Sexual healing from one cousin to another

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Published on Lush Stories on 17 Aug 2012

My cousin and I have always been close, but how close would we be willing to get?

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/sexual-healing-from-one-cousin-to.aspx

I slammed the door of my car, shoved the keys in the ignition, turned the key to on and flew away from the curb. I had just had the shock of my life and I was angry. After 15 years of, what I thought was, a wonderful marriage, I came home early after work to surprise my husband. Little did I know he had a surprise for me. I found him in OUR bed with our nanny and some slut from the office. I had no idea that he had even been thinking about cheating on me. As soon as I saw his "friend" from the office, though, I knew that this had been going on for quiet a while. I had been so angry that I didn't even try to pack a bag, I just ran out to my car and left. After traveling about a mile down the road, I pulled up to the curb and just began to cry. I sat there for what felt like hours but could have only been a few minutes, letting the tears slide down my face.

After my mind cleared, I began to realize I needed a place to stay for the night. My mind raced with the few possibilities I had. Most of my friends were going through their own problems, so I didn't want to bother any of them. I would rather be homeless then to go back to my parents and listen to my mother's gloating about being right. I really only had one option. My cousin, Jaren, had recently moved back to town after going through his own divorce. The last I had heard from him, he had been looking for a roommate. I dialed his number and prayed he hadn't found one. When his voice hit my ear through the phone, I felt my heart skip a beat. I didn't want to waste much time, so I got right to the point.

"Hey Jaren. It's Austin. Did you ever find a roommate?"

"Actually, no, I didn't. Why you ask?"

"Well, I think I am going to need a place to stay for a while. Do you mind if I come over right now and at least take a look?"

"Of course not, Shorty. I'll be waiting for you to get here." Jaren had adopted the nickname shorty for me when we were kids. At 5'2", it was appropriate.

"Thanks, Bean Pole," I said as a small smile spread across my face. His height of 6 foot even and weighing 130 pounds had earned him his nickname from me.

Relieved, I closed my phone and drove to Jaren's apartment. As I mounted the stairs (he lived on the third floor of a five-storey building), I started to get nervous about what I was going to tell him. I formed a plan in my head just as I reached his landing. I walked to his door and knocked. I heard him walk across his apartment floor and my heart sank a little with each of his foot steps. When he opened the door, I had to take a breath. I'd had a thing for Jaren since we had been kids. He had always been my favorite cousin, always giving me hugs and making sure I was alright. His blue eyes looked at me and I could tell he knew by looking at me that something was wrong.

"Hey Shorty. What the hell happened?" He asked as he opened the door wider.

I opened my mouth to answer but my eyes deceived me. I started crying uncontrolably and Jaren reached out and pulled me to him, lightly dragging me into his apartment as he did. I heard his door close and felt his hands on my back and head begin to rub and soothe me.

"Shhhh, Austin. It's ok. Just calm down and tell me what's wrong?"

I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him close until my tears stopped. The whole time, he just soothed and held me, letting me calm down. When I pulled back from him, I looked up into his face and saw genuine concern.

"Now, I hope you feel better 'cause I want an explanation as to what made you cry like that," he said, as he led me to his living room to sit.

"Well, to put it bluntly, Aiden is a lying, cheating bastard and I never want to see him again."

"Ok," he said. Of course, knowing him so well, I could hear the chuckle in his voice as he said it. "Why do you think he is a lying, cheating bastard?"

"Well, being the awesome wife that I am, I decided I would come home early to surprise him today. When I got there, I walked in and find him balls deep in our nanny's ass and with some slut from his office straddling his face."

"Oh shit! I guess he has earned the title of lying cheating, bastard then, hasn't he?"

I couldn't help but laugh. That was another thing I loved about Jaren. He had always had a way of making me laugh, no matter how upset I was. He moved closer to me on the couch and looked me in

the eye.

"Let me guess. You stormed out of the house without even packing a bag, called me and came right over?"

"Yeah," I said sheepishly as I looked down at my lap.

Jaren took my chin in his hand and pulled my face back toward him. I looked up at him and had the urge to just ravage him right there. His eyes were so gentle and soft and blue, I just wanted to stare at them forever. His lips looked soft and warm and kissable. I buried the urge and just looked at him, hoping my eyes didn't betray my desire.

