

Introduction: My cousin Stacy lends a helping hand while I'm pregnant.

Curious Cousin

By Kinkybelle

This is a true story that took place in the summer of 1984.

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I was a big, sweaty cow. I stood naked in front of the mirror and wanted to cry.

My pregnant belly juttet out from my otherwise slender frame. My swollen breasts hung down, almost touching the top of my eight-month bulge. I hadn't been able to trim my pussy in months and it had become a wild tangle. I was disgusting.

Instead of crying, I laughed at myself. Only yesterday I stood in the exact same spot, staring at the exact same body, and was glowing over how beautiful I looked. My big tummy was full of a new life, my breasts were filling with nourishing milk, and my pussy was as nature intended it. Thanks for the mood swings, hormones!

"Julie?" It was Stacy's voice coming from the bedroom. "You in there? Breakfast's ready."

"I'm not hungry," I grumped.

"You might not be, but your baby is."

I heard her in the next room collecting my dirty laundry from the hamper. She was right, I no longer had the luxury of thinking only of myself. I put on my robe and came out of the bathroom. Stacy smiled cheerily when she saw me and hefted the basket of clothes.

"Come down and eat, then we'll do something about that hair." She turned and bounced away with the casual energy of youth. Listen to me, not even thirty yet and I was begrudging my beautiful cousin her teenage vitality. I pulled my untamed mess into a careless ponytail, crammed my bloated feet into fuzzy slippers, and shuffled downstairs.

I ate the fruit salad, whole grain toast, and protein smoothie Stacy had made for me, and it lifted my mood. My attitude was further improved by watching my sexy cousin flit around the kitchen in her tight little t-shirt and shorts, seemingly oblivious to how arousing

her bare legs were.

"Did Don call last night?" she asked as she emptied the dishwasher.

"I called him, but they had him roofing all day in the sun, so he was too tired to talk much." He'd only been away for two days, but I missed him like it had been months. "It's just as well. We can't afford the long distance charges, anyway."

"I'm sure he's thinking about you, and the baby." Stacy came over and gave me a little hug around my shoulders, then collected my dirty plates. This briefest and most innocent of touches set my skin to tingling. Here I was feeling sad over my absent husband, and getting a little turned on by my sweet cousin at the same time. Those hormones again.

"I know he's thinking of us, but I don't know if I can go two weeks without him."

"Oh, I get what you mean. When my boyfriend went abroad on an exchange program I felt the same way. I was missing him so much that one time when he called I started talking dirty, and that did the trick for me."

"That's not what I meant." It sounded like a snitty rebuff, not at all what I had intended. As soon as the words left my mouth I regretted them. She blushed a deep crimson and turned away to set the dishwasher cycle. I'd never seen color come to someone's cheeks so fast! She was trying to help and I should have gone along with it instead of embarrassing her like that.

"I'm going to go turn the sprinklers off," Stacy mumbled, and hurried out the back door.

I had forgotten what it was like to be nineteen and so sensitive about everything. She had come all the way out here on her summer break to help me while Don was away, and I wasn't making things easy for her. I looked out the window and saw her trying to move one of the sprinklers closer to the flower beds without getting herself wet. I smiled and resolved to make a better effort to be more considerate to her. And to those delicious legs.

The sun was bright, my hormones were raging, and it was shaping up to be a hot day.

I settled down on the sofa and flipped on the TV, cycling through dozens of channels and finding nothing of interest. Stacy came in and went straight to the basement to put the wash in the dryer. She came

back up and swept the kitchen, changed the litter box, and began dusting. I was getting exhausted just watching her.

"Stacy, take a break and come sit down with me."

She finished cleaning the end table, put all the family photos and nick-nacks back in place, then sat.

"I'm sorry about earlier," she began. "It was none of my business. I shouldn't have said that about--"

"Please don't be sorry," I cut her off. "With the complications, and my husband being gone, I'm a little on edge. I know you meant well, but Don and I haven't been 'romantic' since I came home from the hospital, so I am somewhat frustrated in the that department, if you know what I mean."

"You don't have to explain. I shouldn't have stuck my nose in something that personal."

"Oh, please." I took her hand and gave it a reassuring squeeze. "We're family, there's nothing too personal that you and I can't share." That relieved the discomfort some and her smile returned.

"Want me to brush your hair for you?"

"I would love it."

Stacy went and fetched a brush, comb, and some hair clips. She had me sit in the center of the sofa, then she climbed up behind me and sat up on the back part of the couch. Her legs were to either side of me, her knees brushing against my shoulders, and her crotch only inches behind my head.

She freed my hair from its pony tail and went gently about her work. She ran her fingers through first, removing the worst of the tangles. Her short, neatly manicured fingernails grazed across my scalp and sent chills down my back. It felt good to be touched.

Stacy switched to the brush and drew it through my hair. Her strokes were slow and smooth. She took her time, knowing herself how wonderful it was to be pampered in this fashion. Her purpose wasn't to fix my hair, it was to tell me something more meaningful.

Her leg rubbed up against my arm when she shifted. I reflexively ran my hand along the soft skin of her lower leg.

"You're so smooth." I couldn't detect a trace of stubble.

"I don't get hair on my legs at all," she told me. "Don't even have to shave."

"I'm so jealous. These days, mine would put Sasquatch to shame."

"Stop it, you have beautiful legs, Julie."

I closed my eyes and smiled as the stress of the past couple weeks dissolved a little more with each pull of the brush. I was feeling a sharp twinge in my back, but I was ready to happily endure it in exchange for the indulgent pleasure of this moment. After several long, luxuriant minutes I noticed that beads of sweat were now rolling down my skin beneath my robe.

"I can't believe it's this hot already and it's not even noon yet."

"Want me to turn on the air conditioner?" Stacy offered.

"That old thing is next to useless. It would be just as hot in here, but our electric bill would be double."

"How about cooling off with a bath?"

"Mmm, that sounds nice."

"You relax, and I'll go get it ready." She climbed out from behind me. "Bubbles?"

"No, thanks." I didn't want any visual obstructions. "But there's a bottle of bath oil in the linen closet. Could you put a little of that in for me."

"Sure thing." She bounced upstairs and I could feel my anticipation mounting.

By the time I hauled myself off the couch and up the stairs she had the bath ready. We had an old house and the tub was one of those big, stand-alone things sitting up on feet. It was fitted with a shower fixture, but the sides were so high it was a pain to get in and out of. On the other hand, the one thing it was really good for was baths.

"All set," Stacy said. "I added the oil, and I put the towels here. Let me know if you need anything else." She headed for the door.

"Actually," I said before she could leave. "I'm going to need some help getting in. The doctor said I can't risk a fall, or even a slip, right now."

"I wasn't even thinking, duh!" She came to my side and I slipped off my robe.

I was naked in front of my cousin for the first time. I noticed her eyes went immediately to my breasts, and widened upon seeing my huge, dark nipples. I swear my nips had grown almost twice as big during the pregnancy, and covered nearly the entire ends of my breasts.

Stacy held my hand for balance, and put her arm around my hip to catch me if I teetered. I carefully stepped up into the tub and she supported me as I settled down into the water. The temperature was just right. Cool enough to be refreshing without giving a shock to the system. I lay back and stretched my legs out and felt the heat dissipate.

"Oh, Stacy, what a good idea. Thanks."

"Sure," her eyes were still fixed on my naked body, "I'll let you alone now."

"Would you mind staying? In case I need to get out quickly."

