

Cousins

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Your family goes every Sunday to your grandparent's house, a boring endeavor until your little cousins show you there are more things to do. The problem now is you can't stop.

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1 Grandma's house

You were dreadfully bored. It wasn't that the movie was boring, but your conviction that you could be doing something much more interesting at home. Not long ago you'd discovered an excellent porn page and wanted all the images before they were taken down. You looked around from your chair in your grandparent's room. This was almost a second home to you, a place you've known for all the Sundays in your life. The weakly visit to your grandparents was an unwritten law in your family.

In the bed rested your two male cousins, Richard and Cesar, as well as your grandfather. Laying face down on the floor in front of your chair was Cesar's little sister, Ann, who didn't care the bed was taken. You remembered when you were Ann's age and loved those visits because, being an only child, they were the only times you could play with your uncles and cousins. But now all you wanted was being back home.

The television was showing a Stallone movie. All had the same argument: something threatened the safety of the world and the hero had to fight half the population of Earth to defend his family, or the country, or the world; depending on the credibility range they wanted. It wasn't a masterwork, but it was okay, at least it made you forget where you were.

After a great fighting scene, where Stallone killed fifty terrorists with a butter knife while bullets fly by him making even water explode, there was a commercial, and your frustration grew even more. At least in your home, with cable TV, you didn't have to endure commercials.

A pain in your knee distracted you. Ann had kicked you without noticing while she watched the TV on her belly, but before you retaliated, you noticed that in that position her skirt had rode up her legs and you could guess the beginning of her panties. You looked at your grandpa and cousins, but they were watching the movie and didn't notice a thing.

Almost without breathing, you moved your feet and pushed open Ann's legs, leaving her little panties visible.

"You're kicking me!" you explained when she turned to look at you, and without further comment continued watching the movie. Now it was you who couldn't concentrate on the TV, because the movements of your little cousin's legs had moved her

skirt further up, and you could see the flower design of her cotton panties, and a little of the precious butt they covered.

Once again you used your foot to push her leg to one side, but this time your little cousin didn't look around, she just started kicking, playfully trying to hit you, while you moved your legs to avoid it. It was a fun game for both, probably for different reasons. With so much movement her skirt had already gone up her back, leaving the panties covering her perky butt exposed. It looked so soft and comfy, and you could only imagine what was underneath.

But the vision of her butt, and the little line on her panties marking her buttocks distracted you too much, and a hard shoe hit you in the shin. You screamed and started caressing the damage area. Ann, hearing you scream, stopped and turned to look at you. You could see now the front of her panties, and almost imagined the little line that would be the slit of your cousin.

Regrettably, Ann saw the position of her skirt, and fixed it with a simple hand movement while she asked if you were all right.

Afterwards Ann forced his brother to move aside and got on the bed with them, so any fantasy that passed through your mind stopped there; even then, you were unable to concentrate on the movie.

Back at your house you started thinking about what you have seen and done. You knew it was wrong, but on the other hand you had really done nothing, yet you were excited. You didn't care she was only nine years old, she was the closest you have been to see a pussy out of the Internet. After much thought you decided that it was pointless thinking about it, what had happened should not be repeated. Besides, as Ann almost always wore jeans or pants, and seldom a skirt, the situation would not happen again. Still, you couldn't stop dreaming every day of the following week with the flower design of the cotton panties on your little cousin.

2 Dancing with Ann

Next Sunday, before you and your family arrived at your grandma, you tried to assure yourself that nothing would happen: Ann would be wearing pants, and you wouldn't have a chance to see more than you have already. *It'll be just an uneventful day*, you repeated to yourself, but deep within you desired otherwise.

And amazingly enough it seemed someone was listening to your desires. Ann ran to greet you the moment you entered (you were, after all, one of her favorite cousins) and while you hug her you couldn't stop a smile of hope because she wore a large dress, a

red dress with blue ribbons.

“You like it?” she asked while spinning around herself, “my mom bought it.”

“It’s very pretty, almost as much as you,” you answered. Ann dropped the dress and started fidgeting nervously, not knowing what to answer, but an instant later she ran to greet your parents and show off her new dress, completely forgetting your comment.

You greeted the rest of the family: your grandparents, the parents of Cesar and Ann, and Richard and his mom. It dawned on you that the old house had been getting emptier over the years. When you were a kid there came a lot more uncles, but now they lived away. For the first time you thought the house was big and quite empty.

It was an old house, built to hold large families with ten children and many guests. It had six bedrooms besides the great hall, kitchen, dining room and two gardens. Four of the bedrooms were empty, and on Sundays everybody stayed talking in the kitchen or viewing television on your grandparent’s room. All these thoughts ran through your mind without motive, but your imagination had already placed you and your little cousin in one of the empty rooms.

You tried not to think about that and sat down to talk with your uncles and aunties, since Richard and Cesar were gone with some friends to play football, something you don’t like too much. The chat was boring, and after half an hour of trying to listen you decided to leave and watch some TV. However something stopped you midway, you noticed the door of a bedroom half open, so you entered, and there you found Ann sat on the floor playing with an old doll, probably of your great grandmother’s.

Ann quickly hid the doll behind herself and looked at you worriedly. You smiled at her while closing the door behind you. “What are you doing Ann?” you asked sweetly.

“Nothing,” she answered, still trying to hide the doll.

“Grandma told you not to play with those dolls. What would she said if she saw this?” you asked mimicking your grandmas voice, which made her laugh, “Why don’t you leave the doll and we play something else?” you asked again.

Ann happily agreed. She stood up and placed the doll with the rest of the collection on a cabinet. “What do we play?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” you answered, “what do you want to play?” you returned the question. You certainly knew what you wanted to play, but it would be dangerous to say so.

“Would you dance with me?” asked Ann at last.

“How?” you said, not quite understanding.

“Like in the movies, princesses wore dresses and always dance with the prince,” she answered shyly, and blushed a little.

You smiled and presented your hand to her, while adopting the most prince-like expression you could imagine. Ann laughed and took your hand, while she started to

hum the waltz of *Beauty and the Beast*. You weren't a great dancer, but pretty good compared with a nine-year-old. The most difficult part was the height difference, you had to bend over her and it was very uncomfortable. Finally you decided to kneel before her, this way it was harder to move, but your hands and heads were aligned.

You moved a couple of turns in the room, and soon your hand on her back was going down, but Ann was doing nothing to stop it. When you reached the end of her back and she still didn't say anything, you kept going. You couldn't believe that your hand was over her butt and your little cousin kept dancing like nothing. You were really excited, and without thinking you squeezed slightly on her butt.

Ann jumped and turned away from you, laughing. "Don't do that!" she said.

"What?" you asked innocently, but inside you were pretty worried.

"Don't tickle me!" she said again.

You thanked your good fortune and without further notice you lifted her and dropped her on the bed, tickling her all over. You started at her ribs and moved to her belly while Ann twisted, laughing and moving hands and legs to stop you. Then you moved to her ankles and started to tickle her going up.

Ann kept on laughing and seems to really enjoy the game, so you took a chance and put your hand under her dress, to start and tickle her tights while your other hand kept her busy on her ribs. Soon your hand under her dress went up until your fingers touched her little cotton panties. You almost forgot about the tickles while your fingers moved over her panties, far too quickly finding her belly beyond them. You then redoubled your attack on her belly and bellybutton. Ann started laughing more than ever, it seems she was very ticklish on her belly.

But you weren't really thinking about tickles, all you wished for was lifting her dress and look at what your hands were touching, because right then you had lifted her panties and inserted two fingers inside, almost ready to touch her little pussy. But a kick of your little cousin hit you in the arm, and instinctively you removed your hands from her body, while you caressed the injured part. Ann took the opportunity to breathe and then jumped over you, trying to tickle you. It was then that the door swung open and Cesar entered, sweating and panting.

"Hey!" he said, "come to play, we need another player, please!"

Before you could think, you had already accepted. Maybe some part of your mind still understood the danger of what you were doing. So you let Ann alone and followed Cesar.

You enjoyed the rest of the evening playing with Cesar, Richard and their friends. You don't like football too much, but it was fun, besides it helped you forget about your cousin's panties and lose the erection you've gained while tickling her. You've

read a lot about the problems teenagers had with unwanted erections, but that at least was not your problem, as your penis wasn't too big, so you could hide it, even with some degree of erection, inside your pants.

The game ended at sunset, when the friends of Richard retired. In the house your parents and grandparents were still talking. Your grandma sent your cousins to take a shower, but as you had no clothes there, you had to wait for home. It was until Cesar and Richard were in the bathroom that you noticed Ann wasn't around.

You found her in the same room you were playing before. She had fallen asleep in the bed with some old dolls around her. Carefully you removed the dolls and placed them with the others, you didn't want your little cousin to be in trouble. After that you stared at her, placidly sleeping.

Unwanted images were taking form in your mind, and the memories of what had happened less than four hours ago seemed like something ancient, almost forgotten. Slowly you moved your hands to her dress and lifted it. There they were, just as your fingers remembered them, her little flower cotton panties, covering from beneath her bellybutton to the limits of her prepubescent slit.

You let her skirt rest over her belly and with infinity care moved to examine that part of her that, since a week before, had awakened such unusual feelings in you. First you touched the rim of the panties, following the shape from her belly to her tights and back to her buttocks. Suddenly it seemed you cousin was as little as one of the dolls she was playing with.

Slowly you moved your finger over her soft panties, going to the center of her tights, closer to the point where you thought her little slit was, the entrance to her pussy. You felt something under the fabric, a bump in her skin, and you assumed your finger was now over her slit, you started moving your finger up and down, following the shape and imagining her little pussy under your touch.

You couldn't believe it, you were touching her pussy, over her panties, but it was the closest you had ever been to one. You moved your finger up and down, going as far as her partly open legs allowed you. With amazement you noted that the center of her panties was getting wet as the soft cloth started to take the shape of her little slit underneath. You got closer to her tights and inspired the odor, sweet and bitter at the same time; powerful and delicious. You dared press your finger a little harder in her sleeping body.

And then Ann moved. You backed off quickly, but your cousin was still sleep, she had just closed her legs and turned in bed. You were breathing heavily, and quite sad for losing that chance, but then you noticed that in her dreams your little cousin moved her hand and placed it between her legs, just where you had been touching her.

That movement awake something in you, and you left the room trying to appear normal and in control.

3 The truth comes to light

You had accepted it, you couldn't stop doing things with your little cousin, it didn't matter how much you tried, you knew your hormones would beat your neurons. Now you were trying to at least place some ground rules on yourself. You knew you wanted to do *something*, but was it just seeing and touching, or something else. It also worried you what would happen if an adult found out. But that thought was always overruled by some fantasy you had with your cousin. After a week of thinking you had advanced nothing, and it seems you couldn't do more.

So the next Sunday you arrived at your grandparent's house quiet and resigned, ready to accept anything fate had planned for you. You did not wish something would happened, but you weren't going to avoid it. Just take a chance if it showed, just like last weekend.

Your first surprise was that Ann wore jeans, instead of a dress or even pants. The second surprise was that when she saw you, instead of running to greet you like usual, she ran to the back of the house, avoiding your face. And there still was a third surprise: the house was full of people. Louie, another uncle of yours had come with his family: his wife and his two children, Adolph and Aura. You hadn't seen them for almost a year, and were very happy to greet them. Aura was six months younger than Ann, but physically she seems a lot smaller. Adolph also looked younger, even though he was the same age as Cesar. You liked Adolph a lot, because he liked puzzles more than sports, like you.

With so many people you discarded any action with your little cousin, who was very happy to had Aura to play with. And after the chit-chat had gone for some time she came to you and greeted you as happy as ever. At least you stopped worrying about that.

It seemed your uncle Louie wanted to move back, and had came looking for houses, so he and his family couldn't stay too long, they just had passed to say hi and had to be gone, but they said that maybe in a couple of weeks they will be a regular sight. Turned out Richard also had a date with his girlfriend, and Cesar, who had an exam on Monday, was studying in a corner. Suddenly you felt things had magically order themselves for *something* to happen.

You found Ann in your grandpa's room watching TV. She seemed surprised when

you entered, you even thought she blushed a little. You sat on the bed decided to find out what was happening.

“Ann, what’s the matter? you run every time you see me,” you told her as calmly as possible.

“Nothing...” she answered, avoiding your eyes.

Before she could do anything else you were behind her tickling her ribs. Ann fell on the bed and you started tickling her all over. You knew her belly was a good spot and soon she was out of breath with laughter. You also used your position to rub your hand a couple of times over her bum, and even her tights, but nothing more. Finally you saw Ann could go no longer and you left her alone.

“Well,” she answered after catching the breath, “you remember last Sunday? Well, I was asleep and kinda woke up when you moved the dolls,” you listened with growing concern, “well,” she continued, “I wanted to give you a fright, so I pretended to be asleep, and then you started caressing me, and it felt good, and I almost fell asleep again. And then I woke up with a weird feeling in my tummy, and then I saw you could see my panties, so I roll over to cover,” she finished, completely red from neck to the base of her black hair.

You were breathing again, your worries had been unfounded, but now you felt quite calm, and a little excited. Perhaps more than a little excited, because without thinking you said, “And what was that feeling in your tummy?”

Ann blushed even more. “Well, you were trying to tickle me,” she said not looking at you.

“Did you like it?” you asked, smiling.

Ann looked at you, and nodded with her head. “But you cannot see under my dress. My mom said I shouldn’t allow anybody to do so,” she said, worriedly. You agreed with her, you knew you should promise not to do it again, but it would be an empty promise. You were ready to finish the conversation and concentrate on the TV when Ann started talking again, “I tried to do it myself, but I couldn’t feel the thing in my tummy,” she said softly, almost silent, “will you tickle me again?”

You looked at her amazed, that wasn’t what you were expecting, and you were sure you shouldn’t accept. But you couldn’t deny it. At least you tried not to sound too eager about it. “What about what your mom told you?”

“I won’t tell her anything,” she said quickly, “I didn’t tell her before,” she added, trying to earn your trust.

You had been looking at the TV, trying to force yourself to stop this, but your will wasn’t enough. You looked at the pleading face of your little cousin and then at her hands, buried in her tights. “I think you can do it alone,” you said without thinking,

and a twist of emotions ran over you: guilt, desire, rage, everything at the same time.

“It’s not the same as when you did it,” she answered, blushing. Her words brought you back to reality, you knew you couldn’t fight it anymore, and you really hadn’t even tried. You reached with your hand toward her tights, and little Ann let you. You tried to rub her over the jeans, but it was useless, you didn’t felt anything, an neither did Ann, “I can’t feel it over my pants,” she said, sadly, “but you cannot see my panties, my mom told me, you can only touch them,” you smiled at the way she still tried to respect what her mother had told her.

“I won’t see them,” you told her while you started unbuttoning her jeans. You could see her panties by the little opening, but you quickly get you hand inside, to touch her. Just then the door opened and you just had time to get your hand out before Ann’s mom entered.

“Ann, get ready, we’re leaving soon,” she told Ann and then retired.

“You better get ready,” you also told her, while you helped her close her jeans and thanked God for not letting her mom noticed the open jeans, and your hand in them.

“Will you come next Sunday?” asked Ann before leaving.

“Yes, I’ll come,” you answered.

* * *

You kept your promise, and every time your desire for her grew, but also did the guilt, because you knew you couldn’t fight doing it. The worst part was that you had done almost nothing. Ann had not wore a dress or skirt again, maybe because she knew what you would do. She had been loyal to her mom and not allowed you to see her panties. When she wore pants she let you rub her crotch from the outside while in bed. You could see she liked it, because her breath became rapid and agitated, but it never went over that, and there was always something that stopped you.

Once she wore jeans again, and let you get your hand inside to touch her, as long as you promised not to look at her panties. You couldn’t see anything, anyways, but you touched her panties again, and felt the soft skin of her tights. Then, without notice, you pushed her panties aside and touched her pussy with you naked fingers. Ann jumped on the bed and made you get your hand out.

“No,” she said, “It’s dirty,” she finished. She put her panties right and let you continue. That day Ann really breath heavily, and for a moment you thought she might have an orgasm, but you were again interrupted.

And every weekend, when you returned home with an erection in your pants and the odor of your little cousin’s pussy on your fingers you thought of what you were doing and decided not to do it again. But over the week your resolution grew weaker and weaker, and by next Sunday you had nothing to say when Ann asked you to “play

with her”.

4 Aura and Ann

Some weeks had passed and the excitement of what you were doing was decreasing, so your common sense started bothering you again. It was exciting and everything, but the risk was too much and the consequences catastrophic if someone discovered you. Besides, little Ann had been very clear in where the limits were and she didn't allowed you any trespassing. It showed way too much responsibility for a nine-year-old child. She allowed you to touch her over her pants, or inside the hole in her jeans, or under her skirt, but she didn't let you see her panties under any circumstance, let alone view her pussy. She did nothing when you hugged her or caressed her body or legs, and even let you caress her bum after some touching of her slit, but that was it. Many times you had tried to break the rules, lifting her skirt to see her panties, but she got mad and didn't allow you anything further.

All this had been enough to make you decide that nothing would happen that Sunday, you even had thought how to refuse the pleads from your little cousin, but you knew the best thing to do was stay far away from her and surrounded by you other cousins. And your uncle Louie should had heard your pleas, because he chose that Sunday to make another visit. With him and his family there, the small talk in the kitchen was quite nice, and Ann didn't say nothing, having Aura to play with.

But when you had already relaxed, Louie changed his mind once again. He had chosen some houses and wanted the family's opinion before making the final decision, so he invited everybody to visit them. It was no surprise that almost all accepted, they were quite tired of meeting in the same place week after week, and your grandmother could use to eat out. Only problem were the kids. Richard couldn't stay because he was taking his girlfriend to the movies, and it was certain that Cesar, Adolph, Aura and Ann wouldn't like visiting houses. So, before you could argue, you were designated babysitter and everybody else went out.

Usually that kind of arrangement wouldn't had bothered you, you didn't fancy visiting empty houses and walking all day, but in that particular day you had wanted to stay away from Ann, and your mind had already started to betray you, placing you both in an empty room. You reminded yourself that she was playing with Aura and therefore nothing could happened, so you decided to join in whatever game your male cousins were playing.

But before you reached the back garden, both your cousins passed running by your

side through the door, while saying they were off to the arcade. You really wanted to follow them, but your will was not strong enough, you already knew it would fail. But the girls were your responsibility, and you couldn't abandon them. So you gave up to the circumstances and walked to the room where your little cousins were playing.

They were both over the bed playing with dolls. It wasn't your great grandmother's dolls, but Aura's barbies: three barbies, one ken and a lot of clothes. You arrived when they were changing the dolls, so there in bed the three barbies were sitting, naked.

Ann and Aura giggled when you entered, and Ann tried to cover the dolls playfully. "Men can't see them naked," she joked.

"But they don't have pee-pees," said Aura while she undressed the Ken, "that's what he can't see."

Both you and Ann were quite surprised with Aura's comment. And you noticed that Ann moved her hand to her thighs, it was a movement she did when she wanted you to "play", but this time Aura saw her.

