

ONESTEEN, ONE MOM, THREE AUNTS AND A

silkstockingslover

Guy discovers family female sex secret at Christmas wedding.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Guy discovers family female sex secret at Christmas wedding.

Note 1: This is a 2017 Christmas Contest Story so please vote.

Note 2: Thanks to Tex Beethoven, thor_p, Robert, and Wayne for editing.

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My parents picked me up on the way to the wedding, which was a three-hour drive (five for them as I was at a college two hours north) and they figured we may as well take only one vehicle. Plus, with first semester finals done, I would return with them back home for Christmas break.

Which was perfect for me as I was in college and perpetually broke. We even decided to share a hotel room, which may seem weird, but we were a pretty close family and sharing a room with two queen sized beds wasn't really a big deal. We'd done the same a couple years ago when we took our east coast road trip.

Plus, I really enjoyed spending time with my parents who were still quite young... and truthfully wilder than I was (they still had parties at their house and did the weed I didn't).

They also were still very sexual towards each other... both in front of me and in the bedroom. I jerked off many times listening to them fuck... my Mom very animated, vulgar and loud in the throes of passion. Or at least I assumed they still were, they certainly had been while I was still at home and in high school.

This was only enhanced by the fact that although my Mom was pretty plain (no one ever called her a MILF), she had big breasts and amazing legs which were almost always encased in nylons... like they were right now... she was already dressed for the wedding even though it was a five-hour drive... a wedding just a week before Christmas... which seemed rather stupid to me, but whatever.

She was also the sweetest woman in the world. She was actually a stay at home mom, unheard of these days, as Dad made excessively good money and thus she did things like chair the PTA and organize the graduation ceremony.

I should also note we had both seen each other naked... although not at the same time....

In my senior year I'd come home early from a party on a Friday night not feeling well (not drunk, the flu) and when I walked in Mom was in the kitchen, completely naked except for a garter-belt and stockings, getting a drink of water.

I stared at her body for a good ten seconds before she turned around and realized I was there and dropped her glass (only into the sink and fortunately it was plastic) as she covered her breasts and vagina as best she could, crying out my name, "Wade!"

I explained, "Sorry, I came home early because I wasn't feeling well."

I quickly left the kitchen, my cock hard and my mind carrying away an image that's still imprinted in my head.

I worried about what she would say the next morning, but she acted like it was no big deal and life moved on.

I, on the other hand, had a new recurring fantasy... one where things had gone very differently that wonderful evening when I'd walked into the kitchen and encountered my nearly-nude mother with her voluptuous, touchable breasts with their large, deep red, hard nipples and her slender figure, round hips and glistening, hairless pussy beckoning me to look more closely. (As you can see, my fantasy always began larger than life, and there was no way my hot fantasy mother was going to cover anything up!)

This was a fantasy I'd carried with me when I went to college and I'd shot hundreds of loads, recreating my memory in a variety of ways.

-She turns around, sees me, walks over, drops to her knees, fishes out my cock and sucks me.

-I walk up behind her, cup her big breasts from behind as she moans, 'Ready for seconds already, Eric?' (Eric is my father's name). and I respond, 'Sloppy seconds' and slide my cock in her from behind and she gasps, 'Oh yes, Wade,' as I penetrate her

-I walk over to her, spin her around, guide her to her knees and shove my cock in her shocked open mouth and hold her head in place as I face fuck her.

-I walk up behind her and surprise her by simply sliding my cock in her pussy. This fantasy goes either of two ways: 1) where she discovers it's me and joins in eagerly liking the idea, or 2) where she is shocked and tries to stop me until I dominate her and then she still joins in eagerly but this time calling me Master... this version coming to mind because I've heard her get dominated by Dad many times when I eavesdropped.

Of course, in all of these versions of the fantasy I magically begin with pants and underwear or not, whichever works best in the scenario.

And that was what I was fantasizing about a few months later during reading break before finals when I came home for the week, imagining fucking my naked Mom in the kitchen one way or another, when my real live Mom walked in on me.

I was on my bed, jerking off while watching porn on the laptop, an incest scene where a son fucks his mother, when she walked into my room.

She froze and stammered, even as she stared at the eight-inch cock I was pumping, "S-s-sorry."

To my surprise she didn't turn and leave immediately, lingering for a few seconds before scurrying out.

Mom walking in on me was all it took as I came like a racehorse, envisioning a new fantasy where Mom hurries over to me and finishes me off, today with me coming all over her face but tomorrow who knows... as I now had two fantasies I could create variations on in my head.

I cleaned myself up and went to the kitchen to grab a snack, jerking off making me hungry for some reason, and she apologized, "I'm so sorry, Wade."

I joked, "Well, now we're even."

She blushed as she said, "I should have knocked, I was just coming to get your laundry."

Yep, I was eighteen and Mommy still did my laundry. Pathetic, but it had just always been that way.

I couldn't help it, as I joked like Dad would (Dad often teasing Mom about me seeing her naked, as he thought it was hilarious), "And I was just coming, too."

"Wade!" she gasped, even as I noticed, or I thought I noticed, her glancing down at my crotch.

"What? I'm eighteen. I masturbate," I defended, and then added, "A lot."

She shook her head as she repeated, "I'm so sorry."

"It's no big deal," I shrugged.

She responded, "*Au contraire*, it is indeed a big deal."

Although her words implied she was still mortified by walking in on me, her tone implied something else entirely.

She was talking about the generous size of my cock being a big deal... at least I was pretty sure she was talking about my cock.

I was so stunned I was speechless as she walked out of the kitchen, leaving me bewildered and horny again.

That was the last time I'd seen Mom until today, although I'd seen her daily in my stroke fantasies and even usually when I was fucking my friend with benefits Janie.

That brings you up to date about what led to our drive to the wedding and everything that followed.

The day was full of subtle hints that I didn't catch onto until it all came to a head in the early evening.

As we drove, Dad asked, "Got any hot coeds?"

"Eric!" Mom scolded.

"What?" Dad asked. "Can't I enquire if he's getting some hot college booty?"

I laughed, "Never say booty, Dad."

"What, I'm not up with the lingo?" he asked, then continued, "Have you given a girl a Cincinnati Bowtie yet?"

"Eric!" Mom gasped.

"What? You love it, dear," Dad teased.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Eric, don't you dare!" Mom objected, clearly mortified.

"When you reverse tit fuck a nice rack so your balls are sliding up and down her neck," he revealed.

"Oh," I said, the position sounding okay, but more focused on the idea of Mom liking it... the idea of Dad or me fucking those huge tits quite a turn on.

"I don't like it, you do," Mom clarified.

"You never complain," Dad shrugged.

"Probably too much information for our son," Mom pointed out, her face apple red.

I added, "Not sure where you got that term, but college is pretty normal."

"What, it's not a bunch of orgies?" Dad joked.

"No not really, we only have those on weekends, but of course weekends begin on Friday at noon," I whimsically played along.

