

# WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER SISTER

***silkstockingslover***

*Mom, Nana and Son team up to seduce bitchy prude relative.*

Incest/Taboo

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**Summary:** Mom, Nana and Son team up to seduce bitchy prude relative.

**Note 1:** Thanks to Tex Beethoven for editing and plot suggestion, Robert, Dave and Wayne for editing.

Note 2: **APOLOGY:** Sorry this has taken so long. I'm shocked at how time flies realizing that over two years have passed since the last chapter was released. It was started over a year and a half ago, but because of the popularity of the series, started back in October of 2011, I only release a story when I think it is good enough. After a complete throw away of the first plot, and five rewrites of this one, I am finally happy with the chapter... I hope you are too.

Note 3: *This is part 8 of a continuing incest series (although it is much more complex than a simple incest story). I highly recommend you read the first seven parts as the layered subplots may be confusing without the background information...but here is a very brief primer of the series so far:*

*In WHAT MOM DOESN'T KNOW WILL FUCK HER 18-year-old Curtis goes to a Halloween party dressed in a costume designed for his absent father and ends up fucking his beautiful mother.*

*In WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER AGAIN Curtis ends up in an amazing threesome with his mother and his fantasy girl, the local celebrity weather girl Miranda Collington.*

*In WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER ASS Curtis begins dating the older, but sexually exotic Miranda while also continuing to fuck his Mother; and as the title suggests, Curtis gets to do his mother's ass during an epic evening where he fulfills the Tri-fecta, coming in his Mother's mouth, pussy and ass.*

*In **WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER IN THE AIR** Curtis joins the Mile High Club during an epic first class flight to Vegas with his Mom, his celebrity girlfriend Miranda, Mom's friend and ex-Mistress Ellie and a very submissive stewardess.*

*In **WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER IN VEGAS** Curtis must try desperately to stop Mom's ex-Mistress Ellie from reclaiming his submissive mother; Curtis and his mom have a heart to heart; Curtis, Miranda, Ellie and his mom end up in a hot five-some in a church with the bride minutes before the wedding; Curtis and Miranda make a BIG decision.*

*In **WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER IN WHITE** Curtis and Miranda get married; so do Ellie and Curtis's mom; they celebrate with an orgy in the chapel and then one more at the wedding of Miranda's ex when they take the bride up to the honeymoon suite, along with a beautiful black co-worker.*

*In **WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER MOM** Curtis and his Mom return home to catch his Dad having sex with his secretary, which leads to the separation of Curtis's parents; meanwhile Curtis decides he wants Ellie's ass, but she counters by giving him his ex-biology teacher's ass instead. Curtis also learns that his ex-girlfriend Pam is a lesbian. Lastly, Curtis's Nana, Samantha, comes to support his Mom*

*with the break-up and ends up becoming Curtis's newest completely submissive incestuous ass slut...even going so far as to promise Curtis to seduce her other daughter Elizabeth and Laura, Elizabeth's high school student daughter who just turned eighteen.*

## **What Mom Knows Fucks Her Sister**

After the wild night with Mom and Nana, I wasn't sure how the next morning would go... I was especially nervous about how Nana would react once she'd had a chance to sleep on it.

Nana had been quite drunk last night. Would she regret the reality that she'd fucked her grandson, eaten out her daughter and lost her anal virginity?

If past experience taught me anything, the answer would be no. I'd learned that women were just as sex-craved as men, given the chance. Many women hid behind an exterior of propriety and societal expectations... but most, given the chance, would allow their inner succubus to come out and play.

The fact that I was currently fucking my Mother, my Nana, my celebrity Wife, my Mom's Domme Mistress, and various casual hookups was strong evidence that my theory was true.

Yet my latest suggestion, urging Nana to seduce and fuck her other daughter and her daughter's daughter (Nana's granddaughter, my cousin) was a bit much. At some point this crazy house of sex cards could come tumbling down... especially the more people we involved in our twisted, wicked, secret, but super fun incest games.

Of course, I was thinking this as I was woken up the best way ever... morning head from my mother. This I would miss when I moved in with my beautiful bride... who wasn't a morning person... partly by nature, and partly due to her evening job.

After I deposited my morning load down Mom's welcoming throat, I asked, "Did we push Nana too far last night?"

"Oh, I think she was a very willing participant," Mom responded, as she licked my mushroom top to savour a last drop of sperm.

"Oh, I agree. But I meant having her promise to seduce Aunt Elizabeth and Laura," I said.

"I'm not sure she'll succeed, but Mom does enjoy a challenge," my Mom pointed out.

"That definitely seems to be a family trait," I joked, although it was the truth.

"Wanna go and wake Nana up with a nice dp?" Mom asked.

"Those are words that would have been utterly crazy when she visited last Christmas," I joked, as Mom draped her naked body against mine.

"And yet now it's reality," Mom smiled, leaning in and kissing me.

We did indeed wake up Nana with a slow and sweet dp, before she begged us to 'fuck the living shit out of her,' clearly having no regrets about last night's sexual debauchery of incestuous lust.

It was an hour later, as we ate breakfast, that Nana began, "About Elizabeth."

"And Laura," I added.

"Yes," she nodded. "Are you sure they need to be a part of this?"

Before I could answer, my new bride Miranda walked into the house and called out, "Hello, anyone awake yet?"

Mom called back, "In the kitchen."

"So I'm finally going to meet your wife," Nana asked, giving me a look saying loud and clear that she was still put out at not being invited to the wedding.

"Like I told you, Nana, it was a spur of the moment decision," I said, "we were in Vegas and there wasn't time to fly you there... we didn't invite anyone at all that we weren't already fucking," acting like a defensive grandson and not like a guy who just twenty minutes ago had deposited a load of cum in her super tight asshole.

Miranda entered and I pointed out the obvious, "You're awake early."

She noticed someone new and smiled, "And you must be Samantha. Curtis has told me a lot about you."

Nana took her hand and smiled, her tone not even remotely hiding that she knew everything, "And I've heard a LOT about you."

"All good, I hope," Miranda said, still smiling.

"That depends on your viewpoint," Nana said, still pushing it.

I interjected, clarifying everything, "Nana-slut, don't go acting possessive on me. You belong to me, not the other way around."

Miranda's mouth dropped open.

"It was a good night, Mistress!" Mom added.

"Well, now I'm sorry I left you two alone for some family time," Miranda said, her smile returning.

Mom joked, "Oh, we three generations got to know each other a lot better. We've expanded the definition of 'gene pool'."

"Nana, go eat some more breakfast," I ordered, snapping my fingers and pointing to my wife... enjoying the power I had over her... and testing how obedient she would be with someone new present.

"Are you suggesting I crawl over to your wife and eat her cunt?" Nana asked.

"That is exactly what I am suggesting," I nodded.

"Just making sure," Nana said with a wicked smile, eagerly dropping to her knees and crawling over to Miranda, licking her lips.

"Oh my," Miranda smiled, looking at me with a look of surprise, before she joked, "So you gave your Nana her Christmas present early?"

"It's a layered gift ceremony," I joked, "we may extend it to the Twelve Days of Christmas," as I watched Nana's head disappear underneath Miranda's dress. Miranda never wore panties of course, so Nana had immediate access to her second breakfast of hairless twat.

"It's getting hard to find you any new gifts," Miranda moaned, as Nana's tongue made contact with her pussy.

"I already have everything I need," I said romantically, as I went over and kissed her... while my Nana licked her.

"Remember that as I age and these begin to sag," Miranda joked, when I broke the kiss.

"You'll always be beautiful to me," I said, meaning it. Miranda was beautiful; Miranda was a sexual submissive nymphomaniac, but she was also the sweetest woman I knew. I loved her for the entire package: brains, beauty, sexuality and compassion.

She was perfect... as was listening to her whimpers as Nana ate her out.

Mom sighed, "Well, I'd love to chat or watch or join, but some of us still have to go to work."

"I'll take care of Nana," I promised.

"I bet you will," Mom scoffed, as she slapped my ass.

Miranda asked, "You don't want to watch your son fuck my ass while your mom eats my cunt?"

Fuck, I loved how my bride could turn from sweet to nasty in a heartbeat.

"I expect you to come see me today, slut," Mom said, my wife still a submissive to her in this twisted, complex, strange hierarchy I was living in.

I was at the top, that was clear, except to Ellie, who was still trying to be in overall control, even though no matter how hard she fought it, it was obvious to everyone else she was a submissive to me too.

"Yes, Mistress," Miranda nodded, as I moved behind her and lifted up her dress.

"At two o'clock," Mom ordered, as I moved my rigid cock between my bride's ass cheeks.

"Of course, Mistress," Miranda nodded, as she bent over a bit, using Nana's shoulders for balance.

"Be sure to come on Nana's face," Mom suggested to me, before walking out of the kitchen.

"I think that can be arranged," I nodded, as my cock disappeared inside Miranda's ass.

"Ooooooh," Miranda moaned, as she was suddenly getting double teamed by cock and tongue.

"Pound her ass," Nana ordered, out of the blue.

"I can't believe you fucked your Nana," Miranda teased, as I slowly began fucking her ass.

"My aunt is next," I revealed.

