**Taylor comes home**

**I’ve known my cousin Taylor for years. She’s always been one of my favorite cousins. When she was little she always followed my around, probably because I would put up with her when she got rowdy. And lord she got rowdy a lot. She was always jumping on me, chasing me, poking me. Thankfully she liked me enough to go away for a bit if I wanted to watch a movie or play a game or surf the net for things she didn’t need to see, though I suspect that she would occasionally snack back onto the stairs while I looked at porn on the computer.**

**When we first started to play together she was eight, and I was eighteen. Quite a gap for any friendship, but I was all she had when she would visit my Grandmother, her great grandmother, with whom I lived. She left when she was nine and I was nineteen. I think she knew a bit more about sex than I gave her credit for. She seemed to pounce on me and bounce on my middle quite a bit. Maybe she had seen me watching it in porn and wanted to replicate what obviously made me happy. My tastes however were geared towards girls at least in their teens, so I never entertained the idea of corrupting her. After all at the age of nine she was about four foot five inches tall and seventy five pounds. She hadn’t hit puberty yet, or if she had it wasn’t showing. Then she moved and for two years I didn’t see her.**

**Soon after moving out though, her grandmother bought a house next to my own, on my father’s advice. My family was hired to remodel the house and when we were done Taylor’s family would move back. Because it was pretty much just my father and I progress was extremely slow. So there we were, two years later and almost done with the house. Much to our chagrin however, Taylor’s family decided to move in now, and let us finish the work while they live there. Initially I was strongly against the idea; the last thing I need is a little girl wandering around underfoot while I’m running power tools. But a part of me wanted her back. She was after all the only member of my extended family I had ever made a connection with. Little did know just how much I would enjoy her company.**

**I was working on the house the day they arrived. I looked out the window when I heard the car pull up. I recognized Beth, her overweight loser of a mother immediately; after all she’s hard to miss. It took a minute to recognize Taylor though. She had grown a lot and not just up. Taylor now stood five foot three inches tall and weighed around one hundred and five pounds. She had also grown breasts, and though they were small they fit her frame well and looked quiet perky standing almost straight out from her chest. She also picked up little bit of weight on her hips, though not enough to sneeze at. Her sandy blonde hair had been cut short, almost like a boys. This served to accentuate her wide brown eyes, cute freckled nose and rounded chin.**

**When she opened her mouth, however, I knew instantly that it was her. Her voice hadn’t changed at all, she still had hat high and almost whining voice she’d had all her life.**

**It didn’t take us long to get comfortable with one another again she was having a hard time adjusting our small town, having come all the way from Orlando. She had left all her friends behind, and with her mother refusing to let her out of the house she wasn’t making any friends in the neighborhood. She just had a few friends at school, but no one she really knew well. It just so happened that I was at her home a lot, working on this that and the other. It also happened that I had moved to town when I was ten as well. She took to me because I was easy for her to talk to. I didn’t treat her like a child anymore because she honestly no longer was a child.**

**And so it was. She would come home from school and talk to me while I worked.**

**"Jon! Can you come here?!" Taylor yelled from her room. Beth had only left a few minutes before, by now she would probably be at work. I'd only been in the house for about thirty minutes and wasn't really doing any work yet. Taylor had been in the shower while I caught up with her mom, my cousin. Beth had just gotten a new job at the new bookstore in town and had been working a lot of hours to catch up on the bills.**

**“Coming!” I called back. I set down the tools I’d been carrying and headed down the hall towards Taylor’s room. Her door was closed, what could she need? “What’s up?” I asked through the door, supposing that she was still getting dressed. The door jerked open quickly and Taylor grabbed my hand in hers and towed me into her bedroom, swiftly shutting the door behind me.**

**Taylor’s room was small by my standards, but large enough to hold her things. We did a good job on this room. The floor was Laminate wood, the walls a soft green color that gave the room a bright look. The double closet doors were open and I could see that the rack was almost full of clothes. Taylor even had her own vanity with a sink in the corner by the door. The counter was currently strewn with cosmetics. The chair in front of the vanity had several outfits thrown over the back, even the twin bed was covered with clothes. The top of the dresser was a mess of jewelry continuing the theme of indecision. Her bookcase was the only thing not containing objects from her closet, though I wasn’t sure how long that would last.**

