Wicked Uncle, Slutty Aunt, Virgin Niece - 4

By Buddybear

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Wendy learns what it feels like to be a whore in a brothel.

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Wendy's eyes opened quickly in the morning light coming through her window. Her first thought was, "oh my god, I fucked my uncle! I let my own uncle put his cock in my pussy!" Her second thought was, "oh my god, I wish I could go back to last night and relive it over and over! I need him to fuck me again right now!"

The memories flooded back, the silky feeling of Nelson's penis slowly pressing against her wet labia while her aunt Gwen thoughtfully held Wendy's knees apart, the sudden penetration of her vagina, and the eerie but welcome sensation of his cock sliding tightly into her moist depths. She remembered her sense of awe at the realization that she had surrendered her virginity! To her uncle! A hot flash of lust blazed between her brain and her genitals.

Wendy's fingers entered the seething cauldron of her pussy, as she replayed in her mind the wonderful experience of her first fuck! Then the alarm clock went off. Pissed at the interruption, she bolted upright in bed and slapped the clock. There was a knock at the door. Her mother's voice said, "Wendy? Wendy? You up?"

Drat and damn the interruptions! Wendy could feel herself sitting in a growing puddle of her own juices. "Yes, mom! What is it?"

"Your dad and I are gonna need your help in the gardens this morning. Wear your grubbies. Breakfast in ten minutes."

Wendy grit her teeth in frustration. She needed to masturbate so fucking bad right now. But it would just have to wait.

"Gorganzola!!" she yelled as she threw the bedclothes aside and leapt to the floor. Her father was adamant that there be no cursing in the house, and "gorgonzola" was as close as she could come without risking his umbrage.

She stepped to her antique wardrobe and pulled out what she thought of as her “industrial strength undies” and a pair of well-worn jeans. She peeled out of her wet, sticky panties and buried them deep in her laundry hamper so the bedroom wouldn’t smell like a brothel. Or anyway, what she imagined that a brothel should smell like. On impulse, she pulled the panties back out, buried her nose in their dampness and took a long, deep sniff. She felt her vagina gush more warm fluids. Being a whore in a brothel was one of Wendy’s favorite fantasies.

One of her least favorite things was working in the strawberry fields when the ground was wet. And the ground was very wet after last night’s intense thunderstorm. She had worked the strawberries ever since she was eight or nine, so her body pretty well ran on automatic, freeing her mind for other activities.

Yes, the rain and thunder had provided excellent cover for her rather noisy… and naughty… activities of the night before. She had been royally fucked by her uncle Nelson and her aunt Gwen. Over and over again, she replayed the memory of being in their pitch black room, suddenly illuminated by the actinic glare of lightning bolts, creating black and white still shots etched into her brain. Uncle Nelson looming over her, his erect penis like an obscene spike. Her aunt Gwen silhouetted against the window, the black shadows outlining her full breasts.

There were sharp tactile memories, too, memories she would cherish forever. The kisses, the deep lascivious tongue dances that spoke of lust and need and surrender in their own silent language. The fingers, gently but insistently exploring her moist forbidden realms, revealing her long-hidden lust and desire. The animal invasion of her body, the powerful deep thrusting that threatened to split her asunder, that ignited smoldering fires in her heart that could not be quenched. The smooth, buttery friction of demanding flesh within yielding flesh. The surges of molten emotion that dripped and burned its way to her throat, coming out as mewling, grunting cries of abject surrender.

“Oh Jesus… yes… take me… take me… use me… fill me… I want… I need… oh god…”

A violent shiver ran through Wendy’s body, like a rat bolting from a haystack. She dropped her tool, and looked around to see if her father had noticed. He hadn’t. She looked behind her to see that she had worked well over half her allotted patch of strawberries. She straightened up. Her heavy cotton undies were plastered to her sticky thighs and buttocks in a most uncomfortable way.

She filled her lungs with fresh air, and an unorthodox thought filled her mind. She looked again at her father and silently ran her tongue over her unspoken words. “Can you hear me thinking, father dearest? Guess what? My vagina is full of semen! Lots and lots of semen. From your brother Nelson’s big cock! He copulated with my virgin womb, yesterday, and I loved it, father! He ejaculated

his sperm inside me at least three times! And I intend to spread my legs for him every chance I get, father! Oh! and I'm having lesbian sex with aunt Gwen! Do you have ANY idea what pussy tastes like, father dearest?"