"You like touching there too?" she asked quite amazed, while she dropped the Ken, "I like it, but my mom once saw me and told me it was dirty and I should never ever touch down there."

Ann pull her hand out and blushed silently, but Aura's comment had had an effect on you. "So you don't touch anymore?" you asked without thinking.

Both Ann and Aura looked at you, then Aura picked up the Ken and started dressing it while she answered, "Well, sometimes, but don't tell my mom."

You sat on the bed behind her and looked at her. She was only six months younger than Ann, but seemed a lot smaller, "I won't tell," you assured her while you started to rub her shoulders looking at her playing with the Ken.

The situation was too perfect, and with the pretext of giving her a back rub you started to move your hands down her body. You rubbed her back, hips, and then jumped to her legs, stretched over the bed, around her play area. By now Aura had stopped playing with the dolls and was just lying back against you, enjoying your hands, while Ann was looking quite surprised and with her hand still trapped in her crotch, over her jeans.

You moved your hands over her pants till you were at her hips again, and then started moving over her belly, closing to her crotch. You felt how Aura gave a little jump, but she said nothing. With some fear you moved you hand until your palm rested on her crotch, and delicately you pressed a finger in the cleft that formed her legs, then started to move you hand up and down. Suddenly Aura's little hand was over yours, but not to stop you, but to move you hand further down, and apply more pressure.

"I can do it under your pants, if you want," you offered. By then Ann had already

opened her jeans and had her hand inside the hole rubbing her little pussy over her panties. Aura didn't answered, nor opened her eyes, but her head told you that you could continue. She was clearly enjoying all the sensations your touch made her feel.

With one hand you lifted her shirt till her navel was exposed, then you moved you other hand up from her thighs till it touched her naked skin. Aura jumped again and her breath came a little faster. You started rubbing her belly in circles, pushing you hand into her pants while you little cousin jumped under your touch. You felt her soft and warm skin, and suddenly you were aware of your own erection. Luckily you had sat with a leg over the bed, between you and your cousin, otherwise her back would have been touching your cock.

You kept rubbing her until your fingers stopped at the top of her little panties. Now you knew you had to choose, move over them or under them to her naked slit. You weren't sure of her reaction, so you looked at her while you kept rubbing her navel and belly, your little cousin had both her hands over her pussy moving them up and down, that made you decide.

You moved your fingers until the elastic of her panties passed over them, and then pushed. You felt your hand sliding under her little panties. Aura trembled a little, but didn't stopped you, she was panting heavily. Your hand felt like inside an oven between the delicate fabric of her panties and the softness and warmness of her skin. A little further down you could feel the pressure her own fingers put on her little pussy.

You weren't sure if it was sweat or something else, but your hand was damped. You pushed your hand deeper and a moan from your little cousin confirmed that you had arrived to her crotch. You opened your fingers and follow her plump lips' outsides, while little Aura jumped and moaned against you. You used your free hand to caress her face, arms and any other part that was available. You saw amazed how she moved her hips trying to made your fingers touch her pussy, rather than just its surroundings.

Finally you closed your hand over her slit and touched her lips up and down with two fingers. They were hot and soft, very wet, you almost felt them move under your touch, and a great moan erupted from your little cousin's throat. Her eyes opened and she looked at you mix of fear and pleasure. Then your middle finger reached her clit, and you rubbed it softly. Aura jumped in your arms and another moan escaped her lips. Again you moved your finger through her pussy lips up and down, applying every pass a little more pressure. It was so tiny, so hot and so wet, you wished to smell it, to see it, even to taste it, but for the time being you just kept on rubbing it.

Aura's breath followed your finger, as well as the movements of her small body, and every time your hand touched her little clit she let out a moan of pleasure. You were hypnotized by what was happening, and only her hand on your arm made you realize

that her eyes were open.

"I... I feel something in my tummy," she told you with a ruptured voice. You saw apprehension and fear in her expression, "I think... I have to go... to the bathroom," she manage to say between moans, but she made no effort to stand, in fact she moved her little body deeper into your hand.

"Don't worry, just let the feeling in your tummy continue," you answered, understanding she was close to her first orgasm. You bended over her and kissed her softly on the forehead, while your free hand caressed her face tenderly.

You focused your concentration on the hand inside her pants, and started pressing inwards with your middle finger. A couple of times you almost felt your fingertip entered her vagina, but not wanting to harm her you concentrate your movements on her small clit. At this your cousin arched her body and moved both hands to her crotch, to press your hand harder on her pussy.

You did so, and to your astonishment the tip of your finger sank into her little body. Aura's back arched, every muscle tensed, and she held her breath. With your thumb you started to rub her clit, and your little cousins started making cute sounds as she held her breath and tensed her arms and legs; then her body seamed to melt between your legs, her arms dropped limp on the bed, and slowly her breathing returned to normal. You could feel her dampness inside her panties, and even if all her body was covered in sweat, you knew your hand was wet with something else. You moved your fingers over her pussy a little, but there was no response, so with some regret you removed your finger from the entrance to her vagina and let her panties alone.

Only then did you remembered Ann. She was seating on the floor, looking at you and her cousin with open eyes, with an expression of apprehension, fear, curiosity and concern. Her hand was down her crotch, into the opening of her jeans, but nothing in her body moved. She looked really worried, and you feared she was ready to scream that you had killed Aura. But Aura saved you, because just then she opened her eyes and moved in your lap.

"That was the best thing ever," she said while she tried to turn on your lap, "you're my favorite cousin," she added as she lifted from bed and gave you a kiss on the cheek. She was completely damped in sweat, her blouse stuck to her body, but she was smiling like it was Christmas. Then she saw Ann, really surprised by what had happened, "It's really the best. It starts like tickles in your tummy, then it seems your going to pee, and then it feels great!" she explained excitedly to her cousin.

Ann looked at you in surprise, then she looked at Aura's crotch and then back to you. You saw Aura had a damp spot on her pants, and you wondered if her pussy juices has passed through her panties and pants. Aura saw it too, and after touching it with her

finger she smelled it, she made a face, but didn't comment on it. You had cleaned your hand on your pants without noticing, but the smell of your little cousin's pussy was still there, sweet and powerful.

That made you realize the danger you were on, you had to find a way to hide what you've done and convince Aura not to tell her parents.

"Does it really feels good?" Asked Ann, interrupting your thoughts.

"Yes, it's great," answered Aura confidently, "much better than when I touch myself," she assured.

"But remember your mom told you not to touch yourself," you interjected, quite worried. Aura's face went dark.

"You won't tell her, right? She'll punish me," she begged.

"I won't tell I you don't," you assured her, forcing a smile. At least you hoped she wouldn't.

"I..." started Ann, "I want to feel that too," she said, blushing.

"Really?" you asked, both surprised and happy, "but I'll need to touch you without panties," you said. The prospect of touching another pussy had already made you forget your previous dark thoughts.

Ann looked at you with distrust, still thinking of the rules, but also of the obvious pleasure Aura had gotten. At last she decided and started to unbutton her jeans. You stood up to help her, but a gasp made you stop.

"What is that?" exclaimed Aura pointing at the bulge and wet spot in your pants. It was your turn to blush, while you thought what to say.

"That's... that's what I got to... that's where I pee from," you answered at last. Now both Ann and Aura were looking at your bulge.

"I've seen my brother's, why is it sticking out?" said Ann while Aura's hand touched the wet spot in your pants. Without thinking you started to pull down your pants in order to show them your cock.

None said a word when your cock was released, but Aura's little fingers quickly started to touch it. Soon some clear liquid dripped from the tip of your penis, but Aura kept touching it, and Ann was now touching herself under her open jeans.

"It got hard when I touched you." you tried to explain to Aura, you knew her playful manipulations would soon made you squirt, and you didn't wanted a mess in your grandfather's room. So, with great grief, you pushed aside her little hand and hid your penis back into your pants, "I think Ann wants to feel good too," you reminded Aura.

Ann refused to take out her jeans, but she did allowed you to approach. She still looked scared and you noticed she kept her legs closed. You really wanted to touch her,

but decided to start slow. You hugged her to let her calm down and started to caress her back softly. It took you some time, and you lost your erection, but soon enough Ann was calm enough not to jump when you put your hand on her belly and started to go down.

But anything you had planned to do was crushed by the sound of a door opening. The three of you jumped. Ann was the most surprised, as she had just started feeling good, she was very frustrated while she tried to button her jeans. Aura sat on the bed, hiding the damp spot on her pants and trying to dry her sweat soaked blouse. You just sat trying to look as innocent as possible.

Luckily it was only Cesar and Adolph, who returned from the Arcade, and were still chatting, so they didn't noticed anything. By the time the adults returned, everything was somewhat normal again.

* * *

You returned home upset. On one hand you had touched a pussy for the first time, you had made your little eight-and-half-years-old cousin had an orgasm, and Ann was finally ready to let you touch her; all that when you have finally decided not do anything. The only thing holding back your guilt was the memory of your cousin's little body trembling in your arms; but the certainty that you would do it again made the guilt even greater.

Aura didn't stay, your uncle didn't like the houses, or maybe he couldn't afford them, so by next Sunday the reunions returned to routine. But some important things had changed in your relationship with Ann. For one the rules were down, Ann didn't object to your manipulations, she was eager to feel whatever Aura had felt, and let you go much further than before.

You'll always remember the first time she let you look at her little slit. You were in the doll's room, she was lying on the bed, with her legs open, she wore a long red and yellow dress. You looked at her after closing the door and got closer. You still couldn't believe she would let you see her and touch her. You started by caressing her arms, legs and body, as you had weeks ago, and finally decided to put your hand under her dress while you kept caressing her legs.

Then you lifted her dress and put it carefully over her flat chest, exposing her panties. They had some teddy bears playing on them, and you started to rub around them, touching the soft skin of her thighs and her panties at the same time. Ann moved and her breathing quickened, she opened her legs some more and let you continue.

Softly, as smoothly as your excitement allowed you, you placed your hand on the end of her panties and started to pull them down. Almost instantly Ann's hands stopped you. "You can't take them off! You can't!" she said while her little hands kept her

panties in place.

“Ok,” you said, quite disappointed. You kept caressing her thighs around her panties, never touching over them, even though you could see a damp spot on their center. You really wanted to see her, but kept your hands away so your cousin would ask you to touch her. She squirmed under your touch, obviously wanting more, but said nothing.

You could take it no longer, you placed your hand over the damp spot on her panties and with a finger moved the thin fabric aside, showing you the prize you wanted so much. It was surprising in its innocence: just a line in the middle of her crotch, completely hairless, surrounded by a beautiful mons, not at all like the pictures you’ve seen on the Internet. But the smell it expelled and the wetness that surrounded it showed the excitement of your cousin.

While one hand kept her panties aside, with the other you touched lightly over her line, it was hot and sticky, just as Aura’s, and it was marvelous how her lips reacted to your touch, as Ann moaned in pleasure. You used two fingers to touch her slit, and it slowly opened to show its pink insides. It was the color of a healthy fruit, waiting to be eaten. You wanted to eat her, but feared her reaction, so you just kept touching her. It was then that you noticed her little button, over her slit, a bump of pink skin that had grown while your fingers touched her lips.

You touched it with your thumb and her little body spasmed in pleasure. Her breath was very fast and her body started to move with your fingers as her little hands ran over your arms. You used your middle finger to run over the interior of her pussy, now completely exposed, applying some pressure, and soon found the place where your finger wanted to sink into her little body. There was the entrance to her vagina, and in your excitement you almost decided to sink your finger, while in your mind it was you cook doing so, but you knew she was way too small. Your thumb gave her clit another touch, readying her for her first orgasm ever.

Your little cousin was moaning quite hard now, and her hips kept moving trying to bring your fingers closer to her. But before the explosion could occur, someone knocked on the closed door. Quickly you released Ann, you lifted her and let her dress cover everything. She was panting and sweating, and looked both mad and frustrated, but the opportunity was lost.

That was the closest you’ve been. Seldom did Ann wear a dress, and with her brother and Richard in the house it was difficult to find a lonely place for long. But Ann really wanted you to touch her at every chance, even if both of you ended feeling more frustrated when you were forced to part in the middle.

You were conflicted with the situation, even if your conscience made you promise every Monday to all the gods not to do it again, you were dreaming about touching her

all week. You realized you were damaging yourself and your little cousin, but when Sunday arrived you just couldn't control yourself.

5 Rodri's invitation

Things would have probably spiraled out of control during school break, since now you had a lot of free time in the week to plan strategies not to be alone with little Ann, to be alone with her, to fantasize about it and feel guilty about your fantasies. But again it was fate that helped you, or blocked you: your mom told you that Cesar, Ann and you uncles had gone to visit their family, so they wouldn't be around for a couple of weeks. That was hard to bear, but you took it as a signal, as a chance to stop once and for all.

So while trying to rid your mind of your little cousin Ann, you received another invitation from your aunt Patricia, your mom's sister, to sleep over and take care of her son, Rodri. They lived in the city, over an hour away, so you didn't see then often, even if your mom spend half her time on the phone talking to her sister. She had two children: Diane, a year older than you, and Rodri, a boy of only eight.

Diane was a very charismatic and outspoken girl, sure of herself and very funny. You remembered playing with her a few years back, but now she preferred to go out with her girlfriends. You haven't seen her in a while, but you remembered her as one of the most beautiful girls you knew. She wasn't the reason you were going though, it was her little brother, Rodri.

Rodri was a year younger than Ann, and according to Diane, the worst calamity on the world. You liked him, and it seemed he liked you, as he always wanted to play with you. You didn't remembered what you had done to earn that, but it was nice playing with Rodri, and at least it would keep you mind away from everything else. Trying to follow an eight-year-old all day is hard work. That was partially why your aunt had called you: Rodri was also on school break, while she and Diane still had to go to work and school.

The first day there was fun, playing all day with Rodri. You only had to be sure he didn't destroyed anything important and follow his games both inside and outside the house, which you greatly enjoyed. You played video games, went bike ridding and played ball. You ate when your aunt returned from work in the evening and when she went back to work you keep on playing. All day you saw no trace of Diane, as she was off to school in the morning, and your aunt said she would probably return late at night.

If it were up to him, Rodri would have stayed awake and played all night with his Nintendo or Play Station. Fortunately his mom put her foot down and sent you both to sleep. Rodri screamed and cried, but ultimately accepted his fate and went to wait eight long hours until the games resumed. As their house was not a big one, you ended sleeping in a small room in the second floor, almost an attic. Rodri and his mom slept in the first floor, while Diane's bedroom was the other room in the second floor, across from yours.

With Rodri asleep, the house was very quiet, so quiet that you could not sleep, or maybe it was that your body was so tired that it could not rest. Anyway, it was almost midnight when you heard first the front door, and then the door across your room closing: Diane had arrived. Again you tried to sleep, but it was no use, and now you needed to take a leak, you stood and went to the bathroom.

It was on the way back from the bathroom that you heard an interesting noise from your cousin's bedroom. As quietly as you could, you approached the door and listened. You could hear harmonic and repetitive movements inside, along with some moans and the sound of fabric against fabric. You knew what was happening, and without thinking leaned on the door; it opened, creaking loudly.

All sound inside the room stopped instantly, but before your cousin could say anything, you spoke, "I'm sorry, I didn't know you were masturbating," you said, trying to hide your embarrassment with bravado, "I think I'll go to my room and do the same," you finished, trying to ease the moment. It helped that you had always felt comfortable talking with Diane. She was a smart girl, and she trusted you. You had never before talked about sex, but you hoped she wouldn't get upset with your commentary. The memory that she loved to tell dirty jokes and explained them to you helped calm you a little.

"Wait!" she said from inside the room. You heard as she stood and moved before opening completely the door, "it was my fault, I should have closed the door," you could hear her shaken breath, proof of her previous activities, "why don't you come in? I haven't seen you all day," she offered after a brief silence.

Diane closed the door behind you, and then turned on the lights. The brightness blinded you a moment, but soon you were aware of your surroundings. Diane's room hadn't changed much since your last visit that same day, when Rodri had entered to steal his sister's lip stick. What drew your attention was your cousin, she had grown a lot since you last saw her, now she was a whole two inches taller than you. Thin and well tanned, with black and curly hair that surrounded her soft and round face. She wore no makeup as she was ready for bed, and her hair was a little wild. She was covering herself with the bedsheets, but you could not deny she was a very beautiful

girl.

“It’s been a while since you visited,” she said at last.

“Not as long as you visiting us,” you answered smiling. Diane smiled too. She sat on the bed and invited you to do so. She obviously had something on her mind.

“So,” she started, “do you also masturbate?” she asked at last, blushing slightly, and that was weird, as Diane was always very open and could talk about anything without shame.

“Yes,” you admitted, “as far as I know every healthy person does,” you added.

“Yes, I know,” said Diane smiling, “it’s just that since no one talks about it, it’s hard to accept it,” she was gaining confidence, as was usual with her. Suddenly she blushed notoriously, “Have you ever... done it?” she asked, avoiding your eyes.

You were pretty astonished at the question. Images of all you had done with little Ann and Aura passed through your mind. You could not tell her that, but you didn’t want to lie to her.

“What? have sex?” you asked, “no...” you breathed, “not everything, at least,” you swallowed when you saw her black eyes looking inside yours, “and you?” you said, trying to avoid her eyes.

“No,” she answered, with more indifference than shyness, “my boyfriend and I have touched a little, but no more. Mom prohibited anything, and she’s watching. But my boyfriend wants to do it... and so do I,” she raised her head with determination, “I am going to do it. It doesn’t matter what mom thinks,” she ended.

You were overwhelmed (but with a great erection). You looked at her face and saw the blush returning, not out of shyness, but your chat was exciting her almost as much as it did you. Or maybe it was her previous manipulations. “Well, that’s good for you,” you said, “now I think I’ll go to bed,” you started to stand, but Diane stopped you.

“You don’t have a girlfriend, do you?” she asked looking you in the eyes. She didn’t wait for an answer and went on, “no, you don’t,” she stood, dropping the sheets on her bed. Underneath she wore a large shirt that covered almost to her knees, but didn’t hide the beautiful form of her breasts, small but firm and proud, “I’ve thought that... as my boyfriend already has some experience with this, and you know I don’t like being at a disadvantage, that maybe it would be good for me to have a little practice,” she paused to look at you, sitting still in her bed, “and as you don’t have too much experience either... I thought that maybe we could... practice a little bit,” she paused again, “if you’re cool with that, of course,” she added, blushing.

“Sex?” you asked, astonished, “you and me?” you could not believe what she had said, “here?” you ended with your mouth open.

“No!” she said quickly, closing your mouth with her words, “not everything, I

mean,” she spoke softly, “I want to be a virgin with my boyfriend, to give that to him,” she blushed again, covering her face with her hands, “but I like to see the... man’s things, alive,” she regained part of her security, “I want to understand what boys like and dislike, things like that,” she seated in the other end of the bed, completely red. You were as astonished for what she had said as for her courage for saying it. You couldn’t imagine do it so.

You swallowed hard to clear your throat, dry from the beginning of her explanation. “Any man that doesn’t jump over you after you said that is either gay or frightened to death,” you managed to say.