**“Uh, what’s wrong?” I asked, looking around at the contents of the exploded closet.**

**“I need your help.” Taylor said a strained look on her face. “I’m going out on a date with a boy from class tonight and I’ve never done this before. What do I do John? What if he doesn’t like me? What if I mess this up?” She turned abruptly back to the mirror and started to franticly brush at her already brushed hair. She was definitely stressed and I needed to get her calm now, before she totally lost it.**

**“First of all calm down, you’ll do fine. Second, stop brushing your hair, it’s not messy. Third, why do you need my help?”**

**“Because you’re a guy stupid, you know what I should do to make him like me. Besides I can’t decide which outfit to wear.” She made a sweeping gesture indicating the chaos inside her room. Taylor began to pace nervously in what space she could. She was flushed and barley trembling with nerves, the poor thing.**

**“Ok, what do you want to know?” I asked, prepared to reassure her. Something about this was making her very nervous.**

**“Tell me everything; I don’t know what to do!”**

**“Whoa, slow down Taylor, it’s going to be fine. Who is the guy, tell me about him.”**

**“Well his name is Brian; he’s in the 8th grade. He’s about your height, has dark hair and he’s so cute.” She sighed, her small shoulders slumping. “I don’t know why he would ask *me* out. He could get almost any girl.”**

**“He probably asked you because you’re very pretty.” She really was. I took a moment to look her over. Her sandy hair hung almost straight to her shoulders with one side covering part of her face. Her flush was making her skin glow and the spray of freckles across her cheeks and nose stand out. I knew that if she were smiling I would be able to see her braces. Silver wires with light blue bands. She was wearing a plain whit under shirt that was slightly translucent, just enough that I could make out the whit bra that encased her small budding breasts. She was also wearing a small pair of basketball shorts that showed off her long slim legs, hairless and unblemished. I had a brief thought about those legs wrapped around a man and quickly banished the though. Unbidden my cock gave a little twitch. Continuing I said, “You’re also extraordinarily smart, and you are fun to be around. You’ve got a lot going for you. Ok, what are you two doing tonight?”**

**“We’re going to the mall.”**

**“And?”**

**“Oh, I don’t know, we’ll probably eat at the food court. Maybe play some DDR and then we’re supposed to see a movie.”**

**I looked up quickly. “What movie?”**

**Is it important?” I nodded. “Fine, we’re going to see a horror movie. It’s supposed to be really scary. What, why are you smiling like that?”**

**“The movie, he’s going to kiss you at the movie. He sure is moving fast. Taylor, are you okay?” Taylor had stopped in her tracks, a look of astonished horror on her face.**

**“I’ve never kissed a boy. Oh God, what am I going to do?”**

**“I imagine that you’ll kiss him back.”**

**“Ok, what else do I need to know?”**

**“Well, you’ll be walking around the mall a lot, so wear comfortable shoes, probably your Vans if you’re going to play DDR. Be prepared, he’s probably going to hold your hand. Hold his like this, so he knows you like it.” I took her hand and twined my fingers through hers.**

**“Ok, holding hands, check.”**

**Taylor’s hand was holding mine for dear life, so I let her keep hold of it for a bit. She needs the reassurance, I said to myself. “What were you going to wear?”**

**“Oh, I was going to wear my skirt and this blouse.” She held up a small black skirt that would have hit a little below mid thigh and a silky looking white top.**

**“Uh, can I make a suggestion?”**

**“Please.”**

**“Wear some nice jeans, you don’t want to wear a skirt to DDR, plus it won’t give him any ideas later on." She blushed furiously and slapped my arm. "Well I'm serious, there are a lot of, uh, active kids in the 8th grade. At least there were when I was in middle school."**

