

# Aunt Helen's Helpful Hand

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Published on Lush Stories on 17 Jan 2012

*A mother enlists her sister's help with a sensitive problem between her young son and daughter*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/aunt-helens-helpful-hand.aspx>

I grew up with two sisters. The older sister was beautiful with a body that looked like the famous actress of yesteryear, Elizabeth Taylor. I remember when she was preparing for her senior class prom I looked through a keyhole while she was in the bath tub. I saw large, beautifully formed breasts. She heard me outside the door and yelled so I had to sneak back to my room. I did appreciate that she never called out to our folks. She was a prude then but later in her young adult life she found she could not say "no" to any man so she eventually became a religious fundamentalist.

But it was with my younger sister, Ann, with whom I shared youthful pleasure. She was a nice appearing brunette of average height and weight. She and I had personalities that gelled. When she turned 16 and I was a month shy of 17 we started our "doctor exams" and "fashion shows." These took place in my bedroom in the evenings. Her usual complaints were of soreness on her chest and on her thighs. Mine were mostly between my thighs and bottom. In the fashion shows we took turns modeling with towels and clothing items - my favorite was nylon panty hose.

Ann and I enjoyed our play for several months until our mother became suspicious. For major issues our mother, Florence, consulted with her sister, my Aunt Helen. At the time, Aunt Helen was a middle-aged maiden lady who was about 5'4" at 145 lbs. She was a brunette wearing her hair normally in a bun in the back. Her skin was dark due to natural pigmentation plus she spent a lot of time sun bathing.

My aunt seemed to downplay her attractiveness with black horn-rimmed glasses and simple white blouses she buttoned to the top of her neck. However, if she was trying to downplay her beauty and full bust I think it may have backfired - in that her beauty and breasts were just accentuated. Although she was top heavy, her hips were average and her waist was thin - at least compared to the rest of her. She often wore hose that had a dark brown or black seam. Her demeanor was prim and proper but she had a non-public earthy side which I discovered and learned to appreciate. She had a degree in primary education from what is now called the University of Northern Iowa, one of the nationally noted schools in the field of education.

This story comes from a recollection of my time with her in the 1960s and early 1970s plus a recent interview I had with her when we reminisced. The major part of the interview is published at the end of this story.

Mom is nervous in her phone call to her sister: "Helen, I am embarrassed to say this but I am afraid my Davy and Ann may be playing around."

Aunt Helen, "Playing around where?"

"Ah, with each other."

"Oh. Now I see why you sound a little anxious, Flo. But you called the right person. I believe you know that I have dealt with this issue with several families including two of the women who are in my card club. I expect you want to tell me Davy and Ann are spending time in Davy's room with the door shut?"

"Yes. Exactly ever since she had her 16th birthday and got her learner's permit to drive our car Ann has spent every evening in Davy's room with door shut. I don't know if it is because she thinks she has new freedom now or what. When I hear noise coming from the room I go upstairs to investigate but all of a sudden it becomes quiet. Of course I don't dare to go in."

"I understand. You have a legitimate concern. If you want me to take care of the problem, just say so."

"Do you think you could help, Helen? We would greatly appreciate it. You know my husband does not like to take on any responsibility with kids. And, I am too embarrassed about it - let alone know how to deal with it."

"Well, Flo, I am willing to get a practical program in place to solve this problem. You have to answer only two questions and if they are both 'yes' you can stop worrying. First, I assume your fear is that Davy will impregnate Ann? We have to be candid here, Flo."

"Ah. Yes."

"And, second, are you willing to turn the problem over to me and let me solve it with some very practical work with them both? Also my work will be completely confidential. I will tell no one about it and that includes you - their parents. Of course, I would only report something if one or the other did not comply."

“Yes. Is that all?”

“That’s it, Sis.”

“Well, I have to say ‘yes’ and ‘thank you’.”

“You can start to relax, Flo. When could you drop them off here – is Saturday okay?”

“That works. I have to go shopping at the mall so I’ll drop them off on the way. How much time do you need?”

“It will be a full afternoon. If you are here by 1 then we should be done by 4:30. The first thing I will do is to evaluate the degree of the problem. The second step will be to provide some training. Usually the one session will do it. However, sometimes the young man, in this case - your Davy-, will require some follow up. I don’t think you will need to worry about becoming a grandmother just yet.”

“Thank God! Will do, Helen. And, we thank you so much for your time and expertise. Can we pay you something at least?”

“Flo, I don’t charge friends so I would certainly not charge family. Since I don’t have my own family this is the way I get to experience young people. It is a special intimate setting and bonding does take place. That is its own reward for me - especially with family. There is a necessary sexual component since that is the nature of the subject. Besides, as I said, although the training is done in one session there can be a maintenance phase which I always enjoy. Oh, and to keep Davy and Ann from asking questions have them bring swim suits and a change of underwear. They may think we are going to the beach.”

“Will do and thanks again, Helen. See you at 1 on Saturday. Again, we really do appreciate this.”