Diane looked at you, apparently amused. She was completely red from bushing, but a soft smile marked her face. In your eyes she was the most beautiful creature on the planet at that moment. She moved back to the bed, sat at your side, and took your hand in hers.

“You didn’t jump over me,” she said softly. Her hand felt very hot in yours, and your light pajamas seemed as hot as a sweater in the middle of summer, “thanks for that,” she added, while letting her face grow close to yours.

You couldn’t think, not in the consequences or anything else, you just let her soft lips touched yours in a tender kiss. You felt her lips, her face, her hands, her body; all in the kiss, and let yourself be taken by the moment. It was not a *French kiss* or any other special kind, it was only an ordinary kiss; but for you it was the perfect kiss.

Without hurry you opened your mouth to take more of her in the kiss, and your cousin did alike. Your free hand now caressed her back and shoulders, and her hand, still keeping yours, was moving very close to your thighs, where your cock was evident. When her fingers touched your member, you broke the kiss and looked at her beautiful face.

Diane looked back at you with apprehension, moving her hand away from your cock. Was she afraid of being rejected? There was nothing further from your mind. Moving fast you touched one of her breasts, it was firm and soft under her shirt, just the right size for your hand, and you felt her nipple already popping out. Diane was taken aback for a moment, and then she smiled shyly and moved her hand back to your cock, holding it under your clothes.

You fondled her breast for a moment, enjoying the pleasure your hand caused her, and the pleasure her hand caused you. But you longed for more, to see more of her, touch her naked skin. You released your hand from hers and tried to lift her shirt. Diane looked at you a moment and then lift her arms and let you undress her. Her shirt went to the floor, and your eyes were glued to her thighs. She wore no panties but, you remembered, it would be hard for her to masturbate with panties on. She had

a little bush of hair there, just enough to cover her pussy. You were so distracted by her beauty that you didn't notice she was undressing you until your shirt passed before your eyes. Before you knew it, you were as naked as she, your erection in plain sight.

You were a little ashamed of your small size (compared to those on magazines or the Internet), but those thoughts were wiped out when her hands touched you. They were the first hands, apart from yours, to ever touch you directly. You felt the need to come, and to prove it there was a big dollop of precum at the end of your cock.

Your hands made its way to her body without thinking. You touched her breasts, saw the nipple move under your touch, and then headed down. You caress her hips, her belly and her legs. When your hands touched her thighs Diane opened her legs, letting your hands enter her sacred pleasure palace.

Diane gasped when your fingers touched her pussy lips, and she started moaning as your fingers explored the surroundings and the entrance of her virgin vagina. It was then that you noticed you were moaning also, and that your orgasm was not far away. Your finger found her clit, clearly visible at the top of her pussy, and you started touching it as you tried to warn her.

"Diane... I think I'm gonna..." but you didn't finished, as she released you at that moment. You took your hand away also, she probably was as close to orgasm as you were, but none wanted it to end yet.

"Do you want to... look closer?" she offered while she removed a hair tuft from her face. She then lay down on her side and motion you to follow. You got on the bed, so your head were closer to her thighs while your penis was in front of hers. It was the famous 69 position, but you weren't sure if she would eat you, or if you would do it to her.

Your hands were on her again, and your cousin opened her legs to let you enter. You saw her pussy was bigger than that of Ann or Aura, but very similar. It was pink and wet, and it expelled a exciting and musky smell. With two fingers you opened her pussy lips and looked inside, just when her fingers touched your cock once more.

The inside of her pussy was beautiful. You could see the hood of her clitoris, totally exposed, as well as the small entrance to her virginal vagina. It was an attracting sight, and the hands of your cousin over your balls decided you.

Your face went closer to her thighs while your nose inspired her musky aroma. Softly you placed a kiss on her pulsing clit. Every muscle of your cousin seemed to contract, while a gasp escaped her lips. Your tongue passed then over all the length of her pussy, as you started eating her. Her flavor was like nothing you've had before, nether pleasant nor disgusting, just exciting, intoxicating and irresistible.

And a new sensation assaulted you just then. You felt as your cock suddenly entered

a warm and wet place, that surround it completely as it caress it everywhere. A gasp escaped your lips as Diane started sucking you. Your lips went back to her neglected pussy, savoring her clit. You knew you couldn't last longer, that if your cousin kept licking you like that you would erupt. You left her vulva to warn her.

But again it was Diane who took measures, letting your cock go just in time.

"I need more!" she said between moans. Your hips moved against your will, wishing to go back in her mouth and finish, "I want you inside me!" she said turning in the bed so her legs were at the ledge of the bed. More on instinct than thought you moved so your cock were lined with the opening of her pussy.

"But, what about your... virginity?" you managed to ask, remembering the talk from before.

"I don't care! You can have it!" was all her answer. Her hands were already caressing her clit, opening her pussy, and inviting you to go in. Seeing you cousin there, lying, ready for anything, decided you. Her skin burned with desire, just like yours.

With your pulsing cock in one hand you approached, lining it up with her virgin opening. When the head of your cock touched the wetness of her vulva you knew you wouldn't last. It was as if a wet and warm glove was sliding over your cock. With a little more pressure, you felt her pussy lips open to let you enter. Her vagina was sucking you, trying to let you into the most secret place of your cousin Diane, where no one has ever been before.

But you were already on the edge, and only instinct force you to push one last time against her virginal opening, before you started to squirt your white and hot semen into her body, as the greatest climax of your life ran through your being. You were amazed at the sensations, and when finally the contractions of your balls ended, you fell limp over her naked body.

But Diane had not yet reached her climax, and now that your cock had shrank, she was trying to bring herself to orgasm with her hands. Your lips were on her pussy as soon as you realize what you'd done. You didn't care for your cum dripping out of her and over her navel, thighs and sheets, and you started licking with abandon.

The flavor had changed, but it didn't matter. All you wished was to make her feel as good as you had. And all it took was a couple of licks from your tongue over her clit before Diane started screaming and moving all around. Your tongue followed her trembling pussy until she stood still.

All that exercise, plus the late hour and a full day playing with Rodri made you fell over. Your strength was enough to climb up her bed and hug her naked form, not noticing your hand rested on her breast, and fell asleep. You didn't even noticed when Diane moved to cover both of you with the sheets and hugged you back.

6 Awakening

A nagging worry woke you up and prevented from returning to sleep, even when you tried to go back to the warm and happy dreams you were having. You weren't sure where you were, you only knew it was warm, soft and comfy, and all you wanted was to enjoy it. But something on your mind was screaming at you. Finally you managed to open an eye, but the bright light made you close it almost instantly. Once more you forced your eye open and this time you found yourself looking at the beautiful sleeping face of your cousin Diane, you were both naked and cuddling on her bed.

Then the reality of the situation hit you. What time was it? Your aunt might be about to enter to wake Diane. What would happen if she saw you like that? You jumped out of bed, throwing the sheets and frantically looking for a clock. The light in the room was from the light bulb, still on from the previous night. You finally found a clock besides the bed, and managed to relax when it showed it was just before five in the morning.

Diane had woken up when you jumped, and just like you she was looking relieved at the clock. With the panic behind, you took a moment to admire your cousin. She was really beautiful, much more than you previously thought. Your sight followed the line of her breasts, down to her navel and hips, and finally her crotch; there, her light pubic hair was matted with your sperm, proof of your nightly activities.

Diane caught you watching her, and to your surprise and annoyance she quickly got hold of her shirt and covered her body. You expected to see a playful smile on her face, like the ones she wore whenever she finished telling a dirty joke, but you discovered she was blushing instead, and there was no smile on her crestfallen features.

"You better get back to your room," she said flatly. You saw her sight focus on your soft cock, just to be cast down a moment latter.

Not really knowing what to do, your just nodded and, after picking up your clothes, went out and back to your room. You didn't really get what was happening, especially after all you've done, but you had no option but to accept it. Once you were dressed for bed, you lay on your bed, thinking. After a while you heard Diane's door open, and you thought she would come to you, but your hopes were dashed when only the bath door answered. You contemplated waiting for her, or even going back to her room, but the adrenaline shot has passed, and before you knew it you were sleep again.

* * *

The Sun on your eyes found you a lot more rested, and your mind took a moment to realize this was not an ordinary morning. This wasn't your room, not even your house, and as your memory returned, the door to the room opened, and your aunt entered,

moving quickly.

You were still trying to remember what exactly had happened last night when your aunt saw you awake. “Good, you’re awake!” she said, picking up something from the closet, “it’s late and I have to go. I sent Rodri to play with the neighbors, but he’ll be back in a bit. Diane is sick, so try to keep Rodri outside or at least downstairs. I should be back before supper. Don’t worry about Diane, she’ll probably sleep till I return. I really have to go now,” she said almost without taking a breath, and before you could process it, much less answer, she was gone.

You managed to relax once the front door loudly closed. Only then you started thinking that last night had not been a dream, you and your cousin had have sex, on her bed. Your cock jumped at the memory, which reminded you, you had to use the bathroom.

After relieving yourself, more details from last night began to surface. You remembered how your cousin had thrown you out last night, and now your aunt said she was sick. Your stomach dropped, both from worry and lack of sustenance, and when you tried to swallow, you discovered an acrid taste, which made you recall the sweet nectar you tasted last night. On top of that Rodri could be back any moment, and once he did you would not have a single moment for yourself for the rest of the day.

You decided you needed to confront Diane, say sorry and see how she reacted. Two very different scenarios played on your mind as you stood in front of her door. Diane could invite you back to the bed, to relive last night’s activities with renewed forces, and that was why she had told her mom she felt sick. Or maybe you had really injure her last night, or done something she didn’t like, and now she just wanted you out of her life forever, maybe even to accuse you of rape.

You turned the knob, trying to get rid of that last thought. Diane has asked you into her bed, that was no rape, you didn’t do anything she didn’t wanted. You opened the door and stepped into the dark room, not sure if it was just your imagination or the room really smelled like the sweet body of your cousin. Still convincing yourself you did nothing wrong, you looked at the bed, where Diane was sleeping on her side, under the covers. You got closer, thinking how to wake her, when you remembered a phrase: *I wanna save my virginity for my boyfriend*. You stopped, frozen. You had stolen her virginity last night, even after she told you not to. You could have very well injure her then. Suddenly you weren’t so sure of your innocence.

Before you could made a choice, your cousin turned around on the bed, looking at you, her eyes still a little sleepy. You could not talk, just waiting for her to do something: scream, berate you, congratulate you, something. Diane just looked at you and smiled, moving over so you could sit on the bed. “Sleep well?” she finally asked.

You weren't sure how to answer, your fears were receding after her smile, and you could again appreciate her beauty. "Yes, you?"

"Fine, I think," she stretched under the covers while yawning, "but I pulled something last night, I'm sore," she explained, moving a little and flinching from the pain.

"I'm... I'm sorry," you started.

"Why?" she asked with real curiosity.

"Sorry I hurt you... sorry I take your..." you couldn't say it, "the gift for your boyfriend," you finished at last.

Diane looked at you with surprise, she started laughing, until the pain forced her to stop. "I'm not sore *there*," she explained, "I'm sore all over, like when I exercise too much, I guess I did," she added with a sideways glance to you, "I guess I pull a muscle on my back or something." she added, trying to stretch again, "As for my virginity, I remember asking you to take it," she said, a little less enthusiastic, "but you didn't, you didn't get it deep enough." she finished.

"But your mom said you were sick." you countered, still not sure how to take her reaction.

"I was too tired to go to school," she said matter-of-factly, "I wasn't going to say: 'Hey mom, I don't wanna go to school because I had too much sex last night'." She finish with another laugh.

You joined in her laughter at that (at least that was normal with your cousin). Talking so freely about something so serious and taboo was really like her. You couldn't think how to answer, so you just took her hand and gently pat her.

Diane smiled at your gesture and looked at you with a tender expression, probably the same that you were showing her.

"We could do it again," she suggested in a soft voice, while your heart skipped a beat and your cock started to rise. That last reaction didn't scape Diane, "but not now, I think the pest just returned." she pulled you closer and gave you a soft kiss on the cheek, just to lie down and close her eyes while Rodri started calling for you from downstairs.

You spent the rest of the week there. But there was no repeats of the action on that first night. Most of your time was spent following Rodri, and on the few nights you dared try Diane's door, you found it closed. It was probably for the best, you realized as the week ended, your cousin was much more mature than you and had probably saw the danger of doing something else. In the end you said goodbye in good terms, and receive just a normal hug and kiss on the cheek from Diane before going home.

You returned home with a newfound admiration for your cousin, not only was she smart, funny, expressive and very beautiful, but she was wise enough to control herself

in a situation you knew you could not.

7 Camping trip

At first you thought the experience with Diane would help you move on, that you could follow her example and forget about your younger cousins. But the reality was that not only were you still thinking about them and counting the days until they returned, but now you also kept looking back at your first (full?) sexual encounter. So instead of being calmer, you found yourself more frustrated than ever.

You lost count the number of times you masturbated reliving your memories from your older cousin, trying to remember all the details, the textures, smells, temperature, feelings; but your memory was a poor replacement, and after each orgasm you couldn't escape the image of Diane telling you to go, no longer smiling. You weren't sure how much that was just your imagination or if she really heated you and just smiled to save face.

And then her image was replaced by your younger cousin Ann. She loved you without doubt or shame, and was willing to do anything you asked of her. You fantasized about giving her an orgasm, and how she would lick your cock and swallow your sperm in turn, and how tight she would be when you enter her, much tighter than Diane, and this time you would enter her completely, and *really* lose your virginity. And again, after your orgasm, your conscience would scream at you for thinking about your little cousin like that.

And thinking of other things was even harder since the lack of school meant you had a lot of free time. During the school break your family continued the weekly visits, now even more boring, since both Cesar and Ann were away, and you could not stop from looking at every room in the old house thinking you could have some alone time with Ann there.

Perhaps the only positive thing was that Richard had gotten a Nintendo console, so you and him could pass the time as long as no adult wanted the TV.

After the third week in this new routine you started to feel better. You still fantasized about both your cousins, but not so exclusively, some Internet porn had made its way back into your masturbation sessions. You also stopped feeling so bad about what you had done, it was clear that Diane really had nothing against you, as shown by her warm welcome in another of your visits to Rodri.

The situation with Ann was more complex. Her absence had shown that you could survive without her just fine. And you knew that when she returned you should remain

just cousins, and nothing more; but you weren't sure you would be strong enough to keep her away, especially when last time it was she that really wanted you to touch her. Perhaps in her absence she had forgotten about it, and everything would be normal when she returned. It was an empty hope, but about the best you had.

So preoccupied with the prospect of Ann's return, you completely forgot her birthday was coming until your mom made a surprise announcement:

"We're gonna go camping next weekend to celebrate Ann and Aura's birthdays," she informed you when you asked why she was making her famous tuna sandwiches.

* * *

At about four hour drive from town there was a large forest, park or protected nature area, that your father and family liked a lot. Your dad had taken you there to bike on more than one occasion, and while you weren't a fan of outdoor sports, you had enjoyed those trips.

The main feature in the forest was a river that ran down the mountains all the way to the city. Near the entrance of the park were some cabins and a couple of swimming pools filled with the river for families that wanted to spend some time away from civilization.

Your family, unfortunately, thought that was still way too civilized for a *real* excursion, and drove over an extra hour into the forest to get closer to the river's source, to a more *natural* environment.

You arrived on Friday morning with two other cars, and all the family that would have met at your grandparents was there: Richard, Cesar, Adolph, Ann and Aura, along with your uncle, aunties and grandparents. The adults had chosen a camping spot on a flat plateau about a hundred steps from where the river formed a natural swimming pool, where someone (maybe even your own family in a previous trip, years ago) had already made some preparation for camping, since there was a place to make a wood fire, with big logs serving as benches, and even a small wooden cabin with a hole that served as bathroom, all probably decades old.

All the children wanted to go play, swim or explore, you included; but the adults forced you to first help setup the camp, which was very fun in it's own right. By the time you and your cousins had finished cleaning out the area of rocks, assembling the tents, gathering wood and helping fan the bonfire, a light lunch of your mom's delicious sandwiches was ready to eat so you all could run around trying to find some animal. In the end you were all both quite tired and very, very sweaty. So when your uncle suggested you all take a dip in the river, nobody complained.

Your aunt took both your little cousins into one of the camping tents to change, while Cesar and Adolph just went behind some trees to put on their bathing suits. You

decided to also use a tent. All in all you were feeling pretty good with yourself so far. You were having fun, you had almost no naughty thought about your cousin when you greeted her, and your interaction had been as normal as ever, so much, in fact, that all during the day of playing and running around you had not, even once, longed to do something with her.

All that confidence went out the window the moment you got out of the tent and looked at your cousins in their bathing suits. How could two preteen girls look so sexy on such innocuous bathing suits? Aura wore a one piece blue suit with frills on her hips and shoulders, while Ann was wearing a brand new purple bikini she received as a birthday present (why do uncles always give clothes as presents?).

Neither suit was either reveling or otherwise provocative, and yet you found yourself fighting an erection with just seeing them. Lucky for you Ann was busy showing off her new suit to the family, so everyone focused on her, ignoring how you were eating her with your eyes.

You all raced to the river and jumped right in while laughing. The water was cold, which felt great after sweating all day, and it also helped calm down your nether regions.

The river formed a natural swimming pool in that area, where you could feel almost no current, and was deep enough to swim comfortably. The only disgusting part was the mud at the bottom, but once you got deep enough and started swimming, that was easy to ignore. Problem was, you weren't the only one disgusted by the mud.

"Help! I can't touch the floor!" came Ann's cry as she paddled like a doggy up to you.

"Then go near the shore." you instructed, pointing to a shallower part, where Cesar and Richard were playing with a ball, apparently unconcerned with the mud.

"No! It's slimy." she replied, reaching you and grabbing your extended arm. Ann was not a very good swimmer, and as soon as she had your arm in hers, she tried to pull herself up, which in turn pulled you down. After almost swallowing water, you manage to reach the surface, but Ann continued to pull you down, so you quickly grabbed her so the both of you could float together.

"Don't move!" you instructed as you held her body against you, "just hold to my neck."

With that annoyance behind you, you finally realized you had your nearly naked cousin in your arms, and before you could control it, your hand found her little bum and held her. You rationalized that it was normal, you were holding her, and holding her from there was logical, but you cousin already knew you.

"Do you want to touch me?" she asked, moving her hips, "I try on my own, but it's not the same, I wanted to get back so you could do it."

We can't do that anymore. That's something you should only do when you're older. You had the reply ready, but for some reason you couldn't say it, instead you found your hand squeezing her little ass, and trying to go further down, to touch her pussy from behind.

"You can do it under my suit," said Ann, moving her body and opening her legs under water to give you better access.

You almost drowned trying to move your hand under her bikini, finally you hold her tight against your chest with one hand, while your other managed to enter the tight suit and grab her naked bum. Ann enveloped your body with her legs and started moving against you, you would have loved to feel that against your cock, but she was too short to reach that far down.

Your hand in her suit felt the heat of her crotch, you could imagine your fingers over her little ass, and squeezed, delighted to hear your cousin give a small moan. You pushed your hand further down, trying to grab her pussy from behind, but her suit was tight, and with her legs open around your body, it was hard to press down.