"All right, no problem." She put the lid down on the toilet and took a seat. We were facing each other, and she was trying not to be too obvious about looking at me. Without bubbles in the bath the water was clear and she could see everything from her vantage.

"It's amazing what having a kid does to you," I remarked casually. "My boobs are out of control. I mean look at these nipples!"

"Julie, you have no idea how beautiful you look." She couldn't help but bring her attention back to my body. "You're so, I don't know, womanly and...just beautiful." She seemed to have been about to say 'sexy,' but demurred.

"Thanks. I don't believe a word of it, but it's nice to hear."

"I'm not lying, and I bet Don thinks the same as me."

"Maybe, but if he does, he's not showing it. That's part of the reason why I was a little testy when you brought up the phone sex." She looked pained and that blush was instantly back on her cheek. "It's okay, it's not your fault. He's been real skittish around me since the complications started, so we haven't had any kind of sex for about three months."

"Doesn't he know that it won't hurt the baby?"

"He says he doesn't want to take any chances. And what's worse, I can't even take care of myself in the meantime." Stacy looked a little shocked at that, but she leaned closer to listen. "I tried a few times, but the way I have to reach around my belly so I don't press on it, and the pressure in my stomach muscles when I do, gets me kind of skittish, too."

"You poor thing. So you haven't had any orgasms for three whole months?" It was so cute the way she whispered the word 'orgasms.'

"This little boy hasn't even been born yet and he's already messing up my sex life." If I had only known then how he would make it up to me in years to come.

We chatted for a while, and when my fingers and toes turned to prunes, Stacy helped me out of the tub. She patted me dry with a towel and I enjoyed being spoiled. Stacy seemed to be taking it slow, spending more time than she needed on the task. She knelt down and dried my hips and butt, working her way down the back of my legs, then around up the front. She dabbed timidly at my pubic hair, and then up to my pregnant belly. She was obviously enjoying the experience as much as I.

Stacy helped me on with my robe, and I took the chance to give her a little kiss on the cheek. She accepted it with a shy smile, and I went to lie down in my bedroom while she cleaned up the bathroom. When she was done, Stacy poked her head into my room. I was lying atop my bed, still in just my robe.

"Feeling better?" she asked.

"So much better, thanks. But could you do me one more quick favor and hand me that jar of vitamin-E cream." I pointed to my dresser and she picked it up.

"What's this for?"

"It's supposed to help prevent stretch marks. I want to continue my career as a Sports Illustrated swimsuit model after I have the baby." We laughed. She came to the side of the bed, but didn't hand the jar over right away.

"If you want...I could put it on for you."

"You don't have to do that," I objected weakly.

"I don't mind at all. You just relax and let me take care of you."

"I like the sound of that."

Stacy sat down on the bed and unscrewed the lid of the jar. I knew she was expecting me to uncover my belly, but I wanted her to do it so I could see how she handled it. She pulled the sash and untied it, then parted the robe so only my stomach was showing. After a moment she decided it wasn't enough.

"I don't want to get any on your robe, so..." She opened it completely. I was lying exposed to her once again. Breasts, belly, and bush. She scooped out some cream and touched it to my skin. Her hand moved in small tentative circles and it felt very nice for me. "My mom didn't want me to come, you know."

"Oh? Why not?"

"She's always said there's something strange about your family."

"All families are strange in one way or another. Did she say why?"

"Kind of." Stacy gathered another large dollop of cream and smoothed it over the top of my belly. Her caresses were becoming more firm and confident. "My mom said once, a long while ago when she was at your house, she saw you and your little sister kissing...and neither of you were wearing underpants."

"Your mom was spying on us? She sounds like the strange one."

"Then, when we came up for your graduation party, she said she noticed that you and your sister slept in the same bed together, even though you were both in high school."

"She's a regular Sherlock Holmes, that one."

Stacy went back to the jar one more time. She spread the cream on the underside of my belly. Her hand moved slowly as it glided lower until it was only inches from my pussy. She lingered there rubbing back and forth with gentle strokes, the back of her hand brushing against the topmost reaches of my untrimmed pubic hair.

"So...there was nothing 'weird' between you and your sister?" she asked in a quiet voice.

"There might have been. What would you consider weird?" I was being purposely coy, attempting to draw her out a little. The color came to her round cheeks, and she wasn't able to look me in the eye.

"Well, like, did you two do stuff together? I mean, you know...sex

stuff..."

"We did." I said plainly and smiled. I opened my legs the tiniest bit as I spoke, trying not to make it obvious what I was doing. "She and I did a lot of sex stuff together, actually."

"Like what?" she asked a bit too eagerly, then remembered herself. "You don't have to say..."

"No, it's okay, I don't mind telling you since you're family. We played a lot of kissing games, and that was always fun for us. We'd cuddle under our covers at night and rub our naked bodies together. And, sometimes, we'd touch each other's naughty places."

"I wish I'd had a sister like you growing up." Her hand had stopped moving and she was once again staring at my ridiculously oversized nipples. I could feel them stiffening under her gaze. Then I felt something else.

I reached down and took her hand, and moved it to the side of my belly. She gasped with delight.

"I felt him kick!" The baby kicked again right beneath her hand. "That is so amazing!"

"I think you're making him horny, too."

Stacy giggled, not sure how much of what I was saying was a joke. She leaned down and put her cheek against my tummy as my baby continued to kick. I put my hand on her hair and held her to me. I found myself wishing it was my sister here instead, but also excited at the prospect of being this intimate with someone new.

It had been ten years since my graduation party when Stacy was just nine years old, and I hadn't seen her again until my wedding almost two years ago. I remembered noticing then what a beautiful young woman she had become. When she called me out of the blue and offered to come stay with me while Don was away, I was surprised to say the least. My sister was out of the country for work, and I didn't want to have to resort to asking my mom for help (long story). When I took her up on her offer I had no idea it would lead to this.

"Julie?" Stacy said, then hesitated. "I was thinking..." She tickled her fingers along my thigh as she tried to get at what she wanted to say. "I could maybe help you with that."

"With what, sweetie?" I knew what she meant, but I wanted to hear it.

"If you really are so...horny, that's a kind of stress, right? And probably not good for the baby."

"That's true, but what can I do?"

"What if maybe I do it for you?" Her words were barely more than a whisper. She still couldn't look at me as she spoke, keeping her head against my belly, her hand poised at the top of my thigh. I could feel that familiar ache between my legs and I knew there was no way I could resist her offer.

"Do it for me?"

"You know, touch you down there so you can have an orgasm."

"Oh, Stacy, I would like that very much, but I couldn't ask you do something like that."

"It's okay, I want to," she insisted. "I mean, I'm here to take care of you, and your baby, so whatever you need, I'll do."

I loved how she had to justify it to herself. She had something like this in mind from the moment she called and offered her help. She'd heard those stories from her mother over the years and was curious. I couldn't help teasing her a little more before giving in.

"Won't your mother think we're strange?"

"I don't care what she thinks."

I waited a few tense seconds, then without a word I opened my legs. She looked up at me with a hopeful sparkle in her eye, not yet daring to believe it was happening. I smiled lovingly at her excited innocence, and simply nodded.

Her expression was a mix of excitement and fear. It was obvious she'd never been with a woman sexually before. I sometimes forgot that everyone wasn't like me in that respect. It made the situation even more exhilarating knowing that I would be her first.

"You're sure about this?" I asked to give her a chance to back out if the reality of it wasn't matching up to her fantasy.

