Sharing A Bed With Aunt Linda

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Aunt Linda, oh Aunt Linda

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My Aunt Linda and her son moved two blocks from my house the summer I turned sixteen. The week before moving in, she called my parents up and asked for help. My mom handled all things connected with her sister with suspicion and scrutiny and initially heed and hawed over being available. My dad, on the other hand, quickly agreed to help out but then it was obvious that he had a hard on for my aunt. She was petite and tan and with an ass like ripe fruit. My mom gave my dad a look but he just played innocent and she finally told my aunt that we would come by to help.

That morning my mom came along primarily to keep an eye on my aunt who she trusted even less than my dad. My aunt was returning from Arizona after three years. She left California after her divorce to "rediscover herself" but my mom like to joke that it was the men she dated who were discovering things about her. I began by unloading some of my cousin's boxes but he was a fat little bitchy fucker who started to cry the second I touched his shit.

"David, it's just better if he carries his things in. He doesn't like anyone touching his toys," my aunt said. "Do you mind carrying in some of my things?"

"Sure," I said watching my fat-sack-of-shit cousin wobble into the apartment.

By noon the U-haul was half unloaded. Things would have gone faster if we hadn't had to keep locking up the trailer at every pass. A couple of lowlifes from down the block kept eyeing the trailer, so my dad insisted we lock it up. It was a bitch and I only shut the door when I came and went.

Once I finished unloading all my aunt's boxes, I unpacked what seemed obvious and just stacked the remaining boxes in a reasonable order. I was nearly done, when I opened a box full of my aunt's panties. It startled me and I started to close up the box but the silk fabric and colors mesmerized me. They were small and feminine and seemed full of secrets. I slipped my hand into the box and it felt as if I was brushing my hand against the silky skin of a woman. My dick got hard instantly. My head filled with hot air and my hand was keen on touching every panty. I imagined myself laying under a circle of women, raising my hand out and brushing my fingers against their wet panties and pussy lips. At the bottom of the box, I felt something that seemed out of place, a large plastic scepter that I couldn't identify. When I pulled it out, I discovered it was a pink fleshy dildo. I dug it back under the panties, closed the box and sealed it shut just as my aunt walked in. My mouth went dry.

"Are you playing with my panties?" she asked.

"No!" I said. I was holding the box close to me to hide my hard on.

"Isn't that what boys your age do?" she said.
"What--I don't know," I said.
She walked over to take the box and I was ready for the humiliation of my giant hard on but as she took the box we heard my dad cursing down by the trailer. I leapt up and ran to the trailer were I saw my mom and dad eyeing the neighborhood.
When my aunt arrived, my dad said, "Some asshole got into the U-haul and stole your stereo."
"The little black radio?" my aunt asked.
"Yeah, your stereo," my dad said. My aunt placed her hands on her hips and sighed as if the cookies she had been baking had slightly burned. My cousin started to cry and whine about his new home.
"It's ok honey," she told my cousin and then pulled him close. "That wasn't even our radio. That was Jerry's radio." I didn't know the name but apparently my mom did because she rolled her eyes and walked back inside to finish unpacking. I tried to console my cousin and he seemed receptive. He asked me into his room and we unpacked his toys.
By nightfall, everyone was exhausted and boxes littered the apartment. My mom gathered her things to leave as my dad adjusted the screen to the patio door. I was beat but I was eager to get home and jerk off. I still had the sensation of those panties in my head and I had been resisting the thought until I had a place of privacy.
"Hey Linda, do realize this door doesn't lock?" my dad said opening and shutting the patio door. My mom looked annoyed and quickly dismissed it. My aunt agreed and sat slumped on the lounge chair, her small shorts showing all of her lean tan legs.
"Are you kidding me? You can't keep a door unlock in this neighborhood," my dad said.
"It's fine. It's fine," my aunt said. "I'll get some locks from Home Depot in the morning." Just then my cousin started crying his fat little ass off again. He was worried the same guys who stole the radio would break in. My Aunt Linda called him over and tried to console him but he refused it.
"David why don't you just stay the night here," my mom announced, as a final gesture to resolve the issue. My cousin’s eyes went dry instantly and he rambled on about sharing a bedroom. Everyone seemed to think it was a good idea except me who was desperate to get home. My parents said their goodbyes and my cousin led me into his bedroom to show off some of his toys.
My aunt came in a little later, after digging out some blankets, and threw them along side of my cousin's bed.
"You ready for bed boys?" she asked. My cousin passed out quickly and I began to think that if I could fall asleep fast, I'd wake up to a new day quicker. But the fat little bastard began to snore incredibly loud. I sat up to see if he was fooling around but he was passed out with his mouth wide open. His fat neck was blocking his ability to breath and as a result he snored like an old man. I grabbed my blankets and dragged them into the living room.
I bunched up against some boxes to fall asleep and found that I had a view of the hallway, all the way to my aunt's bedroom where light spilled from under the door. Instantly the box of her panties came to mind and I fantasized about the circle of women who were eager to have their pussies fondled. My hand slipped into my shorts and I started to rub myself but before I could really get going my aunt's

