

# ON THE PHONE: SEDUCING MY NIECE

***silkstockingslover***

*Hot lesbian aunt seduces her nerdy, sweet virgin niece.*

Incest/Taboo

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**Summary:** Hot lesbian aunt seduces her nerdy, sweet virgin niece, then later they have sex while speaking to the niece's oblivious mother on the phone.

**Note 1:** This was inspired by an idea on Literotica's Story Thread idea 'Mom on the phone with husband', although it went a completely different way (with this phone conversation being between sisters). Maybe my next phone story will be a mom and son... actually, it probably will be.

**Note 2:** It was also very vaguely inspired by a Girlsway video called 'Nice Family Call', as I imagined a backstory of how that scene came to happen.

**Note 3:** This may be the beginning of some individual stories over the next few years that include phones. I find those often really hot on video, although they're a tad more difficult to write than to watch.

**Note 4:** Thanks to Tex Beethoven, Robert, and Wayne for editing.

## **On the Phone: Seducing my Niece**

"You sure it won't be too much?" Angela, my sister, asked.

"God, no," I answered. "Sarah is such a sweetheart, and her living with me will be way better for her than the dorms."

"I just know how busy you are," she prevaricated.

"I wouldn't have offered if I didn't want to do it."

"I figured the dorms may help her come out of her shell."

"I agree Sarah is a bit of a recluse," I allowed, remembering my adorable niece growing up. Even back in grade school whenever her friends were out playing hopscotch or tag, she'd be indoors with her nose buried in a book. Or if she was feeling particularly expansive, sitting under a tree with a book. But now having graduated top of her class from high school she'd gotten a full ride to Harvard, the same school where I was a psychology professor, although I'd had no influence either on her getting in or the scholarship. Those were solely because of her own academics and volunteerism. "But I know I can help her get out of her shell."

"You always were the outgoing one," Angela said, her daughter a lot like her. We were both academically gifted, both of us graduating from Harvard. I had majored in psychology and my sister had majored in law. She'd worked her ass off, I'd partied pretty hard.

Yet we both graduated with distinction and ended up in our dream jobs. She was now a District Attorney in New York, I was a professor at Harvard, as already mentioned.

Angela had married and had two kids. In addition to Sarah, she had a son who was a year younger, and had gotten his dad's athletic ability and less of our academics.

I, on the other hand, explored my sexuality, eventually accepting I was mostly a lesbian (but still enjoyed a nice cock once in a while). I also accepted that I really liked younger girls and I often had a few at my beck and call who would come to my home and please me at a moment's notice.

Occasionally I ended up with a submissive student between my legs from Harvard, but more times than not it was a sweet eighteen-year-old eager to crawl between my legs, like at this moment, the cute Elizabeth, a senior at a nearby Catholic all-girls school, who was eagerly lapping away as I chatted with my sister.

I agreed, "I'm still very outgoing."

"Well, hopefully you can open up my Sarah to some new horizons," my sister urged me. "She needs to do more than just study."

"I'll make sure of it," I pledged, already contemplating turning her into my live-in cunt-licking pet. I'd never committed incest myself, but I'd played with a mother-daughter pair on a few occasions and had enjoyed watching them in a sweet 69. I added, as my hand went to the back of Elizabeth's head, "I'll be sure to push her boundaries."

"Please do," she said, unaware she was giving me permission to turn her sweet, shy daughter into a cunt muncher.

"Oh, I promise," I reaffirmed, as I was getting close to orgasm from both the eager teen tongue as well as the idea of turning my niece.

"Thanks, sis," she said, before we began chatting about our upcoming family reunion.

I did a lot of absent minded hmm-hmmmming, as my orgasm rose and exploded on the teen's cute face before we hung up, me always getting a rush from having a secret orgasm while talking to someone.

I mean I've had orgasms while talking on the phone to my mom, dad, sister, grandma and friends many times. I've even had a girl under my desk on a few occasions while I chatted with other clueless students in the same room, and even once given a lecture on Skype to a group of students in Norway, while being licked the entire time.

Everyone has a secret kink or fetish... mine is coming on the phone... it's the ultimate rush, followed by an inevitable gush. (Now there's a cute poetic couplet to end this Shakespearean soliloquy, don't you think?)

Elizabeth asked after she finished licking up my cum and once I'd hung up, "You're going to seduce your niece just as you did me, aren't you?"

"Maybe," I shrugged.

"That is so hot," she said, her lips and chin glistening with my cum.

"You think so?" I asked, always surprised how the shy ones almost without fail became the nastiest little sluts.

"I'd love to seduce my aunt," she said.

"Seduce her, or become her little cunt licking pet?" I questioned, as I pushed her onto her back.

"Can't I do both?" she asked, "you almost do that yourself: you summon me over here in your Mistress persona so I can get you off, but you don't hesitate to do whatever I need when it's your turn to make me happy." I had to agree that she had a point. Unlike most Mistresses, I enjoyed getting as good as I gave, loving it when my pets ordered me around and called me filthy names while I buried my face in their wetness and got them off. I was pretty much demonstrating her point as I spread her legs, gliding my hands up and down her nylon-clad legs. I expected all my pets... and myself... to be in nylons at all times as a symbol of obedience, even though in my case I was being obedient to my own rules... fair was fair. My other fetish was sheer silk stockings... I loved the feel of them both on myself or another girl, and I also loved how they accentuated my legs and almost any outfit.

"Well of course, my little schoolgirl slut," I purred, as I spread her legs and she raised her ass and hiked up her plaid skirt. "Does she live in the city?"

"A town an hour away," she answered, as I lowered myself between her legs.

