

Aunty Dee and Ben

By jena121

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Unexpected

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Auntie Dee and Ben Unexpected

Ben dropped in to see his Auntie at about 5 o'clock one afternoon. He'd come straight from the beach and was only wearing a towel around his waist, a pair of board shorts underneath. His hair was casually swept back where he'd run his fingers through it, and it was still damp from swimming. His bare chest was chiseled as were his arms back and shoulders, and his stomach while not quite a six-pack of muscle was taut and flat. He was the picture of health, standing 5'11" tall; he was nineteen and just coming into his prime.

He knocked on the front door and after a minute or so it was answered by Dee, his mother's younger sister.

"Oh, Hi Ben. Come on in," she invited him. "This is a nice surprise, I didn't know you were coming around."

"Hi Auntie Dee. I was just coming back from the beach and thought I should drop in and see you and Uncle Chris. I haven't seen you for a few weeks and felt bad for not coming around."

"Don't be silly. We know you're busy. You don't have to come around, but you know we love to see you when you can make it.

Come into the kitchen and I'll make you a drink."

"Thanks. That would be great." Ben made his way to the kitchen, having been here a thousand times before.

Chris and Dee didn't have any children of their own, and treated Ben like a son. They had tried for years to have their own but complications had prevented them from ever having any.

Ben pulled up a stool at the kitchen bench and watched his Auntie as she went to the fridge. She was dressed in a short thin cotton summer dress that had a floral pattern on it. She was forty two years old, stood about 5'4" tall, had dark hair and a pretty face that wasn't quite beautiful but would still have men looking at her with desire in their eyes. Her C cup breasts and slim waist that flared out at the hips, giving her an hour glass figure didn't hurt any either and only added to the longing felt by some men as she entered a room.

As she moved past, between Ben and the window, the light coming from behind made her dress completely see through, and he had seen her in bikinis that were brief and very revealing.

Once when he had been staying here, he had walked past his Aunt and Uncle's bedroom and the door had been ajar. He had been sixteen at the time. He had glanced in and seen his Auntie getting changed. She was in her underwear and had just removed her bra, but her back had been to him. He stared, frozen to the spot as he saw her standing there naked but for a pair of panties. Hearing a noise, she had turned and he had seen her naked breasts. He ran off to his room and shut the door. Nothing was ever said and he never knew whether she has seen him spying on her. He had wanked for months over that sight.

As he had grown older he had had his fair share of fantasies about his Auntie, but he had always tried, mostly in vain, to push them out of his head.

Dee was facing the interior of the refrigerator, examining the contents. She was bent over and her dress had ridden up at the back, almost to her buttocks, and while she was oblivious to this, Ben took full advantage of peeping on his favorite Aunt.

"What would you like?" she asked over her shoulder. There's some soft drink, or there's a couple of different types of beer. Chris won't mind you having some, we just won't tell him, she said with a smile in her voice, then he won't mind at all. Or there's some white wine. What is your preference?"

Ben thought about his Auntie and knew exactly what his preference would be, but instead opted for a wine; he wasn't much of a beer drinker.

Dee pulled out a bottle and poured them both a glass of wine and offered Ben his. His fingers brushed hers as he took the glass and he felt a tingling run through him, almost like electricity.

Without meaning to, Dee looked at Ben and saw the man he had turned into. His naked torso and rippling muscles were a sight to behold. She didn't say anything, just looked at him.

"Thanks Auntie Dee," Ben said, breaking her line of thought.

“I’ve told you before. Stop calling me Auntie. You’re old enough to drop the Auntie and Uncle bit.”

“Okay, sorry. I’ll try and remember. It’s just habit I guess.”

Dee touched Ben softly on the cheek with her hand and said, “Don’t be sorry. You don’t have to be sorry for anything in this house. You should know that.”

With a twinkle in his eye he looked at his Aunt and said, “Really, are you sure about that?”

Blushing slightly as she caught the undertone, she smiled and said, “Don’t be cheeky or I’ll have to put you over my knee and spank you. It wasn’t too long ago since I had to do it, but I still could,” she said, both of them knowing that she couldn’t.

Ben thought better of pushing things and changed the subject.

“So, where’s Uncle Chris? I mean where’s Chris?” he amended.

“Oh, didn’t your Mum tell you, he’s gone away for a couple of weeks for work.”

They chatted on for a while, drinking their wine and then a second one, happy in each others company. They had always gotten on so well and in fact had never had a falling out. Oh sure, they had had small fights when Ben had been a child and been told what to do while he stayed with Chris and Dee, but that was just growing up stuff. Ben had always loved Dee as much as he loved his mother and in fact, he had always felt like he had two mothers, their bond was that strong.

“Do you mind if I go outside for a couple of moments? I just want to bring in the washing off the clothes line before it gets too late. And before I get too tipsy and fall down ”

“Sure, no problem. I’ll give you a hand,” Ben replied.

