

Injured Cousin

by [Daddycums](#)

Mf, inc, rom

As soon as I saw my cousin Ashley, I knew I was smitten. It had been two years since her family had visited, and since that time she had grown from a scrawny and freckly little girl into the most gorgeous sixteen-year-old beauty I had ever seen.

On the one hand, it was hard not to picture her as the cute, if a bit whiny, little girl that I remembered so well when she was just a child. On the other hand, there was no denying her beauty now. It was the first thing I noticed when I walked in the front door of my parents' house and saw Uncle Craig's family sitting in the front room.

Her kid sisters, of course, nearly bowled me over in their enthusiasm as they rushed to give a hug to "Cousin Bruce." I laughed and hugged them back, enjoying the attention. Jenny and Dana had the same blond hair and bright blue eyes as their older sister, and I could already tell that one day they would probably turn out as gorgeous as Ashley. But they were still little girls for now, and Ashley held my complete attention.

Less enthusiastic was their brother Shane. Four years younger than Ashley, he was at that awkward age when he was no longer a child and yet not a teenager, and it was no longer the "cool" thing to play with his cousin, especially an ancient twenty-three-year-old like me. He simply gave a disinterested smile and waved at me from the couch, and I waved back.

"Oh, good, you're here," Mom said, emerging from the kitchen. "The girls have been jabbering on and on about you, wondering when you would be arriving."

"I'm not surprised," I laughed. "Does that include Ashley too?" I joked.

"No!" Ashley denied.

I squatted down and scooped up Jenny and Dana so that they were sitting on my shoulders, and causing both girls to giggle. At nine and seven respectively, they were not light, but I had been working out at the gym for several months now and I was eager to show off my strength, especially in front of Ashley. Still, I could only keep them up for a few seconds before I had to put them down again.

"I want a piggy-back ride!" Dana exclaimed, trying to scramble onto my back.

"You're getting a little too big for that," I teased her. "An old guy like me doesn't have that kind of energy." Despite my words, though, I squatted down and helped her climb onto my shoulders.

"Me next," Jenny insisted.

"Oh, you're *definitely* too big," I told her with a laugh. "You'll squash me." Then I turned to Ashley. "And you, don't even think about asking," I said.

"Oh ha ha," she replied sarcastically, but with an amused look.

"So how was the traffic?" asked Dad, who sat in a chair across the room.

"Oh, the usual rush hour," I replied. "I'm glad I don't commute every day. Half an hour is fine for coming to visit once in a while, but I'm glad I've got my own apartment in the city."

"Try ten hours," said Uncle Craig. "That's how long our drive was this time."

"Yeah, but you only visit once a year," I told him. "In fact, you missed last year."

"It's hard to get the girls to sit still that long," Aunt Wendy said.

"I'm sure," I replied. "I'll bet Ashley in particular was probably asking 'Are we there yet? Are we there yet?' every five minutes."

"See? What did I tell you?" Ashley said. "Bruce hasn't been here for five minutes, and already he's picking on me."

"Oh, but you're so fun to pick on," I told her with a grin.

It was the same pattern as with all of my cousins. I had lots of fun playing with them as kids, and as they grew older it turned into good-natured teasing. The last time they had visited when she was fourteen, I teased her about her freckles and being so skinny. Now she had a gorgeous figure and a complete absence of freckles, but I wasn't about to let that stop me. Besides, I could always fall back to my usual snide remarks about her clumsiness, unless of course she had gotten over that too.

"Well anyway, dinner's ready," Mom announced. "Come on in and we'll get started."

We all made our way into the dining room, where a hot dinner of roast beef awaited us. I would have liked to sit by Ashley, but unfortunately the younger girls both wanted to sit by their cousin, so to avoid any arguments, I sat between them.

During the meal, we discussed plans for their vacation. They would be here visiting for two weeks, which would give me plenty of time to spend with them. Their big event would be a camping trip on Friday and Saturday; we had some good camp sites not far out of town, and Dana at least had never been camping, so to her it would be an adventure. I was tempted to make up all kinds of stories about scary monsters that lived in the woods, but her parents would certainly not appreciate her having nightmares all night, so I refrained.

I kept sneaking quick, discrete glances at Ashley during the meal. I just couldn't get over how gorgeous she had become in these past two years. She was downright sexy.

What made her even more sexy was the fact that she didn't flaunt it. With her, there was no trace of the haughty arrogance that a lot of good-looking girls that age had. She was, if anything, a little shy. Maybe she was just getting used to being so beautiful, and didn't really know how to deal with it. No doubt half the guys at her school were lusting after her.

After dinner, my parents wanted to take a walk, and asked who wanted to go with them. Jenny and Dana of course had to come along, but Shane declined, preferring instead to play a hand-held video game that he had brought with him. Uncle Craig and Aunt Wendy decided to just relax, which left only Ashley and me. I glanced over at her, and she glanced over at me. Our eyes met for just an instant, but in that instant I thought I saw a bit of a question, probably the same question I had in my own eyes. It was as if we both wanted to see what the other one would do first.

I took the initiative. "I'll come," I shrugged.

"I will too," said Ashley, confirming my suspicion. The signals she was sending me suggested that she wanted to spend time with me, but didn't want to admit it.

I grabbed my coat, and the six of us left the house. It was a pretty typical neighborhood, with modest houses encircling a cul-de-sac. None of the neighbors were outside at the moment, which wasn't unusual; it was a quiet neighborhood after all.