"Does she know that?" Miranda asked.

"Don't forget your cousin," Nana chipped in.

"And possibly my cousin, although she is a bit of a bitch," I added.

"A bit?" Nana scoffed.

"Okay, she's a really nasty piece of work," I corrected.

"Maybe I can have a go at her," Miranda suggested.

"That's a great idea," I nodded enthusiastically.

"Now stop talking and start fucking my asshole," Miranda demanded, not one for making gentle love... usually.

"Let's change positions," I said, not sure Nana could support the majority of Miranda's weight once I started really pounding her.

"Where do you want me?" Miranda asked, standing back up straight as my cock slipped out of her ass.

"Nana, where would you like to have your brunch?" I asked.

"Bend her over the kitchen table, Master," Nana suggested, as she crawled to it and under it... positioning herself like the submissive she was.

"Like daughter, like mother," Miranda joked, twisting the old saying around as she pulled her dress off over her head to reveal no bra either, just thigh highs and toeless heels, as she walked to the kitchen table and offered her cunt back to my Nana.

"What a beautiful slit you have," Nana complimented my wife.

"All the better to fuck your grandson with," Miranda responded, as if they were creating their own twisted dialogue for Little Red Riding Hood.

"Well, here comes the big bad wolf," I growled theatrically, moving behind her and threatening, "I'm going to huff and puff and blow my wad inside you."

"Oh, what a big cock you have, Mr. Woodsman," Miranda played along as I slid it back into her asshole.

"All the better to fuck you with, my dear," I continued, grabbing her hips and slamming into her as hard as I could.

"Oh yes, give it to me, fuck me while Grandmama samples my basket of goodies," Miranda demanded, the double pleasure clearly getting her motor running quickly.

And for a few minutes I fucked my wife in the ass with powerful strokes as my Nana licked her to not one, but two orgasms.

When I was finally close, I pulled out, Miranda moved obligingly out of the way just in time, and I splattered Nana's face, already coated in pussy cum, with my own cum.

"That is so hot," Miranda purred, having knelt down beside the table to watch me use Nana's face as a cum canvas.

As soon as I was done, Nana took my cock in her mouth for a good wash, not at all concerned it had spent the past few minutes in another woman's asshole.

After a minute I had to urinate, so I pulled out and said, "You two can clean each other up."

When I returned, after a quick shower, my wife and Nana were sitting quietly at the kitchen table, having coffee... no evidence of the kinky sex of minutes earlier except that we were all still naked. (Sexy thigh highs don't count.)

Eventually, Nana went to have a shower herself, and Miranda and I dressed and went to do some quick Christmas shopping and have a quick lunch, before I headed back home and she eventually headed to go and meet my Mom at work for an afternoon munch.

When I got home, I walked past where Nana had been napping and saw the door was open... and she was awake... and still completely naked except for a pair of black thigh highs.

"Welcome home," she smiled, sitting up on the bed, legs demurely crossed, hiding her sweet pussy. The innocent effect was a bit lost, since she was also gazing into my eyes while she lifted first one generous breast, then another, to her face so she could suck on her nipples and nibble on them, watching me carefully for my reaction.

Nana was still in great shape despite being a grandmother. Great genes gave this former beauty pageant contestant an incredible body. She displayed virtually no sag. Her skin was supple yet still tight; her large breasts hung lower than when she was younger, and her thighs were a bit thicker, but somehow that made for a fuller beauty. As I stared at her, I felt myself stir into rigidity once again.

This was not lost on Nana at all. She smiled mischievously, and wordlessly uncrossed her legs and spread them wide open... almost 180°... apparently she was also still very flexible.

I walked into her room, still in awe of having gotten Nana to be my slut too, as I cocked my eyebrow and asked, "Were you expecting someone?"

"I was just dressed as a Nana slut should always be for her big dick Grandson," she answered, moving her hand to her pussy.

"Well, your grandson and his big dick approve," I nodded, finding her utterly sensuous in her pose, her cum-hither facial expression, and her thigh highs.

"I feel you're a bit overdressed," she smiled, looking directly at my crotch.

"It is a little hot in here," I smiled, unbuttoning my shirt.

"I'm feeling quite feverish myself," she said, watching her Grandson get undressed. "I think I'll need a complete hose-down."

Fuck, she was hot. Now likely 99% of the time if someone told you they were fucking their nana, grandmother, grandma or however they addressed them, you would be repulsed... but my Nana looked twenty years younger than she was, and had the sex drive of someone forty years younger.

"Thankfully," I continued the playful banter as my pants fell to the carpet and I stepped out of them, "I brought a fully loaded hose to this fire."

"Well, get that hose over here and douse my flames before they become an uncontrollable inferno," Nana ordered, lifting her right leg high in the air.

I lost my boxers, my hose ready to douse any fire, but only after I fanned it into a wildfire, and walked over to the bed.

I took her nylon-clad ankle into both hands and massaged it, while taking her cute, manicured toes into my mouth one at a time.

"Ohhhhh, I haven't had this done to me since I was a model," Nana moaned softly.

"Granddad?" I asked.

"Savannah," she answered. "A model from Italy."

"Yummy," I envisioned a lascivious, model-slender, younger version of Nana losing herself in the act of lesbianism, as I moved my lips to a second toe.

"Yes, she loved her feet, and she loved my feet. She loved sucking toes, and she loved getting foot fucked," Nana explained.

"Foot fucked?" I questioned, moving my lips and tongue to another toe.

"Yeah. Imagine fisting a cunt," she said coarsely, exciting my imagination, which was getting more and more vivid, still in awe of hearing my Nana say 'fuck' and 'cunt', and now 'fisting'.

"Image of you fisting her hot cunt while she urges you on burned into my head," I joked, appreciatively.

"Except instead of any old fist, it's my foot," Nana embellished the picture.

"A whole foot?" I questioned, the foot a very different model part and shape than a fist.

"Yep, first the toes, then the heel, and then all the way in up to the ankle," Nana nodded.

"Holy fuck," I said, unable to envision that actually being possible, as I lay on the bed and moved her other foot to my worshipful mouth.

"That would be one of the many things she screamed as I foot fucked her," Nana added, seeming to enjoy shocking me, "and when I began wiggling my toes..."

"Wow," I said, duly shocked.

"That's what I thought when I first saw your big cock and you made me your Nana-slut," she said back, "wow", her free foot now going to my chest and rubbing me slowly while I slowly continued my way through all ten of her toes.

"If we get Aunt Elizabeth and Laura on board, that will be the ultimate wow," I said, sucking her big toe in my mouth with a slurping sound.

"I need you to come and wow me right now," she demurely suggested, "the bush-fire is spreading."

I swiveled around so we were face to face and moved my cock between her legs, and she closed her legs beneath me asking, "Can you fuck your Nana-slut like this?"

"I can fuck you in any and every position you want," I bragged, as I wrapped my toes around her ankles, and positioned myself to slide inside her... loving the idea of this position, as my bare legs would be sliding against her silky nylon-clad legs.

"Promises, promises," Nana joked playfully, as my cock began probing her wetness.

"I don't make promises I can't keep," I guaranteed confidently, as I sank deep inside Nana.

"Massssster," Nana moaned sibilantly as I slowly entered her. I guess she enjoyed snakes.

An interesting thought occurred to me right at that moment, and wanting to make this one on one time special, I corrected, "No, Nana. Right now I'm not your Master and you aren't my Nana-slut. Right now you're just my Nana and I'm your grandson, ok? This is between Nana and grandson. Loving relatives worshipping each other."

"Okay lover," she smiled, as I sank the rest of the way inside my grandmother. "Dearest Grandson," she groaned as I bottomed out. Nana had said repeatedly in the last day that I was the largest she'd ever had, which never failed to bring a smile to my face, but I understood that was pretty much her wanting to stroke my ego whether her words were true or not... but I still enjoyed the compliment.

"That's it, Nana. Do you feel that? That's your Grandson's cock filling you. Do you like it?" I asked soothingly as I took deliberately slow strokes inside her burning wet inferno (the most beautiful of tropical oxymorons).

"God yes, I love my Grandson's dick in my cunt," Nana declared, seeming to love such incestual reminders.

My full length was inside her, then slowly gliding almost all the way out, each of us intimately feeling the minutia of sensations as tiny irregularities in our flesh moved to centre stage and our attention reveled in them. It was as if we had each taken a drug that excited our nerve endings and made them super receptive to every nuance of each other. One simple out-stroke and it felt like a long journey through an exotic wilderness. And then all the way back in to achieve the same blissful experience in reverse. And then the long, leisurely journey back out...