"No!" squirmed Ann, when your fingers continued to caress her, trying to move forward, "that's where I poo from, touch my kitty."

You hadn't thought that your fingers were pressing against her ass, and for a moment images of your fingers covered in poo crossed your mind. You quickly moved your hand back, you weren't sure if you were disgusted or excited at discovering where your finger had landed, but right now you wanted to return to her underside and dip your fingers in her pussy.

"What are you doing?" came the voice of little Aura, swimming up to you like an otter.

"Ann didn't liked the mud, I'm helping her float," you tried to explain, while you pushed your cousin away from your body.

"Was he touching your kitty?" asked Aura, but before you or Ann could answer she dive down, and a moment latter you felt her hand closing around your erection, trapped in your loose bathing suit. Her soft hand squeeze you a little before letting go, and your cousin resurfaced on your other side, having swam below you both, "your thing is hard," she announced among giggles, "will you touch mine also?" she finished, swimming up to you and taking your hand in hers, pulling it down, towards her own pussy.

"He's playing with me!" complained Ann, trying to push Aura away, "wait your turn."

"You have him all the time, I want to have the good feeling again!" replied Aura, in what appear to be the beginning of a tantrum.

“Ann hasn’t had the good feeling yet,” you said, trying to calm things down.

“But it’s my birthday party!” replied Aura.

“It’s also mine!” countered Ann, “and it’s my real birthday, yours is in six months.”

“I won’t be here, so this is also my party!” insisted Aura.

Things might have escalated further, but luckily your aunts choose that moment to come to shore and started calling everyone towards a rocky part on the shore.

Aura swam on her own, moving much faster in the water than you thought possible, while you had to help Ann, who tried to doggy paddle without much success. Your aunts had prepared shampoo and soap for everyone, and before you could complain they poured a good dose on your head and sent you to scrub.

“Mom!” you heard Ann complain, and when you finally managed to open your eyes, you were rewarded with your young cousin bare chest, while her mother forced soap all over her body.

But the best show was young Aura, also struggling with her mom, who had completely removed her bathing suit, so you could admire her small backside as she twisted in her mother’s arms, trying to escape the bath.

“Be sure to wash your privates,” said your aunt to Cesar, handing him a soaped up scrubber, and giving you another one. You hoped she hadn’t notice you were admiring the naked bodies. At least neither Richard nor Cesar were outside, so you didn’t feel like you had to imitate Adolph and get naked in front of everyone. You did notice his penis was soft and smaller than yours, so that at least made you feel a little better.

You returned to the deep part and started bathing as best you could, trying not to be too obvious about ogling your young cousins bodies. You even considered masturbating while you were supposed to “clean your privates”, but the scrubber was too rough for your erect member.

Besides, the show soon ended, with a cry of “I can do it!”, Ann got back in the water to wash the soap and clean her privates, preventing her mother from removing her bikini bottom. Aura also took that chance to escape and dive head first, still naked, into the water, to rinse.

For a moment you wished she would come to you, but she stayed close to shore, surrounded by soapy water.

“Ok, everyone out! Change and get ready for dinner!” came the voice of your mom, carrying several towels.

You were rewarded with a brief sight of Ann’s exposed chest as she turned before getting in a towel; as well as the much more exciting sight of Aura’s full naked body before she wrapped herself in a way too big towel.

Thanking the gods your bathing suit was loose so your erection wasn't so obvious, you get out and quickly tried to take a towel from your mom.

"Don't wet the towel with the suit, take it off before," instructed your mother, preventing you from taking a towel, but then used it to cover you and give you some privacy to get naked. You were thankful she wasn't as overbearing as Ann or Aura's mothers.

Richard ignored everything and used the towel over his suit, while Cesar was forced to get naked in front of everyone before his mom allowed him a towel. Adolph, for his part, was already naked before, and behaved as if that was the most normal thing in the world.

You were beyond frustrated for a while. Not only had you crumbled to temptation with hardly a fight, but again you were able to do almost nothing, when you had two willing girls fighting for you to give them orgasms.

The birthday dinner did wonders for your temper. You had no idea how the adults had managed to pack all that and prepare it while you were bathing. There was a big table near the fire with two cakes and a whole lot of presents, and hanging from all the trees were decorations plus two pretty big piñatas waiting to be cracked.

If you were surprised, the party girls were ecstatic, and you had to cover your ears when they started shrieking in joy. Their moms had to force them into a tent to change, since both girls wanted to go open their presents still wrapped in towels.

* * *

The party was great, your uncle Louie took out a guitar and guided everyone through five different versions of happy birthday, your mom allowed you to eat two big pieces of cake, and you almost managed to crack one of the piñatas. Richard, saying he was no longer a kid, refused to participate, but you could see he really wanted to take a swing at it, anyways, more for you.

By then the Sun was getting low, and the shadows of the campfire began to dance. Turned out your grandparents weren't staying the night, and Richard also refused to sleep in the forest, so they all get on a car with your dad, before it was too dark to drive out of the forest.

But night just meant a new round of songs and stories to finish the day. Turns out Louie knew a lot of camping stories, so he entertained you all while you munched on marshmallows. He even tried to tell some scary stories, but your aunts stopped him, over the objections of all the children.

Finally, as the camp fire started to dwindle, your mom and aunts decided it was time for bed, promising tomorrow there would be plenty of time to play.

After some fights to use the small cabin as a bathroom and forcing all the children

to wash their teeth and leave any candy outside the tents, you were ready to spend a night under the stars.

There were four camping tents ready, two pretty big ones that your uncle Louie had brought, and two small ones that belonged to your parents. Ann and Aura announced almost immediately that they wanted to share one of the small tents, and that they were old enough to sleep on their own. Your uncle Louie tried to propose dividing the tents by families, to the displeasure of the birthday girls, and finally your mom made some embarrassing comments about how you were used to sleep alone to let you have the other small tent and settle the matter.

So Louie, his son Adolph and Cesar would share a big tent, your mom and your two aunts the other, and you would be alone on the small tent. Other than the snickers you got at the excuses your mom gave, you liked the arrangement a lot. At least you had privacy to change into your sleeping clothes and quite a bit of space.

Amazingly enough, you weren't feeling specially horny as you prepared for bed, even after the show your cousins put while bathing. Your mind was occupied with the party, the games and the adventure of sleeping in the woods. Even without hearing any scary stories from your uncle, the darkness around the camp was ominous, with the wood fire out and illuminated only by the moon and some lanterns pointing towards the *bathroom*. And with everyone quiet, you could hear a lot of sounds from the trees, your mind fighting to avoid imagining wolves or bears lurking right outside.

Which is why you jumped and gave a scared cry when you heard the zipper of your tent opening. Lucky for your already battered pride, the two girls were either distracted or scared, and didn't seem to notice your cry as they entered the tent and closed it behind them.

"What do you want?" you asked, your rudeness trying to hide your surprise.

"We decided you have to make us feel good as a birthday present," stated Aura firmly, "I won, so I'm first." she finished, turning out the lamp they had used to navigate to your tent.

They both wore loose pajamas with cartoon characters, and it surprised you to discover that your cock was already responding, perhaps even faster than when they were showing their sexy swimsuits. The only light in the tent was a damped lamp hanging from the center, which gave enough light to see, but not appreciate any details.

"Is your thingy hard?" asked Aura again, apparently not deterred by your lack of answer or response, "can I see it?"

Your *thingy* was indeed quite hard by now, and probably doing the thinking for you. Your mom or your aunties could decide to check on any of you at any moment, especially if they saw your light still on. "Fine, but you have to show me your too."

you replied, ignoring all warnings.

Ann, who had been quiet until then, squeezed her legs together, apparently still not sure she should get naked in front of you, but Aura just smiled and without warning pulled down her pants and panties in a single movement, pulling her shirt up to let you see her hairless slit between her legs.

“Take them off.” you instructed, swallowing hard and pointing towards your open sleeping bag. Aura again didn’t doubted, kicked the garments off her legs and lay face up on your bed.

“Hurry up,” she said to Ann, “don’t you wanna feel good?” she then opened her legs, giving you a brief look of her beautiful slit parting, already somewhat wet, and proceeded to stuff her hand there, rudely touching herself.

Ann and you looked at each other, and with a silent agreement, both dropped your pants almost at the same time. Your cock sprang up at being freed, but you were more interested in seeing your coy cousin, who had been so adamant at remain clothed up till then. Ann kicked off her pants and panties and stood there, looking at your crotch, her slit almost hidden by her shirt. You couldn’t really see it with her standing, but before you could ask her to lie down, Aura was upon you, playing with your cock.

“It’s like a joystick!” she announced when it bounced after she pushed it, “It got hard when you touched Ann in the pool?”

“Yes,” you said, moving her hand away, she was being too rough, and having two naked girls around, you felt you could cum without even touching yourself, “now lie down.”

To your surprise, both Ann and Aura obeyed you, and you were suddenly presented with two moist and slightly open pussies on your sleeping bag. The faint light of your lantern was enough to imagine contours, but not to see any details. You almost went ahead to turn on the full light, but that would be easily noted outside, so for your displeasure you had to use your imagination for the first time not one, but two pussies were displayed for you.

“I’m first,” reminded you Aura, opening her legs even more, so her feet got on top of Ann.

You only nodded and knelt in front of them, you could see their excitement as the light reflected from their wet crotches. Without waiting anymore, you launches your hands forward, and at the same time started caressing both offerings. Aura, on your right hand, was very wet, probably from touching herself earlier, while Ann, on your left hand, felt hotter.

You weren’t sure if it was that your right hand had more practice masturbating you, or if it was Aura’s own sensitivity, but she clearly responded with a lot more enthusiasm

than Ann. You tried to duplicate your movements on each hand, and that turned out to be harder than you expected, but very rewarding.

You moved your fingers from the bottom of their pussies up to their little clits, gathering the fluid and smearing them on their mons, while both your little cousins squirmed and gave cute sounds. As you closed on their clits Ann moved away, while Aura pushed herself on your fingers.

You were not sure how long you moved your fingers up and down over their ever wet crotches before you tried to see if you could find the entrance to their virgin pussies. With their legs open you expected that to be easy, but in the faint light you couldn't see any details, and all you had to guide you was a lot of porn and the memories from Diane, neither very reliable.

You started putting pressure on your middle finger, while you tried to keep their nether lips open with your other fingers. It was hard, everything was slippery and you struggled to keep working both hands, plus chasing your cousins as they moved around. You could feel the texture of their hot bodies on your fingers, and sometimes you felt them catch on something, but you weren't sure if it was the entrance you looked for or just the border of their treasures.

Aura stopped your inquiries putting her hands over yours and guiding your fingers up, to her little clit, and forcing you to apply pressure there. You complied, happy to hear her cute cries every time your fingers passed over her hard button. Suddenly she hold her breath, tensed her body and started convulsing in the throws of orgasm, while her hands pushed yours with all her force over her clit. You could feel her muscles tensing and relaxing under your fingers, and you could only imagine how that would feel over your cock.

You looked at her face, eyes closed while the pleasure ran through her, she had a look of intense concentration, like she was thinking of a hard math problem, then she relaxed, her whole body deflated and her face acquired a soft smile, so beautiful you wished you could see it more often. Her hands stopped holding yours to her crotch, but your fingers could still feel her lower muscles pulsing, so you continue to softly caress her clit, trying to give her as much pleasure as possible.

Somewhere along Aura's orgasm, you had stopped touching Ann, and you only noticed when you realized your left hand was wrapped around your hard cock and moving. You were so close to orgasm that you couldn't even think of the consequences. You moved Aura's hand away, exposing her hairless mound, pointed your cock there, and allowed yourself to go.

The first spurt reached all the way to Aura's belly, matting her bellybutton and even part of her sleeping shirt, you pointed down and allowed the rest of your load to drip

on her lower belly and over her pussy. The pleasure of finally cumming was glorious, specially when you realized you were stroking your cock with the fluids of your little cousin's pussy.

"Are you peeing?" came Ann's worried voice. Aura had also opened her eyes when your sperm started touching her skin, and looked at you with a questioning look.

"No," you managed to say, "it's cum." you explained, trying to catch your breath, "It shoots when I feel good."

"It looks like snot," said Aura, running the sperm on her belly between two fingers, "nasty."

"It's supposed to go inside," you explained, pointing to her crotch.

"Really?" she said, and to your amazement, she started manipulating her pussy and smearing all your sperm there, "in my pee pee?"

The show was so erotic you almost managed to regain your erection, you were ready to take over your cousin, and at least try to give her a real injection of your seed, when you notice that Ann was still looking at you both with a mixture of fear and frustration. She still had her hands down her naked crotch, pressing down on her forgotten pussy.

"Can I kiss you?" you asked her, wondering if she would let you taste her honey. You remembered how easily Diane had cum when you eat her out, and now you really wanted to taste your young cousin's pussy, besides, your fingers were kinda tired.

Ann looked at you, still a mixture of fear and desire, and nodded, closing her eyes and preparing her lips. She had misunderstood the kind of *kiss* you wanted, but you decided to take advantage of that, after all, it was unlikely she would let you near her groin otherwise.

Without warning you forced her legs open and dived your head to her heated center. Her slit was smaller than Diane, and your mouth could cover it from top to bottom without problem. That first taste was a mixture of desire and surprise. She tasted much different from Diane, much sweeter, and at the same time you could savor the sour taste of pee. In any case, it was intoxicating, and you knew you could not stop until she finally had her first release in your mouth.

Ann jumped when your lips made contact with her slit and your tongue got to work, but your hands held her hips, preventing her from backing away. You had cum not five minutes before, and even though your cock lay soft under you, you felt more excited than ever. On some level you were aware the first cry of Ann was loud enough to attract attention, but you didn't care. Aura was saying something, asking what were you doing, or asking when was her turn, it didn't matter. Ann was trying to get you away, get you to stop, or begging you not to stop; it also didn't matter.

You lapped at her pussy, trying to explore all her textures with your tongue, her

outer lips and the soft skin that surrounded them, her inner lips with that sweet and sour flavor with so many creases, one of them the entrance to her vagina, and on top the hard button of her clit, that made her jump every time your tongue passed over it. You even dared go a bit further down, beyond the end of her pussy, and halfway to her little ass, but you returned to your prize before reaching that, afraid you'd taste something nasty.

You lost track of time savoring your little cousin, but soon you were sure she no longer wanted you to stop, since her hips no longer tried to get away, and her hands now pressed your head against her center. Her flavor also changed, it become much more pronounced, and while you weren't sure how much it was her and how much it was your saliva, she felt much wetter than when you started.

Soon her ragged cries managed to enter your ears, each in line with a shiver from her body, for a moment you thought that was her orgasm, and even consider stopping, but then her real release hit her, and it was unmistakable. Her whole body started shaking, her legs tried to squeeze your head, and your mouth was rewarded with several squirts of sweet liquid. At that time your tongue felt how her small opening begged to be penetrated and inseminated. Perhaps the most impressive change was her clit, it shot up, almost like a miniaturized penis, pulsing with each pulse of pleasure.

This time, her scream did register in your brain, so as soon as you got away from her legs, you stood up and turned off the lamp, praying no one would come looking for your cousins.

Small arms dragged you down, back to the sleeping bag, and you found yourself in the arms of Ann, who was quietly repeating: "I love you," over and over while she hugged you.

"I also want a kiss," said Aura, snuggling next to you. You could feel the sticky leftover of your cum on her belly, and you thought you should really clean up before going to sleep.

Ann, nonetheless, beat you to it, as her breathing soon confirmed she was already fast asleep, happy at last after having her first orgasm. You turned and found yourself front to front with Aura, who appeared also ready to sleep. You could feel her naked belly against yours, and you realized your flaccid cock was just in front of her pussy.

You moved a hand down and took your cock in hand, stroking it against her slimy crotch. If you could just get hard, you were sure you could enter her.

"Are you gonna squirt inside now?" asked Aura, lifting a leg to give you better access, but she sounded quite tired, not moving any further.

"Trying," you managed to say, and did. But your cock just wouldn't cooperate, even stroking it against her pussy wasn't enough, and soon you realized you were more tired

than horny. So, with your two cousins hugging you, all naked from the waist down, you decided to close your eyes for a bit before cleaning up.

* * *

“Aura! Mom says to get up!” Adolph’s voice woke you up, but all you wanted was to go back to sleep, your body and neck were stiff after a night with only a thin sleeping bag between you and the hard soil, “where are you Aura?” Adolph’s voice sounded closer, and your brain started to alert you about something.

Just as you started to remember the events of last night, and the state that you and your young cousins had gone to sleep, you heard the zipper of the tent opening. You tried to cover yourself with something, but you and your cousins were on top of the sleeping bag. During the night Ann had turned her back against you, and she was sleeping with her naked butt pressed against your side. Aura had turned face down, and her perky butt was pointing up and towards the entrance for all to see. For your part, your morning wood was on full display. Without thinking you grabbed the first thing at hand, Ann’s pants, and covered your member, luck would have it that they also partially covered Ann’s crotch. Still, when Adolph’s head stepped into the tent, he was greeted by the naked butt of his sister on full display, probably with your dried sperm all over it.

“Get up and come! Mom says if you don’t you won’t get breakfast!” He stated, apparently unconcern about the lack of clothing and possible rape of his sister. He then made a grimace and got out, “What’s that smell?” you heard him say as he walked away.

Ann, at last, reacted as frantic as you when Adolph finally woke her. Among calls to hurry, you three tried to put on your pants, tripping and falling over each other several times before succeeding. Even Aura was blushing red when she realized her butt had been exposed the whole time.

“Your stuff feels weird on me,” said Aura when she finally pulled her pants up. You tried to look, but she was already dressed; you did notice a smear on the front of her shirt, probably from your first shot, but before you could think of doing anything, Aura was out, with a final comment of: “Next time you have to kiss my kitty too.”

Ann smiled at you and actually gave you a very tender kiss on the cheek before going out. “Thanks for the gift, I like it a lot,” she said, repeating the phrase her mom had force her to say last afternoon for every gift she received.

The fresh air hit you when you finally exited, and you realized that your tent *did* reeked. You decided the smart thing to do would be to open the zipped windows. It was lucky you turned back for that, since right on top of your sleeping bag was a discarded pair of panties. You quickly opened the windows and stuffed the panties

in your backpack. You didn't know who they belonged to, but one of your cousins was eating breakfast commando. Of course, one of them was eating breakfast with her crotch and shirt smeared in dried cum, so no panties would be the lesser problem.

The rest of your family was already sitting at the long table, where your mom and aunts had prepared fruit and cereal for breakfast. All your cousins were eating already, and for some reason you weren't going to dig into, Adolph was more interested in his food than the possible rape of his little sister. He was only two years younger than you, by then you already knew what sex was; could he have missed his sister's naked butt when he entered, or just really didn't care?

The rumbling of your stomach distracted you and forced you to move forward. Aura moved over so you could sit next to her, and you took the opportunity to examine her shirt. The cum stains were hidden by the bright colors, and even sitting next to her you couldn't smell anything like in your tent. That at least let you enjoy your breakfast in peace.

