

My Cousin Jane (mf, inc, oral)

By Dorsai

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My Cousin Jane

It was 1975, and I was home on Leave from the Navy; I'd finished a shore tour overseas, and had a full month before I had to report to my next duty station – a floating gray one.

I was on my way from point A to point B, and stopping off to visit various relatives along the way – and saving some money on hotels and such as part of the deal. Uncle Sugar never has paid military people well – at least, not compared to what he wants back, or wants them to risk.

I had stopped off in Indiana along the way, to visit my favorite aunt and uncle. Uncle Bill and Aunt Sarah were pretty cool – he worked for a major manufacturing company and made enough that Sarah didn't have to do anything but take care of their rural home and their three kids – Jane (then 17, 4 years my junior), Jake (10), and Mike (6). Bill was Sarah's second husband, after she divorced her abusive first husband; Jane was the result of that first marriage. Bill didn't care – he loved all of them, and Sarah, to no end.

I'd timed my visit so that I could be there when a couple of my other relatives were visiting, as well – some other aunts and uncles that I'd written to while I was gone.

Bill and Sarah lived on a rural piece of property a little over fifty miles outside a metropolitan area; they had about 20 acres for their house, and kept a few chickens and geese and assorted farm-type small animals to go along with their large garden - most of the rest was 'undeveloped'. The setting was beautiful – wooded, clean air, fresh water, quiet, all the kind of stuff I'd missed. Bill wasn't a full-time farmer, of course; he was more of a 'gentleman farmer' – interested in what happened in farming, but without the time or resources to take it up full-time.

Things were kind of hectic the first day – all of us showed up pretty much at once, and it took Sarah a little while to get us all settled in. She was obviously happy to see all of us, but their house simply wasn't designed for the crowd it was being asked to hold.

The second day, as most of the 'older' folks sat around and got caught up with gossip and the like, Jane and I took the opportunity to wander around their property. Since I hadn't seen it for a couple of years, there were plenty of additions and changes for her to show me as we slowly strolled along, talking about Stuff – her life at school, home, her brothers, what I'd been doing and where I'd been, and all manner of Significant Topics.

Most of my attention was on Jane. Redheaded, cute, leggy, and buxom, I think anyone would have paid attention to her. That she also had a gentle disposition, was intelligent and thoughtful were definite pluses,

in my book. Where I'd been, there hadn't been a lot of what you could call statistical variation in people's appearances – with a definite absence of redheads.

Anyway, as we walked along, I noticed that she kept tossing glances my way – and when she didn't think I could see, would outright stare at me. I didn't pay it a lot of attention, since I just figured she was making up for the lost time that we hadn't seen each other. The whole time we were growing up, we'd always gotten along pretty well – seeing each other's families often enough, and seldom enough, to stay friendly.

At one point, though, we stopped, and parked ourselves on a fallen tree as she explained some of the troubles she was having at school – it seemed that a couple of the other girls had started spreading the rumor that she was conceited or some damn thing or other, and it was making life tough for her. She asked me for advice on how to handle it – I guess the fact that I turned up on their doorstep in uniform with a chest full of ribbons made her think I actually **knew** something.

The best I could do was to ask a few questions and then offer some generic advice, and some platitudes. That seemed to be all she needed – until I suddenly found her in my arms, crying her eyes out. I held her, and patted her back for a while, until she got it out of her system. When the waterworks stopped, she sat up, and I offered her a bandana I'd luckily tucked in my pocket.

When she had herself together again, she thanked me for listening, and letting her cry on me; I could only tell her that I was glad I'd been able to help, and that the last time I'd checked, I was still waterproof – and getting a smile from her.

It didn't surprise me when, after we stood up, she moved into my arms for a hug. Like I said, we knew each other enough to be friendly, so I hugged her back. What **DID** surprise me, though, was the kiss she gave me after the hug – it started out friendly, accelerated past 'I love you', and was still gaining speed as it blew by 'take me, NOW!', before we broke it off.

Both of us were a little shaky from it, but were calm enough when we finally made it back to the house – where the rest of my aunts and uncles wanted to know what all the ribbons I'd been sporting meant. So I had to break out my uniform and explain – this nice purple one for making the best popcorn in the unit, the red one with white stripes and blue center for having the best shined shoes, and so on. Somehow, I don't think they believed me – at least, not judging from the looks I got from my uncles.