"Well, maybe we need to turn your fantasy into a reality," I said using 'turn' in both senses of the word, before I began licking her teen twat as eagerly as she'd done for me.

Now I should note, I'm sometimes called a Mistress, but more precisely I'm a seductress. In other words, I love turning straight girls and having them get their first taste of pussy between my legs, but I also enjoy the sweet nectar of a woman's loins, and like I said, to give as much as I get. I've never understood a woman who just gives or just gets. Who just dominates or submits. I want both, although I do tend more towards the dominant. When I do submit to a pet which I do often, it's always by my own choice, not hers.

"You'll help?" she asked, delightedly surprised, as I parted her pussy lips.

"Of course," I said, not sure how we would make that a reality, but always up for a challenge, especially if it resulted in some sort of incestuous lesbian rendezvous.

Ten minutes later, I was lapping up Elizabeth's cunt cum.

A month later I was watching Elizabeth and her aunt in a 69, but that's a story for another time.

Because a month after that, Sarah moved into my house.

I'm not going to lie, seducing someone comes as natural to me as riding a bike, yet when it came to Sarah I was, for the first time I can remember, a bit unsure.

Normally if a seduction went wrong, which was rare but it did happen, there were no significant consequences. It just meant I needed to text one of my many pets to come over and get me off.

However if this seduction went wrong, it would have dire consequences.

Nevertheless, I knew Sarah needed this.

She was so high-strung I thought she might snap one day.

No one needed to get laid more urgently than Sarah.

She was so dedicated to her studies, she'd already read all eight novels for both of her upcoming English classes, as well as all her first semester textbooks, yet somehow she still felt unprepared for the first day of school.

I tried to relax her by giving her a day at the spa that included a sly makeover. Although she protested at first, she'd never even had a pedicure never mind a massage, she ended up enjoying the day. She got her nails done and painted, and she got a new hairdo that was far more becoming than the bun she favoured.

I also took her clothes shopping, where I got her some fashionable clothing. As she was in the change room trying on a dress I'd told her she needed for the welcoming day meet and greet, I rapped on the door and ordered, "Let me in."

She protested, but I insisted, and she let me in... her natural submissive persona giving in to me, a trait I planned to use against her (but really for her) quite frequently.

She was standing there just in her bra and panties. I sighed, looking at her grandma panties and sports bra, "Honey, it's obvious we need to go undergarment shopping too."

"They're comfortable," she objected defensively, looking completely uncomfortable under my bold gaze.

"I imagine they are," I nodded, "but a sports bra is a terrible look for your breasts except when you're playing sports."

"Really?" she asked.

"Really," I nodded, "and although your underwear may be comfortable, you really need something a little sexier."

"Why?"

"Because it will help with your self-confidence," I explained.

"What do you mean?"

"You're confident in the classroom, right?"

"Of course."

"How about at a dance or a party?" I asked.

"I don't go to either of those."

"Sarah, life is about more than learning," I expounded, "it's also about living."

"Says the Harvard professor," she retorted, using just a tad of sarcasm.

"There you go," I approved, no doubt surprising her. "Show some vehemence. Assert yourself. And if you ever take any of my classes you will learn that life is a balance, and to be successful, you need to find the right balance."

"I figure I can do that after I graduate," she said.

"In seven years after you get your Master's?" I laughed. "You'll stress yourself into a breakdown long before then."

"Auntie!" she protested.

"I'm serious," I said. "The brain and the body are interconnected, and you need to look after both."

"I work out every day," she said, still on the defensive.

"I can see that," I kept her off balance by unpredictably conceding some of her points, not letting her turn this into an argument, and at the moment obviously checking out her body, which was very tight. "Can I ask you a personal question?"

"Why not?" she said. "I'm already standing here half naked in front of you, so I don't have many secrets."

I laughed. "True enough. When was the last time you had sex?"

"Auntie!" she gasped, that not being the kind of personal question she was expecting.

"I'm serious," I said, pushing on. "Connection and orgasms are critical to your personal well-being."

There was a long silence while her face turned as red as a tomato. "Auntie, this is so awkward," she finally mumbled, not meeting my eyes.

"Has your mother never talked to you about your needs?" I asked, knowing full well there was no way she ever had.

"God, no!" she said sounding mortified by the idea.

"Having sex in a stress-free environment at least three times a week will make you look up to ten years younger," I informed her, quoting from an actual scientific study.

She joked, surprising me, "Is that why you look so much younger than mom?"

I laughed, deciding to plant a seed, "I'm more of 'an orgasm a day keeps the doctor away' type of girl."

"Auntie!" she gasped again, but this time laughing.

"At your age, you should be having orgasms all the time," I persevered, "Orgasms also relieve stress by giving you deep relaxation by boosting endorphin levels and flushing excess cortisol out of the body."

"Really?" she asked, sounding intrigued by my learned discourse on the benefits of getting off.

"And you my dear, are almost always stressed, right?" I asked, knowing the answer.

"Only when I'm awake," she joked.

"I'll bet you're even stressed in your dreams," I teased.

"Maybe," she laughed awkwardly.

"There are tons of reasons to have sex regularly," I continued, bombarding her with information. "It helps the circulation to your organs, helps you grow healthy tissues, and even regulates your menstrual cycle."

"Mine is always unpredictable," she admitted.

"Then come more often," I said bluntly.

"Auntie!" she repeated.

"What? I'm serious. Regular orgasms help control your mood through lymphatic massage, help against heart disease through healthy estrogen, spike DHEA levels which improve brain function, promote healthy skin and balance your immune system," I continued, before adding, "they would also help your complexion for sure."

"Sex would help with my zits?" she asked, looking stunned.