8 River source

There was no time to think after breakfast, not sooner had most of the fruit and cereal gone, your uncle Louie told everyone you were going to trek up to the source of the river and explore the depths of the forest, an adventure from which few had ever returned.

You really didn't fancy walking uphill half the morning just to find another place to swim, especially after a bad night sleep. Unfortunately neither your uncle nor your mom gave you any chance to refuse, so you and your cousins were ordered to put on bathing suits under your walking clothes and be ready to follow your uncle.

You felt a little dirty putting on your bathing suit without showering, your crotch felt sticky and nasty, and that made you worry again about your little cousins, what if Ann's or Aura's mom noticed. You hoped they were changing on their own tent and not with their mothers. You put on your shorts and shoes and got out, a little worried.

Alphonse was already outside and ready. He didn't appear too excited about the trek, probably hadn't slept too good as well.

"What were Ann and Aura doing in your tent?" he asked when you approached.

The question made you sweat, "I... they... I guess they were scared... they came last night... they wanted to... they asked to stay."

"Yes, Aura does that a lot," replied Adolph, apparently not noticing your stammering, "but I always tell her to keep her clothes on." he finished like it was nothing. Your throat dry as a desert, and you could feel your heart trying to scape, "By the way, who

farted in there? It really smelled.” he added, laughing.

You tried to laugh with him, and failed miserably. Could it really be that he didn’t think you had raped his sister? Or was he only testing you to make you confess? Perhaps if you told him the truth he would not tell his mom and dad, or your mom.

Cesar saved you, coming out of his tent with a ball and calling Adolph to play. You stayed there a moment, cold sweat covering your body. You tried to remember if Adolph had ever mention anything about sex when you talked. You recalled he loved your computer when he visited a few months ago, since he didn’t own one at home, so could it be that he really had no idea what had happened. If so then he would have no reason to tattle to your mom, but you had to be more careful in the future.

The fear managed to clear your head for the moment. What were you doing? You had decided to end this sick relation. You had managed to almost forget Ann while she was gone, but on the first opportunity you had made no effort to resist the temptation; and now, after practically being discovered by her brother you were planning how to be more careful, instead of how stop things from growing even more.

What if Adolph told her mom that Aura was sleeping naked in your tent, not to tattle, but just because. What if her mom smelled Aura’s sleeping shirt and found your sperm, what if she noticed she was missing a pair of panties. You had to stop this before it bite you in the ass.

“Everyone ready?” Your uncle’s call brought you back to the present. Everyone was outside already, your mom and aunties were packing some lunch, while your young cousins played with the ball. Ann was wearing a green short and shirt, but Aura was only wearing her blue bathing suit, with socks and shoes. How could she looked more sexy in that than completely naked?

“Take this,” said your mom, giving you a pack with the lunch, “and make sure you return before dark.” Apparently she and Ann’s mom would not be going, just Aura’s parents and all the children.

The walk to the source of the river was much less strenuous than you originally thought, plus your uncle had a way to turn anything around you into a life or death story to keep you entertained. Perhaps the only real adventure happened when Cesar kicked the ball and it almost went down the river. That earned him the only real scolding from your uncle.

Less than half an hour latter you arrived at what your uncle called *The Source of the River*, which to your eyes was just another natural pool, with the difference that it came out of a bunch or rocks before flowing down.

Your aunt quickly started laying some blankets near the pool where you could place the packs you’ve been carrying. Aura appear ready to drop the shoes and dive into the

pool, but your uncle stopped her.

“It’s a bit deeper than the other, and it has a stronger current, so you can’t swim alone,” he lectured her, “besides, we still have to climb to the top, where the water comes out of the rocks.”

You really didn’t want to continue climbing. During the trek your sweet had softened your matted crotch, and now it *really* felt nasty, all you wanted was to wash it off. Apparently Aura had the same problem, since she started whining to her dad: “I want to swim! I don’t care for some stupid rocks!”

“I can stay and swim with her,” you proposed almost without thinking. Your uncle shot you a not too appreciative look.

“It’s fine, I’ll stay with them and guard the food from savage beasts,” interjected Aura’s mom, “you take the kids to the end your adventure, and bring them back in time to wash and eat.”

Aura had already removed her socks and shoes, and was now pressuring you to do the same so you could get in, so her father had to accept defeat and started guiding the rest of your cousins up the mountain, telling them how you were missing the best part of the adventure.

“I don’t know how he persuade me to come,” said your aunt when they were out of sight, “All I want is to lay down and rest.”

“You’re not swimming, mom?” asked Aura, clearly disappointed.

“Perhaps latter. Enjoy the river all for you for now.” she added, lying down over the blanket and closing her eyes.

For all her rush, Aura did waited for you to get in before her. Apparently her parents had been very serious about the danger of the water. You found it funny, since she was probably a much better swimmer than you.

You wasted no time getting to a deeper part of the pool, somehow away from your slumbering aunt, and started washing your genitals from all the sticky fluids. You were wondering if it was worth removing your bathing trunks completely, when Aura reached you and pushed her own one piece bathing suit into your hand.

“Hold this,” she told you as she went under water, “your stuff was really sticking to me,” she added when she came back for air, clearly scrubbing her own genitals under water, “what was that thing you shot, I wasn’t pee, right?”

“No,” you answered, your erection returning full force at the image of your cousin walking all the way with your sperm trapped between her bathing suit and her pussy, “it’s called *cum*, it shoots when I feel good.” you explained.

“*Come?* that’s funny,” laughed Aura, “what’s it for?”

“Well, it’s suppose to go into your hole, it’s supposed to feel much better that way.” you explained, remembering how good it had felt when you almost got inside Diane.

“Wanna put it inside now?” she asked with a smirk, swimming up to you and hugging you.

Her naked body felt really hot against the cold water, you could feel her small nipples against your chest as her arms came around you. And you could feel her hips trying to find your cock, still hidden in your trunks.

A quick look confirmed her mom was still lying down, but you weren’t sure you could stop even if she was looking directly at you. Aura drop under water and you could feel her little fingers trying to pull down your suit and free your cock, by now completely erect even in the cold water.

When she succeeded she came out, your trunks in one hand, while the other went to your member, trying to put it against her pussy. With the arm that was holding her bathing suit, you hold her close, while you other hand wend down to try and help.

What followed was an exercise in frustration. She was shorter than you, so your genitals didn’t line up with both of you swimming upwards; and almost every time you managed to make contact it was interrupted by someone swallowing some water and swimming away. Still, it was clear you both were growing increasingly excited, as the briefs caresses seemed much more rewarding than they actually were. Every time your penis touched her pussy you could feel her heat and wetness, even under water, and you were sure you were dripping quite a lot of precum by then, not to mention the moans that both of you gave, even if it meant getting a mouthful of river water.

Finally you found yourself against a rock, and managed to use that as support to gain control. “Hold to me,” You instructed Aura, who immediately hugged your upper body, “and open your legs.”

In that position you managed to grab her ass with one hand (the one still holding her bathing suit) and guide your member with the other. It was great to rub your glans against her hot center, you could feel yourself getting closer, and Aura’s movements showed she was enjoying it as well. The main problem now was you had no idea where the entrance to her vagina was, and between the water and movement you weren’t sure you could find it before cumming.

“I can’t find your hole.” you expressed with frustration.

“My pee hole?” asked Aura, honestly surprised.

“No! below that, the hole where my thing goes in!” You explained, your frustration showing, but part of you proud of your knowledge that girls have two different holes, one for peeing and one for the penis.

“My poop hole?” asked Aura again, now really confused, and you wondered if a

girl might really not know she had two holes down there.

“No! Just... try to open the place where you feel good with your fingers so I can get in.” You said, deciding this was not the time to educate her on physiology.

Even with all the frustration, poking your peter against her pelvis was getting you closer to your peak, and when Aura’s little fingers touched your tip between her legs, marking the way to her insides, you felt your body going over the edge.

Now or never, you thought, trying to delay your impending ejaculation, and pushed your member in between her fingers, feeling the first shot of sperm leave your cock and hoping you could get it inside her.

“Ouch!” Aura’s cry was not enough to pause your orgasm, and before you could worry about her, you felt angry as she jumped back, and left you spurting into the cold water.

“Everything Ok?” came Aura’s mom voice. You were still cumming, holding Aura to your body and trying to force your cock against her. She had closed her legs, trapping your member between them, and the heat of her tights felt very good as you painted them in your sperm.

“We’re fine,” you finally said, turning to see your aunt looking at you, still sitting in place. At least she was not coming over.

“That hurt!” whispered Aura to you, pushing to get away from you, “I got your stuff in my legs,” she added, swimming towards her mom with her hand between her legs, either cleaning your sperm or massaging her sore pussy.

“Aura, come here!” Your aunt’s voice was direct, exactly the one your mom used when she expected instant obedience, then she spoke to you: “please grab that before the current takes it.” she said, pointing behind you. You turned and your blood ran cold. Floating in the water was Aura’s swimsuit, you must have dropped it while cumming, “Since you’re naked already, you might as well wash up,” continued your aunt, luckily directed to Aura, while you went to recover her bathing suit.

Luck apparently was on your side, since both your bathing suit and Aura’s were tangled together, and hopefully your aunt haven’t noticed you were also naked. You tried to nonchalantly put on your trunks, while you swam back, but it was harder than you thought under water.

“Come out so I can soap you up,” your aunt was still focused on your cousin, so she appeared not to notice you fighting with your trunks. For a moment you thought you were off scot-free, and allowed your nerves to relax a little.

That didn’t last. As Aura got outside the river, she gave you a great view of her backside, and the puffy pussy lips you were bumping into not too long ago. But for once you weren’t pleased to see them, since even from a distance you could distinguish

how red they were, and you even thought you could see a little red dripping down.

I did manage to take her virginity, you thought, half pleased with yourself, but mostly terrified. Her mother would notice as soon as Aura stood and showed her front.

“I can do it myself!” complained Aura, taking the soap from her mother and sitting down by the river, her back to her mother. You were frozen in place, but your aunt just rolled her eyes; apparently she hasn’t looked during that brief moment her daughter has been exposed.

“Why don’t you also take off your trunks and wash up?” she said to you, offering another soap bar. You felt the color on your cheeks.

“I... I don’t... I can wash with my trunks on,” you finally answered, quite embarrassed.

Your aunt just laughed at you, “you’re too young to be so shy,” she said, and without further notice or shame, pulled off her shirt and bikini top, all at once. Her breasts were full, and bounced when the bathing suit bra passed over them. Before your eyes could really appreciate them, she leaned down and pulled her pants and bathing suit down, and for an instant you could see the dark hair in her crotch.

Without thinking you turned in the water, your back to your now naked aunt and cousin.

“Come on, pass me your trunks, it’ll be easier to wash that way,” insisted your aunt. Almost without thinking you again removed your trunks in the water, without turning back, and swam to shore to give them and receive the soap. Aura was giggling, apparently finding it real funny that you refused to look at your aunt, who thankfully didn’t comment on it.

In the back of your mind, part of you wondered why you were so ashamed, if both your aunt and cousin didn’t mind, why not just enjoy the sight. Perhaps it was the guilt of what you’ve done with Aura, or the lessons that good boys don’t peak on females, but you just couldn’t force yourself to turn around.

A short time later a splash signaled Aura entering the water, followed by a bigger one when her mom joined her. Again you swam away from them, but at least you could face them, now that their naked bodies were hidden underwater.

Not too long afterwards, your uncle Louie and the rest of your cousins returned from their “adventure”, and with a few words from your aunt were ready to take a dip and a bath.

It was once again surprising how comfortable your uncle and August were at getting naked on the shore before entering in the water, while Ann and his brother shared your modesty and only removed their bathing suits once they were hidden by the water. You did catch a brief glimpse of your uncle’s cock, and even soft it looked much bigger

than yours, and covered in lots of hair, while Alphonse's was just a little smaller than yours. You quickly turned around, again ashamed to be looking at that.

The rest of the day went much smoother, with all the cousins (with bathing suits back on) continued to play in the water, trying to beat your uncle. Then your aunt called everyone out to eat a small lunch and dry off for the walk back to camp.

The Sun was already low on the horizon when you returned to camp to find all the tents and tables folded and packed up in the cars. Apparently your dad had returned, and they were just waiting for you to go back to the city. You joined the communal cry to stay one more night, but the adults just ignored you all, telling you if wanted to stay, then you could set up the tents and fire yourself, that they were going to sleep in a comfy bed tonight.

Defeated, you and your cousins got in the cars. Only then you realized that for a long while you hadn't been thinking of what you've done with your cousins, you were really just playing normally with them. Perhaps that was a good omen, perhaps you could hold on to that feeling of normalcy and stop messing with them. *If only I could get Ann's virginity as well*, you thought just before falling asleep.

9 Party

You quickly found your hopes of normalcy dashed. Your little cousin's panties were still in your bag, and when you found them, your mind was instantly back in the tent, ejaculating over Aura, or in the lake, seeing the proof that your dick had just taken her virginity.

That week you masturbated like crazy to your memories and the panties, but it just didn't compare to the real experience. When the weekend arrived, you didn't even try to pretend you were going to avoid your cousins, you just wanted a repeat of that night.

Turns out Louie and his family had gone back already, so it was back to the usual Sunday visitors, which meant you could focus all your attention on little Ann.

And to your everlasting joy, after getting her first orgasm while you ate her out in the woods, Ann was more than willing to help you find isolated spaces where you could continue your *games*.

The rest of your cousins, thought, appeared to be hellbent on not giving you any free space. Cesar was being his normal self, always trying to gather as much players as possible, and Richard now used one of the free rooms for his game console.

As normal as things would have been otherwise, for you and Ann it seemed like everyone was out to ruin your fun. Ann told you it was her mom that picked her clothes

for Sunday gatherings, so she couldn't wear dresses every week, and touching over her clothes was now just teasing.

That first weekend Ann manage to tell you in no uncertain terms that she wanted to feel good again, even if that meant she would have to let you look at her privates naked, and even kiss her there. She also asked you about your penis and your orgasm, and it was clear she was curious and wanted to see that more closely. But you weren't even able to stick your hand inside her pants, due to lack of any privacy.

The next two Sundays weren't much better. Even when Ann did wore a dress, all you managed to do was to stick a finger under her panties to touch her needy slit, while she tried to grab your member through the fly of your pants, both incredibly exciting developments, but that only left you needing more. Even your masturbatory sessions during the week left you unsatisfied, and you weren't sure you could go on another weekend like that.

You were so frustrated that you didn't even consider this would be the last weekend before school started again. In better circumstances you would have thanked a superior power for it, since now you would have much less time to fantasize about doing dirty things with your cousin, but after three weeks of growing desire, you really couldn't think of much.

Things got even worst when your mom told you next weekend you would be celebrating Cesar's birthday, and that his parents had rented a party hall for it. So you would probably had no opportunities to be with Ann at all.

* * *

The party hall your uncles rented was actually a whole house with a very big garden with some swings, slips and a small soccer field; and unlike the forest retreat of Ann's birthday, most of the guests were Cesar's friends, with the family as just an afterthought.

You were already pretty pissed at the prospect of the party, and it didn't help that most of Cesar's friends knew each other and had no interest in including you in their teams; even is Richard did manage to play.

After your mom found you sulking by the kitchen, where they were preparing lunch, you decided to go explore the house, at least you could find a more quiet place to sulk.

It was a big house, much bigger than even your grandparents, and quite old, judging from the decoration and all the old furniture. The first floor, where the kitchen was, had a more normal look, but after going up the big round staircase, it was like stepping into a museum: old furniture, bookcases filled with massive books, portraits in thick wooden frames and chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. It was lucky so much light entered through the big windows, or it would be a perfect spot for a ghost to show up.

You were distracted by some movement at the end of the hall, where the staircase to

the third floor began, and were surprised to find Ann standing there in a little yellow sundress.

She also looked surprised to find you, but soon ran up to you and without loosing a moment took your hand in hers, pulling you towards the stairs.

“Come with me!” she said, quite pushy for her usually shy demeanor.

“Where?” you asked, letting her dragged you along. She just pointed up the stairs and continue dragging you, almost running up to the third floor.

Compared to the rest of the house, the third floor was small and cramped, meaning it only had three full bedrooms and a bath way bigger than the one at your house. Ann dragged you along the hall, and you could see that the first two bedrooms were full of old chairs and other things under plastic, but Ann guide you into the last door.

That room seemed pulled out of a fairy tale: a big wooden bed dominated the space, surrounded with four pillars and with a cloth hanging over it, a nice rug covered most of the floor, and a big old armoire with matching set of sofas and table complimented the rest. You weren’t really interested in antiques or interior decor, but had to admit the room had a nice feel to it.

The sound of a heavy lock made you turn, to where Ann was turning an old key in the door. “Now we’re alone,” she stated, “and we can play.”

For the first time in the weeks since your forest encounter, you realized you weren’t the only one frustrated, and you at least had masturbated like crazy since then, if Ann had not, you could not imagine how pent up she must be, perhaps that’s why you decided to tease her a little.

“What do you want to play?” you asked, enjoying how her face gained a little color and she returned to be the shy cousin you always knew, “This looks like a castle, and you’re dressed like a princess... perhaps we can play I’m a prince and you’re a princess?” you suggested, already fantasizing about her on the bed letting you undress her, pretending to be magically asleep.

Ann just launched herself at you, hugging you and hiding her face on your belly while she mumbled something unintelligible into your shirt.

“What?” you asked, trying to pray her away, but her little arms were locked behind you and she didn’t bulged. She did rose her head, looking at your face, hers quite red from embarrassment, almost like she was holding her tears.

“Will you kiss me again?” she repeated, her face even reader.

“In your...”

She didn’t answer, just buried her face back into your shirt, but you felt her nodding. You smiled and started to tenderly caress her head while you tried to move to the bed with your cousin still grabbing you. By now you could feel your cock in your pants

trying to escape, and with how tightly Ann was holding you, she could also probably tell.

The bedspread looked a little dusty, so you cast it aside, revealing the white sheets below. Ann allowed you to lift her onto the bed, and she didn't protest when you started to lift her dress, revealing her panties, light blue with hearts, she even lifted her arms to help you remove it completely, but for some reason you wanted her to keep it.

"leave it on... a princess needs her dress," you added, quite corny, but Ann laughed and lowered her arms.

You pushed her back in the bed, with her dress lifted, so her panties were completely exposed, and without further delay you stuck your hands under her little butt to pull down the last defense of her treasure.

Again Ann didn't oppose any resistance to this, helping you by lifting her hips so her panties went down without problems, and you could once more marvel at her naked mons and the line that marked the entrance to her pussy.

Almost without thinking your hand went there, your fingers anxious to touch her, feel the flesh of her lips open and the wetness and heat of her center. And she was wet indeed, from the first moment you made contact you could feel how excited your little cousin was. You really wanted to taste her, but you also wanted to keep watching her: lying on the bed, her eyes closed, her dress over her chest, her legs open and her little slit available for you alone, you almost felt like you really were a prince about to kiss a sleeping princess.

And you did, without warning you lean over her and you put your lips over hers. Ann's eyes shot open, but she returned the kiss. You didn't thought about using your tongue or even fully opening your mouth, it was a simple kiss born of the mutual unfulfilled desire that had plague you both for now three weeks.

