

Wicked Uncle, Slutty Aunt, Virgin Niece

By Buddybear

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I relinquish all rights to the stories written under the avatar name "BuddyBear". Enjoy!!!

Careful who you masturbate with online - they may appear on your doorstep.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/wicked-uncle-slutty-aunt-virgin-niece.aspx>

{Revised from the original}

“Gwen? Where are you? I got the mail.”

“I’m back here Nelson. I’m online with one of our Lush fuck-buddies.”

Nelson, 52 years old, lean and well muscled, wandered into the “office” of their small house in Texas.

“Gwen, it looks like we got confirmation of our hotel in Amsterdam. Any word on the plane tickets?”

His wife, a youthful-looking 40, was sitting at the computer, her lovely hair in disarray, her blouse open, her skirt pulled up to her hips. Her husband looked over her shoulder, trying to see just how hot the chat was. From the sweet, subtle aroma of sex in the air, he knew she had been having a very sexy chat.

Gwen answered, “Yes, ticket confirmation came in online. And our itinerary, and train passes, and Chunnel tickets to England. Oh, do you remember VirginPrincessUK on Lush? Pookie? The one that wanted both a ‘daddy’ and a ‘mommy’? I’m online with her now, and I’ve cum twice. Some weeks ago, she finally let her hair down and let me cyber eating her pussy. For the last hour, we’ve been doing sixty-nine with each other, and god, is she so hot for it. She is so innocent and sweet. I just love the feeling of seducing her into experiencing lesbian sex. She makes my pussy so wet.”

Nelson bent down and kissed his wife on the neck, making sure to notice there was no bra under her unbuttoned blouse, and her panties had been pulled to the side, exposing her damp pussy.

“You smell so good, sweetheart! Yes, we both love the young innocent ones, don’t we? Pookie is one of my favorite ‘daughters’, now. Last week, while you were shopping, she finally worked up the

courage to ask me to 'daddy-fuck' her. She was amazing. Have you noticed how many girls on Lush these days are from the UK? ... Oh, hey! Look here! We got a thick piece of mail from my brother in Norwich. Hmmm... pictures, I think."

Gwen said, "Thank god for Lush! I've had more hot cyber sex with more young men and women in the last year, then in all the rest of my life. And you have, too. Don't think I haven't noticed, mister sticky fingers."

She raised her face to him and he kissed her on the lips. If his hands weren't so full he would have fondled her breasts. He could feel himself getting aroused at the mental image of his wife having a lesbian chat with a self-proclaimed virgin girl in England. Of course, she might not actually be a virgin. She might not be female! Everybody lies about sex on the internet.

He straightened up and finished opening the envelope from England. Yes, it was pictures.

"Sweetheart, take a look at these. Here's my brother's house... here's my brother, George... a closeup... another... his wife Julianne... a closeup... both of them and their daughter Wendy... I guess that's their backyard... lovely old trees... more shots of Wendy... yummy, a shot of Wendy in a bikini! She's a lovely young girl, nice body. Damn, look at that rack of tits! If I was her father... hehehe."

Gwen interjected, "Beautiful! If I was her mother... hehehe."

"And some more interior shots of their home... I have no idea who those folks are... George and Julianne posing nicely... probably in their dining room... and two more of Wendy with her mother."

Gwen said, "Nelson, show me the one of Wendy again. No, the one with her in a bikini."

"This one? She is so beautiful. She turned sixteen a few months ago. God, look at those gorgeous tits! Wouldn't mind having this picture blown up."

"Don't be silly, Nelson, you'd only get your spunk all over it. It looks so familiar. I think I've seen it before."

"Déjà vu, sweetheart?"

Nelson had just begun casually fondling Gwen's voluptuous breast when she let out a little scream.

"Oh my god! I can't believe this! Look!"

Gwen held the photo against the computer screen. To its left was VirginPrincessUK's avatar, the torso of a young woman with generous breasts, in a bikini, with the head, arms and legs cropped off. The bikinis were the same color. The girl's breasts were the same size. The towel under her perfectly formed ass was the same towel.

Nelson whispered, "Holy shit! VirginPrincessUK is my niece, Wendy? Oh my god!"

Gwen added, "And we've both had cyber sex with her! Multiple times!"

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Nelson was online at Lush, checking the comments on his latest story, Losing My Virginity in Church , involving a young woman oppressed by strict, religious parents; who finds an older man in her church, the youth director, who becomes her secret naughty 'daddy', taking her virginity in one of the church offices. VirginPrincessUK had left a comment: "God, this is so hot that I had to cum twice. I feel just like the poor girl in that story. Trapped. Wish I had a daddy like that. Excellent."

