

Going to Cali: Chapter One

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Published on Lush Stories on 04 Nov 2010



On a summer vacation I really got to know my cousin.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/going-to-cali-chapter-one.aspx>

Three weeks ago my cousin Traci died. It was a tragic and senseless death that could and should've been avoided. I've been at a loss of words and have been unable to write. I've been drowning in grief since I heard the news. Memories flood my brain. Good times and bad times.

My wife thought it might be good for me to write about her and about some of the things we went through. I hope it helps.

In May of 1987 two very important things happened. The first was I graduated high school. The second and more important, I was going to spend the summer in beautiful southern California. The land of beautiful beaches, movie stars and where the hottest woman on the planet flock too. And I, Robert Cohen was going to be there having the time of my life.

Every night I was going to be out partying in Hollywood with the beautiful people and hooking-up with random chicks. I was going to come to Michigan with one hell of a story

In my mind I actually believed that could happen. I looked good, Hollywood good. I was 6'1, 189lbs, and slightly muscular. I was also packing something, a 10 3/4 inch long, 4-inch wide cock. In high school it made me popular. In Hollywood it was going to make me a star.

You could say I was pretty stoked about my trip to Cali. The only thing that sucked about it is that I was staying with my Aunt Linda and cousin Traci. I barely knew them. My Grandpa Max thought going out there two months before my cousins Bat Mitzvah would be the perfect way to reconnect with my dad's siblings and their spawn.

Back in the early 80's my paternal grandparents moved out there. They were soon followed by Dad's brother (Uncle Al), his wife and two daughters (Allison and Courtney). Then in 1983, after a bitter divorce, Aunt Linda and Traci moved out there too.

When my cousins lived in Michigan we weren't very close. After all they were girls. As a little boy the

last thing I wanted to do was play with them. I'm pretty sure the feeling was mutual.

On the plane ride down all I could think of was how much it was going to suck having to stay with Traci. In my mind she was still the annoying little kid who tried to break my Star Wars figures along with my sister Trina. My only saving grace was my plan to hang out in Hollywood every night. However that dream was squashed three hours into the flight. After finding out the older woman\ sitting next to me lived in L.A. I quizzed her about the nightlife.

She asked me where I was staying. After I told her I said Irvine she started laughing and basically stated that if I didn't have a car, I wouldn't be spending that much time in Hollywood.

I spent the rest of the flight pretty bummed.

After we landed I grabbed my bags and proceeded to wait. While sitting on them on the LAX sidewalk I saw this beautiful 5'2, 114lb girl walking toward me. She had long black hair, D-cup breasts that were bouncing ever so nicely in her tight red tank top.

As she walked closer I started thinking about all the unspeakable things I wanted to do to her. It was obvious that I was checking her out. By the way she was looking at me I was pretty sure she was checking me out too.

She stopped in her tracks, and just stared at me.

Oh yeah she wanted it.

"Robert?" she said.

"Oh crap," I thought to myself. This wasn't any girl; this was Traci, my 16-year old cousin. When the fuck did she get hot? Last time I saw her she was a string bean. But now she was a 100% head turning hottie.

"Mom, he's over here," she yelled.

Behind her walked Aunt Linda. Like Traci, she was looking good too. She was about two inches taller, had dyed blonde hair and firm D-cup breasts. She lost a lot of weighed and maybe weighed 120lbs. She was wearing tight jeans and a blue blouse. As she greeted me with a hug I was praying that should she wouldn't notice my raging hard-on.

Then it was Traci's turn to hug me. I hoped she noticed and could feel what I was packing.

As I was getting reacquainted with my long lost cousin I noticed a tall muscular guy with a mohawk in a Suicidal Tendencies t-shirt lurking behind her.

“There’s a freaky looking dude staring at you,” I whispered into her ear.

She looked at me with a huge smile on her face and said, “That’s Steve, my boyfriend.”

“Hey cuz,” he said with his hand out. “Any cousin of Traci’s is a cousin of mine.

“Wonderful,” I said as we shook hands.

After the introductions were finished, we packed up the car and headed to Irvine.

The car ride was spent catching them up with all the gossip going on back home, especially about my dad and how he’s gone crazy. Aunt Linda could see that it was a painful for me to talk about so she changed the subject to something less troubling.

Hours later we arrived at their small two-bedroom apartment. Aunt Linda pointed to the couch and said that’s where I’ll be sleeping.

“Oh fuck,” I thought to myself. Sleeping on that tiny thing is going to kill my back. Even worse was that I’d have no privacy. This is going to be the worst summer ever.