*Saturday 1 in the afternoon at Aunt Helen’s*

This is the month of June. Our maiden aunt has an older small red brick home with an open brick porch. There are lilac bushes on the sides of the porch. The exterior of the home is neatly kept.

As soon as Ann and I are through the door, Aunt Helen gives us a perfunctory greeting and sets our swim suits aside on the couch. She takes her time folding my jock strap. She is wearing her usual style of clothes - a pleated, tight, brown, two-piece suit with a white ruffled blouse. Her brunette hair is in a tight bun which is normal for her. She has darkened eye brows with extended curled eye lashes. However, unusually for her, is she is wearing fire-engine red lipstick and matching finger nail polish.

She is wearing what I now know are called stiletto-type heels. She immediately leads us to her master bedroom. Both Ann and I realize that she is serious when she sits us down in chairs while she moves to the bed.

“So my dear niece and nephew, is there anything we should discuss this afternoon? Davy and Ann, did your mother say why she dropped you off today?”

I answer, “No she said she had to go shopping and that you will probably want us to take us swimming so that is why we brought our suits and a change of underwear. We haven’t been over to see you for quite a while so we thought that might also be a reason to visit.”

“Okay. I just wanted to see where to start. I have an important question for you both and I need an honest answer. But before you answer I want to lay some groundwork. Young men and women - especially young men your age, Davy, have a lot of testosterone hormone. It is natural and healthy. This is the way nature operates in the animal world to keep life going. It is a very powerful urge with young men your age.”

“Now you two are going to have an afternoon devoted to what I call my ‘prevention training.’ First, you should know, whatever you tell or you show me will not be going back to your parents. Only if you aren’t honest or don’t cooperate then that is what I must report. There is really nothing you say or do that can shock or embarrass me because I have seen a lot and helped several other families. Is that clear? Do you accept the help I am offering? ”

“Sure, whatever. Yes, Aunt Helen, we certainly want to cooperate - don’t we Davy? - with whatever it is, anyway.”

Ann looks at me with a blank face and I nod my head but we have no inkling as to what Aunt Helen is getting at.

“Okay. I knew you would. Then I want you to demonstrate for me what happens at night in Davy’s bedroom. Be honest and you have nothing to worry about.”

“Whoa!” I think. Ann and I look back at each other and at the same time each of us tries to catch some air.

“Show you?” Ann asks

Aunt Helen, “Yes. Now, please.”

Ann looks at me again and then back to Aunt Helen, "Are you sure? Aunt Helen, Couldn't we just tell you?"

"Kids, I must have a clear picture!"

Ann pauses and then starts unbuttoning her blouse. I begin to pull off my T-shirt. Ann removes her blouse, then a white bra and the perky teacup- size breasts which I have been playing with the last several months pop out. They are tipped with large puffy pink nipples centered in light tan areoles. I remove my T-shirt with my club soccer logo on it. There are just a few long brown hairs on my chest.

Ann then removes what we then called Bermuda shorts. Next off are her panties. Her slit is clearly visible through the light blonde - brown pussy hair. As I remove my belt my khaki shorts drop to the floor. Then my hands yank my briefs down and I step out of them exhibiting a limp 6" circumcised cock. I see my aunt staring at the area between my legs. Standing there stark naked, Ann and I are totally embarrassed not just because our sexual organs are exposed but also because our evening play activities have been found out.

"Davy, Davy, Davy! For a 17 year-old, Davy, you are well hung. You don't know how lucky you are! That means your penis is larger than average for your age. It's bigger than most of the boys I see and you are still growing! By the way, if there is any terminology I use that you don't understand please stop me. I want to be crystal clear."

This the first time I am aware that my large penis is an asset instead of an abnormality. I am always embarrassed when I have to change into swimming trunks in the boy's locker room at the municipal swimming pool and at the school sport's locker room.

"Ann, my favorite niece, I am not leaving you out here. Those puffy nipples indicate that even though you are 16 you are still 16 and are going to have a pair of nice sized tits eventually. You will be popular with the young men. I can attest to that by how my own breasts developed and attracted the boys." Aunt Helen stuck out her chest in saying this when she did not need too because they looked like her blouse could barely contain her tits anyway.

Our mouths were open hearing our aunt say "tits." This is not the aunt we thought we knew.

"Davy and Ann, as I said, you will hear some frank terminology with my practical preventive training. This is serious training but it also very pleasant. Okay, again now together please demonstrate some of your activities. Were you playing doctor?"

Ann looks down and softly says, "Yes, Aunt Helen, and fashion show."

“Let’s see the fashion show because I am tired of seeing doctor games.”

Ann nervously glances at me and then at Aunt Helen. “Okay. We need a towel and do you have some panty hose and high heels?”

As Aunt Helen heads for the closet in the hallway and says, “Hold it for a moment. Ill be right back.” She returns with the props - a medium sized, white, fluffy towel, black, a pair of shiny black stiletto high heels, and some worn panty hose.