"Yep," I nodded, "it also helps cure migraines, and increases the hormone oxytocin, which helps with one's social skills, and especially relevant to your case, the surge of oxytocin, often called the 'cuddle hormone', can help to greatly reduce stress."

"Cuddle hormone?" she doubted.

"I didn't name it," I shrugged, before adding, "I also need to tell you that you demonstrate a lot of the signs of orgasm denial."

"Auntie!" she repeated like a parrot.

"Stress, restlessness, you haven't stopped shifting from foot to foot since I walked in here, and I'm guessing you also don't sleep very well, do you?" I concluded.

"No, you're right, I don't," she agreed, seeming to begin to understand my overall point.

I then added, with a smile, "Plus... a good fucking and orgasm burns a lot of calories, is a full workout, and best of all, an orgasm feels fucking amazing."

"Auntie!" she repeated.

"Way better than a treadmill," I shrugged.

"This whole conversation is so weird," she said.

I asked again, taking both her hands in mine, "So back to my question: when was the last time you had sex?"

She looked down, obviously feeling sheepish, "Never."

"Like never, never?" I shrieked (sotto voce however, we were still within audible range of other people), acting shocked, although in truth not at all surprised by her answer.

"No, never," she admitted.

"Masturbation?" I asked.

"Afraid not," she whispered so softly I could barely hear her from a foot away.

"You've never jilled off?" I asked, and this time I was truly shocked.

"I'm sorry, never," she affirmed, still in a breathless whisper.

"Well, that explains pretty much everything," I opined.

"What?" she asked, looking hurt.

"Nothing bad," I said. "It's just that your mind is inadvertently hurting your body."

"Really?" she asked.

"A hundred percent," I nodded.

We must have stood there looking into each other's eyes for at least two long minutes, her silently repeating her question 'Really?' while I continually replied just as silently, 'Absolutely.'

"Try on the dress and I'll be right back with a few items," I broke the silence. "Your makeover is officially underway."

"Auntie, we don't have to..." she began, but I cut her off.

"Oh yes we do," I interrupted. I then shocked her as I cupped her eighteen-year-old breasts and asked, "34B?"

"Um, yeah," she said in a daze.

I removed my hands and added earnestly, "*You* are a beautiful young woman, and you need to discover another side of yourself."

"Which side is that?" she asked.

As I stepped through the door I tossed off over my shoulder, "Your sexual side."

"Oh," she said again in a whisper, as I closed the door.

I went and grabbed a pair of black thigh high stockings, a black pair of bikini panties and a matching bra. I returned to find her wearing the dress.

"Beautiful," I approved. "But we need to see you wearing it with nylons."

"I hate pantyhose," she objected. "Plus, they're kind of for old people."

"*That* is the most offensive thing you've ever said to me," I gasped mockingly, as I was wearing some at the moment... although mine were the much-preferred thigh highs.

"They're just so uncomfortable," she insisted.

"Trust me and sit down," I urged, as I guided her to sit on the bench. "These are going to change your life."

I dropped to my knees and opened the package.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Like I just said, changing your life," I answered, as I rolled a stocking up and placed it on her foot.

"This is so weird," she said.

"Shhhhhh," I said. "Trust me."

"Okay," she agreed, once again her submissive persona coming through for me.

I rolled it up her leg, reaching way up beneath her dress to finish rolling the thigh high into place.

"What are these?" she asked.

"Thigh high stockings," I said. "I hate pantyhose too. But sheer thigh high stockings on the other hand, are comfortable and super sexy."

She moved her hand to her leg as I held it straight out. "Oh my."

"These are quality stockings," I said, as I let her leg drop back down and did her other stocking.

Once that too was on, I ordered, "Stand up."

She obeyed.

"Turn around."

She obeyed.

"Very nice," I approved. "But I want you to see in the new lingerie I picked up for you."

"Okay," she said, as I began to remove her dress. "I can do this for myself."

I joked, "Nope. Today you're my Barbie."

"Okay," she agreed submissively, as I draped the dress across the bench.

"You know, behind those unflattering sweatshirts and jeans, you have a nice tight young body, Sarah," I complimented, already imagining fucking it with one of my strap-ons.

"Really?" she asked, revealing her major insecurity.

"Sarah," I told her as I unclasped her bra, "seriously, you're a hot little number."

"Auntie," she giggled awkwardly.

"I'm serious," I said, as I turned her around and checked out her tits. "You have a perfect pair of tits, with nice inviting nipples."

"I've always thought they were too small," she demurred.

"Nope, they're the perfect size," I corrected her as I cupped them again. "A perfect handful. Much bigger and they'd be awkward and a pain to walk around with."

Her body shivered as I added, drawing her hands to my own breasts which were quite large, "Trust me, these 38DDs are a huge pain most of the time."



Her eyes went wide.

After a moment I moved my hands to her hips and pulled her panties down before she even knew what was happening, as I got a brief look at her hairy pussy and a slight damp spot on her panties... which confirmed that my sex dissertation and my subtle (and not so subtle) touches were doing just what I wanted them to do.

She let out another gasp of shock, but didn't say anything.

I resisted the temptation to bury my face in her wet pussy, her scent wafting just enough to tease me, as I stood back up and ordered her to, "Look in the mirror."

She did.

"See how the thigh highs enhance your legs?" I asked.

"They do," she nodded, staring at herself with a slight shock.

"Now put on this bra and panties set."

"Okay."

She put them on and I ordered her again, "Look at yourself now."

She did.

"Notice how the bra supports your breasts perfectly and enhances their shape," I pointed out.

"Before, your bra was flattening them."

"Yeah, this is way better than my sports bra," she admitted, "they look great."

"Sports bras are called that for a functional reason," I said.