After dinner the doorbell rang. Aunt Linda ran to answer it. She returned with a mustached man who was wearing a Members Only jacket. After some brief introductions Aunt Linda suggested that Traci, Steve and I take a walk.

Once outside I was informed “going outside for walk” was code for “get out, mom (Aunt Linda) is going to get herself some.”

“So, what do you guys want to do?” I asked.

Traci looked at Steve and then said, “Let’s go see if Vicki’s home.”

“Who’s Vicki?” I asked.

“This chick who we buy pot from,” Steve said.

“Who you buy pot from,” Traci said.

“Women,” Steve said nudging me. They make you pay for everything and I mean everything.”

Before I could respond to his stupid remark we were knocking on a door.

Seconds later a beautiful familiar looking black haired tan girl opened it.

“My mom has company,” Traci said.

“Come on in,” she said.

As I followed her in I couldn't help but notice how beautiful she was. She was 24, had long black hair. Was probably 5'6. Maybe weighed 100lbs and from the look of things had small tits. She was wearing a tight shirt and even tighter jeans.

The living area of her apartment was pretty empty, except for a couch, TV and VCR. I sat next to her on one end of the couch as Steve and Traci sat on the other end making out.

Vicki and I made small talk to pass the time. I was going to use this time to figure where I knew her.

“Are you from the Detroit area?” I asked.

“No, why?” she responded.

“You look familiar,” I said.

“I get that a lot,” she replied with a shy smile.

Minutes later, Steve grabbed Traci by the hand and bolted toward the door. I stood up and started following them.

Steve turned around and said, “Bro, my lady and I need some alone time. Mind hanging out here?”

Traci looked at Vicki and asked, “Is that okay?”

“Sure,” she said.

After they left we stared at each other uncomfortably and didn't say a word. The room was filled with

uncomfortable silence. For what seemed like an eternity neither of us said a word to each other. Before the silence drove us both crazy she asked, "Do you want to smoke?"

"I don't smoke cigarettes," I answered.

"I wasn't talking about cigarettes," she said.

"Fuck yeah," I said with a huge smile.

She then got off the couch, sprinted to her room and returned with a bong and baggie. Minutes later it was packed and we were on our way to a more blissful and loosened up state.

Soon I was cracking her up with everything I did and said. I was totally winning her over with my sense of humor.

After the last ounce pot was gone she turned to me and said, "Wanna fuck?"

"Yes," I said.

She then jumped off the couch and once again sprinted back to her bedroom.

"Should I follow you?" I asked.

"No," she replied. "Just get naked."

And that's exactly what I did. I piled my clothes on the side of the couch where I sat stroking my mammoth cock and bringing it to life. A few minutes later a very naked Vicki walked back into the room holding a videotape. She stopped and stared at my gigantic unit and said, "You're going to be fun."

She walked over to the TV, turned it on put the tape in the VCR and joined me on the couch. She grabbed my cock with one hand and started stroking. With her other hand she grabbed the VCR remote and hit play.

The snow on the screen was now replaced with a porno starring Vicki. Now I knew where I recognized her. Before I lost my virginity to Gail I read Hustler like there was no tomorrow. In those issues pictures of Vicki adorned the review section, one pictorial and the ads on the back cover promoting her latest movie. I'd spend night after night jerking off to her come hither look, imagining I was her co-star. But there I was on the couch with my one time fantasy girl with my large cock in her

hands. I wanted to pinch myself to see if I was dreaming, but I dared not in case I was.

She continued to stroke my cock as we watched her give Tom Byron a hummer. She then turned to me and asked, "Do you want me to do that to you?"

"Oh yes," I replied.

She got off the couch. Sat on the floor on her knees and continued to stroke my cock.

"Have you ever done it with a movie star before?" she asked.

"No," I replied.

She then started sucking me off. My eyes went from the TV and back to her. I thought it was cool that she was more energetic with me then she was with co-star.

Between gulps she looked up at me and said, "With a cock like this you can be a movie star too. Do you want to be a movie star?"

"Sure," I replied.

A few minutes later it was my turn to pleasure her. She sat on the couch legs spread. I got between them and started eating her wet hairy pussy.

The sound of her moans filled the air. She was so loud that neither of us heard the knocking at the door.

Soon she had me lie on the floor. She stood above me rubbing her pussy and taunting me by saying, "Do you deserve to fuck my movie star pussy?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Are you going to fuck my movie star pussy good?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "Give it to me."

"If you don't fuck it good you'll never be a movie star," she said.

"I promise I'll fuck the shit out of you," I cried out.

“You better,” she said lowering herself onto my gigantic member.