"Thank God," he said, "I'd hate to think I'm paying for you to go to college and learn things."

Mom asked, "Do you have a girlfriend yet?"

"Not really," I answered, Janie and I never going out dates. I call her when I'm horny, she calls me when she's horny... which means we fuck every day or two.

"Friends with benefits," Dad accurately surmised.

"Something like that," I nodded.

"What's that?" Mom asked.

Dad answered, "A friend you can call on for sex."

Mom joked, "As much as your Dad's gone, I need one of those."

"If you want Sarah, go for it," Dad responded, Sarah a hot young woman from across the street.

"You and your lesbian fantasy," Mom sighed.

Dad asked, "Please tell me you've seen two girls going at it."

"Nope," I said, before adding, "other than some kissing."

"Well, porn movies have definitely deceived me," Dad joked.

"Wanting to gross Dad out, knowing he was homophobic, I added, telling the truth, "I did see a guy blowing another guy in the bathroom, though."

"Gross," Dad said, his entire face grimacing.

Mom asked, "What, two girls munching pussy is okay, but a guy sucking another guy's dick isn't?"

"Obviously," Dad nodded. "Two girls are hot; two guys are contrary to nature."

I was in awe of Mom saying pussy and dick in front of me. I'd heard her say way worse when eavesdropping... but she was pretty prim and proper when I was around... usually tolerating my perverted father's verbal excesses but not joining in.

"Such a double standard," Mom said.

"It's just the way the universe works," Dad shrugged.

"Well I totally disagree. I'd rather watch a guy blow or fuck another guy than see two girls eating twat," Mom added, playing around and enjoying turning it on her husband.

"Gross, gross, gross," Dad said, actually shaking his head.

Mom continued, "What? You wouldn't let Dave suck your cock? I hear guys are *far* better cock suckers than we gals."

I was shocked (in a good way, in an awe-struck way) by Mom's blatant sex talk. Hearing her say *cock sucker* was so fucking hot! Dave, by the way, was an openly gay man who lived down the street from us.

"Fuck, no!" Dad declared firmly.

Mom continued, "Why? A mouth is a mouth, and Dave's mouth would know what to do with your little man far better than mine does. I don't even *have* a cock, so how am I supposed to know what to do with yours?" She was really laying it on thick, knowing full well about Dad's homophobic buttons and joyfully hammering every one of them. Both Mom and I were working extremely hard to contain our laughter.

"I'm not a faggot!" Dad yelled, getting riled up.

Mom usually backed down as soon as Dad got like this, but this time she didn't. She said, "I didn't say you were. Sucking dick makes you a faggot, or taking it up the ass, but getting blown by a guy doesn't. It's not contrary to nature, it's hot!"

"Let's drop this," Dad said annoyed.

Mom shrugged, "I was just pointing out your hypocritical point of view."

He said, "I'm a guy, it's how we all think, isn't it Wade?"

Here I had to pick a side, but the reality was I had gay friends and I didn't see it as a big deal. If a guy wants to suck dick or take it in the ass that's his prerogative... it's not for me to judge. That said, it wasn't something I was into doing. Dad was looking in the mirror at me as I said, "Honestly, Dad? Gay, bi, lez or straight, it's all the same to me. People are people."

"Exactly," Mom agreed.

Dad sighed heavily.

Mom said, looking back at me, "So no girlfriend."

"Nope."

"Just a chick you fuck sometimes," Dad added, still in full testosterone mode.

"Yeah, something like that," I agreed.

And then there was silence.

We got to our hotel room and I went to the bathroom to change into a suit as Dad joked, "You can change right here, you don't have anything your mother hasn't already seen."

"Stop being an ass, Eric," Mom said, clearly annoyed at her husband.

Mom had used her *this is done* tone, so Dad didn't say anything else as I went and changed.

When I came out Mom complimented, "You look very handsome, Wade."

As I looked at Mom's big tits showcased in the black dress and then down to her black nylons and her perfectly manicured red toenails in her hosiery, I replied, not trying to hide my sincerity, "You look beautiful Mom."

"Hear that, Eric? Your son was the first one to give me a compliment today."

Eric sighed, "This is one of those *I can't win* days, isn't it?"

"It's beginning to look that way," my Mom nodded, clearly annoyed at Dad... something that would be remembered as a theme of today and tonight.

At the church, as I sat on one side of Mom, Dad on the other, I noticed as her dress rode up just enough, that she was wearing thigh high stockings. This of course made my dick instantly wake up and secretly salute her. Fuck, she had amazing legs.

Then throughout the bizarre service (the rings were on candy canes, their oaths were based on the 12 Days of Christmas, but the weirdest was that the groom was dressed as Santa, the bride was in a traditional white wedding dress but knee-length so I (and everyone else but I probably cared more) could see her red nylons and her green heels... the wedding party was all dressed as elves). But inadvertently driving me crazy, my Mom sitting next to me was restlessly sliding her feet in and out of her heels.

Fuck, I was so horny and knew I'd have to find a way to shoot a load tonight either in a bathroom or some chick (my success rate at getting laid at weddings 67 percent... although on very limited data... just three weddings, all last summer. At the first I got a bridesmaid who was a year older than I and after striking out at wedding two, I ended up in the back of a limo with the bride's MILF mother... that itself could be an entire story).

So I'd be lying if I tried to get you to believe I listened to much of the service as I drooled over my mother's legs and feet, although truth be told I hadn't listened to the other services either as I zoned out thinking about whatever else popped into my head (sports, how hot the bridesmaids were, etc.).

After the service, Mom, a few female relatives and I went for a late lunch (Dad went golfing with some guys... I was invited, but hate golfing), there being a four-hour gap before the reception/dinner and dance that would follow.

I need to tell you about the women I was sitting with. Mom was pretty, but not hot (I know that sounds cruel, but Mom was more cute than hot (objectively speaking anyway, my subjectively leaning cock would like you to know she's *red hot*), her three sisters were all hot (even Aunt Carol at fifty). Tiffany though at twenty-three was almost twenty years younger than anyone else (the *anyone* in question being my Mom who was a couple years younger than Aunt Dana, the second eldest). Tiffany was a complete oops when my grandparents were in their late forties. She, in addition to hating golf, was the main reason I often enjoyed hanging out with Mom's female relatives. Plus, I was the only son among the four sisters, the two eldest having only girls (two for Aunt Carol, named Emily and Zelda; and one, Becky, for Aunt Dana. Aunt Tiffany (it always feeling odd to call her that) hadn't yet started a family, possibly because if she had children she'd need to clean up her language. So today here at the table were just me and six women: my Mom, three aunts and my cousins Emily and Becky. Aunt Carol's other daughter wasn't here; Zelda was in Japan and unable to make it.

At the table Aunt Carol, Mom's oldest sister, said to me, after they'd all complained about their men for about twenty minutes, "You'll make some girl a great husband one day."

"I hope so," I said.