You moved your face down, never completely breaking contact with her chin, until her dress stopped you. Now you were regretting not taking it out, you wanted to plant a path of kisses from her mouth to her pussy, but were forced to make a big leap and plant the next kiss all the way below her navel; perhaps it was better that way, you couldn't wait to reach her slit.

Ann gave a cute giggle when you kissed her navel, but it quickly turned into a moan as your lips finally made contact with her mons. Rather than licking her as before, you continue to plant kisses all over her outer lips and clit hood, while Ann made the most beautiful noises and tried to open her legs even further.

With both hands you pry open her pussy lips, revealing the pink interior, and for the first time you could explore her pussy at will and with enough light. It was beautiful, but more than that, you could for the first time see the entrance to her vagina, the tiny

hole that disappeared into the body of your little cousin.

And then you started licking her. You directed your tongue to that little hole and pressed in before licking up, all the way to her clit, by now already out of her hood, and ready for affection. Ann gave another cute moan and her whole body squirmed in response to your tongue, prompting you to do it once more.

Your tongue again pressed into the center of her vulva, trying to enter her, before giving up and licking to the top. Her taste was heavenly, not strong but certainly female, and probably nasty if not for how exciting it was to actually get it from such place, you could drink if forever, but you had to adjust something.

Leaving only one hand to pry open her vulva, you used the other to pull down your pants and briefs and give your member some room. Even though you had masturbated last night, you felt like your cock was as hard as ever, and couldn't help but start to touch yourself at the same time you licked your cousin.

Ann must have felt something, you felt her body switch positions as she sat up, "Are you touching your thing?" she asked, apparently interested enough to interrupt your oral ministrations, "can I see?"

You stood up, showing her your erection while you continued to stroke it, with her sitting on the bed, her head was pretty level with your member, and you thought perhaps she would be willing to return the favor, "do you want to kiss it?" you asked, taking a step forward, ready to dip your cock in her mouth.

Ann moved back to avoid your penis and shook her head, apparently not digging your idea one bit, "Are you going to pee again?" she asked as her hand touched your member. Her fingers were so small compared to yours, and she was touching you very softly, but it felt a hundred times better than your own hand.

"I want to put it inside you," you said, letting her play with your member, "that way we can both feel good." her touch had made your cock even harder, but as excited as you were you didn't feel you would ejaculate any time soon, and if she wasn't going to suck you, perhaps you could finally have sex.

Ann looked at you with some doubt, but finally nodded and lay back on the bed, opening her legs to give you access to her treasure.

Your conscience made one last effort to stop you; she was way too young, she probably didn't even know you were about to steal her virginity. She looked so innocent on the bed, even with her legs open and her pussy glistening with fluids she was just a little kid, and you were about to rob her of her innocence. Three weeks ago that might have stopped you, but now you were too horny to think, besides it was clear she wanted it.

Diane was much bigger than Ann when you first attempted this maneuver, but after

exploring her pussy you had a pretty decent idea where her hole was. First you started by rubbing your cock all over her mound and pussy, bathing it in her fluids and enjoying how she reacted to your touch.

You leaned over her on the bed with one hand, while the other directed your cock to your prize. Her pussy was wet and very hot, and as you directed your tip down you could feel her outer lips opening to give you access. When you felt your glans at her entrance, you gave a big push, and to your everlasting pleasure, you felt yourself sliding into a soft, wet, hot and incredibly tight cavern.

Ann gave a grunt as your tip entered her, but you couldn't really stop. This was as far as you have gone with Diane, shooting your load before entering completely, and you didn't want a repeat of that. You let your weight rest a little over your cousin as your hips gave another big push into her virginal chamber.

For a moment you thought you wouldn't enter, but then you felt her insides yield and your cock slide into your small mate.

"It hurts!" screamed Ann from under you, trying to get away. You passed your arms under her and hugged her tightly to you as you enjoyed the fabulous pressure that surrounded your member, it was much better than your hand could ever be, so tight that it was almost painful.

"Don't move," you instructed Ann, "it'll be good soon," you assured her, but it was mostly for your own benefit. You wanted to enjoy every sensation on your cock. You could feel the walls of her pussy pressing the sides of your member, milking it for the contents of your balls, you could feel your tip touching the end of her vagina, probably right next to her little womb, ready to receive your sperm.

Your excitement was growing even though you weren't moving. All your instincts screamed at you to start pushing, but you forced yourself to stay still, your orgasm was coming, regardless if you moved or not, and by not moving you could enjoy a few more seconds of being mated to your little cousin.

Ann was still grunting under you, you weren't sure if she was still in pain, and soon you wouldn't care, but for now you moved a hand between your bodies and started playing with her rigid clit, caressing just over where your cock pierced her body.

And then your climax hit you. You tensed all your muscles trying to hold it in a moment longer, and then as pleasure ran through your body, you started pissing cum into her little chamber. Ann moaned again as you shudder over her, depositing as much of your sperm as you could into her belly. It was wonderful how her pussy milked your cock as your member emptied spurt after spurt of pure pleasure. Even after your balls were empty, your cock continued twitching inside her, trying to give even more, and finally you relaxed on top of your little lover, happy that at last you were for sure no

longer a virgin.

Ann grunted when you rested your weight over her, and tried to push you off. she might have also said something, but you were so content in the afterglow of your first fuck that you didn't hear. It was only when you felt her small body moving under you that you thought you might be crushing her.

You quickly lifted your weight off her, and Ann took a deep breath, letting go a moan of pleasure as her small hands continued to caress her clit, right above where you softening penis joined her body, still held by her amazing tightness.

Ann should not have been so far from her own orgasm, as she just looked at your with some annoyance before closing her eyes and returning to make cute moans as your fingers joined hers.

Even though you had just come, your member stopped getting soft when her vagina began to move around you. Ann then gave one last and precious moan as her body went rigid under you and her pussy started squeezing your cock, begging it to inseminate it once again. But even if your member was trying to remain hard, it was more painful than pleasurable at this point. Still, you really wanted next time to wait until her hole massaged you like that before ejaculating.

When Ann finally relaxed, you rolled away from her, pulling from her hole at last and dropping on the bed next to your cousin.

"It hurt when you put it in!" complained Ann as your cock left her body.

"But it felt so good." you countered, still marveled at the experience.

"I like it when you touch me or kiss me."

"I like putting it inside you, you are wonderful inside."

Ann smiled at the compliment, but then moved her hand to her pussy, "I don't want it to hurt."

"It won't next time, it only hurts the first time," you assured her. And felt a pang in your conscience at having stolen her virginity without even asking, "so can I put it in again?"

"Now?"

"No, but next time we get a chance."

"It's not gonna hurt?"

"No, it will feel very good, you will get another good feeling."

"Did you pee inside me?" Ann was touching her pussy.

"I came inside you, it's when I get my good feeling, and doing it inside you was the best." you said, sincerely.

"If it doesn't hurt, I guess you can put it inside. But you also have to kiss me and touch me."

“Now?” you asked, copying her.

Ann laughed and turned to hug you, then jumped a little, “it still hurts when I move,” she said, sadly.

You wasted no time getting up to examine her. Her pussy looked a lot different than when you started. Her outer lips were red and swollen, her clit was still standing up, and in the center of her vulva her little hole appeared much bigger, with traces of blood around it, and a small dribble of cum dripping out of her.

Without thinking you took the first cloth at hand and started cleaning her. Ann whimpered as you touched her bruised sex. You felt a little better when you saw she was not bleeding, the few pinkish spots would be sensitive, but it appeared you hadn’t done any real damage to her. It also amazed you that she wasn’t dripping too much sperm, you felt like you put a lot inside her.

“You got my panties dirty!” complained Ann, as you finally realized you had used her discarded panties to clean her up.

“You’ll have to go without,” you said, and Ann looked at you like you were crazy, “you’ll feel better without until it stops hurting.” you said, more worried about her mom finding her bloody panties.

And now that you took a better look around, you saw the sheets of the bed hadn’t had a better fate. A big spot of fluids and blood marked the spot where you had deflowered your cousin. At least her dress had been spared.

“OK, but only if you go without as well,” agreed your cousin.

You tried to protest, but her face showed you that was not negotiable. And in the end, going without briefs was a small price to pay for your cousin’s virginity. Once you fulfilled that promise, Ann went out of the room while you tried to return it to its original state, although you only covered the bloody sheet with the bedspread.

Amazingly enough you had been gone for less than an hour, so the party had continued downstairs with no one missing you. You were also relieved when there was no mention of the slight stiffness in Ann’s steps, or how often she pressed her hands over her crotch.

The party continued with the traditional cake and games, but you were too exhausted to really get into the spirit. In fact your cock hurt quite a bit, probably also a little raw from the force of breaking your cousin’s hymen.

As the night ended the party, you were finally relaxing that your encounter with Ann hadn’t been discovered, and now you had her panties in your pocket, ready to join the other pair at home. In your tranquility, you weren’t ready when Ann came up to you and whispered in your ear, as her parents called her to get in the car.

“I think I’m dripping your stuff, I can feel it down my legs.”

And then she was gone before you could react, leaving you worrying if someone in the car would notice or if her mom would see the sperm that now decorated the inside of her dress.

You deserve that, and more, your conscience punished you, trying to regain some control over the spiral you were into.

* * *

School didn't make things easier. True, you had much less time to either worry or wish to be around your little cousin, and yet it seemed that was all you could do.

That first week of school was a roller-coaster of emotions, as the fear that someone discovered what you had done with Ann mixed the elation you felt at the memory. So much that even in your dreams you would pass from being with her again, pushing your dick inside her, to your parents or uncles berating you and sending you away.

The first weekend after school started found you a nervous wreck in your grandparents house. You weren't sure if you were more afraid of your aunt confronting you, excited about a the possibility of *doing* it again with your cousin, or ridden with the guilt of doing something you knew was wrong.

It didn't help that Ann and her family didn't arrived until late in the evening, increasing both your worries and your excitement. As your mind build up scenario after scenario where your actions had been discovered, or how you could wet your noodle in Ann's hole once more.

When they finally arrived it was a spike of worry for you, followed by a swift disappointment. There was no indication they knew a thing, but Ann wasn't with them, only Cesar. Turned out Ann's school had Sunday activities, and apparently she would be staying with some friends whenever those happened.

Once more you tried to take this as a sign that you should stop while you were ahead. And indeed, the moment when your aunt entered and your fear spiked was a moment you didn't want to repeat. At that time it was easy to swear never to do anything else with your cousin, but late at night, when all you had was the memory of her sweet pussy clenching your dick, and how inadequate your hand was to replicate the feeling, it was much harder.

Next week at least your worries about being discovered abated, and by Wednesday you had almost stopped thinking about Ann's pussy. That changed by Friday, when the upcoming weekend forced her to the front of your mind, for better or worse.

And for better or worse she was once again absent, letting you to ponder if perhaps she choose to stay away from you, if perhaps you had hurt her, or if she might also be a better person than you, and had managed to stop things that you, her older cousin, could not.

10 Parents

You weren't expecting a trip to your aunt Patricia in the middle of the week, but your mom told you she had to talk to her and wanted you to keep Rodri busy so they could chat. As weird as this was, since your mom always spent hours talking to her sister on the phone, you decided to just go ahead and enjoy playing with your young cousin for a while, it would at least distract you from all the troublesome thought you had about your *other* cousins.

Of course, thing didn't go as planned. turned out your aunt had sent her son to stay with his father, since she *needed* some pace and quiet, and so they just sat you in front of the TV and proceeded to whisper away in the kitchen. It might have been a blessing in disguise, for soon you found yourself asleep, the mental exhaustion catching up with you.

"... boyfriend?"

"She denies it, but what else can I think? I honestly though she was just going through a phase, that she was smarter than this."

The voices of your mom and aunt awoke you, apparently after you went to sleep they feel they didn't need to keep quiet.

"What are you gonna do?"

"What else...? We already have an appointment but... Diane's being stubborn... not that she wants to keep it, it's just... I don't understand her... first she denies it's even possible, and then she refuses to tell me how it happened."

"How far along is she?"

"The doctor said about ten weeks... a small blessing, I'm just happy we discovered it so soon."

You had attempted to go back to sleep, but now their chat had your full attention. You might not be the brightest bulb, but you could infer they were talking about Diane, and from the context there was something wrong with her... something you didn't want to think about.

"... leaving them alone?" your aunt asked, you had missed part of the conversation while thinking.

"They are asleep, and you *need* a massage," insisted your mom, and your could hear her almost dragging your aunt out the door, after quickly checking that you apparently remain asleep. If your mom took your aunt to her usual place for massages, then you knew they would be long for several hours, and after hearing all that you just could not go back to sleep.

Once you were sure they were gone, you quickly went upstairs and made a beeline

for your cousin's room. The door was open and you found Diane lying on her bed under the covers. You were about to go back when her eyes opened and she looked straight at you, her face unchanging.

"So you know, right?" she asked, scooting over and patting her bed so you could sit.

"Know...?" you replied sitting down, not sure where she was going.

She took your hand in hers, and without warning pressed your palm over her belly. "There's a baby growing here," she told you, a half smile on her lips. you just looked at where your hand was over the covers, you couldn't see or feel anything other than the slight warmth of her body seeping through the sheets.

"So... you and your boyfriend...?"

The smile left her face, and she pushed your hand away. "No!" she said, a frown forming as she sat up on the bed, "my... boyfriend haven't... we haven't... it's yours, you jerk!"

That fear had been on the back of your mind ever since you heard your mom and aunt talking, but you felt like Diane punched you in the gut when she said it. Suddenly you couldn't breath, you felt like your heart was gonna run out of your chest and even through the tears you saw like a tunnel was closing on your vision.

And then you felt Diane's arms around you, hugging you while she also cried. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean..."

It took you a while to hug her back, and even longer before your throat could utter the words you had to say. "S... sorry," you managed to utter, and it felt undeserving and void, just like you.

You were not sure how long you hugged there, both saying sorry while the tears flowed. Eventually you just cried in silence, and little by little you found the knot in your gut was softening, the unbearable feelings resolving into a deep sense of guilt, but also the determination to help, even if you were useless.

"What... what are you... gonna do?" you managed to ask at last. Diane had stopped crying a while ago, even as your own tears kept going, and now she was hugging you in an almost motherly fashion, like you were the one that needed it.

You felt her body tensed at your question. "Mom already got me an appointment... to..." she tightened her hold on you, "I *can't* have a baby! I'm not ready to be a mom! Sorry!"

And with that her tears came back, and now it was your turn to hug and comfort her. The guilt in your stomach threatened to reduce you to tears once more, but you held on, it was all your fault, you didn't know how to help your cousin, all you wanted was to run away, but you couldn't leave her crying like that. "Please don't cry," you selfishly begged, "I'm sorry."

Diane lifted her eyes to you. “But... it’s *your* baby... aren’t you mad I’m gonna...” she made long pause, just looking at you, “...abort it?” she finished in a whisper.

You already knew, even if nobody had said so, and hearing it from her brought a new wave of emotions over you. The weight in your stomach seemed to lessen, as hope that what you’ve done could be fixed, and something else woke inside you, the desire to protect Diane, to reassure her it was gonna be Ok.

“No! I’m not mad! I’m happy—” you answered, cutting off when you realized how selfish that sounded.

To your surprise Diane started laughing in your arms, one of her many careless laughs, interrupted only by the sobs as she took air.

“I’m happy too,” she told you as she let go, wiping her eyes, she was actually smiling at you, and just that helped relieve a lot of stress, “I’m sorry I dumped this on you,” she continued, “I was just afraid you... you would want me to... keep it,” she said, her smile wavering a bit at that.

“No... I...well, unless you want to?” you asked, almost afraid of her answer.

She laughed again, a healthier laughter this time, she was laughing at you, and while that would usually embarrass you, this time it was like a breath of fresh air.

“I actually thought about it,” she admitted, moving her hands over her belly. You hadn’t noticed when the covers slip off her, but not you could see she was only wearing a big shirt, in fact, was it the same shirt she wore when you... “but I’m not ready to be a mom,” she continued, “perhaps in a couple years,” she looked up at you, and her smile turned devious, “perhaps then, if mom still doesn’t let me near a boy, you could help me?”

You tried to laugh it off without much success. Even amidst the emotional turmoil you were facing, you could feel your member growing at her proposal.

You sat there, looking at each other for a while, apparently neither knowing what else to say. At least it seemed your cousin didn’t hate you, even if you had made her pregnant, and soon even that would be in the past. Yet the guilt didn’t leave you, now not directed at what you had done, but at the relief you felt at not having to take responsibility. You were really the worst, happy to abuse your cousins for your pleasure, not thinking of what you were doing to them, and ready to continue doing so as long as it was not a problem for you.

“Is there something,” you started, trying to keep your eyes on her face, “I can do to help you?” you asked, not really knowing what else to do, “maybe after... I can come and take care of you?”

Diane smiled at your awkward question. “And how exactly do you plan to *take care* of me?” she said, pretending to be serious, “do you want to give me another to replace

this one?” she asked, pointing to her belly.

You could feel cold sweat dripping down your face. “N... no, that’s not—” you tried to say, even as your penis grows at the prospect of getting inside her.

“I’m only teasing you,” laughs Diane, “you’re way too easy,” she leaned back on the bed, and you noticed how her shirt had ride up, exposing her panties. Apparently she also noticed, for she continued, “wanna touch it?” she asked, lifting her shirt so her belly was exposed, and your mind finally processed that she was referring to her belly, not her pussy.

You nodded and, almost trembling, placed your hand on her naked belly. You were not sure if it was just your imagination, the posture she was in or if there really was a slight bump there.

“Press harder,” Diane instructed you, “you can feel a ball in there,” she said as her hand went over yours, applying a lot of pressure and forcing your hand to sink into her belly. You could feel the warmth of her skin, but really didn’t feel anything you could call a *ball*, “that’s our baby,” she finally said, her hand still holding yours over her belly.

You had always admire her ability to talk about everything, to take her life in her own hands and never be afraid, and to joke about whatever happened to her, good or bad; but you were not sure if she was joking with you right then, or if her words had a deeper meaning. Not wanting to make things worse, you just remained quiet, your hand and eyes focused on her midsection, where apparently your baby was growing.

“Actually, there’s something you can do for me,” spoke Diane, letting go of your hand. You turned to her, and found her face weirdly red, “I... I don’t want the doctor to... I mean, I don’t want to lose my virginity to a machine and...”

You swallowed, your eyes darting to her panties-covered groin, could she be saying what you’re thinking. “Huh?”

“I mean, I would like to do it with my boyfriend,” she continued, and you could see her trying to make a joke out of it, “but with mom watching me like a hawk I’ll probably won’t have a boyfriend until I’m, like, 40,” she said, “so it’s either you... or Rodri,” she joked, “and I don’t want that pest anywhere near my... pussy,” she finished.

“So you want me to...?” you asked, pointing at her groin. By now your penis was completely erect, and most of the guilt that consumed you was being replaced by excitement at the prospect of fucking your cousin.