We walked down to the end of the road, then turned the corner to follow the sidewalk up the avenue. It was about five blocks to the elementary school, which made a good destination for our walk, especially since there was a playground where the little girls could have fun for a few minutes before heading back home. The jungle gym in particular gave them an alternative to Cousin Bruce to climb on.

Mom, Dad, Ashley and I sat on one of the benches while the girls rigorously tested every piece of equipment in the playground. I smiled as I watched them, remembering what it was like to be that young.

Despite the fact that it was summer, we had had a nice rain storm that afternoon, and the chill still lingered. I noticed Ashley shivering; she had forgotten to bring a coat, and her tee-shirt and shorts didn't offer much protection against the elements. She moved in close to me for warmth, and even slipped under my jacket. Since I had it unzipped, it was like wrapping herself in a blanket. Her actions both surprised and thrilled me; I was overjoyed to be this close to her.

I remembered that she had always been extra affectionate with me when she was a child. There was one particular time when she was eight and I was still living at home, when her family came to visit during the summer. One morning I woke up to find her curled up next to me in my bed. At the time, I didn't think anything of it, or at most, that it was a little bit annoying. After all, what fifteen-year-old boy wants to have an eight-year-old little girl sleep in his bed with him?

Her parents thought it was cute, but I told her not to do it again. She seemed to be a little hurt at my words, but she got over it soon enough.

When she grew older and began to understand the concept of what was and wasn't appropriate behavior, she stopped acting quite so affectionate. It was only on rare occasions like this that she did anything that could be construed as flirting.

I was tempted to put my arm around her shoulder, but figured that that would have been too obvious. Instead, I did the gentlemanly thing and took off my jacket and placed it on her.

"Thanks," she said with an embarrassed smile.

The truth was that I would have been more than happy to have her cuddle up with me under my jacket for a while longer, but even though she was my cousin, it might not look good to my parents or any of the neighbors who happened to be watching. If we were alone, perhaps I would act differently.

I used this time to talk with Ashley. I was curious as to what she had been up to in the past couple of years. She was about to start her junior year in high school, and was beginning to make plans for college. She hadn't made up her mind yet whether to study architecture or law ("As if this world needs another lawyer," I teased). Most importantly, she didn't have a boyfriend.

I don't know why that made me glad. After all, she was my first cousin, so there was no chance that there could be anything between us. Of course I found her attractive, but that didn't mean anything would come of

it. I was more than happy to settle for simple friendship with her.

We only gave the girls ten minutes to play, then called them back over so that we could return to the house. They grumbled and complained and pleaded for "another five minutes," then gave in and followed us only when my mother promised them she would bring them back tomorrow so they could play all afternoon. That wasn't enough to keep Dana from jumping on my back though, and I had to give her another piggy-back ride all the way home.

After we arrived back home, I spent the rest of the evening roughhousing with the younger girls or discussing the latest computer games with Shane. It wasn't that I didn't want to spend time with Ashley; in fact, I would have been more than happy to be alone with her. But I felt a little self-conscious about appearing too friendly with her. In fact, I even wondered myself whether my feelings toward her were entirely appropriate.

The time passed quickly, and soon it was time for me to leave. I had work in the morning after all, and needed to get back to my apartment for a good night's sleep. I said my goodbyes, gave everyone a hug (and discovered that Ashley was even nicer to hug than I had imagined), then headed out the door.

That was Monday. I didn't get a chance to see them again for the rest of the week, but Ashley occupied my thoughts the whole time. Sure, I liked my other cousins too. Jenny and Dana were particularly adorable. But Ashley was just too good to be true.

In particular, I kept thinking about that walk we had taken after dinner, and how nice it had felt when she had cuddled up to me under my coat. Now I regretted not letting her walk the rest of the way home with me like that. We were cousins, so surely my parents wouldn't have a problem with it, and I didn't care what the neighbors thought.

Oh well. So I had missed an opportunity. That was fine; it wasn't like there was the potential for anything between us. Ashley cuddling up to me was no different from her younger sisters wrestling around on the floor with me.

It was too bad that they were planning to go camping on Friday. I would have loved to go with them, but all the campsites filled up early this time of year, so they had to leave early in the day, and I had to work. I worked as a semi-independent computer consultant, so I could technically have taken half a day off if I wanted, but I had the deadline for a big project coming up, and couldn't afford to lose the time, or I would be scrambling to finish it at the last minute.

At least they would be back Saturday night. I could drive home on Sunday morning and still get to spend all day with her. With *them*, I meant.

As it turned out, I got to see Ashley sooner than I expected, and a whole lot more of her than I could possibly have hoped for.

On Friday I decided to go home for lunch, since my apartment was only a ten minute drive from work and I needed to take a break from the office. I had just stepped into my apartment when the phone rang. I picked it up. "Hello?" I said.

"Hi, Bruce," said the voice on the other line. It was my mother.

"Hi, Mom," I told her. "I thought you would have left by now."

"That was the plan," she said, "but we had a little problem."

"What kind of problem?"

"Ashley sprained her ankle this morning. We just got back from the hospital."

"Is she all right?" I asked, concerned.

"She'll be fine. Her foot's all taped up, and she has to stay off of it for a couple of days. That's why we're calling."

"You're not going camping," I deduced.