Her father glanced behind him and noticed Wendy's silent stare. He gave her a quizzical look. "Back to work, girl!"

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They were finishing their early lunch at the antique dining room table. It had originally belonged to George's – and Nelson's – grandparents. Nelson glanced up and caught his niece's eye for just a second. Wendy had showered and changed into a lovely yellow sundress that set off her golden curls, giving her that Alice in Wonderland look again. But there was nothing "Alice" about the lascivious grin that momentarily occupied her lips.

Over sweet fruit tarts, they discussed the plans for the afternoon.

Wendy wanted to show her aunt and uncle Norwich's famous Norman castle. Despite having been built somewhat hastily in the late eleventh century by William the Conqueror, it was still in good condition, and was arguably the biggest tourist attraction around. Wendy had worked there the year before as a docent, or tour guide. But it was already noon, so the trip to the castle was scheduled for the following morning. Gwen insisted that she wanted to do some local shopping and so that became the goal for the day.

Shop, they did, but not just for the local arts and crafts that Gwen had mentioned. She and Nelson took Wendy to a woman's underwear and lingerie shop, and a sexual boutique out on loop A140. Wendy was incredibly excited to be able to shop for bras and underwear like she had seen on the internet and in movies, not the plain cotton stuff her mother bought for her – bras that accentuated her breasts instead of hiding them, panties and nightwear that were of real silk, lingerie that was feminine and blatantly revealing.

Gwen declared that she needed a special dress if she was to meet Wendy's brother James. She found the perfect one: it was a sensual dark green silk and came only down to mid-thigh. The deep V-neckline was intended for women with larger breasts, and revealed her impressive cleavage to perfection. The fabric was cut on the bias, so it clung to her body like a second skin.

Nelson insisted that Wendy should have a similar outfit. Wendy picked out a blue silk dress of similar cut, and matching silk push-up bra that exposed more cleavage than she was comfortable with. But her uncle declared that the dress was fabulous on her. Nelson insisted that both women change into

their new outfits for the rest of the afternoon.

Wendy was shocked. “Uncle Nelson? I’d feel like… like a whore dressing this way in public.”

“Princess, you’ll be the most beautiful whore on the street. You and your aunt will be my personal whores for the rest of the day, and that’s my final word on the matter.”

Gwen added, “Go ahead, sweetheart! You’ll love the feeling you get when men look at you. And I’ll enjoy looking at you, too!” She winked salaciously at her niece.

Wendy blushed when her aunt and uncle took her out on the streets of Norwich, carrying their purchases and continuing their window shopping. Wendy was astonished at the way men were looking at her, their eyes blatantly roaming up and down her entire body, like she was so many pounds of meat! She thought to herself, I bet this is the way men look at whores in a brothel! Omigod, I bet I’m making their penises hard! She felt her pussy get warm and damp.

Wendy’s blush went off-scale when her aunt and uncle took her into the sexual boutique. There were sex toys everywhere! Fortunately, Gwen knew what the toys were for, and how to use them, so with her helpful advice, Wendy was able to pick out three “appliances” that would cover all her “needs”. It embarrassed her to imagine using the toys. It embarrassed her even more when the handsome older man at the register shamelessly admired her deep cleavage, then smiled at her knowingly. He paused and slipped her a business card.

“Sweetheart, I know you will enjoy your purchases, but if you are in any way dissatisfied with any of them, please contact me here at this number. I’ll write my name on the back. There. Just ask for Jeffrey. I can answer your questions and give you… ANY assistance… that you may need. We even have a private dressing room and classroom in back.”

The look in the man’s eyes, as they glanced from Wendy’s face down to her half-exposed breasts and back, caused Wendy’s body to flush all the way to her toes. The thing that really warmed her blood was the thought that she actually enjoyed having the clerk ogle her breasts. And the sexual innuendo in his voice was so naughty and… and dirty! She mentioned this to Gwen and Nelson as they were headed for the door.

Gwen stopped. “Nelson, he was certainly hitting on me, too – in a gentlemanly way, of course. We still have time. You want to ask about that changing room and try for a long shot? We probably won’t have a better chance at any privacy today, unless we want to do it in the car. And I’m not keen about that at all. Perhaps we should get our friendly clerk to help us out.”