"I am, it's just that I'm not sure what I should do, exactly."

"Well, you masturbate yourself, don't you?"

"Too much, it seems sometimes."

"Just do to me what feels good to you."

Stacy nodded and moved between my legs. I was expecting her to reach down from where she was, but I liked her idea better. She was lying on her stomach, her sweet face up close to my pussy and it was all I could do to keep from pushing myself up against her mouth.

I felt her fingers up high, combing uncertainly through my thick bush of hair. I was dying for her to touch my throbbing clit, or jam her fingers into me, but I measured my breathing and let her go at her own speed. I wanted her to be comfortable and make this as positive an experience as I could for her.

Stacy's fingernails traced down the creases at the insides of my thighs. The girl had no idea how worked up she was getting me. I sighed with anticipation as her finger finally found my slit. Her soft touch slid up to the top, passing briefly above my straining clit, then back down to where the juices were already leaking from me. Her feathery touch made several more traverses along the contours of my outer labia.

"Is this okay, so far?" Stacy asked in a meek voice.

"Just perfect, sweetie. Go ahead and spread me open so you can see everything better."

I felt her hands settle on either side of my pussy. Her first try was too timid and didn't quite work. She tried again, a little firmer this time, and I was suddenly opened up to her. Stacy's fingers pushed my outer lips apart, exposing my hidden feminine recesses to the warm light of day. I heard another gasp from her, but this one was laced with throaty desire.

"Julie, you're so beautiful down here, I've never seen anything like it."

"You've seen yours, haven't you?"

"Not really. I tried using a hand mirror once, but I was too embarrassed to take a good look."

My aunt must have really done a number on this poor girl's sexual self-esteem.

"Well, I'm glad you like my pussy, and you can look at it all you want as long as you do one thing for me."

"What's that?"

"Say the words."

"What words?"

"Tell me what you're looking at right now."

"Um...your vagina?"

"No."

"You want me to say...pussy?"

"That's right. Don't be afraid to use those kinds of words around me. I like to hear them--I want to hear you say them."

"Julie...you have a beautiful pussy."

"Thank you, sweetie. Tell me what else you see."

"Well, I have your pussy spread open right in front of my face. I see your pussy lips. They're nice and pink, but they're becoming a little darker and swelling up some. You must be getting excited."

"I am, Stacy. You're getting me very excited."

"I think I can see your clitoris. It's poking out a little at the top like a small button. And your pussy hole is all wet and shiny with sex juices already." She was quiet for a moment, but I could feel her breath on my wetness. "I don't know where to start."

"Touch my clit. Start there, but be careful, it's going to be very sensitive right now."

I waited with excited expectation. It was so frustrating that I couldn't see her down there between my legs. My big belly blocked my view, and all I was able to see were her bare feet up in the air and crossed at the ankles, waving to and fro as she inspected my pussy.

I jumped when her finger finally alit on my stiff nub. She withdrew her touch and waited for my shivers to subside. Stacy then fingered my clit again, lightly and with the most delicate pressure. Oh, it was sublime. I knew I wouldn't be able to hold back for long.

"Is this okay?" she asked.

"Perfect, just like that. You're going to make me cum, Stacy."

"That's the idea," she giggled and kissed my thigh. "But try to stay relaxed, don't tense up and squish the baby." She had a good point, and I made a conscious effort to release the tension in my legs and stomach. I made sure my breathing was steady, and focused once more on my pussy.

Her finger slid down across my lips to my wet hole. There she gathered some of my natural moisture and drew it up to my hard clit. Her slicked fingers rubbed me there, sending a fresh wave of pleasure coursing through me.

"I mostly play with my clitty when I masturbate," Stacy explained. Her voice seemed distant and I had to concentrate to understand her. "I sometimes fuck myself with my fingers, but mostly I rub my clit like this." She had a finger on either side of my clit, and began working them up and down in short strokes. Every few strokes she would squeeze them together, pressing me just right.

I fought to stay relaxed and not try to force it. I let Stacy do the work, let her coax my orgasm from my pussy with her tender manipulations. I felt it approach, and it seemed my arms and legs were becoming numb as the sensation mounted in my groin.

"That's a girl," she said sweetly, "here it comes. Just let it happen."

"Oh, Stacy, you're touching my pussy," I moaned. "You're going to make my pussy cum with your fingers."

"Yes, I am. I've got my fingers in my beautiful cousin's pussy, and she's almost ready to cum for me."

I'd lost control of my breathing and was panting. I was lightheaded and I could feel the muscles in my pussy convulse with sudden intensity. My orgasm came instantly upon me in that moment.

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming! Oh, God, you make my cunt feel so good! I'm cummmmming!" I cried out as my brain and pussy were simultaneously flooded with a burst of pure ecstasy. My body was enlivened, with every nerve radiating unadulterated pleasure from all directions at once. Stacy continued to stroke my clit and it felt so good it hurt. "Stop, stop, please..."

Her fingers mercifully released my over-stimulated bud, and she spread me open again.

"Wow, look how wet you are. I've never cum so much as you are right now. It's flowing out of your pussy like crazy."

I could feel my warm juices sliding down across my ass, and was loving that Stacy had her face right there to witness it. I could get very wet at times, but I didn't remember ever feeling it practically gush out of me like this. Maybe it was because of the pregnancy, but I wasn't going to waste any effort thinking about it.

"Stacy, can I have one more. Please."

"Sure thing. You want it like before?"

"Yes, play with my clit the same as you just did."

Her fingers worked their way up from my soaked hole, across my swollen lips, and back to my eager clit. She used the same technique, but moved much slower this time. Achingly, tantalizingly slow. I felt her head rest against my thigh, and could imagine her gazing intently at my wide open pussy.

Once again I lay there, resisting every urge to move, and let her do it all. I tickled my fingers across both my erect nipples, and those soft touches was about all I could stand. I could feel my orgasm building again and wanted her to go faster, but she kept the same slow pace, making it last.

My hands drifted down to my pregnant belly. I caressed my bulge, feeling the greasy traces of the cream, and my kicking baby within. That feeling, and the thoughts of the life growing inside me, and the memory of how it came to be there, accelerated my orgasm and that divinely unique sensation spilled through my body once more. I imagined that my baby could feel my orgasm as his own, and that idea somehow prolonged it and it seemed to become centered there where he was curled up inside my womb. The warmth and contentment of that orgasm was like none other I'd ever experienced.

Stacy let me catch my breath, then asked, "One more?"

"No," I whimpered. "That was too incredible. I want to try to absorb it all, if I can."

She gently played with my pussy for a few more minutes, then kissed the inside of my thigh again, and climbed off the bed. I was too lost in my post-orgasmic haze to say anything. A minute later she was back and dabbed me between the legs with a warm, wet cloth. She cleaned me up, dried me off, and tried to do something about the huge wet spot beneath my ass. I let her take care of me, barely able to make my weakened body obey my mental commands.

As I was floating off to sleep, I felt her lay a soft blanket over my nakedness. She leaned down and kissed me on the lips. It was soft, and warm, and filled with love. I kissed her back, and wanted to tell her something, but the moment became a blur as I fell away into a blissful slumber.

* * * * *

I awoke from my nap feeling better than I had in weeks. I was riding an emotional high that made everything seem new and vital. My body was both relaxed and full of energy at the same time. I laid a hand on my pregnant belly, and for the first time in months knew that everything was going to be okay.