As the evening wore on, all of us started getting more than a little tired, and headed off to bed. Their poor house was well past its designed occupancy limit, so Jane and I were assigned to the boys' room – we got their twin beds, and they hit the floor in sleeping bags, between us.

As we were drifting off, Jane rolled over to look at me across the boys (dead to the world), and stick her arm out. I took her hand, and she smiled at me in the gloom, and I could **just** make it out as she mouthed 'I love you' to me. I smiled back, and gave her hand a little squeeze.

Sometime after midnight, I felt something touch me, and managed not to hurt anyone as I came awake – only to see that it was Jane, dressed only in her flannel nightgown, gesturing for me to join her. I got up, and we carefully made our way past the boys, and out into the living room. There, she had me sit on the couch, and then sat next to me, leaning against my side to whisper in my ear "I wanted to thank you for sitting down and talking with me this afternoon."

"Uh, that's okay, I was glad to do it. But, er, couldn't you have told me this tomorrow?"

"Yeah, I suppose – but there were other things I wanted us to do tomorrow."

"What other things?"

"Finish that kiss we had."

“Huh?”

“Finish that kiss. I’ve felt a little bit like that when I’ve kissed some of the boys at school, but **never** anything like *that*. We started something, and I want to finish it.”

“Finish it how?”

“Finish it like this.” – and with that, she pressed herself against me, and pulled my face over to give me another kiss; one that made it clear she wanted us to be more than ‘kissing cousins’ – WAY more. And as we kissed, she wiggled her cute little butt onto my lap, where she probably felt my involuntary reaction.

When the kiss ended, I told her “Jane, I *really* don’t think this is such a good idea.”

Her only response was to take my hands and pull them up to her breasts – braless under her nightgown – and kiss me again as I felt her nipples erect and harden under my hands.

When we separated after THAT kiss, she **MUST** have felt the reaction from it under herself, because she just smiled at me and slowly wiggled her butt, before saying “I know *this* isn’t such a good idea; at least, not here and not now – that’s why I want to be with you tomorrow: so we **CAN** finish it. This is just to let you know that I’m okay with it, because it’s my idea. I know you’d never do anything like this with me unless I hit you over the head with it!”

“And what brought all this on?” I asked, even as she squeezed her hands against mine, making sure I got a good idea of how large and firm (!) her breasts were.

“Because of what you did today, talking to me out there. Because of all those medals and things you won – Daddy told me what some of them **REALLY** mean, like that Purple Heart one. Because you *enlisted*, not because you were drafted like you said. Because you’ve always been nice to me. Because even though I look like this, you’ve never, **EVER** tried to do anything with me. Because I love you.”

“Jane, I love you, too” – “I know”, she interjected – “But I don’t know if I love you quite **that** way”.

“I know that, too, and it’s okay. I know that Mom and Dad love me and all that, but I know that you’ve always made a special effort to be nice to me, and try to make me happy when we came over to visit you, or you came over here to visit us. I want to **SHOW** you how much I love you.”

“This really isn’t necessary, you know.”

“But it is - for *me*”, she responded.

I sighed, and told her “Okay, if that’s the way you really feel. But we’d better get back to bed, before Mike or Jake wake up, and notice we’re missing.” I could only hope that I’d be able to figure out a way to avoid the situation the next day – I **did** love Jane, and didn’t want to do anything to hurt her. Or do anything that would get Sarah and Bill upset with me; they really were my favorite aunt and uncle.

She sighed too, and agreed, before getting up off my lap. When I stood up, she quickly moved into my arms again to give me a hug as she pressed every delectable inch of her body against mine. A bit later, we headed back into the boys’ bedroom, and went back to bed – with her falling asleep much sooner than I did.