Ann asks, “Do we really need to do this, Aunt Helen, can’t we just describe it? Okay then, do you have a pair of scissors?” When the scissors are brought in Ann cuts the nude-colored nylon panty hose in two. Now they are extra sheer.

“Ann, good, you are doing fine. Now please demonstrate your play. This will allow me to customize a program for you. I can assure you both that there will be nothing about this program that will be unpleasant and you won’t be getting used to, but we need to cooperate. Let’s start with the fashion show now, please.”

Ann goes into the bathroom and in a few minutes returns in the high heels wearing the towel over her shoulders. The fluffy towel stops just below her nipples. Below, she sports a sheer bikini made out of the panty hose which covers the triangle between her legs but none of her bottom. Her walk is exaggerated because she is balancing on the stiletto heels.

“Okay, Aunt Helen, this is how I model. “ Ann has an expressionless look.

She then saunters across the room in front of us. After her third pass she drops the towel to show her breasts with the pink puffy nipples. She makes a sharp 180 degree turn and starts to swing her hips more. A smile begins to appear and she becomes steadier in the high heels. She seems more confident in displaying her body. I really love my sister - she is so cool. I want to go over and kiss her.

Aunt Helen has a wide smile now that we are both immersed into her world, “Thank you, Ann. Davy, now your turn, please.”

Ann kicks off the heels, gives me the towel and panty hose and takes a seat in a chair. She is beautiful in her nakedness. I then go to the bathroom and soon return with the towel over my shoulder and the rolled up panty hose around my front. The sheer hose flattens my hardened member to my belly. The nylon is so thin that the large arteries and veins can be seen. I take a deep breath then go

into a strong man pose dropping to a knee and then flexing a bicep of one arm in front of the women. When I am on a knee the panty hose cannot take the stretching and I feel my cock springing out of the cloth. I ignore it and then rise and drop to the floor again this time flexing my other bicep as my cock flops around. I have solid biceps and thighs from the conditioning that goes with playing soccer and working with weights at school.

Aunt Helen smiles, "A fashion show indeed! Davy come over here and let me see that." I take a couple steps towards her. "Very creative." She puts the palm of her hand, then her fingers on my penis and with her other hand folds it back into the panty hose. She does not remove her hand. My penis stiffens even more.

"Oh my God," My cock can no longer hold back it starts to pump semen into the panty hose.

Her gaze does not leave my face as she presses my cock a little tighter to my waist. She must feel the pulsating. "Jesus!" I want to shout but I only groan.

"Wait a minute." She keeps her hand in place but with her other hand she reaches and then tosses a pillow to the floor. Next she slowly squeezes some more semen out and then finally releases my penis. She pushes the comforter and then the blanket off the bed leaving the white sheets. A streak of the pre-cum and semen is seen on the panty hose.

"You kids are doing great. To make us all more comfortable I will join you to stimulate the activity."

With that she smiles with her thick red lips (this was before silicone injections), turns away, and then slowly unbuttons her blouse. Ann nods her head which I understand she wants me unsnap Aunt Helen's lacy black bra. Her 38 DD tits pop out since they were barely contained in it. She turns around to display her smooth mammarys. The aureoles are dark brown with black spots and her nipples are taut.

She cups her own tits as she stares at Ann. "Yes, Ann, you seem to be going in this direction with those puffy nipples you have at your early age." I hope the afternoon will never end.

She then unzips and removes her skirt. After neatly folding it she lays it on a chair. Ann and I see silk panties covering a large mound that has no escaping hairs. She slowly removed her panties and leaves them on the floor. Exposed is a lightly haired pussy with a slit easily seen. We discover that it is not a hairy bush that accounted for the mound but just a protruding cunt. I stop staring when I realize she is smiling at my fixation on this space between her thighs.

"Now please drop the props and get on the bed - both of you."

I remove the panty hose piece and toss aside the towel. My young throbbing penis is pointing to the ceiling. Ann leaves the props on the floor and climbs into the bed. Then Aunt Helen puts her hand on my erection. It jumps. I feel so vulnerable but I am also so aroused. I am so thankful it has been two days since I last masturbated.

“Now please show me everywhere this has been?”

I see the red nails of her fingers ring the base of my now shiny rod. She then slides her fingers up and releases it again. With her other hand she pulls Ann’s leg so she comes towards the front of the bed, so that her legs dangle over the edge. With Aunt Helen’s fingers on my penis and the sight of my sister’s pussy, my balls are ready to explode. My aunt then drops my cock and spreads Ann’s legs even wider. She then directs me to bend my knees so that I can position my oily organ towards my sister’s cunt.

With her right hand, Aunt Helen reaches for me and grips my cock again. And with her other hand she directs me down further so I bend more on my knees. Her red-nailed fingers then spread Ann’s labia. “Now closer, Davy.”

My penis is positioned at my sis’s slit, I wonder, “Jesus, how much more of this can my cock take?”

Aunt Helen moves her hand to just above Ann’s pussy. “Now, Davy, how deep has this penis entered here? Please be honest with me I need to know.”

I then demonstrate guiding my penis in but only penetrate a couple of inches.