"All by itself, the fact that you hate golf makes you a keeper," Aunt Carol said. "I mean seriously, I know it's California, but it's the week before Christmas... couldn't they acknowledge that golf is out of season?"

Aunt Dana, the second oldest sister argued, "Actually I'm happy Gary likes golf; it means I get more time alone."

"True enough," Aunt Carol nodded.

"I usually golf with my man," the much younger Aunt Tiffany added, she only five years older than me.

"Except when it's just the boys," Mom pointed out.

"They need their male bonding time," Tiffany explained.

And as Mom downed her second drink already, "We need our female bonding time too."

Realizing I was the odd man out, literally, I offered, "It's okay, I can go and let you ladies have your girl time."

"No, no," Carol stopped me. "We're just venting."

"Well vent away, then," I joked, enjoying being surrounded by so many beautiful women.

After a couple more minutes Carol, who was definitely the ringleader of the group, asked, "So Wade, you must have a girlfriend."

Mom answered for me, "He has a friend with benefits thing."

"Mom!" I said, "That's not something my aunts and cousins needed to know."

"What's a friend with benefits?" Carol asked.

Tiffany answered, her swearing typical of her but hot, "A fuck buddy."

"A what?" Carol questioned.

Mom explained, "A friend you call up when you need to get laid."

"I want to go back to college," Dana joked.

"I want my *own* friend with benefits," Mom added.

"Mom!" I gasped again.

"What? Your dad doesn't pay any attention to me anymore," she revealed.

"He's probably banging his slutty secretary," Tiffany provocatively stated, loving saying outrageous things, always crude which I found hot... if she weren't my aunt I'd be going after her tonight at the dance when she got tipsy and vulnerable.

Mom scoffed, "That would explain the long hours he's been working recently."

Carol added, "I have a friend with benefits. Actually I have a couple."

"Do tell," Tiffany asked, as they suddenly seemed to forget I was there.

Emily, Carol's oldest daughter, pleaded, "Please don't even go there, Mom."

Carol shrugged, "Why not? My seven inch rabbit and ten inch black dildo are always there for me."

My already hard dick flinched in my trousers.

"Mother!" the prim and proper Emily gasped, clearly mortified by her mother's revelation.

"Ten inches?" Tiffany mused, impressed. "I may have to get one of those."

"Highly recommended," Carol smiled, before adding, "I apparently need to get my daughter one too."

"Christmas is only a week away," Mom pointed out.

"Oh My God!" Emily gasped, exasperated.

"That's exactly what you'll be screaming about ten minutes after you open my gift," Carol added, enjoying embarrassing her early twenties prudish daughter, before adding, "and if you add the rabbit on your clit at the same time you'll be a changed woman."

"Please stop!" Emily begged, covering her ears with her hands.

Tiffany added, "Other than reproduction, making money and fixing things, men have no real purpose, given the recent technological improvements in sex toys."

Mom scoffed, "Fixing things? My husband can't even fix a leaking toilet."

Dana said, "I even read somewhere that in the next ten years there'll be sex robots you can buy. If you suck one off you'll be able to choose chocolate, strawberry or piña colada."

Mom surprised me when she said, "I'd rather just have some young stud I could call up when I needed some."

"A boy toy with benefits?" Carol quipped.

"A BDBB, a big dick'd boy with benefits," Mom said.

I couldn't believe they were talking about this so casually and openly. Did women always talk like this... like men?

"And one who can reload quickly," Dana added, "unlike my hubby who's good for a four-minute marathon then nap time."

Mom added, as she looked at me to see how I was taking all this, "Wow, that *is* a marathon compared to Eric."

It was weird. I couldn't explain it, but it was like she wanted me to know Dad was a quick shooter and not sexually satisfying her. I knew I shouldn't say it, especially in a room full of female relatives, but I couldn't help it, I had to stand up for men and to stress my own capabilities just in case Mom was hinting at something (as far-fetched as that was). "For the record, many men can last as long as it takes to make his woman happy and even reload in seconds."

Emily gasped, "Wade!"

"What?" I questioned, "I need to make it clear that many men, I hope, can do a real marathon. Or two."

"I remember those days," Mom sighed dramatically.

"I don't," Dana joked.

"So what we all need is a young man like Wade who can go the distance," Carol concluded.

"Gross, that's incest," Emily said, disgusted.

"Incest is best," Carol joked.

"Keep it in the family," Tiffany added.

The entire time these jokes were being made about incest, Mom was looking at me. It wasn't like she was devouring me with her eyes, but there was just something different I couldn't explain. Speculation, maybe.

"Double gross," Emily grimaced.

"Emily, you wound me," I declared playfully.

Emily shook her head, "I don't mean you, my dear hunk of a cousin, I mean the idea of incest."

Carol asked, "So if your cousin wasn't related to you you'd fuck him?"

Hearing Carol say *fuck* was hot; having her say it about me and my cousin was surreally hot.

"Mother!" Emily gasped again, jumping to her feet and stalking away.

Carol shrugged, "I was just trying to clarify."

"You're so bad," Dana laughed.

"It's just so much fun rattling her," Carol said, watching her daughter leave.

"Just for the record," I decided to add, wanting to hint somehow that I'd fuck any one of my aunts if the opportunity arose, "If you ladies weren't all married and related to me I'd be flirting with you like crazy." I was really addressing my aunts (and my Mom, if by some remote chance she was interested). My cousins had pretty much slipped off my radar; Emily seemed adamantly opposed to fun and the shy Becky hadn't said a word so far and probably wouldn't.

"Good to know," Dana joked. "It's good still to be considered desirable."

I shook my head. "Ladies, each one of you is super-hot, like MILF hot, and if your husband doesn't see that in you I'm utterly baffled."

"There's always a younger model," Mom said.

"Trust me, they don't see us as sexy," Dana bemoaned.

"Mine does," Tiffany pointed out, cupping her tits pointedly at the only male present. "Who wouldn't?"

"Wait twenty years," Dana suggested

"What's a MILF?" Carol asked.

"A Mom I'd like to...." I answered, not comfortable saying *fuck* in front of my aunts and Mom.

"You'd like to what?" Dana asked, but in a seductive voice... obviously she knew exactly what a MILF was and likely knew she was one.

"Yes, son," Mom added teasingly, "what exactly *would* you like to do to us?"

Carol added, frustrated and not catching on to the obvious, "Would someone let me in on the joke?"

Deciding *fuck it!* If they were going to get all flirty and raunchy I could too. "*Fuck!* A MILF is a Mom I'd Like to Fuck!"

"Oh!" Carol said, clearly surprised by my answer.

"And you think we all qualify, which means...?" Dana insinuated.

Tiffany added, shocking *me* now, "Well I'm sure many MILFs would be willing to bend over for that big dick I hear you have."

"What?" I asked flabbergasted.

Mom gasped, "Tiffany!"

"What? You said he's *huge*," Tiffany asked, pretending like she was unsure why Mom was making a big deal out of this. "Are you now saying he's not?"