"Ok then. How about I go back over there and get you some things? You can stay here for as long as you need. While I am gone, you go in, take a nice warm bath and calm down. Everything is going to be alright. I promise."

"Thank you Jaren. You have no idea how much this means to me," I said as I wrapped my arms around his neck.

"Oh yes I do. I just went through this same thing a year ago, remember," he said as he pulled back and gave me that look again.

He got up and left, leaving me sitting numbly on his couch. I decided that his advice was good and that I needed a bath to try and relax. It took me a while to find his bathroom, but once I did, I was forced to stand in awe for a few moments.

It was one of the largest bathrooms I had ever been in. There was a whirlpool tub on one side of the room and a glass doored shower in the corner on the opposite side. I walked over to the tub, started the water, and turned to take off my clothes. I nearly jumped out of my skin. I had thought I had seen someone else in the room with me, but it turned out to be a wall to wall mirror Jaren had running along one wall. At the sight of myself, I wondered why he even let me in the door. I looked half crazy, my black hair was flying in all different directions, my cheeks were stained with mascara, and my light blue/gray eyes were red and puffy.

I let my eyes travel down my body as I slowly removed my clothes. I undid the buttons of my shirt first and let the smooth silk slide down my arms, as my eyes tracked its progress. My perky 36D breasts sat proudly on my chest and I could already tell I was excited by the sight of myself. I slid my hand around behind me and removed my white lace bra, letting it fall free. My pink nipples instantly sprang forth to show that they were ready for pleasure. I grabbed both breasts at once and gave myself a

little massage.

As I played, I began to feel my pussy start to drip with desire. I realized suddenly that it had been six months since I had had any kind of sex. At the same moment, I remembered that I was in my cousin's bathroom, after finding my husband cheating. My hands instantly felt from my breasts to my pants. I nearly tore them off in the attempt to get a look at my lower body. It took some finesse getting the pants around my ample hips without tearing or ripping them, but once I did I just let them fall to the floor. My eyes fell instantly to the scar on my left knee that was a result of a near-death car accident I had been in when I was just 18. The sight of it always reminded me of just how lucky I was to be alive. This time, it also reminded me of how strong I was and I knew that I would somehow make it through this.

My eyes traveled up my light brown thighs to the sharp contrast of my white lace thong. I had worn it today because of what I had planned for my husband, but now it looked almost out of place on my body. I slipped my fingers into the waist band and slowly slide them off, revealing my freshly waxed pussy. I ran my right hand over my mound to ensure that no stray hairs where left and, feeling non and, took a moment to just look at myself. I am by no means a supermodel, but I felt that I was in decent shape and I could make a man want me if I wanted to. With that thought in my head, I turned and climbed into the tub to try and wash away the hurt of the afternoon "surprise."

I didn't realize until I was out of the tub that I didn't have anything to put on. I ended up searching the bathroom for a towel and, thankfully, found a big one to wrap around myself and one for my hair. After ensuring that I was dry, I left the bathroom and walked back to the living room to wait for Jaren. As I rounded the corner, I saw him sitting on the couch facing the hallway. As he looked at me, I saw his eyes widen and his pants inexplicably rise. I had to contain my chuckle, but I couldn't stop the grin spreading across my face.

"Well, I see you survived the encounter with David. That eye of yours looks pretty bad though, you might want to put some ice or something on that," I said as I got closer to him and noticed the shiner he had.

"I have been. Besides, you think I look bad, you should see him. That's what he gets for attacking a man that has had military training and who is just trying to help his wonderful cousin out."

"He attacked you? Damn, he must not be the man I thought he was then, 'cause I have never seen him attack anyone." Jaren looked away from me then and I could tell he was blushing and kind of laughing. "Wait, what did you say to him?"

"Well, I might have called him a pencil dick and told him that he was a loser and that I was gonna

make sure his ex was gonna get a better guy this time," he said as he turned back to look at me, as I plopped on the couch beside him.

He leaned more into me and I didn't move. His close proximity made me feel warm and tingly in ways I hadn't felt in a long time. I didn't want to give it up. His words made me grin, which soon turned into a smile and a hearty laugh, the longer I thought about it.