door opened. She walked out wearing a loose tank top and even shorter shorts than earlier in the day. The light from her room fell on her in a way that revealed the side of her tits escaping from her tank top. Her nipples were hidden but the beautiful roundness showed. She stopped and aimed her focus in my direction, slowly walking forward as if trying to make sense of what she saw.
"David?" she said.
"Yeah," I said.
"What are you doing out here?" she asked.
"I couldn't sleep," I said. She stood there as a silhouette considering what I had said and then suddenly said, "The snoring?"
"Yeah," I said. She started to laugh and bent over to grab my blankets.
"Come on," she said. "You can share my bed."
Her bed was soft and bouncy. It was the bounciest bed I'd ever laid on. I kept to my side and shut my eyes as if I'd fallen asleep immediately. She got under the covers and lay on her side leaving a generous gap between us. It felt weird sharing the bed and I tried to force myself to sleep but then I remembered the dildo packed at the bottom of the box. I wondered if she'd used it in the bed we were now sharing. I had flashes of her legs wide open as she pushed the dildo into her moist pussy. Her pillows smelled of scented shampoo, strawberries and kiwi. I felt my dick getting hard again and I was going crazy.
An hour later, I heard her breathing even off. My dick was hurting from being hard for so long. I decided to just jerk off in bed as discretely as possible and started rubbing my self but the bed immediately began to shake. I put my other arm out in hopes of stabilizing the bed but it did nothing and my aunt ended up turning over against my hand. I stopped.
Her soft round ass was practically cupped in my hand. I pulled away slowly but allowed my hand to slide along the back of her smooth legs. She didn't move an inch. My hand ran up and down her thighs and I imagined it was my dick brushing against her skin. I couldn't help but stroke my cock. The bed really began to move. I felt like a degenerate but it only turned me on more. Noises started coming from the bed but I cared less and less about it. I wanted to cum hard all over her sheets. Suddenly I felt her body move and I stopped again. The bed settled and went quiet.
My heart was banging against my chest and the room was quiet enough to hear my cousin snoring down the hallway. Her arm came out from under the blanket and I expected her to turn the light on but she didn't. I heard her mouth moving and then what sounded like her spitting. I didn't move, stiff as my dick. Then she brought her hand back under the covers and went right for my cock. I nearly nutted right there and then. Her hand was as wet as a pussy and she stroked my dick like she'd been doing it for years. I lay there not knowing what to do, acting as if I was asleep with a hard on.
Her hand stroked the tip of my cock and it stirred in me something wild. It had never felt that intense before. I thought I knew how to jerk off but she was proving to be a master. My body went tight and my mind disappeared. I reached over and plunged my hand into her shorts. I didn't care now. She had her hand on my cock and I wanted to feel the inside of her pussy. I slipped my fingers easily through her wet lips and found a creamy mess. I started rubbing her clit with my fingers and her legs