"I guess," she said, admiring her body in the mirror, something I imagine she'd never done in a positive way before this moment.

"And notice how your panties showcase your nice ass," I continued.

"You think I have a nice ass?" she asked.

"It's a perfect ass," I confirmed, giving both cheeks a squeeze.

"I've never even thought about it before."

"Oh Sarah, you're the perfect package," I gushed. "You're super smart, you're very pretty, and you have a bodacious body."

"Bodacious? Really, Auntie?" she laughed.

"What? The eighties were awesome," I joked.

"I saw the photo albums," she smiled. "You had quite the hair."

"I wanted to be in a hair band video," I shrugged.

"I don't even know what that means."

I sighed, "You make me feel so old."

"You don't look at all like you're in your forties," she complimented.

"Nice cover," I teased.

"I'm serious," she replied seriously. "You look way younger than mom."

"Well, now you know the answer to that: it's all the orgasms," I joked.

"I guess so," she laughed.

"Put the dress back on," I ordered.

She did.

"Now look at the final ensemble," I said.

She again looked into the mirror. "Wow!" she gasped, as she stared at herself in the mirror.

"Notice how the right undergarments change the outer look as well?" I added.

"They really do," she agreed.

"The make-up, hair and painted nails also help enhance your entire package," I pointed out.

"I don't even look like me," she said, still staring at herself.

I laughed. "That's the funny part, this *is* you."

"I guess it has to be," she admitted, but still doubtfully.

"Seriously," I insisted. "Your body is the same as it always was, now just framed properly, and everything else is just cosmetic enhancements to highlight your natural beauty."

"Thank you, Auntie," she said, glowing.

"You're welcome," I said. "Next some heels, and the ensemble is done."

"I almost killed myself on those two-inchers I wore at grad," she said.

"Practice, my dear," I assured her. "It's all about practice."

Twenty minutes later we'd added a pair of four-inch heels, and everything was paid for.

The next day I bought her a nice rabbit vibrator that I hoped to help use on her very soon.

That afternoon, knowing she would be home around three, she'd gone to the library to pick up a book for something, when I texted Eleanor over to please me. Eleanor was a nerdy girl, somewhat like Sarah, who I'd met while she was going door to door selling raffle tickets for her church trip to South America (I bought a whole booklet as part of a seduction where she ended up eating my pussy). I was naked from the waist down except for my thigh high stockings, Eleanor was in a bra

and thigh highs and was kneeling between my legs lapping away as I chatted on the phone with Sarah's mom Angela (like I said, doing this was my weird turn-on).

"I bought Sarah some new clothes," I told my sister as Eleanor leisurely lapped my box... I'd made it clear she'd be down there for a long time, as I was planning for us to get caught.

Angela asked, "She let you do that?"

"I'm very persuasive," I replied.

"That you are," she laughed, as I'd manipulated Angela into doing lots of things for me when we were kids.

"Her underwear was like the shit Mom wears," I pointed out.

"I know," Angela said, as Eleanor's tongue slid down to my asshole. A nice ass eating always feels both stimulating and relaxing.

"So I bought her some new bras and panties," I said.

"Oh God," she said.

"What? I didn't buy her any thongs or dominatrix stuff," I countered.

"I wouldn't put it past you," she teased.

"I won't be bringing out the whips and latex until Christmas," I joked, although I planned on Sarah to be wearing thongs or going commando way before then.

"You're such a bad influence," she said.

"Hey, I'm just doing what you should have done," I said, quietly shivering as Eleanor's tongue really bathed my asshole.

"I didn't want to push her," she justified. "School is all she cares about."

"And that is how you end up with a grown daughter who's a cat lady and no grandchildren except furry ones," I pointed out.

"I figured she would open up when she got to Harvard and met other people like her," Angela explained, sounding hopeful.

"Good, because that's the plan," I agreed, as Eleanor moved her mouth back up and returned to her slow, gentle pussy pleasing.

"Don't push her too hard," Angela urged me. "She needs to discover who she is on her own."

"I'll just dangle the carrot," I assured her, as I heard the front door open.

"So how is she adjusting so far otherwise?" Angela asked.

"You can ask her yourself," I said, "she just walked in the door."

"Great," she said, just as Sarah walked into the living room and spied Eleanor between my legs.

I moved my left hand to the back of Eleanor's head, a subtle sign for her to get licking faster, as I raised my right hand containing the phone to a stunned and staring Sarah and said, acting like this encounter was completely normal, "Hey, sweetie welcome home, your mom is on the phone."

Sarah walked over to me and grabbed the phone from my hand looking shell shocked. She raised it to her ear and said distractedly, "Hi, Mom."

"Faster, slut," I moaned, loud enough for Sarah to hear as she carried the phone out of the room, but likely not my sister.

Sarah walked out and down the hall to her room as I closed my eyes and allowed my church girl cunt muncher to please me.

My orgasm didn't take long, the added stimulation of my niece walking in had really gotten me going, and I came in a couple of minutes.

Eleanor lapped up my cum and after a minute, I said, pretty sure Sarah wouldn't come back into the living room anytime soon but okay if she did, "Come sit on my face, sexy."

"Mmmmmmm," Eleanor smiled, "you're going to worship my cunt, you angel."

"I'm going to take you to heaven," I smiled, as we often played with religious banter when we fucked.

She straddled my face and I lapped her teen twat to a frenzied orgasm and her cunt cum flowed out like homemade wine. When I was the one being pleased I liked to be sitting or on my back, but my favourite position for pleasing someone else was being sat on... occasionally my neck would get stiff, but feeling cunt cum splashing down on me was always an amazing experience.