I dressed in sweats and a billowing maternity shirt, then headed downstairs. Stacy was in the kitchen and had a lovely lunch prepared for me. She sat and ate with me and we chatted like old friends. Things weren't exactly uncomfortable between us before, but the awkwardness of unfamiliarity was gone now that we had such an intimate connection.

The rest of the day passed amiably. We went for a short walk, and spent some more time talking about everything in our lives. I relaxed with a book, watched some TV, and enjoyed a delicious dinner. She took care of everything. I could get used to this!

When it came time for bed, Stacy helped me change (even though I didn't really need it). I couldn't get over the thrill of how she looked at my naked breasts. If they weren't so sore I'd have grabbed her and pulled her face to them. But, instead, I behaved myself, not wanting to seem too pushy.

She helped me into bed, tucked me in, and we shared another skin-tingling kiss on the lips. I watched her slim but nicely rounded butt as she left, and felt a pang of lust. I lay there in the dark thinking about Stacy's young body, and remembering how she had fingered my pussy earlier. I could feel the juices beginning to well up between my legs, and cursed myself for getting so worked up when I was trying to go to sleep.

I thought about calling her to my room. I wouldn't be surprised if she was in her bed right now feeling the same desires. I didn't want to be too aggressive with her though. This was new to her and I wanted to let Stacy go at a pace she was comfortable with. I had played sex games with my sister since we were little, so I envied her this experience. I could barely imagine how exciting it must be to discover the pleasures of another woman for the first time--even if it was your eight-month pregnant cousin.

I awoke in the morning refreshed and looking forward to another day with Stacy. I spent some extra time getting ready before I went downstairs. A little makeup and some primping that I'd been neglecting lately. My efforts didn't go unnoticed, and Stacy made mention of how good I looked that morning. We had breakfast, then went to the baby's room and put together the mobile for over his crib, and affixed a wallpaper border featuring dancing zoo animals around the middle of the wall.

"I'm melting," Stacy commented once the last section was in place. "You must be, too."

"I think opening the window only made it hotter in here," I laughed.

"How about another bath to cool off?" Her voice held a note of hopefulness that did not escape my notice.

"Sounds like just what I need."

She smiled, and her eyes lit up in a way that gave me flutters. She went to the bathroom to draw the bath, and I went to my room and stripped down to nothing. I was about to put on my robe, but decided not to bother.

I entered the bathroom completely naked, my big belly leading the way. My bold appearance obviously surprised Stacy, but from her expression, it was a good surprise. She helped me into the tub, then took her seat on the toilet and watched as I splashed the cool water over my bare skin.

She had her blonde hair tied back in a pony-tail, with a few stray wisps hanging over her sweet face. Her cheeks were round and covered with a light sprinkling of pale freckles. Her nose was small with the barest hint of an upturn at the end. Stacy's lips were a dream. The thin upper lip curved and peaked at the middle in just the right way, while her plump lower lip was the essence of sensuality.

But, of course, it's always the eyes that make all the difference. Hers were big, and clear, with a constant element of wonder and joy. Their hazel tint could flash to green in moments of passion, or appear almost blue in tranquil relaxation. Her gaze seemed to have the power to physically touch me, as when her eyes fixed upon my sensitive nipples and I could swear I felt a feathery touch there.

"How about those legs?" she asked after a long stretch of quiet. I held one up out of the water.

"How about them?"

"Do you want me to shave them for you?" She stood as if I had already accepted her offer. Based on the little jolt I felt between my legs when she spoke, there was no way I wasn't going to say yes.

"Only if you want to."

"We can't have you looking like Sasquatch when Don gets home." She found a new razor and my shaving lotion and sat on the edge of the tub. I lifted my leg and laid it across her lap, getting her wet. She didn't mind at all.

She smoothed the lotion on in long, luxurious caresses. Stacy worked the razor across my skin with affectionate delicacy, starting with my lower leg. After shaving my calf and shin, she ran her hand up and down my smoothed flesh to make sure she hadn't missed any spots. I could feel my pussy beginning to throb with the excitement of her touch.

My thigh was the next target of her attentions, and I was in heaven. She had to turn to face me for this part, and I felt so exposed lying below her, my legs open, my nakedness on full display, and her just above tending to me. My whole body was alive with anticipation.

Her hand and the razor worked alternately up and down, giving me the greatest thrill each time she reached the top of my inner thigh--only inches from my swollen pussy. When finished with my first leg, there was a clumsy moment when we had to figure out how she was going to reach the other. She ended up sitting on the opposite edge of the tub, but facing in, so that her bare feet were in the water.

The treatment of my other leg was just as titillating and heightened my horny disposition to unbearable levels. This time when Stacy reached the top of my inner thigh she made a suggestion.

"You know, your... 'area' could use a little bit of a trim as well."

"I'm going to give the everyone in the delivery room nightmares, I just know it."

"I could fix you up down there, if you want."

"You're too good to me." I smiled and didn't know how much more of this teasing I could stand.

My sweet cousin drained most of the water out of the tub, leaving only about an inch or so. She retrieved the little snipper-scissors from my makeup bag, and a comb, then climbed into the tub with me. She knelt

down between my legs and had me slide my butt toward her. It was a tight fit, but she got me right where she wanted me.

Stacy focused intently on my overgrown bush and trimmed it carefully. With each snip of the little scissors my pussy flinched. I trusted her, but I couldn't help it. All that involuntary flexing had the added effect of getting me even more turned on. It was so sexy to watch her pink little tongue poke out the corner of her mouth as she concentrated.

"Maybe it would be easier," I said, "if I had you shave it all off."

"Oh, no, don't," she insisted with genuine concern. "I like it like this, don't you?"

"Don't you shave your pussy?"

"Just around the edges," she blushed and ran the comb through my trimmed pubic hairs. "I like the natural look. It keeps that element of mystery down there, you know?"

"I don't have many mysteries left for you to discover."

"I doubt that," she giggled and splashed water between my legs to rinse me off.

She helped me out of the tub and dried me off again like the day before. Stacy was less timid about drying me down there this time. I gave her a little thank-you hug, then went to lie down on my bed. Once settled comfortably, I let my legs fall apart and savored the air against my moistness.

"Looks like you're all ready for your happy ending," Stacy joked as she came into my bedroom and saw my legs spread wide.

"You don't mind, do you?"

"Are you kidding? It's all I've thought about since yesterday." She put my clothes in the hamper, then got on the bed with me.

"Your mother is going to kill me if I turn you into a lesbian."

"You're right," she laughed. "But I'm just curious, that's all. I've never had another woman who I felt I could trust, and would understand the way you do."

"I'm glad you came to stay." I touched her cheek lovingly. "This is all very exciting for me, too."

Stacy reached across me for the jar of vitamin-E cream. Her body brushed against mine, and the closeness gave me chills.

"Did you masturbate last night thinking about what we did yesterday?" I asked on impulse.

"Yeah," that blush again, "I did."

"I would have liked to have seen that. As a matter of fact," I paused and eyed her up and down. "It would be nice if you got naked with me right now."

"Okay, sure. If that's what you want." Stacy was obviously dying for just such an invitation.

She pulled off her t-shirt to reveal a lacey white bra, then she quickly removed that as well. Her breasts were small and firm, just barely a b-cup. Her nipples were tiny buttons standing proudly on each tip. I couldn't wait to feel them on my lips.

Stacy rolled back and removed her shorts, showing off her pink thong. I wanted so badly to finger myself as I watched her strip, but I'd have to wait for her to give me the satisfaction I was craving. She slipped out of the g-string and I got my first glimpse of her sweet, young pussy. Her hair down there was lighter in color and wispiest than mine. I could see the crease of her sex and the curve of her flawless ass. She was beautiful in every way.