Aunt Helen asks, “Is this where we stop?” I try to balance myself over Ann now with a hand on each side of the bed near her shoulders. “Or, maybe just a little farther?”

Ann’s hands are lifting her front a little to assist me and her eyes are focused on my arrow. I can look under my chest and see her clitoral hood and the few hairs coming out of the raised pores of her pussy.

As I push in, Aunt Helen’s almost shouts, “Stop! No further! I don’t want to explain a baby to your folks.”

I am wondering if I am dreaming. Just three hours ago I was juggling a soccer ball in our back yard.

“That’s it, Aunt Helen. This is as far as we went.” I look at myself to see if I am shaking being so

erotically charged and nervous. I am surprised that my arms are not shaking.

“Well, I appreciate your candidness and honesty kids. Davy we can’t leave you with this erection. I know the physiology of boys and so will not leave you in pain.”

She gets up and walks over to the bathroom so I get a side view of her full sagging tits and my prick still has enough life to make a couple of jumps. She returns with two white towels - a large bath one and a hand towel plus some Johnson’s baby oil which she warms between her palms. She drops to her knees onto the carpet and then applies the warm oil to my penis. She smiles as she starts at the bottom of the shaft and then rubs it up and down. With her other hand she cups my balls.

“Oh, Jesus!” I grunt. I am spurting within a minute. It’s weird but I have two competing thoughts that I am in heaven but also I will never have a peak experience like this again.

Aunt Helen stands and then wipes her hands on a hand towel then. “Davy you can sit with Ann on the bed. I told you the training I offer is very practical and it does not hurt. Indeed, it will be fun. Did this hurt today?”

Ann and I shake our heads that it didn’t.

“I did not think so. However there is one part for you Ann that will give you some pain - that is, if your hymen is still intact. Your hymen is like a seal on a bottle of milk or a jar it keeps things out of your vagina until you are ready to use it. Now I have to see if it is there or not. If it is intact I am going to pierce it with this little plastic tool. (She opens a drawer in the night stand by the bed.) It will hurt for short while and there will also be some resulting blood on this towel. Don’t worry - this is all natural and it was just a matter of time before this would happen. It is good we can do it in a supportive family environment. This must be done before we take our next step.”

Aunt Helen has taken the transparent plastic tool out of the drawer. She motions to Ann to move toward the white bath towel she had spread on the bed. Ann climbs on top of the towel. She sits upright and supports herself with her hands on the sheets with her fingers pointing back to the wall. Aunt Helen grabs Ann’s creamy white legs and pulls her closer to the edge of the bed. She then separates the legs exhibiting my sister’s pussy and lightly pushes Ann so she lies on her back. Aunt Helen separates the labia with the fingers on her left hand and with her right slowly inserts her plastic tool into Ann’s vagina. She stops probing when she meets an obstacle. I find this fascinating. I move next to my sister to see clearer.

“Oh, it is intact. This confirms what you were saying, Ann, no male has had his penis all the way in. Before we get started on the next stage would you like a break – I made some lemonade? We have

all the time we need."

"I'm ready, Aunt Helen." Ann grabs my arm.

"Okay, then we'll have some after we get this done. Now Ann this will hurt but I will be quick. Ann, you can grab the edge of the towel too if you want."

Aunt Helen inserts the tool then does a quick poke and Ann cries "Owwww!" I wince and feel sorry for my sister. I move to her and help hold her head up. "Owwwwwww!"

My aunt comforts the young virgin, "It's is all over. Good girl. There should be no more pain. Let's have some lemonade until you feel better. I'll take the towel away in a minute. Ann, don't move for a while. Davy, get the pitcher of lemonade from refrigerator."

Before following the instructions I get Ann some tissues for her tears.

After we savor the lemonade, Aunt Helen goes to the bathroom and returns giving me a nice frontal view with her rolling breasts. My prick stirs. She is carrying a bar of soap and a damp white washcloth. She applies some soap to the cloth and cleans the inside of Ann's thighs and then the inside of her pelvis. She inserts the washcloth into Sis' cervix and removes some mucus and a little blood.

She removes the towel from under Ann and takes it and the washcloth to the bathroom. Seeing the exaggerated swing my aunt's ass it is only now years later that I realize it was for my benefit. Even though I did not know then that men do such things to women, it was my instinct to impale her anus with my organ but, of course, I withheld.

She returned carrying paper and pencils. "Now, I want to find out if you each know how a woman gets pregnant. Please write out the process."

After a minute she says, "Here is some more lemonade. Ann, are you feeling better?" We all sip from our glasses and return them to the bed stand. I note the smudge of red lipstick kiss that came off on Aunt Helen's glass.

"Now let's see what you both wrote."

Aunt Helen reads: "The male puts his penis in the female's vagina and if it is the right time of the month she gets pregnant."

“Excellent, Ann. Now let’s see what you wrote, Davy.”

Aunt Helen reads: “The man fucks the woman’s hole and nine months later a baby comes out.”

