into a coma right there, but she had to admit to herself that she’d never been fucked so good, or

felt as rapturously content at any time in her life as she did at that moment.

“Oh fuck, that was incredible,” Logan gasped into Tara’s ear as he lifted his head off her shoulder. “Aunt Tara, you’ve got the most amazing ass I’ve ever fucked.” He leaned over her, his soft lips kissing her ear and then moving down to her cheek as he nuzzled his face against hers.

Tara was thrilled at the compliment, at the same time wondering just how many asses Logan had fucked in his young life, but she had the feeling the number was pretty high.

“Mmm, that cock of yours isn’t so bad either,” she said back to him softly. “You can fill my ass with it any time you like.” She playfully rolled her hips, at the same time using the muscles inside her to grip and pull at his spent member.

“Be careful what you wish for, Auntie, I just might do that,” Logan said as he gave her a quick kiss on the mouth before pushing himself off her as he pulled out.

Tara lay there on her stomach, blissfully content and totally fuck drunk. Her legs were still spread wide apart and she could feel the huge load of cum

inside her leaking out from her abused little rosehole, gooey semen sliding down her sweaty body to make even more of a mess on the sheets.

“Who’s ready for Round Two?” Logan said to his friends as he stood up from the bed.

“*Round two?*” Tara thought to herself, knowing that things were going to be as she’d thought; the boys weren’t done with her yet.

“How about a Red Bull first?” Wyatt said. “This feels like it’s going to be an all-nighter.”

“Great idea,” Logan replied before turning to Tara. “Aunt Tara, you want something to drink? A Red Bull?”

It dawned on Tara how much energy she’d burned off in the last little while, and how thirsty she was. She smiled to herself, wondering, “*A woman can’t live on cum alone... or can she?*” Suppressing that thought, she responded, “I’d do anything for a Diet Coke right now.”

“Anything?” Logan replied smartly, making everyone chuckle, even Tara.

Wyatt disappeared and was back within seconds with the drinks. While the boys chugged their Red

Bulls, Tara managed to find enough strength to prop herself up on her elbow to sip at her drink. She thought she'd never had a Diet Coke that tasted so wonderful in her life. The cool raspy liquid felt like heaven as she swallowed it, washing down the remnants of semen clinging to the inside of her mouth and throat.

Tara glanced over at the three of them, three perfect specimens of healthy young men; the fact that they were less than half her age made Tara smile. She could see that their spent cocks were already semi-hard, and it seemed like they never went fully down once they'd started taking her. The wondrous endurance and stamina of these three young bulls was incredible, and Tara was shocked to feel her pussy starting to cream again as she looked at them.

"Well boys," she said as she rolled over onto her back and propped her head up on a stack of pillows. As all three looked at her intently, with her high heels dragging sensually across the sheets, she drew her legs up slowly, and then let her knees roll open to the sides. She took her hand and traced one red-tipped fingernail slowly down over her full breasts, across her flat stomach, and then over her shaven mound until her fingertip came to rest on her erect

clit. Tara could see them looking at her hungrily, like a pack of wild animals ready to pounce on their prey.

“Did somebody say something about Round Two?” she asked teasingly, her finger sliding down to play with the glistening white cum oozing out of both of her holes.

Tara had been right, the boys were far from being finished with her. After her teasing display and comment about ‘Round Two’ they moved in on her as one. It wasn’t long before one young cock replaced another in her sucking mouth, and then the next thing she knew, they were all in her at one time. Logan was on the bottom with Tara astride his cock and facing him. Wyatt was behind her, his hard young prick sliding vigorously in and out of her gripping ass. Casper was kneeling on the bed in front of her, holding onto her head as he fucked her face, his throbbing erection stuffed deep in her mouth making her totally airtight.

It went on like that for hours, with the boys making use of Tara in ways she never imagined. She usually had at least two cocks in her at one time, and

three at once on a number of occasions. At one point Logan carried her exhausted form over to the dresser and sat her on the edge. He lifted her long legs high and drove his cock into her seeping pussy, plowing her overflowing cunt as she leaned back and swooned under his powerful assault.

One time after they'd all taken turns inside her pussy, they put her in the middle of the bed on her back as they kneeled around her face and jerked off, totally painting her face with a whitewash of thick teenage semen.

They all used Tara's mouth like a rag after they fucked her, using her willing mouth, soft lips, and hot tongue to clean their cocks for the next go round.

At some point one of them went for another round of Red Bulls. They brought Tara a bottle of water this time, which she gratefully gulped down as fast as the boys did with their energy drink. As soon as they were finished, they started in on her again.