"I'm not taking back anything, but that was between us," Mom said, her face now beet red.

I shrugged, enjoying the attention, and definitely willing to open any doors if doors were available to be opened, "Well, I've never had any complaints."

"If you're as big as your mother described, I imagine not," Tiffany said.

Then the phone rang and it was Dad. Mom answered, "What?"

After a few seconds, Mom said, "Look, we'll meet you at the hotel. We're still eating and enjoying our time without you boys." Her tone when she said *boys* clearly condescending.

After another moment, "No, he's a man," Mom clarified, looking directly at me and seeming to like what she saw. If she wasn't my mother I would without a doubt think she was hitting on me... yet I couldn't be sure she wasn't.

Everyone watched Mom on the phone as she finished, "Yeah, yeah, see you there."

Once she hung up, I felt a foot between my legs reaching directly for my crotch.

My eyes went big as there were three women across from me who could be doing something so forward... one being my mother.

I moved my hand and felt the sheer nylon, not giving anything away because whoever it was would know I was aware of her foot and why wouldn't I be curious who she was; although the nylon clue didn't help as I'd previously noticed all the women were wearing nylons for the wedding... something that I learned nana had taught them as children.

I massaged the nylon foot, looking across the table curiously.

It could be my outspoken Mom.

It could be my outrageous Aunt Carol.

Or it could be the hitherto completely silent Becky, Dana's only offspring and only a couple years older than I. She had huge tits which she usually hid, but today they were very much in view... as if demanding I stare at them.

Yet none of the three showed any hint they were rubbing their foot on my cock as they kept chatting, or in Becky's case remaining silent.

After a couple minutes, the foot disappeared and I was left aroused, hard and confused.

Aunt Carol paid for the entire bill then we all headed back to the hotel as the women all needed to freshen up.

I even pointed out, "You gals all look radiantly beautiful."

"You are so charming," Aunt Carol said, she seeming to be the one most likely to have put her foot on my crotch.

I wondered, *Is it possible she wants me to fuck her?*

That was definitely more likely than it being my mother or my shy cousin (but with today's highly exposed cleavage maybe not so shy after all).

Would I fuck her?

God, yes.

Would I fuck Aunt Carol?

In a heartbeat.

Would I fuck my Mom?

Only if dreams came true.

Back at the hotel, Mom sighed, "The guys are still at the golf club and they're already hammered."

Carol joked, "I guess that means *I'm* not getting hammered."

"Mother!" Emily sighed, clearly exhausted from her mother's continuous sexual innuendos. Again, Emily walked away.

Carol ignored her daughter as she whispered to me, "Did you see anyone at the wedding you wanted to hammer?"

"There were a few hot MILFs," I replied, playing along with her game.

"Anyone in particular?" she asked coyly.

"I don't fuck and tell, you hot MILF," I teased, again hinting I was more than willing to fuck her if that was what she was implying, yet not totally blunt in case I was misreading the clues.

"If your cock is as big as your mother says, you should," she countered, "well, maybe not the *tell* part," which made me wonder again if it had been her playing footsie under the table. My cock had been hard and she would have felt it.

That said, her foot probably wouldn't provide as much information as if her hand had been feeling it.

"I like to think of myself as humble," I shrugged, which was true.

"A true gentleman," she smiled, just as Mom arrived back from the washroom.

"So we still have a couple hours to kill," Mom said, glancing at her watch.

"Let's go up to my room for a drink," Aunt Carol suggested.

"I need to go freshen up first," Mom said.

"Then Wade will come and keep me company," Aunt Carol decided. "You okay hanging with your ancient aunt?"

"If I have to," I teased.

"You do," she said. "I hate being alone."

"She always has," Mom said.

"Let's go," Aunt Carol said, as the three of us got in the elevator.

"What about Emily?" I asked.

Carol said, "I imagine she'll be in the lobby texting all day."

We were all on the same floor.

Mom went to our room, then Aunt Carol and I were alone in hers.

As soon as the door closed, she walked over to the counter, grabbed something and then returned to me. She grabbed at my crotch, dropped to her knees and said, as she lifted some mistletoe above her head and well, in truth, my head too... my cock head, "It's time for some mistle-blow."

I gasped, as she handed me the mistletoe, quickly fished out my already very hard cock and said, "I need to do my own inspection of this family legend."

"What about Uncle Jim?" I asked with a moan, as she took my cock in her mouth.

"Fuck him," she said, looking up at me, stroking my hard cock

"I'd rather fuck you," I countered, this time blunt as you please, just as she took my cock back in her mouth, this time *way* back in her mouth.

After a few bobs, she responded, "God, this is a perfect cock."

"Those are some great lips too," I responded, as once again she took my cock in her mouth.

She sucked much better than my FWB (figure it out; you've had clues) or any other chick, creating a lot of saliva in her mouth which made it feel like a pleasure tornado.

"Oh yeah, that feels amazing," I moaned.

"Better than your college slut?" she asked, as her tongue slid down my shaft.

"Way better," I admitted, as she sucked on my balls... the first woman ever to do that.

"Have you come yet today?" she asked, moving her mouth from one ball to the other while slowly stroking my cock.

"Not yet," I admitted, knowing I likely wouldn't last long if she went back to sucking me.

"Do you want to come down Auntie's throat?" she asked, as she slithered her tongue back up my steel shaft.

"Or maybe all over your pretty face," I answered, loving to come on someone's face.

"That's not very gentlemanly," she smiled, as she looked up at me, her tongue swirling around my cock head.

"Looks can be deceiving," I replied.

"You can shoot your first load all over my face," she negotiated, "so long as the second load is deposited in my cunt."

Very few girls or women used the word *cunt*, so hearing it from my aunt's mouth was hot as hell, as was the fact she was now bobbing on my cock furiously, taking almost my entire shaft in that sexy mouth.

I replied, "I have a few loads I can deposit here and there before the night is over."

She kept bobbing, the speed, the excess saliva and her amazing suction skills had my balls boiling and I waited until the last possible second before I pulled out and shot my full load all over her face.

Like an expert cock sucker, who had taken facials before, she closed her eyes in the nick of time and opened her mouth wide.

The first rope landed in her hair and on her forehead as I was apparently a bit too excited.

The second rope hit right between her eyes, on her nose and in her open mouth.

The third landed on her chin in a big wad that was just hanging on.

While the remainder also hit her chin and a little on her black dress.

Oops.

She took my cock back into her mouth, which few girls ever did once I'd come.

And fuck did it feel awesome!

After a few slow bobs, she stood up, pulled me over to the bed, and lifted her black dress high enough to reveal she was wearing a garter-belt and stockings.

"Uncle Jim is an idiot," I acknowledged, as she got on all fours, now revealing she also wasn't wearing any panties.

"I got rid of my panties at the restaurant," she smiled, looking back at me. "Wanted to make sure you could just slide right in."

I got on the bed, positioned my dick behind her and did just that.