“Good enough, Davy, and I am not concerned about your language at this stage. However, just because a woman is fucked that does not mean she will become pregnant. Yet that is exactly what you should plan for every time you screw; that is, if you don’t use a condom the female will become pregnant. But I am getting a little ahead of myself here, kids.”

“Now we are going to see two videos of about ten minutes each.”

We watch the first one which shows a young thin white male with an extended seven inch uncircumcised penis having intercourse with a supine corpulent older white woman who has huge tits that are fallen to the side. What really makes her extra attractive is that it is obvious she is enjoying the activity in the missionary position. Ann and I have never seen a movie like this.

Aunt Helen hits the pause button and offers commentary. “Notice how the man’s hips go back and forth. This is where most young men have issues when starting out. You must thrust in and pull out, Davy. Move those hips! Now, Ann you can help to by moving with the young man. In other words don’t just lie there. ....Now back to the movie, here you can see the cum or the proper word is ‘semen.’ He will deposit some on her stomach so you can see it – it is the same as Davy’s. There are thousands of sperm in each drop of semen and it only takes one of those little devils to get the woman pregnant. There it is!”

I knew some of this but I do find a lot of new information though it is difficult to concentrate. I look at my sister with her perky tits and she seems attentive. My oiled penis has gone somewhat slack and is sore after so much fondling by my aunt.

Aunt Helen changes the videos. In this one there is another couple fucking in bed. It’s a black man who looks like a big football lineman on top and he is pounding the mound of what must be a small thin young white woman. We can only see the woman’s legs with her knees up and the side of her face. He finally pulls his organ out of the woman and there is still some semen dripping from it. What a tool he has - thick, long, shiny, wet and still hard! I look at Ann and I see even she is wide-eyed.

The fucked white woman gets up and walks to the bathroom. The voice-over says she is now pregnant. This seems to be an educational film. The next scene says it is one month later and it is the nude woman at the end of another bout of intercourse with the same man. She gets up and walks to the bathroom. The voice indicates she is now in her second month. However, I can see no difference in the comparison of her belly between her second and first month. What is noticeable is that her

clitoris is a long tube.

Then the next scene is the same where the black man withdraws his organ and once again she gets out of the bed and walks to the bathroom. The documentary states the woman is in her third month. Now we can see some change in her belly plus her mammaries seem a little fuller or larger.

In the fourth month, she is fucked again by the same muscular black man. When the man gets off her Aunt Helen points, "Look here, kids, see this line. This is called the '*linea nigre*' or black line. (It runs from her belly button to her cunt.) We can also see some new dark brown spots on her aureoles.

The video continues showing her progress of each month. The only change is in her seventh month she has a new male – a young man of 16 or older on top of her who pulls out. He has a rod that can match the size of the black man. No wonder they have him in the movie. There are beads of sweat rolling off her mammaries into paths draining onto the sheet. It is amazing that this young thin woman has developed such a huge belly and full tits which are now hanging.

Now each month the woman is fucked it is by different men. We continue to admire her development as she walks to the bathroom. In the ninth month she is back with the young stud and she can barely get her body out of bed and waddle to the bathroom. The commentator just continues in his formal voice and says nothing about her exuding sexuality with her huge tits with their darkened aureoles, protruding nipples, watermelon size belly, and now a hairy bulging pussy.

I am no longer so embarrassed with my aunt and sister in the room even though each month the woman's belly and tits grow my cock seems to get stiffer and a little longer. It is pointing to the ceiling and stretched so tight that my ball sack is drooping way below my spread legs. My aunt notices and seems pleased. Ann notices too but tries to ignore it. I find that I am beginning to feel proud of all my body for a change.

My aunt turns off the VCR machine. "So Ann and Davy: this is what happens when a couple fucks, including a brother and sister, who do not use a prophylactic. We don't want that, do we?" Aunt Helen opens a drawer and pulls out a small plastic envelope.

"This is a prophylactic. They are also called 'rubbers' or 'safeties.' It is truly a marvel of modern science. Of course they have been around for a long time but today we have all kinds - latex, lamb skin and other materials. They are better made than they used to be so you can have sex with confidence."

"I do have to have to cover an area here, kids, that some are uncomfortable with. In society, brother and sister screwing has been frowned upon with the exception of some royalty and therefore it is in

the taboo category. The concern was that the resulting baby could have problems because of a narrow gene exchange. Today they think the problem has been somewhat exaggerated but it is hard to find statistics. Cousins coupling has had a long history and the statistics are about 4% have some genetic issues. However, that should be tempered with the fact there can be genetic issues with even non-family couplings. But to be on the safe side brothers and sisters should not have babies together. And that is why my preventive training is so important."

"Now Ann, please take the rubber out of the packet." Ann has some initial difficulty getting it out but is eventually successful.

"Now, Davy please move over and get by me here on the bed." Aunt Helen smiles as she looks into my eyes. Her hand with those long red painted finger nails move down and finds my circumcised penis. The already turgid tool becomes rock hard now.