As my cock entered her she squealed with delight. She then started riding me with reckless abandon.

“You feel so good,” she cried out.

I grunted as I moved my cock in and out of her.

“Smack my movie star ass,” she demanded.

I did.

Minutes later she got on all fours on the floor. Before I entered her from behind I noticed my movements were mimicking Tom Byron’s on the TV screen. I did everything he did. I first teased her pussy with my cock causing her to beg for me to put it in. I then circled her asshole with my cock. Again she begged me to fuck her. The second Tom entered her on the TV I entered her in real life.

“Fuck my movie star pussy harder,” she demanded.

I grabbed her long hair, pulled it back and started pounding her love box. Her moans got louder and louder as I increased the tempo of my pounding.

A bit later she had me one again sit on the couch. She climbed on top of me and once again started riding the shit out of me.

I guess I was getting that look because she said, “Tell me when you’re ready to cum.”

I kept on thrusting as long could before saying, “I’m about to cum.”

She climbed off of me, got on her knees and ordered me to stand-up and cum on her face.

I stood-up. She grabbed my hard cock, stroked it for a split second before I came all over face. I then collapsed onto the couch smiling.

“You’d be a great movie star,” she said as she wiped my jizz off her face.

“I’ll think about it,” I replied.

“Seriously do,” she said.

We then heard a knock at the door. That was my signal to quickly get dressed.

After I was fully clothed Vicki said, “Go outside and meet them. This place totally smells of fucking. I don’t want them to know what went on in here.”

“Ok,” I said.

Before I left she gave me a big kiss and invited me over anytime I wanted.

When I got outside Steve and my cousin were both giving me weird looks.

“What went on in there?” Traci asked with a mischievous smile.

“Nothing,” I coyly said.

“Dude, we could totally hear you banging,” Steve said holding up his hand waiting for me to hi-five him.

“We weren't,” I said.

“Dude you were totally making her moan like I make Traci moan,” he said.

She gave him a disgusted look and said, “You never made me moan like that before.”

“By never you mean all the time,” he said. “You have to tell me what went on in there.”

“Goodnight Steve,” she said.

He tried to kiss her goodnight but she pushed him away.

“Robert, we’ll talk tomorrow,” he said as he walked toward his apartment unit.

“Don’t mind him, he’s been wanting to bone her since she moved in,” Traci said.

“You don’t mind?” I asked.

“She’s out of his league,” she said. “He doesn’t have a chance.”

"I think you're prettier than her," I said.

She gave me a hug right before we entered the apartment.

I grabbed my pajamas from my bag, went to the bathroom, changed and climbed onto the couch and fell fast asleep.

My slumber did not last as long as I wanted. Not only was my Aunt Linda an early riser (6 A.M.), but she was also a noisy one. To make ends meet she worked two jobs, during the day she worked as an apartment complex manager in Mission Viejo and three nights a week she worked as a bartender.

Her loud morning ritual took about 90 minutes. It was pure torture listening to her sing along with the radio, as she got ready. What made it worse was that she kept on apologizing for her annoying behavior. What I never understood is that she knew it was annoying yet she still continued to do it. I was pretty baffled.

After she left, I went to the bathroom to pee and then crawled back on the couch and once again fell asleep.

A few hours later I was woken up by the sound of the shower. Just thinking about her being naked in there maybe touching herself got me thinking impure thoughts. I grabbed my Walkman, put it on, pressed play, lowered my pajamas bottoms and started stroking my cock. While New Order's "Blue Monday" filled my ears, images of Traci riding my huge cock filled my mind.

I was so lost in my imagination that I didn't hear the shower shut-off.

As I was stroking away I got the feeling that someone was watching me. I opened my eyes and saw Traci standing there in her bra and panties.

I was busted and pretty embarrassed.

"Get the fuck out of here," I yelled.

It looked like she was about to say something. So, I once again yelled, "Get the fuck out of here."

She ran into her room.

I ran into the bathroom. Turned on the shower. Finished stroking. I spent the rest of the shower

wondering how I was going to face her. I had no idea what I was going to say.

When I got out of the shower she was gone. I sat on the couch and started watching TV.

Steve came over looking for Traci.

I told him I had no idea where she was.

We started talking about last night. I told him everything that, except about Vicki being a porn star.

We then went out to lunch and hit a few comic book and record stores.

After he dropped me back off at the apartment he told me to tell Traci that he might stop by after work.

I walked into the apartment and found Traci sitting on the couch watching TV.

"Where were you?" she asked.

"Hanging out with Steve," I replied. "He wanted me to tell you that he might drop by after work."