"Actually, we are. Ashley didn't want to spoil our plans. She insists that we go without her. Craig and Wendy didn't want to leave her here alone, so I was wondering if you could come down and watch her?"

"Of course. I can take off the rest of the day of work if you need me to."

"No, just come down afterward. She'll be fine by herself for a few hours. We've got her on the couch in the living room, and she can watch TV until you get here."

"Okay. Can I talk to her?"

"Sure." There was a pause, then Ashley came on.

"Hi, Bruce," she said. "Are you going to come down and babysit me?" she asked.

"As soon as I get off work. How are you feeling?"

"I'm all right. I'm all doped up on painkillers right now, so I can't feel a thing."

"So what happened?"

"I just put my foot wrong coming down the stairs."

"You mean you fell?"

"Yeah, but it was the last step before the bottom, so I didn't fall far. You know how clumsy I am."

"Yes, well, they shouldn't let everyone walk. They should be required to take a test, like for driving," I joked.

"Hey, I'll pick up a couple of movies on my way down. Anything in particular you want to see?"

"Not really. Just no action, no science fiction, and no porn."

"Well, that eliminates all the good ones. But I'll see what I can do."

"Thanks. Well, I'll see you tonight, then."

"Bye."

The thought of spending Friday night and all of Saturday alone with her kept me from concentrating on work for the rest of the day, which pretty much negated the whole advantage of staying in the office. Still, I was too happy to let that bother me.

At 5:00 exactly, I left my desk and headed out to the car. I had thrown all of my laundry for the week in a duffel bag in the trunk. Saturday was laundry day for me, and I could wash my clothes just as easily at my parents' house as in my apartment.

I didn't spend much time at the video store; I was anxious to get home to see my cousin. I had to admit, I was actually looking forward to spending time alone with her. When the rest of the cousins were there, I played and joked around with the other ones, especially the little girls. And while that was fun, I really wanted to focus more of my attention on Ashley. In fact, I had to deliberately try not to seem too friendly toward her. Now, though, was the perfect opportunity. I don't know what I was thinking, only that I wanted to be around her.

Picking out a couple of romantic comedies that I thought she might enjoy, I checked them out and hurried out to my car to finish the last ten minutes of my trip.

I made one more stop on my way home. I knew that Ashley had a fondness for lemon chicken, so I had decided to forgo the usual frozen pizza that my mother would have undoubtedly left for me to put in the oven for dinner. I think she still thought I couldn't look after myself, even though I had been living away from home for five years. In fact, I considered myself to be quite a good cook. So I had looked up a recipe for lemon chicken on the Internet and made a quick stop by the grocery store to pick up the ingredients that my parents most likely wouldn't have on hand.

The sun was just setting as I pulled into the driveway of my parents' house. As expected, their jeep and Uncle Craig's van weren't there; both having been used on the trip into the mountains. The light was on in the living room, and through the windows I could see Ashley lying on the couch, covered in a blanket and staring at the television.

I left my car and strode to the front door. Opening it, I peeked in. "Trick or Treat!" I grinned. Ashley laughed.

"You're about four months too early," she told me.

"So does this mean I don't get any candy?" I asked, stepping inside and closing the door behind me. I came over and knelt down in front of the couch at the end where she had her legs. "Can I take a look at your foot?" I asked.

"Why? Are you a doctor?"

"I was just worried about you. That's all. I just want to reassure myself that you're okay." Actually, I was more interested in looking at her legs. She had very attractive legs, and since she liked to wear shorts, I was hoping for a nice, long look.

And I wasn't disappointed. Ashley smiled and pulled the blanket off, showing me exactly what I wanted to see. She wore a light blue tee-shirt and a pair of cream-colored shorts that emphasized her soft, beautiful legs. I couldn't believe how sexy she was. Her injured foot didn't look bad at all. It was wrapped in bandages, and seemed a little swollen, but otherwise appeared to be fine.

"See?" she said. "Nothing to worry about. Come sit down." She lifted her feet so that I could take a seat on the couch, then rested her legs on my lap. I mentally chided myself for not wearing shorts. What I would

have given to feel her skin against mine right then! She reached down and picked up the blanket from off of the floor, and I helped her cover her legs again.

We sat for a few minutes, Ashley focusing on the show on TV and me pretending to do the same. But my mind was certainly not on the television, but on my cousin.

The show was just finishing, so I waited until the ending credits, then got up off the couch. "So, are you hungry?" I asked.

"A little," she answered.

"Well, let's see what we have here." I went into the kitchen, which was divided from the living room by just the presence of tile on the floor instead of carpet. Opening the freezer door, I looked inside. Just as I had expected, there was a frozen pizza there. And while I had no objection to it, I wanted to impress Ashley with my cooking skills.

"Well, we have a couple of excellent choices on the menu," I told her in my best bad Italian accent. I picked up the frozen pizza and read from the label. "One of our most popular items is... 'Signor Donacelli's Super Supremo Pizza. Now with 33% more toppings.' Or you might try the special today, which is... Bruce Carlson's World Famous Lemon Chicken!"

Ashley raised her head up to peek over the back of the couch at me, her eyes wide with excitement and a big grin on her lips. "Really?" she asked. "Are you serious?"

"It sounds like Madame has made her choice. Sorry, Signor Donacelli, but we're going with the lemon chicken tonight."

"I love lemon chicken!" Ashley exclaimed. "I didn't know you knew how to cook it."