Drunk on cock and cum, and totally exhausted, Tara passed out at one point. She wasn't sure how long she'd been asleep but she awoke to a strange sensation on her body, dreaming that she was outside in the rain, but the raindrops were big and soft. She opened her eyes to see Wyatt and Casper

kneeling on either side of her, pumping their huge cocks as they sprayed her tits with cum.

“Good, she’s awake,” she heard Logan say as the other boys reached forward and started spreading their jizz all over her breasts, the milky cum shining lewdly on her voluptuous mounds as Logan continued, “’cause I want to fuck her again.”

As Tara lay there barely conscious, Logan moved over her and plugged his huge cock right into her pussy, making Tara grunt as he drove it home. He leaned over her and kissed her as he fucked her. Tara slipped her arms around his neck and held him close, her love for him taking over as she kissed him back and bucked her hips up and down, making sure she got every hard inch inside her.

She was thrilled that Logan kept kissing her through the night as they fucked, and that the other boys did not. It was like they sensed that kissing her had a certain level of intimacy reserved for Logan, her nephew. Tara felt the same; fucking the two boys was one thing, but kissing them was out of the question. It seemed everyone involved was satisfied with that unspoken understanding. Wyatt and Casper kept fucking her and using her mouth, but Logan

was the only one who tasted those sweet red lips with his own.

Tara woke up, the sun drifting in lazily around the curtains. It took a minute or so for her to come out of her groggy state, initially wondering where she was. She realized she was at her sister's house in the guest room, and it all came flooding back. The episode at the weight bench, the time they spent together at the pool, Thai food for dinner, and then what happened afterwards. Yes, what happened afterwards. She quickly sat up and looked around, happy to find that she was alone.

Feeling shaken, and with her mind spinning, Tara glanced over at the clock and gasped. It was 11:28, and her sister had said they'd probably be home around noon. Tara started to get up and found that she was so sore she could barely stand. She managed to get to her feet next to the bed and stood there on shaky legs as she leaned forwards, her straightened arms supporting her on the mattress. She felt a wetness between her legs and looked down. A sharp intake of breath followed as she saw her thighs, totally covered with a glistening coating of cum. She knew some of it was hers from the number of times

she'd climaxed during the night, but most of it was from the boys. They'd filled her with hot teenage sperm relentlessly, and the stuff had leaked out of her everywhere.

Tara looked at the sheets and gasped again. They were a total mess, wet and stained everywhere. Gobs and strands of pearly spunk clung to the sheets from one end of the bed to the other, some of it not soaked in yet and glistening lewdly.

Tara shook herself, knowing she didn't have a lot of time. She pulled on the robe she'd brought with her and cinched it tight. She took a step and almost tripped over the yellow high heels she'd been wearing during the night. One of the boys must have taken them off her at some point and set them beside the bed.

Glancing at the clock again, and with her heart beating rapidly, Tara all but tore the sheets and pillowcases off the bed, wadding them into a ball as she raced to the door of the room. Opening it quietly, she looked outside. She didn't hear a thing and made her way stealthily through the great room to the laundry area off the kitchen. She stuffed the sheets into the washing machine and set it going. Making her way back to the guest room, she spotted Logan

outside, sitting in one of the loungers near the pool, engrossed in something on his phone.

Tara walked as quick as she could into her room. She stepped into the bathroom and looked at herself in the mirror. “Oh my god,” she muttered to herself. She thought she looked like a glazed donut. There was cum on her everywhere, some dried, some still wet and glistening. Her hair was matted with the stuff, and she remembered at least one of the boys at some point using a handful of her hair to wipe himself clean after fucking her. Not to mention the number of times they shot off on her face, their huge loads of cum covering her everywhere. She undid her robe, looking at her breasts. The full mounds were covered with the stuff as well, her nipples red and puffy from the attention the boys had given them throughout the night.

Tara pressed her hand flat against her tender stomach, rubbing gently to try and soothe the stiffness and discomfort she was feeling there. She knew she’d be fine, but just thinking about what had happened left wondering what would happen next. Somehow, would her sister find out what had happened under her own roof? Would she even be able to look Logan in the eye? Had everything been her fault? Had the boys been right about the way

she'd teased them? As much as she'd tried to say it wasn't true, she knew it was her fault, she was the one to blame. "*What the fuck was I thinking? What the fuck did I do?*" she thought to herself as she peeled off her robe and stepped into the shower.