She was still online. Nelson did a quick mental calculation and figured it was 10 pm in England. Probably bedtime there for a sixteen year old girl. He poked her, and sent an online message:

[Hi Princess. Can daddy come over and play?]

He found himself in a quandary. Should he ask her if she was Wendy? Should he tell her he was her uncle from Texas? How would that affect their upcoming visit, if Wendy knew that two of her hottest cyber sex partners at Lush would be staying in her house for five days? How would she react? Wendy opened a chat window.

[Hi daddy dearest! Your daughter is so wet tonight!]

Nelson found his penis swelling to full erection. This wasn't just VirginPrincessUK any more. It was his niece, Wendy, who he would be seeing in one week. And his niece was a cyber slut!

[Hello Princess. Have you been playing with your nasty pussy again? What did daddy tell you about having dirty lascivious thoughts?]

[But daddy, my dirty thoughts are about you. I'm wearing just my big floppy tee shirt. I was thinking of you tucking me into bed tonight, and feeling your hands slide over my breasts, and down my tummy, and between my legs. My pussy needs you, daddy!]

[You're a very dirty girl, Wendy. You probably have your fingers in your pussy right now, don't you?]

[Yes, daddy. I can't help myself. I keep thinking of daddy's beautiful penis. I want to make it hard for you, daddy. I'm so very naughty and dirty.]

Suddenly, Nelson realized he had fucked up! He had used her real name, instead of 'Pookie', her cyber name, or "Princess", his usual term of sexual endearment. He quickly responded, hoping she would not notice.

[Princess, you know what happens when you touch daddy's cock and make it hard. Then daddy has to put his hard erect cock in your mouth. And put his fingers between your legs and play with your pussy. Is that what you want me to do?]

[Yes, daddy! Put three fingers deep in my naughty cunt! I'm so sorry I'm a slut, but I can't help it. I can't get sex anywhere else, but with you! Will you teach me to suck your daddy cock tonight? Please? I'll do anything daddy wants if he'll give me another cock sucking lesson! I love the taste of your cum.]

And so it went, back and forth, getting nastier and dirtier, until Nelson saw his cue and began doing all the typing, creating a perverted scene of a father unloosed from all moral restraint, sodomizing his daughter's mouth and then penetrating her virgin pussy with his lust-engorged erection, dumping copious quantities of his seed within her. After five minutes of typing as fast as he could, he saw her response, "oooooooo", their signal that she had cum as many times as she could.

Nelson's hands were tired. He leaned back in the chair and idly stroked his throbbing cock. He heard footsteps approach behind him and sniffed a familiar perfume. Hands touched his shoulders.

"Having fun? Who is it?"

"Wendy. She just came. Waiting for her to catch her breath."

"Mmmm, I see somebody else needs to cum. She really makes you hard, doesn't she? Is it because she's so imaginative and fast on a keyboard, or because she's your niece?"

"Both. Wait a sec. She's back."

[Daddy, that was the most awesome ever! I lost count of how many times I came! I feel so deliciously wicked with you! Is there anything my daddy wants from me? Anything?]

[Daddy already came while you were catching your breath sweetheart. I have to go now. Sweet dreams.]

[Bye, my dirty wicked daddy. XOXOXOXOXO]

Nelson reached up and turned the computer off. He stood up and grabbed his wife and kissed her, his exposed erection pressing against her belly. When they finished their deep tongue kiss, he picked up a photograph from beside the computer and pulled his wife toward the bedroom. After so many years of marriage, Gwen knew what her husband wanted: she disappeared into her closet and came out in a bikini similar to the one that Wendy wore in the picture, only blue instead of white. She sauntered up to her naked husband and smiled coyly at him.

“Hello, wicked daddy. Can I touch your penis, please? I’ve never seen one up close before.”

He gruffly pulled her close and mauled her breasts while he kissed her neck.

“Yes, Wendy, play with my dick all you want. Why don’t you lie on the bed and let your daddy take your bikini panties off. Because I want my dick inside your virgin pussy, sweetheart. Daddy needs to fuck his sweet innocent Wendy girl.”

Lost, in their hot fantasy, Gwen and Nelson were soon fucking hard and fast on the bed.

“... oh daddy! daddy! It feels so good inside me...!”

