

A visit to my Aunt Mary

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One December evening I received a phone call from an aunt I hadn't seen for years. It was my Aunt Mary, of whom I'd been very fond as a kid. She and her husband had lived near my parents back then and we saw each other often.

Since then, however, I had moved away from home when I'd gotten a job on the other side of the country. I still saw Aunt Mary when I came home for birthdays and holidays, but that had changed when my parents had retired and moved to another part of the country as well.

When I heard Aunt Mary's voice again that evening it had been years since I'd seen her. The last time had been at her husband's funeral. That was now, what, six years ago? Seven?

We talked a bit about trivial things until Aunt Mary asked if I would like to come and visit her. I hadn't expected that, but I agreed. When I thought about it, I decided that it would be nice to see her again and reminisce about the past with her. I was in between girlfriends at the time, so to speak, so I had plenty of time to spare.

Since Aunt Mary lived quite far away from me, we agreed that I'd come see her on a Saturday and then spend the night so I could drive home on Sunday.

A few weeks later, therefore, I took a long drive to the area where I'd grown up. When I drove through the old neighbourhood again fond childhood memories immediately surfaced. Even though I hadn't been there for years it took me no trouble to find my way to Aunt Mary's house, a rather large stately home on the edge of a suburb. I got out of my car, grabbed my shoulder bag, walked up to the door and rang the bell. A moment later Aunt Mary opened the door.

"Hello, John," she welcomed me and gave a hug and a kiss, "it's really been too long. You look great."

"You too," I answered and I wasn't lying.

Though I hadn't seen her in years, she didn't look that much older than the way I remembered her. In fact, she looked almost exactly the same as when last I saw her. I knew her to be 67 now, but she

could have easily passed for 55. Sure, there were wrinkles in her face and her curly shoulder length hairs had long turned grey, but other than that she seemed pretty well-preserved.

She was still tall and from what I could see – which wasn't much since she was wearing a wide black woollen pullover with a high neckline and a long, wide black cotton skirt – her figure wasn't suffering from old age either. No matter how wide her wide and decent her pullover was, there was no way any garment was going to conceal the size of her gigantic tits, that were really enormous. I couldn't even begin to guess her measurements; they were most likely off the scale!

I had always been fascinated by Aunt Mary's colossal boobs, even when I was way too little to have a clue as to why I found these breasts so enthralling. I had never spoken about this with anyone and had never done anything with this silent admiration for Aunt Mary's boobs. After all, she was a close family member. Consequently I had always had girlfriends with big tits, but not a single one of them – no matter how huge her tits were – had ever had a chest even close to matching Aunt Mary's in size. Now that I was standing in front of Aunt Mary again after so many years, I suddenly consciously realized all this, something that I had of course subconsciously known all along. The realization made me a little uneasy, but I managed to act perfectly normal nonetheless I followed my aunt into the house and into the large, conservatively furnished living room.

She asked what I would like to drink and I told her I'd like a beer. While she went to fetch drinks I put my bag on the floor and sat down on the couch. Looking around, I noticed the living room hadn't changed a bit since last I'd been here.

Before long, Aunt Mary returned, bringing along a can of cold beer for me and a glass of sherry for herself, which was exactly I expected. She had always drunk sherry for as long as I could remember. She sat down as well and we talked throughout the afternoon, mostly about common light-hearted family memories. Before long I started to feel at ease again.

As we kept talking, conversation turned to more serious matters. Aunt Mary told me that though she greatly enjoyed contact with her nieces and nephews such as me and was trying to get back in touch with all of them – which was why she'd called me that night, I learned – this contact always reminded her of the fact the she was the only one among her brothers and sisters who had no children of her own, a fact she greatly regretted.

Then she told me that she had been growing more and more lonely since her husband's death, which was another reason why she was trying to get back in touch with her family.

Around six o'clock my aunt asked me whether I was hungry and when I answered that I kind of was, she asked me whether I would like her to take me out to dinner or would prefer her to order

something. I was kind of tired after the long drive and answered that ordering pizza would be fine, since I really didn't feel like going out but preferred to stay home and spend the evening reminiscing with Aunt Mary. She seemed pleased with my answer and walked to the phone to order a couple of pizzas.

The pizza's arrived shortly. They were pretty good and we devoured them quickly, after which Aunt Mary went to fetch some more drinks: another beer for me and more sherry for her. We drank and she asked me whether I would like to watch a movie.

"Sure," I replied, "what kind of movie?"

"Wait and see," she smiled with a surprisingly mischievous smile on her lips.

She got up went over to the television and turned it on. Then she turned the DVD player on and a moment later a copyright infringement message appeared on the television screen. My aunt walked back to the couch, still holding the remote control and sat down on the couch next to me, which surprised me since she'd been sitting opposite to me all day. I didn't get a lot of time to ponder this, though, because Aunt Mary pushed a button on the remote and the image on the screen changed to that of a man and a woman sitting on a sofa together.