"Oh, Jaren. Thank you. I have no idea how I am ever going to repay you. If there is anything you want just let me know and I would be happy to give it to you," I said as I leaned against him, being sure to lightly graze his arm with my breast.

I pressed my lips lightly to his cheek and felt him quiver. Now, this was by no means the first time I had kissed him on the cheek, but this was the first time I had noticed this reaction from him. As I pulled away, he looked directly into my eyes and I saw that his eyes were full of lust.

"Well, Austin, I am sure we can figure something out," he said as he slowly slid his hands around my waist and pulled me closer.

I knew what was coming, but I was powerless to stop it. I had fantasized about this happening a lot, but I never thought it would. His lips met mine and I felt a jolt of electricity shoot from my lips straight to my already moist pussy. I kissed him back and felt his lips part. My tongue darted from my mouth to his. As our tongues wrestled for control, I felt myself being pulled ever closer to him. I suddenly got the hint and moved myself into his lap. I felt a rather impressive bulge between his legs and knew that I was in for a treat. From what I could tell, he was at least 7 inches, which made him at least an inch bigger than my ex had been.

I started grinding against him and couldn't suppress my moans. If I kept this up for long, I was going to come with nothing more then his kiss and the stimulation of my clit by his jeans. Jaren didn't try to stop me. He let me go and was rewarded with a suddenly flooded crotch as my rapidly building orgasm finally released all over his still jean-covered crotch.

"Well, now. Don't I feel silly? Here I was thinking I was going to take you to bed and ravage you. And you go and cum all over me, right here on the couch," he said as he slowly ran his hands up and down my back.

"Oh Jaren. I'm sorry. It's just been a really long time and I guess you were doing something right and I just couldn't help it. Forgive me," I asked as I moved to try to get off his lap. He stopped me by grabbing my face and forcing me to look at him.

"Listen. I was just kidding. From the looks of you, I had a feeling you were gonna go pretty easy the first time. But, do you honestly think I was going to wait this long to get you, and only do it once? Hell no. I plan on making you happy and making you cum for as long as you want me to. Besides, there is no way I am going to let you leave me with this raging hard-on."

With that, he gently moved me from his lap, sat me on the couch and stood up. "Since you have seen the bathroom, I think it's time you see the rest of the apartment, especially the bed I want you to be sleeping in while you are here." He reached his hand out to me and when I took his hand, he pulled me from the couch and dragged me behind him.

Jaren's apartment really was impressive. At least, the glimpses I got of it were, as he nearly ran me through the place. I was about ready to ask him to slow down when he stopped at a door. We had been going fast enough that I hadn't noticed that we had come to the end of the hall.

He turned toward me and looked me dead in the eye. "Now, before I open this door, I want your word that if at any point you feel uncomfortable or bad, you will tell me. After the shit storm you have had today, I don't want anything else to add to your stress or guilt."

"Jaren, you have no idea how long I have wanted to do this with you. Ever since the day you saved me from the creek, I have wanted to repay you by fucking your brains out. And it seems every time I need someone to save me, there you are. Every time you save me, it only adds to the desire I have for you. Let's just say Aiden has reaped the benefits of what you have done to me on several occasions. So, shut up and open the damn door so I can finally start paying you back for all the times you've saved me."

It didn't take any thing else for him to sling the door open and pull me inside. As I walked around him to get the full view of the room, I heard the door shut and lock. Unsure why, but not really caring at that point, I walked up to the king-sized bed and marveled at it. There was an impeccably straight cover on top of what looked like midnight blue, silk sheets. There was a stack of pillows resting against the head board and a table to the side which held a picture of Jaren in his uniform. I felt him move up behind me and, without a word, I turned, wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him in for a deep, passionate kiss. When I pulled away, I turned us around, and gently pushed him onto the bed. I moved onto his lap and ran my hands down his cheeks. I leaned in and placed a soft kiss on his bruised eye and heard him draw in a breath. I moved my lips to his mouth and kissed him again, moving my tongue into his mouth.

While my lips and tongue danced with his, my hands got busy unbuttoning the shirt he was wearing. I yanked it from his jeans and slide it over and off his shoulders. As my hands slid down his arms, I noticed that his muscles were very defined and toned. I drew away from him and looked him over.