It's the little things that often make sex amazing. Sure, sometimes it's just raw passion, utter domination or urgent lust, but truthfully at the end of the day, imaginary journeys through foreign countries aside, it's the small, interpersonal intricacies that make me smile the most:

-the splashing sounds of a wet pussy as I stroke my cock in and out of it (and the range of sounds as I go from the languid slurps of slow and soft strokes, to the crashing waves of deep hard pounding)

- the diversity of sounds that escape from a woman's mouth (moans, whimpers, and screams... every woman's reaction to sex a unique symphony)
- the slow escalation of breathing until the uncontrolled, ragged panting of heavy rapture is released for all to hear (even if it's only the two of you present)
- the growing redness of her cheeks
- the arching of her back as the inevitable approaches nearer and nearer
- the lips (pursed, trembling or wide open... each oral gesture communicating a million unspoken words)
- the spoken word (compliments, urgent begging, nasty talk, swearing, nuanced requests)
- the eyes (which were also eloquent in a million silent emotions including lust, need, desperation and euphoria... most people don't see the eyes as a sexual tell, but it's often one of the *most* telling)
- the tightening of her legs mere seconds before pleasure cascades through her entire body (almost always a warning I am getting her close to the big O)
- how they come (screaming like a banshee, moaning loudly, or allowing the eruption to occur during silent tears)
- the cum (flooding out of her like a broken faucet, leaking out of her slowly like a soft rain or everything between)
- of course, her legs wrapped in sheer silk stockings is a no-brainer

This encounter was just between Nana and me. I was in no hurry, actually I was the opposite... I wanted this to be a long, satisfying marathon session between two lovers.

I was rhythmic but slow.

The position she had requested was perfect to see her lips purse, and her eyes looking directly at me in what could only be a mixture of lust and desperation, and her legs still being together added a stimulating friction as the top of her cunt rubbed against the top of my dick. I suspected this position was also giving extra attention to her G-spot.

Nana was soon anticipating my strokes and the gentle fuck became tender and intimate.

This wasn't fucking, this was an experience where two loving souls become one for a brief time, and where the world around them doesn't really exist.

Nana's reaction to me was simply sublime. She babbled, unable to finish a coherent sentence, clearly the flames swarming inside her, "Yes. Yes, Curtis. Oh God. You're just the... Oooooooh."

"That's my good Nana. Who is it? Who is it that's fucking you right now, Nana? Say who I am!" I ordered after a couple of minutes of slow, deliberate teasing.

As I continued to take my time gently sliding my cock all the way in and out of her pussy.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh! You're my lover! My grandson! My beautiful, loving, hard, big-dicked and oh-so-darling Grandson is fucking his Nana so fucking incredibly," she declared, her breathing getting deeper.

Deciding to push the teasing, to push Nana to a place of ultimate desperation, I began to go in only halfway before I pulled back out... my objective to have her beg me, to lift her ass eagerly off the bed, to squirm around, to do anything imaginable to get my entire rod buried deep inside her.

"And you're my hot Nana," I complimented back. "My beautiful Nana."

"Oh yes, baby, please, stop teasing me," she pleaded, "I want my grandson's *entire cock* fucking me."

"How badly do you want that, Nana?" I asked, as I denied her by pulling all the way out, opening her legs and just teasingly tapping my cock against her swollen clit.

"Ooooooooooh God, Grandson, I've never needed a cock inside me so badly in my entire life," she pleaded, lifting her ass high off the bed.

"Mmmmm," I smiled, as I slowly returned my entire shaft deep inside Nana's wanton pussy.

"Yessssss, Grandson, fill Nana's cunt with the perfect prick, fuck Nana with that glorious glans, pound Nana with that snake charmer," she rattled on, each term somehow sexier than the previous... snake charmer a completely new one.

As I began pumping all the way in and out of her, bringing one of her feet all the way up near her head and back to my mouth... damn was she flexible... and sucking her toes as I said, "Oh yes, Nana. Yes, I am. I'm fucking my amazing Nana and her perfect body and her tight cunt."

"Oh yes, Master... I mean Grandson... pound Nana's cunt and shoot your full load deep in Nana's hole," she responded back, enjoying the naughty incest angle as much as I was.

After a few more strokes I ordered, "Touch yourself, Nana. Rub your clit while your grandson fucks you with his big cock. Don't you love your own grandson nailing your pussy?"

"Oooooo...ooooo...oooo...Yesssss...my sexy Grandson is fucking me so good...I can't believe how good you are," she moaned as her climax was approaching the tipping point.

I was preparing to pound Nana to a hard finish and release my own built up seed, my breathing getting deeper but still only through my nostrils. Just before I leaned forward to begin applying power strokes in her, wanting to make her reach euphoria... wanting to ensure that she came since this wasn't about me... It was about Nana... the incredible thought of bringing Nana to climax while seeing if I could deny my own had a deep appeal to me. Could I do it? Why would I want to? I wasn't sure, but I suddenly wanted to find out. I altered my thrusts to soft full length deep strokes.

It became a race between my own mind and Nana's orgasm. I was determined to win. It wasn't

going to be easy. Nana's pussy was now beginning to clamp down on my dick as her climax began.

"Oh you're such a good Nana fucker," she moaned, looking directly into my eyes.

"I'm always here to give you a good fucking, sweet Nana," I answered, knowing her orgasm was imminent.

A few more long strokes, and the flames consumed her.

"Oh oh...Oh...OH Sweet Jeezus...CURTIS! I'm cummmmmmming!" Nana cried out. I bit the inside of my lip for a bit of pain to counter the pleasure produced as Nana came all over my cock, determined not to come myself.

It worked, too! I rode out wave after wave of Nana's clenching pussy as she came all over my dick.

And it was an incredible sensation. My balls tightening, preparing to launch my load, then being pulled back. I'd never felt such a strong reaction. It almost overwhelmed me. But the satisfaction of the denial was nearly as good as a release would've been, and somehow I could sense that my next load would be more glorious than this would have been. I think Mom might be the beneficiary of that one....

"Oh God, fuck," Nana trembled as I watched her entire being consumed by pleasure... a pleasure I gave her which was ultimately satisfying, even as I kept my own orgasm at bay... barely.

I pulled out as Nana recovered from her orgasm. She looked up at me wearily and asked, "Did you come?"

I shook my head, no. I explained, "Today was about you."

"But I want you to come too," she objected, quite concerned.

"I'll let you do that to me later," I smiled, almost taking her up on her offer and moving my cock between those sexy lips. "But I'm trying to be more than just a self-gratifying fuck machine. I want it to be about the woman's pleasure as much... if not more... than mine."

"Wow," she smiled, "where were you when I was young?"

I joked, "Lurking in your DNA."

"Well, you can come out and give Nana an orgasm anytime you want," she offered.

"And you can ask for one anytime you want," I offered back.

"By the way," Nana said, as she remained lying on her back recovering from her orgasm, "Elizabeth is coming here tomorrow, and Laura is coming a couple days later, I think."

"Is that a guarantee? You're getting them to come?" I joked, playing on the word 'come'.

She laughed, "That Elizabeth is coming here tomorrow, yes, that's guaranteed. That either of them will be 'coming' because of your big dick I cannot guarantee."

"I'll give you a couple of days," I smiled.

"I think it will go way better if you seduce them yourself, especially Elizabeth," Nana said. "She's vulnerable and has most likely been suffering through a lengthy withdrawal... one look at your willing dick and that may be all it takes."

"You know, it would be fun to try and do my own seduction," I said, realizing all of them had been partly or mostly done by others, and me just the lucky benefactor. Except for the first time when I was in costume and Mom thought she was fucking Dad (or at least pretended to think so at the time).

"I'll help where I can," Nana offered, before adding, "but I'm not much of a seductress, more of a submissive slut."

"I'll let you know," I nodded, before heading out, my unreleased balls still bubbling in my ball sack.

That night Mom, Nana and I had a second family threesome where I finally unloaded my delayed load in my mom's ass, which led to Nana eagerly retrieving my load from her daughter's asshole. I also watched a lengthy mom and daughter 69 as they brought each other off to multiple orgasms. Which, of course, got me hard again, so I unloaded a second evening load in Nana's pussy, which Mom eagerly retrieved.

Elizabeth's flight was coming in at 1pm and I made sure both Nana and Mom were dressed sexy: dresses, heels and thigh highs.

At the airport, Mom, Nana and I waited for Aunt Elizabeth to arrive... both Mom and Nana wearing coats of cum on their faces that were probably undetectable to anyone but me.

Mom and Nana were both wearing skirts, heels and nylons, very overdressed for an afternoon airport pick-up of a sister or daughter... both of them dressed as if picking up a lover before heading straight to a hotel for a back-in-the-saddle-again fuck session.

Aunt Elizabeth arrived, a good thirty minutes late and annoyed... dressed in jeans, a sweater and boots.

She saw Mom and Nana and looked perplexed as she reached us. She asked, "Why are you two dressed so extravagantly?"

Mom answered, "I always dress like this."

Nana added, "And I didn't want to look all shabby when we picked you up; not with Alexis looking so hot."

"Did you just call your daughter *hot*?" Elizabeth asked, clearly surprised.

Nana nodded agreeably, "I think I produced *two* very hot daughters."

Elizabeth looked even more confused at the strange compliment as she took a shot at my Mom, "Going through a mid-life crisis Alexis?"

"On the contrary, I've never felt sexier in my life," Mom countered.

"Trying to find a man to replace Ted?" my aunt questioned accusatorily, sounding unmistakeably judgemental.

I couldn't help it, and intervened, "She already has."

"Really?" Aunt Elizabeth said, not impressed, only slightly less judgemental, "That was quick."

Mom shrugged, "I'm a new woman."