For a moment I wondered whether this could be the kind of movie I suspected it to be, but I didn't have to wait long for my suspicion to be confirmed. The man and woman on the screen were undressing each other only a few moments after the movie had started. They were both nude within seconds and the woman was holding and stroking the guy's stiff prick while he buried his face between her large tits.

The woman was gorgeous, probably about a third of Aunt Mary's age, but no matter how big her breasts were, they were still significantly smaller than my aunt's. Before long, the woman on the screen was sloppily sucking the guy's dick and I couldn't help getting a bit aroused. I felt my cock stir in my pants. I had no idea whether Aunt Mary noticed, but I was feeling rather ill at ease with the situation again. My aunt just turned to me and smiled a sweet smile.

"You didn't think your old aunt would watch these kind of movies, did you?"

"No, not really," was all I could say.

"I bet you watch these movies all the time?" she smiled, that mischievous look reappearing on her face.

“Well, yes, every now and then,” I answered hesitantly.

“Then why shouldn’t I? Just because I’m old doesn’t mean I don’t have these kind of feelings anymore.”

“I, I suppose so,” I stammered, turning my eyes back to the television to avoid my aunt’s look. The woman on the screen was still busy giving the guy the blow job of a lifetime and the sight of this excited me even more. My cock was slowly growing, being about half erect by now.

“Does it turn you on, looking at a woman sucking dick?” my aunt suddenly asked. I was taken aback by her vocabulary, but at the same time starting to get extremely turned on by my aunt’s unexpected behaviour.

“Yes,” I replied, “it does turn me on.”

“Me too,” Aunt Mary said, “looking at it makes me yearn for the feeling of a hot throbbing prick in my mouth.” These words made me almost choke, but at the same time my cock jumped up in my pants. Hearing my sweet old aunt talk dirty made me horny as Hell.

“It’s been years since I last sucked a dick,” Aunt Mary continued, “my sex life over the past six years has been limited to watching these movies and masturbating.” She looked me in the eyes.

“And what about you? You told me you don’t have a girlfriend at the moment. Do you masturbate when you watch these movies?”

“Well, yes, sure I do,” I said timidly.

“So how does that work? You watch the movie, get hard, pull your dick out of your pants and start beating off?”

“Yes, yes, well, sort of,” I stuttered, wondering whether I should tell my aunt I felt rather uncomfortable discussing my masturbation routine with her.

She didn’t give me a chance to do that, however, but immediately responded with another question. “So what do you think about when you wank? You just watch the movie, or fantasize at the same time?”

“Well, it’s like, eh, I don’t know...I guess I fantasize the girl in the movie is blowing me, sort of. I never really given this much thought, you know.”

“I see,” my aunt smiled, “but are you turned on now? Does watching this movie make your dick hard?”

I could have lied, but the bulge in my pants had already answered Aunt Mary’s question, so I just nodded.

“Do you want to jerk off now?” she continued.

“Well, I, eh, I really don’t know . . .” I muttered.

“Come on, John, we’re both adults. I can see you’re aroused. Now do you want to jerk off?”

“Well, honestly, kind of, yes,” I replied.

“Then go ahead,” she smiled, “if you don’t mind me watching. I would love to watch you wank, it’s been ages since I’ve seen a stiff prick in real life and I’ve always loved watching guys beat off.”

That last comment nearly made me come right then and there. I had never imagined Aunt Mary to have such lustful thoughts. I let go of my embarrassment, unfastened my belt, pulled down my zipper and grabbed my rock-hard dick out of my pants. It stood up straight, with pre-cum already covering the glistening purple head and I saw my aunt looking at it as if it were the first dick she’d ever seen. After letting her get a good look at it for a moment, I grabbed hold of my pole, pulled the foreskin back and started to slowly stroke it while I watched the television screen, where the guy was now fucking the woman in the ass.

Aunt Mary watched me jerk off for a few minutes before she took hold of her glass of sherry, drained it in a single gulp and said, “Can I, would you, I mean do you mind me touching your dick?”

I stopped wanking and let go of my prick. I turned my head to face her and said, “If you let me see your tits first.”

She seemed surprised by what I said, but not in a negative way. “Come on,” she said, “why would you want to see my saggy old boobs?”

“They’re huge,” I replied, “way bigger than those of that woman in the movie and she doesn’t have particularly small ones. No matter their age, I just love huge boobs.”

She blushed a bit and said, in that tone of voice full of false modesty that women so often utilize, “Well, if you say so.”

She grabbed her pullover and pulled it over her head, partly exposing her mammoth breasts that were barely contained by an excessively large black bra. The cleavage she now sported was a sight that made my dick grow harder than I'd ever imagined possible. Aunt Mary looked at my twitching prick and smiled. "Well, I guess you were telling the truth."