went wide open.
We repositioned ourselves so that I had a better hold of her pussy and she my dick. I kept pulling my hand from her pussy and smearing her pussy juice onto my cock. I had never had pussy juice on my cock and I wanted it bad. It turned her on more but I was having a hard time from keeping myself from cumming. She kept working the tip of my dick and I couldn't control my body. I started to cum all over the bed. It erupted into her hands and fingers but this didn't stop her from stroking. She kept tugging at it, trying to get as much out as possible. I moved my fingers in circles inside her causing her to thrust her hips into the air as if my hand was a dick her pussy was desperate for. But now my cock was growing sensitive and I couldn't take her hands on it anymore. I pulled away but she wouldn't let go, even after I started to go limp.
My wrist started to ache but I kept at it. Her pussy was thoroughly soaked now and growing so wide that I could dip nearly my whole hand into her. My mind started to replay everything again. Her moist hand grabbing hold of my cock. The way she twisted and played with the cap of my cock. Her eagerness to make me cum. It all seemed so wrong and it turned me on all over again. The sensitivity began to vanish and blood rushed back into my shaft with a vengeance. Her hand was beginning to slip away from my dick when she felt it go firm again. I heard her laugh and I assumed she was impressed with the speed at which I had grown hard again.
All bets were off now and I could tell that my hand had offered all that it could to please her. She threw the blankets off of us, exposing my nakedness. She tore off her shorts and her top and then ripped my shorts away from my ankles. She pounced on me and landed straight on my cock. She crouched over me and kept the weight of her body off me. She rested her arms on her knees and lifted her ass up and down, my cock slipping in and out of her pussy. Now I had all the pussy juice I could possibly want running down my dick. It was pooling around the base. The bed was rattling so loud I expected my cousin to bust through the door to see what all the commotion was about. My aunt couldn't care less; her focus was on fucking.
Her face was inches from mine and I looked to see her expression but it was a shadow. Only her excited breathing gave me a sense of the look on her face. She started landing on my cock forcefully and the harder she fucked me the harder my dick got. My body was exhausted but refused to give in. I wanted to cum but there was nothing to give so my aunt took full advantage and rode it raw for a good long while. The corners of the bed slammed against the walls with amazing violence.
Suddenly she pressed hers hands onto my chest and lifted her pussy so that it was just barely cupping the tip of my cock. She started gyrating her hips quickly and that same urge of wild struck again causing my cock to surge forward. Her ass was bobbing up and down incredibly fast and I started pounding back. We were slamming so hard and deep into each other I thought my dick might snap. Then I felt the weight of her body fall on me and her entire figure shivered and shook. Her arms dug into my chest so hard I had trouble breathing. Her pussy became a hydrant, gushing cum all over my cock. Her legs kicked violently and she was gasping for air. It scared me for a second but then I felt her pussy grind into me again daring me to fuck her till the end. I tossed her on her back and pounded her pussy over and over again. Pools of warm cum soaked the bed and I finally let loose. I

came inside her and then pulled out and scattered cum across her tits and stomach. I collapsed on my back and the bed finally came to a stop.

No one said a word and only the slowing of our breathing was heard. The sweat and moisture on my body began to evaporate and it felt like a pair of lips blowing cool air across my skin, pleasant enough to lull me to sleep. The next morning I found myself in the same position with my shorts mysteriously back on and the sheets thrown over me. I sat up and I felt the sheets under me sticking to my body still damp and musty. I was thrilled to know it wasn't a dream.

When I finally exited the room I discovered my aunt and cousin at the table having breakfast. My cousin was quiet, chewing on bacon but my aunt was chipper and loud talking about her plans for the day. She was already prepared to leave for Home Depot and offered me some of the left over eggs in the pan.

"No, no. I'm fine thanks," I said.

"I'm sure you're eager to get back home now that you've finished the babysitting," she said.

"I guess," I said. I had the feeling she wanted me to leave. So I grabbed my things and said my goodbyes and walked out the door.

For months after, she behaved exactly the same, as if nothing had ever occurred. I was happy she did too. She rarely called the house and almost never stopped by despite the fact that she lived so close. But after a while, when the memory began to fade I started to think about that night again. Over and over again, using it to feed my need to jerk off. I had thoughts of sneaking over to her house and slipping in through the door but I never did. Eventually she met a man and I met a girl and the whole thing sort of vanished like a dream. And now, after having several other partners and experiencing good and bad sex, I realize that sex with my aunt was one the hottest fucks I've ever had in my life. Sometimes when I really need to jerk off I find myself thinking about her and wondering if she's got that dildo in her thinking of me.