I didn't wash my face after Eleanor left, and I went straight to Sarah's room, pausing only to grab the bag with the new rabbit toy I planned to give her.

To my surprise, my very pleasant surprise, I heard soft moans coming from her room. I considered allowing her to reach orgasm on her own, obviously our earlier talk or what she'd just witnessed, or both, had created a curiosity inside her. But I realized this could be the perfect opportunity to push the envelope even further than I'd planned for today.

I knocked, "Sarah, can I come in?"

"Give me a moment," Sarah said, clearly frantic as she scrambled to try and conceal the evidence of what she was doing.

"Okay," I agreed, patiently waiting.

A moment later she opened the door and handed me my phone.

I asked, "Can we talk?"

"Sure," she nodded, as I walked into her room.

"I'm sorry you saw that," I apologized, lying like crazy, "I didn't think you'd be home so soon."

"It's okay," she said, looking nervous. Her red cheeks and slightly stunted breathing told me I'd interrupted her close to orgasm and she was still revved up.

"I'm happy you think so," I said, as I walked over to her bed with the bag in my hand and said, "because I often have visitors over."

"You do?"

"Yes," I nodded, as I patted a spot beside me, "I told you, 'an orgasm a day'," before pausing as she seated herself beside me then adding, "or more."

"I didn't know you were a lesbian."

"I'm not one completely," I explained truthfully. "Although most of my sexual encounters are with women."

"Oh," she acknowledged, so nervous.

"Women are simply better at pleasing me," I said bluntly, "and they're less complicated."

"They are?"

"I have a few women I can text, and they come right over and please me, then sometimes I please them in return before they leave," I explained. "Assignations can't get much simpler than that."

She didn't respond, I imagine because she had no idea of what to say.

I continued, putting my hand on her leg, "I can tell that seeing that excited you."

"P-p-pardon?" she stammered.

"You stalled me at the door because you were masturbating, were you not?" I asked.

"I-I-I...." she stammered.

"Sarah, there's nothing wrong with masturbation," I said, "it's a great substitute when you don't have an eager tongue or a nice cock available."

"Oh, God," Sarah said, her red face turning redder.

"It's okay," I continued, "it's completely natural and as I mentioned before, therapeutic and even good for you."

"It's just embarrassing," she said.

"You think so? You just walked in on me while I was having my cunt eaten by an eighteen-year-old church girl," I reminded her bluntly. "If anyone should be embarrassed it's me, but shame isn't something I believe in."

"She was only eighteen?" Sarah asked, looking shocked. She too was eighteen.

"I like my pets to be younger," I revealed, drawing Sarah deeper into my seductive web.

"Pets?" she repeated my word, as my hand moved up her leg ever so slowly. To another of my pleasant surprises, she was wearing thigh highs and a skirt. She was already becoming conditioned to becoming my pet without even knowing it.

"Yes, I find many younger girls are submissive and eager to please a woman," I explained. "Many of them find it a great stress release from the pressures of school, parents and life."

Again she was speechless.

I changed the topic, "I see you're wearing a pair of the thigh highs I bought you."

"They're so soft," she explained. "You were right about how comfortable they are."

"They also make you feel sexy, don't they?" I asked, as I dropped my hand to her leg just above the knee and rubbed it gently.

"Yes," she admitted.

"So did you climax before I so rudely interrupted you?" I asked.

"N-n-no," she stammered.

"Were you close?" I asked.

"I think so," she replied shakily.

"You're not sure? Did I interrupt your very first self-pleasuring?" I asked.

"Yes," she whispered, still completely mortified and ashamed.

"Sarah," I rebuked her gently, still trying to boost her confidence, "you've got to stop feeling guilty about positive matters. Fucking yourself isn't wrong, it's necessary."

"Okay," she said, trying to act like it was okay.

"Are you embarrassed because I'm your aunt?"

"No," she said, shaking her head. "I'm happy it's you; I don't think you have a judgemental bone in your body."

"Good, because I don't," I smiled, giving her leg a soft squeeze. "And with that said, I have a present for you."

I handed her the bag and she asked, "What is it?"

"Open it."

She did.

"Oh my," she said, as she gawked at the eight-inch rabbit.

"It's your very own fuck toy," I explained bluntly. "It has eight different vibration patterns and three speeds."

"Wow!" she said, staring at it like it was from outer space.

"And it's a double dual pleasure toy," I added, "it goes inside you to fuck your cunt, and the other part can pleasure your clit." I purposely used terms like 'cunt' and 'fuck' in an attempt to relax her for once she cleared the invisible barrier that I knew was still holding her back.

I took it from her, wrestled it out of its uncooperative packaging (don't you hate those?) installed the batteries and turned it on and said, as I handed it back to her, "This is one of the best women's toys there is."

Seeing she was still overwhelmed and noticing her panties had been forgotten on the floor, I gently pushed her onto her back and said, "Here, let me help you."

Her eyes went wide as I took the toy from her, raised her skirt above her waist, spread her legs with no resistance, and directed the toy to her cunt.

Not giving her any time to respond, I slid the toy inside her.

"Ooooooooooooooh," she moaned loudly.

"Just close your eyes and allow the pleasure to consume you," I instructed softly. "And don't worry that I'll see everything. There is nothing more beautiful than a girl in the vulnerable position of pleasure with her eyes open or closed, her lips pursed while she moans, as she surrenders to the pleasure God gave us."

"Okay," she agreed uncertainly.

I slowly pumped the toy in and out of her and almost immediately her entire body showed signs of an upcoming explosion.

"Oh God, Auntie," she moaned loudly, "this feels so good."

"I'm going to fuck you to orgasm," I told her, wanting to condition her into always being conscious that I was the one giving her the pleasure, wanting her to remember far into the future that it was I who brought her to her first life-changing orgasm.