“Well, you already made me pregnant,” said Diane with a grin, “the least you can do is actually give me the full package, don’t you think?” she said as she leaned towards you, her hands going under your shirt, her soft touch giving you goosebumps, “besides, it would be bad if the doctor refused to do the... thing, if he thought I was carrying

the second coming of Christ or something.”

You still weren't sure how to feel about what was happening. Crying on her shoulder earlier had helped, but still it was just too much to process in such short time. It didn't occurred to you that Diane had been able to think about this for weeks, and for her this was some kind of closure. To you it all was crazy, but your cousin was right there, caressing your sides, clearly wanting to have sex with you, and your mind decided it was easier to focus on that and ignore the rest.

Without further thought, you leaned forward and joined your lips to hers, as your hands moved to caress her body under her shirt. Unlike the first kiss you shared all those months ago, this one was much more forceful, with her mouth opening to allow your tongue in as you both tried to lift your shirts. The kiss was quick, anything lasting too long would give you time to think about what you were doing, and you didn't want that, you just wanted to fuck her.

With almost desperation you stood up, tearing the shirt from your body and proceeding to fight with your pants, shoes and boxers. Diane had also removed her shirt and panties, and was waiting for you on the bed, her legs open and a hand caressing her groin.

Your sight focused on her breasts, they were definitely bigger than last time, you wondered if they would have milk already, but then forced your thoughts elsewhere. Her hips were also bigger, she looked much more grown up than that first time, but the crack between her legs still looked the same.

Hers was the first pussy you had seen, the first pussy you had licked, the first pussy your cock had touched, *the fist pussy you had impregnated*, but curiously not the first one you had deflowered. That would change now. You would plunge your penis there, rob her of her virginity and...

You got on the bed, advancing on your cousin with a single objective in mind. Your member was hard, and you were ready to just direct it to her groin and get on with things. Her pussy still only had a scare fuzz of hair over it, her lips as chaste as you remembered them, with the hood of her clit just above them.

“Wait,” Diane stopped you, forcing your sight up to her face, “can you... kiss it... like before?” she asked, her face blushing, “I don't want it to hurt.”

You nodded, her request forcing a bit of sense into your confused state. Still, all you had to do was obey her, as long as you did what she asked and didn't think for yourself things would be fine. You dropped on the bed, crawling the last of the distance until her privates were in front of your eyes. It was a lovely sight, one you had dream about almost every night after first seeing it, but it was the smell that really brought you back, that musky scent that was both too strong and incredibly enticing. Your tongue made

the first pass almost without you noticing, and more memories surfaced as the taste reminded you the first time you had done this. Back then you thought that would be the end of it, Diane had said she didn't want more than *playing around*; and yet you had ended up impregnating her...

Diane's moans of pleasure managed to snap you out of your memories, and a hand pressing lightly on your head encourage you to continue lapping at her. Knowing she was feeling good, compounded with your growing excitement at tasting her once more, made it easier to stop thinking and just enjoy being able to explore her wonderful peach with your tongue.

Last time you had done this you had only porn to rely on, but after experimenting with your younger cousins you began to learn how to tell when you were doing something good, just by how Diane's moans intensified when you nibbled on her clit, or how her hand would push you up if your tongue tried to press too hard on the center of her vulva.

It also helped that Diane was very vocal about it, with her moans interrupted by comments of "Yes! do that more!", "No, go back up," and, "Wait, that's tender," that both really helped and somehow made it even more sexy to eat her out. "Just a bit more, lick my clit... just my clit," she asked, her hand pressing your head into her crotch. You obeyed, closing your lips around her hard nub and sucking with force. Not ten seconds after this, Diane's hips started shaking while her moans turned to cries of pleasure and your tongue was rewarded by even more of her delicious fluid, "Enough... too tender..." she gasped, pushing your head away even as her body kept trembling.

By now any guilt or doubts you had were buried beneath your lust, so as soon as her hands let you, you started moving up her body, kissing and nibbling on her mons, belly and navel. The thought that your baby was growing just where you were kissing her entered your mind, but in the haze of your excitement it only served to further push you on, instead of sending you into another guilty loop.

Your next stop were her breasts. They really were bigger, still small compared to a grown woman, but now they filled your hands, they were soft, and the nipples were hard and pointy.

"Careful," she said as your hands squeezed her boobs, "those are tender ever since..." she added, her sight going down.

"Got milk?" you asked with a smile, the ever-present adds entering your mind at the worst time, but Diane just smiled.

"I don't think so... wanna try?"

She didn't had to ask twice, letting go of her right boob, you quickly place your

mouth over her hard nipple and began to suck, marveling at how good and natural that felt, like you had been made to do that.

“Slow...it’s tender,” asked Diane between moans, but you could feel her other hand moving to her left breast and mimic your actions.

You licked her nipple before sucking once more, being careful not to harm her. Nothing came out, except Diane’s continuous moans and words of approval, but even then it felt so *right* to be doing that, you almost preferred it to licking her pussy... almost.

With your mouth still locked onto her breast, the rest of your body kept advancing, your hard member looking her groin to finally complete the deed you had started months ago and claim your cousin’s virginity. Diane jumped when the tip of your cock finally made contact with her inner thighs and she pushed you away before you could reach her pussy.

“Wait, I want to see,” she told you, her breathing ragged. She pushed you and made you lay on your back on the bed, your erection standing proudly up. She crawled over you, but instead of mounting you like you expected, she just moved closer to your member, “so *this* is the thing that made me pregnant,” she said, her hand gently caressing your shaft, “I wanted to see it again ever since that time,” she continued, her fingers tracing the outline of your cock and forcing a moan out of you, “that time it was all so fast that I really couldn’t see it,” she said, moving down to your balls and gently grabbing them, “you’re not gonna shoot before I get it inside me again, right?” she asked.

You shook your head emphatically. If there was one good thing about all the sex and masturbation you had done lately was that you knew much better how far away you were from orgasm, and even if your cock twitched as her hands caress it and your hips wanted to start rocking, you knew you could last quite a bit.

“Good,” smiled Diane, finally straddling you so her lovely pussy was right on top of your cock. Her hand kept holding your member, aligning it to her wet groin, and slowly she began to lower herself. You felt like she was taking forever, until finally the tip of your cock made contact with her warm and wet pussy. Diane paused her descent, her hand moving your cock back and forth, rubbing it on the outside of her pussy while her other hand moved over her clit and gently parted her lips, giving you a good look at her pink interior and what you assumed was the entrance to her vagina.

She aligned you tip to her entrance and descended a bit more. She was hot and wet and felt wonderful on your glans. All the while you were moaning and trying not to move your hips, even if all you wanted was to plunge inside her. You felt her hole began to surround your tip, warm, wet and so very tight, but Diane stopped with a

little jump. You saw a frown on her face and assumed you had reached her hymen.

“Should I do it fast or go slow?” she asked, clearly afraid of the pain.

“Slow?” you answer after a bit, remembering how Aura and Ann has cried out when you stole their purity and bust their cherries. You didn’t wanted to hurt Diane as well, even if the prof of your selfishness was right now growing inside her.

Diane nodded and started rocking her hips, gently moving your cock against her entrance while you both moaned in pleasure. One hand kept your erection in place, not allowing you to advance or retreat, while her other hand had moved back to her clit and was rubbing it with insistence. Feeling her opening moving around your glans was delicious, and little by little you could feel more of your penis gaining entrance, even as you both worked your way to orgasm.

Diane stopped moving a couple times as your penis slowly entered her, each time giving out a whimper mixed with her moans. In those pauses she would really go to town on her clit, rubbing it forcefully until whatever pain passed and she would then start rocking her hips and allowing your cock further entrance.

It felt like an eternity as your cousin slowly lowered herself on your erection, Once the tip was in, you had to close you eyes, as the tightness of her pussy was threatening a repeat of your last encounter. Thankfully, the moment your eyes were closed, images of Diane crying as she blamed you for making her pregnant came back, setting back your climax and reinforcing your desire to make things right.

“Wow, that feels... weird,” said Diane, making you open you eyes. Without you noticing your cock had disappear completely inside your cousin’s tight pussy. She was sitting on you, your penis completely hidden inside her body, and only a slight smear of red around her lips conveyed that yes, you had just taken her virginity, “I can feel you all the way inside,” she added, her hand pressing on her belly, and giving your cock a nice massage, “does it feels good inside me?”

You just nodded, unable to say a thing. It *did* feel great inside her. She was so hot and tight and her pussy was hugging you so nicely.

“Consider losing your virginity your punishment for making me pregnant,” she announced with a smirk as she began to rock her hips, giving your cock a wonderful massage. It would have been better if her last comment hadn’t reminded you of your previous exploits with your younger cousins. A new weight pressed on your soul as you realized Diane thought this was also your first time, “Are you gonna shot inside me?” she asked, her hips moving a bit more as her hand once more went to caress her clit.

“Uh-huh,” you simply replied. The way her hips were moving was extremely sexy. For once it wasn’t you fucking a girl, but she fucking you, you didn’t even had to move

in order to feel good, and seeing the body of your cousin over you was really exciting.

She bent down over you and gave you another kiss. A much more tender kiss than the one you started with, but somehow more meaningful. Her tongue played with your lips, but didn't enter, and you could only moan in her mouth as the change in position made your cock twitch in her tight chamber.

"I want you to do something else for me before you cum," she whispered into your ear. You couldn't see her face, but she sounded bashful, almost ashamed.

"Mh-hmm, what?" you asked.

"I want you to pretend I'm not pregnant, that our previous... thing, didn't happen," she said into your ear as her hips moved a bit faster and her breathing also grew ragged, "and I want you to tell me that you want to make me pregnant, that you want to put your baby in me and make my belly big," she said, a big moan escaping her lips as her pussy contracted around your member, "can you do that?"

You weren't sure why she was asking that, it was weird and scary and it made all your fears and guilts come back to you, but if she wanted it, you had to do it, after all you've done to her, you were willing to do whatever she asked.

"I... I want to make you... pregnant?" you said, the last word forcing its way out your lips more like a question, like saying it would mark you as the scumbag you knew you were.

"Not like that," complained Diane, sitting back up. The tight embrace of her pussy hugging your erection. She looked so sexy standing over you, her groin pressed against you, opened around your cock, both your member and your baby inside her flat belly, her lovely hips gently rocking back and forth, her swollen breasts bouncing slightly with the motion, and her face filled with emotion looking down at you. It was enough to make you forget your doubts as your own hips began to move, "say it like you mean it, make me believe it, please," she asked.

"I..." what could you say, "I want to..." you didn't *really* want her pregnant, did you? Why was she asking you that? But she already was, you had already damaged her, so what did it matter what you wanted, "I'm gonna shoot my cum inside you," you finally said, "I'm gonna fill your pussy with my cum and put a baby inside you," you added, pushing with your hips as Diane moaned and dropped herself back on you.

"Yes, just like that," she said as she moved faster, "are you gonna fill my womb and make my belly swell?" she asked into your shoulder between moans.

"Yes, you're gonna get fat with my baby," you said, trying to understand why she was making you say this, and why suddenly you also wanted it to be true, "your boobs are gonna fill with milk for my baby," you added, feeling her hard nipples rubbing your chest.

“You don’t care that we’re cousins, right? or that I’ll have to leave school to take care of your baby?” she asked, her movements erratic as her hips danced around your cock, begging you to shot your load, “You just took my virginity and now you’re gonna fill my virgin womb with your cum... you’re gonna turn me into a mother and I can do nothing to stop you!” she cried, her whole body growing rigid on top of you as she started moaning in your ear while her pussy milked your cock like it had a life of it’s own.

You found yourself hugging her, pressing her to you as your cock also jumped inside her, your balls sending spurt after spurt of sperm deep into her newly deflowered pussy, bathing her womb and the baby growing inside with your life-giving essence.

“Thank you, thank you,” said Diane in your ear once her orgasm passed, and then started crying once more, her arms and legs hugging you. You tried to move, but she stopped you, “No, please, just stay inside me, please,” she begged between tears, so you stopped. Your penis was quickly getting soft, but her pussy was so tight it held it inside her.

11 Breakup

In the afterglow of your climax you managed to kept your mind from wandering, simply enjoying the pleasure of being mated to Diane, of her body weight over you, the heat of her body and the tightness of her pussy, even if she was sobbing next to your ear. Soon, though, the weight of your guilt began to surface once more, and you wondered if you had not just made things worse. “Do you...” you softly asked, unable to remain quiet any longer, “*want* to have a baby?”

Diane sobbed a bit before answering, at least it appeared the worse of her tears had passed. “Sometimes,” she softly admitted, “I kinda want to know what is like to feel it grow inside me, to see my belly swell with life, it feel like... a miracle... that a new life can grow inside me,” she paused, and you could feel her pussy gently pulsing around your soft member, enough to make it start to grow again, “but then I realize I can’t take care of a baby, that I would have to leave school, get a job flipping burgers, and even then mom would be the one having to work even more to take care of things, and I fear I might... *hate* him for it...” she tightened her hug on you at that, and you feared she would start to cry once more, “I’m sorry to dump all this on you, it’s not your fault,” she finished.

“It is!” you suddenly cried out, unable to bear the guilt any more, “you said you didn’t wanted to have sex, and I still did it!” you continued, tears leaving your eyes,

“and I hurt you, and you forgave me, but then... then you... you got pregnant,” you were having trouble breathing, but you had to get it out your chest, “and you didn’t... you didn’t blame me. Why didn’t you tell it was me?”

“There, there,” she said as she hugged you. You wanted to tell her more, that you had done thing with your other cousins, that you hadn’t thought about her since then, but all you could do was bawl while Diane tenderly hugged you. Finally your tears reduced themselves to sobs, “are you feeling better?” she asked, still on top of you, her warm body giving you comfort, your limp penis having left her tight hole without either of you noticing.

You nodded, and it was true. Even if crying had solved nothing, even if you had not say even a fraction of what you had to, you felt better. Her hug made you feel better, knowing she didn’t hate you made you feel better.

“To answer your question,” she continued, “I’m in enough trouble as it is, if I had tell mom it was yours... I might be on my way to a convent for raping my cousin.”

“You didn’t raped me!” you quickly stated, you almost wanted to say *you* had, but that wasn’t true either, as guilty as you felt, you couldn’t say that first encounter had been rape in any way.

“I know, I know,” she assured you, “but I’m older, I shouldn’t have let things get out of control, so in the end is my responsibility, so it’s true, it wasn’t your fault, and I’m sorry I dumped all this on you.”

You weren’t sure how to respond to that. On a level it was easy to accept her words and ease your burden, but you felt that was an easy way out, something you shouldn’t take. “So you... don’t hate me?” you asked.

“No, of course not,” she quickly said, “I mean, I was angry and afraid when I found out I was pregnant, and I wanted to punch you... but, I realized you did nothing I didn’t wanted you to do and, well, I *really* enjoyed what we did back then... and right now, so no, I don’t hate you at all.”

“So... that means we can... do this again?” you asked. Feeling your fears recede was having an effect on your cock, and having her naked body on top of you, her nipples rubbing your chest and your hands caressing her naked back was making your erection return.

Diane lifter her head to look at you. Her eyes were red and swollen from crying, but she actually had a smile on her face. She turned to look at the clock besides her bed. “You do realize after I had the... procedure, we won’t be able to, ever again, right?” she asked, “It would be hard to explain another baby with mom keeping me locked up in my room.”

You nodded, the sadness of not being with her softened by her clear willingness to

have sex with you again right then. “So I can’t *take care* of you after the... procedure?” you joked.

“Don’t tempt me,” she said, lowering her lips on yours. The kiss was very salty from all your tears, and yet it was one of the best ones you had experienced, like a balm to your bruised soul. You didn’t even try to violate the kiss with your mouth, but let Diane’s in when she pressed it against your lips.

You moved your hands down her body, caressing her back, her hips and finally her buttocks, this was another area where Diane completely outclassed Ann or Aura, her butt was full and tight, firmer than her breasts but oh so very nice on your hands. You wondered why you hadn’t grabbed it before, as Diane started moaning when your hands massage it. You also pulled it towards your erection, that had completely recovered by now, trying to find the hole that had given you so much.

“Wait,” said Diane when your tip finally touched her groin, breaking the kiss, “since this is probably the last sex I’ll have in, like, forever, I want to try something,” she said, climbing out of you, and lying on the bed, face down, with a pillow under her belly, so her hips and ass were a bit raised and her legs opened wide behind her, “now put it in while you hug me from behind,” she said, “I read about this in a magazine, it’s supposed to be great.”

You weren’t sure about that, but you moved behind her, your eyes drawn to her raised buttocks. In that position her asshole was clearly visible, and it looked weirdly appealing there, nothing dirty like you had imagine, but just a wrinkle of pink skin. Underneath that was her pussy, the lips opened and a few red spots still marking her deflowering. Her actual hole was right in the middle, and even as you looked, her movements pushed a big drop of white cum out, the thick substance hanging for a bit before sliding down over her clit, hanging there a moment and finally dropping on the pillow.

You weren’t sure why, but witnessing that was hot as hell. Perhaps it was the knowledge that your stuff was still inside her, or that it was the same stuff that was now forcing your baby to grow in her womb. Perhaps it was the thought that you had just bathed your would-be baby with the same stuff. In any case, that sight made your already hard cock even harder, and you wasted no time in lining up to her and pushing inside, forcing another dollop of your stuff back inside her, where it belonged.

You both moaned as you entered her. And she expressed her pleasure when your arms found her breasts as you hugged her, your whole body on top of her.

The position was weird, the way her body intertwine with yours was very different than when you were face to face. You could feel the softness of her buttocks on your lower belly, and the way her back arched when you pushed inside rubbed your chest.

Your hands had a very easy time groping her boobs and the nape of her neck was just begging for you to kiss it.

Besides all that, your cock was being handled in a completely different way. If you thought a vagina was just a tight and wet passage you had been sorely mistaken. Entering from behind showed you it had a whole lot of turns and textures, apparently designed to make you feel even better. You had thought you wouldn't be able to get as far in with her buttocks on the way, but soon found that your balls were happily slapping against her clit, as it was very easy to piston your hips in and out of her quickly with just a slight movement on your part. "Yes! go deeper! just like that!" encouraged you Diane as your moments began to quicken.

"Want me to tell you how I want to put a baby in you again?" you asked between moans to her ear, remembering your previous encounter. Back then that had been almost enough to made you stop, but now, after crying on her shoulder and being reassured she didn't hate you, it somehow seemed like a nice thing.

"Only if you want," answered Diane, her speech interrupted by your thrusts. You weren't sure, but her pussy seemed to clench you even harder at that.

"I want to, I really do," you said, slowing a bit to make sure you entered as far as you could each time, "I want to make your belly big with my baby," you said, puncturing each word with a hard thrust inside her, "I want your boobs to grow big and give milk," you added, fondling her breasts, trying to find her hard nipples to caress them.

"What about school, my life?" asked Diane, her pussy contracting and pulling your member in.

"I don't care!" you said, amazed at your own conviction, "I'm gonna cum inside and made you a mother, and then I'm gonna come back and do it again!" you said, feeling your climax approaching.

"Yes! do it!" cried out Diane under you as your hips started moving almost on their own, going as fast as you could as your balls got ready to fill her already pregnant womb with your seed, "put a baby in me! make me pregnant, fill me up!"