Nana added, "Enough sibling rivalry. Both of you are either divorced or in the process, so there should be no judging. We need to live for the now."

"Yes, Mom," Aunt Elizabeth nodded, before waiting for Mom to parrot the same thing... but she didn't, which seemed to perturb Aunt Elizabeth. She didn't say anything, just glared daggers at Mom, who noticed, but acted oblivious.

We retrieved her suitcases, two for a week-long trip, and headed home.

Once home, we chatted for a while about generic shit as I watched my aunt closely, listening to her tone and responses... which were often catty, including quite a few not-so-sly shots at my mom. Mom was demonstrating that she was a deft hand at selective blindness, or in this case, deafness. As far as anyone could tell, she had no idea her 'loving' sister was saying anything the least bit negative.

After listening in silence for a while and taking all this in, I asked Mom, "Would you like a massage?"

"I'd love one, Son," Mom smiled, swinging her legs around on the couch so her feet landed in my lap.

As I took her nylon-clad feet in my hands, I glanced up to see that Elizabeth was shocked by such intimacy.

Nana, selectively blind herself, kept nattering on about her upcoming trip to Europe in February to visit friends, as I massaged Mom's silky feet.

Aunt Elizabeth kept staring at what I was doing, as Mom's hem crept up until Elizabeth also noticed Mom was wearing thigh highs. When Nana finally wound down, to Elizabeth's obvious relief, although Mom and I hadn't minded a bit, Elizabeth criticised, "Alexis, we can see the lace tops of your stockings."

"They're thigh highs," Mom corrected her.

"Okay," Elizabeth said, shaking her head, "we can see the tops of your *thigh highs*, then."

"Okay, thanks for noticing," Mom acknowledged, making it clear it wasn't a big deal.

"And your Son is massaging your feet," Auntie continued.

"He does that almost every day," Mom explained. "He's really good at it, isn't he, Mom?"

"Yes, he's *very* good," Nana nodded, although the smouldering look she gave me hinted that she was talking about something far more interesting than my foot massages.

"I think it's weird," Elizabeth said, shaking her head with disapproval.

Nana asked, "Can you do my feet too, Curtis? I'm not as good in heels as I used to be."

"Sure, Nana," I agreed, moving Mom's silky feet off my lap, where they had rested on my hard cock... the touch of nylon like a magic wand to my dick... actually just a woman's feet in nylons had

my cock saluting DuPont, who had introduced that sensuous invention over eighty years ago.

If Elizabeth was shocked when I gave my Mom a foot massage, she was completely flummoxed when I moved over to Nana, dropped to my knees in front of her easy chair and took one of her nylon-clad feet in my hand.

"This is so weird," Elizabeth said.

Nana questioned, even as the softest of moans escaped her, "Why? He's just giving me a foot massage."

Mom added, "Curtis is now the man of the house, so he's graciously living up to his new role by assuming some added duties."

I thought to myself 'Yes, Mommy Dearest, to fuck you night and day'.

Elizabeth used this as an opportunity to stick in her two cents worth, although she thought it was worth a lot more, "So what happened? Ted was the perfect man. How did you fuck that up?"

Old Mom would have openly accepted these clear insults by her older sister and quietly hid her resentment, but New Mom responded with, "Actually, Ted was far from perfect, and I've already found the perfect replacement."

"You have?" Elizabeth scoffed. "How'd you do that so quickly, had you been cheating?"

"I was discovering my true sexuality," Mom responded, seeming to enjoy the look of bewilderment on her sister's judgmental face. It was obviously confusing that Mom wasn't cringing and trying to ward off her sister's critical barbs.

"What?" Elizabeth asked and then thought she'd caught on. She accused, "Got it. You're a lesbian?"

"God, no!" Mom responded, acting shocked by the very idea.

Elizabeth sighed, "Thank God."

"I'm bisexual," Mom revealed with a proud grin. "I swing both ways."

"What?!" Elizabeth gasped.

Mom was clearly enjoying the shock displayed by her prudish, judgmental older sister. She embellished her 'crime', saying, "If you need it spelled out, I play with both cock and pussy."

"Oh my God!" Elizabeth gasped, completely scandalised.

Nana, throwing in some criticism of her own, but not at Mom, added, "Oh Elizabeth, are you telling us you've never experimented with your sexuality?"

"Mom! What? No!" a flabbergasted Elizabeth answered, as I moved to Nana's other foot, enjoying this reality show immensely.

"Not even in your cheerleader days?" Nana pursued.

"Mom, what in heaven's name are you talking about?" Elizabeth asked incredulously.

"I just always assumed you and Betty used to dyke out in high school," Nana continued, before adding insult to injury, "Truthfully, I thought you were a dedicated lesbian until you got knocked up."

"Mother!" Elizabeth said.

"What? I'm not judging," Nana answered innocently. "I mean it's not like I didn't explore some girls when I was modeling or in my beauty pageant days. Fuck, they were non-stop cunt munching lesbian orgies."

"Mom!" Elizabeth repeated like a broken record, before turning to my Mom, "Did you know about this?"

"We had a frank chat a couple of days ago," Mom answered, not mentioning that the chat had ended in an incestuous threesome, while their mother munched her box.

"I can't believe this," Elizabeth said.

"What?" Mom asked. "That Mom and I are both bisexual?"

"Yes!" she said, "and that you're talking about it with your impressionable young son sitting right here."

"He's fully eighteen," Mom pointed out.

"But he's your *Son*," Elizabeth stressed the obvious.

"And he's my *adult* son, so I treat him as such," Mom explained. "He tells me everything, and I tell him everything. We trust each other completely, and don't have any secrets."

"That's just too weird," Elizabeth said, glancing back down at me while I was still massaging Nana's foot. I didn't worry: my erection was hidden beneath Nana's feet, so she had nothing to complain about where I was concerned.

Nana added, "If you talked to your spoiled daughter the way Alexis does to her son, maybe she wouldn't be the self-centred diva bitch she is right now."

"Now you're telling me how to parent?" Elizabeth bristled, her face going red.

"Nope," Nana said. "Just giving some friendly advice and pointing out that Alexis and Curtis have a very close and caring relationship. One that almost any mother would be envious of."

I couldn't help but smile at Nana's real meaning.

Elizabeth finally relented slightly, as she looked down at me and said, "Well, she definitely doesn't massage my feet."

"Curtis will massage yours too," Mom said, "if you wish."

"Really?" Elizabeth asked, surprised.

"Of course," Mom nodded, before adding, "although there is a requirement."

"A requirement?" Elizabeth asked.

"You must be clad in sheer hosiery," Mom revealed.

"What?" Elizabeth asked, even though she'd heard the words... it wasn't so much a literal question as it was a 'this is ridiculous!' what.

"He finds socks too impersonal, and bare feet a little off-putting," Mom clarified.

Nana added, "Plus, classy women don't go out and about with bare legs."

"Mom, it's 2011. No one wears pantyhose anymore," Elizabeth pointed out, which was sadly the trend.

Nana surprised me and everyone else when she countered, "Beyoncé, Taylor Swift, Adrianna Grandi and Selena Gomez would beg to differ, and they are some of the most elegant celebrities out there... not to mention Duchess Kate Middleton."

"Yes, but...." Elizabeth began, but was cut off.

"Don't interrupt me," Nana firmly scolded. "Plus, hosiery can really accentuate your legs... especially white women like us who don't tan, but burn."

Mom offered, "Would you like a pair?"

Elizabeth shrugged, clearly bewildered by the entire situation, "Why not? My feet are killing me."

"Come with me," Mom ordered, standing up.

Elizabeth again looked down at me, quietly massaging Nana, apparently not butting in while my 'esteemed elders' discussed ethics, before following her sister.

As soon as they were gone, Nana smiled, "Well, that went well."

"I wouldn't mind being in *your* well," I replied wickedly.

"Oh you dirty little boy," she objected, smiling.

"*Big* dirty boy," I corrected as my hand snaked under her dress and went directly to her wet pussy.

"I'd let you fuck me right here if your aunt weren't about to return any moment," she moaned, as my finger slid inside her cunt.

"I know you would," I nodded, as I quickly gave a few quick pumps inside her, before pulling out and offering my moist finger to her lips.

She obediently opened her mouth and sucked her wetness off my finger.

When I pulled it out, she purred wickedly, "Fuck, do I taste good."

"That you do," I laughed, adjusting my hard cock.

"God, I want that thing inside me," she said.

"And you'll get it," I promised, suddenly tempted to just bend her over and pound her until Mom and Auntie returned... which would likely accelerate the seduction, although there was an excellent chance it could blow up in our faces! Better not; at least for now.

So I kept politely massaging her feet as we waited for them to return.

"These are weird nylons," Auntie said, when she returned in hosiery as instructed.

"Thigh highs are all I ever wear," Mom was explaining.

"But they aren't practical at all," Auntie protested.

"I disagree completely," Mom countered. "They're sexy as all get out, and they're incredibly convenient."

Nana interjected, "They're all I wear, too."

"Oh my God," Elizabeth gasped, as she sat back down, "this entire evening is surreal."