Tara stood under the steaming pellets for a long time, trying to wash away both her feelings of guilt and the wads of cum sticking to her body and matting her hair. She shampooed twice to make sure she got it all out, and then spent a long time lathering up her breasts and thighs. Coming out of the shower, she brushed her teeth hard and rinsed a couple of times with mouthwash, trying to wash away the taste of spunk lingering in her mouth.

Tara stepped out of the bathroom and stopped dead in her tracks, immediately turning around and rooting around beneath the bathroom vanity for a can of air freshener, which she was happy to find. The bedroom smelled like a whorehouse, the lurid scent of cock, cunt, and cum filling the air. She gave the room a good spray and then cranked open the window, hoping it would air out quickly.

Going to the bag she'd brought with her, she pulled out a big floppy sweatshirt and jeans to wear over her underwear. She'd just finished packing her

things away when she heard the front door open and close.

“Logan, Tara, we’re home!” Tara heard her sister Jenn call out.

Brushing back her hair with her fingers and taking a deep breath to calm herself, Tara strode out, bag in hand, ready to go.

“Jenn, how was the wedding?” she asked as she stepped over and the sisters exchanged air kisses. “Where’s Robert?”

Jenn waved her hand towards the front of the house. “He’s already gone into his office to check some emails from work he has to deal with. The wedding was great by the way. Ashley looked absolutely beautiful, but most brides always do, don’t they?” Jenn paused as she set her purse down and leaned against the kitchen island. “So, how did it go with the boys?”

Tara did her best to keep herself composed. For some reason, she felt like her sister could almost see right through her. “It... it was fine,” Tara stuttered out, her words coming out in a nervous rush. “The boys were no problem at all. They did their thing, I

did some schoolwork, we had Thai food together. Not much to report other than that.”

“Where is Logan, anyway?” Jenn asked as she looked around for her son.

Tara nodded towards the bank of windows facing the pool. “He... he’s out there. I... I uh slept pretty late and actually haven’t talked to him yet this morning.”

Jenn walked over and opened the patio door. “Hi, sweetie, we’re home.” Logan looked up and waved in reply as Jenn turned and walked back towards Tara.

Looking past her sister, Tara saw Logan get up and slip his phone into the back pocket of his shorts as he started towards the house.

“You’re sure they didn’t misbehave at all?” Jenn asked, her voice more serious now. “Don’t feel that you have to cover for him, Tara. I know what those boys are like when they get together.”

Tara wondered what Jenn would think if she knew what those three boys were actually capable of, even if Tara had been the one to lead them astray. “No, really, they were very well-behaved.”

“Hey, Mom,” Logan said as he came into the room, all smiles as he leaned down and gave his mother a quick kiss on the cheek. “Did you guys have a good time?”

“It was very nice, yes. We got to see a lot of people we haven’t seen in years. Tara said things went smoothly here. Is that true, or is she just protecting you from getting into any more trouble?”

“Nope, things were totally fine,” Logan said with a shrug of his shoulders. “We just hung out and I don’t think we bothered Aunt Tara at all. Isn’t that right, Auntie?”

Under Logan’s beguiling smile, Tara felt like a deer in the headlights as he looked at her confidently, as if nothing at all had even happened last night. Tara shook her head as she looked back at her sister and smiled. “He’s right, they were no bother at all.”

Jenn looked from one of them to the other, and then smiled broadly. Tara could see that her sister was pleased that her worries about Logan getting into trouble were misplaced, as far as the way Jenn was concerned anyway. “That’s good to hear. Tara, I see you brought your bag out, aren’t you gonna stay for lunch.”

“C’mon, Aunt Tara, stay,” Logan said.

Feeling totally flustered, and unable to even look Logan in the eye, Tara smiled like a gameshow hostess as she quickly leaned over and picked up her bag. “Sorry, maybe next time. I’ve really got to get going. I’ve got a lot of prep I need to do for school tomorrow. Oh yes, I’ve put the sheets from my bed in the washing machine. If you could just put them in the dryer for me that would be great, Jenn.”

“You didn’t have to do that. I could have taken care of it.”

For Tara, the thought of her sister seeing the state of those sheets was too scary to even think about. “No problem, it’s already done.”

“Okay, then, dear,” Jenn said as she put her hand on her sister’s shoulder. “I’ll walk you out to your car.”

Jenn talked about a mutual friend that she’d seen at the wedding they both knew as Tara stuffed her things in the back of her car and climbed into the driver’s seat. Tara lowered the window to say goodbye as Jenn stepped closer and leaned against the roof of the car.