“Yes, Wendy! Spread wider so daddy can fuck you deeper...!”

In a few minutes, Gwen was moaning and grunting with multiple orgasms and Nelson was dreaming of Wendy, his sweet niece Wendy, and pumping his hot semen into Gwen’s vagina...

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Gwen and Nelson debated back and forth until two days before their plane left. Gwen won – they would tell her. She got online to the Lush website and checked friends. VirginPrincessUK was online. Gwen poked her. A chat window opened immediately.

[Hello, mommy! Guess what I’ve been doing? I just masturbated three times!]

[Mommy is very proud of her baby girl! Were you reading a story?]

[Yes. It was Losing My Virginity in Church, part 2. God, it was so smoking nasty and wicked! It was by WickedDaddy4U. He's in your friend list.]

[Yes, sweetheart, I know him. In fact, he's my husband. We've been married 21 years. Sometimes I sit by his side and masturbate while you and he are cybering. I adore the relationship you have with him, Wendy.]

[WTF? How the fuck do you know my name? And wd4u called me Wendy a week ago. WTF!!]

[Wendy, please grab onto your seat, sweetheart. Your father sent us some pictures recently, and we saw that your avatar was cropped from one of the pictures. I'm your aunt Gwen and wd4u is your uncle Nelson.]

[SHIT!! HOLY FUCKING SHIT!! NO!!]

[Wendy, it's okay. Really it is.]

[FUCK YOU perverts cyber me and know im your fucking niece oh god now parents will find out oh shit oh shit NO NO NO NO!!!]

[WENDY!! We did not know you were our niece until about a week ago. We each have cybered you only twice since then. And it didn't change anything for us. We both lust for our sweet innocent Pookie and we're glad to give you all the pleasure we can. We still do, sweetheart. And we most certainly will NOT tell your parents a goddam thing!]

[You won't? Promise? But you're gonna visit here in a few days. What then?]

[We promise not to tell. Wendy, I don't know what's going to happen when we get there. To be honest and blunt, your uncle and I find that our sexual attraction toward you is even stronger than ever, now that we know you're a real person. What would YOU like to happen when we're there?]

[Are you talking about having sex with me? For real? That's incest.]

[Uncle Nelson is still your wicked daddy, Wendy, and I'm still your dear slutty mommy. We can do whatever you want, sweetheart.]

[Shit. I can't handle right now. Stomach hurts. g2g. bye]

The next day, Gwen received a private message from VirginPrincessUK:

“I’m so sorry I was ugly to you online. Please forgive me. I really am looking forward to meeting you and uncle Nelson, but I’m so nervous and scared. I doubt we can do anything out of the ordinary. You have no idea how strict my parents are. Love. Your Pookie.”

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Amsterdam was fantastic! Fondel Park was in bloom! The Reichs Museum was exhausting, but worth it. Floating around the Amsterdam canals. Five days traveling the countryside of The Netherlands by train was the experience of a lifetime. But alone in their hotel room, the main topic of conversation was Wendy.

The Chunnel ride under the English Channel was exciting. London was at once familiar and as alien as Mars. They took a local train to Norwich, where they rented an English automobile with the steering on the wrong side.

And on a cloudy damp Thursday evening, Gwen and Nelson knocked on the blue door at 2011 Chamomile Lane in a small rural village just outside of Norwich. The door opened inward on oversized brass hinges. Warm light spilled out on the brick walkway. Aromas of wood smoke, soap and a well-used kitchen wafted by them. Silhouetted in the light was the form of a young woman, her hair highlighted from behind like a cloud of spun gold.

“Uncle Nelson? Aunt Gwen?”

Her parents were just a few steps behind her, effusively inviting the newcomers in for drinks and supper. The evening was an adrenaline rush of hugs, handshakes, laughter and guided tours of the old brick and flint home with a fireplace in every room. There was a lovely roast for supper, an excellent wine, sparkling (if mundane) stories of planes, trains, tulip fields and weather, and countless sentences beginning with the words “do you remember the time...”.

But through it all, only one thing in the staid and conservative Tudor house that had its own vibrant existence for Gwen and Nelson: Wendy. Heart-breakingly lovely Wendy. Sixteen years old, with a face that bespoke innocence and bridled passions, petite in body, delightfully busty, demure, a bit too quiet, eyes never leaving her aunt and uncle. She would have been perfect in the lead role of Alice in Wonderland. Nelson caught himself glancing at her frequently. She seemed to blush slightly each time but her eyes never wavered. He saw Gwen casually place her hand on Wendy’s thigh, out of parental eyesight, for just a moment. The girl blushed profusely but gave no other indication.

