

Close Knit: Emma

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Zander and his mom Roxanne seduce Emma, his aunt.

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Mom and I were in Emma's—my aunt and Mom's youngest sister—apartment dining room, sitting across from one another at the square rustic pine dining table. Aunt Emma was in the kitchen, fixing Mom and herself some coffee, and some ginseng tea for me. We were there at my suggestion, after Mom had informed me that of all of her siblings, Aunt Emma had been the most open-minded when it came to my Mom's former career in the adult film industry. In fact, Mom had said, Aunt Emma encouraged it, and even considered doing it herself.

But what had gotten me interested in paying Aunt Emma a visit was hearing that she and Mom had fooled around with each other up until High School, and had made a failed attempt to seduce their older brother, Uncle Greg, during her freshman year of college. She'd been just as fucked up in the head as me and Mom. Getting into her pants was going to be a cakewalk. Anticipation made my cock throb achingly behind my black jeans.

Mom stared at me. Grinning. She was just as anxious to do unspeakable things to Aunt Emma as I was. She'd worn a black tank top, revealing an awful amount of cleavage, and a pair of blue jeans. God she was hot. Looking at her only made me hotter, filling my mind—already cluttered with dirty, nasty thoughts—with memories of me and Mom's first ... *encounter*. She had snuck up on me while I was masturbating to her old videos online, and had given me a fantastic blow-job, and then finished me off with a tit-fuck. I had finally stuffed her cunt with my dick about a week later. We haven't stopped since. Jack rabbits, us two.

"Tea is ready!" Aunt Emma said in her best Oxford voice, appearing in the dining room. She carried a white china platter with two mugs and a teacup resting atop of it. She and Mom's facial features were so much alike—could almost pass for twins—but that was where the physical similarities ended.

Whereas my mother was a thick, voluptuous woman with long fiery red hair and big green eyes, Aunt Emma was slimmer, her lustrous blond hair trimmed just below the ears, and watched with dark hazel eyes. Like my mother, though, Aunt Emma was naturally well-endowed in the chest department, but she couldn't compare to Mom's 38G tits.

"Why thank you, dear sister," Mom said giggling, her British accent terrible.

Aunt Emma set the platter atop the dining table's clothed surface, skillfully keeping our drinks from sloshing around too much.

"Ginseng tea for the awesome nephew," Aunt Emma said, carefully handing me my steaming beverage. "And two cups of java for the *grown-ups*." She shot me a look, her eyes smiling.

I had been sipping my tea, and almost choked. "Oh, so I'm not grown-up now?" I said in joking offense.

"Nope," My mother answered into her mug, slurping her coffee.

"But I'm eighteen now!"

"You're still a little boy to me." Aunt Emma and Mom laughed together, and I put on my best pouty face. "See what I mean?"

We all laughed.

Emma finally sat herself down, lifting her mug. "I'm glad that you guys came to visit my place for a change," she said after taking a scalding sip, "I usually have to stop by your house."

"I know!" Mom said. She set her unfinished coffee back on the platter, and Emma's brow quirked up, confusion apparent in her hazel eyes. "We're actually here for a reason, though, sis'."

"Yep," I agreed, sipping my red ginseng. Something stirred in me. Energy. My cock throbbed even harder behind my jeans.

"Uh oh, who died?" Aunt Emma asked, her face serious. She stopped sipping her coffee.

"Zander and I are having sex." Mom practically blurted out, as if telling her sister that it was cloudy outside.

"Say what?" Emma exclaimed, disbelief in her expression ... and ... was that intrigue? It was. So Aunt Emma really was like me and Mom, after all. I felt a bolt of relief shoot through me. "Bullshit, I don't believe you."

"We are," I said while standing. I moved to stand behind Mom, my hands finding her shoulders.

"Everyday, almost."

"Mhm," Mom confirmed cheerfully.

"No fucking way!" Aunt Emma had been smiling and shocked at the same time. I had never seen her eyes look so blue. "Roxy, you slut! You suck! You stole my fantasy!"

"What?" Mom turned on her innocent voice, giggling. "Hey, you should have gotten knocked up, then!"