"Oh yes, fuck me, Auntie," she begged, likely using the word 'fuck' for the first time ever.

I'd only been doing her for under a minute, but I knew from her body's movements and her increased breathing that her first orgasm would come as quickly as a teenaged boy's.

"Come for me, my pet," I purred, giving a subtle hint of what the future may hold.

"Don't stop, fuck, oh God, fuck! I'm almost... somewhere!" she babbled, before her legs stiffened and she screamed, "Yes!" at the top of her lungs as she experienced her first ever orgasm.

I considered resisting what I wanted to do next, but just like putting candy in front of a kid, putting a cunt flooding with cum in front of me was irresistible, so I pulled the toy out and buried my face in my niece's cunt.

"Auntie!" she moaned in shock as I lapped up her cum, knowing the line had been crossed and there was no going back.

"You taste so good, my pet," I purred, as I licked her teen twat.

"Oh God," she moaned, her body still quaking from her orgasm, but I knew my licking was adding a new and different pleasure.

"Such a sweet tasting pussy," I moaned earnestly, as I kept licking, determined to extend her experience into multiple orgasms.

"This is wrong," she objected weakly, although she offered me no physical resistance.

"Just relax and let auntie give you the pleasure your body has been lacking for so long," I urged her, ignoring her weak protests.

"But you're my Auntie," she argued, still doing nothing to stop me except to weakly raise verbal objections.

"And I want to be the one to help my sweet niece discover herself," I said, continuing to lick her cunt.

"Oh God," she repeated.

"Do you truly want me to stop?" I asked, knowing that by this point the answer would be no, as I could sense her body was completely overwhelmed by the pleasure I was giving her.

"N-n-no," she stammered, as her first orgasm finally began to fade just as the second was building.

"No, what?" I asked, flicking her clit three times and making her entire body twitch.

"Please don't stop," she moaned, the overwhelming pleasure making the decision for her.

I stopped touching her completely, hopefully not for long. "So let's make this perfectly clear between us: even though I'm your aunt and you're my sweet niece, and even though it's the forbidden sin called incest, do you want me to eat your cunt?"

"Yes, Auntie, *please* eat my cunt," she repeated, sounding so hot in her desperate, lustful urgency.

"Good pet," I purred and I resumed licking her sweet box.

Her moans were so sexy and after a few minutes of teasing and pleasing her pussy, treating her pussy like a libido yoyo, once again she was about to burst.

To my enormous surprise, she grabbed the back of my head, pulled me deeper into her cunt and demanded, "Eat my fucking cunt, Auntie."

I was thrilled! The mouse had become a tiger! Eagerly I obeyed my niece's order and attacked her cunt with ravenous gusto.

In literal seconds she was screaming as her second orgasm in only a few minutes rumbled through her.

I lapped up her sweet nectar until she pushed me away saying, "Sorry, I have to pee."

I laughed, feeling her cunt cum all over my face, "That happens sometimes."

She hurried out of the bedroom and I rolled onto my back and relaxed.

She returned a couple of minutes later, crawled onto the bed, raised my skirt and went immediately between my legs.

I looked down at her fondly and said, "You don't have to."

"Yes, I do," she said, as she buried her face in my pussy.



"Such a good girl," I moaned, as she began licking.

And for a few minutes she licked me.

She'd need some training for sure, but for a first-time pussy pleaser she was quite good, and she had me nearing orgasm in a few minutes.

"That's it, my pet, lick Auntie's cunt," I moaned.

"So yummy," she said, which made me smile. 'Yummy' not a frequently-used word in her vast vocabulary.

"I do have a tasty twat," I agreed, knowing it had an addictive taste, as once a girl had been between my legs she was always eager to crawl back between them.

"Fucking delicious" she agreed, which made my smile wider.

"Now get me off, my pet," I ordered, "focus on my clit."

"Yes, Auntie," she said, before doing just that, and a minute later I was coming on my niece's sweet face.

Once I was done coming, I pulled her up and kissed her.

Our kiss was tender and intimate.

When I broke the kiss, she looked at me in awe and said, "Wow!"

"So are you going to start having regular orgasms?" I asked.

"Definitely," she agreed, surprising me again, pushing me onto my back and straddling my face, "and most of them on your face."

"I may have created a monster," I joked before I began licking.

Three days and a lot of orgasms later, Sarah returned from her first day of school and I had a special surprise waiting for her... my strap-on.

I'd been on the phone with her Mom for only about twenty seconds when she walked in the door. I was reclining on the couch and already naked from the waist down, and as soon as she walked into the room, I snapped my fingers and she hurried over to me, already well trained, crawled onto the couch and began licking and kissing her way up my legs.

"Yes, everything is going great here," I agreed, thinking, *I mean amazing*.

"Is she home yet?" Angela asked, as Sarah reached my twat and began licking me, a huge smile on her face. Ever since that first day, my cunt was her favourite snack.

"Yeah," I said.

"Can I talk to her?" Angela asked.

"Soon. I knew she'd be pretty hungry from her first day," I said, "so I had a homemade snack waiting for her."

"Oh, okay," Angela said, oblivious to the fact that Sarah's snack was fresh, tangy cunt.

"We can keep chatting until she finishes her meal."

"Sure," Angela said, then asking, "so she hasn't been a problem?"

"God, no," I said, "she's been a huge help in so many ways I can't tell you."

"That's good," Angela said. "I don't want her to be a burden to you."

"No, she's a sweetheart," I said. "She's literally willing to do anything I ask."

"Great," Angela said, "Make sure she helps out around the house."

"Oh, she's even been making me some homemade meals," I added.