The next morning, Saturday, most of us opted to ‘sleep in’ – until the ungodly hour of 8:00. When I woke up, the boys had already left – to watch cartoons on TV, from the sound of it – leaving Jane and I alone. As I lay there thinking about what had happened during the night, Jane opened her eyes – and seeing that I was awake, quietly got up and took off her flannel nightgown, showing me that she didn’t have a damn thing on under it except for a peaches and cream complexion, what I estimated were 34-C breasts capped with large pink areolas and erect nipples, smooth skin, and a trim waist that turned into softly curved hips. Those, in turn, flowed into a pair of long, smooth, trim legs that bracketed a small rust-red pubic area. When she

turned around – with not a jiggle to be seen anywhere – I saw a small, obviously firm ass and a few wisps of her pubic hair in the gap between her thighs. If she'd been anyone but my cousin, who I loved, I'd have been delighted to jump her bones at the slightest invitation – and considered myself damn lucky to do so.

Satisfied she'd given me a good enough look at herself, she quickly dressed, and left. A few minutes later, when the effects of her small show had worn off, I got out of bed, too, and got dressed before following the smell of coffee to the kitchen. Aunt Sarah was happy as she could be, making breakfast for anyone and everyone that wanted any. The morning's special seemed to be eggs, any way, from every chicken within miles, any form of breakfast meat – though bacon and ham seemed to be the favorites – and homemade wheat bread., together with enough home fries, hash browns, grits, and other starches to glue **anyone's** arteries shut.

As I went through my first cup of fresh-ground coffee, the smell of it all got to me, and I finally managed to wrap myself around a pretty fair amount of breakfast – with Sarah's encouragement. With all of us fed, a couple of my aunts went into the kitchen to help clean up; when I offered my help, too, I was chased out, and told to park myself in the den with the rest of the men – politely, but firmly.

As I sat there, sipping on a cup of coffee, I listened to all of them discussing what they were going to do for the day. With all of them but Bill being full-time farmers, it was quickly decided that he'd show them around his place, and all the changes and improvements he'd made. When I tried to join in, Jane quickly jumped on it, saying that there were a few things that she wanted me to see ('I'll just bet', I thought to myself), so that I should go with her, instead. Since I was younger than the rest of them by a fair number of years, she got her way despite my (mild) protests.

After 'the Men' (rural Midwest, in the mid-70's; they really did think that way) decided that a walking tour was best, the Women came in and announced a shopping trip to not-too-far-off Indianapolis. A little teasing about staying out of the lingerie stores, and they were off, leaving us Guys to our own devices. Jake and Mike were going to bicycle down the road a mile or so to a nearby family, and spend the afternoon playing with their kids; that pretty much left me and Jane on our own.

Shortly before noon, all of the remaining men – except me, of course – decided it was time to look over the property, and headed out with Uncle Bill. Jane got a mischievous look on her face, and I wasn't particularly comforted when she suggested we have a look at some of the buildings her dad had put up.

She started innocently enough, showing me the goat and chicken pens, then the ducks in the pond, and their guard geese. It was when we got to their small (by Midwest standards – the thing must have been 50 feet wide and 75 long, easily 30 high) barn that things got 'interesting'.

Through a combination of pleading, teasing, and cajolery, she managed to get me to climb up into the hayloft with her – and once there, she didn't hesitate to take off her blouse and skirt, leaving me with a view of her in bra and panties.

She moved over in front of me – standing there like a statue of The Great American Goofus – before saying "I really was serious last night. I want to make love with you."

When I didn't move after a few moments, she smiled, and slowly lowered herself to her knees – and then reached out to my belt buckle.

I moved back a little, and managed to tell her "Jane, please, you don't have to do this. You're my cousin, and I love you, and I don't want to do anything to hurt you or Uncle Bill or Aunt Sarah."

She smiled at me again, and said "It's okay, really. I lost my cherry last year to one of the guys in school, so that's not a problem. I'm on the Pill, which Mom knows, so you don't have to worry about getting me pregnant. I trust you not to, uh, **have** anything that would make me sick. Dad's gone with the Men, and Mom's off with the Women. I'm here with you, and I **want** to do this."

That settled, she leaned forward, and unhooked my belt buckle, then unfastened my pants and pulled down the zipper. Reaching into my shorts, she pulled out my semi-erect penis and held it in her hands for a few moments, looking at it. I'm a little longer than average – just short of 7 inches when erect – and a little thicker, maybe a couple inches across. When she was through looking at it, she tilted her head back, and as she looked into my eyes, stuck her tongue out to lick the head a few times before taking it into her mouth.