"Kiss." Aunt Emma suddenly said—no, demanded. She needed proof that we weren't bullshitting her. Understandable. I wouldn't have believed us either. But instead of leaning into kiss Mom, I did Aunt Emma one better.

My hands slid down the neck of her tank top, and pulled it down, bra and all, allowing her creamy tits to bounce free. Aunt Emma gasped, surprised, giving me just the reaction I was looking for. As I pinched my mom's nipples between my thumbs and forefingers, I leaned down to kiss her bare shoulder, up to her neck, and then flicked my tongue softly against her ear.

"Mmmm, baby," Mom moaned, her right hand reached for the nape of my neck, her left slipping

down the front of her denims. "Make mommy feel good ..."

Aunt Emma drew in a hissing breath then. I looked up at her. Her tongue slithered across her upper lip, squirming in her seat, eyes fixed on her big sister's magnificent breasts. I groped them, bounced them, squeezed them; every action rewarding me with a sweet reaction, from both mother and auntie. Mom moaned and cooed, while Aunt Emma fidgeted and whined sweetly.

"God, you guys were for real," she muttered, almost to herself.

"Of course ... we were," Mom managed inbetween moans. I had been sucking on her neck.

"But why come all the way over to tell me? I mean—"

"Because," I said, breaking my mouth away from my mother's pale flesh, explaining to my Aunt inbetween kisses against Mom's ear and neck and shoulder, "we ... want to ... to join ... us."

Aunt Emma winced, and I flashed her a devilish smile. Time to make a move.

"I'll move our drinks," Mom said. I gave her enough space to get up from the table, and began removing my clothes while she retrieved the cups and the china platter, carrying them into the kitchen. Finally in the buff, I looked to my auntie, who was staring at my cock.

It was fully engorged, staring right up at me, aching. I watched her size up all eight or so inches, her tongue gliding along her lips again.

"Hungry?" I teased. "Not a little boy anymore, huh?"

Aunt Emma shot me a look, smirking. "You have a pretty dick, my gorgeous nephew," she said, "but let's see what you can do with it, hm?" Mom slipped back into the room, her jeans draped over her arm, a fiery strip of hair right above her clit. She hadn't bothered removing her tank top, as her tits were already exposed. Besides, she looked sexier that way.

"Gracious," Aunt Emma said wondrously with her eyes locked on Mom, completely forgetting about me and my throbbing erection. But I couldn't help but smile though ... the fact Aunt Emma looked at Mom in such a way was stimulating. "I'd almost forgotten how fucking hot you were, sis," Emma continued, "in person that is."

"I bet I taste the same, though." Mom draped her jeans over the back of one of the dining chairs, and hopped up on the dining table. She whirled around on her butt until she was facing her little sister, parting her delicious thighs to expose the quivering snatch that practically beckoned Aunt Emma's tongue. "Wanna see?"

Emma wasted no words, rising to her feet as my mother leaned back on her elbows. My auntie delved in, slathering her tongue against Mom's cunt, lapping and slurping hungrily. For several long minutes I only stood there, watching, my hand unconsciously stroking along my cock. Aunt Emma looked gorgeous bent over like that, her face bobbing slightly between Mom's legs. And Mom looked just as hot. Her tits in the air, head thrown back, licking her lips and moving her hips against her mother's mouth. It looked like they had forgotten all about me.

It was time to make them aware again.

I moved behind Aunt Emma and hiked her knee-length skirt over her ass. She jumped, surprised. They did forget about me, it seemed. But could I blame them? If I was face deep in Mom's cunt, I think I'd forget the world around me as well. I knelt, pulling aside her nondescript panties. I prodded

index and middle finger against her slit—soft and moist, emanating a heat and a fragrance that made me salivate. I shoved my fingers inside.

"Mm!" Aunt Emma moaned against my mother's snatch.

"Slutty auntie," I said, and Emma moved eagerly against my fingers, gyrating. Calling her by her family title did something to her, it seemed. Mom was exactly the same. I decided to play on it.

"Mm." I licked her, slithering the tip of my tongue against her silken folds. "Auntie," I whispered behind her, "You taste so fucking *good*."