"Really?" Angela asked, "she's never been much of a kitchen person."

"Oh yes," I said. "So far though, she's mostly serving me pies."

"Really?"

"Cherry is her favourite," I added, making Sarah giggle into my box as she lapped it.

"Is she done eating yet?" Angela asked.

"No, she seems to be really hungry," I said, before adding, "famished, even."

"She can be quite the bitch when she's hungry," Angela said.

"No worries, I plan to keep her well fed," I replied, as I traced my fingers through her hair.

"She does have a healthy appetite," Angela said.

"She sure likes her snacks," I agreed. "She has three or more a day."

"Yeah, I probably should send you some money," Angela suggested.

I moaned softly as Sarah flicked my clit. "No, that's all right, I'm trying to make meals that leave leftovers."

"Good idea," Angela agreed, before asking, "is she done yet? I want to know how her first day went."

As Sarah sucked my clit into her mouth I answered, trembling slightly, "Actually, she has a real mouthful at the moment."

"Tell her to hurry up and finish eating," Angela said.

"Sarah, finish up," I called out, "your mother wants to talk to you."

"A couple more minutes I think," Sarah replied, leaning back a bit to make it sound like she was further away.

"I'm also getting her to work out with me," I said.

"Now I know you're shitting me."

"I'm serious," I said, "we've worked out together for the past three days."

"I can't believe it," Angela said with a sigh. "I've tried to get her to go to the gym with me for years."

"You just need to find the right workout regime."

"I guess."

"What can I say? She's a hard worker, and once she finds something she likes, she goes all out."

"Well that's certainly true, when she puts her mind to something, she works her ass off to become the very best at it."

"I couldn't agree more," I said, looking down at the eager, hungry teen who in three days had become an expert pussy pleaser. "She dives right in and picks things up really fast."

"She must be finished eating by now."

"She is," I said, although I was close and not yet ready to let her lips leave mine, "but she just spilt something and is busy scrubbing my carpet."

Sarah shook her head at my nasty innuendo as she attacked my cunt, now doing her very best to get me off quickly.

"Make sure she helps around the house and cleans up her messes," Angela said.

Getting close to orgasm, I responded, "Hmmm-hmmmm, she's been willing to do everything I asked of her."

"Good," Angela said, "let me know if she becomes a burden."

"Mmmmmm, I don't think that will happen, she's a very eager beaver," I responded.

"Is she done with your carpet yet?"

"She's very close to completion," I answered as I closed my eyes, knowing my orgasm was imminent.

Angela said something, I have no idea what, as Sarah slid two fingers inside me and whipped my clit to a feverish climax.

I bit my lip as my orgasm hit.

"Ok, here she is," I blurted out quickly and handed Sarah the phone as my orgasm quaked through me.

"Hi, Mom," Sarah said, then went back to licking my cunt, which was in full flood.

I allowed the pleasure to take control as Sarah said, "Yeah, sorry, I was just so hungry, and Auntie had an amazing lunch waiting for me."

After a moment, while Sarah stood up, pulled me down by the hips so I was now lying fully on the couch including my head, and straddled me, "Yes, her snack was really good."

I began licking as I tried to listen, wishing I could hear my sister too. Over the next three or four minutes Sarah responded with:

"Mmmm-hmmmmm."

"She's teaching me many new things."

"She's getting me to think both inside and outside the box."

"Yeah, she says I'm a fast learner and a great student."

"Mmmm-hmmmmm."

"Yes, I agree."

"I'm having an amazing time here."

"My first day today was a bit overwhelming for me. I'm not accustomed to there being other smart people in the classroom."

It occurred to me I hadn't yet gotten to ask her how her first day was. I was done by lunchtime on the first day of school, so I just came home and made sure her lunch was nice and fresh.

"Ohh, one second, Mom," she said, as she grabbed the back of my head and began to really grind on me.

"Sorry, I was just getting comfortable."

"Yeah, the school is amazing."

As she talked about school, I slapped her ass lightly and Sarah caught on and climbed off me. I told her, "I got you a first day of school present."

"Nice," Sarah said, once I'd pulled out the strap-on from next to the couch.

As I strapped it in place, Sarah told her mom, "Apparently, Auntie got me a present to celebrate the first day of school."

As I pointed to the floor and she got on her knees, I walked over to her and pointed to my cock. So as she continued talking to her mother she also sucked a cock for the first time.

For three or four minutes it was mostly 'Hmmmm-hmmmm', agreeing with whatever Angela was saying, although she took the cock out of her mouth a couple times to respond. "No, I don't know what it is yet," and "My professors all seem nice."

I then pointed to the couch, she climbed onto it resting on her knees and leaning into the couch's back, and I moved behind her and rubbed my cock up and down her pussy lips, making her moan.

"Sorry, I have a cramp," she lied.

I then whispered into her other ear, "Want Auntie to take your virginity?"

Sarah nodded, "Yes, please," and then explained, "Auntie just asked if I want sausage for supper."

I smiled as I slid inside her and took her virginity.

"Oh fuck," Sarah moaned, not as good at staying focused on the phone as I was, although I'm not sure how I would do if it were my virginity being taken (I lost mine to my college student boyfriend when I was still in high school in the back of his parents' station wagon... hardly memorable).

Even I heard Angela's response, "Sarah, what's wrong?"

"I just poked myself in my private area," Sarah answered somewhat honestly, as I began slowly fucking her.

"Just the end of the table when I turned around and stumbled," she lied.

As I slowly fucked her she tried to continue the conversation, but it became a struggle and now included a lot of non-word agreements and very few attempted sentences:

"Sorry, I don't usually swear."

"I *am* eighteen, Mom!"