"Great," she said sarcastically.

She looked at me for a second and then said, "Sorry I bailed earlier, but I thought you might want some alone time."

"I don't want to talk about that," I said.

"It's cool if you want to masturbate, no one cares if you do it," she said.

"I seriously don't want to talk about it," I said.

"Fine," she said before storming off to her room.

Seconds later she came out of her room naked and sat on the couch rubbing her pussy.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I think it's pretty obvious," she said with a smile.

“Why?” I asked as my cock was getting hard.

“To prove a point Mr. I’m all embarrassed that I got caught jerking off, even though we all do it,” she said. “So if you’re not a chicken you’ll masturbate in front of me.”

I had no choice to drop my pants and show her my hard mammoth love missile.

“Oh my God,” she said. “Compared to you Steve is a midget.”

That made me laugh.

“Tell me everything that happened last night,” she said as she rubbed her pussy.

As I started stroking my cock I told her everything that happened after her and Steve left. She furiously played with her pussy as I told her every torrid detail from Vicki being a porn star to how she squealed with delight as I ate her out.

“Steve never does that for me,” she said as she pinched her left nipple with one hand and continued to pleasure her love box with other.

When I got to the part where I came all over Vicki’s face we both came. She continued to her clit as a fountain of love juice exploded from my cock.

“Wow,” she said.

“That was pretty intense,” I replied.

“I should clean your mess up,” she said.

“Okay,” I replied.

As she walked toward the kitchen the way her boobs bounced and ass jiggled caused me to get hard again. When she returned with the paper towel I was once again stroking my hard cock.

“Oh goody, you’re ready to cum again,” she said with a smile.

“Yes,” I said.

“Do you have another dirty story?” she asked.

This time I told her about losing my virginity to Gail and what happened the next day between Gail, her mother and me.

We spent the rest of the day watching each other play with ourselves as I entertained her with stories of my various sexual exploits. That lasted until dinner when Steve called saying he got out of work early. The second he got there Traci asked if I wouldn't mind “taking a walk.”

I got the hint and left. I walked over to Vicki's place to see if she wanted to play. But she wasn't home. So I went and sat by the pool wishing that I were fucking Traci instead of Steve.

For the next week, whenever we were alone, my cousin and I watched each other play with ourselves while I told her tales of my sexual exploits. During that week I told her everything, including fucking my sister Trina right after she turned 16.

“Bullshit,” Trina said while lightly rubbing her pussy.

“Call her,” I said.

“I don't believe you,” she said.

“If I were lying would I tell you to call her,” I replied.

“But she's your sister,” she said while fingering her very wet pussy.

“And you're my cousin, but that hasn't stopped you from fingering yourself in front of me,” I said.

After those words left my lips she abruptly stopped playing with herself, sat on the couch and grabbed the phone and started dialing.

Then I could hear the phone ring.

Seconds later I could hear my mom answer.

“Hey Aunt Beth, this is Traci, is Trina home?”

I could hear my mom say something.

“No he’s not bothering me,” Traci said.

I could hear my mom say something else.

“I can’t way to see you at Courtney’s Bat Mitzvah too,” Traci said.

I could then hear my Mom yell, “Trina phone. It’s your cousin Traci.”

A few seconds later I could hear Trina pick-up the phone.

“Hey Trace,” Trina said on the other end of the line.

“Hey T,” Traci said while she rubbed her wet pussy. “I have to ask you something really important.

“Mom, hang-up,” Trina yelled.

I could hear my Mom hang-up the phone.

“Who told you that?” Trina asked.

“Robert,” Traci said. “Is it true.”

“Yes,” Trina said. “It was part of an initiation to this club at school.”

“Why him?” Traci asked.

“The initiation was to fuck the boy at school with biggest cock,” Trina said. “It just happened to be my brother. Have you seen his cock?”

“I’m watching him stroke it right now,” Traci said. “Tell me the whole story and don’t leave out a single detail.”

As my sister told Traci about our first time together she started rubbing her pussy even more intently. This was turning me on. I wanted her so bad.

I slid closer to the couch. Gently removed Traci’s hand from her pussy and inserted my tongue.

“Stop, stop, don’t stop,” she loudly whispered as my tongue circled her clit.

I then inserted two fingers as my mouth kissed her clit.

“Oh God,” she screamed. “That feels so good.”

I inserted a third finger into her tight wet pussy.

She started moaning louder.

I then moved down and started licking her ass as I continued to finger fuck my cousin.

Her moans got louder as she started to rub her pussy.