"Oh God ..." Emma groaned, her breath hitching.

"Oh yeah, get it nice and wet, baby," said Mom. "And then stuff it with your big fucking cock!"

I did just as I was told, obeying Mommy Dearest gleefully, licking and prodding and sucking on my aunt's pussy. Tasting her, devouring her, feeling her wiggle her ass against my face, pressing my nose into her ample cheeks.

"Oh God!"

"No, no, little sister," Mom tangled her fingers in Emma's hair, grinning. "Big sis didn't say you could stop eating her cunt." Mom shoved her face back down, lifting her hips against Emma's mouth.

I had risen to my feet, and guided myself inside of my aunt, hot and tight, her walls closing around my twitching shaft and slicking it with pussy juices. I started off pounding into her, my body audibly slamming against her ass. Aunt Emma tried her best to keep her mouth on her sister's pussy, her screams smothered. I looked up to my mother, watching her tits heave on her chest. Her eyes were locked on me, watching her son slam his cock into his sexy little aunt. She bit her bottom lip, her brows upturning.

"Oh fuck!" Mom gyrated even more against Emma's mouth. "Fuck! Fuck! I'm gonna fucking come! Fuck her harder, Zander! Fuck your slutty aunt's pussy harder!"

Her words, coupled with the hot velvet closed around my shaft, sent raw pleasure rippling throughout my body. The need to explode in aunt's dripping cunt roiled within, but I suppressed the feeling, easing up my thrusts. I made them long, slow, steady. An orgasm rolled through Mom, her body shuddering. Aunt Emma's mouth was probably soaked.

Getting a handful of her hair, I pulled her up, shoving my tongue into her mouth. Hers moved against mine, allowing me to taste my mom's delicious pussy. I parted from our lip-bruising kiss, and turned her around, pushing her against the table. Mom pulled her back against her tits, lifting Emma's shirt and bra over her breasts. They were larger than I thought. Ripe, pendulous things that stared at me with large pink nipples. I wondered how they'd look in my mother's mouth.

As my mom reached around and groped them, I grabbed my aunt by her thighs and slammed back into her, rubbing my fingers against her clit in small, hard circles. "Pound me ..." My aunt said—whined. "Deeper ... deeper! More!"

Her tits jounced around as I drilled into her shaved pussy. I moved my fingers faster against her clit, grinding my hips some. Her moans become louder, her breathing raspier. Mom had pressed her mouth against Emma's, their tongues flicking against one another's. And suddenly the moist velvet clinched tightly around my shaft, liquid flame drowning my length.

"Fuuuck!" Emma moaned, groping at her own tits as her body trembled with a hard orgasm. It took every erg of my self control to keep from releasing myself, exploding hot white seed inside of her.

"Take out your cock, baby." Mom climbed off the table and walked around to kneel before me, Aunt Emma doing the same.

"I'm going to fucking lose it if you both—holy shit!"

Before I could finish my sentence, both of their mouths were on me; mom's tongue slithered about the head of my cock, while Aunt Emma took my balls into her mouth. She eventually moved her mouth to the tip of my shaft, and I felt both of their hot tongues move against my mushroom head, lapping up every ounce of precum that dripped from me.

"I'm gonna fucking come!" I warned, bucking my hips forward some. "Awwww shit!"

I came harder than I ever had before, coating my mother and auntie with ropes of sticky cum. My cock furiously twitched with orgasm for several long moments before my body calmed down again. And I watched them, licking cum off of eachother's faces, swapping it back and forth in their mouths. The sight was fucking hot, to say the least.

"Mm ..." My auntie moaned satisfactorily. "I guess your baby boy knows what to do with that cock of his." She gave it another kiss before she wiped the corner of her mouth with a finger.

"Tell me about it," Mom laughed, milking my cock with her hand, trying her best to get every bit of cum. It was so sensitive. I thought I'd go mad from her touching me. Thankfully, I didn't.

"Give me about five minutes," I said, out of breath.

Aunt Emma looked up at me, puzzled. "For what, hon?"

"Round two," I said. Smiled.