"Oh fuck," she moaned as I slid inside her. "Now fuck me hard. I don't know how much time we have."

I wasn't going to argue. I was fucking my hot aunt. I grabbed her hips and began urgently slamming into her.

"Oh yes, stud," she moaned. "Pound me with that huge fucking dick."

Spinning back to the earlier flirtation, I quipped, "I'm hammering away just like you wanted."

"Oh yes you are," she moaned, as she began bouncing back on my cock, meeting my forward thrusts.

Her moans were getting louder, and after a couple minutes of both of us fucking each other with reckless aggression, I could tell she was close.

Then she did something I'd never felt before.

She somehow tightened her cunt around my cock, while still being excessively wet.

"Don't stop fucking me you mother fucker," she said, furiously bouncing back on my cock with a lust I'd never seen or felt before.

"Don't you mean aunt fucker?" I corrected.

"Yes, until later tonight," she moaned.

"What?" I asked, as sweat dripped down me: wishing I would have taken off my suit jacket at least.

"Just keep slamming that big salami stick in my cunt," she demanded, leaving me with a big question.

She was implying Mom wanted to fuck me.

Had she made that implication deliberately? Had Mom said something? What did Aunt Carol know that I didn't?

"Oh God, fuck yes, fuck, you're fucking amazing, fuck me, shit, yes!" she screamed, as her orgasm hit her and she collapsed forward, my cock slipping out of her.

I could have kept fucking her; but I wanted to taste that fresh pussy, so I flipped her onto her back and buried my face in her flooding cunt.

"Oh God!" she moaned, her legs wrapping around my head. "You're going to be visiting auntie a lot."

I lapped up her tangy wetness while imagining stopping by her house for a fuck... wishing I lived closer... wishing I'd known about her proclivities when I was still in high school.

I love eating pussy and hers was one of the wettest, tangiest yet.

I was lapping eagerly, she was moaning still, when there was a knock at the door.

"Fuck!" she sighed, "you haven't come yet."

I got off the bed and grabbed my pants. I whispered, "Rain check. Yes I know, I still owe you a cunt deposit."

She slowly got off the bed as there was another knock.

"I'm coming," I called out.

"I wish that was true," she smiled, as she fixed her outfit and I buckled my belt.

"Hurry up," Mom called out.

I went to the door and opened it.

"What took so long?" Mom asked.

"We were on the balcony," I lied.

"Oh," she said, as she walked in with a bottle of wine in her hand.

She looked around and said, "There *is* no balcony."

Busted! I thought to myself, my quick thinking sabotaged by facts.

Mom shocked me again as she sighed, glaring at her oldest sister, "You already fucked him, didn't you?"

"In my defense," Aunt Carol pointed out, "you arrived before he could come... a second time."

"But you obviously did," Mom said, as I stood there bewildered.

"Yeah, and his cock is as big as you said it was," auntie replied, giving me a wink as I stood there speechless.

"I thought we agreed I'd get to fuck him first," Mom complained, shock compounding shock.

"I just let you think that," Carol said. "I'm the oldest, I get dibs."

"He's my *Son*," Mom said with twisted logic, clearly annoyed.

"He still has a load or two if you want them," Carol offered, before adding, "or you can come lick his first load off my face."

"You'd better go clean up, you look like a cheap slut," Mom said to her older sister.

"Cum is a great natural moisturizer," Aunt Carol shrugged.

Mom turned to me and complained, "What's wrong with you, I rub your cock at the restaurant and you fuck my sister?"

"I thought it was Aunt Carol doing that," I finally spoke, still feeling like I was in the most twisted, trippiest version of Candid Camera ever.

"You don't want to fuck Mommy?" she asked, with a pout.

"I-I-I wouldn't *ever* say that!" I stammered, struggling even to form my words, but desperate not to miss this crazy opportunity.

"So you *do* want to fuck Mommy?" she asked sexily, her tone dripping sultrily, as she walked up to me.

"Well... *yeah!*" I answered, my confidence beginning to build as I came to grips that this was really happening.

"Tell me what you want, son," she said, as she dropped in front of me.

"You'll be tasting me," Carol warned, reminding Mom I'd just fucked her older sister.

"It won't be the first time," Mom replied, shocking me yet again, as she unbuckled my belt. A belt I'd just done back up.

"True, but usually it's because you're between my legs," Carol continued the stunning revelations.

"I don't think my son needed to know about our lesbian incest trysts," Mom said, as she unzipped my pants and pulled them down. "Or do you, my big boy?"

"You had me at *lesbian incest tryst*," I joked, as my hard cock was about to be allowed out to play again.

She pulled my underwear down and gasped, "Fuck, it's even bigger up close and personal."

"You should feel it in your mouth or cunt," Aunt Carol urged as if she were a sommelier and my tool was a bottle of vintage wine.

"I'm about to," Mom said, stroking my raging hard-on. I was also super happy I'd already come once or I likely would have spent myself on her clothing already.

"Do you want Mommy to suck your cock?" she asked, looking so sweet and demure.

"Fuck, yes," I answered, about to live almost every teenage boy's dream.

"I want you to fuck me too," she said, before adding, "you're so much bigger than your father."

"And he reloads almost instantly," Carol added, as Mom took my cock in her mouth.

"Oh, God," I groaned, the most impossible fantasy of all somehow becoming real as Mom began bobbing on my cock. When I reran this interlude with Mom in a future stroke session, I didn't think I'd need any alternate endings.

"Do I taste good on your son's cock?" Carol asked, as she walked over and dropped to her knees beside her sister, smoothing her hair.

Mom took my cock out of her mouth and smiled, "Not quite as strong as directly from the source."

"Do you often get it directly from the source?" I asked, gaining more confidence now that I knew I was in control and not about to shoot before I wanted to.

"Very often," Mom nodded, before adding, "We've been doing things since I was in high school."

Carol explained, as Mom returned to sucking my cock, "There's a clear hierarchy here, Wade. I'm on the top, then Tiffany, she's a MILF hunting dominant by nature, and then there's a continual power play between the rest of them... although Dana is the bottom feeder, even a complete submissive to her daughter."

"You all lez out?" I asked, this too much information for any man to comprehend. "Even Emily?"

Carol nodded, "Lesbian incest has been common in our family for several generations."

"Wow!" I moaned, both from the stunning revelation and the amazing sensations of my Mom's mouth.

"But you're the first male addition to our... *club*, perhaps you could call it?" Carol added, before smiling, "you Sir, will become very popular."

"You're serious?" I asked, still trying to process all this information.

"Deadly," she answered, now sucking my balls while Mom sucked my cock.

That was a new sensation... having my cock and balls sucked at once.

A moment later, Mom said, "I need this cock in me now."

"Do you want to fuck your Mom?" Carol asked.

"Hell, yes, I've wanted that for years," I nodded, pulling Mom off her knees and leading her to the bed.

Mom took off her dress with a quick unzip from Carol, to reveal she too wasn't wearing panties and was still wearing her thigh high stockings.

