

“Aunt Vicky?” Chris Abrams knocks on the door to her aunt’s home, her luggage behind her on the wooden porch. The young woman waits for a moment, listening for the sound of someone moving toward the door. But the house remains silent. Chris sighs in irritation and knocks on the door again, louder this time. “Aunt Vicky? Are you home?”

This is the right place, right? Chris is almost certain this is her aunt’s home. The two-story house sits at the corner of Lake Drive and 5th Street in River Park, Sacramento. The young woman has never actually been to her aunt’s house before, but her mother had been pretty certain that this was the right place when she’d been dropped off about ten minutes ago. Chris had expected her aunt to be waiting to meet her, but...

After another minute, Chris sighs and steps away from the door. Looking around at the suburban street around her from the house’s porch, the young woman runs her fingers through her short brown hair. “Ugh... At least I can grow this out now...” She mutters to herself. Sticking her hands into her jeans, the young woman sighs again and sits down on the wooden steps. A moment later, she pulls out her flip phone and begins to scroll through her news feed.

This is *not* the way she’d expected to move in with her aunt. For almost six months, ever since she’d managed to talk Matilda into letting her go to university in the city, Chris had been looking forward to finally moving out of her family home. After eighteen years of living under her Mom’s strict roof, the young woman is in dire need of her own space. Heck, Chris knew almost nothing about Aunt Vicky, save that she lived in the city and that she and Chris’s mom didn’t get along. She’d certainly never met the woman before. But hey, if Matilda doesn’t like her, then that’s a good thing in Chris’s books.

“Who’s there?” The door behind Chris cracks open slightly and a bright green eye peers out. “What do you want, boy?” The young woman flinches in surprise and turns to look up at her aunt.

“Aunt Vicky!” Chris grins up at the older woman. “Finally!” Feeling a bit relieved, the young woman stands up and grabs the handle of her luggage. “I was starting to think you weren’t even home...”

“Oh, you’re... Chris!” The green eye widens in surprise. “Oh crap, you’re here already?!” The woman on the other side of the door seems surprised. “I thought you weren’t arriving until the afternoon?”

Chris hesitates for a moment, feeling a little confused. “Uh... It’s three in the afternoon?” She raises an eyebrow at her aunt. “Actually, I’m a bit *late*.”

“Huh? It’s not three *already*, is it?” The woman on the other side of the door groans loudly. “Oh, geez...” The door slams shut again. A moment later, Chris hears the chain unlatching and the door swings open properly. “Ugh... I suppose you’d better come in, then...”

The young woman has never actually *met* her aunt before. She and her sisters had mostly heard about her from random mentions by her parents, and that hadn't been very detailed. Throughout their childhood, Chris and her sisters had conjured up wild ideas about their crazy aunt and whatever it was that made Matilda so distant from her sister. But all she'd really known before coming here was that Aunt Vicky was her mom's older sister who lived in the city. Technically, Chris knows that Aunt Vicky had seen her as a little girl, but she certainly didn't remember it. After all, the woman standing in the doorway is quite *memorable*.

Chris had expected a typical aunt. Cheerful, warm, excited to see her niece. Maybe even a bit overweight, even. Aunt Vicky... is *none* of those things. Towering over her niece, Victoria Abrams, to use her proper name, is every inch a powerful woman. Dressed in a white silk dressing gown and with a lit cigarette in her mouth, her aunt frowns and blows a ring of smoke down at her niece. Blonde hair falls to her shoulders. To call Aunt Vicky *tall* would be a bit of an understatement. She stands at a towering six and a half foot, and her dressing gown can't even begin to conceal her curves. Even through loose silk, it's easy for Chris to see that her aunt is *quite* well endowed, both upstairs and downstairs.

As Aunt Vicky steps into the afternoon sunlight, she grimaces. "Ugh... Stupid California sun..." She growls in a surprisingly gravelly voice. Reaching into her dressing gown's pocket, she pulls out a pair of sunglasses and clicks them open, putting them on to shield her eye. "Well... Hey. Nice to meet you, kid." Up close, Chris can see that her aunt's blonde hair is brown at the roots, her hair dye beginning to fade. "Sorry about that, thought you were some boy playing a prank."

"Ah... It's the outfit, right?" Chris is wearing a red flannel shirt and jeans, and with her short hair, she can forgive her aunt for mistaking her as a boy from a distance. That being said, she had been hoping for a little more... *enthusiastic* welcome from her aunt, but whatever. "It's fine!" She grabs her luggage and grins up at her aunt. "Thanks for letting me stay with you, Aunty."

"Yeah, no prob, no prob..." Aunt Vicky waves a hand idly, taking another slow puff on her smoke. "Good to... y'know... Actually *meet* my niece after like fifteen years."

"Uh... Actually, I'm eighteen." Chris sniffs for a moment, sensing a familiar scent. "Um... Have you been drinking?"

Aunt Vicky grins at that. "Yeah, hit the bar pretty hard last night! Had a good time, had a big-ass meal..." The tall woman blinks and then clears her throat. "Er... Do y'know what I mean by that, or...?" It seems like she might have let something slip without realizing.

Chris doesn't really know what she meant by that, actually. "Like... You're hung over?" She guesses, raising an eyebrow.

"Uh..." Aunt Vicky hesitates for a long moment, and then visibly gives up. "Yeah. Sure. Let's go with that." She sighs deeply. "Shit... This is gonna be an awkward conversation later..."

“Huh?” Chris couldn’t quite make out what her aunt just muttered under her breath. Probably not super important, though. She hadn’t been sure what she’d expected from her mysterious aunt who lived in the city, but meeting the woman *hung over* definitely wasn’t it. “Um... Can I come in? I’ve spent enough time on your porch, I reckon.”

“Oh, right!” Aunt Vicky takes a deep breath, as if to clear her mind. “Yeah, come in, come in...” She stands aside and gestures for Chris to enter. The young woman picks up her bags and grabs the handle of her heavy luggage bag. “Oh, I’ll get that for you, kid.”

“Oh, that’s okay! If you’re not feeling...” Chris begins, but her aunt has already grabbed the handle. With almost no visible effort, Aunt Vicky picks up the heavy plastic case and slings it over her shoulder as if it weighs almost nothing. Chris had barely been able to get it up the stairs herself. “Oh... Okay then.” Clearly, her aunt was a *lot* stronger than Chris had expected.

As Chris steps into the house, she’s immediately greeted by the strong scent of air freshener. The smell gives Aunt Vicky’s house a rather refreshing vibe. Sunlight streams in from a skylight above the main entrance, giving the two-story house a vibrant and warm color. The house is large, but a little unkempt. The corners of the hallway are dusty and there’s a few random things laying around on the tables as Chris steps into the living room next to the hallway.

Chris can almost picture Matilda glaring at the sight. In her mother’s house, everything is always clean and spotless. Military precision, that’s how the house is run. But clearly, Aunt Vicky is *not* military. It’s... a pleasant change for Chris.

“Sorry about the Pine-O. There was a... *nasty* smell left over from last night...” Aunt Vicky says as she closes the door. Out of direct sunlight, the older woman takes off her sunglasses again. Now much closer, Chris can see that her green eyes are tired and almost bloodshot. Probably from the hangover, the young woman assumes. She has hardly any experience with such a thing, other than Matilda complaining about cadets being hungover during inspection. “How’s your mom?”

She’s right about that smell. Underneath the scent of pine, the young woman can smell something awful. Like... a backed up toilet, almost. Ugh. Chris has to chuckle at the question though. “You’ll have to be more specific, Aunty.”

Aunt Vicky blinks for a moment. She has a handsome face, Chris decides. Strong cheekbones and full lips. The young woman can definitely see the resemblance between her aunt and Matilda... Heck, even the resemblance between her aunt and Chris herself. But there’s something about Aunt Vicky that’s more... God, *sexy* is the only thing that the young woman can think of, even though it’s embarrassing to think such a thing of her own aunt. “Oh, right...” Vicky shakes her head. “Yeah, I meant my sister, not your other mom...”

“Oh, you mean Matilda.” Chris shrugs dismissively. She’s not really in a mood to think about Matilda. This morning, all she’d gotten was a gruff “Stay safe and don’t worry your mother”. Of

course, she'd been referring to Chris's other mother, Rose, not herself. "Matilda's fine. About the same she's been since... Well, probably the same since you two were growing up together."

"Yeah, she's... she's a real rock, my sister... Wait, you call your mom by her first name?" Aunt Vicky seems rather surprised by that.

Chris raises an eyebrow. "Yes. Why?" How else is she supposed to refer to one of her mothers without confusing people? "I call them Matilda and Rose, is that weird?" The young woman tugs at her flannel shirt idly.

"I guess not?" Aunt Vicky shrugged, making Chris's luggage rattle slightly. God, she must be hiding a buff body under that dressing gown to lift that bag so easily! "And your other mom... Rose?"

"She drove me up here, and she's just fine as well." Chris brushes past the subject as quickly as she can. After spending six months waiting to be *away* from her parents, the last thing she wanted to do is think about them now. "Anyway... Thanks for letting me stay here, Aunt Vicky!" The young woman makes a show of looking around the house with approval. "This place is really nice! And bigger than I expected!"