I don't know where she learned how to give head; and I didn't *want* to know – all I could do was to appreciate the skill and enthusiasm she showed. Using her tongue, she gently massaged the entire underside of my penis before taking my entire length in her mouth and applying a rhythmic suction as she slid her lips along its quickly-increasing length, getting me well wetted with her saliva.

When I was almost completely erect, she released her hold on me, and moved her hands behind her back to unhook, then remove, her bra – leaving her breasts to sway gently in time with her head movements as she put her hands on the fronts of my thighs.

I tried to hold off, despite a considerable biological back pressure. I tried everything I could think of to delay myself. I think she must have realized what I was doing, because she stopped briefly, and released me from her mouth to say “I think maybe it's been a while for you, right?” – I could only nod – “So don't worry about it. We've got lots of time, and I want you to last as long as possible when we, uh, DO it, so if you have to squirt your stuff, go ahead – I want you to.”

With that kind of encouragement and acceptance, all I could do was to close my eyes and enjoy the sensations she created as she resumed her activities: licking all over my erect penis as it waved in the air; approaching it from the side to gently bite and suck at it; using her tongue-tip to trace complex patterns on it before taking it back in her mouth as she cupped my scrotum in her hand.

As she had the desired effect on me, should feel my balls drawing up, and redoubled her efforts – in just a couple more minutes, she felt me tense as the first of several jets of semen erupted from me. With her mouth wrapped around the head, she took every one of them, and swallowed every drop I gave her, before taking my softening penis completely in her mouth and tightening her lips around it to ‘squeegee’ the last few drops from me as she pulled her head back before releasing me from her mouth.

She pulled my pants the rest of the way down, then off my feet, along with my shoes. Standing, she unfastened, then removed my shirt before guiding me to a horizontal position on the soft, dry hay. Telling me “Wait here a minute, okay?”, she got up, and went down the ladder. A moment later, I heard water running, and shortly after that, she reappeared holding a couple of large plastic bottles. She handed one to me, and I found that it was almost cold, and when I took a sip, that it was fresh spring water – delicious.

As I lay there, she calmly set the other bottle down, and removed her panties, so that both of us were wearing only Pepsodent smiles when she lay down next to me, pulling my arm around her so that one hand cupped one of her delightful breasts which separated, but didn't sag or change shape.

We lay there like that, snuggling, for several minutes before I finally told her “Thank you, Jane. That was, uh, really something.”

I could almost FEEL her grin into my chest as she said “Well, like I said, I wanted you to last longer for what's next, and that seemed like a good way to get you relaxed.”

“Relaxed is one thing – dead is something completely different!”, I exclaimed, teasing her.

Her only response was a giggle – and to reach down to hold my soft penis in her hand.

A little later, I felt that I was as recovered as I needed to be, and started running my thumb across the breast I held – and felt it harden, then erect, as I continued. I eased her over onto her back, and moved over her, so that I could kiss her softly on the lips – then on to her neck and ears and shoulders. Looking down her body, I could see that both of her breasts then sported miniature volcanoes where her areolas had tightened,

with her nipples looking like plumes of pink smoke coming out of them. I eased my way down her body, sampling the flavor of her body until I reached her breasts – and delayed there for quite a while, licking and sucking on her breasts and nipples as she moaned and ran her fingers through my short hair.

When I detected the faint aroma of aroused female, and felt her pressing her pelvis against my leg, I moved again, down her body. As I moved, she spread her legs for me, so that it wasn't long before I was at the source of the heady aroma that delighted me so much – her clearly visible labia framing the wet opening I sought. I paused a moment, savoring the view of her – her pubic hair thick and full, but incredibly soft, doing nothing to conceal the thin, long lips of her opening, branching out from her large, erect clitoris. I gently slid the tip of my tongue between her vaginal lips, enjoying the musky, spicy taste of her as I collected a surprising amount of her fluids. In response, she spread her legs even farther, and arched her pelvis up toward me in appreciation and encouragement.

Encouragement I didn't need, as I quickly repeated my actions, and extended them to include lightly brushing across her clitoris with my tongue – and getting a gasping sigh as my reward.