"Nothing's too good for my cousin," I smiled back. "Since you missed the camping trip, I feel it's my duty to cheer you up. In fact, by the time I'm through, you will have forgotten all about the trip."

"I'll tell you a secret," she said. "I don't really like camping. But don't let that stop you trying to cheer me up."

"Aha! The secret is out. Ashley Carlson is only faking a sprained ankle. You're a pretty good actor, if you were even able to fool the doctor."

"The sprain is real," she told me. "Although I have to admit, I couldn't ask for better timing."

"Suspiciously good timing, if you ask me. So tell me the truth. Did you really sprain your ankle just so you could stay home with me?"

"Yes. I really sprained my ankle just so I could stay home. Even if it is with you," she grinned.

"Ouch, Ashley. That hurts. If you're going to be nasty like that, maybe you don't deserve the lemon chicken. Signor Donacelli, you may get your chance after all..."

"I'm just kidding!" she hurriedly insisted. "I don't mind being with you. You're... tolerable."

"Oh, goody! She called me tolerable," I beamed in mock delight. "Although I was hoping for just a little more, I suppose I have to take what I get."

"Okay, fine. I like you. Is that good enough?"

"Much better. Now you just relax, and I'll have dinner ready before you know it." I started throwing together the ingredients, and soon the house was filled with the aroma of lemon and herbs.

It took an hour for the chicken to bake after I mixed everything together, so I returned to the couch and sat with Ashley for a while. She put her legs up on my lap again, and we spent the time talking about nothing in particular. I really enjoyed just being with her, and I got the impression she felt the same way about me.

I could do nothing for her injured foot, but I asked her if she wanted me to give her good foot a massage. She agreed enthusiastically, so I set to work. She sighed as I rubbed it, enjoying it thoroughly.

As it turned out, I enjoyed it just as much. Granted, there were other parts of her body that were a whole lot nicer than her feet, but pretty much everything else was off-limits, so I was willing to settle for this.

In fact, I was so caught up in the thrill of just touching her that I was shocked to hear the buzzer go off on the oven. I thought we had only been sitting here for a few minutes, but apparently it was a full hour.

I got up off the couch and took the food out of the oven. It had to sit for a few minutes before we could eat it, so I used that time to throw my laundry into the washing machine, wash my hands (making a joke about having just had them on her "smelly feet") and get out the dinnerware. I didn't want Ashley to have to get up and come to the table, so I served the meal and brought it over to her on the couch.

"Bruce, thanks so much for being so nice to me," she said as we ate. "You really didn't have to go out of your way to fix my favorite food tonight, and I appreciate the effort."

"Just trying to impress you with my elite cooking skills," I grinned.

"Well, it worked. I'm impressed."

I smiled, enjoying the compliment. It felt nice to have such a pretty girl say things like that about me.

I couldn't resist putting in a few jabs about her clumsiness as we sat and ate, especially when she accidentally spilled her water on the floor. I kept it good-natured; the last thing I wanted to do was make her mad at me.

After we finished eating, I took her plate and glass and set them in the sink. There would be plenty of time to wash them later. Right now, I just wanted to sit and talk with her for a while.

Ashley yawned and stretched, tensing up her legs for a second before finally relaxing again.

"Am I that boring?" I grinned.

"Oh, no," she hastily replied. "You're great, Bruce. Really. I've just been sitting here all day. Funny how doing nothing for a few hours makes you tired."

"Well, you could always get up and do jumping jacks to get your blood flowing," I joked.

"Yeah right. Actually, I was thinking about taking a shower. I haven't had one yet today."

"Yeah, I can tell."

"Hey!" she exclaimed, but she knew it was all in fun. "Anyway, would you do me a favor?"

"I'm not going to wash your back, if that's what you're asking."

"Be serious for once in your life, Bruce," she scolded. "I just need you to help me up off the couch."

"Sure." I scooted in next to her and put an arm around her waist. As she slipped her arm over my shoulder, I felt a sudden thrill at being this close to her. She was so soft, and despite not having taken a shower all day, she smelled very nice.

I leaned forward, braced my legs on the floor, and stood up, pulling her with me. Together we hobbled across the room toward the bathroom, with her leaning on me for support. She rested there against the counter while I retrieved a towel and washcloth for her from the hall closet. Then she closed the door, and I returned to my seat on the couch.

I closed my eyes and tried to imagine her there in the bathroom, taking off her clothes, stepping into the shower... I heard the water turn on, and tried to picture it running down her hot little body. I wanted so much just to run in there right now, rip off my clothes, and make passionate love to her. *This is crazy*, I told myself. *She's your cousin. And she's underage. You could go to jail for that.* But I let my fantasies continue. After all, they were just fantasies, and so couldn't hurt anyone.

Then, suddenly, I heard a crash from the bathroom, and Ashley cried out. I immediately jumped up off the couch and raced over to the bathroom door. Keeping it closed, I leaned in. "Are you all right?" I asked.

"No," she replied, and I could hear her sobbing. I reached for the door handle. As it started to turn, I heard her voice again. "Don't come in!" she insisted. Then in a calmer voice, "I'll be okay. I just slipped, that's all." Then came the squeaking of something rubbing against the porcelain of the tub, and another crash.

"Ashley?" I asked.

"Oh, dang!" she said. "I just knocked the shower curtain down. I'm getting water all over the floor."

"Don't worry about that," I said. "I'll mop it up later."

