

Helping my Uncle with his Old Movies 2

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This time we planned our little sex romp. . .

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The first time my Uncle James and I had sex it just sort of happened. You know, kinda bang, pow, we were fucking! This time we knew we were going to do it and planned it out.

So a week after our first romp, I again made sure we were at my house, alone and would not be interrupted. He told my Mom (they live together in the house they inherited) that he would be dropping off some tapes at my place and then heading off to work from there. So, of course he brought over more tapes to be converted.

I answered the door in my little pink chemise. He said nothing, just raised an eyebrow and grinned. We went to my office where he put the movies on the floor next to my desk for me to work on later. Then he silently followed me to my bedroom. I closed the door and he immediately took me into his arms, saying, "I missed you, baby. You wouldn't believe how much".

I smiled and said, "Show me". He kissed me slowly and passionately. I wrapped my arms around his neck and welcomed his tongue into my mouth. His hands slid down squeezing my firm little ass, pulling me closer, pressing his raging hard on against me. I pulled away and climbed onto my four-poster bed and sat facing him, pinching my nipples as I watched him undress before me.

"Are you ready for me, baby?" he asked as he joined me on the bed.

"As ready as I can be for that monster", I said with a grin. Both on our knees facing each other, we began to kiss again, me enjoying the sensations of his chest hair against my hard nipples; him with one hand caressing my ass, the other hand sliding a finger between my already juicy cunt lips.

He moved both his hands to my breasts, massaging them and pinching my nipples. I gasped and pulled away a little because I still had lots of breast milk and didn't think he knew that. I didn't want to freak him out. "Come here, honey", he whispered, pulling me back, "I want to taste you. I want to taste everything your body has to offer".

I smiled and gave myself over to him again. Feeling his tongue explore my plump, milk moistened nipples, suckling them was simply exquisite. I moaned softly as he feasted on me. While he continued to 'feed' he cupped my ass in his large hands and started squeezing harder and harder, then after wetting his finger in my pussy, he let the tip of it slid slowly into my asshole. "Oh, yes", I cried.

He began sliding it in and out, letting his finger go deeper and deeper each time. He pulled his mouth away from my breast and gazing into my eyes whispering, "Baby, you taste so good".

"Really?" I asked, immediately feeling silly for sounding like such a kid just then. Until that moment it had just never occurred to me that a man would enjoy something like that. He smiled and nodded. "Lay back", he said, "I wanna make love to you this time."

I scooted back a little then lay down with my head on my pillow, patiently waiting for him have his way with me. He lay down with his head between my legs, letting my feet rest on his back. Slowly he licked and kissed the lips of my snatch, while his hands squeezed and caressed my breasts. At 62 years old, *all* of my uncle's experience was showing. His ability to bring me close to orgasm, then down but not too far, then back up, again and again was amazing. Finally let me cum into his talented mouth. "Oh god . . . oh god . . . oh, Uncle James," I cried. "Ahhhhhhhh!"

Ignoring to my cries of pleasure, he slurped noisily at my gushing cunt as though dying of thirst! Then, as I rode out my orgasm, he gently stroked my thighs, occasionally tweaking one or both of my slowly, dribbling nipples. As I came back to earth I realized I still had his head clamped between my legs. "Oh, my gosh!" I said, "I'm so sorry!"

"It's fine", he said laughing. "You weren't killing me or anything." He came up from my crotch and kissed me, pressing his monster dick against my pussy and ass crack. We stopped kissing and I pulled him against me with my legs. He grinned. "Are you ready?"

"Oh, yes", I said releasing him. He took one hand and positioned himself, then pushed. Eyes closed, I moaned as he entered me. He began pumping my hot cunt, going a little deeper each time, filling me up. When he hit bottom, (which left about five inches of cock that he couldn't get into me), he lay down on top of me slowly with his arms under my back, hands gripping my shoulders.

I tensed a bit fearing he was getting a good grip so he could fuck me mercilessly. But while holding himself deep in me, he began gently but firmly, pushing into my pussy, gently opening me. I let out the breath I hadn't ever realized I had been holding. He pulled back giving me a "What?" look.

"For a second there I thought you were gonna fuck me really hard", I said.

“No, baby”, he said. ”I love you; I don’t want to hurt you.” He kissed me softly on the cheek, buried his face in my neck, he began making love to me again. It felt wonderful, him bottoming out in me, then the firm pressure of him going deeper. I felt that he wasn’t just opening me, but putting his mark on me, branding me in the most intimate way possible.

After he had opened me a little more, he rolled us over so that I was on top. He smiled and laughed as I struggled with his huge dick. I leaned forward, hands his hairy chest. He held my waist and started pumping his cock into me, pulling me down into each thrust. I began moaning even louder. “Yes . . . oh Uncle James . . . fuck my pussy!”

About ten deep thrusts later I came screaming on his fat cock as he continued to pumping my cunt. “Yeah baby . . . oh fuck yeah . . . cum for me”, he whispered. When I had come down a bit from my orgasm, he sat up lifting me from his lap. “Come here”, he said, “I want you from behind.”

“Yes dear”, I said teasingly, then presented my ass to him. He kissed my ass cheeks, caressing and squeezing them together. Then slowly he pressed his tongue into my pucker. “Ahh, yes”, I cried out as he did.

“Oh, you like that do you?” he asked deviously. “Okay, then”. He really began to eat my ass with gusto then. I moaned and cooed as more pussy juice ran down my thighs. Finally pulling his tongue from my happy hole, he slid his cock into my pussy again and started to fuck me harder than before. I moaned and screamed, screamed and moaned as he gave me a real fucking the likes of which I had never before. “You like that, baby? You like how I fuck your little pussy?”

I could only answer in screams of ecstasy as I came hard. Winding his hand in my hair and pulling my head back, he whispered in my ear, “I’m gonna fuck you until that sweet little pussy of yours can swallow this cock!”

No longer holding my shoulders for leverage as he fucked me, he simply got a better grip on my hair. I was so turned on from the intense fucking, his words and him pulling my hair, when I came hard the scream that escaped my mouth was silent. Still pulling my head back, he planted his dick deep and called my name over and over as he came in my pussy.

“Oh Kat . . . oh sweetie . . . Kat, ooh Kat.” I collapsed under him and him on top of me. We lay there panting and lost in the pleasure of each other. When finally we had the strength to move, we got under the covers and spooned, holding each other. Planting soft kisses on my shoulder, he said, “Are you alright?”

“I’m better than alright”, I said.

"I have wanted you for so long, Kat. Years", he said.

"I've wanted you too", I confessed. I went on to tell him how I had planned that whole thing with the movies just so I could try and be with him.

"Well, you have me now", he said, kissing my shoulder again.

We fell asleep that way and were awakened by the alarm on my cell. I had set it just in case and a good thing too. We quickly showered and got dressed. "I can't wait to see you again, Kat", he said as we walked to the front door.

"When *can* I see you again?" I asked.

"Would the day after tomorrow be too soon?" he asked.

I looked at him a little shocked. "No, not too soon", I said, "it's just that that's Tuesday and the kids will be here".

"They do sleep, don't they?" he asked.

"Well, yeah. . ."

"Fine, then I'll come around ten", he said, cutting me off.

"We can't make the kind of noise we did today", I said grinning.

"Of course we can't", he said, "but I have ways of keeping you quiet".

He stroked my cheek gently and gave me a soft kiss on the lips, ignoring my look of shock. He simply smiled at me, turned, walked to the door and left.

I walked back upstairs, thinking on what he'd said. As various images came to mind a sly grin slowly crept to my lips as I pondered the possibilities. . .