"Maybe this was a bad idea," I said. "Seeing your gorgeous body is making me feel like a bloated cow again!"

"Don't say that, Julie," she consoled me as she knelt next to my belly and scooped some cream out. "I think you look sexy as hell like this. I'm the one who's jealous of you."

I reached out and touched her naked hip, letting my fingers drift over her skin as far as I could reach. I wanted to touch those darling breasts, but couldn't reach them without an awkward effort. Stacy's hands circled over my belly, smoothing in the cream and as I became aware of what a pleasantly perfect moment this was.

I stroked her thigh as Stacy continued to apply the cream. I could see her tiny nipples stiffen until the nubs stood out, leaving almost no trace of an areola. She had the complete opposite of my nipples, which had seemingly spread to cover the entire ends of my breasts over the past weeks.

I couldn't resist toying with myself a little. I casually began tracing a finger around the circumference of one of my dark nipples. The nubs of my nipples were always protruding, but when I became excited they grew even longer, poking out almost a full inch. I pulled gently at them, all the while looking at Stacy's young, smooth body. She noticed me playing and smiled, seemingly proud of her ability to get me so turned on.

I spread my legs a little wider, and she got the hint. She put the cream aside, winked at me, and got down between my legs like before. Her fingers started at my wet hole, where she moistened them with my slick juices, then they glided up to my clit. I let out a moan as soon as she brushed my engorged bud.

"God, Stacy, it feels so good when you touch my pussy."

"It feels good for me, too. Now just relax and let me take care of you."

She was more deliberate today with her play than yesterday. She took her time, exploring my pussy, testing and taking note of how I reacted when she touched me in a certain spot or in a particular way. I was dying to cum, but I didn't want the delicious teasing to stop. I gingerly massaged my sore breasts, and tried to focus on keeping myself from tensing up.

Stacy's fingers had trailed their way to my wet hole. She circled them around the opening of my vagina, and I became aware of an urgent aching there. As if in answer to my sudden need, she tentatively slid a finger inside me, filling that aching void. My pussy convulsed, tightening around her, and I let out a breathy grunt.

"Is this okay?"

"Is what okay, sweetie?"

"That I put my finger in your pussy."

"It's wonderful."

"I want to fuck you, Julie, and make your pussy cum on my fingers, okay?"

"Keep talking, Stacy," I moaned as her finger worked around inside me.

"I never knew I would love playing with another woman's pussy this much. You feel so nice, and soft, and wet." She added a second finger,

and the sensation took on a whole new dimension. I rotated my hips in concert with her slow, twirling thrusts. "It felt really special when I made you cum. And I want you to cum again because of me."

"Mmm, keep fucking me like that and you will. Keep fucking my cunt with your fingers, sweetie." I wanted this girl so bad. I wanted to feel her body, taste her pussy, and watch her face as she was overtaken in orgasm. I wished I had a cock so I could fuck her with it. I wanted her on all fours, so I could grab her hair as I pounded my big, hard cock into her tight cunt.

"Are you ready to cum, Julie? Do you want me to fuck you faster?"

"Yes, give it to me harder! Please make me cum!" I cried out, lost in the rising frenzy of reality and fantasy. Stacy added a third finger, and began pumping them into me faster. With her other hand she took my clit between her thumb and forefinger. All she did was hold it like that, nothing more, applying just the right pressure, and within seconds I could feel my orgasm rising.

"I love the sound your pussy makes when I fuck it," Stacy said and I noticed the wet, sucking sound coming from down there. "Your pussy is so wet, cum for me, Julie, I want to see your pussy cum!"

It came upon me in waves. The first wave made me want to lift up off the bed and thrust my pussy hard against my cousin's fingers, but I forced myself to stay relaxed.

"I'm cumming, Stacy," I moaned and felt the second wave crash, stronger and very much concentrated at the point she was squeezing my clit. "Fuck me! Fuck my cunt!" The third wave emanated from deep within my pussy and radiated out into my legs and spine and belly. "Oh, God, I'm cumming so good, don't stop!" The fourth, and final, wave flowed over my entire body. No violent crash this, but rather a tumbling sensation that lifted me and floated my whole being, then gently laid me back again. "Damn, that was amazing..."

I heard Stacy stifle a satisfied giggle. She'd released my clit, but her fingers remained inside me, held there, not moving. I lay still, trying to sort out and make sense of what just happened. I'd been with quite a few women, and a lot of men, but that was the first time I'd ever had an orgasm like that. My mind was too flooded with pleasure to be able to figure out what exactly made it so.

"I could just lie here and play with your pussy all day," Stacy sighed.

"You'd turn me into a drooling idiot. I don't think I could stand that much pleasure."

"Can you stand a little more?"

"I suppose, if I must," I jokingly played the martyr, placing the back of my hand against my forehead Hollywood drama-queen style.

Stacy kissed my thigh and eased her fingers out of my pussy. She moved so she was lying alongside me where she could easily reach over my leg and touch me. I felt her naked skin against mine as she snuggled up a little closer. Then I heard her gasp.

"Julie, your breasts!"

I opened my eyes and looked down. Liquid had leaked out of my nipples, and run down either side of my breasts. Two little beads of the yellowish fluid stood atop each nipple.

"Is it milk?" she asked, her face aglow with wonder and delight.

"Not exactly," I answered, trying to remember what I'd read in the baby books. "I won't have real milk until a few days after he's born. But this must be the stuff that comes before the milk. It's like concentrated nutrients to get the baby started, but I didn't expect it to come this early." We both just stared as one of the drops grew and spilled over, flowing away into the tiny stream. Another drop began to emerge in the same spot.

"Can I?" Stacy whispered. I considered for only a second, then nodded.

Stacy moved up and leaned over me. She stuck her tongue out and reached it toward my nipple. The tip of her tongue picked up the drop and she took it into her mouth. She smacked her lips and shook her head slightly. The next thing I knew she was running her tongue along the wet trail that traced its way down the side of my breast.

"It doesn't really taste like much at all," she observed with a hint of disappointment. "Do you want to try?"

I nodded again, and she used her finger to scoop some from my other breast. She brought her finger to my mouth and I licked the fluid from it. She was right; there was a faint slightly sweet, slightly salty flavor, but otherwise nothing especially noticeable.

Stacy reached down and moved her fingers into place within the folds of my pussy and began to work them over my already primed flesh. Then she surprised me. Her mouth settled onto my nipple and she gently suckled it. Tingles instantly spread through my whole body and firecracker bursts of light went off behind my eyes. My cousin was

actually sucking the nourishing fluid from my breasts and drinking it while she played with my cunt. It was almost too glorious to comprehend.

The sensations between my legs were suddenly magnified and I gasped with each stroke upon my clit.

"That's so good, baby. Suck me harder. Suck it right out of my nipple, sweetie."

Stacy became more aggressive on my tit upon hearing me. I could feel her lips, and the edges of her teeth when she sucked my dark flesh in. And I heard the sound of her drawing hard on me, then swallowing what came forth. And her fingers became faster.

Her middle two fingers plunged into my dripping hole. She pressed them up against the top of my inner passage and began to slide in and out. Her palm pushed firm over my raging clit and palpitated against it with each thrust.

"Harder," I panted. "Fuck me harder. Fuck my cunt while you suck me!"