I wordlessly moved over to Elizabeth and took her right foot in my hand as Nana questioned, "What? There is nothing wrong with dressing sexy underneath our public attire."

Elizabeth looked down at me ponderingly, and decided to allow me to continue, as she answered her Mom, "There's a fine line between sexy and trashy."

"Are you calling your mother trashy?" Nana questioned, her tone instantly annoyed.

Elizabeth, realizing she was on thin ice, stammered, "N-n-no. That isn't what I meant."

Nana relaxed her ire and continued placidly, "Good; just because I'm getting older doesn't mean I can't feel sexy and desirable."

I had listened in silence through most of this, but deciding to just stir the pot slightly, complimented, "Nana, you are still a very beautiful woman."

"Thank you, honey," Nana smiled.

Elizabeth seemed to be enjoying the massage as she complimented her mom too, "Mom, I hope to look as good as you do when I'm your age."

"Well, you have my DNA," Nana encouraged, "so you have a good chance."

Mom quipped playfully, "So I'll be hot forever."

"You're a Williamson, so of course you'll be," Nana replied. "As will you too Elizabeth, if you work on becoming less intense and judgmental."

Elizabeth denied the aspersion, as I put pressure on the sole of her foot, "I'm not judgmental."

Mom scoffed.

Elizabeth glared at her.

Mom said sarcastically, "No, not judgmental at all."

"Girls," Nana said. "The only guarantee in life that can't be changed is that you two have each other. Love can come and go, friends too, but family is always with us."

Mom responded, "Sorry Elizabeth, I was being judgmental."

"I'm sorry too," Elizabeth said.

I added jokingly, "I'm sorry too."

Nana said, "A man who says he's sorry? I didn't know one existed."

Elizabeth joked for the first time, "Yeah, I've never met one. I thought it was a myth like the Loch Ness Monster, or a government that actually tries to benefit the people who elected it."

"To dream the impossible dream," Mom sang.

I laughed along with the ladies, as I moved to Elizabeth's other foot, and hinted at my true intentions with my Aunt, glancing momentarily under her skirt, "I always dream the impossible dream."

"That you do," Nana smirked, her tone rather obvious to me, but Elizabeth was oblivious to her sexual implications.

The conversation shifted to work and other generic things as I massaged Auntie's feet, toes and calves... this last causing Auntie to look down at me, surprised I was going so high, but she didn't say anything.

That night I turned in, my cock raging, after Aunt Elizabeth had gone to bed in my room, I generously having offered to sleep on the couch, since Nana was already occupying the guest room.

Once the house was quiet, I snuck into her room and whispered, "Nana. You still awake?"

She whispered, "I can't sleep until I get my bedtime warm milk."

"Luckily, I have some with me," I added, as I gently closed the door and joined her on the bed. "And it's homemade."

"My favourite," she smiled, as she pulled the covers off to reveal she was in a short see-through nightie and still wearing her thigh highs.

"I'm happy you kept the nylons on," I approved, as I slid my hand up the sheer nylons.

"Anything for my man," Nana responded.

I joined her on the bed and moved on top of her into a 69, wanting to taste her pussy.

"Mmmmmm, my favourite number," Nana purred.

I agreed, "Mine too," as I leaned down and began licking her pussy, just as Nana began sucking my cock.

For a few minutes I licked slowly, Nana sucked slowly... both of us warming up and teasing each other.

Finally, Nana moaned "Please come and fuck me, Grandson."

"Roll onto your side," I ordered, which she quickly did, as eager to get fucked as I was to fuck her... the innumerable innuendos from the evening, as well as the lengthy foot massages, having my balls

boiling.

I twisted myself topsy turvy, moved behind her and slid my cock easily into her wetness.

"Oh yes, fuck Nana, fuck her nice and hard," she moaned, as I reached around and cupped her breasts, to pull her tight against me... the position both intimate and hot.

I fucked her for about ten minutes in this position, slow and tender, mixed with bursts of hard and deep, as I brought Nana to the brink of orgasm, as well as myself, a few times.

"Please, Curtis, fuck the hell out of me," Nana begged, as she leaned against me. "I need to come so bad."

And being the gentleman I am, I did as she requested, fucking her hard and deep until she came, biting her lip so she didn't alert our guest, who was still in the dark.

Her wetness swamping my cock, I came seconds after she did, shooting a full load deep inside her.

"Oh yes, cum to Nana, my precious boy," she moaned, as rope after rope sprayed inside her.

Once done, I lay there, my cock still inside Nana, as I cuddled her.

"I love you, Curtis," Nana whispered.

"I love you, too," I whispered back, kissing her neck.

It was two hours later that I woke up and realized I had fallen asleep in bed with Nana.

I quietly snuck out and returned to the couch, pondering how to add Aunt Elizabeth to the mix.

.....

Next morning, for the first time in a while, I wasn't woken up with a morning blow job or a fuck or both.

I heard Mom, Nana and Auntie chatting in the kitchen.

I stretched, stood up and walked into the kitchen to get a coffee... a poor substitute for a morning blow job.

"Curtis!" Aunt Elizabeth gasped.

"What?" I asked, as I rubbed my eyes and went to the coffee pot.

"You're not wearing anything but your boxers," she pointed out, looking at my crotch and the erection that was tenting out the silk fabric.

"Oh, I, I, don't wear pajamas," I explained, as this was how I'd always walked around the house ever since Dad left.

Nana added, "It's just underwear, Elizabeth. No different than seeing a man at the beach."

"I guess," Aunt Elizabeth said, as she went back to sipping her coffee.

Deciding to use this situation to my advantage, I poured my coffee and then moved around and leaned against the counter, my fully erect cock framed pretty obviously in my tight silk Saxx boxers as I asked, "What are everyone's plans today?"

Mom sighed, "Last day of work."

Nana added, "I need to do some last minute shopping."

"And you, Auntie?" I asked, as I flinched my cock in my boxers, noticing she was taking the odd nervous glance at it.

"No idea," she said, "I didn't realize Alexis was working today."

"Come shopping with us," I suggested, again flicking my cock in my boxers, deciding we would go to a lingerie shop and pretend to buy something for Miranda.

"I do have a couple of last minute things to buy," Elizabeth nodded.

"Like your own thigh highs," Mom joked.

"Only if you want more foot massages," I added with a smile.

"We are the strangest family ever," Elizabeth said, shaking her head.

"You don't know the half of it," Nana added.

"At least not yet," Mom foreshadowed.

"What does that even mean?" Aunt Elizabeth asked.

"Nothing; I got to get ready for work," Mom sighed.

"Last day," I reminded her.

"Thank God," Mom nodded.

I sat down at the kitchen table where Mom had been seated, and we chatted about when to leave... deciding on noon. So I ate, showered (which included a quick fuck with Nana in the shower) and wrapped some presents.

Nana came out dressed in a skirt, blouse and nylons, while Aunt Elizabeth came out in jeans and a sweater, which was a disappointment, but not a surprise. I even joked, even though I was trying to send a message, "I see you haven't yet bought into the family fashion traditions."

Auntie looked at me confused, before she noticed how Nana was dressed, and then said in a tone that questioned Nana's judgment, "I dress casually when I go out in public."

Nana's tone instantly went hard as she asked, "And what are you implying, missy?"

Auntie had no problem criticising her sister, but her mother was more intimidating, so she quickly retracted, "Nothing, nothing. I'm just surprised you would dress up so sexy just to go shopping."

Nana shrugged, "A man I respect has made it clear to me that a woman should always look her best."

"Mother," Auntie argued, "You don't have to dress up for a man."

"And that may be why you're single," Nana replied bluntly.

"Mom!" Auntie gasped, taken aback by her mother's hurtful words.

Nana apologized, kind of, "Honey, I'm sorry, that was uncalled for. All I meant was that as women we need the ability to be a chameleon of sorts."

"How so?" Auntie asked.

"We need to play many roles: a mother, an employee, a friend, and a lover," Nana explained, "among others."

"I suppose," Auntie nodded.

"Let's go," I suggested, an idea to further the seduction of Auntie popping into my head.

"Yes, sir," Nana responded, giving just the slightest hint at which respected man had her dressing up so sexy.

Auntie didn't seem to notice though, and we headed out, and for the next two hours we did some shopping. Nana tossed out a couple more innuendos and groped my cock and ass every chance she got, clearly enjoying the naughtiness.

Eventually I said, as we were almost at the shop in the mall where I wanted to surprise Auntie, "I could use some feminine advice for a Christmas present for my wife."

"Your wife?" Auntie gasped from the back seat.

"Yeah, I got married a little while ago," I answered nonchalantly.

"You're eighteen," she pointed out.

"I think I knew that already," I joked.

"You knew this?" Auntie asked Nana.

"I've met her several times, and she is utterly delicious," Nana answered, her double meaning equally delicious.

"So far this trip has been one surprise after another," Auntie said, just as we reached the lingerie shop.

"The surprises are only getting started," Nana responded, giving hint after hint of what we had in store for her.

"And where are you going now?" Auntie asked, as I stopped in front of a store called '*Sweet Nothings*', with no display window, and a windowless door I had to enter to go inside, to protect the underage mall shoppers.

"I need to buy her some lingerie," I answered.