**"And were you one of those *active kids*?" she asked with a gleam in her eye.**

**"Uh no, lots of crushes, no action. I didn't have a girlfriend until high school. Even then it wasn't exactly what you would call active. But I shouldn't be talking about this with you. Okay, more tips. Don't eat any messy food. Look him in the eyes, he'll like that a lot. You might want to eat a little before you leave, just a bite, so you can hold out until he is hungry. And take your own money, that way he can object when you try to pay and you won't go hungry if he didn't bring enough money for you both."**

**“Oh God, there’s so much, I’ll never do it all right. He’ll hate it and me and he’ll never ask me out again!” she stammered. She was shaking again so I took her hand and gently pulled her to my chest. Once there I wrapped my arms around her small frame and held her close. I could feel her small body trembling against me.**

**“Shhh, shhh. You don’t know that. You’ll do fine. Just have fun and he’ll have fun. You’ve got nothing to worry about.”**

**“Jon, can you do me a huge favor?” Her voice was small and muffled by the fabric of my shirt. She didn’t look at me when she asked.**

**“Sure Taylor, whatever you need.” She took a deep breath and squeezed me tighter.**

**“Will you teach me how to kiss?” she said in a tiny voice. This caught me off guard and when I didn’t answer right away she began talking very quickly. “It’s just that I’ve never kissed a boy before and I don’t want to mess it up and I know that you’ve kissed before and your ex-girlfriend used to say that you were very good at it and I just don’t want to mess it up and I don’t have anyone else I can ask.”**

**I gently let her go and sat on the edge of the bed so I could think. It was hard to think with her body pressed against mine. My mind was definitely going places it shouldn’t.**

**“Ok, I’ll tell you just a little; this is really something you should learn through experience.” Taylor sat down next to me and gazed at my face as I spoke. “He’s probably going to be a little forceful because he’s young and doesn’t know how to kiss that well himself. Try to keep your lips soft, he’ll like that. Let him be the first to use his tongue, just open your mouth slightly when you feel him open his or he touches your lips with his tongue. I know it sounds strange but it will feel very good. Wrap your arms around him, or hold his hands, that should keep his hands from wandering. If you really want to drive him crazy you can suck his bottom lip into your mouth and slide your tongue gently across it. Or you could suck gently and rhythmically on his tongue wile you swirl your tongue around it. That might hive him other ideas though so be careful with that one.” I looked over at Taylor, she was pale and her breathing was a little heavy.**

**“That’s not really what I meant when I asked if you’d teach me.” Quickly Taylor put her hands on my shoulders and moved her face towards mine. Thinking fast I let myself fall back on the bed. It was the only way to put any distance between us.**

**“Taylor, we can’t do that, I’m your cousin and you’re eleven and I’m twenty-one.” This gave her a moment of pause.**

**“But I need your help Jon, and you promised.” With a look of determination on her face she threw a leg over my body and straddled me. Her small body pinned me to the bed, the only way to get her off would have been to throw her to the floor.**

**“Taylor, no, we can’t.” I protested. Unfortunately the little minx wasn’t listening to a word of it. I could smell her sweet young girl smell and feel her breath on my face when I did the only thing I could. “Ok, just not like this.”**

**Taylor’s face lit up and she darted in to give me a peck on the lips. She couldn’t have realized that by leaning down like that she rubbed her crotch against my rising member. I could feel her soft hot flesh against me. Before I could dwell on this contact Taylor rolled off of me on her side and wrapped her arms around me, pulling me into a tight hug.**

**“Oh, thank you thank you thank you thank you. I’ll do anything you want me to, I’m your slave. I’ll never tell anybody. Thank you!” One last mighty hug and she hopped up. As I sat up her look of nervousness was beginning to return.**

**“Well come here. I said, patting the bed next to me. “If we’re going to do this we need to hurry so you’re not late.”**

**Once again Taylor joined me on the small bed. She was very pale again, and I’m sure she was shaking. She looked straight ahead. “We don’t have to do this if you don’t want.” I said, giving sanity one last chance.**

**“No, this is what I want.” She said, steeling herself, like I was about to punch her rather than kiss her.**

**Slowly I moved in. “This is how you should kiss him back, nice and slow.” I slipped one of her hands into mine and gently caressed her face with my other. “Just relax. You can stop me whenever you want.”**