Stacy shifted so she had a higher angle and was able to put more strength behind her thrusts. The sound of her hand slapping against my pussy as she fucked me with her hand was the beat of a most primal song. She sucked even harder now, perhaps having to work harder to draw any fluid. It hurt and felt so good at the same time.

I felt the baby kicking and stretching in my belly and I let out a cry as my orgasm rushed to fruition and peaked in a matter of seconds. This one was a sharp spike of pleasure that wracked my body causing my legs and shoulders to shudder. The air was forced out of my lungs with involuntary convulsions that resulted in guttural grunts of unrestrained satisfaction. Stacy released my used nipple with a soft, sucking pop.

Her chin was wet with my pre-milk and she smiled with wicked delight.

"Oh, my God, Stacy..." I had to pause to catch my breath. "That was incredible. The baby thought so, too!" I put my hands on my belly and caressed him as best as I could. Stacy's hand rubbed my tummy as well, and his straining motions slowly subsided until he got settled in comfortably. "But what about you?"

"What about me?"

"You must need some relief after all this excitement, don't you?"

"Oh. Sure, but I can take care of that later."

"If you want to take care of yourself now, I wouldn't mind. Actually, I'd like it very much." I was pretty sure all she was waiting for was an invitation.

"I may as well since I'm already naked and wet as can be," she giggled.

Stacy got up and went around the bed. I watched her lithe young body move and I was filled with lustful envy. She lay down on the other side of me and wiped her chin. She pressed the front of her body close against my side. I could feel the tickle of her pubic hair against my hip. She looked into my eyes, and her face slowly transformed from an expression of playful shyness to sensual focus.

I was captivated by her gaze and felt her press her arm down between our bodies to reach her pussy. Her hand parted her lips and spread her juices over her pink flesh. Even though I couldn't see her touching herself, I could feel the gyrations and movements of her hand against my leg. She circled in on her clit, then fell into a steady rhythm.

Once she found her pace, she closed her eyes and lowered her mouth to my nipple. There she began to suckle. A fresh flow of my mother's fluid passed from within my swollen breast to her mouth. She moaned with carnal fulfillment as my warm extract poured over her tongue. I caressed her face and hair as she sucked, and whispered to her.

"That's it, baby. Take all you want, it's just for you. You make me feel so good, now I want you to make yourself feel good, too. Suck my nipple like a good girl, and play with your sweet pussy. I want you to cum for me, darling."

As I spoke her suckling became more intense, and her hand moved faster on her pussy.

"There you go. Finger that sweet pussy. I'm right here. I feel you touching your cunt, and I'll be right here with you when you cum. You want to cum with your naked cousin, don't you? You want me to see you make your pussy cum while you suck on my tit."

Stacy obviously wanted to scream, but also wanted to continue sucking my nipple, so she did both. Her hand beat furiously between us, and her body bucked and tensed next to me as her muted scream vibrated through my emptied tit. She finally let loose of my breast, gulped a lungful of air, and never let up on her pussy.

"I'm cumming! Julie, I'm cumming! Oh, God, it feels so fucking good. Fuuuck, yeah!" She barked out a little scream and her body shook with

first one then another orgasm. This girl was on a hair trigger she was so excited!

She rested her head on my shoulder. Her hand remained between her legs and she continued to caress herself. I kissed her forehead, and she lifted her lips to mine. Stacy's mouth was wet and thick with my milk. Our tongues found one another and played lazily back and forth from my mouth to hers. I gently sucked her tongue and she willingly indulged me.

I wanted more of her. I wanted all of her. But the moment had become too calm for me to be willing to disrupt it. Our kisses went on for several minutes, then she settled down again. Relaxed and content in my arms for now.

I didn't know if I could wait until the next day to bring our intimacies to the next level, but the anticipation was almost as exciting as anything else. I closed my eyes and basked in the feel of her flesh against mine, and imagined the delights yet to come.

* * * * *

Lightning flashed and the whole room strobed with bright white light. Everything went suddenly dark and the ripping sound of the thunder was right over our heads. Stacy and I screamed as the booming clap reverberated through the darkened house, and we could feel its powerful vibration course through our bodies.

"That was close!" Stacy giggled nervously.

"Too close." We listened to the heavy rain patter down, and heard more distant peals of thunder roll toward us.

We sat quietly for a minute in the dark living room where we'd been watching TV. Once my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I got up and carefully made my way to the kitchen and got the flashlight, which was, of course, dead.

"Should we light some candles?" Stacy asked.

"Actually, I think I'm going to turn in. If you want to stay up I think there are some matches in this drawer somewhere."

"Nah, I'll just go to bed, too."

We held onto each other and navigated our way up the stairs and to my room. I wiggled out of the thin sweatpants I was wearing, and took off my bra, leaving me in panties and a long maternity t-shirt. While

I was undressing, Stacy pulled the covers back, then helped me into bed. She tucked me in, gave me a kiss on the lips, and was ready to go to her bed in the guest room when another bright flash illuminated everything, quickly followed by a resounding crash. Stacy screamed again, then laughed at herself for being so scared.

"Stacy...would you mind sleeping in here with me tonight?"

"I was just about to ask the same thing!" She hurried around to the other side of the bed. I heard her getting undressed, and a flash of light just before she slipped under the covers revealed that she was naked.

She snuggled up next to me. I felt her bare leg against mine and was suddenly turned on once again. We lay there for a time without speaking, just listening to the storm. Stacy rolled onto her side facing me and rested her hand on my pregnant belly.

"I can't stop thinking about what we did this afternoon," she said quietly.

"I know, I haven't played cribbage in years..."

"Not that!" She gave me a playful nudge. "You know, the other game we played. The one where I touched myself." She slid her hand up under my shirt and caressed my swollen tummy.

"Oh, that game. The one where you put your fingers in my pussy and made me cum? That is a fun game."

"Do you want to take a turn?" She leaned over me and gave me a long, wet kiss. "I want you to touch my pussy, Julie." We kissed again, then she moved so she was on her knees and shifted up so her pussy was where I could easily reach it from my position lying on my back.

I stroked my hand up the inside of her smooth thigh. I felt butterflies in my stomach as I contemplated the thrill of touching my cousin's pussy for the first time. I heard her breath coming in ragged gasps, letting me know she was aching with anticipation as well.

I ran my hand across the downy soft hairs between her legs, and she let out a soft moan. I traced my fingernails along either side of her slit, teasing her with the slowness of my approach. Lightning and thunder exploded just outside, and she jumped. I patted her pussy soothingly. She began to turn her hips in small circles, practically begging me to finger her.

"How does that feel," I whispered.

"So nice," she panted. "I want your fingers inside me so bad."

I reached past her pussy and ran my fingertips over the roundness of her ass and along the cleft between her cheeks. As I did this I pressed the inside of my wrist against her pussy, and she answered my pressure by grinding against my arm. At the same time she lowered herself and brushed her nipple against my cheek. I turned slightly and took it between my lips. I sucked her soft flesh and tongued her stiffening nub.

My hand worked back to her pussy and I gently parted her lips. Stacy's moan deepened into a hungry groan. I explored her with my middle finger, sliding over her hole, along the length of her lips, and to the spot where her clit was nestled.

"Are you going to cum for me, Stacy?" I teased urgently.

"Yes. Oh, God, yes. I'm going to cum all over your fingers."

"You want me to fuck your wet pussy?"

"Fuck me, Julie. Suck my tits and fuck me till I cum."