"Damn, bean pole, looks like that nickname may not work for you anymore. You've beefed up since I last saw you topless."

"Yeah, the military will do that to you. Hope you don't mind," he said as he leaned back slightly and thrust his visibly erect cock at me.

"Oh, not at all. In fact, you may be able to do the one position that I have always wanted to do, but never found a guy strong enough to do it. Also, I have always wanted to be used, but Aiden wouldn't do it. So," I said as I slid the towel which was somehow still wrapped around me loose and let it fall to the floor, "I want you to promise that you will use me the way I have always wanted to be."

"Oh, that won't be a problem at all, shorty," he said as his eyes drifted up and down my body pausing at my erect nipples and clean mound. "Besides, judging from the extremely wet crotch I got earlier, you are a squirter, and that is one of my biggest turn ons. Now, get over here and show me what you can do with that wonderful little mouth of yours."

With that, he unzipped his pants, stood up and slid them and his underwear off at the same time. When his cock sprang free, I realized I had grossly underestimated his size. He had to be at least 8 and a half inches long and as thick as a baseball bat. It was covered in veins which I could tell were full of rapidly pumping blood. The head was almost purple. He had a slight curve, which left the tip pointing at his belly button. His testicles were pulled tightly to his groin, so I knew it wouldn't take long for him to explode.

Not wanting to waste time, I dropped to my knees and crawled over to were he was standing. I knelt in front of him and wrapped my hand around him. I could barely get my hand around it, it was so thick. I marveled at the beautiful specimen in front of me and slowly and lightly ran my hand up and down his lightly throbbing shaft. Within seconds, I noticed a slight amount of pre-cum gleaming at the tip of his head. I stuck my tongue out and gently licked the pre-cum off and I heard a moan escape him.

"Damn. That feels great. I should probably warn you though, its been a while since I have had sex, so I might blow a little early."

"That's ok. I look forward to having you cum in my mouth, sliding down my throat," I said as I stuck out my tongue and proceeded to lick down his shaft.

When I came back up, I laid my tongue flat on him and went ever so slowly. When I got back to the tip, I opened my mouth as wide as I could and took in just the tip. I wanted to get used to the sheer

size of him before I started really going at it. It took only a few moments and I slowly slid my mouth as far as it would go. When he hit the back of my throat, he moaned. I swallowed and slid my mouth all the way down to his base. I looked up at Jaren and his mouth was hanging open. He moved his hands to the back of my head, entangled his fingers in the back of my hair, and pulled my head up till just the tip was left in my mouth. Getting the hint, I began to suck like I was sucking on a womans breast.

He held my head still and began to thrust himself in and out of my mouth. I could tell with his increasing rhythm and louder moaning, that he was about to blow. I moved my hand to his balls and began to roll them gently between my fingers. I felt them give a final contraction and my mouth was suddenly full of his cock as he thrust himself down my throat and the first jet of his cum shot out of his cock. I moaned as yet another jet of cum hit the back of my throat. He just keep cumming. I began to worry that I wouldn't be able to swallow it all when I finally felt his hands release my hair. I pulled off of him and swallowed the mouthful of cum I had. He tasted sweet and I loved the taste.

"Well, beanpole, how was that? Was it worth the wait," I asked as I moved to sit beside him on the bed.

"Oh, god, Austin. That was by far the best blow job I have ever had. You are amazing. Sorry I took control there, but I just really got into it."

"You have nothing to be sorry about. That is the kind of thing I was talking about when I said I wanted to be used. It was wonderful and I can't wait to taste you again. And, from the looks of it, I may not have to wait long, since you are still hard," I said as I glanced down to see him still standing at attention.

Just then, I heard a female voice call from just outside the door "Hey Jaren, you home?" Jaren jumped from the bed. He turned and looked at me with a worried and apologetic look on his face.

"Oh god. Austin, give me a minute, I have to go talk to Sierra. I'll explain when I get back, ok?" With that, he picked up the towel I had discarded on the floor, wrapped it around himself, unlocked and opened the door and left me sitting wondering what the fuck was going on.

So, what is Jaren hiding? Let me know in the comments what you think and if you want to hear more of the sexual exploits of Jaren and Austin.