"God, I'd like to suck that thing between your legs young man! But we have a time limit this afternoon. Besides oral sex is in my advanced course which we can discuss later." My sister gulps at my aunt's statements. I can barely believe it either but I am getting inured to what continues to unfold before us in this session with our aunt.

"Okay that is just about right - it is stiff enough for the safety. Now Ann, unroll the rubber this way. Watch how I fit mine on a banana. Davy, please hold on to the bottom of the banana for me please. There, while I do this you try yours on your brother....Good, very good, Ann, excellent."

"Now no sperm can get into your vagina, Ann. These rubbers protect you from parenthood and disease. My instruction will not cover disease today because the training has to have some time limits. The only thing you will need to remember is if you use condoms you won't have to worry about diseases either."

"Now you saw the first movie on how to have intercourse. Intercourse is the more socially accepted word for 'fucking.' However, words like 'fuck' and 'cunt' are ancient, from the Romans and completely bona fide words. Next, I need to have you two engage in intercourse so you are comfortable with the condom. Besides, it is just a matter of time before you would have been fucking without one of these. This is where we have an opportunity to make your parents happy. Right? (We nod.) Of course."

"Okay. Now I will remove the towel. Ann, you get on your back and we will do the missionary position – the same one you saw in the video. This is called missionary because it was a technique the Christian missionaries brought to the natives in Africa and in the Pacific. The natives had been fucking in doggie fashion, that is, man from 'behind the woman.'

“Davy, you are hard enough to first put the head of your penis into her slit. Best to rub it along the lips or what are called ‘labia.’ You need to ‘grease the skids so to speak.’ Good. Lovely. Both of you are doing fine. Davy, now slide it in and Ann lift up your butt a little. Nice, Ann.”

“Davy, now bring your pelvis back. Good. Now thrust forward. Excellent. Now a little faster. Get into a rhythm... That’s the way.” Both Ann and I show some strain on our faces from the activity plus not wanting to disappoint our aunt. In and out my cock goes - in and out.

“Ahhhhhhh!” I find myself unable to hold it in. “Ahhhhhh! I am cumming.” My penis starts to spurt its milky fluid into the tip of the prophylactic which I think must be hitting the back of her cervix.

“Ahhhhhh! Ahhh!” Ann and I continue the rhythm. The pumping of my penis is expelling the semen into the safety. “Ahhhhhhhh! My God!” Finally my sister and I are one! There can be no greater closeness and ecstasy when the brother and sister who love one another physically couple.

We rest for a few minutes on the bed Ann on her back and me on my stomach on her side.

“Excellent, you two! After a little discomfort shown by you Ann I can see that you both seem to have had fun learning how to use the prophylactic. So when are you going to use these things guys?” She holds up the rubber sleeve which sags from a glob of semen in the tip.

“Whenever we fuck each other,” I say.

“Noooooooooooo! Whenever you fuck - anybody!”

“I understand, of course, Aunt Helen, every time we fuck anyone.” I corrected my response.

Aunt Helen, “Got that Ann?”

“Yes. Aunt Helen. Anytime we fuck someone we will use one of these. We got it.” Ann smiles.

“Good. Have some lemonade while you wait for your mother to get here. Remember that I will never say anything about this afternoon. Sex is fun and natural. It is a biological function. You pee every day, you defecate every day or two and you should fuck every three or four days - at your age maybe even daily. It all depends on your age, body along with you and your partner’s interest.”

“Mother Nature has in place a very strong sex drive in mammals, which of course, includes us humans. Regular sex in the organic world of plants and animals must take place or life no longer exists. We are doing what nature intends for us. It did not take Darwin to figure that out. If your partner is not aware and does not agree then move on and find someone else. Life is too short not to

live it to the fullest.”

“Society depends on it but it has some rules that must be considered. However, those natural laws can be tempered with thanks to modern science. Progress in science has included prophylactics and this new birth control pill women are now using. But still the prophylactic is the instrument of choice. So in my practical prevention program the priorities are these 1) accept nature’s intent by having sex often, 2) having sex with a partner is mentally healthier than by oneself, (i.e. solo masturbation). Sex with someone is the best way to get to know someone intimately. Having a cock in a cunt reveals personalities to both parties quicker than any other method. 3) sex with others outside of family is preferred. 4) sex with siblings has the benefit of availability due to proximity but depends on family values, and 5) because of some irrational society rules one must maintain ‘confidentiality on family relations.’”

“Sex with step-parents is fine if the person is from 16 onwards and both parties agree plus there should be permission of the natural parent. I am not for sex between natural parents and children until age 18 and then, of course, only with consenting adults. Many of my friends who are mothers think I am too conservative on this point but that is my opinion.”

“The primary rule of my program is to just be sure to use a safety until you want a baby. Your parents should be satisfied that in this afternoon’s training we learned how to take precautions and still enjoy life. Now both of you get into the shower and help each other get cleaned up. Then get dressed. Your mother will be here soon.”

I am surprised that I am still hard in the shower with Ann. She is smiling and seems to have enjoyed the lesson but also has some relief that the intense afternoon session was over. She smiles at me and then with some soap reaches for my dick and washes it.