"And I need a sex toy," Nana answered.

"What? Why?" Auntie asked, even as I entered the store.

I heard Nana say, as she followed me in, "You should probably get one, too."

Once inside, I glanced behind me to see Auntie had indeed summoned the courage to follow us into the store.

I asked, pointing at a thin red nightie which was doing nothing to hide a mannequin's uninteresting charms, "What do you think of this?"

"For me or your wife?" Nana asked, her innuendos getting more obvious.

"I bet you would look great in it, Nana," I replied, deciding to go along with her escalation.

"You two, you're being weird," Aunt Elizabeth said.

"You'd look hot in it too, Auntie," I said, looking her up and down, appraising her far more interesting charms.

"Curtis!" she gasped, shocked, which was becoming habitual.

"What?" I asked innocently. "You're still a very good looking woman, and if you'd stop dressing like a..."

"A nun," Nana finished for me.

"Mom!"

Nana continued, "Look, you got my genes, which means you'll have a rocking body for many years to come, and instead of hiding it, you should be flaunting it."

"I guess," Auntie said, clearly still finding it weird to be having such conversations with her Mother, especially with her barely adult Nephew taking in every word.

"Let's get you some sexy lingerie," Nana decided.

"What? No!" Auntie said, glancing at me uncomfortably.

"Oh, don't be a prude," Nana sighed. "You're not going to be naked, and maybe you can help model some of the items he'll be considering for Miranda."

"Yeah, that would be very helpful," I agreed. "You two are about the same height and weight."

"Fine!" Auntie said with dramatic exasperation, even though it was obvious she was intrigued, otherwise why agree to do it?

And for five minutes Nana and I chose stuff for Auntie to try on, while pretending it was all for Miranda, although I did indeed plan to choose one for Miranda... but this was mostly an excuse to lure Aunt Elizabeth in.

"Try this first, it's a simple number," Nana said, handing her a black negligee.

Aunt Elizabeth took it and went to a change room.

Nana came over to me, rubbed my hard cock through my jeans, and said seductively, "I see you're already loaded and ready for action."

"Always," I nodded, cupping Nana's left breast with my right hand.

"God, I want to fuck you right here, right now," Nana moaned, reminding me she was one insatiable cock slut.

"Once we finish off Auntie we can fuck in the open anytime," I pointed out, giving Nana more motivation to get Auntie to submit to me.

"It's coming along nicely," Nana purred, giving my cock one more firm squeeze, before she turned back to the change room and asked, "How's it going in there?"

"Okay," Auntie replied, before adding, "but I'm not coming out there in this."

"Elizabeth Margret," Nana said firmly. "Get your ass out here right now."

I liked Nana's sudden firm tone, not at all what I was used to when I fucked her.

A moment later the door opened a tad, although Aunt Elizabeth didn't come out.

"Now, Elizabeth," Nana ordered.

"Fine!" Aunt Elizabeth sighed, walking out.

She looked hot... even though it was still pretty tame as lingerie goes.

Nana appraised, "That's cute, but not sexy."

"Plus, it needs stockings," I added, putting my two cents' worth in.

"Definitely," Nana nodded, selecting another outfit and handing it to her daughter. "Go put this one on."

"Really?" Auntie asked, looking at the black lace halter with garters.

"Yep, try it on while I go and find a pair of stockings to go with it."

"This is still really weird," Auntie said, even as she took the outfit and returned to the change room.

I smiled at how Auntie didn't even realize she was obeying, and was likely a natural submissive.

Nana returned with a pair of black stockings and ordered, "Open the door, Elizabeth."

"I'm changing," Aunt Elizabeth refused.

"I've seen you naked lots of times," Nana argued, perturbed. "Now open up."

I didn't think Auntie would open the door, but she did, and Nana gave me a wink as she slithered through the scant opening offered. In my head, Nana then grabbed Auntie's head and shoved it in her cunt, but from what I could hear, Nana was the one on her knees.

"Mom, I can do that," Auntie said, sounding shocked, which made me move closer to the door, 'the better to eavesdrop on you, my dear'.

"Just lift up your foot," Nana ordered impatiently.

Then there was no talking as I assumed Nana was putting the stockings on her daughter's legs and attaching the garters.

"Now this is a very good look for you," Nana said, not even mentioning my wife.

"I don't know," Auntie replied, sounding insecure.

"Let's see what Curtis thinks," Nana said.

"God, no," Auntie said, as the door opened and I jumped back to avoid letting Aunt Elizabeth know I was listening like a pervert... which I was.

A moment later Nana dragged Aunt Elizabeth out of the room and asked, "What do you think, Curtis?"

"Wow, Auntie," I approved. "You look absolutely sexy."

"Really?" Auntie asked, for the first time not finding this embarrassing or silly.

"Oh yeah," I nodded, before adding as I attempted to plant the seed, "If you weren't my aunt I'd be all over you."

She scoffed, "And if I were twenty years younger."

"I like my women experienced," I countered, adding another hint, this one more blatant.

"His wife is double his age," Nana pointed out.

"No way," Auntie asked, as she looked at herself in the mirror, clearly impressed by the lingerie and how it accentuated her body.

"Like I said, I like my women older," I repeated, almost adding the word 'submissive'.

"A lot older," Nana added, slyly compounding hint on top of hint.

I grabbed a red almost see-through garter belt teddy set and ordered, again hinting at who was in control, "Try this one on."

"Now you're giving me orders too?" Auntie objected.

"I'm the man of the house," I shrugged, saying it in a joking manner, even though the true message was there too.

"Fine, but this is the last one," she replied.

"You'll need a different colour stocking," Nana added.

"Does it matter?" Auntie asked.

"Of course it does," Nana replied, in a tone that implied it was a stupid question.

"Fine, whatever," Auntie said, enjoying what was happening, but still trying to hide it.

Auntie returned to the change room and Nana went to find another pair of stockings.

Nana returned a moment later with a pair of beige stockings, gave my cock a solid squeeze and again knocked on the door. "Let me in."

"I'm quite capable of doing this myself," Auntie replied.

"Open up right now," Nana ordered, her patience waning.

Again the door was unlatched and Nana went inside.

Again I moved closer to the door to listen.

Again Auntie fussed. "Mom, this is too weird."

"Just stop fussing and let your mother help," Nana said.

After a minute, Nana asked, "Honey, why are your panties damp?"

"Mother!" Auntie whispered, just loud enough for me to hear with my ear against the door.

"What? It's okay to get horny," Nana replied, before adding sympathetically, "I imagine it's been a while, hasn't it, dear."

"Mother!" Auntie repeated, clearly shocked by what Nana was saying.

"What?" Nana asked, "I'm horny all the time."

"Mom, please stop doing this," Aunt Elizabeth pleaded.

"Elizabeth, stop being such a prude; we should be able to talk about sex without it being such a big deal," Nana scolded, before adding, "for example, I've been laid a few times quite recently."

My mouth dropped open. Was Nana going to seduce her right now?

"Mom, I don't need to hear this," Auntie replied, and then moaned.

"Sorry, honey," Nana apologized, "but you really are wet."

"Mom, please," Auntie pleaded, clearly embarrassed at being wet, and even more by her Mother talking about it.

"There is nothing to be ashamed of," Nana continued. "Getting dressed up sexy always gets my cunt dripping too."

"Mother!"

"What?" Nana asked, "We're allowed to be horny."

"Oh God," Auntie sighed.

"That's exactly what I said when my boy toy pounded me recently," Nana continued, obviously really enjoying teasing her prudish, judgmental daughter. "Now let's go and show Curtis this outfit."

"God, no!" Auntie said.

"This is the one he's considering getting his wife. So stop being a prude and let him see how it looks on a sexy woman," Nana ordered, again opening the door and taking control.

Again I slipped away just in time as Auntie reluctantly walked out in the lingerie I'd chosen.

"Wow!" I said. "Auntie, you look amazing."

"Thanks," she said, not making eye contact, although even I could see the wetness in her panties.

"I think this is definitely the one you want," Nana added, giving me a wink. "Curtis, you see how the red colour highlights her lovely nipples?"

Elizabeth turned bright red herself, and quickly covered her breasts with her hands.

Nana muttered, "Prude," just loud enough for her daughter to hear, and Elizabeth removed her hands, glancing at me nervously.

I gazed at her tits just long enough to show my approval, before saying, "Turn around, Auntie."

"Pardon?" she asked, surprised by my order.

"I want to see the outfit from behind," I answered.

"Just turn around," Nana ordered.

Auntie obeyed yet again, turning around to let me see her ripe ass.

"This outfit would definitely need to have a thong," I pointed out. "The panties hide too much of her cheeks."

"Or commando," Nana added.

"Or commando, even better," I agreed.

"You two," Auntie shook her head, this time not exasperated, but playful.

"What?" I asked. "Commando makes for easier access."

"Oh my God," Auntie gasped.

"That's what my young stud says every time he sees / went commando," Nana joked.

Auntie shook her head as she headed back to the change room.

Once the door had closed, Nana came to me and whispered, "She'll be sucking your dick tonight."

"And eating your cunt," I countered.

"Fuck, I need your cock right now," Nana whispered.

"Family bathroom in five minutes," I ordered.