I took her other nipple into my mouth and sucked hard. I circled my middle finger around her dripping hole, then slid it into her pussy. I felt her body tense as she continued rotating her hips seductively. I added another finger and pushed them deep inside her. I'd always loved the feel of another woman's pussy and I was dying to play with myself as I fingered my cousin. I pressed the heel of my hand against Stacy's clit and was rewarded with a shudder of pleasure rippling through her body.

"More," she begged.

I added a third finger, stretching her tight. After a few pumps, my last finger slipped into her as well. I had all four fingers inside her pussy. She was humping my hand, and I matched her rhythm, all the while moving my mouth from one nipple to the other then back again.

"Oh, yeah, you fuck me so good. Make me cum, Julie. Fuck that pussy hard, and make me cum!"

I increased my pace as best as I could and pumped my fingers into her hard. The wet sound it made was driving me wild. I could feel her inner muscles tightening and convulsing and she began to chant as she approached orgasm.

"Yes, yes, yes..."

"Cum for me, baby. Fuck my fingers and cum for me!"

The intensity of her cries rose to match the wild storm raging outside. She grabbed my wrist and pushed me as deep inside her pussy as I could go and screamed out.

"Fuck, yes! I'm cumming, I'm cumming! Oh, God, yes!"

Her pussy practically crushed my fingers as her orgasm gripped her. She held me tight inside herself for nearly a minute, quietly absorbing each fading sensations. She pulled my hand slowly from her pussy as though she dreaded the void its absence would leave. Stacy brought my hand to her mouth and licked my wet fingers.

When she had sucked my fingers clean, she gave me a quick kiss, then moved down between my legs. I was so worked up that I was already on the edge of orgasm myself. I opened my legs to her and she began to touch me. She went straight to work on my excited clit. It couldn't have been more than ten seconds before I came. That wonderful tingling sensation raced through me. Despite the release, it only seemed to make me eager for more.

"Stacy," I was speaking without thinking, "put your mouth on me."

"Julie?"

"I want you to taste my pussy."

"I've never done that before. I'm not sure I know how to do it right."

"Start with a kiss, sweetie, nice and easy."

Her inexperience was at once adorable and a little maddening. I wanted to have the patience to teach her how to please a woman, but I also just wanted fuck her mouth and get off. I steadied my breathing and felt her first feathery kiss on my thigh.

Stacy kissed her way closer, then tentatively laid her lips upon the inner lips of my pussy. The sensation itself was very faint, but the fact that she was experiencing this all for the first time made it so very thrilling.

"That's nice," I encouraged her. "Just like that."

She kissed around my clit, making me want to grab her head and press it hard against my crotch. But I restrained myself, and tried to focus

on the delicate pleasure her wary explorations were giving me.

"Should I lick you now?" she asked.

"I'd like that very much."

She spread me open with her fingers, and I felt her tongue poking at my pussy. She probed around my clit, then ran her tongue up and down along my lips a few times. Once she gained a little confidence, she pushed the tip of her tongue into my pussy hole.

"Does that feel okay?" She didn't sound sure.

"It feels incredible, sweetie," I exaggerated. "Try it again, but this time with a soft tongue."

"What do you mean?"

"Just relax your tongue, like you're licking a soft ice cream cone."

She licked me, her tongue still tense. She tried again, a little better. Then once more, and she had it. Her soft tongue glided loosely up and down the length of my pussy. Her uncomfortably hard oral probing had transformed into to luxuriously decadent swabs of pure pleasure.

"Like this?"

"Yes, that's perfect. Keep licking my pussy just like that."

She continued to experiment. Her tongue circled my clit, then she lapped me up and down, then side to side. She teased my lips with her tongue, and explored my hole more boldly. She licked and kissed my hairy outer lips, occasionally kissing that sensitive hollow at the top of my inner thigh.

"Your pussy tastes so good," she said between licks.

"You like the taste of my wet pussy? You like sucking your cousin's hot cunt?"

"I love it, Julie. I can't believe how much I love it..."

"Suck me, Stacy. Wrap your lips around my clit and suck me."

She tongued my hole a few more times then worked her way up to my clit. It felt like it was practically buzzing with expectation. Her tongue located my stiff bud, then she settled her lips around it and began sucking. I was instantly launched into heaven.

I pulled my shirt up, then squeezed my breasts and pinched my nipples as she tried different approaches to sucking me off. I rewarded her with a loud moan when she hit upon an especially good combination. My nipples suddenly became slick as they began to express dribbles of pre-milk. This only served to heighten my excitement and I squeezed some more and spread the thick fluid all over my engorged tits.

"I want you to cum for me," Stacy said, barely taking her mouth away from my pussy.

"Suck me just like you were, baby, and I'll cum all over your face for you."

"Your little clit is so hard on my tongue. I can't believe I'm doing this."

"You're doing it, sweetie. You're such a good cunt licker, keep going..."

She latched onto my clit once again. She opened her mouth wide, keeping her lips pressed tight against my wet flesh and kept a strong suction over the top part of my pussy. Her tongue was able to dance over and around my clit freely as she sucked. The two sensations together were pure ecstasy.

Stacy's hands were cupping my ass cheeks, as if she was holding my crotch up to her mouth like a big, juicy slice of watermelon. Her thumbs held my lips open. I wanted so badly to be able to see her head moving passionately between my legs as she ate my pussy, but my belly eclipsed the view.

One of her thumbs slipped over to my hole and dipped just inside. She increased her pace on my clit, alternating each lick with a hard suck. A natural born oral artiste. Her other thumb found my hole. She had both thumbs barely in the opening of my vagina, then she did something uniquely thrilling.

I continued to coat my nipples and breasts with my sticky milk, and concentrated on my building orgasm, but her little maneuver sent me rocketing toward bliss. With her thumbs hooked into my hole she spread it apart. She pulled, her thumbs pressing firm, until I could feel my pussy hole gaping wide open. It was incredible.

"Just like that!" I cried. "Oh, God, I'm cumming!"

She stretched me even wider. The pain was giving me an exquisite kind of pleasure that I'd never known before. Her lips and tongue swirled

around my pulsating clit faster and faster. Stacy began moaning, which added a slight vibration to the whole mix of amazing sensations. I squeezed my tits hard and peaked.

My orgasm welled up from deep within my core and blossomed almost instantly through my entire body. There was the feeling of explosive release centered on my clit and enhanced by the tight pull of my pussy hole being spread open. Stacy didn't let up as my body shuddered, and my legs thrashed. She continued sucking my cunt throughout my orgasm.

The last of the electric jolts ebbed away and I had to put a milk-drenched hand atop Stacy's head to stop her. She understood, and moved her mouth down to my tortured hole and began licking and sucking up the fresh juices leaking from me. This girl couldn't be any sexier.

"What did I do to deserve you?" I gasped.

"You? I'm the lucky one." She laid several gentle kisses on and around my satiated pussy, then climbed up next to me. I wrapped an arm around her and pulled her close. She nuzzled my neck then rested her head on my shoulder.

I could feel her heart beating as quickly as mine. The rain was still falling hard, but the thunder now came from far away, arriving outside my window in long, low rumbles. I ran my fingers along the strong lines of Stacy's back and she responded with breathy coos of contentment.

"That was amazing," I whispered, and kissed her forehead.

"There's more to it than I thought," she giggled. "But you really thought I did it good?"

"So good! Half the women and most of the guys I've been with haven't been able to get me off with their mouth. You got it on your first try."

"Hopefully I'll get it on my second try, too..."