“Can’t wait to get back to your room, Davy,” she flattens her mound on my penis.”

I wish we could marry our sisters.

Aunt Helen sticks her head into the shower, “Your mom just drove in. Get out of the shower and get dressed kids!”

We step out of the shower and I could see Aunt Helen watching my penis flopping as we dashed to the master bedroom to start dressing. When does she get enough?

As we dress, Aunt Helen gives me some last second instructions. “One more thing, Davy, you need to come over every month for a supply of condoms. Don’t worry about paying for them because I will

exchange them for your doing some house chores for me. Are you okay with mowing the lawn or cleaning the gutters some time? (I nod.) I can show you some advanced activities that will enhance your performance with Ann and other young women. ”

Aunt Helen lets Mom in and we hear her say, “Davy and Ann were very cooperative students. I think you can relax about any concerns now, Flo. As I said Davy could benefit from a little follow up.” Mom nods her head in an assent.

Mom turns to us and says, “How did it go?” Together we say, “Great!” And I add, “We learned a lot.”

Mother seems so relieved. I note Aunt Helen winking to mom. All of us were pleased with the afternoon’s lesson.

Sis and I were also relieved that we survived that stressful but extremely erotic afternoon experience and most importantly - we benefited from the educational experience. We recognized we were fortunate having someone like Aunt Helen to assist.

*One month later.*

One would think Sis’ and my fun with each other would greatly increase since we no longer had to be concerned about pregnancy or about Mom and Dad’s interrupting us. However, our activity went in the opposite direction - instead of her being in my bedroom about every night it she was there only about two or three times a week. This was because it was not long before I was visiting my Aunt Helen twice a week to help with her “chores.” Ann was disappointed with the decreased frequency but was consoled with our being able to “to go all the way” without interruption.

A month later Mom received a call from Aunt Helen. I overheard the conversation.

“Hello Flo. How are you doing with Davy and Ann?... That is good to hear. Could you send Davy over here Saturday? I do have some chores I could use some help with plus we need to do some follow up to our earlier work together. You do remember?... I knew you would.”

When I arrived at Aunt Helen’s on Saturday she immediately took me to the master bedroom and quizzed me on Ann’s and my progress. I explained that we used condoms each time we had sex which was about every day. We both enjoyed the closer intimacy greatly.

“Well Davy I am glad to hear that. But my question for you is why you did not stop over this past month for your prophylactics?”

“Aunt Helen, I was thinking you might wonder about that. Well, recently my cousin Lonnie told me he was fucking Tanya, our cousin. I did not want to feel left out so I told him I was thinking about playing with Ann. He told me I could get in trouble if I did that since she was my sis. I didn’t say anything further but I stopped fucking Ann even with the condom. Annie was not very happy about it but I did not want to get into trouble.”

“Davy, I can understand your fear. However, if you use the safety Ann will not get pregnant. Your big mistake though is telling your cousin anything. Everything must be discreet which means you can’t tell anyone about the two of you even if you are using rubbers. Also, of course, my instruction has to be confidential too. I will say your Cousin Lonnie is playing with fire because I offered my prevention training to his mother and she passed. Twins run on both side of those families so it is very ‘chancy indeed for them.’”

“Davy, I expect going without release, that is - shooting your cum, has been hard for you, hasn’t it? Young men your age have a very unpleasant time with bottled up semen. It must go somewhere. Wet dreams are so fleeting and jerking off on your own gets boring. It is much more social to fuck or masturbate with a partner of the other sex although I have no problem with same sex activity. Davy, when did you fuck your sister, masturbate, or have a wet dream last?”

“Yesterday I jerked – I mean masturbated. Ann and I were fucking about every night until I decided to stop.”

“Well, would you like me to help you with that? There will be no penetration though I just want to take away the discomfort. Also, there is no charge but I would like you to come over here every week to assist with a chore or two and more often if you desire. Of course you will be paid for any yard work. I have to admit that when I see a young man working outside with sweat on his face and some dirt on his shirt I can’t control myself. Have you read Lady Chatterley’s Lover yet? She had a gamekeeper. No? Then you will want to. Your body makes me think of the gamekeeper. Your abs are fabulous by the way.”

“Okay. Thanks, Aunt Helen. I work out.” Whatever she says I am glad to go with. She has a wonderful body and I hope to see more of it again. I have not had any sexual experiences besides Ann so this looks wonderful way to get to get to know more intimately my wonderful succulent Aunt Helen. This could even be better than the time I have with my sister Annie.

“Now, Davy, please get on the edge of the bed while I get a newspaper and go to the bath room.”

I wait with great anticipation for about five minutes. I hear what sounds like newspaper rustling and then some water pouring into the sink of the master bathroom.