Ben followed Dee as she walked through the door leading outside and once again he had the pleasure of seeing his Aunt in silhouette. This time as she stopped to open the door, her legs were slightly parted and Ben could see a perfect outline of her body. He wondered what it must be like for his Uncle to be able to slip between those beautiful legs and bury his cock in her whenever he wanted.

Together they gathered the clothes from the washing line, Dee unpegging them and Ben collecting them in his arms as Dee piled them up.

“Would you mind dropping them on the chair in the bedroom and I’ll sort them out later?”

“Sure, no problem.”

Ben carried the load of washing through into his aunt’s bedroom and dropped it onto the chair in the corner. As he did, it tipped over and onto the floor. He bent down and started to pick the clothes back up, but as he did he saw something lying on the bedside table that both embarrassed him and amazed him at the same time. The clothes forgotten he moved to the head of the bed and picked up a vibrator that was sitting next to the bedside lamp. He held it up and looked at it as if it was the first time he had ever seen one.

And it was at that moment that Dee walked into the room.

“Oh, shit!” she exclaimed. “Where did you get that?” she asked, now remembering having used it last night and not putting it away.

“Here, give that to me,” she demanded. She made a grab for it, but Ben was too quick. He snatched it away and held it above his head.

“I said, give that to me Ben.” Dee was both embarrassed that Ben had found her toy and furious that he wouldn’t give it to her.

She made another grab for it and still Ben held it away from her. Now pressed against Ben, reaching up as high as she could, standing on her tip toes, she was face to face with Ben.

“Give it to me. Please?”

“You’ll have to try harder than that to get it,” he smiled at her.

And her anger was broken. She saw the funny side of it and realized that Ben wasn’t disgusted with her or put off in any way by finding out his Auntie had a sex toy.

She tried a different tact. She tickled him, tickling his ribs until he had to drop his arms. When he did, she made a grab for it. Still he managed to keep it from her. They tumbled onto the bed and wrestled around.

This time Ben was almost as strong as his Auntie, and it had been an equal match, but now he was easily the stronger and he soon had Dee pinned on her back. Ben ended up between her legs and

her dress had ridden up around her waist as she struggled to free herself from his grip. He had her arms held wide and above her head and her legs were forced apart as he used his own thighs to keep her prone.

During the struggle, Ben's towel had fallen off and lay on the floor beside the bed. He was dressed only in a pair of board shorts and as he looked down on her he realized her wanted his Aunt more than he had ever wanted anything in his life.

Dee finally managed to grab the vibrator from him, but he still held her by her wrists, arms wide, legs wide and it was then that Dee realized the position they were in. She was unable to move. Her nephew was all but naked except for his board shorts, and holding her pinned to the bed. Her breathing became quick and short, and as she looked up at him and he looked down into her eyes, he knew she was thinking the same thing as he was.

He leaned down and kissed her on the lips. Not as a nephew would kiss an Aunt, not as a son would kiss a mother, but as a man would kiss a woman. His tongue slipped between her lips and without meaning to she responded. As their tongues intertwined, Dee felt Ben's hardness pressing against her spread pussy. There was only two thin pieces of material between them.

Gasping for air, Dee turned her head to the side and Ben kissed her neck, and still he held her wrists. Then he looked her in the eyes. Neither of them said anything for a full minute until Dee tried to break the mood.

"You should get off me now Ben." But they stayed exactly where they were. Dee didn't try to struggle or resist, and Ben lay between his aunt's legs, his hard cock pressed against her lace covered pussy. When Ben finally moved he released her wrists and placed his hands on either side of Dee's shoulders. But Dee didn't move. She lay there on the bed with her arms still wide above her head, the vibrator still grasped in one hand, forgotten, and her breathing was quick and swallow as she looked up at him.

Ben kissed her again, and again she didn't resist. This time she wrapped her arms around him and held him to her. She raised her legs and wrapped them around him as well and could now feel his cock hard and demanding at the entrance to her womanhood.

They kissed for several minutes before breaking for air. With both panting, Dee placed both hands on Ben's pectorals and gently pushed him back until he eased off and knelt above her looking down on her. A look of disappointment covered his face as he thought she was going to stop them. However she said nothing, just lay there spread beneath him for a moment. Then she sat up and reached for his cock, pulling it free from it's restraint in his shorts. It sprang up proud and tall, a full seven inches,

the head circumcised as she knew it would be. Seven inches of thick hard rampant cock!!!

She leaned forward and took it straight into her mouth, her hand at the base. Her hand barely seemed to hide any of it. It looked huge and she wasted no time trying to fit as much of it as she could into her mouth.

Ben was in heaven. The woman he had fantasized about, more than the stunning models and porn stars, was sitting there with her legs spread around him as he knelt there, and she had just taken his cock in her mouth.

She worked on him like it was the last cock she would ever see again. Up and down she bobbed with her mouth, sometimes stroking him with her hand before putting it back in her mouth again. She licked and sucked and teased him without mercy until she felt him tense up.

“Oh God! I’m going to cum! I’m going to cum Auntie Dee!” he cried.

And with that he shot his load into her mouth. She didn’t try to pull away but kept her mouth on him the whole time as he unloaded into her. She swallowed it all, and there was a lot of it.