"Well, I didn't have much of a choice, did I?" Aunt Vicky chuckles almost nervously. "When your mom... When Matilda decides something, we'd all better listen, right?" She snorts at her own words, and then suddenly looks a little worried. "Not... Not that I don't want you to stay here, mind! I've always wanted to get to know you and the other girls better, y'know?"

Chris smiles at that. "I know, Auntie. And the feeling's mutual." The young woman has very much been looking forward to meeting her mysterious aunt, even more now that she knows that Vicky and Matilda don't get along.

"Oh. Well... Good." Aunt Vicky gave Chris a weak smile. "I mean, surprised the heck outta me when your Mom called and told me you were moving in with me!" She chuckles almost nervously. "Hadn't spoken in almost three years and then just outta the blue..."

Chris knows that her aunt had been a bit blindsided by the decision, but the young woman really had no other option. "Yeah, well... the only way Mom was cool with me moving out was if I moved in with you, so..." And Chris *had* to move out. She was already so sick of Mom's rules, of living in the same space as her two sisters. She grins at her aunt. "'Sides, River Park's only a stone's throw from the university, right?"

"Oh yeah, you're going to California State now, right?" Finishing her cigarette, Aunt Vicky drops the butt into the ashtray above the living room mantelpiece. "Great campus. Big space, lots of cute... Er, anyway." She clears her throat awkwardly. "I've been there a few times, actually."

“Oh good. That’ll make it easier when you drive me there tomorrow morning.” Chris inhales the scent of cigarette smoke, and decides that she actually kinda likes the flavor. Gosh, should she take up smoking now that she’s moved out? Matilda had certainly given her enough lectures about the dangers of smoking to give her a serious interest in them.

“Tomorrow morning...?” Vicky bites her lip, looking a little skeptical. “Er... I actually have a date tonight, so maybe that won’t be...”

A date? Oh gosh, Chris hadn’t expected that. Still, the thought of walking to college on her first day alone was a bit more independent than the young woman could handle right now... “Well, Matilda would definitely want you to look after me...”

“Definitely, I will be up and ready!” Vicky gave her niece a nervous grin. “Looking forward to it!”

“Geez, you’re really scared of her, aren’t you?” Chuckling at her aunt, Chris turns to look around at the living room. So, this is where she would be living from now on. Well, not in *here*, but in this house. The thought made her a little giddy.

Aunt Vicky let out a deep sigh. “Well... Who isn’t scared of her, kid?” Chris can only think of perhaps two people in the world who *aren’t* scared of her mom, so perhaps that’s fair.

Running her hand along the wooden fireplace, Chris looks up at the clock. Four thirty. Not that she has any plans for tonight. Along the mantelpiece is a box of tissues, a ceramic bowl filled with keys and... a large box of condoms.

“Uh.” Chris says out loud as she sees the large black box. It’s open, and the young woman can clearly see that it’s half empty, large plastic wrappers littered inside. The words ‘MAGNUM Size!’ and ‘DOUBLE RIBBED to Contain Even the HEAVIEST LOADS!’ are printed on the side in thick red letters. “Is that...?” She points at it.

Almost instantly, Aunt Vicky puts down the heavy luggage and sprints with remarkable speed to snatch the box off the mantelpiece. Hiding the box behind her back, the tall woman scratches her dyed blonde hair in a way that’s clearly *supposed* to be nonchalant. “I, er... Oh, those?!” She gives Chris a nervous look. “Um, these belong to a guy friend of mine, I’m just storing these for him because... uh...”

Oh geez, does Aunt Vicky think that Chris doesn’t *know*? Holy hell. “Uh... Aunt Vicky, I know you’re the same as Mom...” Not that she’s looking, but the young woman can quite clearly see a bulge in the front of her aunt’s dressing gown. Just like Matilda, Vicky had a cock and balls between her legs instead of a vagina. It was hardly some *dark secret* in the Abrams family. Heck, most of the Abrams family were futanari, apart from Chris and Rose.

“Oh, *thank God*...” Aunt Vicky breathes a huge sigh of relief and grins at her niece. “Yep, me and your mom are both stallions, not fillies. And yeah, they’re my condoms. Meant to put that

away before you arrived!" The older woman licks her lips nervously. "Yeah, maybe just forget you saw that, though? Especially maybe don't tell Matilda?"

Pfft, as if Chris would tell her Mom about... Wait. "Oh, you don't have to worry about, er... that kinda thing, Aunty." The young woman realizes that her aunt might think that she has the same strict attitude that Matilda does. "It's your house, after all. Don't do anything different just because of me!" Actually, that's *exactly* what Chris wants. After living under her mother's rooftop for almost two decades, the idea of living in a more sexually liberal household sounds like a dream.

"Really?" Aunt Vicky raises an eyebrow. "Cause if Matilda saw this, she'd be having a fit right about now..." She tugs at her robe nervously, pulling the silk tighter around her body. Considering her *assets*, Chris is amazed that the fabric holds.

Okay. Chris has to get one thing straight right now. "I'm *not* my Mom." The young woman folds her arms and shoots a glare at her aunt. "I didn't come here to be the fun police, Aunty. I came here because my *mom* is the fun police." Chris smirks and nods at the box behind her aunt. "If that's any sign of what kinda life you lead, I think I like you already."

Vicky blinks for a moment. "Oh... Really?" Then, a slow smile spreads across her face. "Okay... Okay. I get it. I get it."

"Just... maybe keep them in the bathroom instead of the mantle?" Chris suggests gently. As much as she doesn't want to bother her aunt while she lives here, that *is* a little much. "At least, if I have friends over or something."

"Yes, I'll put it with my..." Aunt Vicky begins, and then visibly reconsiders the rest of the sentence. "...Uh, my other things." Shaking her head, the older woman walks past Chris, shouldering her niece's luggage again. "Alright, come on upstairs, I'll show you your room, kid."

Well... Her aunt seems a lot *cooler* than Chris had expected. Then again, compared to her Mom, anyone could look cool. But Aunt Vicky seemed... Gosh, she seems about as *liberal* as a person could get. Chris is excited. *Very* excited. This was *exactly* what she'd been looking forward to ever since she'd decided to study here instead of that *awful* place Matilda wanted her to go.

Upstairs is even nicer than downstairs. Chris follows her aunt up the steps and into a wide, carpeted hallway that's well-lit by a large window at the end. "Wow!" The young woman exclaims in surprise, looking around in astonishment. "If I'd known your place was this nice, I would have visited sooner!" It's almost as large as her family home, which is quite impressive considering Matilda's pay grade. Aunt Vicky has a house almost as big as theirs all to herself. Well, not *quite* all to herself anymore.

“Ha! Yeah...” Aunt Vicky grinned at her, a slightly pained expression on her handsome face. “Kinda wish you guys had, actually...”

“Hmm?” Chris didn’t quite catch that. Her aunt’s robe had parted very slightly for a moment, and she’d gotten a glimpse of black fabric that was barely containing its prisoner.

“I, er... said your room is up here, across from mine.” Her aunt pointed to one of the rooms at the end of the hall. Carrying her niece’s luggage, Vicky walked over to the door and pushed it open.

Chris was about to follow her, but as she took a step forward, her eye caught one of the doors that’s slightly ajar. Inside, she could see a rather *interesting* room. “What’s in here?” She asked, curiously pushing open the door. “Oh wow! Is this... audio equipment?”

Inside is a small room, its walls lined with dark soundproofing. A pair of computers sit on a wooden desk beside what looks like some kind of electronic soundboard. A tangled array of microphones surround the comfy looking desk chair that is the only other furniture in the room. “Oh, the stupid lock isn’t... Er, yeah, that’s my little studio!” Aunt Vicky grins as Chris peers into the small room. “I do a... Well, I guess you could call it a podcast, I guess.”

“You do a podcast?!” Chris hadn’t been expecting that. Well, they *did* live in California, so maybe she should have. “Cool! What’s it about?” She turns back to her aunt, closing the studio door behind her.

“Oh, er...” Her aunt suddenly looks a lot *less* confident. “Oh, y’know... Just about me and my... er, lifestyle.” She chuckles awkwardly, a bead of sweat now rolling down her forehead. “I only have a handful of listeners, basically no-one. It’s... it’s just me talking about... things I do. Not really worth listening to.”

Sounds pretty interesting to Chris, to be quite honest. “Can I listen to it?” She asks, as her aunt puts down her luggage. “I’d love to hear more about your life, Aunt Vicky. What’s it called?”

“Uh...” Aunt Vicky seems to think for a moment. “Gee, you know what? It’s the darndest thing, but I don’t remember! How about that?!”

“Oh.” Chris had been kind of interested in checking it out. “Well, let me know when you remember the name. I’ll give it a listen!”

The older woman grins widely. “Sure, sure... When I feel like committing suicide by sister...”

“Pardon?” Chris had been leaning over to grab the handle of her luggage. “I didn’t quite hear...?”

"I said, 'I sure will, sister!' Hey, how about checking out your new room?!" Her aunt waves her into the doorway. "I'll go and grab your other bags from the porch."

As her aunt walks back down the hallway, Chris steps into the room. Dragging her heavy luggage behind her, the young woman can't help but crack a smile as she enters *her* room.