Again came the squeaking, and I figured she must be scrambling to get to her feet. But I could tell she wasn't too successful. Her ankle surely wasn't helping at all.

"Bruce," she said, a little hesitantly. "Could you... could you come in and help me?"

"Sure," I said, trying to sound calm. In truth, I was getting very excited. But I opened the door slowly and stepped into the bathroom.

Ashley sat in the tub, her knees pulled up to her chest and her arms locked around her legs. I could see that her bad ankle was slightly more discolored than when she went into the bathroom. Her face was red from embarrassment of being naked in front of me. Shampoo covered her hair. The shower nozzle was spraying down on her, a good portion of the water falling on the bathroom floor and the shower curtain, which lay beside the tub.

I first leaned over and turned off the water. Then I kicked the shower rod out of the way so that I had more room to maneuver. "Let's get you on your feet," I told Ashley. I bent down and squatted beside the tub. I slid my arm around her waist (which felt very nice, I might add), and told her to put her arm over my shoulder. She did so reluctantly. Then, on the count of three, I stood up, lifting her from her sitting position so that she was able to stand on her good leg. In doing so, I caught a glimpse of her lovely, young, developing breasts and her tiny little nipples. She immediately covered them up with her free arm. She had her legs closed up

tight so that all I could see of her thigh was a thin covering of sandy brown hair. It was enough to get me erect, though. Fortunately, I was still fully dressed, so she couldn't see the effect she was having on me.

"All right, step one is finished," I said calmly. I couldn't believe how mature I was being about this whole thing. "Now we have to get you cleaned off. Can you stand on your own?"

She tried to put her injured foot down, but immediately slipped again. Fortunately, my grip on her waist and her arm over my shoulder kept her from falling.

"Okay, we'll do this the hard way," I said. Ashley nodded. With her still leaning on me for support, I maneuvered myself so that I could lean over and turn the water back on. It splashed out over both of us, but I didn't care if my clothes were getting wet. I could always stick them in the dryer later.

Stepping into the tub, I brought Ashley in to where she could wash the shampoo out of her hair. She took a couple of seconds to work up the courage to move her arm from her chest, then reached up to run her hand through her hair. I took the opportunity to stare at her breasts. They looked so beautiful. Still a little small, they were nice and firm, jiggling only slightly as she moved. I was getting very turned on by seeing the water and soap run down her body between them and sometimes over them. But I forced myself to pull my gaze away before Ashley caught me staring.

In a few minutes, she finished rinsing herself off. I turned off the water and stepped out of the bathtub, then reached for a towel for her. She dried herself off (with only the strongest of effort I kept myself from offering to do it for her), then tried to wrap it around herself. It was a shame to have her cover up her body again, and in fact, my hopes were rising that we wouldn't be able to, since it was awkward at best to get the towel around her. But to my dismay, we finally managed to do it.

On an impulse, I leaned over and put my free arm behind her knees, then lifted her up into my arms. She giggled nervously, and I was glad to see she was in better spirits. I carried her out to the couch and laid her gently down. "See? That wasn't so bad," I said as I went to close the blinds on the front window. I didn't want the neighbors to peek in on her with her just wearing a towel after all.

"Bruce, don't tell my mom and dad, okay?" she asked.

"Tell them that you're clumsy? I won't, but I think they already know," I grinned.

"No, don't tell them about the shower and everything."

"I won't tell them a thing. All my friends, on the other hand..."

"Don't you dare!"

"Just kidding. This will be our little secret."

Ashley looked down at my clothes, which were soaking wet. "Sorry about that, Bruce," she said.

"No problem. I'll just throw these in the dryer with the rest of my laundry."

"But you don't have anything to change into."

"Oh yeah. Good point. Well, since you're just wearing a towel, you shouldn't mind if I do the same."

"That's fine. We'll just pretend it's a toga party."

I laughed and headed to the bathroom, grabbing a towel from the hall closet along the way. As soon as I closed the door, I let a wide grin spread over my face. I couldn't have planned this better myself. It was almost more than I could have hoped for.

After slipping out of my clothes and wrapping the towel around my waist, I turned to the mirror to see how I looked. Now I was glad that I had been working out in the gym three times a week. I had broad shoulders and strong arms, not to mention pectoral muscles that I didn't get much chance to show off in front of the ladies. But Ashley would get to see it all.

I picked up my wet clothes and left the bathroom, walking across the front room toward the washroom at the other end of the house. I forced myself not to look at my cousin's reaction, but out of the corner of my eye I could see her head turning to follow me. Once in the washroom, I threw my clothes and the rest of my laundry into the dryer and started it, then returned to the living room.

Ashley was gingerly massaging her swollen ankle. I grabbed the bandages that I had removed earlier and knelt in front of her to wrap it up again. She winced a couple of times as I applied the bandages; I was no doctor, so made plenty of mistakes. Once I was through, I sat down on the couch next to her, perhaps a little closer than was necessary, but not close enough to make her suspicious.

"You've been working out," she commented. I turned to face her. She was staring at my chest and arms.

"There's a gym in town, not far from my place," I explained. "I've got a membership. Here, let me show you." I leaned in and placed her hand on my bicep, then flexed. She felt it for a minute, then took her hand away.

"Solid as a rock," she said. "You must have all kinds of girls after you."

"Yeah, I wish," I said. "But, you know, a geek like me-"

"You're not a geek!" she exclaimed.