I joked, "This is exactly what I fantasized you wearing at home every day."

"I usually was," Mom smiled, as she got on the bed, now only in a lace bra and thigh high stockings.

I got out of my pants again and as I stood by the tall bed; Mom put her nylon-clad feet on my cock as she said, "You're a nylon guy right?"

"How did you know?" I moaned, as I got a nylon foot job... another first.

"You stare at my nylon-clad feet all the time and often have to adjust yourself while staring at them," Mom revealed, as Carol got on the bed to join us.

"Guilty as charged," I shrugged, always thinking I was so sly when drooling over her feet.

"Time for a second crime," Mom said a moment later.

"What is that?" I coyly asked, hoping she was making an incest reference.

"Time to make you a true mother fucker," Mom answered as she spread her legs wide, her nylon feet sadly leaving my cock.

"That's a crime I'll gladly commit," I said, as she slid her pussy to the edge of the bed, ready to be criminalised. I pressed my dick against her pussy and caressed her nylon-clad legs, thrilling to the smooth, warm touch.

"God I wish I had a son," Carol sighed. "I mean all my girls eat my cunt at the snap of a finger and they can all wield a strap-on, but they just don't have a real, throbbing, spurting cock."

"You can borrow mine whenever you want," my mother generously offered, as I pressed the head of my cock about an inch into the wet cunt I'd once exited.

"I wasn't asking permission," Carol responded wickedly, as she reached around me, grabbed my ass and pulled me forward into my mother.

"Oh yes," Mom moaned, as I groaned, as my cock slid inside her. "Now fuck me son, hard, with that big Mommy-fucking cock."

Her words were so hot, and exactly what I had fantasized many times. I obliged her request, slamming into her hard with each forward thrust, holding her in place by her spread legs, her entire body and big tits still in the bra, bouncing around with extreme hotness.

Things got hotter when Aunt Carol bent down and began licking her sister's clit.

I pulled out and slid my cock in Auntie's mouth for a couple quick strokes just because I could... but also wanting to show I was in charge, even as Mom whined with desperation, "Get that cock back inside your Mommy!"

"Just sharing the wealth," I quipped, as I slid my cock back into Mom's wet, hot box.

"Now fuck Mommy hard," she demanded, as I resumed fucking her and Auntie resumed licking her clit.

I slammed into Mom as hard as I could, making her entire body shake as I did, as her moans increased exponentially from the double pleasure and I knew her orgasm was imminent.

She also seemed to really be getting off on the incest angle as she babbled, "Yes, fuck your Mommy," and "Slam Mommy with that big prick," and finally "Yes, you mother fucker you're making your Mommy *fucking... COME!*"

The last one she screamed as her orgasm hit her hard and I pounded her cunt and Auntie tugged on her clit.

"Pull out," Aunt Carol ordered.

I reluctantly did, even as my own orgasm was boiling.

As soon as I pulled out a massive gush of wetness flooded out of Mom and onto the edge of the bed just as Aunt Carol buried her face in Mom's flooding cunt.

Mom's entire body was trembling as she demanded a few seconds later, "*Get your cock back inside me **right now** young man!*" As if she were scolding me for not cleaning my room.

"Yes, Mommy," I replied meekly, the soul of an obedient son as Aunt Carol moved her now very wet face away and I slid back inside Mommy's hole.

"Now pound me and fuck me and take me until you come in your Mommy!" she demanded, looking straight into my eyes with burning red cheeks and a lust you can't fake.

"Oh God yes," I groaned, as I resumed fucking her fast and furious, as she tightened her vise-like pussy around my cock even tighter than Aunt Carol's had done.

It was like she was milking my cock... it was amazing and like the guy I was, that was all it took as she repeated, "*Now come in your Mommy you sexy mother fucker, shoot me full of your jizz!*"

Not able to last a millisecond longer, I erupted my second load of the hour, this one deep inside my mother. I was in heaven.

The orgasm was more intense perhaps because it was my mother, perhaps because of the crazy things her cunt was doing to my cock or likely a mixture of both, as I deposited a full load and groaned, "Take it all, Mom."

"Any time," she smiled wickedly, as I kept spewing my creamy cum inside her.

"You come on my face but in her cunt?" Aunt Carol demanded.

"I was just obeying my mother like a good boy," I responded, slowing down, refusing to be intimidated.

"Yes, remember Carol, he is *my* mother fucker first and foremost," Mom smirked.

"And remember you're *my* sister slut first and foremost," Aunt Carol countered, straddling Mom's face and lowering herself onto it.

"Yes, big sister," Mom replied, giving me a wink before her face disappeared under Carol's dress.

Aunt Carol smiled, "So do you wish you'd gone golfing?"

I laughed, remaining in my Mom, "Well, I'm the only one who got three holes in one."

"Oh I couldn't agree more," she smiled, as she began grinding on Mom's face.

We were all startled as Carol's phone rang.

"Be a dear and bring my phone to me, will you honey?" Aunt Carol requested, adding, "I'm not going anywhere until I remind my baby sister who's in charge."

"Sure," I nodded, slipping out of my mother and going to get the phone. I grabbed it and returned it to her, noticing it was Uncle Jim.

To my surprise, she answered it while she was still grinding away on Mom. "Hi, honey."

She winked at me as she continued talking, "I'm just sitting here helping give Heather a facial."

I gasped.

"Yeah, I'm making sure she gets just the right moisturizer," she continued, as she snapped her fingers and pointed first to my dick and then to her mouth.

"And how was golf?" she asked, as I moved back to the bed. "Did you get a hole in one?"

She chuckled, as she stroked my cock, which had been beginning to shrink, "When was the last time you got a hole in one at home?"

I heard a tinny little voice say, "Is that all you ever think about?"

"What can I say, I like a nice shaft and playing with a nice set of balls," she continued, as she cupped my ball sac.

"The cab is here," the little voice in the phone said, just as she took my cock in her mouth.

"See you soon," she said, swirling her tongue around my cock. "I'm about to finish this facial and maybe get one myself."

"Okay, bye," he said and she hung up.

"Oblivious fuck," she said, tossing the phone to the bed and resuming grinding her pussy on Mom's face.

As she took my cock back in her mouth, her phone rang again.

"What is this, Grand Central fucking Station?" she cursed, as I reached back down for her phone.

I joked, as I handed her the phone, "It's definitely a grand fucking station."

She laughed as she asked, not politely, "What?" After a pause, as I tapped her lip with my cock, she asked, annoyed, "Are you serious?" She did one quick suck as she continued her conversation. "Yes, I do have some. Come up to my room."

She tossed the phone on the bed again and really began grinding on Mom's face as she said, frustrated, "My prudish daughter is on her way up."

"She isn't part of the lesbian playtime too?" I asked, disappointed.

"She is an eager cunt licker," Auntie said, close to coming. "But she only eats fish, if you get my drift."