For what had presumably been Aunt Vicky's guest room up until now, Chris's new HQ is surprisingly nice. A wide, spacious bedroom is spread out before her, even bigger than the room she'd had at her family home. A large window lets in the sunlight as afternoon begins to morph into evening outside. There's a large queen bed in the corner with a stylish-looking lamp on its bedside table. There's a desk perfect for a student to study on, and a television perfect for a student to procrastinate while watching. Off to the side, Chris can see a small walk-in wardrobe and even a...

"Bathroom!" The young woman says out loud, feeling her heart soar. Her very own bathroom. Letting her luggage fall to the floor, Chris sprints over to the bathroom doorway and looks around excitedly. It's a small affair, with only a sink, toilet and shower. But for a girl who's spent her entire life sharing her bathroom with both her sisters, it's practically a divine miracle.

"Wow... My own shower! I can take as long as I want!" No more Sienna whining about needing to wash her long hair. "And my own sink!" No more Marcy forgetting to clean up her spit after brushing her teeth. "And hey! A toilet that hasn't got dried *jizz* all over it! Ain't that just a *nice change*." Both Marcy and Sienna claimed they didn't toss off in their shared bathroom, but they'd never fooled her. Whatever. Their *jizz* is now a problem for their fellow Air Academy cadets, not Chris.

Speaking of nasty smells... As Chris walks back into her new bedroom, she gets another whiff of that awful stench under the heavy layer of air freshener. "Oh... that's a backed up toilet." The young woman says to herself, holding her nose. "Oh... Yup. Definitely." It was a pretty unmistakable scent.

"Haha, this is gonna be *fire*!" Aunt Vicky calls out as she returns, her niece's other bags under her arms. "We should celebrate! Have some fun, maybe get drunk or something!"

At the mention of alcohol, Chris tears her mind off the nasty smell. "Well, I haven't tasted alcohol yet, so..." Chris takes the bags from her aunt, giving her a hopeful smile. "Maybe we could have pizza tonight?"

Her aunt grins for a moment, but then her tired eyes widen in realization. "Ah, *shit*. I got a date tonight. Sorry, kid. Should have mentioned that first, huh?"

"Oh." That's... a surprise. And a bit of a mood killer. Carrying the lighter bags over to her new bed, Chris puts them down. "Oh, no, that's fine. We can celebrate tomorrow or something. It'll be my first day of college, after all!" She begins to open up the bag, and then quickly zips it back

up again. Unpacking her underwear right in front of her aunt didn't feel right. "Well, that's cool. I didn't think you'd..." Luckily, *be going on dates at your age* gets shoved right back onto Chris's tongue before she can say it. "I hope you have fun!" Being around a single older woman sounds like fun, honestly. She isn't sure what kind of man her aunt likes, but it's a neat change from her parent's monotonous monogamy.

"Oh, I always do, kid." Her aunt chuckles to herself, clearly amused at something her niece doesn't quite know about. "What do you think of your room?"

"It's awesome!" Chris didn't even need a moment to think. "This is exactly what I was hoping for when I was looking forward to moving in with you, Aunty!" It doesn't matter how big the room is, or how nice it is. Though, admittedly, it's just fine on both those counts. No, what matters is that it's *Chris's* room. As much as she'd loved her room back home, she'd always had to share it with her two sisters. And even when they'd left, the room still hadn't felt... *hers*. This place... even though it's her aunt's house, this room already feels like a place that Chris can call her own. "Okay... What kinda house rules do you have, Aunty?" She asks, curious.

Her aunt leans in the doorway. "House... wha?" She turns back to her niece with a slightly confused look.

Chris blinks for a moment. So does Aunt Vicky. The two stare at each other for a moment.

"Well, I mean... House rules." The young woman really doesn't know how to simplify it any further than that. "You know... No music after dark, no eating in the rooms, that kinda thing?"

"Oh..." Aunt Vicky scratches her head. "...I don't know. I kinda just... always did whatever the f... *heck* I wanted whenever the heck I wanted up until now." She gives Chris a slightly pained look, as if the question is confusing. "Can't we just do that?"

Uh... That sounds pretty good to Chris, but... "Well, I mean... If we're gonna be living together, I don't wanna be stepping on your toes, y'know?" And you on mine, Chris tries to hint very gently.

"Oh! I getcha!" Aunt Vicky's tired eyes suddenly seemed to light up. "Like a... a roommate agreement, right?"

"S-sort of?" Chris isn't exactly a roommate here. "I mean, I'm in your house so whatever you're cool with...?"

"Yeah... Yeah, that's cool." Aunt Vicky nods slowly, clearly not quite listening to her niece as she thinks. "College girl needs to spread her wings away from Mom, right? Yeah, this could work. We can be like... college roomies!" Tucking the box of condoms under her arm, the older woman grins happily at Chris. "Vicky and... *Chris*, roommates at large! I can jive with that!"

“Well, I don’t know that I’d go *that* far...” The young woman’s eyes dart to the box of condoms as she nods at her aunt. Jesus, *magnum* size? Chris probably could have done without that particular knowledge. “Also, I don’t think kids say *jive* anymore...”

“Sure we do!” Aunt Vicky clicks her fingers and winks at her niece. “We’ll do this the old ‘coat hanger’ way, okay?” She makes a finger gun and ‘shoots’ at Chris.

“Uh... coat hanger?” The young woman raises an eyebrow.

“You know, you hang a coat hanger on the door if you don’t wanna be disturbed!” The older woman points at the door handle. “You just hang a coat hanger on there, and I’ll steer clear for the rest of the night.”

That... sounded pretty nice, actually. Gosh, Aunt Vicky really *is* the polar opposite of her sister, isn’t she? “Y-yeah, that sounds...”

“And, look, *no* judgment on who goes in and out of your room, okay?” The older woman waves her hand with an almost lecherous grin. “Doesn’t matter who they are, how many they are, how often it is... Just have as much fun as you want!”

Oh, *wow*. That’s a heck of a lot more liberal than Chris had been expecting. “Oh, er... okay!” She really didn’t expect to need such a thing, but it’s a massive change of pace from where Chris had been living even just last night. “That’s... really open-minded of you, Auntie.”

“Yeah...” Aunt Vicky chuckled softly. “And if there’s a coat hanger on *my* door... Well, you’ll know what that means too!” Chris laughs along with her aunt, though she’s unsure how serious her aunt is. “Oh man...” The older woman grins at her niece. “Y’know, I was a bit worried about having you come and live with me, but now I’m thinking that this sounds pretty great!”

“Yeah!” Chris certainly agrees, but... “Uh, just *one* question...” She holds up her finger, unsure on how to ask.

Aunt Vicky’s face suddenly turns into a grimace. “Air freshener wasn’t enough, was it?” Her niece shakes her head, covering her nose awkwardly. “Ugh... I gotta replace that damn toilet in my bathroom. This is the third time this month that it’s crapped out on me.” She shakes her head with a slight grin and then turns back to Chris. “Yeah, you got me. Your aunt wasn’t sleeping before you arrived, I was taking a *big ol’* crap.”

“O-oh...” Chris managed to keep her face neutral, thankfully. That’s *way* more information than she needed. “I... hope you’re feeling okay?”

“Oh, it’s been pretty regular for me, ever since... Well, when I was a teenager.” Her aunt just shrugs, as if the topic isn’t gross at all. “What goes in, must come out. And all that.”

That air freshener is definitely wearing off. “R-right... Are you going to call a plumber?” Chris holds her nose.

“Oh, I don’t want any more with... Er, no.” Aunt Vicky bites her lip nervously. “No, I’ll, er... unclog it later. Trust me, I have a *lot* of experience with clogged toilets, kid.”

Ew. Chris is glad that she *doesn’t*. “Well... I hate to be a bother, but could you maybe do it sooner rather than later? I don’t want to be smelling that more than we need to.”

“Sure, sure.” The older woman sighs and leans against the doorway, rubbing her eyes. “Ugh... I kinda feel...”

All of sudden, Aunt Vicky’s stomach rumbles. It’s a *loud* noise, definitely the loudest tummy gurgle Chris has heard since Rose forced Matilda to try a vegetarian diet for a week. And it’s not just the sound either. As the young woman’s eyes naturally turn to her aunt’s stomach, she actually can see the silk of the older woman’s dressing shake slightly.

“Uh oh.” Aunt Vicky’s words are simple, but there’s a lot of weight to them. The older woman takes a step backward, beads of sweat forming on her brow. “Y’know what? I’m gonna go unclog that toilet. I’ll let you settle in and see you later, okay?”

“S-sure...” Chris watches as her aunt tries to nonchalantly walk away, and graciously pretends not to know that her aunt’s about to crap herself. “Feel better!” She calls out, as the door to her aunt’s bedroom slams shut.

Chris takes a deep breath, looking around her new bedroom. It’s nice, much nicer than the one she’d shared with her two sisters. Mostly because those two sisters aren’t using up two-thirds of the space. The young woman folds her arms and sighs happily, enjoying the moment.

Outside, the birds are chirping. The window of the bedroom looks out over the street. Chris likes the view, her old bedroom looked out towards their neighbor’s house. Marcy and Sienna had always hogged the window, ‘nonchalantly’ sitting on the windowsill in case an incident of ‘neighbor’s cute daughter forgetting to close the curtains while changing’ happened again. Damn horny teenage sisters. Chris has wanted to watch that too!