"Sure I am," I laughed.

"No you're not. You're too good-looking to be a geek."

I have to admit, I blushed at this compliment. But I could give as well as receive. "That really is high praise, coming from a beautiful girl like you."

"Okay, quit joking around," she said, grinning and blushing as much as I was.

"Who says I'm joking? If I weren't your cousin, and if I were seven years younger-"

"All right, I get your point. Let's not even go there. That's just too weird." There was an awkward pause in the conversation for a few seconds. She was right; it was weird to be having those thoughts about her. But they were there, all the same, and I couldn't deny it.

As if to refute her previous statement, she reached out and touched my chest. I felt a thrill at having of her hands on me like that. "Well, you're obviously doing something right with your workout. A lot of guys would kill to have pecs like these." She ran her fingers lightly over my chest, which sent chills down my spine. I realized that I was growing hard under the towel. If she kept this up, I wouldn't be able to hide the bulge.

"Now how about your abs?" she asked, moving her hand lower. But at this, I squirmed and grabbed her hand.

"That tickles," I laughed.

"Really?" she asked with a grin, pulling out of my grasp and reaching over to tickle me in the side. "Bruce is ticklish!" she taunted.

I kept trying to grab her hands, but she was too fast. And I have to admit, I didn't really want her to stop. I was having too much fun, laughing and playing and wiggling around. Then I went on the offensive, reaching out and tickling under her arms. She squealed and brought her arms in, trapping my hands. But they were still in a prime position to tickle her, so she tried to pull away, laughing as much as I was.

"Hey, no fair going after the cripple," Ashley complained in mock anger.

"You started it," I responded. "I'm just defending myself."

"Yeah, well defend against this!" she exclaimed, throwing herself at me and reaching for my neck.

For several minutes we attacked each other, each trying to gain the advantage. I could see that her towel was slipping as she wiggled all over the couch to avoid my hands, and I was hoping it might come undone. She didn't seem to notice.

Then suddenly, I caught one of her hands that she was trying to catch me in the side with, and at the same time, as I tried to avoid it, I slipped off the couch, falling on my back and pulling her over on top of me. She landed on my chest, and her towel finally came undone. It spread out over me, uncovering her back. Unfortunately, it still lay between us, the only thing separating me from her breasts. She didn't move for a minute, and I wondered if I had hurt her ankle.

"Are you all right?" I asked, brushing her hair out of my face. She didn't answer, but just stared down into my eyes, a half-smile on her lips. I repeated my question.

"I'm fine," she told me in a subdued voice. But she made no move to get off of me, or to cover herself. And in truth, I didn't want her to. For a few seconds we continued to gaze into each other's eyes. Then, without warning, she lowered her head and pressed her lips against mine.

I was too stunned to do anything for a moment. Ashley kissed me passionately, not with the kind of kiss that family members might bestow upon one another, nor even a kiss of mere friendship. This one was much deeper than that.

Then she suddenly realized what she was doing, and pulled away. "I'm sorry," she said, going red. "I shouldn't have... I mean..." She tried to lift herself off of me, but her ankle wouldn't let her. I helped her into a sitting position as she grabbed at the towel to keep it over her chest. I cursed myself for letting the moment pass. But what could I have done?

"Ashley..." I mumbled, not knowing what to say to her. But she cut me off.

"Bruce, can we just pretend that didn't happen? I mean, I don't... We shouldn't... Oh, let's just... I don't know. Could you help me back up onto the couch?" She quickly refastened the towel.

I put my arm around her waist and her arm over my shoulder and lifted her back to where she had been before. Her face was still red from embarrassment, and she refused to look at me.

"Ashley, if you want to pretend it didn't happen, that's fine," I said. "But I'm not going to lie and say I didn't like it."

"But it's wrong," she said. "I mean, you're my cousin. We shouldn't be doing stuff like that."

"And we could get into big trouble if we... took it any further."

"Right. So it didn't happen."

"Right."

She glanced at me, trying to read the expression in my face. But I knew she wouldn't be able to, since I had no idea what I was feeling right then. Here was my cousin, still a little girl compared to me, and I had just let her kiss me. Had I lost an opportunity? Or should I have even considered it an opportunity at all? Half of me thought it was creepy, and the other half wanted to just take her in my arms and make love to her right now.

"So," I said, trying to change the subject. "Do you want to play some cards?"

She shrugged, an uneasy smile coming back to her face. "Sure. What game do you want to play?"

"How about strip poker?" I asked. "Although judging by our state of dress, I expect it'll be a really short game."

"Oh, yeah, very funny."

"Okay, fine. How about blackjack?"

"Sounds good."

"Strip blackjack."

"Bruce!"

"Just kidding. Stay here. I'll go get the cards." I stood up and headed to the closet in my brother's bedroom that held all of the games. There was a deck of playing cards in there somewhere. After rummaging through it for a minute, I found what I was looking for, so I headed back into the living room.

I was almost to the couch when suddenly, for no apparent reason, my towel came undone.

I didn't realize what had happened for a second, but by that time it was too late. My erect member stood straight out, revealed in all its glory to my cousin Ashley. She gasped in shock, her eyes going wide as she stared at it. In shock, I stood there naked in front of her, not sure what to do. It was as if my mind had frozen, and the obvious solution of picking my towel back up didn't even occur to me.

Ashley regained her composure first. "So are you going to cover yourself?" she asked quietly.