"Make it three," Nana countered.

I headed out as Nana went to the door and said, "Meet us at Hamilton's Pub in fifteen, Elizabeth."

"Where are you going?" Elizabeth asked, although I was out of earshot to hear Nana's lie.

Five minutes later, Nana was on her knees bobbing on my cock hungrily.

One minute after that, Nana, who had indeed gone commando today, was bent over holding onto a baby change table as I pounded her from behind.

Three more minutes, and I deposited a load in Nana's cunt just after she reached orgasm.

And another five minutes later, we were at a table having a late lunch with Aunt Elizabeth... where we chatted about non-sexual things, including the fact that her daughter, my cousin, Laura would be arriving tomorrow.

Of course, during the entire meal, Nana's nylon-clad foot was rubbing my cock... keeping me horny for more... which I hoped to get tonight.

.....

I was hard all afternoon and throughout dinner as I pondered how to finish what we'd started. Auntie's weakening of her shock at our spicy lingerie conversation was a great first step, but shifting from that to making her an incest slut was still a pretty large step.

Yet Nana was confident she would have Auntie sucking and licking by the night's end.

At supper, Nana again rubbed my cock under the table, keeping me hard and ready.

That night we played poker, where the loser of each hand had to take a shot, and although we all took a few shots, we had Auntie pretty drunk... drunk enough to attempt to make another fantasy a reality.

When Mom asked the following question the dominos began to fall into place. She asked, "So what did you end up getting for Miranda?"

Nana suggested, "Elizabeth, go and put on the nightie we got for Miranda today; I'm sure your sister would love to see it."

"Um, I don't see..." Aunt Elizabeth began.

Again, like at the shop, Nana interrupted her protest by sighing heavily, "Just go and do it. Everyone else here has already seen you in it, so you don't have to be so modest."

Mom suggested, "As it happens, I bought some new lingerie recently too. I'll go put mine on to show it off."

I was curious if she'd actually bought new lingerie, or was just helping Nana in getting Auntie more naked.

Nana shrugged, "That's a nice idea, Alexis, then I'll put some on too."

Auntie shook her head, even as she headed to my room, "This is the weirdest family ever."

"You don't know the half of it," Mom agreed.

"Truly," I agreed, even though Auntie was out of earshot by then.

Mom came to me, dropped to her knees and fished out my cock, devouring it whole.

I moaned, "This would definitely expedite the process."

Nana shook her head, "I've wanted to do that all day."

"It's mine first," Mom joked, as she briefly quit sucking to declare ownership of my cock.

"You did bring it into this world," I agreed, as Mom resumed sucking.

"Well I brought her into being, which means without me there would be no you," Nana pointed out.

"Fair enough," I laughed. "You were both crucial to my creation."

"Remember that, both of you," Nana scolded playfully, as she went to change.

Mom quit sucking and sighed, "I could do this all night, but I guess I need to go and change too."

"Did you actually buy new lingerie?" I asked.

"I did," she smiled, standing up and squeezing my cock. "And you'll love it. Although it's really for my sis."

"Go change, Mommy-slut," I ordered, curious.

"Yes, sir," Mom smiled, giving my cock one more tug.

Since everyone else was putting on sexy outfits, I didn't want to be the only one fully dressed, so I stripped, and put on my silk boxers, with my hard cock sticking through the fly.

I waited alone for three or four minutes, eventually tucking my dick away and sitting down on the couch so my bulge wasn't so obvious, before Nana came out in a blue nightie and beige thigh highs. She called over her shoulder, "Hurry up, kids."

A minute later, Aunt Elizabeth came out in the outfit I had wanted for Miranda, having taken my suggestion and replaced the bikini panties with a thong. I joked, "I thought that was for my wife?"

Auntie answered, "Sorry, I liked it too much, so I decided to keep it for myself."

"Well, you do look hot in it," I complimented, before adding, "but now I have to go shopping again tomorrow."

Mom strutted into the room, "Do I look hot too?"

"Holy shit!" I gasped, staring at my Mom in a black all leather dominatrix outfit with multiple silver studs, holes in the top for her erect nipples and a wide gap below, displaying her smooth, shaved pussy. I saw moisture glistening there.

"What the hell is that?" Auntie asked, staring at Mom in the same shock as me.

"Oh my, my daughter looks like the sexiest dominatrix ever," Nana said.

"I prefer the term Mistress," Mom corrected, "Do you think Ellie will like this?"

"She'll love it." I said, finally able to speak, although I knew it was really for Auntie, knowing that if it was for Ellie it wouldn't be for Mom to wear.

"Oh yes, actually I love it too," Nana smiled, walking over, tweaking Mom's nipples and giving her a wet kiss. She looked to her stunned daughter, "What do you think of the outfit, Elizabeth?"

"You're b-b-both lesbians?" Auntie stammered, staring in utter awe.

"I'm bi," Mom corrected. "But yes, I do love fucking girls."

Nana joked, "Well, there are two girls here right now."

"And a dick," I joked too.

Nana paused, looked across the room at my bulge and silently mouthed, "Now?"

I shook my head. Elizabeth wasn't ready for a full-blown orgy quite yet, although she hadn't even seemed to notice the fact I was in my boxers as she seemed paralyzed by seeing her mother kiss her sister. I looked significantly over at my Aunt, then blew Nana a kiss. She nodded her understanding.

"Elizabeth," Nana ordered, "I need for you to come over here and give your mother a kiss."

Elizabeth obediently walked over and gave Nana a dutiful kiss.

I silently beckoned to my Mom, and as she approached, I reached up and pulled her down to join me on the couch, sitting her sideways on my lap.

"No, sweetheart, I want a *proper* kiss," corrected Nana, wrapping her arms around her daughter and pulling her close. "Open your mouth."

Although my Aunt had her back to us, Mom and I demonstrated a proper familial kiss, sensually exploring each other's tonsils with our tongues, before returning our gazes to the seduction in progress across the room.

Nana and Elizabeth were sharing a long kiss, although all Mom and I could see was the back of Elizabeth's head. But we watched appreciatively as Nana's hands travelled down and began squeezing her daughter's ass. Aunt Elizabeth's ass in the thong looked delicious.

Auntie moaned and, to my surprise, began grinding in circles as her cunt seemed to be pressing against Nana's nylon-clad knee.

Mom gave me another wet kiss as she reached into my boxers and extracted my willing cock. She raised herself up and impaled her pussy on me as she sat back down quietly and began riding me as we both watched the seduction of Elizabeth.

Nana whispered, "You're beautiful, Elizabeth."

"You too, Mom," Elizabeth replied, her body trembling as she kept grinding on Nana's leg.

"You've been horny all day, haven't you, my little girl?" Nana asked.

"Yes I have," Auntie moaned.

"You loved showing off your body for your nephew, didn't you?" Nana asked.

"I guess."

"Be honest with Mommy," Nana softly ordered.

"It was weird, but fun," Auntie admitted, although she didn't look back at me... which was good because if she had she would have seen her sister riding her nephew.

Mom kept slowly riding me, as we both stared at a live-action porn movie.

Nana kissed her daughter again, before gently guiding her daughter to her knees. She ordered, "Go ahead, my little girl, eat Mommy."

This was it.

This was where Aunt Elizabeth could balk at the order... at committing incest... kissing not really being incest (well it is, but you know what I mean).

Mom leaned forward in utter admiration. A couple days ago we had been worried about shocking this older woman, but tonight she was playing Elizabeth like a fine instrument!

I stared in complete intrigue.

Nana glanced at her very captive audience as Auntie leaned forward and began licking her mother's cunt.

"Holy fuck," Mom whispered to me.

"Indeed," I nodded. It seemed that Nana had already fulfilled half her promise.

"Oh yes, little girl, lick Mommy's wet cunt. You had me horny all day dressing up all sexy for me," Nana moaned, as she combed her fingers through her daughter's hair.

Auntie kept licking... rather hungrily... clearly a rookie who was just doing what came naturally and exploring a totally unexpected heaven as she did.

Not wanting to disturb Nana's expert seduction, Mom whispered into my ear, "Wait here. And get rid of those boxers. I'll be right back." She slipped out of the room as I removed my boxers that were already down around my ankles and tossed them over my shoulder.

I watched with a fully erect cock as Nana moaned, pulling her daughter's head deeper into her wetness, "Oh yes, little girl, get that tongue deep in Mommy's fuck hole."

Auntie obeyed, moving her head up and down, as Nana looked at me and smiled proudly.

I waved my cock in salute.

Nana pointed to Auntie's ass and shrugged.

I shrugged back.

Mom returned, interrupting Nana's and my game of sexual charades... now wearing a big, black, strap-on cock!

Nana noticed immediately, and turned Elizabeth's head so she could see too. My Aunt gasped, partly in amazement, and, I think, partly in terror.

Now having everyone's attention, Mom asked as if addressing a large crowd, "Who here wants to show me what a good slut does with a big cock?"

Auntie gasped again, both at Mom's question and also, I think, at the sight of my big cock standing at full mast, which had finally grabbed her attention.

Nana asked her, "Do you want that big cock or do I get to have it?"