As the dessert dishes were pushed aside, Nelson saw the girl’s petite hand slowly, glacially, reach

out and press against Gwen's thigh. Gwen softly covered the hand with her own, and a great burden seemed to be lifted from the young girl's shoulders.

It was past midnight when all agreed it was time for bed. The visitors were given the guest room at the far end of the house. Parents said good night and retired. Lights were turned off and Wendy slipped into the bathroom, debating to herself whether she should shower. A moment later, there was a faint knock and the bathroom door opened. Gwen entered, wearing a chiffon nightgown showing quite a lot of cleavage. Wendy turned, froze for a moment, then smiled shyly.

Gwen grinned and whispered, "Hello Wendy! Or should I say, Pookie!"

Wendy accepted Gwen's hug and whispered, "Hi, aunt Gwen. I don't know. I'm on pins and needles. I'm so nervous, I feel faint. I'm afraid my mum and dad will catch us together. I don't know about this..."

At that moment, Nelson slipped silently into the bathroom, wrapped in a thin burgundy robe. As he slowly approached Wendy, Gwen slipped behind the girl and lovingly embraced her around her waist. Gwen slowly rubbed her ample breasts against the girl's back. Nelson stood toe to toe with his niece.

He whispered, "Hello princess. It's so good to meet you. God, I haven't seen you since you were 8 or 9. You have become such a lovely and sexy young woman. How do you feel?"

"Scared. I keep remembering all the wonderful sex we've had online. God, I've masturbated so many times to your words that I can't count. It's so weird to see you in person. And... and knowing that you're also my uncle... and aunt. I'm so scared, but I don't want to be."

"It's okay, princess. It's good that you're afraid. I love your fear, your reluctance. I find it very sexually arousing. Have you decided what you want to do with us? Would you like to play with us? Or even lose your virginity to us? Gwen and I are agreed that we're willing to do that if you are."

"I... I... I don't know uncle. I kinda want to, but I'm so afraid... My mom and dad, oh god, you have no idea how strict they are, and..."

Nelson leaned in closer, their faces only inches apart.

"Who am I, princess?"

"You're my... my uncle Nelson?"

“Who am I, princess? Who do you want me to be?”

His hands came up and ever so gently touched her firm voluptuous breasts through her nightshirt, feeling her young nipples hardening into his palms. A little sob escaped Wendy’s mouth. A single tear fell down her cheek. Her body began to tremble.

“You’re... you’re my wicked daddy, who loves me?”

Nelson closed the last inch between them and brushed his lips over Wendy’s trembling lips. Her eyes closed. She moaned softly. He kissed her again, opening his lips, and their tongues touched like virgin lovers. His hands hefted her breasts, feeling the soft generous weight of them. Gwen bent down and kissed Wendy on the neck. Wendy’s breath came faster. She moaned with excitement.

“And who is your aunt Gwen? Who is she?”

The girl whispered in quiet sobs, “She... she’s my slutty mommy... who loves me... and wants me to be... a slut just like her.”

“Good girl, princess. Your wicked daddy and your slutty mommy love you so very much. Do you know that?”

“Yes... yes, I know you love me.”

“That’s right, Wendy. We both adore you and will do nothing to hurt you. We can just be your relatives visiting from Texas, or... or we can be the lovers you know us to be. We have made love to you so many times online, and if you wish, we will make love to you for real.”

Nelson kissed her again, more aggressively, and the teenager slowly returned the passion. He released one of her breasts. Gwen reached around and cupped it in her hand, fondling it firmly. Nelson’s free hand descended and slipped under the hem of the teenager’s modest sleeping shirt and probed between her thighs. Wendy gasped and moaned but stayed with the deep sensuous kiss.

Nelson’s finger slid up and touched her cotton panties. He brushed his fingertips over her genitals and she moaned again. Her pelvis involuntarily thrust, driving his fingers firmly into the cleft between her labia. She convulsed ever so slightly. Gwen’s kisses ranged up and down from the girl’s earlobe to her shoulder. Her hand squeezed the girl’s breast, her fingers pinched the nipple. Wendy’s breath was coming hard and fast now. Nelson paused the kiss.

“Princess, pull down your panties for me. Do it, Princess, so daddy can touch you.”

“Can... can you? Can you pull them down?”