"Oh." I said. "Um, yeah." I knelt down and lifted the towel from the ground, and was about to wrap it around my waist when I heard her blurt out, "Wait a minute."

If I had half a brain, I would have still covered myself. If I knew one thing about Ashley, it was that she was innocent. She was a little shy sometimes, a little reserved. She had probably never seen a man naked before. This was a new experience for her, and she liked it. She was confused, and it was wrong for me to take advantage of her in that way. But no matter how much I told myself that, I still couldn't quite bring myself to cover up.

"Why..." she started, still staring at my manhood. "Why is it..."

"Hard?" I asked, and she nodded, once again blushing from embarrassment. She wasn't used to talking about things like that, I could tell.

"Is it me?" she asked.

"No," I insisted, but then I realized there was no way to deny it. "Okay, yes. I'm still thinking about that kiss. And... seeing you in the shower."

"I've never seen one before," she told me. "Would you mind... leaving your towel off?"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing! My cousin Ashley, one of the cutest girls I had ever met, but one who had always been unobtainable, even to guys who weren't her cousin, was asking me to stay naked in front of her. In that moment, all my resolve melted away, and I knew I couldn't refuse her. There was one other thing I wanted, though.

"I'll leave it off on one condition," I told her. "You have to take yours off too."

She hesitated for a moment, and I thought she was going to refuse. Then she reached up and slipped her towel off of her body. I stared in awe at this adorable little sixteen-year-old girl, with her tiny little waist, perky breasts, and long, slender legs. How I wanted to touch her! But I didn't want to take it too fast, and possibly scare her off. So I merely sat down beside her on the couch, my bare legs touching hers. It felt so good, and it did nothing to reduce my erection.

"So do you really feel that way about me?" she asked, nervously.

"Well, yes. I mean, I already told you I think you're gorgeous. And let me add, you've got a body to die for."

She gave a nervous giggle. "You know, maybe this isn't so weird after all."

"Do you still want to play cards?" I asked.

"No," she answered. "Bruce, I changed my mind."

"About what?"

"Would you... kiss me?"

Would I! It took all of my self-control not to just tackle her right there. Instead, I asked very gently, "Are you sure, Ashley? I'm willing to go as far as you want. I don't care if it's wrong. Seeing you there like that... well, you can see what you're doing to me."

In response, she put her hand behind my head and pulled me in. I hesitated no longer, but gave her a long, passionate, erotic kiss. My hand went to her waist and I began to caress her gently. She was trembling ever so slightly, and now my suspicions were confirmed that she had never been with a man before. This was a new experience for her, and I wanted to make it as special as possible.

My hands slowly moved up her waist, drifting closer and closer to her breasts. I wasn't sure if she wanted to continue, because she pulled her head back and glanced down at my hand. But then she reached out and wrapped her fingers around my engorged member and I groaned in pleasure. Taking that as my cue, I let my hand fall on her breast, massaging it gently. Ashley's breathing became deeper as I fondled her, her body

awakening to the pleasure. She leaned her head back over the couch and closed her eyes, letting the ecstasy overcome her.

I moved forward and kissed her gently on the neck, flicking my tongue lightly against her skin. She gasped and shivered as I did it, a smile on her face. I went lower, moving off to the side toward her other breast. They were small and firm, still developing as her body matured into womanhood.

I loved the feminine smell of her aroused body, the rising and falling of her chest, and the taste of her nipple in my mouth as I sucked on it. She let out a quiet moaning sound as I teased it with my tongue, and I could feel it hardening. Her skin was so soft and beautiful, I almost wanted to just spend all night just running my hands and tongue all over her.

I let my free hand slide down her body toward her pussy. I expected her to close her legs, but instead she spread them wider to give me better access. She had a gorgeous covering of hair down there, half hiding the delights beneath. My fingers made contact with the top of her slit, and she jumped from the sudden sensation.

I continued to kiss her all over her chest as my hand rubbed her gently between the legs. She was damp down there, and growing damper by the minute as I fueled her arousal with my hand.

Her own hand was busy stroking me, driving me insane with the pleasure. It felt so good to have this beautiful girl doing this to me, despite the fact that she was my cousin. Despite her inexperience, she managed to do a good job of it, and I soon found myself in danger of climaxing. I put my hand on hers and slowly drew it away.

She raised her head and stared at me questioningly. I leaned in and kissed her again on the lips.

"Ashley," I told her. "I don't want you to bring me off like that. I want to do much more with you tonight."

Her eyes opened wide with what looked like a bit of fear.

"You mean... sex?" she asked.

"Yes, but not just sex. I want it to be something special for both of us. I want to carry you into the bedroom, then make love to you, to show you just how much I care about you. Will you let me be your lover tonight?"

She continued to gaze at me for a few seconds, then to my surprise and delight, she nodded.

I took my hands off of her for just a second, then slipped one arm behind her back and the other beneath her knees. Giving her one last kiss on the lips, I rose to my feet and carried her toward the spare bedroom where she had been sleeping.

Gently laying her on the bed, I leaned over once more and kissed her breast. Then I climbed up onto the bed beside her. By now my manhood was aching to be inside of her.

"Bruce, I've never..." she began, but couldn't finish the sentence. "I mean, this is my first time."

"Do you want me to stop?" I asked.

"No. I'm just a little nervous."

"There's no reason to be nervous. I'll take care of you," I told her.