Ah well. Opening up her bag, Chris pulls out her laptop and tosses it onto her bed. It’s followed by her flip phone charger and other small electronics. The young woman had wanted to bring the gaming PC with her, but it had been a shared device between her and her sisters back home, so she would have felt like she was stealing it if she’d brought it here. Ah well, it’s a chance to get her own one, a PC that’s not filled with Marcy’s ‘secret’ porn stash or Sienna’s lewd games. Now she can have her *own* porn stash and lewd games.

A moment later, Chris wanders into the bathroom, looking for somewhere to store her medicine. Anti-anxiety mostly, with a small stash of general anti-whatever in case she got sick. Matilda

had always disapproved of her daughter taking the former, of course. Walking into the bathroom, Chris opens up the mirror cabinet. "Whoa." She says out loud, as she's greeted by a small fortune's worth of drugs. Not *fun* drugs, sadly. Just a whole crap ton of stuff to do with the digestive system. Anti-diarrhea, laxatives... Even one that was supposed to *speed up* digestion? What the heck did Aunt Vicky need all this for?

Anyway. Next is her personal hygiene products. Chris had always kept them under the sink, and saw no reason for that to be different in this house. Opening up the small doors, the young woman was about to start unpacking when she noticed that there were already a few things under the sink.

They looked like jars, albeit strangely high-tech ones. Chris reached in and picked one up, holding the curious object up to the light. The top of the 'jar' had an odd, almost phallic shape that almost reminded the young woman of a dildo, though there's a large hole in the middle. Below it is clear glass, and Chris can see hexagonal shapes bending the light as she stared through the jar. She can sense that the strange object is remarkably sturdy, though she doesn't want to test that just in case. Weird. Chris has no idea what this mysterious jar is at all. There's no markings or writing for her to even hazard a guess...

No. It's none of Chris's business. Whatever her aunt needs these drugs or these jar thingies for, the young woman doesn't want to pry. Closing the doors under the sink, she decides to let her aunt take out this stuff before unpacking, rather than trying to delve into the older woman's personal things. She has plenty to unpack elsewhere, after all.

It took the young woman about an hour and a half to empty her luggage and bags. Most of the belongings she'd brought were clothes, hers and leftover outfits that she'd claimed when her sisters had recently moved out. Not a single dress or skirt was among them, to Chris's pride. Marcy and Sienna had always been way more girly than her, as ironic as that was. Despite being the only one with female parts between her legs, Chris had always enjoyed being the most boyish of the three. In the same vein, the rest of her belongings were her electronics, chargers and accessories for her flip phone and her gaming console. As she finishes, she can see that night is falling outside, the sun dipping below the Sacramento skyline.

Chris closes the bedroom door and fans her collar for a moment, feeling a little sweaty. Unpacking had been harder work than she'd expected, and now she felt a little dirty. Turning to the full-length mirror in the corner of the room, the young woman begins to unbutton her shirt. Once it's been removed, the red flannel shirt is tossed into the clothes hamper beside the mirror.

Standing in front of the mirror in her bra, Chris unzips her jeans and peels off the tight denim. A moment later, they join her top in the wick basket.

“Hmm... Not bad.” Chris stands in front of the mirror, clad in only her underwear. A tight dark gray sports bra and plain gray panties. Admittedly not the most ‘showy’ underwear in the world, but Chris thinks she actually looks pretty good in them. “Shame that Aunt Vicky’s knockers skipped a generation...” Chris grumbles, poking her left boob with her finger. The young woman’s chest is rather modest, perhaps a C-cup on her better days. Her butt, on the other hand...

Chris turns around and admires her backside for a moment. Luckily, genetics have been far more favorable for her in this department. The young woman’s butt is remarkably round and shapely compared to the rest of her athletic, skinny body.

“Gotta start wearing clothes that show off my ass more...” Chris says to herself with a grin. She’s a college student now, after all. Attracting attention had been something that she’d always wanted to do, but she’d always had someone looking over her shoulder up until now. Chris didn’t exactly want to dress like a *slut*, but some admiring looks would be nice.

Opening up one of her new drawers, the young woman pulls out a pair of red dolphin shorts. These had originally belonged to her sister, Sienna, and when Chris pulled them on, she could feel a certain looseness in the groin. The elastic shorts would have been snug on her sister’s... more *outward* lower body, but they’re pleasantly loose on Chris.

Chris grabs a large shirt off one of her coathangers and tosses it on. This one had formerly belonged to Rose, and the looseness in the chest area bothers the young woman quite a bit more than the looseness in the shorts had.

By this point, Chris is beginning to get a bit hungry. Now as unpacked as she felt like being right now, the young woman stuffs her flip phone into her shorts and wanders downstairs, looking for something to eat. A quick search of the house later and Chris finds the kitchen.

Aunt Vicky’s kitchen is initially quite impressive. Clearly, someone has gone to quite an effort to create a wide and colorful cooking space. Chris can’t help but be impressed when she walks in. Her aunt has almost everything, a microwave, an oven, a stovetop... even an air fryer.

But quickly, Chris notices that it’s a remarkably *bare* kitchen. Only a handful of cooking equipment is visible, and when she opens up one of the drawers looking for utensils, it’s entirely empty, as are the ones below it. It strikes Chris that her aunt probably doesn’t cook that much.

“Chris!” The young woman hears her aunt’s voice “Oh good, you’re in here. Cute outfit.”

“Thanks, Aunty!” Chris turns to look at the older woman as she walks into the kitchen. “I... Whoa!” The dressing gown that Aunt Vicky had been wearing earlier apparently hadn’t given her figure any real justice. As Chris looks her aunt up and down, she can see that the older woman certainly hasn’t let her age get to her.

Aunt Vicky is wearing a white linen button up shirt, the top buttons left undone to show off her impressive cleavage. Her hair has been properly recoloured, now a dazzling blonde once more. Pretty diamond earrings adorn her ears, and a necklace with an upside down cross bounces against her massive chest. Her reddish-black pants are so tight that they almost look painted on, and Chris can clearly see a heavy bulge in her aunt's groin.

It struck Chris at that moment that she'd missed how *buff* her aunt is. Even through the linen of her shirt, Chris can see the outline of her aunt's muscles. Not to mention her thighs! And could she even see glimpses of a six-pack through her shirt buttons?

"Wow." Chris covers her mouth in shock, and then grins at the older woman. "Damn, Aunt Vicky. You look ready to blow someone's socks off!"

"That's the plan, kid." Aunt Vicky has a leather jacket in her hands, and she's checking her phone, an old iPhone 20. "Sorry for leaving you alone on your first night here. I met this person last night and, well... Can't miss an opportunity!"

Gosh, whoever this guy is, he's gonna be blown away. "No, no, it's cool." Chris has to tear her eyes away from her aunt's figure as the older woman wanders over to the coffee machine. "I'm not a kid, I can handle myself for a night."

"Glad to hear it, roomie!" Aunt Vicky pours herself a cup of coffee, winking at her niece. "Now, my date's getting here... Well, any minute now." Without looking, she jabbed a finger at the huge fridge on the other side of the room. "Feel free to have anything out of there, I'm not picky about food." Aunt Vicky drains her cup of coffee in a single swig, apparently ignoring the heat. "Hey listen... If the date goes well, you don't mind if I...?"

Chris immediately understands what her aunt is getting at. "Oh, I don't mind! Like you said, just hang a coat hanger to let me know. I'll probably be asleep by then anyway." If her aunt wants to bring her date back home tonight, Chris is only too happy to look the other way. Heck, wasn't that the kind of freedom she'd always longed for? "Just don't forget about driving me tomorrow."

"Yeah, I'll be fine to drop you off tomorrow. I should be done with my date by then..." Aunt Vicky trails off, biting her lip. "Things might be a little awkward for me in the morning, but I'll be good to drive. Long as you don't mind showing up in my old jalopy."

It could be a little awkward if Chris ran into her aunt's date leaving in the morning, but she really didn't mind. As long as he isn't some weirdo. "Your car's a Cadillac XT6, right?" Chris could see her aunt glance at her in surprise. "I had a look in the garage. Pretty ancient, but it looks just fine."

"Wow. You sure know your old car models." Aunt Vicky peers into the hallway mirror, adjusting her faux-blonde hair. "Didn't expect my niece to be a car-nut."

Chris chuckled darkly. "Oh, I'm not. But growing up in my household, you pick up things by osmosis." She's pretty sure she could name every car, plane or spaceship model since... God, maybe back even to the 2010's? So much useless knowledge she couldn't wait to have drip out of her brain. Chris is at least glad her family weren't gun-nuts instead.

"Huh." Her aunt shrugs. "Guess that makes sense, your mom's always been into that kinda thing. Though I guess it's more with planes than cars... and maybe spaceships these days." Putting her mug into the dishwasher, Aunt Vicky checked her phone again and then looked back up at Chris. "How are you settling in, kid? Anything you need?"

"Maybe just some towels, I think I forgot to pack those." Chris opens up the fridge and sees a rather large stash of microwave meals. Apparently, her prediction of her aunt not being much of a cook had been right on the money. Oh! She'd almost forgotten... "By the way, I think you left some things in the bathroom."