"Auntie swears quite a bit, actually."

"I think she's getting the sausage marinated for supper."

"I don't know why she's marinating it? I imagine so it will taste tangier."

"I'm having a lot of fun staying with Auntie."

"One second, Mom."

She turned to me and handed me the phone, as she mouthed, "Fuck me harder."

I took the phone and covered it before slamming into her hard with five deep thrusts and she moaned loudly and gasped, "Oh fuck, yes."

I put the phone to my ear and said, "It's me again, Sarah just handed me the phone."

"Where did she go?" she asked, as Sarah grabbed my skirt that was lying on the couch and stuffed part of it in her mouth.

"She went to change for our workout," I said, resuming my fucking of Sarah, faster.

"I still can't believe you got her to work out with you."

"Oh, I'm really giving her body a workout," I said as I slammed into her hard.

"Well, that must be fun," Angela said.

"It's become a time for some quality auntie and niece bonding."

"When I come down for parents' weekend, you two had better be prepared to work out with me," Angela said, unknowingly offering herself for an incestuous threesome.

"If you want, I'll put you through our exact same exercises," I promised, the idea of fucking my sister suddenly very appealing, as Sarah looked back in curiosity.

"I can take it," Angela said.

"I'll really pound your body," I said nastily, as I began really pounding Sarah.

"My body could use a good pounding," Angela agreed.

"Did this conversation just change topics?" I asked, Angela's *entendre* implying that it had.

"It's been a while," she sighed.

"Seriously?" I asked.

"Yeah, is Sarah there?" she asked.

"She's not back yet," I lied.

"He has problems getting it up," Angela admitted. We didn't talk sex much, and Angela had no idea I preferred fish to sausage, but I'd helped her a few years ago when the marital spark had begun to flicker, not doing anything sexual with her, but by suggesting some sexy lingerie and role play.

"You still have the toy I bought you, right?" I asked.

This made Sarah look back at me again.

"It broke," she said.

"Then I know what you're getting for your birthday," I said, which was two weeks away.

"Make the next one bigger," Angela joked.

"Oh, I have the perfect gift for you," I said, as I stopped fucking Sarah and pointed to her ass.

Sarah caught on and began fucking herself, but then she moaned, "Oh, God!"

"Was that Sarah?" Angela asked, concerned.

"She's stretching," I said, which was vaguely true in the vaguest of vague fashions.

"So she heard our conversation?" she asked, worried.

"Sarah, did you hear your Mom and me talking about her lack of a functioning sex toy?" I asked.

"Christine!" Angela gasped.

Sarah covered half her mouth to make it seem she was further away as she quipped, "I have now."

"She's eighteen," I pointed out, "She's heard of sex toys."

"Oh, God!" Angela said, mortified.

"It's okay, Mom," Sarah said. "I know you have sex."

"You did give birth to her after all," I pointed out.

"I have to go," Angela said, still mortified by the turn the conversation had taken.

"I do too," I said. "Your daughter is ready to really work out with me."

I handed Sarah the phone, she stopped fucking herself and said, "Love you, Mom."

As soon as Sarah hung up, she said, "That was so fucking hot."

"Mind your language, Miss," I joked, as I pointed to the couch. "Go get on your back."

"Are you going to fuck your slutty niece?" she asked, getting into position and spreading her legs wide.

"For the next seven years," I smiled, as I slid back into her.

"And we're going to seduce Mom when she comes down, right?" she asked, as I began fucking her.

"You incestuous little slut," I teased, "have you no shame?" resting on her nylon-clad legs and slamming into her hard.

"Yes, just as much as you, so fuck me good, Auntie," she moaned.

Five minutes later she was recovering from her first fucking and her first fucking orgasm and she said, "I can't believe you took my virginity, Auntie; that was really special."

"There's still one hole to take before you're a *total* slut," I winked, enjoying when a girl (or a guy for that matter) is willing to give me their most taboo hole.

"You want to fuck my asshole, Auntie?" she asked in the sexiest, sluttiest tone I imagine she could.

"If you're a good pet I may," I said, as I slid the cock back into her pussy.

"I'm going to call grandma while you fuck me," she said, reaching for the phone.

"You really are a sexy slut, just like your auntie," I laughed, as she dialled my mother.

"Hi, grandma," she greeted, as I resumed slowly fucking her.

God, it was going to be a great seven years.

And perhaps we'd have a wild weekend in three weeks, since as far as I knew only Angela was coming to our mini family reunion, as Jake needed to be in Miami for some meetings.

And Christmas at grandma's... who knows... my mother was Ms. Wisconsin back in her younger days.

"Oh, I'm just enjoying a workout with Auntie," she said, "so I may be a bit breathless at times."

"Hi, Mom," I yelled, smiling at the fact she was chatting with us while her daughter and granddaughter committed incest.

"She says hi back," Sarah said, as she wrapped her legs around me and pulled me closer.

And we stared into each other's eyes with a mixture of love and lust, matching devious smiles of being partners in crime as I leaned forward and kissed her, knowing this was just the beginning of a potentially wild seven years.

"Oh, I've never had more fun in my life than the past few days with Auntie," Sarah said in reply to something when I broke the kiss.

I was close enough to hear Mom's response, "Well, be a good girl and be sure to do whatever she tells you to."

"Oh, I've been a very good girl, haven't I Auntie?" Sarah said, smiling at me wickedly.

As I kept fucking her pussy, I agreed, "A *very* good girl."

"Good," Mom replied. "Your auntie can teach you a lot."

"She's already taught me so much," Sarah said.

I added, "And I'm just getting started."

"Oh, God!" my pet niece said with a moan as I roughly slammed into her.

THE END