I could hear my sister moaning through the phone. I closed my eyes and imagined her sitting on her bed; legs in the air as played with her pleasure box while listening to me eat out her favorite cousin. I started panicking internally, wondering what would happen if my Mom were to pick-up. I had to find a way to it hang-up.

I took my fingers out of her pussy and used my hand to lightly slap it. This caused her to moan louder. I then stood-up.

“Don’t stop,” she pleaded as she played with herself.

“Your turn,” I said as I pointed to my massive hard cock.

As she got on her knees I picked-up the phone that was lying on the couch, yelled, “Bye Trina.”

As I hung-up the phone I could hear my sister yell, “Robert don’t!”

While I was doing that Traci was on her knees and using both her hands to stroke my cock. She seemed amazed that she was having hard time wrapping her hands around it.

“You’re so much bigger than Steve,” she said.

“Don’t mention his name,” I said as I grabbed the back of her head and pushed it toward my cock.

She started gently kissing the tip of it while continuing to stroke. After a few seconds of that she started moving her way down in attempt to deep throat it. Of course her gag reflex kept on kicking in.

“Spit on it,” I said.

She looked up towards me and said, "Really?"

"Yes," I said.

She swished saliva around her mouth before spitting it onto my cock.

"Now stroke it," I said.

She did that before kissing every inch of it and reinserting it into her mouth.

I then had her position herself so I could put my dick between her tits. Every time it moved she would quickly kiss the tip before it moved back down. After a few minutes of this she was begging for me to let her suck it again.

As I looked down her while she enjoyed sucking my large piece of meat I realized how bad I wanted to do so much more with my beautiful cousin. If I didn't say something I was worried that she would just be happy giving me a hummer.

I waited a few minutes to not seem pushy. Then I said, "Stop."

She did and said, "Am I doing something wrong?"

"No," I said. "I really want to fuck you."

She didn't say anything right away. She just continued to stroke my cock. By the look on her pretty face I could tell she was thinking about it. She then took her free hand and started rubbing her pussy. Soon a smile spread across her face and I knew her answer before she even uttered a word.

She then looked up at me, smiled and said, "Yes."

She then stood-up. I pulled her closer to me and we started kissing passionately. After a few minutes of enjoying each other's mouths she grabbed me by the hand and led me into her room.

Her bedroom was small. It was filled with a bed and a desk. The walls were filled with posters and pictures of her and her friends. We stood at the foot of her bed. Her hands were massaging my cock and my fingers were rubbing her clit.

I then pushed her onto the bed. The second she landed on her back she started masturbating. For a

moment I thought about teasing her by depriving her of my cock. But the only person that I would be torturing would be myself.

I jumped on the bed. Removed her hand from her wet pussy and started slapping her clit with my cock. She bit her lip to keep the moans from coming out. I then moved it slightly downwards and proceeded to slowly enter her. I could tell by the look on her face she was experiencing slight discomfort. That made me wonder how small was Steve's unit. A few seconds later I was fully inside of my cousin and my large cock was stretching her pussy out.

I started moving it slowly in and out of her tight wet pussy. The sounds of pain were soon replaced by moans of pleasure. I grabbed her right hand and made her play with her clit as I continued to fuck her.

I the speed of the motion of my cock increased, as did the speed of her rubbing. Her moans continued to get louder. Soon her body started shaking. Her eyes rolled slightly back and she yelled, "Please stop."

I took my cock out. She started rubbing faster. She then started quivering and let out a squeal of delight. She then said, "Steve has never made me feel like that before."

I then got her on all fours. Faced her toward mirror and then entered her from behind. I held onto her jiggling ass as I furiously fucked her.

A bit later we changed things up. I got on my back; she climbed on top of me and started riding. She was bouncing up and down with reckless abandon. As she did that I kissed her breasts every time they got near my face.

She soon started riding me faster and I was ready to explode. I then started pounding her faster. I was ready to lose control.

"I'm going to cum," I yelled.

"Do it," she said.

A few seconds later my love juice exploded into her sweet pussy. She collapsed on top of me with a huge smile and started kissing me.

I looked into her beautiful eyes and asked, "Did you have fun?"

“Yes,” she said with a beaming smile.

“More fun then with Steve?” I asked.

“Steve who?” she replied.

We then both started laughing. I really wanted to fuck her before Aunt Linda got home. I looked at the clock and noticed that we had about three more hours. Before I could ask her if she was ready for another round the phone rang.

She picked-up the phone in her room and said, “Hello.”

I could hear my sisters’ voice through the receiver demanding to know what happened. As Traci began to tell her she started masturbating. So I slid between her legs and started to play with her pussy.

This was definitely the start of an amazing summer.