Aunt Vicky blinks, looking a little confused for a moment. "Oh shit, the meds?" The tall woman shrugs. "Yeah, I forgot I used to store my excess meds there."

"Yeah." Chris looks through the microwave meals, looking for something enticing. Which considering that they're microwave meals, is quite a tall order. "And there were some weird jars under the sink..."

"Jars?!" Aunt Vicky exclaims in a tone that actually makes her niece flinch in surprise. "Oh shit, *that's* where they were?!" When Chris turns around, she can see that her aunt suddenly seems quite worried. "You... You don't know what those are, right?"

"N-no..." Chris raises an eyebrow at her aunt. "Why? What are they?"

The older woman seems to breathe a sigh of relief. "Oh... Nothing important. Just something I use every now and then... and probably tonight, come to think of it." Dropping her jacket onto the kitchen counter, Aunt Vicky walks with some urgency over to the doorway. "I'll go up there and move that stuff now, okay?"

"Oh, you don't have to do it now!" Chris feels a little embarrassed. "I mean, you're getting ready for your date, right? It's not that big of a..."

"No! I'll, er... I'll move that stuff right now! Thanks for reminding me!" She can hear the sound of her aunt almost sprinting up the stairs.

Well. That's odd. Chris has no idea what those jars are, but they must be pretty important to her aunt. Important enough that she'd... left them in the guest bathroom long enough to forget they were there? Chris thinks about it for a moment, and then shakes her head. Nope, none of her business.

Reaching into the fridge, the young woman selects a microwave meal that looks almost close to appetizing. A moment later, it's in the microwave, slowly rotating with a gentle hum as Chris leans back against the kitchen counter and opens up her flip phone.

Scrolling through the projected screen with her fingers, Chris is utterly unsurprised to see a few messages from Rose, checking up on her. Gosh, it had been perhaps three hours at most since she'd seen her mother? Of course, Chris had been expecting that, really. Tapping out a quick reply to say she's fine, the young woman considers messaging her sisters, but decides against it.

Ding dong...

The doorbell rings. Chris flips her phone closed, turns from the microwave and peers into the hallway. At the end of the room, she can see that someone is standing in front of the door, a blurry shape through the frosted glass. "Aunt Vicky?" She calls up the stairs. "I think your guy's..." The young woman trails off, rolling her eyes as she realizes that her aunt *definitely* can't hear her.

Well, whatever. Chris lives here now too. Padding over to the door, she checks herself in the mirror for a moment. If she'd known a man would be seeing her like this, Chris might have worn something nicer. Oh well. The young woman clears her throat and opens the door with a click.

"Hi! Can I help..." She greets the person, smiling at...

...A pretty, redheaded girl that looks to be almost the same age as her.

"...you?" Chris blinks for a moment. Wait, what?

Her aunt's date... is in her early twenties at the *most*. Her red hair is tied up into a cute ponytail, and she's wearing a stylish turtleneck and jacket combo. Tight blue jeans and an adorable faux-leather handbag completed her look.

"Uh." The redhead stares back at Chris, clearly just as shocked to see her in return. "I, er..."

Okay. So Chris's guess about her aunt's date had been completely off. Apparently, her aunt's tastes run a little *more feminine* than she pictured in her mind. Apparently, the apple doesn't fall as far from the tree as Chris expected. And her aunt's tastes were quite a bit *younger* too.

Uh oh. It had been a few seconds of dead silence already. Say something! "Uh!" Chris shakes herself out of her shocked reverie and tries to give the redheaded girl a friendly smile. "You're here for Aunt... for Vicky, right?"

"Ah... Yeah!" The redhead's eyes fall to Chris's loose shirt and dolphin shorts. "Me and Victoria are..." She bites her lip, clearly thinking quickly. "Er... Do you and Victoria live together?"

“Yeah, I live here.” Chris can see that the redhead is unnerved by her, but she isn’t quite sure why. “Um... Why do you ask?”

“No reason!” The redhead lets out a nervous chuckle. “Haha... Victoria never told me she had a... Well, you know, your girlfriend and I are just friends.”

Oh dear. Chris feels a hint of amusement. This girl definitely has the wrong idea. “Uh, girlfriend?” She asks the redhead, raising an eyebrow.

A droplet of sweat trickles down the redhead’s face. “Huh? Oh! Did I say ‘girlfriend’? No, no, I meant...” The redhead mentally fumbles for an answer. “Uh... w-wife?”

“Niece! She’s my niece!” Aunt Vicky calls out from the top of the stairs, as she almost sprints out of the bathroom. “Uh... This is my niece, Chris. She’s going to a nearby college, so she moved in with me today.”

“Oh!” The redhead looks visibly relieved. “Oh... Nice to meet you, Chris! Are you going to California State?”

“Uh, yeah, starting tomorrow.” Chris is still reeling a little bit from the idea that *this* is her aunt’s date. “So, you two are... going on a date tonight?”

“Heck yeah!” Aunt Vicky gives her a confidant grin. Grabbing her leather jacket, the older woman slips it on and pulls out a pair of aviator sunglasses. “Met this little scarlet number in a dive bar last night, gonna show her a good time tonight. Your aunt’s still got it!” And with that, Aunt Vicky throws an arm around the redhead’s shoulders. “Alright, let’s hit the town!”

Her date seems a bit surprised, but she happily lets the older woman march her out the door. “Oh, er... Nice to meet you, Chris! I go to the same college, let’s exchange contact details later, okay?”

“Uh, sure! Have a good time, you two!” Chris smiles and waves at the two as they get into the redhead’s car. “Don’t forget about tomorrow morning, Aunty!” The young woman recognizes it as an old Ford Mustang from 2024, a surprisingly pristine vintage model.

“Oh, she’ll have a good time, alright!” Plopping herself into the passenger seat of the Mustang, Aunt Vicky gives her niece a thumbs up. “Sorry I couldn’t hang longer today, Chris! If you’re snoring by the time we get back, we’ll try not to wake you!” Grinning, Vicky turned to her date in the driver’s seat. “Speaking of which, what’d you tell your mom?”

The car’s engine purred to life and the redhead put her hands on the wheel. “Told her I’m sleeping over at a friend’s place.” She grinned back at Aunt Vicky. “Which will technically be true, right?”

Chris can hear the two laughing as the car pulls away. As they vanish from sight, the young woman closes the door.

“Well...” She says to herself, head still spinning. “I think I’m gonna enjoy living here.”

Having an entire house to herself is a new experience for Chris. Growing up in a house with four other girls, there had almost never been a time when there hadn’t been at least one other person somewhere in the house. Now, faced with total freedom for the first time in her life, the young woman honestly isn’t entirely sure what to do.

Scarfig down the mostly tasteless microwave meal, Chris spends a couple of hours playing video games, but she can’t quite relax knowing how important tomorrow will be. Her first day at college...

Still, after taking a quick shower, Chris has an opportunity to do at least one thing she’s waited *years* for.

Standing in front of the full length mirror in her bedroom, Chris slides the pair of black panties up her thighs and lets go. The waistband slaps against her thighs, making a satisfying *snap*. “There we go!” The young woman admires herself in the mirror.

If there’s ever an outfit that exemplifies freedom to Chris Abrams, it’s this one. A simple loose t-shirt with a pair of black panties. The young woman is wearing nothing else, not even a bra. Her breasts are hanging free, and for the first time, Chris is glad that she hasn’t been blessed with whatever genes have given Aunt Vicky such a chest.

“Goodbye, lame pajamas!” Chris picks up the pile of woolen sleepwear from her bed, where she’d dumped it during her unpacking. “Into the trash you go!” She’d packed it under the watchful eyes of her parents. But now that she’s living under a free roof, she can finally discard the lame long shirt and long pants covered in rockets and spaceships. Chris isn’t a kid anymore, she’s a goddamn *woman*.

Turning around, Chris admires how visible her butt is right now. Hooking a thumb into her panties, she pulls them a little tighter over the pale curve. Though not transparent, her loose shirt is thin enough that she can see her nipples poking through. Honestly, it *is* a little cold right now. Sacramento in April isn’t exactly warm at night. But Chris isn’t going to let that bother her. She’s waited... Gosh, maybe two years to wear an outfit like this to bed?

Back home, she would *never* be able to get away with wearing so little. Rose would have pretended to be fine with it, but would have passive-aggressively suggested that she should

dress more warmly every chance she got. Matilda would have given her a lecture about 'respecting herself' or something bullshit like that. Chris could almost hear their voices nagging.

Well, screw them. Chris is here, and Chris is *free*. And she's free to wear this damn sexy outfit to bed tonight. Grinning to herself, the young woman turns off the lights and lays down on her bed. Picking up her phone, she sets her alarm for tomorrow morning. Then, she lets her head lay back on her pillow.

Beneath the sheets, Chris could feel how much she's laying bare. So much of her skin is tingling, unused to soft sheets rubbing against it. Not wearing pants in bed feels... delightfully *wrong*. It honestly gives her a bit of a thrill. And to be even more honest, it makes her a little aroused. For a moment, Chris is tempted to... *indulge* herself. She has the house to herself, after all.