**“Nuh uh.” She said, closing her eyes. Slowly she and I gently turned her face towards mine. I gently pressed my lips against hers. Her lips were so warm, so soft that I could feel my logical arguments about what was happening beginning to crumble. How could this be wrong? It felt so good to give in to this dream. I slowly molded my lips to hers. After a few moments I pressed my forehead to hers and allowed myself to breath. Taylor eyes slowly opened.**

**“What? Did I do something wrong?” Taylor whispered as if talking to loud would break the spell.**

**“No, you’re fine. I’m just trying to take it slow.” Her sweet breath stirred my desires again. I gently pressed my lips to hers once more and slowly moved my lips, softly kissing her small mouth. I could barely feel her braces on her teeth as we kissed. Taylor soon caught on and began to move her lips against mine as her eyelids slid shut again. Her breath was coming faster and faster as I caressed her mouth.**

**Stopping again I pulled away, giving her a break, or maybe it was me that needed the break.**

**“How are you doing?” I asked in the same whisper she had used.**

**“Fine, great, but you’re holding back. You’re supposed to be teaching me everything.” She breathed back at me.**

**I smiled as I leaned back in. I stopped just when my lips brushed against hers. “Are you sure?” I asked, sure that I wouldn’t be able to pull back again.**

**Taylor moaned quietly and kissed me using the same slow kiss we’d been practicing. I began to increase my intensity, barely opening my mouth as we kissed. I softly caressed her face as she instinctively parted her lips, opening her mouth enough for me to taste her breath. I slowly let my tongue glide past my lips and around hers. Almost instantly I felt her slick tongue meet mine. Taylor moaned again and pressed herself tight against me. I swirled my tongue around the tip of hers, getting my first real taste of her.**

**My cock was throbbing in my jeans by now and I was well past reason at this point. I could feel Taylor’s small breasts pressed against my chest as her hand tightened around mine. Not being able to hold back I slid more of my tongue past her lips and gently sliding it across her braces for a moment before slipping it deeper into her small mouth as her breathing continued to quicken. I probed her mouth, being sure to caress every surface my tongue came across. Remembering my instructions to Taylor I withdrew from her mouth and sucked her lower lip into mine.**

**She really moaned this time and her free arm wrapped around me. Taylor twined her fingers into my hair, holding me to her.**

**As soon as I released her lip Taylor’s tongue darted into my mouth. She seemed intent on exciting me as much as I was her. I groaned as Taylor suddenly locked her lips around my tongue and began to suck slowly on it. My lips were tingling and my breathing was just as shallow as hers was.**

**In response to Taylor’s bold move I took my hand from her face, although I loved feeling her delicate jaw working as she passionately kissed me back, I needed more. I gently twined my fingers in Tailors’ hair. Lightly I tugged her face away from mine, but not before taking my chance to suck on her tongue.**

**“Why did you stop?” Taylor murmured as she slowly opened her eyes. Little did she know that I wasn’t stopping at all. I was only moving to more exciting methods.**

**I planted quick little kisses all over her face before making my way to her ear. I’m not stopping at all. You’re going to love this.” I whispered as I kissed up her ear. Lightly I ran the tip of my tongue down the edge of her ear.**

**Taylor’s whole body shivered and once again pressed herself into me. “Ohhh!” Taylor moaned out as I opened my mouth and sucked her earlobe into it. Her hand jerked out of mine as she grabbed a fist full of my shirt.**

**Pulling Taylor’s head back I moved to her throat, kissing at first then sucking and biting. I slowly let my weight pull Taylor back onto the bed. If anything she welcomed the closeness. Her arm snaked around to my back and under my shirt. Her hand felt blazing hot on my bare skin. It was my turn to groan.**

**Keeping up my work I slid my arm out from under her. I flattened my hand on her tight belly. My dick was like a rock in my pants and I was sure that she could feel it pressed into her side though if she minded she didn’t show it. I slowly dragged my hand over her nubile body up her stomach and between the small swellings of her breasts. Taylor’s back arched at the closeness of my hand to her tender mounds. I gently tugged at the neck of her shirt, giving my mouth access to lower areas of her torso. I fastened my mouth over her collar bone while I sucked and bit at her flawless skin.**