She unhooked her bra, let it slip from her tits and threw it on the floor, thus giving me my first look at the incredible boobs that had fascinated me since my earliest childhood in their full naked glory. And glorious they were! They were a bit saggy indeed, but the sheer size of my aunt's breasts was unbelievable. Her areolae were larger than average woman's tits and her erect nipples were thicker than my thumbs. I just stared at these splendid mountains of flesh, mesmerized by their sheer beauty, for what may have been minutes until Aunt Mary spoke.

"Well, don't you want to touch them?"

Now that was something she didn't need to say twice. I threw myself onto her tits, licked them, buried my face between them, massaged those marvellous orbs of flesh with my hands and sucked on her massive rock-hard nipples. Moaning and groaning with pleasure my aunt enjoyed the attention I gave her amazing tits.

"Oh yeah," she grunted, "oh yeah! I haven't felt this much alive in ages!"

I could have kept on worshipping my aunt's breasts with my hands and mouth for hours, but after a while she gently pushed me away and smiled at me.

"Now you've seen my tits, it's time for me to touch your dick."

I sank back onto the couch and let Aunt Mary proceed. She first put a hand on my huge erection, then slowly started to stroke it. While she did that, she leaned her face towards mine and kissed me softly on my lips. "You like that?" she asked. I merely grunted in response. The feeling of her warm, experienced hand on my pole was wonderful.

She kept on stroking my massive member for a while until she bent her head over my crotch and put her lips around my dick-head. She carefully licked some pre-cum from my prick with her tongue before throwing herself at my genitals. She took almost my entire stiff prick in her mouth and started to suck on it exuberantly, while massaging my balls with her hands.

I had never imagined it, but apparently she'd had a lot of practice giving blow jobs in her long life since she was pleasing me orally in a way no woman my own age ever had. She sucked my cock in a

slobbering manner and at the same time pushed the tip of her tongue carefully in my piss slit, driving me wholly crazy. Her saliva was drooling all over my prick and she worked my dick-head with her lips and tongue in a way that was so awesome that it didn't take me too long to come.

My aunt felt I was close to an orgasm, but kept sucking my dick vigorously until I couldn't take anymore and unloaded a huge amount of semen in her mouth. She tried to swallow it all, but the sheer amount of sperm that was gushing from my balls was so great that she couldn't gobble it all up and surplus semen was dripping from the corners her mouth, which was an amazingly horny sight.

My aunt let my shrinking cock slide out of her mouth and looked at me. "You liked that, didn't you?" she smiled.

"Yes, it was wonderful," I managed to reply.

Aunt Mary wasn't done yet however and passionately began to lick my dick clean, not stopping until she had gobbled up the last drop of my semen.

"Now I suppose," she grinned naughtily, "you also want to put that big dick of yours between my tits?"

These words made my dick hard again almost instantly. The mere thought of putting me cock between my aunt's gigantic tits was more than enough to give me an incredible erection.

Aunt Mary lay down on the couch on her back and I straddled her, putting my stiff prick between those two awesome breasts. I began to ferociously move my dick back and forth while she pressed her gargantuan tits tightly against my dick.

Within moments her boobs were covered with my pre-cum and the feeling of my dick sliding to and fro between her moist boobs was simply incredible. Before long I was ready to start spraying again, but as soon as my aunt noticed this she tenderly pushed me away.

"Now," she said, "I want you to fuck me. It's been way too long since I've had a stiff prick in my cunt."

She pulled herself up and quickly disposed of her skirt and panties so that she was now completely naked. She lay on her back and spread her legs, giving me a nice view of her ripe, hairy cunt. I put myself on top of her and she put her arms around me, pressed my body against hers and effortlessly guided my hard prick into her mature pussy. Carefully I started to thrust.

I could scarcely believe I was actually fucking my 67-year-old aunt, but the sloshing sound of my dick pushing in and out of her cunt and the clashing of my balls against her cunt lips with every single

thrust, quickly convinced me of the fact that all this was real. I started to thrust faster and faster, causing Aunt Mary's enormous tits to violently swing back and forth. She loudly moaned with pleasure while I was fucking her like a madman.

I put my head between her massive breasts and kept increasing my pace until finally I couldn't take it anymore and exploded inside my aunt. Grunting I came, squirting my semen deep into her vagina. As soon as I had unloaded the last drops of sperm from my balls, I fell down on her, completely exhausted.

Aunt Mary put her arms around me and hugged me firmly, pressing her vast chest against me. She gave me a kiss and smiled at me while my recoiling dick was slowly slipping from her cunt.

"I bet," she laughed, "you didn't expect this when you agreed to visit your old aunt."

I couldn't help but laugh too. I most certainly hadn't expected this, but what a wonderful surprise it had been! We had sex several more times that night and the following Sunday before I had to drive home again and these days I visit my old Aunt Mary rather frequently, no matter how far she lives away from me.