But no. As fun an idea that might be, Chris knows she isn't really interested in the effort right now. Besides, Aunt Vicky might be out right now, but masturbating in her aunt's house still felt a bit...

Well, actually... She'll have to get over that, Chris knew. She's going to be here for four years or so, right? And Chris is a healthy young college student now. She has no intention of abstaining from masturbation... or keeping her virginity. Sooner or later, she'll probably have to have her own stash of sex toys too!

The thought makes the young woman's heart skip a beat. Back home, she'd never dared to have such a thing in her room. Heck, Matilda put a goddamn filter on their internet to stop her daughters from looking at porn. Luckily, Chris had been a bit more savvy tech-wise than a mid-forties Air Force general.

Aunt Vicky... definitely wouldn't care, she knew. Her aunt had given her a free pass to have people sleep over, after all. Heck, her aunt probably has her own collection. Chris chuckles for a moment, and then grimaces at the thought. Probably better not to imagine what Aunt Vicky owns in that regard.

Heck yeah. Chris can almost feel her freedom expanding, like the wings of some vast, beautiful bird. She can do whatever she wants here! Sex toys, sex drugs... *Sex*. Chris is finally free to indulge herself. Sure, she'd keep it behind her bedroom door out of a sense of decency, but she knows her aunt won't be watching or judging her.

"Gonna get a big dildo first..." Chris mutters to herself, an almost goofy grin on her face as her eyes begin to drift closed. "A big black one... And a vibrator... And one of them Hitachi wand thingies..."

What feels like only a moment later, the young woman hears a distant sound. It's the front door of the house. Suddenly wide awake, Chris sits up slightly in bed, listening to the sudden sound.

She can hear someone giggling softly, as two pairs of footsteps stumble up the stairs. “Haha... Oh man, this is *awesome*...” The redhead’s voice, Chris recognizes. Behind her is a heavier pair of footsteps that the young woman immediately recognizes as her aunt’s.

“Keep it quiet, okay? My niece is sleeping, so we gotta be quiet...” Aunt Vicky’s voice is not particularly quiet, and Chris can hear that the older woman is slurring her words. Both her aunt and her date are clearly somewhat drunk, she realizes with a hint of amusement. The footsteps stop in front of her aunt’s room, and Chris hears the sound of jangling keys. “Just gotta get this unlocked. Which key was it again...?”

Wow. Their date must have gone quite well indeed, if Aunt Vicky had already managed to talk her young date into coming back home with her. Chris still isn’t sure how she feels about Aunt Vicky dating a girl barely half her age, but she can admit to being a little impressed that her aunt had so much game.

“Why do you need a key to your bedroom door?” The redhead asks, in a voice that’s clearly *meant* to be quiet, but is actually quite loud to anyone who’s not drunk.

There’s a moment of silence. “Oh!” Aunt Vicky says, her voice full of drunken realization. “Right...” Chris hears the door clicks open. A moment later, it loudly clunks against the doorstop. “Shhh!” Her aunt hisses loudly at the sound.

“Hehe... Sneaking around with an older woman is so much fun!” Chris can clearly hear that it’s the cute redhead from before ‘sneaking’ around with Aunt Vicky. “Ah... Your niece was pretty cute... Let’s wake her up and have her join in...” Chris gulped nervously at the thought.

Luckily, even a drunk Aunt Vicky had a bit more sense than her date. “Oh... She’s my *niece*, you perv! That’s disgusting!” There’s the unmistakable sound of taut flesh being slapped, quite loudly in fact.

“Ow!” The young date let out a squeal of pain, mixed clearly with excitement. “Ah... You gonna spank me again, Mommy?”

Aunt Vicky let out a drunken chuckle. “Yes, I fuckin’ am! Shut up and get in the bedroom, you saucy little... Mmm!” To her relief, Chris can hear their footsteps retreating. A moment later, the door to her aunt’s bedroom swings closed. A moment later, the door opens again and there’s a scraping sound, and then the door clicks shut again.

Chris lays in her bed, staring up at the ceiling, trying to understand what she just heard. It happened so fast, she’s barely had time to process. Aunt Vicky and that redhead are... Gosh. Her date must have... gone quite well, then? Good for her, Chris supposes.

Thankfully, she can no longer hear Aunt Vicky and her date. In fact, the walls of her aunt's bedroom seem to have surprisingly good soundproofing. Silence fills the bedroom again. Distantly, the sounds of the city pulse, a gentle rhythm that is deeply familiar.

But it really doesn't change the fact that Chris now knows what's happening in the room across the hall. Even if she doesn't know *exactly* what Aunt Vicky and her date are doing, the young woman really can't help but imagine...

The redhead lays across her aunt's legs, her soft asscheeks bare. The pale moon is tinted a slight red, as Aunt Vicky runs her fingers along the lunar curve of the girl's perfect behind. Licking her lips in almost sadistic anticipation, her aunt makes her hand flat. Slowly, she pulls back her hand, winding up for a slap that will leave the girl's ass even redder than before. For a moment, her aunt enjoys the feeling of the girl shivering in her lap. Then, she swings her hand down, right onto...

Chris jolts upright, taking a deep breath. Okay! Unfortunately, she's *definitely* awake now.

Ugh! What the heck was *that*?! The young woman rubs the bridge of her nose, mentally cursing her imagination. She doesn't want to think about what her aunt is doing with that girl... Well, anything like that in regards to her *aunt*. Ew! That's just... Ugh.

Reaching over, Chris picks up her phone and turns it on. It's just past midnight. The young woman groans. She wanted to get at least eight hours of sleep before tomorrow, but now she's only going to get seven and a half... Possibly less.

Whatever. Chris isn't thinking about *that* anymore. Turning off her phone, the young woman sighs and lays her head back down on the pillow. Hooking a finger into her panties, she adjusts her underwear and then rolls over, closing her eyes. There, now she can just let her mind drift away...

The redhead kneels before her aunt, grinning stupidly up at the older woman in eager delight. The girl's mouth is almost watering in anticipation. Aunt Vicky smirks, fumbling with the zipper of her jeans. Loosening her pants, her aunt hooks her thumbs into the waistband and pulls them down, revealing...

"Ugh..." Chris opens her eyes, dispelling the awful intrusive thoughts. In the darkness of her mind, there's nothing to stop them from playing such a gross scene in front of her eyes.

Sitting up, the young woman reaches over and picks up the glass of water on the bedside table. It's thankfully cold, and the chill seems to clear Chris's mind. Shaking her head, she swings her bare legs around, throwing off the sheets. Despite the thin fabric, Chris can feel a layer of sweat on her body now.

“Come on now...” The young woman mutters to herself, frowning at the glass of water in her hand. Look, after what she’d just heard, it’s only natural that the brain would imagine it, right? But that doesn’t mean it’s *right*. “Get it together, brain. You know Matilda and Rose do it, right? But you don’t fantasize about them. Or Marcy or Sienna?” Taking another swig, Chris drains the cold glass of water. “Come on now. You might have met her today, but she’s your goddamn *aunt*. Have some dang standards!” It’s just... intrusive thoughts. That’s all it is. Everyone has them, she knows.

Yes, that was just downright rude to Aunt Vicky. The older woman had been kind enough to take Chris into her home. The young woman owed her a little respect, surely? Not like how Matilda *demand*s respect without doing anything to earn it...

Yes, tomorrow is her first day of college. She’s looking forward to that. Meeting her new classmates, going to the... Well actually, Chris doesn’t actually know much about what real college life will be like. She knows *plenty* about what it’s like in the Air Force Academy in Colorado, from Matilda and her siblings. So, probably the total opposite of that nightmare she’d always feared being sent to.

College... would be a breath of fresh air. A new start for Chris Abrams. She wasn’t meant for some stuffy cadet school, or an officer uniform like her mom had always wanted for her. She’s meant for a peaceful college life, with friends and drinking and partying... and... cute redheads ...

The redhead kneels before her aunt, almost groveling before the older woman. Aunt Vicky sits on the bed, sneering down at the younger woman. Then, with her foot, she kicks over the box of condoms that Chris had seen earlier. The box hits a corner and bounces onto its side, heavy condoms spilling all over the floor. From her position on the floor, the redhead picks up a condom wrapper and tears it open. Her aunt smiles even wider, shifting her weight and spreading her legs. A long, thick shadow falls across the redhead’s eager face. “Well?” Aunt Vicky chuckles, her voice husky. “That condom’s not gonna put itself on, kid...”

Okay. Chris knows from personal experience that sleep will continue to elude her if she doesn’t get up and walk around for a little bit. And her water glass is empty now. So she’ll go down to the kitchen and...

No, there’s nothing weird about this. No, really! Chris isn’t stupid, she knows that there’s a temptation at play here. She hesitates for a moment, frowning. “Hey now. No funny ideas, okay?” She says to herself. “I’m just going down to the kitchen. And I’m gonna get some water. Whatever else is happening in the house doesn’t matter.”

Rising from her bed, Chris picks up her empty glass of water and takes a deep breath, centering herself. Already, she feels a bit calmer, a bit more assured of herself. Yes, this kind of thing is completely normal in this household. If she’s going to be living here with Aunt Vicky, she’s going to have to get used to ignoring this sort of thing. And she would! If Chris could put up with Marcy

and Sienna sneaking off to the bathroom in the middle of the night, she could put up with this too.