Nelson glanced at his niece. She blushed deeply and nodded.

Gwen said, “Okay, it’s worth a try.”

Gwen approached the clerk with his business card in her hand.

“Jeffrey? Hi. On second thought, we do have some questions about our new toys. Do you have some time to spare for us?”

Jeffrey, his face eager at first, now registered doubt as he saw Nelson and Wendy approach the counter with equally big smiles. “Well… yes, how may I help you?”

Gwen coyly said, “Jeffrey, dear, you said something about a private classroom? I think the three of us will require some detailed instruction and perhaps some... practice? Yes?”

Jeffrey squeaked audibly. “Yes? All three of you? Well, I... I... I... suppose so, there doesn’t appear to be any other customers here at the moment. Elizabeth can handle the register for me. Ahh… please come this way. Uhh?... all three of you?”

He led them down a narrow hallway at the rear of the store. The three doors read: Men, Women, and Employees Only. He unlocked the third door with a key attached to his belt and let them in. The room was small, with a tiny roll-top desk, a small table with a computer and oversized flat panel display, a shelf containing many of the products for sale in the store, and a daybed with brass headboard and quilted, faux-suede upholstery.

“So, what can I do for you? You wish some explanation of how to use one of our products? We have several DVDs showing all the techniques…”

Gwen instructed Wendy and Nelson to open the boxes they had bought, then turned to the clerk. As she spoke, she slowly unfastened and removed the belt of her revealing dress.

“Jeffrey, we don’t have very long to stay in the UK, and we want to make sure our niece is properly instructed in all the products we bought for her. And that means both my husband and I should be… well… expert in their use so we can teach our niece.”

Jeffrey stammered, “You’re going to teach? Your… niece?”

“Yes. We’re a very close family, Jeffrey. I hope that doesn’t offend you?”

Jeffrey recovered quickly. “Yes. I mean, no, I’m not offended at all. Many of our customers have a… how shall I say it?... a more mature and open attitude toward sexual matters within the… family…”

Jeffrey’s mouth ground to a halt as he watched Gwen slip out of her dress and lay it carefully over a chair.

“Uh… uh… excuse me, but I’ll just turn on the instruction DVD and it will…”

Gwen was totally nonplussed. “Jeffrey, we won’t be needing the DVD. Oh, and do you have a mature and open attitude toward displays of family erotic affection?"

"Me? Uh... yes! As a matter of fact we sell a wide variety of graphic novels depicting... incest... in all its varieties. I... enjoy them. Do you wish me to leave while you...?"

While he spoke, Nelson methodically guided Wendy to the daybed and slipped his niece's dress off. Then her bra and panties. Wendy stared at Jeffrey and could not help but cross her forearms over her exposed breasts -- while Jeffrey stared back with unblinking eyes.

Nelson said, "Wendy? Wendy. Look at me sweetheart. Do you want this nice man to leave the room? Or would you like to see how it feels to be naked in front of a stranger? Like being a whore in a brothel?"

Wendy stammered, "Naked? In front of... him? Oh! Oh, a whore in a brothel? Oh, god uncle Nelson, that's making me so wet! Yes! Let him stay! I want him to see me naked."

Gwen immediately caught on to the girl's train of thought. "Yes, Wendy, very much like being a whore, allowing a strange man to lust for your naked body, allowing him to watch you have sex. With me."

And at that, Gwen finished attaching the lifelike double-dildo to the sturdy harness around her hips, inserting one end into her own wet pussy. Wendy glanced down and did a double-take! Her aunt had an erect penis! Wendy's arms dropped away from her chest. Her extravagantly generous breasts swung free. Gwen guided her down onto the daybed, and in a moment, was showing Wendy how to use the vibrating butt plug.

Meanwhile, Nelson stood just four feet away, his butt pressed against the table. He had unzipped his pants and was now stroking his fully erect penis, thrilling at the sight of the sex toy sliding into his niece's virgin ass. He turned to Jeffrey and smiled.

"Elizabeth outside is beautiful. She has your coloring. Any relation?"

Jeffrey coughed nervously and said, "Yes, she's my daughter. But she goes by a different given name here in the shop. It avoids unpleasant... uh... questions."

"I imagine so. And please feel free to pleasure yourself as I'm doing. We all would be really turned on if you did. So, Jeffrey, have you ever thought about having sex with your daughter?"