The bathroom door opens and into the bedroom walks Aunt Helen bare-ass naked. She sports a smile and has in her grip, with the red finger nails, a bottle of some baby oil. She swings her hips which enhances the bouncing of her tits. They are unbelievably beautiful - large, full with inch long nipples. I have never forgotten what they look like – they were seared into my memory. Her tits have no support yet hang only a little which is something for her middle age and the size. She looks better than any of my Dad's *Playboy* bunny centerfolds I found in his hidden stash. Aunt Helen has a small dark brown shiny bush between her legs and with no hair on her thighs.

As I sit on the edge of the bed, she spreads out the newspaper on the carpet just below me. She then puts her bare bottom next to me. I focus on her pussy. She separates my legs. She takes some Johnson's baby oil and rubs it between her palms. She grasps my penis with one hand and my balls with the other hand. My cock starts to throb as she begins her strokes.

All the time she continues to look into my eyes and talks softly to me. "How has the soccer been going Davy?"

"F.. f.. fine, Aunt Helen."

"Davy, this should help you concentrate on your everyday activities such as school work and home chores. So often young men have tension because they can only think about sex all day long if they don't have release."

She continues in her soft voice as she strokes my member up and down- up and down. "Remember, Davy, you don't need to report our activities to your folks. They know what you need but they are conservative Methodists and so they are uncomfortable in the sex area." (I am glad in my adult years I moved on to a more liberal denomination that gives greater value to nature, community and reason.)

"Oh. Your beautiful dick is getting stiffer and warmer, Davy. That means blood from your body is flowing into your penis. This must feel good. I can tell from your eyes as well as your cock." She leans over to exhibit her beautiful smooth hanging breasts. She then takes her other hand and grasps my balls. I feel the pressure as squeezes them while gradually increasing the force.

"Oh! Aunt Helen, here it cums. Jesus! Ahhhhhhhhhh! Jesus!" My cock is rock hard and my balls are ready to explode. The semen begins to spurt. With the toes on her right leg on the newspaper she pushes the paper out further from the bed since the semen is landing beyond the paper. "Ohhh." It feels so nice. "Ahhh." The paper catches most of the semen except for a small amount goes off to the side onto the carpet.

I watch my aunt's wide eyes follow the streaking semen.

Finally, I lay back on the bed exhausted.

My dear aunt reclines on the sheets and cuddles next to me. I think that she has given me so much pleasure I should reciprocate. After a few minutes I roll to my side and grab her smooth full left breast. She responds by once again tightening her grasp of my testicles. I direct my fingers to pinch a rosy nipple. "Ohhhhhh," she moans and turns into me for more. As she tightens her grip on my jewels I pinch her other nipple. With the fingers and her palm of one hand she thrusts her mound into my balls.

She removes her hand, slides down and swallows my cock. No one is around to hear the sucking. I see her tongue darting out like a snake to catch some cum that escaped and is sliding off the corner of her mouth. The sensation is new for me with my cock and are balls are throbbing – yet they seem like they are no longer part of my body.

I then respond by sucking her taut nipple and my lips pull in as much of the aureole as I can. My mouth then jumps from tit to tit, suck, tease and nip. She arches her back and quietly moans. "Ahhhhh- mmmmmm." I smell her cunt scent laced with just a little scent of perfume. I have no idea what her perfume is but it compliments her pussy's natural musky scent.

She sits up, turns as she then falls to the bed and lands on her back. She appears to be exhausted. For a fleeting second depression catches me as I realize that life can never get better than this moment. She leaves her hand resting on top of my half spent penis.

We don't say anything for several minutes. Finally, she kisses the glans of my penis; her tits pleasantly flop as she jumps up to say, "Davy, you can take a shower. Next time you come please bring a few changes of underwear for future sessions. We should have fun and get to know each other even better!"

When I come out of the shower I see her sitting in a chair with her legs apart and note she is looking at my worn out but tingling hanging member.

As she stares, the silent message I get is, "That is mine!" She hurries to me, and gets on her knees, puts her hands on my hips and sucks out what semen was left. I thought I was drained but she finds the last few drops of the elixir. She drops my cock and I take a few steps to the bed, recline and lay back to rest for a few minutes.

Aunt Helen rises and heads for the kitchen. She returns with a glass pitcher of lemonade. As she pours she says, "Davy, I have a lot of projects around this house than needs a man's attention. So please come and see me at least every two weeks - more often if you want to."

"I will Aunt Helen." As I dress I see she is taking a few more last looks of my cock.

"One last thing, Davy, when you are in my home it will no longer be, 'Aunt Helen.' Since you have had this training you can call me 'Helen' or even better, 'Dear, or my favorite - "Honeycunt."'"

"Sure, Aunt – Honey...cunt."

"Great. Now here, give me a hug before you go." As I pull her to me I find that her hands are flattened on my genitals. I am surprised there my cock can still some hard resistance there. She then removes her hands so I can savor her squashed breasts against my shirt. My aunt is definitely addicted to sex. I love her for it and for her openness and supportive personality.

"Say 'hello' to your mom and dad for me. Bye!" She then kisses me on the cheek, looks me in the eyes and without blinking grasps my balls and gives them a send-off little squeeze.

The end - but only the end of a couple of my first intimate experiences with my wonderful Aunt Helen.