Chris suddenly becomes aware of a slight chill in the air. Looking down, she just now remembers that she's wearing some rather *racy* nightwear. Only wearing panties leaves a lot of her bare legs and thighs showing, and her loose shirt really doesn't leave much to the imagination, even despite her. This might be a more liberal household than the one she'd slept in since last night, but having Aunt Vicky seeing her in *this* would be embarrassing. Her eyes turn to the discarded pile of pajamas in the corner...

No. Chris shakes her head. She's a new woman now. She's not going to go back to wearing those out of shame. This outfit is who she is now. Besides, Aunt Vicky's quite... *busy*. Chris pretty much had the house to herself anyway.

Walking over to the door with a confidence that is more acting than genuine, Chris quietly turns the handle. A nervous thrill runs through her body as she steps into the hallway. Taking a deep breath, Chris shivers nervously. But she can't suppress a smile. There's something *exciting* about walking around in such a slutty outfit. The bare skin on her legs feels so dangerously exposed, and when she walks, Chris can feel her shirt not *quite* covering her stomach.

As expected, there's a coat hanger on Aunt Vicky's door. As Chris's eyes wander over to her aunt's door, her eyes fall on the small object. It's such a small thing, a cheap construct of plastic and wire. But what it symbolizes makes Chris bite her lip. Just beyond this door, her aunt and that redhead are...

The redhead's head bobs up and down in her aunt's lap. Sitting on the bed, Aunt Vicky lets out a soft groan of pleasure, leaning back to smirk up at the ceiling. "Ugh... Not bad, kid!" Casually, the older woman begins to stroke her date's red hair, clearly enjoying the younger woman's efforts. "Figures that a slut like you knows how to give killer head..." In her lap, the redhead lets out a happy noise, her mouth full of...

Chris closes her eyes, reaching over to pinch herself on the arm. She can feel an uncomfortable warmth in her panties. The young woman holds up her hand, breathing slowly. The door handle is right in front of her...

And then, with a supreme effort, the young woman turns away and begins to walk down the hallway.

There's a sense of pride in Chris's chest as she walks down the stairs. She'd really been tempted there, but in the end, she'd made the right choice. Her aunt is a nice woman, and she deserves her privacy. Aunt Vicky had agreed to let her stay here, the least Chris could do is *not* violate the woman's privacy on her first night.

Wandering into the dark kitchen, the young woman opens the fridge, illuminating the large room. Placing her glass into the fridge's inbuilt water filter, Chris refills her water as she thinks to herself.

What her aunt is doing right now is none of her business. It's normal for Aunt Vicky. It's *routine*. So, why worry about it? In fact, Chris doesn't even care! Whatever they're doing together, behind that coat hanger, she's not even going to think about.

And she doesn't need to be embarrassed for thinking about it either. Why wouldn't Chris be curious about it? She'd come from a household that wouldn't even discuss sex, let alone be so open about it. This is a good thing. A culture shock! That's all this is, really. A girl from a conservative world moving into a liberal world. And Chris *wanted* to live in that liberal world.

And look. Chris has to be brutally honest with herself for a moment. Aunt Vicky is *hot*. The young woman could admit that. Her aunt might be an older woman, but those muscles and that bulge? Yeah, her niece can understand the appeal. So, it's really not that surprising that after meeting her only today, Chris might be having a slight reaction to her aunt. But there's a big difference between admiring a pretty menu and actually eating the food, right? Fantasies are one thing, but she certainly doesn't want to... do anything like that with her own aunt.

Heck, Chris can even admit that, when she thinks about it objectively, her sisters are pretty hot too. Even Rose, her own mother, is nothing to sneeze at in the looks department. Even Matilda... No, that's going a bit far for her own tastes. But it's just a factual assessment. It's not *indicative* of anything.

Closing the fridge, Chris wanders back up the stairs, feeling far more in control than she had before. Even in her panties, even with that coat hanger on the door, the young woman has nothing to stress about. This is normal.

Stopping at the end of the hallway, Chris pushes open the hallway window, feeling the cool air on her face. Yeah... This is the life, isn't it? Her parents are far away, in another part of the city. Her sisters are in distant Colorado. And Chris is here, in her new home. Living on her own terms, with her cool, crazy, *horny* aunt.

"Welcome to the new normal, Abrams." Chris says under her breath, looking out at the Sacramento rooftops beyond. Then, her eyes turn to her aunt's door. The handle is still there, still inviting...

Aunt Vicky looks the redhead's naked body up and down, enjoying the sight. Her date stands in front of the older woman, shivering in anticipation as the older woman inspects her body like a piece of meat. Aunt Vicky chuckles. "Heh... Red everywhere, I see." Then, the older woman pulls off her shirt. Both are now naked, staring at each other with growing arousal. Her aunt licks her lips and beckons with a finger. "Don't make me wait any longer, kid." Obediently, the redhead steps forward and swings her legs over Aunt Vicky's lap, reaching down to guide the...

The young woman jerks her head back to the open window. “Ha!” Chris says under her breath, smirking. “Easy as pie.” Turning, the young woman sees that the breeze coming in from the hallway window has pushed her door open. Stepping into her bedroom, Chris swings her door closed...

In the hallway, her aunt’s door clicks open.

Chris freezes. Turning, she pulls her door back open again, looking out into the hallway. The coathanger on her aunt’s door is bouncing slightly, the door itself just slightly ajar.

Her aunt must have just not closed it properly. She *had* been drunk, after all. It would have been too easy for the older woman to mistakenly think that it was properly closed when she’d walked away. And when Chris had opened her door, the breeze from the window must have pushed the door open.

As Chris stands there, frozen, the young girl realizes that she can hear... *noises*. Quickly, she puts down her water and claps her hands over her ears, to stop herself from hearing any more. To her shame, Chris can feel her face burning, and she doesn’t need to look in the mirror to know that her cheeks are flushed a deep scarlet.

She needs to close that door, she knows. Chris *has* to. Her aunt would want her to walk over there and...

The young woman can feel her feet moving, as the world seems to drift toward her. Before she knows it, she’s in the hallway, her aunt’s door getting bigger and bigger. The handle is right in front of her...

She has to let go of her ears to close the doors, she knows. But if she does that, then she’ll be able to hear...

But what other option does Chris have? She can’t just turn and walk away. And besides, she already knows that she’s lost the battle.

Letting go of her ears, Chris puts her hand on the handle before her. Immediately, she can hear the sounds.

“Ugh...!” Her aunt’s voice is unmistakable. Chris can hear Aunt Vicky grunting in a vulgar way. Worse is the sound of naked flesh slapping against flesh. “Oh, that’s damn tight...”

“Yeah, fuck me...” She can hear the redhead too, the girl’s voice more muffled than her aunt’s. “Fuck me, fuck me...”

Chris can’t stop herself. She just can’t resist the temptation to lean forward and peek inside.

Her immediate punishment is to have the image of her aunt's testicles seared into her memory. They are the first thing she sees, two heavy orbs that bounce up and down. Above them, Chris can see her aunt's surprisingly toned butt, and above that, the older woman's muscled back. The redhead is barely visible, only her legs sticking out from underneath Aunt Vicky.

The two of them are having sex. It's a rather obvious thing to think, but it's taking Chris a good moment to actually process what she's looking at. Her aunt is... on top of the redhead, thrusting down into...

"Oh my *god*..." Chris says under her breath as she stares into her aunt's bedroom. That box of condoms had been quite accurate indeed. Aunt Vicky's cock is a monster, a thick pole of meat driving deep into the redhead's scarlet public hair. Chris can see the girl's vagina stretching with each thrust.

This is the first time the young woman has seen a penis or a vagina outside of porn. The sight is almost jarring. Porn has a tendency to make a person think that sex is a brutal, animalistic affair. And as it turns out, it was an entirely accurate depiction. Aunt Vicky and her date aren't having some sensual act of lovemaking. This is a debauched, animalistic act, where the only goal is raw pleasure.

And judging by the moans and groans, pleasure is in abundance. "Ah...! Oh! Right there! Right there!" The redhead gasps, shifting her legs slightly. Aunt Vicky slows her thrusting for a moment, taking aim. Chris watches in silent horror as her aunt begins to thrust again, making the redhead shiver in pleasure.

She shouldn't be watching this! This is... this is private! Her aunt's back is turned, and the redhead's vision is obscured by her aunt's body. Neither of them can see Chris, to the young girl's eternal relief. She can still leave without being noticed. Steeling herself, the young girl tightens her grip on the door handle...

"Ah... You're not wearing a condom!" The redhead underneath her aunt lets out a ragged moan. Chris freezes. She can see the girl's legs twitching, trying to wrap themselves around her aunt's waist.

"Yeah?" Aunt Vicky laughs, a soft, husky sound that makes Chris shiver. "Yeah? So what, you little morsel? You want me to stop? You want me to *not* coat your slutty little innards white?" She continues to thrust. "Heh.. Fat chance of that..." Chris can see the *weight* in those balls as they bounce up and down...

"No, please...!" The smile is audible in the redhead's voice. Her hands are around the older woman's neck, eagerly pulling her down into a lustful embrace. "I want you to cum inside me! Breed me, Mommy!" Chris can hear the wet sound of their lips connecting, the two women before her making out for a few seconds as her aunt continues to thrust.