You weren't sure, but you could swore you both came at the same time, your cousin's pussy squeezing you while you shot a second dose of baby batter into her womb. Even if it was your second climax in a short time, and had been much less powerful than the first one, it had felt so much better. This time as you snuggled on top of your cousin in the afterglow you weren't just trying to use the pleasure to hold the pain at bay, you could actually enjoy the feelings of closeness to the girl you had just inseminated.

"Wow, I'm gonna miss that," said Diane under you, her body still trembling, even as your cock exited her stuffed hole.

"I could... I mean, we could try to do it again," you said into her ear, really wishing

you could continue to do this for ever and ever, “I could pretend to come play with Rodri and find some time to—”

“No,” she cut you, moving so you had to roll away from her, “I have to put an end to this here,” she said, turning and looking at you, “it’s not that I don’t like it, or that I would probably end up pregnant again within a week,” she explained, her face showing the effort saying those words had on her, “but it’s *wrong*. You’re my little cousin, I can’t do this to you.” with that she lowered her eyes, and then, finding the sheets, started to cover herself.

“But... you’re not doing anything to me,” you complained, “I love this, and we can be careful, I can get condoms, or something—”

“That’s exactly what I’m doing to you,” she again interrupted you, caressing your face with a hand, the other holding the sheet in place, completely hiding her naked state, “we can’t be together, you have to find someone special to do this with, someone you can take out on dates, and kiss in public, and who *will* have your babies,” she explained while her fingers wiped the tears that once more filled your eyes, “and be sure to always wear protection with her, for her parents might not be as cool as mine about it.”

“So... never again?” you asked, your throat threatening to close on the words.

“Never again.” she sentenced, and somehow it seemed to be harder on her than on you.

“Can I at least touch the... baby, once more?” you asked, not really knowing why.

“I guess,” she agreed, moving the sheet aside to reveal her tummy. You also got a glimpse of her pussy, glistening with your cum, but your hand moved over her belly, to press down until you felt a little hard ball in there.

“I can feel it,” you said, smiling.

“Once mom lets me out and I’m ready to be a mom, I’ll let you feel it again, Ok?”

You nodded, your hand still on her belly while your tears clouded your vision.

Somehow you found yourself hugging Diane as you both shed the last of your tears. You wondered how you could cry so much, in so little time, for so many different reason, and with so many different feelings. These tears weren’t of fear or guilt, not even completely of sadness, they were almost tears of gratitude for what your cousin had shared with you, and how she had cleaned a wound you hadn’t even realize you had, that had grown infected.

“As much as I love having a shoulder to cry, I think we should clean up, I don’t want mom to ground me for the rest of my life,” said Diane, moving away from your arms. You just nodded, not really knowing what to do, “Go take a quick shower, I’ll tidy up here, and when mom returns, we’ll say you came to see how I was and I barfed on you,

Ok?” she said, even as she hurried to pick up your clothes and the bedsheets.

You spent the shower and the time after that helping Diane with the washing machine and making sure no trace of your activities remained, but that was just mechanical. Inside you were replaying how your cousin had been able to stop what you were doing with her will alone, just because she knew it was wrong and as the older one she took responsibility.

She didn’t know, but you were in exactly the same situation. What you were doing with Ann was wrong, you knew it, and you were the older one, so it would have to be *your* responsibility to stop it, no matter how much you wanted to continue, or how much it would hurt you and her to stop. And it really hurt, even thinking about it hurt, but you also had a new determination to do it, before things would get out of control.

12 Consequences

The next two weeks found you swinging from extreme to extreme in your determination, from picturing not only Diane, but also Ann and Aura pregnant with your babies while you masturbated, to feeling almost sick with fear at the same image afterwards, promising not to touch yourself again thinking about that.

The weekend after your last chat with Diane your mom didn’t joined you at your grandparents house, saying she had to help Diane’s mom with something. You could imagine *what*, and the thought that your cousin was at the doctor, doing *that*, in result to what you’ve done to her, helped put Ann out of your mind. Although Ann didn’t show, once more staying with her classmate for school activities.

You tried to get your mom to take you to Diane during the week, pretending you wanted to play with Rodri, but she told you your aunt was very busy and had sent Rodri with his father for a while. That didn’t stopped her from visiting almost daily, and you wondered how Diane would be after the procedure. Thinking she no longer carried your baby put a weird weigh on your gut, you knew it was for the best, and that you should be relieved things hadn’t ended up worse, and yet you just couldn’t stop from worrying.

At least that feeling helped you control your horniness when Ann ran up to you and hugged you the moment you entered your grandparents house next weekend. She was wearing the same red dress with blue ribbons from when you had danced with her and had the first chance to see her panties, so many months ago. The way she smiled at you, her soft little body pressed against you in the hug, and the way her eyes dropped to your groin when she let go told you she hadn’t forget what you had done at the party,

or the promise you had shared after you took her virginity.

Being almost sure your little cousin wanted a repeat of your first time put a heavy burden on your decision to do the right thing and stop doing exactly that, but it was only after seeing Ann's wishful eyes that you realized you had no idea how to actually do it.

The greetings by the rest of the family bought you some time, as Cesar immediately invited you to play on Richard's Nintendo, and with an untold apology to Anne, you followed, leaving her with a sad face.

That distraction didn't last, though, for soon Cesar got bored of the video games and decided to go out to play ball, Ann taking his control. Before you knew it you found yourself alone in the TV room with your cousin. If Cesar invited you to play with him, you were too focused on the game to listen to him. In fact, if Ann hadn't moved closer to you, cuddling against your body, you probably could have continued playing without realizing the change for a while.

You still felt protected, for the door was opened, and the voices of all the adults could be heard outside. Before the party, you and Ann had a few close calls when you tried to get into her panties like that, and so Ann just lay against you, her frustration palpable.

"Come with me," she suddenly said, getting up and dropping the game control. She didn't wait, running out past the dinning hall where your dad was chatting with your uncles and grandparents. You followed, wondering if she was gonna pursue her brother outside. But just outside, she turned around and went into the garage. Your grandparents used it as a storage area, and you just managed to see her disappearing inside.

You had a good idea what Ann wanted, but the garage wasn't really a good hiding spot, it was connected to the dinning room from inside the house, so it would be easy for someone to enter looking for something. In fact, the only reason you could think for Ann to run out and then into the garage was to trick the adults into thinking you were playing outside.

Still, it took you a bit to find her in the confined space, until a small racket made you look up, to find Ann climbing the slim ladder that connected to the roof. You knew about it, but since it was strictly forbidden for any of you to go there, you had never thought to use that as a hiding spot. Apparently Ann was so desperate for some alone time that she was even willing to break your grandma's rules.

You swallowed the warning that grew in your chest and followed your young cousin up. Unable to help yourself from looking up and under her dress, where her white panties greeted you. Part of you knew you were playing with fire, that if you started

you wouldn't be able to stop.

"See? we can play here," said Ann, pointing to an old storage area with an old couch under a shed. You had to admit it would be a great hiding spot, and anyone coming would be easily spotted... but you had to stay firm.

"Ann, we can't keep doing this," you finally said, trying to remember how Diane did it.

"What?" she asked, her smile dropping.

"It's not... right—"

"But you promised!" she said, stomping her little feet, "you said next time it wouldn't hurt and you would make me feel good again!" with that she jumped on the couch, lifted her little legs up and in a fluid motion pulled her panties off and opened her legs, giving you a lovely view of her naked mons. Her little hand offering her panties to you as her open legs displayed her charms, leaving no doubt about what she wanted, "Pleeeese."

The sight was too much for you, amidst your doubts and worries you hadn't masturbated for a couple days, and hearing the frustration on your young cousin's voice teared down your defenses.

Before you knew it your lips had made contact with her lovely pussy once more, as Ann happily giggled and moved her hips to help you kiss her privates deeper. Your hands took hold of her raised legs and forced them to the sides, the movement opening her inner lips and revealing her pink inside to your hungry tongue.

From the first lap all across her open pussy you noticed the difference from last time you had done that. Before, your tongue would pass cleanly all over her entrance, from the bottom to her little clit, almost without any irregularities, but now you could feel your tongue getting trapped at the entrance to her pussy each time you lapped at her. A new pang of regret pierced you as you realized that was the proof you had stolen her virginity, that some day she would learn what you had done and maybe come to hate you for it.

It was almost enough to make you stop, but by now her little hands were holding your head in, her movements much more deliberate as her giggles turned into moans and her sweet flavor flowed into your tongue. Perhaps you could not give Ann back her purity, but at least you could give her pleasure. You moved your lips up, kissing and licking at her as you focused more on her hard little clit. Ann jumped at that, her body shuddering as her cries of pleasure grew in intensity until with a long last moan you felt her body tremble and a small stream of fluid entered your mouth as her hand pulled you down in what you hoped was a nice climax.

You kept on lapping at her, trying to make it as good for her as you could, until her

hands let go of your head and actually pushed you off. Ann was sprawled on the couch, breathing hard, but with a big smile on her face. Her eyes found yours and her smile only grew bigger, a sight of pure love at you that melted your heart and broke it at the same time.

“Are you gonna put it inside now?” she then asked, her sight going to your groin, her legs opening up once more, giving you free access to her glistering pussy, the entrance to her body clearly visible there, “if it doesn’t hurt, you can do it... that’ll feel good to you, right?”

You could only nod while you fought to get your pants down. All thought of stopping forgotten by the prospect of sliding inside her tight hole once more. Your cock was as hard as you could remember it, already dripping precum and quite ready to go off.

You almost tripped on your pants as you got over Ann, a hand moving her legs back over her, her knees almost touching her chest, while the other guided your hard member to her opening. Her entrance was soft, warm and wet, and you only had to press in a little for your glans to sink into her tight body.

Ann whimpered a little at that, but didn’t complained, and with a moan of satisfaction you pressed on until you felt your tip bump against something inside her.

“It went deeper than before,” commented Ann, a hand touching her belly where your penis was knocking on her end.

“It doesn’t... hurt?” you managed to ask as your hips pulled back and then back in. She was so tight it was almost painful to force your cock in and out, and yet you could not stop.

“It feels weird,” said Ann, her little fingers following your cock over her belly as you moved back and forth.

“I’m gonna...” was all the warning you could give before pressing down as you felt your climax upon you and your cock started shooting long streams of your seed right against her nine-year-old womb. A picture of your little cousin running around with a big belly crossed your mind as the realization hit you that once more you were playing with fire, but your body’s only response was to spurt a new big dollop of sperm-laden cum inside her. After a few days of not having release, you felt like you were cumming buckets inside your young cousin as the pleasure of each ejaculation made your whole body tremble.

“Are you peeing your white stuff?” she asked when you stopped moving, your cock pulsing as you inseminated her, “I don’t want it dripping out,” she added, her hand still pressing down on her belly where your cock was filling her up.

You tried to remain inside after your orgasm ended, but very soon your cock lost it’s hardness and slipped out, followed by a small stream of your cum. “Quick, put on

your panties,” you ordered Ann, pulling her dress from under her so your cum would not stain it.

Ann obeyed, pulling her white panties back on just as a thick stream threatened to escape her. The crotch of her panties quickly dampening as it held your sperm in. “But now they’re dirty,” she complained, her fingers rubbing the growing dark spot.

“But it won’t drip out of you,” you said.

“It didn’t hurt,” said Ann, her fingers still playing with her groin, “but it felt weird when you had your thing all the way inside, and it tickled when you started peeing,” she laughed, “can we do it again?” she asked, once more opening her legs, her damp panties hiding little of her recently fucked pussy.

“Ann... we... we can’t do that anymore,” you finally managed to say, your eyes downcast, unable to look at her.

“Why?” even without looking you could feel the pain in her words.

“It’s wrong!” you almost shouted, “and if your parents knew... they would...”

You only heard a sob before Anne ran out, pushing you out of the way. You could hear her crying even as she went down the stairs. Not knowing what to do, you followed, feeling like shit twice over, first for abusing her, and then for breaking her heart.

The whole family received you in the living room. Ann was crying over her mother, who gently caress her hair, the rest of the adults turned to you. “What happened?” asked you dad.

“I... I just...”

“He hates me!” cried out Ann into her mother’s lap, “He don’t wanna play with me!”

Her words really hurt you, but the rest of the adults seemed to relax at that.

“Don’t say that,” comfort her your aunt, “I’m sure he loves you, he just wants to play other games, right?”

“Y... yes,” you answered, as apparently all present were edging you to also comfort Ann, “I don’t hate you, Ann... I just... we can play other games...”

Ann just turned back to her mom and cried even harder. You didn’t know what else to do, you wanted to comfort her, and you extended a hand to touch her, but your aunt signaled you to move back. “Give her some time,” she mouthed to you with a smile.

You just nodded, slowly turning around. Your dad had a serious expression, but just point you back out. The knot in your gut only got worse once you were alone in front of the house. You wanted to think you had done the right thing, but it all felt wrong. Not only you had broke your cousin’s heart, but right before that you had taken advantage of her once more. What if she got pregnant, like Diane, what if they didn’t notice until it was too late...? what if the *did* notice?

You sat there, not knowing what to think or do, until Cesar returned. You didn't remember what you said to him, but he left you alone. Before you knew it the sky was dark, and suddenly a hand was on your hair.

"Don't worry too much," it was your dad, "Ann went to sleep... she's just a child, and she loves you a lot, but she'll be fine... still, was she bothering you?"

You shook your head.

"Then you should have been more careful with your words. Words can hurt a lot, you know. Next time you see her I want you to apologize, and I want you to spend time playing with her. It doesn't have to be the whole day, but make sure she feels she's important to you, Ok?"

You just nodded, not sure how you could do that.

13 Apology

You spent the next week feeling like shit. The sight of Ann crying and saying you hated her stayed in your mind all week. That, coupled with all the feelings and thought about Diane, and how *she* had been able to deal with thing much better than you, didn't even allowed you to masturbate at all.

Furthermore, as the weekend approached you grew more and more concerned about how to deal with Ann. You didn't know how you could apologize to her, what if she still expected you to do something with her, could you resist the temptation? What if she threatened to tell what you had done? What is she still thinks you hate her? There was simply no good outcome that could enter your mind. What if she was *pregnant*...

Therefore is was no surprise you were dragging your feet on Sunday morning, so much that your mom grabbed you and asked: "What's the matter with you? Don't you wanna go play with your cousins?"

You just lowered your head.

"Wouldn't you get bored here, all alone?"

"No..." you looked up at her. Was she for real? with the TV all for you, and your computer...

"Well, if you really don't want to go, I guess you can stay."

"*Really?*"

"Sure, I'm not gonna drag you against your will, you're big enough to decide on your own." she smiled and continued getting ready to leave, while you stood there not believing the feeling of relief that washed over you.

* * *

It was late at night when you heard the door as your parents returned. It had been a peaceful, almost boring Sunday, just what you needed after a week of worrying. In the back of your mind you knew you were just postponing the inevitable, but for now it was nice to be able to relax.

You were watching TV when your parents entered, and it was soon clear something was wrong, for you mom looked worried as she sat in front of you, while your dad went on to their room without even greeting you.

“We need to talk.” said softly your mom.

“What... what happened?”

“Aura’s parents told us Aura told them you two were... that you *touched* her during the camping trip.”

You felt your blood turn to ice, and your face was all the answer your mom needed to know it was true.

“Look, it’s normal to be curious about... sex, at your age,” she moved a bit closer to you on the couch, and in the brief moment you lifted your eyes, you could see she was close to tears, “but Aura is too young for that. She was really scared, she had a health class in school and ran to her parents fearing she was pregnant... and... you *only*... touched each other, right?”

What could you said? The image of Aura getting out of the river, her virgin blood matting her groin came to your mind. You didn’t raised your head, just nodded slightly, not even sure what that meant anymore.

“Aura is fine,” continued your mom, apparently taking your gesture as a reaffirmation you weren’t a complete monster, “and her parents understand that what you did was... innocent,” you almost jumped when she took your hand in hers, you were shaking, your palms sweaty and cold, “we’re not mad at you, just... disappointed, you understand what you did was wrong, right?”

Again you just nodded, not daring raising your eyes. As you heard your mom talked it was almost like you weren’t the recipient to her words, like you were just an spectator.

“We agreed you have to apologize to them, and to Aura... but we’re not going to punish you... it’s... normal, to explore your sexuality, you just have to do it... in a safe way, Ok?”

That made you raise your eyes. Your mom was looking at you with love, even as the tears ran down her face, *she* was forgiving you for all you’ve done, and even if she didn’t know everything you’ve done, it was a balm to feel her love.

“I’m going to tell you...” she made a pause, this time lowering her own eyes, “remember I’ve been visiting Patricia a lot lately? Well, truth is Diane got in trouble, she got herself pregnant, and I’ve been helping Patricia deal with it... I’m just happy

that you... well, that this happened, so we could have this chat, so you know enough not to get a girl pregnant.”

“How is Diane?” you blurted out, the weight of her words loss at the mention of you cousin.

“She’s fine... she’s not having the baby, she’s too young for that.”

“So she...”

“She had an abortion, almost two weeks ago,” she looked at you, “do you know what that is?”

The rest of the chat turned into a weird sex-ed class, with your mom asking you how much you knew about things, and then explaining them anyways. You only half payed attention, still numb over the shock of being discovered, and then forgiven. On top of the shame you felt, you also felt angry at Aura for telling, at Diane for *not* telling, and at the world for punishing you with this when you had finally pushed Ann away. Then back to the shame of what you had done, and the fear that Ann would also tattled.

* * *

In the end you had to give a lengthy apology to Aura’s parents. You mom made you rehears it several times before next Sunday, but at least once it was over Louie smiled at you and told you everything was fine. Aura wasn’t present, and Ann was once again away with her classmates.

From then on you decided to use your newfound freedom to refuse to visit your grandparents as much as you could. Attending only when there was a special occasion. After a couple months with no more nasty surprises, you started breathing a little easier, trusting Ann would not tell, and that neither her nor Aura were pregnant.

Next time you encountered Ann, she behaved as if nothing had happened, but kept her distance from you, not trying to invite you to play or talk to you other than initially greeting you. You weren’t sure what she was *really* feeling, but accepted her attempt at normalcy at face value and ran with it, hoping she had really put all behind her.

You didn’t saw Aura again in years. Her parents plan to move failed, they had to go even further away and so it would be years before you encounter her or Adolph once more, by then Aura was a young woman from the arm of her fiancé.

Diane was perhaps the one that stayed closer to you after all those troubles. She always greeted you with a smile and a big hug whenever you visited, and behaved in her exuberant and carefree way with apparently no lasting consequence of your brief affair. Over the years she introduced you to a veritable string of boyfriends, most of them clowns, according to your aunt, until she settled with one and had a child, still fairly young. You never asked about your previous relation, and she never offered anything else.

For your part, it took you a while to realize how deep the scars of those few months went inside you, and it didn't help that you were unable to talk to anyone about it. They say you only truly get over something when you are able to laugh about it, and it took you years and several relationships to get to that point, but eventually you managed, and though it was still a dark stain in your past, you've finally accepted it as it happened, and were able to move on.