“So really, did you enjoy yourself this weekend?” Jenn asked as she looked down at Tara.

“Uh, yeah, it was fine. It was pretty quiet all around, but you know I kind of like it that way? Like I said, the boys were no trouble at all.”

Jenn nodded quietly. “Seriously, did you enjoy your time with the boys? They can be a little rambunctious sometimes, but usually they make up for it in the end.”

There was something about the tone of Jenn’s voice that made the hairs on the back of Tara’s neck stand on end. “Wha... I’m not sure what you mean?”

“It’s all right, Tara,” Jenn said in a conspiratorial whisper. “I guess my first question is, which one of them fucked you first?”

Tara gasped out loud, her mouth hanging open, struck dumb by Jenn’s question.

“I bet it was Wyatt, right? They do have this thing about going in order, but I don’t blame them, especially since Logan is hung like a horse.”

Tara was shaking, her hands grasping the steering wheel so hard her knuckles turned white.

“It’s all right, Tara. I know all about it, Logan texted me this morning.”

Tara couldn’t contain herself any longer, her brain buzzing at what she was hearing. “He... he told you?”

Jenn shrugged. “Who do you think suggested the whole thing in the first place? I’ve known you all your life, sister of mine, and we’re a lot alike. To put it bluntly, I could tell for a long time now how badly you needed to get fucked. And I knew Logan and his friends were the perfect guys to give you what you needed.”

Tara shook her head, trying to get her brain wrapped around what she was hearing. “But... but how did you know... Logan... the boys...” Tara didn’t know what she was saying, mumbling out incoherent words.

“How did I know about them?” Jenn asked, a sly grin on her face. “Because the three of them have been fucking me since Logan’s eighteenth birthday.”

Tara gasped out loud.

“Yes, Robert was away on business for Logan’s birthday. Once their other friends left, it was just those three boys and me. I guess I’d had an extra

glass or two of wine that night. The boys starting telling me how pretty I was, and the next thing I knew, one of them had their hand up my skirt while another had his hand inside my blouse. All three of them fucked me a few times that night, and it's been going on ever since."

Tara could barely catch her breath. "And... and Robert doesn't—"

"Robert doesn't know a thing," Jenn said as she interrupted Tara. "And let's keep it that way, shall we?"

"I... uh... sure. I... I don't know what to say."

Jenn smiled down at her sister, and as their eyes met, Tara felt some unspoken understanding pass between them. Maybe it was a sister thing, Tara wasn't sure. But what she was sure of was that she felt a wave of relief wash over her as she looked at her sister's calm smiling face. She realized that she'd never seen her sister happier than she'd been over the last number of months, and now she knew why. She'd always been close to her sister, and she knew her sister was confiding her deepest secret to her, and that sharing their secrets would bring them even closer. In that shared glance with Jenn, Tara

felt like a huge weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

“Seriously, Tara, like I said first thing here, did you enjoy yourself this weekend?” Jenn arched an eyebrow playfully as she asked.

“I did... I did enjoy myself,” Tara said before adding, “It was fucking incredible, actually.”

Both women laughed as Jenn reached down and gave Tara’s hand a loving squeeze. “They can be a little rough sometimes, but in the end, it’s worth it, don’t you think? Like I said, you and I are a lot alike and I had the sense you’d like it that way as much as I do.”

Tara could only smile back at her sister, telling Jenn all she needed to know.

“And can you believe how big they all are,” Jenn continued, giving Tara an exaggerated eye-roll. “Yeah, I call them my two bulls and stallion. It feels so amazing when Logan’s got that horse cock buried all the way inside you, doesn’t it?”

Tara was speechless, listening to her sister. But that seemed okay with Jenn and Tara had the feeling her sister just wanted to talk, wanted to share this

lurid secret with someone she trusted, someone she loved.

“Yes, Logan definitely doesn’t get that beautiful big cock of his from his father, that’s for sure,” Jenn said before making a ‘tsk, tsk’ sound with her mouth. “Most days after Robert leaves for work, I go into Logan’s room and wake him up by sucking him off. It’s the perfect way to start the day.”

Tara could feel herself getting aroused, just picturing what Jenn was saying, and realizing that her very own sister had been having an illicit incestuous affair with own son for months now. Tara found the thought of it wickedly exciting.

“Yeah, when Logan feeds me like that in the morning, he comes so much that I feel like I hardly need to have breakfast.”