No... Chris has already looked, right? What would be the point of leaving now? Might as well get a good look...

Chris has watched porn before. This isn't her first exposure to sex, far from it. She's watched, read, listened to... Heck, I even *wrote* sex before. But now she can only watch, utterly horrified. She just can't tear herself away from the sight of her aunt... *plowing* this young girl. The woman who'd been so kind as to let her stay in her home... just *dominating* this girl half her age with no effort...

She has to admit... It's an *amazing* sight.

"Oh crap... Here it comes!" Aunt Vicky's voice rises, and Chris can clearly hear the arousal in her aunt's voice. "Oh... Oh, I'm gonna cum! Spread those legs, kid! I wanna get this in *deep!*"

"Yeah!" The redhead obeys, spreading her pale legs as wide as she can. Chris watches as her aunt pushes down on the young girl's groin, hammering her huge cock as deep as it can go. Oh God, she's not about to...

"Ugh!" Aunt Vicky lets out a primeval grunt and drives her cock down to her balls into the redhead's vagina. As Chris stares, her aunt's balls begin to pulse, emptying themselves into the young girl's pussy. "Ugh, take it! Take it!"

The redhead begins to shudder violently under the older woman. Chris can hear the girl almost yelping as a powerful orgasm sweeps through the redhead, as her aunt's cum fills her. "O-oooh! Oh, my... Oh!" Chris hears their lips meet again, a desperate kiss as the two weather their orgasms together.

Finally, to Chris's relief, the orgasms begin to fade. She can only watch in fascination as a few spurts of cum begin to trickle out of the redhead's vagina. Did her aunt... really just *knock up* this girl? Wow! Holy *crap*.

"Mmm... Goddamn, that was *awesome*." Her aunt sounds utterly satisfied. "You got a real talent for dirty talk, kid. Made me empty my balls..." Indeed, as Chris stares, her aunt's huge cock pops out of the redhead's vagina, the half-erect organ rubbing against the red and puffy slit. A moment later, a wave of white liquid dribbles out of the hole,

"Ooh... I came... twice in a row..." The redhead's breath is ragged, and Chris can see her hands stroking her aunt's muscled shoulders. "Oh crap, you came a *lot* inside me... I might really get pregnant... Oh man, getting impregnated by you would be amazing..."

"Yeah, and getting pregnant from me would be pretty goddamn stupid of you, kid." Aunt Vicky shakes her head, and her niece can hear the amusement in her voice. "That breeding fetish of

yours is gonna get you in trouble one day.” Chris is a little relieved to hear that her aunt has some sense after all.

The redhead lets out a deep sigh, sounding somewhere between happy and disappointed. “Yeah, I know... Gotta stop thinking with my pussy.”

“Hey... Don’t worry about it, though.” For some reason, Aunt Vicky’s chuckle sounds almost... *sinister* to Chris. “You know, I’ve got a *fantastic* birth control method...”

“Oh?” Her date sounds confused for a moment, and then Chris hears her gasp. “Oh! Is it... time for *that*?”

Chris can see Aunt Vicky’s hand stroking the girl’s red hair gently, and shivers at the sight for some reason. “That’s why you met up with me, right? You having second thoughts?”

“N-no! No, I’m definitely... I wanna do it so bad...” The redhead audibly gulps, as if she’s suddenly now quite nervous. “Oh gosh... You’re really gonna do it to me? This will be my first time inside...”

“Hey... Just relax, kid. I’m a professional at this. *Literally*.” Her aunt chuckles at this, as if it’s some joke that Chris doesn’t quite understand. “You watched my old videos, right? I’ll make it nice and good for you, kid...”

“Y-yes...” Suddenly, the redhead seems to go limp, her legs and arms falling to the bed as the girl stares up at the older woman. “I’ve been looking forward to doing this with you for so long... Having you as my first is gonna be so awesome. I hope... I hope you enjoy me. I hope I give you a nice...”

Aunt Vicky chuckles again, and pulls back from the girl. Chris flinches in alarm, but her aunt doesn’t turn around. The young girl can now properly see the older woman’s muscled back as she stretches. “Oh, you will, kid. I’m looking forward to this...”

And then, as Chris watches, her aunt leans forward and...

Oh.

Oh, *fuck*.

Vore is not something Chris is familiar with. She’s heard the term before, of course. Most people have. Just the same as most people have heard of furies, or foot fetishes or even those people who like to get peed on. It’s a thing that Chris had never expected to ever see. People who *eat* other people. The only vore-related word the young woman knows is... Oh, gosh.

Her aunt... is a vore fetishist. Aunt Vicky isn’t just a futanari stud. She’s a *predator*.

Chris watches in silent horror as her aunt literally devours the redhead alive. The sight of the girl's red hair slipping into her aunt's open mouth is one she will never forget. Nor will she ever forget that slurping sound, as her aunt furiously chokes down the girl's neck and shoulders.

Even more disturbing is the fact that the redhead *isn't* trying to fight back. Chris can see that the girl is not only not resisting, she's actively trying to *help* Aunt Vicky devour her! Struggling hard, the redhead manages to work her shoulders into the older woman's maw. As Chris stares, she can see that the girl is masturbating, her aunt's cum all over the redhead's pale hands as she's swallowed alive.

The sight is horrifying. Disturbing. And yet... Fascinating. Chris feels sick, but also deeply amazed. Her aunt is working through this girl at a shocking pace. In moments, the girl's shoulders are gone, her elbows next in line. Aunt Vicky moves with amazing skill. It's obvious even to Chris that this is something her aunt has done... Gosh, perhaps at least dozens of times before.

It's only as the girl's legs are being shoved into her aunt's gullet that Chris realizes that she's been holding her breath. Breathing in as quietly as she can, the young woman continues to watch her aunt devour the redhead. She can't just... leave. She has to see this end, for better or for worse.

Slowly, Aunt Vicky pushes the girl's pale feet into her mouth. Even despite how *brutal* the act of devouring another human being is, the older woman has kept her promise to make it nice and easy for her date. With a remarkably loud swallow, Chris watches as her aunt's belly expands. Her aunt still has her back to her niece, but her belly is now so large that the young woman can see it from both sides as well.

And that was that. With a small burp, Aunt Vicky sits down on the bed, breathing hard. It's over. The redhead... is now *inside* her aunt's belly.

Chris feels like her world has been shattered. The sight of her aunt having sex had been amazing, but this is... Earth-shattering. She had lived her entire life in a world where *this* could happen? Chris didn't know how she felt about that. Terrified, at the very least.

"Urrrp!" Aunt Vicky tries to muffle the mighty burp, but Chris can still almost feel in beneath her feet. "Jesus... Two girls in two nights!" Grabbing her distended stomach with both hands, Chris watches, horrified, as her aunt begins to massage the clearly visible shape of the redhead inside her. For some insane reason, the girl who has been *devoured* seems not to be even struggling inside her aunt. "Heh... hope she doesn't notice my tits going up a cup size!" Aunt Vicky chuckles to herself.

And then, to Chris's horror, her aunt turns and flops down onto the bed. The girl trapped inside her is jostled around, but Vicky seems to have no trouble with the weight of an entire young

woman inside her. Her aunt throws back her arms, lays back on the pillow... and looks right up into Chris's terrified face.

"Ah." That's all Chris can think to say, as her aunt looks up at her with wide, stunned eyes. "Um..."

"Chris!" Reacting quickly, Aunt Vicky grabs a pillow and covers her crotch, as if her bulging gut doesn't already shield her genitals. "What are you...?"

"I... I'm sorry!" Chris gasps out, her mind scattering everywhere. "I just... I went down to get some more water, and the wind blew the door open and..." Oh gosh, that sounded so much like a lie. "I mean... I know that sounds like I'm..."

Aunt Vicky grimaces. "Oh, *crap*. I forget the door lock's broken. I never even thought about..." Then, the older woman looks down at her belly. "Oh... *Crap*." She seems to have realized that Chris just saw her...

Chris can't help but look as well. She can see the outline of the redhead in her aunt's stomach, her muscles and skin bulging in a way that looks almost painful. "Oh... Oh my god..."

"She'll... she'll be fine!" Aunt Vicky tries to give her niece a reassuring smile. "Listen, why don't you go back to sleep, and we can talk about this... Wait, what are you *wearing*?" The older woman looks down at Chris's body.

Chris just now remembers that she's wearing nothing but a shirt and panties. "Oh!" She feels herself blush as her aunt stares at her lewd outfit. "I'm, um... I'm going to bed! Goodnight!" The young woman slams the door shut and turns to sprint back into her new bedroom.

So, turns out her new home has a rather big catch to it, Chris thinks to herself as she dives back into bed. And now she's got even more to be anxious about tomorrow...

End of Chapter One

<u>Name:</u>	<u>Feeling:</u>	<u>Status:</u>
Chris Abrams	Terrified	Wide awake. Not how she expected her first night at her aunt's house to go.
Aunt Vicky	Full	Embarrassed and guilty. Also dreading tomorrow

		morning.
The redhead	Pain	In a world of pain and loving every second of it. Who would have thought being digested alive could feel so good? Possibly the only person in the house that's having a wonderful night.