“No. Daddy wants to see his sweet baby princess pull her panties down for him, so that he knows she is ready.”

The girl hesitated, moaned softly, and then her hands slowly lifted from her sides and tugged on her panties, pulling them down. The kiss resumed, hotter and more passionate. Gwen allowed her uncle’s tongue to explore her mouth. She felt her pussy get even wetter and hotter.

Nelson’s finger tips probed his niece’s naked genitals now, and parted her labia. Instantly, a large quantity of warm viscous fluid drenched his fingers. Her body convulsed again.

Gwen whispered, “Do you want this, sweetheart? We can stop. Do you want this?”

Wendy’s brilliant gray-green eyes opened and looked into her uncle’s face. She nodded slowly.

“Yes! I want it so bad!”

Nelson’s fingers probed deeply between her wet slippery labia, finding the entrance to her vagina and her clitoris at the same time. Wendy’s eyes closed and her body spasmed. Her knees almost buckled, but Gwen held her up with one strong arm. Nelson stepped closer, trapping the girl’s body firmly between him and his wife. His fingers probed knowingly, expertly, insistently, rhythmically. Firm strong hands mauled her breasts, her virgin breasts that had never been touched by anyone but her doctor. Strong hands that did unspeakable things to her breasts that she had only done for herself in the privacy of the shower, or her own bed.

And her pussy, which she had been able to ignore until six months ago, which awoke and took on a life of its own, pleading with her, demanding of her, giving so much to her, needing so much from her – her aroused pussy was being masturbated as she had never dreamed, never dared to dream, and the lovely succulent molestation of her liquid flesh was driving her mad, a madness to which she was only too willing to surrender.

Her mouth fell open and her head jerked backwards, almost hitting Gwen in the face. Her arms flew around Nelson’s neck and locked him in an iron embrace. Wendy’s entire body convulsed and writhed with a desperate needfulness that was not lost on her aunt and uncle. Her orgasms wracked her body over and over and over without end, without measure, without mercy. Her eyes rolled up into her head. Her moans turned into a series of loud guttural grunts. Nelson covered her mouth with his cheek to muffle the sound, and struggled to keep the seizure-blasted child from falling, and

simultaneously continue masturbating her. His middle two fingers squeezed deep inside her and massaged her vaginal wall, while his thumb rubbed her swollen and super-sensitive clitoris in little circles.

She writhed like a demented ragdoll between them, her pelvis thrusting in synchrony with Nelson's deep thrusting fingers. She was literally humping his fingers, lost in her unquenchable need for sexual release. Nelson slowed down until the convulsions subsided. He paused and removed his fingers. Wendy's breathing came in deep but silent sobs. Tears streamed down her cheeks. She found her feet and made an attempt to support her weight. Nelson held her wet face up with his hands and covered it with gentle butterfly kisses.

"Oh, god, princess, you are the loveliest thing in my whole universe. I adore you. We both adore you."

She released her uncle's neck. Her sobs continued but got shallower as she regained control of herself. She felt massive wetness down both thighs all the way to her knees. She could smell the strong alluring odor of her own sex filling her nostrils. Her eyes uncrossed and she looked up into her uncle's smiling face.

"Tha... Tha... Thank you! Oh god oh god thank you my sweet wicked daddy!"

She began to cry softly, and turned slightly as Gwen came around to her side.

"Thank you, mommy! Oh you really are my wonderful slutty mommy! I love you both so much! Oh my god that was so incredible. I think I'm gonna cry again..."

Her voice was rising in volume – Gwen gently touched her lips to quiet her.

"You don't need to thank us, child. We are only too happy to be here with you... and love you... and adore you... and worship you."

Now there were tears streaming freely down all three faces.

Nelson whispered, "Okay, princess. We're going to bed now. It's very late and we'll see you in the morning. I promise we will be very careful."

With a wide smile, Nelson slipped out of the bathroom. Gwen brought her hands up and cupped the girl's extravagant breasts and squeezed, eliciting another sharp gasp from Wendy.

"Good night, sweet sweet Wendy. I love you."

Gwen leaned in and the teenager found herself enjoying her first ever deep tongue kiss with a mature woman. They parted and Gwen slipped out the door. Wendy found herself alone in the bathroom, her breath coming in small gasps, her heart pounding like a triphammer.

Stunned. Amazed. Ecstatic.

She held onto the sink for a moment until she was sure of her balance. She sniffed again. Yes, she would most definitely be taking a nice hot shower.