Tara knew exactly what her sister was talking about. Here it was, midday, and she didn’t feel hungry at all after all the cum the three boys had given her the night before. The way it was still sloshing around in her belly, she figured she must have swallowed almost a gallon of the stuff.

“I know those boys fuck a lot of women,” Jenn continued, “but I don’t mind sharing them one bit.

They definitely have enough to go around, don't they?"

Tara couldn't argue with that, although after the experience she'd had last night, she did feel some pangs of jealousy thinking about those teachers she knew that had been with the boys first. If only she'd known...

Her sister's next words broke Tara out of her thoughts. "And the idea of sharing them with you makes it just that much better, and that much more exciting, for both of us."

Tara squeezed her sister's hand back, acknowledging what she'd just said.

"Robert's off on business for two nights in a row starting tomorrow," Jenn said, the excitement clear in her voice. "And I can't wait for those three boys to come home from school tomorrow. It's near the end of the year, so I don't think anybody will really care if they ditch on Tuesday. That way the other two can stay over for two nights and I get to have all three fuck me as much as they want."

Tara had never heard her sister talk that blatantly before, but Tara's pussy was creaming like mad just listening to her.

“I know I won’t be walking right for a few days after that,” Jenn said with a wry grin on her face, “but it’ll be worth it, trust me. All right, Tara, I’ll let you go. We’ll talk again soon. And don’t forget what I said about not minding sharing the boys with you. Like I said, Robert’s back Wednesday, you might want to give Logan a call after that. I know the way those boys are and, try as hard as I can, I’m sure I won’t drain them dry.”

Without another word, Jenn gave Tara a mischievous wink, tapped the top of Tara’s car and strode back into the house.

Tara watched her sister as she walked away. Her sister was shorter than her by a couple of inches, but curvier in all the right spots. Looking at her sister’s shapely form as the summer dress she was wearing attractively displayed her generous attributes, Tara could definitely see why the boys would desire her. For three teenagers who she now knew had a craving for busty MILFs, it was easy to understand why her sister would be high up on their list of targets.

Taking a moment to catch her breath, Tara started her car and headed for home, her thoughts

pingponging around in her head about everything she'd just heard.

It was the following Wednesday evening and Tara couldn't hold out any longer. For the past few days, she'd tried to push her lurid thoughts about what had happened to the back of her mind. But it had been a useless effort, especially knowing what was happening at her sister's house while Robert was away. But Tara knew he was supposed to be returning from his business trip today, putting an end to her sister's fun, for the moment at least.

For the last half hour, Tara had been pacing back and forth, her phone in her hand, going over things in her mind again and again. Finally she gave in, brought her phone up and started typing a text message:

'Logan, it's Aunt Tara. I've got some work that needs doing around the house and I was wondering if you and the other boys would be able to come over and help me with that on Saturday?'

Tara re-read it a few times as she worked up her nerve. Finally, she hit the SEND button. Nibbling

nervously on her bottom lip, she couldn't help but look down at her phone. Less than a minute later, she saw the little bubbles come on the screen, indicating Logan was typing. With her heart racing, she watched until his reply appeared a few seconds later. It was short and to the point:

‘Hey, Auntie. What kind of work?’

Tara was happy to see his greeting to her, and even happier to see that he'd ended with a smiley face emoji after the question mark. With a smile on her face, she swayed a bit from side to side as she composed her answer:

‘I seem to have this nasty trench here that keeps getting wet. I was hoping you three strong boys might be able to fill it in for me.’

Please with what she'd written, she hit SEND. Like a schoolgirl exchanging messages with her first boyfriend, Tara was elated to see the bubbles on her screen come up within seconds.

‘Hmm, I think that's something we can definitely help you take care of. What time do you want us there?’

Tara was surprised at the wave of relief that washed over her as she read Logan's reply. She

thought for a second before her fingers started to fly.

'The wetness seems to build over time, so I figure by Saturday morning that trench will be sopping wet. I think the earlier you can be here to get started in on it, the better.'

It wasn't long until Logan's reply appeared.

'All right then, we'll be there bright and early. By the way, you might want to stock up on Red Bull. I have the feeling it's going to be a long day, a long, long day. And you do like it long, don't you, Auntie?'

Tara hugged her phone to her chest, a big smile on her face before she pulled the phone away and sent one final reply of just two emojis, a 'thumbs up' and a 'smiley face'.

"Yes," Tara said out loud, "this is going to be the best weekend ever!"

THE END

Table of Contents

Title Page	1
Copyright Information	2
Table of Contents	3
Summary	4
1. Busty Teasing Aunt	5