Again and again I dipped into her nectar, each time drawing a gasp or moan or other audible sign of pleasure from her. Before long, I was applying myself to bringing her as much pleasure as she had me, taking her labia between my lips and pulling and 'chewing' on them; forming a spear with my tongue that I used to penetrate her; putting my mouth over her clitoris and softly sucking at it as I fluttered across it with my tongue.

In a surprisingly short time, she was gasping and moaning almost constantly, tossing her head back and forth as her pelvis repeatedly rose up in response to my ministrations. As she got more and more aroused, more and more of her fluids escaped her, to be spread by my attentions, so that it wasn't long before her entire pubis was soaked in her juices and my saliva.

It was when I pressed into her with my tongue as I rubbed my upper lip against her clitoris that she finally went over the edge – into a deep, powerful climax that left her gasping even as her internal muscles tried to draw my tongue even further into her, and her thighs clamped down on my head.

When her spasms finally passed, her thighs fell apart, releasing me to move up, over her – and when I was in range, she didn't hesitate to kiss me – passionately – and obviously enjoying the taste of herself on my lips and face.

She was also obviously ready, even anxious, for more – particularly after she felt my again-erect penis pressing against her mons. Looking into my eyes, she said "I know you're ready – and so am I. DO me – now! Put it in me; I want to feel you inside!"

I could easily see the confidence and certainty in her eyes, and raised myself over her as she again spread her legs and raised her knees; she quickly reached between us with her hands, using one to hold herself open, the other to take hold of me and position me at her entrance. Both of us looked down, and watched as I pressed myself forward, into her, my erect member slowly disappearing between the petals of her feminine flower.

When I was about halfway into her, she released her hold on me, and I could see her eyes half-close as I steadily filled her. Only when I felt myself softly pressing against her depths did I stop, looking the expression of absolute satisfaction on her face. I rested there, deep inside her, for a few moments before slowly withdrawing from her, until the ring of muscle at her entrance was firmly clamped behind the glans of my erection. I paused a moment, and pressed myself in again, enjoying the wet, hot, wet, tight feeling of her. Did I mention that she was wet, too? Incredibly wet inside – the only thing that made it possible for me to move within her hot, tight passage was the more than ample supply of oils she had – if she hadn't produced so much of them, what we were doing would have been all but impossible.

After a few such slow strokes, I was thoroughly coated with her lubrication, and began making love to her in earnest – getting into a steady, solid pistoning in and out of her that caused even HER incredibly firm

breasts to sway in time with my actions; and causing her nipples to drag across my chest, feeling as though they were burning designs into my skin from their size and hardness.

In only a couple of minutes, she had another orgasm, not as strong as the first. I didn't stop, or slow down in the slightest, and a few minutes later, she had another, stronger than the previous; and a few minutes after that, still another, even stronger. The whole time I was making love to her, she continued to gasp and moan and grunt her pleasure and arousal, encouraging me to bring her as much joy as I could manage – and with the oral release she'd given me, that was proving to be quite a bit.

It was warm in that barn, and both of us were covered in a fine sheen of sweat, making it easier for our bodies to slide against each other as we moved: me, thrusting in and out of her, her responding by raising her pelvis in time with my actions, and pressing her breasts and hard nipples against my chest and body.

As we made love like that, she had a fourth, then fifth orgasm, each stronger than the one before – and still I didn't stop or slow down as pistoned into her. As her fifth orgasm passed, she was almost wrapped around me, her body completely off the hay, supported entirely by me – which left her free to sway in counterpoint to my actions: when I would bottom out in her, the force of our union would apply pressure to her clitoris, and cause her to sway away from me, even as I was withdrawing from her, only for her to swing back toward me as I thrust into her.

I was in good physical condition – but not Superman. Eventually, supporting our combined weight began to get to me, and I simply HAD to find a less strenuous way to make love to her. I eased both of us down onto the hay, and eased off my activity until she opened her eyes and I could tell her “Jane, as nice as it is to make love with you like this, I'm getting tired from holding us both up. How about if you get on your hands and knees, and I get behind you?”