I continued to kiss her as my hands resumed what they had started on the couch. She spread her legs once more, and I massaged her there as I kissed her all over the face, neck and chest.

Once more her breathing grew heavy from my ministrations. I can't claim to be an expert lover, but whatever I was doing, it was working. The heat of her body, the labor of her breathing, and the dampness between her legs all told me of her arousal.

I lifted my head up for a moment so that I could gaze down at her beautiful body spread out on the bed below me. Her hair was splayed out on the pillow, her hands rested beside her shoulders, and she gazed up at me with a smile of trust and love. I'm sure I wore the same expression on my own face, because that was exactly the same way I felt about her.

I let my hand work as I gazed down at her, enjoying the look of pleasure on her face and the knowledge that I was the one giving her that pleasure. I wanted nothing more than to give her the ultimate pleasure, to bring her with me to erotic heights that she had never before experienced.

However, I also wanted to draw it out as long as possible. We had all night after all. As my hand rubbed her sweet pussy, I lowered my head and sought out her nipples. She cried out as my tongue made contact, and I grinned. I licked all over the hardening point, teasing it to arousal. She thrust her chest out with each breath as if trying to shove her breast right into my mouth. There would be time enough for that later, though. Right now I just wanted to toy with her.

For a moment I had the absurd and comical wish that I had two heads, so that I could stimulate her other breast at the same time. I almost laughed at the thought, and the image that went through my mind. Instead, I had to content myself with moving on to her other breast once I had pleased the first one enough.

Her whole body squirmed and pulsed to my ministrations. I could tell she was excited. It was time to start loosening her up, so I slipped a finger inside her moist tunnel. Again she cried out in pleasure, a sound that I was beginning to enjoy very much.

As I gently fucked my finger inside her slit, I used the thumb of the same hand to massage her clit. I couldn't claim to be an expert in lovemaking, but I did at least know that that was the most sensitive spot on the female body (at least the outside), so I didn't want to neglect it. The gasps she made as I toyed with it were all the encouragement I needed to keep going.

By this point, I had both of her nipples as hard as a rock. It was time to stop teasing her and get down to business. I slipped her nipple into my mouth and sucked on it hard. It was obvious from the sounds she made that she really enjoyed that, so I continued. So as to spread out the pleasure all over her body, I alternated between her two breasts, suckling on one for a couple of minutes, then switching to the other.

From the increased tempo and pitch of her moans a few minutes later, I could tell that she was ready for me. I lifted my head up and gazed down once more into her face with a questioning look. She smiled and nodded, an unspoken answer to the unspoken question.

I moved over above her. She gazed up into my eyes, still a little afraid, but she nevertheless spread her legs to give me access. I lowered myself and placed the head of my manhood against her opening.

"Does it hurt going in?" she asked.

"The first time, it might hurt a little. But the pain only lasts a minute."

She nodded, and I took that as permission to continue. I rolled my hips forward, sliding inside her a little. She

was breathing harder now, her breasts heaving. I pressed a little deeper, feeling myself run up against her barrier. She had her eyes closed, waiting for the pain. And then, in one firm yet gentle motion, I thrust through. She sucked in her breath, then let it out slowly, and I lowered myself down onto her.

"Was that it?" she asked.

"Yes. That was it."

"That wasn't bad at all."

"I'm glad. I don't want to hurt you."

She drew her head up and gave me a kiss. "I love you," she told me.

I waited a few minutes, just cuddling and kissing her. Then I began to thrust, driving my engorged member deep inside of her. She moaned slightly with each motion as the pleasure filled her. A smile covered her lips, which I attacked with my own, kissing her hungrily. I loved the feel of her breasts against my chest, of her pussy wrapped around my cock, of her hands grasping me tightly, as if trying to pull me in even closer than we were already.

The pleasure was exquisite. I hadn't had a girlfriend in a long time, and this brought back memories of what I had been missing for so long. It was even better because this was a girl that I had already loved before I ever started thinking of her sexually. She was my cousin, the little girl I used to play with when I was younger. Now that she was older, I was introducing her to an even better game. I couldn't believe how fortunate I was to be her first time.

I continued to kiss her, wildly and passionately now, as our bodies clung to and thrust into each other. We were both moaning and gasping and crying out our desire for one another now, lost in the sexual ecstasy. I loved the warmth of her body against my own, the softness of her skin and the beauty of her face so close to me.

I could feel the onset of my orgasm, the building pressure that told me that soon it would all be over. The gasps coming from Ashley told me that she was experiencing a similar spike in pleasure. To my delight I realized that we were going to climax together.

"Ashley, I love you!" I shouted as I hit my peak, thrusting deep inside of her and feeling my cock throb as it erupted. Ashley cried out, her body stiffening and her pussy tightening around me. We held that position a long time, our bodies pressed close together and frozen as if time itself had ceased.

It could only have been a few seconds, but it felt like it had gone on forever. Eventually, as the pleasure subsided, our bodies relaxed once more, and we collapsed in a satisfied and exhausted heap.

After it was all over, Ashley cuddled up next to me and closed her eyes. I lay there awake for a few minutes, thinking about what had just happened between us. It was true that there would be little chance of continuing this relationship; once her family came home tomorrow night we wouldn't have any more time alone together. Then I would have to wait another year to see her again. But we were together tonight, and that was all that mattered. I kissed her on the forehead and closed my eyes, surrendering myself to sleep and happy dreams.

THE END

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