"Oh," I said, as I realized I needed to get dressed. "So she wouldn't care for some sausage?"

"Only cock she takes is a strap-on," she revealed, the visual in itself pretty hot, as she got off my Mom. "I can't get off when I'm in a rush."

Mom sat up, looking confused, her make-up all messed up. "You didn't come?"

"Emily is on her way up to get some stuff for that time of month," Carol explained, as she got dressed.

"Oh," Mom said, getting off the bed too.

I said, "You may want to go to the washroom to freshen up."

"Does my face look like I've just had a cunt on my face grinding and messing up my make-up?" Mom asked playfully.

I laughed, loving this shocking new Mom, "Yes, exactly so."

I was watching television, Carol was redoing her make-up and Mom was indeed in the washroom when the knock came.

I won't bore you... she had no clue and the rest of the time until the reception was anti-climactic... literally.

The reception was as weird as the wedding and just as seasonal.

There was a photo booth with Santa, there were three living reindeer (wearing manure catchers since they were indoors), and there was mistletoe everywhere... which was pretty cool. I was kissed seven times before I sat down: most were just quick pecks, but Aunt Carol shoved her tongue in my mouth. If it weren't for the crazy afternoon, I likely would have used the mistletoe to flirt with a hot redhead who seemed to be checking me out... but now I was simply looking forward to when I could fuck Mom or Aunt Carol again.

As I pretended to listen to boring speeches, each one a parody of a Christmas song, I watched as Aunt Carol sucked on a candy cane from another table imagining it was my cock (the table was full of them, candy canes not cocks, and the centerpiece was a gingerbread man). I felt a foot between my legs again... this time knowing it was Mom. I glanced over to Dana many times, and wondered if she was available too... she was sitting right beside Mom.

Then the meal was served, which was a traditional Christmas dinner which made me happy... especially since I had a nylon-clad foot in my crotch at all times.

Dad asked, "How was it to be with the ladies all afternoon?"

I answered honestly, "Educational."

"Boring, huh? I said you should have come with us," he said.

I wanted to say I was happy I'd come with the women but shrugged, "One afternoon with those teasing ladies and I'll never be the same."

"I imagine," he laughed.

"You had a lot of fun, didn't you, Wade?" Mom asked, rubbing her foot up and down on me.

"Yeah, I had a blast," I quipped back, the metaphor lost on Dad.

It wasn't lost on Mom as she responded right back, "A double blast."

Dad looked confused, but didn't ask, knowing from long experience when Mom didn't make sense, asking only made it more confusing.

"Definitely," I agreed. I glanced over at Dana with intent and said, "Sometime soon I'd like to try a triple blast."

Mom saw what, or rather *who* I was getting at and nodded, "I imagine that's a distinct possibility."

"You two are speaking a different language," Dad joked.

Mom explained without explaining by just saying, "You had to be there."

"I guess so," he said, and we resumed eating.

Gary, Dana's husband, said, "Next time you'll need to come with us."

Gross, I thought to myself, his offer sounding to me like a circle jerk.

Dana joined in the conversation, "Dear, just because you love playing with your balls all day doesn't mean Wade does."

"Dana!" Gary gasped.

"Isn't that what you do?" Dana questioned with a big smirk on her face.

Mom added, "They like to have their big sticks in their hands, too."

"Heather!" Dad now gasped.

"What?" Mom continued. "As far as I can tell, you just spent three hours away from us with other men so you could all swing your big sticks around and chase each other's balls down the fairway."

Dad shook his head.

"What? Am I wrong?" Mom asked.

"I refuse to answer; I'll only dig myself a deeper hole," Dad said, knowing he was losing this one.

Dana asked, her tone dripping with naughty innuendo, "Gary, did you get a hole in one?"

I thought to myself, *I got two!*

Gary shook his head, "What's gotten into you?"

"Not your golf club," she replied as she smirked at me.

"This isn't the place," Gary said.

"I wasn't saying you should do it *here*, you silly man, we'd never live it down," she took the ball and ran with it, still looking at me.

Did Dana know I wanted her? It seemed she did, and liked the idea.

"Anyways, new topic," Gary said, and he changed it to sports.

Mom and Dana whispered to each other, while Dana's quiet daughter Becky ate, still in silence, either amused or disgusted by the conversation... I couldn't tell which.

As we waited for dessert, Dad and Gary went outside to smoke cigars, which I declined to do even after some goading from my uncle to be a man (even as I thought to myself, *Bud, I plan to be a man for your own wife very soon*).

Dana told Becky to go ask Emily if she had any chap-stick and I was suddenly alone across the table from Mom and Dana.

Dana grabbed two gingerbread men, well one was a woman, and placed the man between the legs of the woman, all while looking at me steadily.

Mom asked, "Honey, are you hungry for some sweet dessert?"

"Definitely," I nodded, looking at Dana.

Dana added bluntly, "When she says dessert she means do you want to eat your Auntie's cunt?"

"Before or after I pound my Auntie's pussy?" I bluntly questioned back, wanting to make it clear I was the man.

"You choose," she shrugged, just before Becky returned and said, "She didn't have any."

"Fine, I'll go to my room and get some," Dana said, looking at me the entire time.

"I can go get it for you," Becky offered.

"No, I need to go to the washroom and freshen up anyway," Dana said.

"Okay," Becky said, oblivious to her mother's intent.

Dana walked away, slyly dropping a key on my lap.

I excused myself a minute later and headed up to Dana's room.

My cock was already hard as I inserted the key.

I walked in and she was already out of her dress, sitting on the edge of the bed, her legs spread to give me a clear view of her pussy with just a small patch of hair above it, in just her nylons and a bra. I asked, "Why are you still in your bra?"

"Because I want you to take it off for me," she answered, as I walked to the bed.

As soon as I reached her, she was unfastening my belt as she said, "I hear I'm next to the last to get a good look at this big cock. For once I get a treat sooner than Mistress Tiffany."

"*Mistress Tiffany?*" I questioned.

"As you've probably heard, all my sisters and even my nieces and daughter are my Mistresses. I love to serve, but it means that almost always I'm the last one to come.

"Better late than never," I responded, as she fished out my cock.

"Delicious," she said, as she took my hard cock in her hands and then into her mouth.

"Oh yeah, Auntie, suck my cock," I groaned, as she bobbed back and forth.

And for a couple of minutes she sucked... and I watched and enjoyed... there's something really beautiful about a woman sucking cock. Her lips wrapped around a dick is hot, but her vulnerability when she has no idea how sexy and gorgeous she looks, is equally hot.

Finally, I wanted to fuck her. I pulled out and said, "Get on the bed."

"How do you want me?" she asked.

"On all fours," I decided, always loving doggie style and both the fact I could really fuck a woman hard in this position, and also I could have her really join in on the fucking.

Once she was ready she demanded, "Hurry up and fuck me Wade, we don't have a lot of time."

"We'll take as long as we need," I said, as I got out of my pants and underwear and moved behind her. "Is that clear?"