"You can have as many tries as you want, my dear."

Stacy moved up and kissed me. I could taste myself on her lips and tongue. Her hand circled the dome of my big belly as we kissed and tongued each other's mouths for several long minutes.

"I think he's asleep in there." She patted my tummy.

"He's having a dream." I kissed her on the end of her cute little nose.

"About what?"

"About you...sitting on his mommy's face."

"That dirty little boy," she laughed. "I suppose I should give him what he wants so he doesn't wake up."

"I think that's a very good idea."

Stacy moved the pillows, turned around, swung a leg over me, and was soon positioned so her pussy was just above my face. If my pregnant belly wasn't in the way she could have leaned forward and we'd have been in the sixty-nine position. As it was, she remained upright, and carefully balanced herself over me.

"Is this all right?"

I pulled my pillow up under my neck, which lifted my head to within inches of her waiting pussy. I could smell her sex and couldn't wait to taste her.

"Perfect," I groaned. "Just ease yourself down a little..."

Stacy moved her knees wider and this brought her pussy lower. I reached up with my tongue and felt the hot flesh of her cunt. I immediately went for her hole, reaching around and pressing down on her hips. I found her wet opening and eagerly sucked her juices. She had an almost earthy, and slightly sour taste. It wasn't strong, but it was incredibly arousing. This, combined with the faint aroma of her sweat and the floral traces of the soap she used, made for a sensual blend that I wouldn't soon forget.

"Oh, God, Julie," she panted. "It feels so different from when my boyfriend does it." I could barely hear her from my position between her lean, lovely legs.

She bent forward and shifted herself, bringing her clit to my lips. I was happy to oblige. I teased her swollen nubbin with my tongue, flicking it, then licking circles around it. This elicited a series of deep moans from my cousin. It felt so exciting knowing that I was the first woman to ever lick this pussy.

"I don't think your mother would approve of all this," I said just to torment her. "Maybe I should stop."

"Don't you dare! Please, keep going," she begged. "No one's ever sucked my pussy this good before."

I gripped her ass cheeks and pulled her against my face once more. Her pussy was slick with her secretions and my saliva. It nestled down onto my mouth like that's exactly where it belonged. I kissed the modest lips of her inner labia. I sucked those thin ribbons of meaty flesh into my mouth, tugging on them gently as I did. When I tilted my head back, my chin pressed against her clit. If I tilted forward, the tip of my nose tickled the drenched entrance of her vagina.

As I used my mouth to toy with her pussy, I couldn't help fantasizing. As fantastically exciting as it all was, I was compelled to add my own little secret spice. I imagined my uptight aunt, Stacy's mom, standing in the room watching us. I pictured her naked and angry. Furious that I would corrupt her little darling like this, but at the same time so excited by seeing me suck her daughter's pussy that she couldn't help fingering herself.

"That's so disgusting," Stacy's mom was saying in my fantasy. "Stop licking my little girl's pussy, you filthy slut!" At the same time her hand was frantically strumming away at her own clit, and she was twisting her nipples with shameful agony.

The fantasy urged me to increase the intensity of my oral manipulations of Stacy's pussy. I swabbed my tongue hard over her clit again and again while circling my head to increase the motion. I felt her humping my face, and matched my rhythms to hers.

"Oh, Julie," Stacy called out, "right there! Right like that!"

"Get my baby's cunt out of your mouth, whore!" I heard my conjured aunt scream. I was getting so turned on imagining her standing over us, her hair pulled back in a tight bun, her big saggy tits swaying as she pounded away at the big sloppy cunt.

"I'm going to cum," Stacy panted. "I'm going to cum in your mouth. I'm about to cum right on your face!"

I grabbed her ass tighter and spread her cheeks wide, fully exposing her asshole to the open air. I knew what a decadently liberating sensation that was, and was certain it would boost the already explosive orgasm she was about to experience.

My tongue zeroed in exclusively on her clit, and I was sure to keep my motion steady and consistent. Nothing throws off an impending orgasm like changing pace or pattern at the critical moment. I felt her hips and legs begin to quiver as every muscle in her body strained in anticipation of what was coming.

"There it is! Right there! Oh, yes. I'm cumming. I cumming! Ah, ah,

ah, aaaaaaah! Yes!" Stacy screamed and pounded the mattress with her hand. I stopped licking and just sucked her clit and all the surrounding flesh into my mouth and held it there, prolonging the pleasure for her as much as I could. When I felt her relax I gently eased off and took my mouth away.

Stacy was poised over me on her hands and knees. She remained like that for a minute or so. I took the opportunity to lay the occasional kiss on her inner thigh or swollen pussy lips. She responded by lowering her head and covering my belly with kisses of her own.

She climbed off and snuggled up next to me once more. The rain had softened, and the heat had finally broke. It was almost cool now and the warmth of her body was a welcomed comfort. After a time she stirred.

"We need to get you cleaned up," she sighed.

"No, don't get up. It feels good being dirty." I kissed my sweet cousin on her lips and rolled so my back was to her. She pulled the covers up over us and pressed closely against me, matching the contours of my body with her own.

My pussy ached for more, but I was too content in the moment to pursue further carnal fulfillment that night. I knew there was plenty of time left over the next week for Stacy and me to explore the depths of our newfound relationship.

The End

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REALITY CHECK

Everything in this story about me and my cousin is true. It happened pretty much exactly the way I described. The names have been changed to protect the guilty, and the dialogue is stylized for readability, but otherwise it's all accurate as best as I can remember.

My cousin Stacy is the daughter of my dad's oldest brother and his second wife. She and her family lived in Pennsylvania, and I had only really met her a few times (at big family functions mostly). So even though we were family, we were practically strangers. It was a big surprise when she called and offered to come up and help me while my husband was away on a construction job down south.

After that amazingly perfect stormy night, we didn't hold anything back. We fooled around at least once every day for the rest of our

time together. Sometimes it would just be masturbating for and with each other, but more often it would be long session of oral sex until neither of us had the strength for another orgasm. I had just one basic vibrator at the time. It was hard plastic, shaped like a simple tube; smooth with a rounded end and only one speed. We used that on each other several times (she'd never tried one before, so that was another milestone). I also had the pleasure of introducing her to wonders of getting her ass licked. She became an instant devotee of that little kink.

I was pregnant then with my son Evan. I guess this was his first threesome! I had had a difficult pregnancy leading up to my wild two weeks with Stacy, but everything was perfect afterwards. I really do credit the sex for the remarkable turn around. Maybe it did something to my raging hormones, or released some type of magical endorphins, or simply took away any and all stress, but all I know is that I ended up with the most perfect little baby boy.

She left for home the day before my husband got back. That was such a long, lonely night for me. Stacy came back to visit a few days after Evan was born the following month, and stayed with us the first few days after we brought him home. Nothing sexy happened on that visit for obvious reasons. She did give me back rubs and helped me in the bath, which was very nice, but I would characterize it as nurturing rather than sexual. There was an intimate moment one evening when I was in bed and she held me from behind while I breastfed Evan. Again, nothing really sexual, but I had that warm tingly feeling all over my body the whole time.

This took place over the summer of '84. Stacy and I kept in touch with phone calls and letters while she was in college. After school she was moving around a lot, so staying in contact became more difficult. Unfortunately, as our lives took us in different directions, we slowly drifted apart and haven't been together since. She's living in Florida now, and she's married with a family of her own.

I'll always cherish the brief time we spent together, and I hope she feels the same.