"I don't even know what to say to that," Aunt Elizabeth said, her face wet with Nana's cunt juice and still staring at my cock.

Then, before anyone knew what was happening, Nana walked up to my Mom, turned around, bent over with her hands on her knees, and backed up on Mom's cock.

"Oh my fucking God!" Aunt Elizabeth gasped yet again, staring, forcing her eyes to the ceiling, staring again, in complete awe and... I think... complete hunger.

"Oh my God indeed," Nana moaned, happily bouncing back on Mom's cock.

Mom took charge, grabbing Nana's hips and beginning to fuck her mother hard.

I remained quietly on the couch, Elizabeth able to do nothing but stare and not-stare at her mother and sister fucking, while I slowly, discretely, stroked myself.

"Oh yes, fuck me, Mistress," Nana begged, gazing directly and it seemed hypnotically, at her stunned other, non-Mistress daughter.

"M-m-mistress?" Aunt Elizabeth mindlessly questioned, still unable to break eye contact with the flagrantly incestuous act she was witnessing.

"Yes, Alexis is my Mistress," Nana told her elder daughter. "And you are mine. Come here, my pet."

"I-I-I...." Aunt Elizabeth stammered.

"Get over here *now*, slut of my loins," Nana demanded, with a moan.

To my surprise, Auntie stood up and walked over to her sister and mother. She walked slowly and hesitantly, but she walked nevertheless... even while glancing over to see me stroking my cock.

"Turn around and bend over," Nana ordered.

Auntie again obeyed nervously, and now she was facing me and facing my cock. She stared at it, then looked into my eyes, and then back again to my cock, and then back up into my eyes, not looking away from me for an instant, as I looked her in the eye, as I stroked my cock, as Mom pulled out of Nana, moved behind Auntie and slid her cock deep inside her sister in one smooth, hard thrust.

"Oh God," Aunt Elizabeth moaned loudly as she was suddenly filled with her sister's cock.

"She's super fucking wet," Mom informed us.

Auntie was still staring at me, as if trying to get an answer to any of the hundreds of questions spinning in her head.

How had she ended up eating out her own mother? Why was her nephew's hard cock in plain view for her and everyone else to see? How did she end up with a strap-on cock in her cunt?

Mom asked, not moving at all, just resting with her cock buried deep in her sister, "Want me to fuck you, sis?"

Auntie finally broke eye contact with me, as the look of utter confusion that seemed frozen on her face shifted to one of desperate desire and she answered, "Yes, Alexis, fuck me with that big cock. I need it!"

"But I thought you were straight?" Mom questioned, relishing this new power over her older sister who had always been so judgmental of her.

"Oh God, Alexis, just fuck me," Auntie demanded.

"You understand that once I fuck you, you become the house slut," Mom warned.

"House slut?" Auntie questioned.

"You obey every order from me, from our mom and from my son," Mom clarified, before adding, "Our Master."

"Our Master?" Auntie repeated like a parrot.

"Yes, we are all here to serve the Man of the House, isn't that right, Mom?" Mom asked.

To assist in the complete subjugation of my bewildered auntie, I rose to my feet and snapped my fingers, and Nana obediently rushed over to me crying out, "God, Master, I've been craving this all fucking day!"

Nana quickly dropped to her knees and took my cock in her mouth and began bobbing like a porn star slut, as Mom quickly pumped her sister for a few hard, deep strokes.

"Oh myyyyyyyy," Auntie moaned loudly, both I think from the pleasure she was suddenly receiving as well as the shock of seeing Nana taking my big, hard cock in her mouth.

"I'm the Man of the House here, Elizabeth," I pointed out, dropping the aunt honorific. "Isn't that right, Mom?"

"Yes you are, Master," Mom agreed, as she again gave her sister a few quick, deep thrusts, driving the point home.

"There's a clear hierarchy here," I explained, before adding, "and you, Auntie Dearest, are at the bottom of it."

"W-w-what?" she asked, as I pulled out of Nana's mouth, walked over to her, bent her down slightly and shoved my cock in her mouth.

"Hey, I need some cock too," Nana complained.

Mom laughed, "So needy."

"You're the one who re-awakened my inner slut," Nana pointed out.

"Guilty as charged," Mom shrugged, as we spit-roasted Elizabeth, who wasn't fighting it at all.

"Come and suck your elder daughter's cunt while she gets fucked," I ordered.

"Yes, Master," Nana purred, as she crawled under Elizabeth and sat up to begin licking her daughter's clit.

Auntie moaned on my cock as I slowly fucked her face. After a couple of minutes I declared, "Switch."

Mom and I pulled out of her holes and swapped places, as I ordered, "Get on all fours, my pet Auntie."

Auntie was so bewildered with shock and lust, she didn't say anything, just obeyed, clearly wanting a cock... any cock... back inside her.

As I moved behind her, I asked, "Do you want me to fuck you?"

Auntie looked back with lust in her eyes, "God, yes, Curtis, shove that big dick in me."

"You sure you want to be my slut?" I asked.

"I'll do anything, just pole me with that dick," she begged, as I saw Mom removing her strap-on.

"I'll keep you to that," I promised, as I slid my cock into her wet cunt. "Now get eating," I ordered, as Mom offered her a slice of shaved homemade pie.

Auntie faced forward and felt her head pulled into Mom's pussy as Mom ordered, "Get licking, my sister slut."

And for the next couple of minutes I fucked her hard, her face bouncing against Mom's cunt, while Nana sucked on her clit.

Auntie screamed, although it was partially muffled by Mom's cunt, "Oh God, yessssssss!"

"You got her off pretty quick," Mom praised me, even though it was obvious.

"She has a pretty tight cunt," I replied, as I kept pounding into her, my own balls beginning to boil.

"Not for long with that big fat dick," Mom replied.

"It's the one you blessed me with," I countered, as I was about to burst.

Mom, always able to recognize when I was about to come, ordered, "Come in my sister, baby. Fill that neglected cunt with a big load of your family cum."

"Oh yeah," I groaned, as Mom held her sister's face deep in her cunt and continued grinding.

A few more pumps and I deposited my load inside my Auntie.

Mom moaned too, "God, I've fantasized about this for so long."

"Me fucking your big sister or you making your big sister your cunt munching pet?" I asked.

"The latter, but the former is pretty hot too," Mom replied.

I pulled out and offered, "Nana, I've left a creamy snack for you in your daughter's cunt."

As I backed away, Nana lifted her head up and buried her face in her daughter's cunt, lapping up the cream pie.

"Ohhhhhh, I'm about to come," Mom declared, as she roughly used her sister's face.

I watched as Mom kept grinding on her sister until her orgasm erupted through her and she screamed, "Lick up all my cum, slut sister!"

And even though Mom let go of her head, Auntie kept licking, looking as hungry for savoury pie as anyone I'd ever seen.

I watched in pleasure until my phone rang unexpectedly. I walked over and answered it. "Hi, honey," I greeted Miranda, as Nana hungrily licked Auntie, who was clearly getting close to her second orgasm.

Miranda asked, "How's the plan going?"

"Executed," I answered.

"Already?" Miranda asked, surprised.

"Yeah, Mom really got aggressive," I said.

"She does have that dominant side she likes to let loose once in a while," Miranda said.

"Well, that's how you and I finally hooked up," I reminisced.

"How could I forget?"

"Come on over after you're done," I suggested.

"I'll be there in a couple of hours," she said.

"I'll be sure to save a load for you," I promised.

"You'd better," she scolded playfully. "I am your wife after all."

As Nana flipped Auntie on her back and straddled her face, I replied, "On that note, I have a task for you."

"Ellie's ass?" Miranda asked.

"No, although if you can get me that too, I'd be greatly appreciative," I laughed. "No, I think you'll be perfect to help seduce my bitchy niece."

"Mmmmmm, I do love young straight cunt," my beautiful wife answered nastily.

"I know you do," I laughed, as Mom came over and took my cock in her mouth.

"Suck on my clit," Nana demanded.

"I'll see you soon," I said, my cock getting hard again. "Get here as soon as you can."

"Love you," she said.

"Love you too," I replied, as I hung up.

I looked down at Mom and asked, "Now what?"

"Well, she has one hole you haven't filled yet," she smiled up at me.

"Well we can't have that," I smiled, as Mom got up and went to grab some lube.

A few minutes later I had indeed fucked my Aunt's ass, after the briefest of protests; she hadn't had a cock in her ass since college. But Nana and Mom took control, getting her revved up with some very effective pussy and ass licking.

Some lube, some gaping by Nana's finger and tongue, and Aunt Elizabeth became my newest ass slut.

Even hotter, she came just from getting ass fucked... before I deposited a load up her butt, which Nana again eagerly retrieved once I pulled out.

I then watched my Mom, my Nana and my Aunt swap off on 69's for a good thirty minutes until Miranda arrived and it became an unbroken daisy chain.

After they all had orgasms, Mom and Nana took Auntie into her room for more play-time, and Miranda came and sat on my cock. She leaned back as she slowly rode me and said, "So, lover, tell me about this cousin of yours."

**The end for now....**

Released in May 2018:

**What Mom Knows Fucks Her Slut Niece**

Miranda seduces Laura and become low slut... or high slut.