She nodded her agreement, and after a moan of disappointment when I completely withdrew from her, quickly rolled over and got on her hands and knees, looking back at me. Just as fast, I moved up behind her, and after pointing myself at her glistening opening, sank myself into her again, quickly and easily as she groaned in satisfaction.

Again, it didn't take long for me to get into a rhythm that pleased both of us – in short order, she had a sixth orgasm, and when I reached down to play with her breasts and nipples, a seventh. Between the pheromones – thick enough to cut with a knife – and the sounds and sensations of our lovemaking, it wasn't much longer before I could feel myself getting close to my own release. My movements in her became even faster and more forceful – and pushed her into an incredible **eighth** orgasm, by far her most powerful yet. The sensations of her around me as wave after wave of powerful spasms passed over, and through, her was enough to finally push ME over the edge, as well; and I washed her cervix with my semen, in what seemed like a single, continuous jet of pleasure and release.

Even as I felt the last few drops leave me, I was still hard, and still able to thrust into her a few times – and I did, churning our combined juices into a white foam that I forced out of her, soaking both our pubic areas before it started to trickle down the insides of her thighs as yet another orgasm hit her like a freight train, judging from the sounds and movements she made.

By the time it passed, the clenching of her vagina had finally worn me out – my softened penis dropped free of her opening, releasing a miniature flood of white froth that her pubic hair tried, and failed, to absorb before allowing it to continue its wet journey down her thighs, leaving her glistening from crotch to knees.

Exhausted, I moved to lay down on my back as Jane let herself collapse onto her stomach before rolling over to lay next to me. We lay there like that for quite a while, simply enjoying the contact where our bodies touched, as we recovered from our efforts.

After a while, she got up, and went back down to the first floor of the barn, only to return a few moments later to tell me “Nobody's back, yet – I think we'd better get into the house and clean up before they get here, don't you?”

I had to agree, and as tough as it was, finally got moving again. When I started to put on my pants, Jane laughed, and said “There’s no one here but you and me – and I already know what you’ve got. Besides, if you put them on, they might smell like us, and either people would notice it, or if you changed clothes, would notice that, and wonder why. C’mon, just hang on to them, and we’ll go into the house. You can get dressed AFTER we stop smelling like sex!”

I had to agree with her reasoning, and simply made a bundle I could carry in my hand as she did the same. Once we were ready, both of us carefully walked back to the house, and on into the bathroom, where we took a nice, hot shower as we washed each other off. I started to get hard again, and with a gleam in her eye, Jane dropped to her knees to take me into her mouth to complete the job. When I was ready, she stood up, turned around, and bent over, saying “Do it again – but don’t worry about me; I’ll be okay, I promise.”

So I did it again – easily sliding into her, and in just a few moments, began almost pounding into her as she bit her fist to keep from shouting her pleasure. Her breasts swayed in a most enticing way from what I was doing, and I almost hated to disturb the way the water flowed off her nipples in such interesting patterns by playing with them; pinching and teasing them in time with my thrusting. In short order, she all but screamed into her fist as an orgasm hit her – just as I started spraying her insides with my hot semen while the shower head sprayed our outsides.

When we were done, she carefully stood up and used her fingers to ensure that all of my semen was out of her before washing us both down again. We dried each other off, then got dressed – and were sitting by the pond an hour or so later – completely dry and at ease - when everyone got back to the house.

The rest of the day went by without incident – though Jane and I shared more than a few Significant Looks when nobody could see us.

I was to be on my way the next morning, and Jane decided that the best way to wake me up and get me off to a good start on the day was with her mouth – I woke up hard as a rock, with her lips wrapped around me as she all but deep-throated me to a climax, swallowing every drop with a sparkle in her eye.

To this day, I don’t think Bill and Sarah really appreciated how sincere I was about not wanting to leave – though Jane did, from the grin on her face as she stood behind them.

Sarah still talks to me, and Bill hasn’t come after me with a shotgun, so either they don’t know what happened, or are **way** cooler about it than I’d have thought they would be.

Since then, Jane and I have gone our own ways – I’m now an electronics engineer, doing control and instrumentation systems; she’s a sales rep for a major cosmetics company. We see each other at family gatherings every so often, but we’ve never repeated what happened that day, or discussed it – but there is a closeness between us that the rest of the family has noticed.