When he finally stopped shooting, she removed her mouth and looked up at him, smiling at him. He was still hard and his cock was still pulsing from the blood pumping into it.

She pulled her dress over her head and was now only clad in a bra and white lace panties, the crutch of them soaked. She unclipped her bra and removed it, discarding it onto the floor beside the bed.

She lay back and lifted her hips, and Ben took the hint and pulled the panties off her, throwing those to the floor as well. Now she was naked beneath him, her breasts bare for him to look at, her pussy wide open and wanting him. He feasted his eyes on her shaved cunt, bare but for a small tuft of hair on her mound, and he felt himself salivating, wanting to taste her, wanting to devour her, but he could contain himself no longer. He simply had to bury himself inside this goddess that lay naked and wanting beneath him.

He wasted no time. He threw himself on top of her and slid into her, his way eased by her own natural lubricant. As he plunged into her to the hilt, she cried out in ecstasy, wrapping her legs around him and pulled him in even more. She climaxed almost straight away, biting his shoulder as she came; holding him tight.

Still she wanted more, much more. She thrust herself up against him, grinding her clit against him, rutting like a bitch on heat. And that was really what she was. She had committed herself and now

had to have this man above her, had to have him take her for as long as he could last. And she hoped that he would last a long, long time.

Ben, having just cum, was ready to go again. But this time he would last a lot longer. He proceeded to fuck Dee with long steady strokes, sliding all the way in and then out again. It wasn't long before she came a second time and then the third one followed the second one straight away.

Ben slowed down, not because he couldn't keep going but because he wanted it to last and last, and because he wanted this woman to want him to fuck her forever.

"Fuck, Ben!! Oh, Fuck! Fuck I needed this. Don't stop, please don't stop! Just keep fucking me until I die!"

What he lacked in finesse he made up for with enthusiasm and stamina. He fucked her to another orgasm before she wanted to get on top. Rolling over, Dee mounted Ben riding his cock like there was no tomorrow. As she came once more, her juices flooded out and covered Ben's cock and balls.

Pausing for breath, Dee leaned forward, holding onto the bed head for support. This left her breasts hanging in front of Ben's face and he didn't waste the opportunity. Grasping each breast in a hand he sucked first one nipple and then the other, alternating between the left and the right. Dee held him tight against her chest as he continued to suckle a nipple, grinding herself down onto his cock until she came again.

"I want you to take me doggie style," she said to Ben. "Can you do that for me? Would you like to take me that way Ben?"

"Oh yes Dee!" he exclaimed.

And with that Dee climbed off Ben and positioned herself on all fours, her legs spread wide and inviting. Ben was quick to take a position behind her and guided his cock into her. He grabbed her around the hips and started slowly, slipping all the way in and all the way out. He looked at Dee beneath him and marveled at her beauty.

As he picked up pace, Dee's breasts began to sway beneath her, her hard nipples almost brushing the sheet. Ben grabbed a full handful of her hair and pulled her head back, driving into her in earnest.

"Oh, Fuck! Oh, Fuck! That feels so good Ben. You have such a hard big cock. It feels so good." Dee cried out.

The animal was starting to come out in Ben. "Do you like that eh? Do you like my cock in you?"

"Yes, don't stop. Whatever you do, don't stop!"

Still holding her head back by her hair, he pounded into her again and again and again until he felt himself about to climax for the second time in such a short time.

Releasing his hold on her hair, he grasped her by her hips. At the same time, she dropped her upper body to the bed, thrusting her arms out in front of her, her breasts now firmly pressed into the mattress, her ass raised, her knees spread as wide as she could get them. From behind, Ben had a perfect view of his Auntie, her lovely figure curving in from the shoulders to her waist and flaring out again at her hips, a perfect hour glass figure. He saw her puckered ass and wondered what it would be like to fuck her there as well? Perhaps next time if she wanted him again, if she would let him come to her again.

But for now that was a fleeting thought as he felt the urge building in him, the pressure mounting and he couldn't hold out any longer.

"Oh Dee, fuck you're beautiful! I'm cumming! I'm cumming!"

"Oh yes Ben! Cum inside me! I want to feel you empty yourself in me. That's it, fuck me Ben! Fuck me!" she screamed as she joined him, tipping over the edge to another shattering orgasm.

As they came, Ben thrust forward and carried them both to the mattress. His prone body on top of Dee's prone body, and he continued with small spasmodic thrust and jerks into her.

Spent, they rolled onto their sides, Ben spooned into Dee, and he wrapped his hands around her, one hand cupping a breast, the other around her stomach, holding her as if he would never let her go.

"I love you so much Dee."

"Oh Ben, I love you too," she said turning her head to kiss him. "You have no idea just how much this means to me"

After kissing passionately for some time, Dee broke for air.

"I think you should call your mother now," Dee stated.

Shocked, Ben asked why?

“Because silly, you’ve had too much to drink and should stay the night here at your Auntie’s where you can sleep it off . Don’t you think?”

Ben smiled from ear to ear and kissed Dee again.