"And dominant too," she smiled, looking back at me. "You got it. Take as long as you want with me."

I slid my cock inside her and reached out to unclasp her bra as I did.

"Oh yes, so much bigger than my husband," she moaned, as I filled her completely and let her bra drop onto the bed.

"What a great ass you have, auntie," I complimented after a couple of minutes, as I slid in and out of her cunt.

"You should feel how tight it is," she responded.

Was she offering her ass? I'd never fucked an ass before. I responded, "I'm not sure you could take my big dick in your ass."

"Only one way to find out," she smiled.

"You sure?" I asked, the idea exciting as hell... but no woman had ever before made me such an offer.

"Fuck yeah, I love getting my ass hammered," she said, before adding, "although it's usually a strap-on cock from your aunt or mother."

"Fuck is that hot!" I said, trying to imagine my mother wearing a strap-on.

She then added, "Or my daughter Becky."

"Becky too?" I questioned.

"Yeah, she loves using her Mommy," Dana replied, the way she used the word *Mommy* somehow so hot.

"*That* I would like to see," I wished, the visual hard to believe since Becky was so shy and reserved.

"Don't let her public personality fool you," Dana said, as she got off the bed and went to her suitcase. "She's a real dominant bitch in the bedroom."

"Wow!" I said, trying to visualize that.

"Want her to join?" Dana asked.

"What? Seriously?" I said, as she returned with some lube and I stared at her big tits.

"Yeah, I'll text her," she said.

"Sure," I nodded, thinking, *Why not?*

She went to her phone, typed quickly and then tossed the phone on the bed. "I imagine she'll be here soon."

"Cool," I said, still overwhelmed by how kinky the women of my family were, as she went and opened the door slightly ajar, using the safety bar to keep it open.

"Now get over here and ream my shitter," she demanded bluntly, as she returned to the bed.

She handed me the lube, got back into position, ass up and ready. I poured lube on my cock and fingered some in her ass and then moved behind her.

"Just slam it in my asshole, Wade. Don't make love to my ass, ream it," she said, her nasty persona so fucking hot.

"As you wish," I said, positioning my cock head at her rather small anal entrance and wondering how it could possibly fit. I then soldiered forward and watched, as after the briefest resistance her asshole began swallowing my cock.

"Oh yes, so thick," she moaned.

"So tight," I said, penetrating an ass a completely different sensation from having my cock in a mouth or cunt.

"So big," she whimpered, as my cock completely disappeared into her back door.

I paused deep in her... in awe of my cock buried in my Mom's sister's ass.

"Now pound it," she demanded.

And I did... grabbing her hips and beginning to fuck her.

"Yes," she moaned. "Harder, fuck my ass harder."

I obliged and for a couple of minutes I pounded my auntie's tight ass. I had just flipped her onto her back, pulled her to the edge of the bed and was prepared to slide back into her ass when I was startled as Becky, in bra and thigh highs climbed onto the bed and straddled her mother's face as she smiled, "I see you're fucking my slut, Cuz."

"She's *my* slut now," I corrected, slamming back into her Mom's ass and experiencing a sudden rush of power.

"Is that so?" Becky doubted, as she began grinding on her mother's face, marking the territory as hers.

"And *you're* mine too," I added, as I pulled out of auntie's ass, stood up on the bed and stuck my cock in my cousin's face.

"Holy shit," she gasped, seeing my big cock, just before I slid it in her open mouth... the reality it was just in her mother's ass adding to the wildness.

As I anticipated, she sucked my cock... apparently all the women in my family were bisexual, big cock, submissive sluts... how did the other men of the family not know this?

As Becky sucked, she also ground her cunt on her Mom's face.

After a couple of minutes I ordered, "Both of you cock hungry sluts get on all fours beside me."

"Everyone knows I don't allow men to tell me what to do," Becky refused, as she got off her Mom's face.

Auntie quickly got onto all fours wanting my dick back in her as I shrugged, "Then I'll just fuck your Mom," as I moved behind her and slid back into her ass.

"You're quite an asshole," Becky said, even as she got into an identical position to her mother's.

"And I bet you have a really tight asshole," I countered.

"Think you can handle me?" she asked, trying to regain the control I imagine she usually had.

"Better question is can you handle this?" I questioned, as I pulled out of her mother and moved behind her.

"I can take whatever you can give out, Nancy boy," she said, daring me.

I positioned my cock at her asshole and pushed forward. It resisted at first, but then I slid inside ever so slowly as she let out a yelp. "Oh. God!"

"I bet you don't take too many cocks this big do you?" I questioned, as my cock disappeared in her ass.

"Nooooo," she admitted, whimpering.

"Breathe," Auntie instructed, so motherly.

"So big," Becky said, clearly needing to get accustomed to such a big dick in her ass.

"Fuck my slut daughter's asshole," Auntie ordered, once I was all in.

"You'll pay for that, slut," Becky snapped, as I began fucking her ass, which made her moan loudly, "Oh, God, fuck!"

And for a minute I fucked Becky's ass.

"Don't forget about me," Auntie reminded me, as Becky's whimpers began to shift to moans.

"How could I ever do that?" I joked, as I pulled out of Becky and slammed into auntie.

"Get back in me," Becky demanded.

"Wait your turn," Auntie said.

"You dumb bitch, you don't tell me what to do, I tell *you*," Becky scolded, reaching over and yanking on her mother's tits.

"Ohhhhh," Auntie moaned, rapturous from both my cock in her ass and her tits being abused.

And for ten minutes I went back and forth fucking both asses until I was about to come. I pulled out and ordered, "Knees, sluts."

They both quickly got onto the floor and opened wide just like in the porn movies, while I slid my cock into Becky's mouth and face fucked her until I was about to erupt.

I pulled out and spewed my load across both of their pretty faces.

Once I was done, they turned and kissed each other, then licked my cum from each other's faces.

Becky then ordered, as she lay back on the bed and spread her legs, "Come and get me off, slut."

"Yes, Mistress," Auntie responded, crawling between her legs.

I dressed, then watched until Becky came before I returned to the wedding festivities.

The dance was on now and I looked around until Mom walked up to me and asked, "Got another load for Mommy?"

I sighed, "You women are insatiable."

"Is that a problem?" she said, squeezing my cock slyly.

"Nope, just a fact," I shrugged.

"Good, because right now we're going up to Tiffany's room. She requires to see your big dick up close and personal," Mom revealed, before adding, "and by that I mean up in her cunt or ass."

"Don't you mean cunt, mouth *and* ass?" I confidently replied, enjoying being the man of the family.

"You're a quick learner," Mom smiled back.

"I'm always learning," I said, today being the ultimate learning experience of my life.

"Let's go have some more family bonding time," Mom said, leading me out of the wedding hall again.

I smiled, as I headed out to fuck the last of my three aunts, about to complete a goal I hadn't even had as I began the day: an impressive fucking of four sisters in one night, "Anything for family."

THE END