Jeffrey's whole body twanged like a plucked viola string. He let out another tiny squeal. He glanced into Nelson's eyes, down at Nelson's erect penis, and fumbled with his own zipper. In seconds, he was stroking his own hard cock.

All he said was, "Yes."

Wendy was laying naked on the daybed, on her back, her legs bent and widely spread. Her aunt was kissing and suckling the girl's breasts, and working the butt-plug in and out of her lubricated rectum. Wendy was moaning and writhing with pleasure. Nelson stepped out of his slacks and sat on the edge of the daybed. He fondled one of his niece's breasts -- his other hand still stroking his own cock.

Then Gwen swung around onto the daybed between Wendy's thighs, and inserted the strap-on cock into the girl's hot drooling pussy. Wendy's moans became loud guttural grunts, as her hips rocked upwards to meet each thrust of the heavily veined, vibrating, plastic cock. Her hand had found her uncles' stiff cock and was stroking it.

This tableau continue for several minutes. Jeffrey approached as close to the bed as he could. Every time Wendy's eyes opened, she found herself looking up into Jeffrey's lust-besotted face -- and his hard eight inches of cock. The forbidden dirtiness of it all thrilled her. This strange man was watching her fucking her aunt, and masturbating her uncle!

Gwen gave the girl one last deep thrust, then rose from the daybed to give Nelson more room. Nelson inserted his cock into Wendy's hungry, mewling mouth, and an even bigger vibrating dildo into Wendy's tight pussy. Gwen turned to the clerk as she removed the strap-on, gazing in admiration at the stiff male organ poking from his pants. He was masturbating, watching the erotic action on the daybed with rapt attention. He gave a little start when he felt Gwen grasp his cock.

She said, "Did I hear correctly? Elizabeth is your daughter?" The clerk nodded dumbly.

Gwen continued, "She is so beautiful. Lovely big breasts. Has she ever had her lips wrapped around your lovely erection? Hmmm?"

He stammered, "Oh god, I wish... oh how I wish..." He was struck dumb as Gwen got on her knees, looked up into Jeffrey's eyes and said, "I want to suck your big cock, daddy". She inserted his stiff penis into her mouth and suckled lasciviously.

The clerk's eyes got as big as saucers. He stammered, "Oh my god! Oh! Oh, Lizzy! My precious Lizzy!!... Unnnnnnggghhhh..."

And he filled Gwen's mouth with a river of warm semen.

Meanwhile, Wendy had learned to use the dildo and was masturbating with it most effectively, enjoying one orgasm after another. It helped that her uncle's luscious cock was fucking her mouth, and he was throwing petrol on the fire between her legs, with his dirty, filthy words.

"Oh, Wendy, my precious little whore! You're my sweet innocent little whore! Suck my wicked cock, princess! Suck your uncle's big nasty wicked cock meat!..."

After uncountable orgasms, Wendy felt her mouth fill with hot musky spunk. Her uncle was cumming in her mouth! Oh god, this was so dirty! And her poor over-stimulated pussy flashed with incandescent heat one last time, rocking her to the foundation of her soul. Scrunching her eyes, she slowly swallowed as much as she could, telling herself silently over and over what she was doing.

"My uncle's sperm! I'm swallowing uncle Nelson's sperm! From his penis!..."

The aftershocks went on for a full two minutes.

Then, everyone was all buttoned up (in their original street clothes) and so very proper again. Jeffrey was obviously embarrassed, and yet quite appreciative. Wendy even let him hook her bra for her, relishing the feeling of him looking over her shoulder at her naked breasts. Thanks were made and accepted. Hands were shaken all around.

As the women were gathering their purchases and heading down the hall, Nelson turned to Jeffrey and slipped him a 20 Euro note.

"Jeffrey? How old is Elizabeth?"

"Uh, she turned sixteen last month."

"If you want Elizabeth in your bed, you should start now. But don't push her. Let her come to you. I

suggest buying her some lingerie. And let her read some of those incest novels you sell here. Good luck!"

The three tired shoppers went straight back home, talking and giggling about all the "contraband" they had in the car's boot.

As they turned into Chamomile Lane, Gwen declared, "Yes, now we're prepared to introduce whorish Wendy to her horny brother in proper fashion! We have the tools! We have the clothes! We have the plan! Let's do it!"

Wendy echoed, "Yes! Let's do it!"

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