**Taylor’s breath hissed in to her mouth as she arched her body again. This time my arm was in the right place for her little tit to press against it. I groaned into her sweet skin, slid my tongue back up to her throat across her salty skin and back to her sweet mouth.**

**I dipped my tongue into her eager mouth and instantly Taylor began to suck greedily on it while lashing it with her own tongue. Slowly I dragged my forearm across Taylor’s left breast, finally coming to rest with my hand atop the firm lump. She moaned as I gently squeezed her breast and then rolled my palm around it.**

**Taylor quickly turned towards me, and threw a leg over my hip as we ay on our sides, our tongues caressing one another, breathing one-another’s breath as my hand gently fondled her swollen breast. Taylor groaned as she slowly rocked her crotch instinctively along the length of my stiff cock. I moaned in return, feeling Taylor’s little cunt through only a few layers of fabric. I slowly thrust back**

**HONK!!!**

**Taylor let out a little scream as we both jumped about a foot apart. We stared at each other in shock at what had just happened, then Taylor was on her feet, scrambling for the closet.**

**“Who is that?” I asked as I stood and peeked out the window. A silver minivan sat in the driveway with the engine running.**

**“That’s Katie; her mom is taking us to the mall. She’s also my cover story. Mom thinks it’s me and Katie, she doesn’t know anything about the boys.”**

**“Boys? As in plural?” I asked as I turned. My heart rate doubled at what I saw Taylor had just pulled her shirt over her head exposing her alabaster body. Her thin torso seemed to have no fat and looked to be made of marble. Her small breasts were incased in a small white bra but I could still see the stiff points of her nipples clearly. Her chest was still rising and falling rapidly with her breathing. I simply gawked as Taylor pushed her shorts off her hips and down her slim legs.**

**“Yeah, Katie’s boyfriend Sean is coming too. What is it? Do you like what you see?” Taylor’s voice trembled a little as she slowly turned a circle, showing me her willowy body dressed only in her bra and panties. My cock had been softening but was now instantly hard.**

**Taylor was flawless. Her legs were slightly tanner than her torso, but obviously being away from the Florida sun had had an effect. There was also no hint of hair to blemish her skin. Her legs were thin, but clearly muscled, with her calves clearly visible.**

**Taylor’s chest was as undeveloped as the rest of her body, with her small breasts set high on her chest. Her budding tits were obviously sill pointed, with very little fullness. Sandy blonde hair fell to her shoulders and almost masked the blush that spread across her cheeks.**

**Her shoulder blades were hinted at, concealed by a layer of muscle. Her back was smooth and her spine was a slight dip that ran the length of her torso. Two small dimples were placed just above the waist band of her panties. There was a gentle curve to her bottom that peaked out of the bottom of her briefs. Taylor was wearing a simple pair of light green cotton panties. Taylor’s waist was only slightly flared, hinting at the womanly hips she would soon develop. Taylor’s belly was smooth and flat, dipping down in two channels that disappeared into the front of her panties**

**My eyes took in every detail of her young body and etched it onto my brain. I could just see a slight cleft at her crotch formed no doubt by her parted pussy lips.**

**“You’re beautiful.” I whispered. Taylor’s whole body blushed at my words. She grinned sheepishly and looked down shyly.**

**“Thank you. You don’t know what that means to me.” One last glance at me from under her hair and then she was moving again, throwing on clothes quickly, though with seeming strategy.**

**I just sat there. Marveling at the fact that I had just kissed, made out with, and fondled my eleven year old cousin, only to then openly admire her nubile young body as she showed off to me. All of this with her best friend and best friends mom about twenty feet away. Unbelievable.**

**I stood when Taylor was finished and pulled her into my arms, hugging her tightly. “Have fun tonight, good luck.” I said, resting my face in her hair. She smelled so good, her clean shower smell infused with the sweat that she shed during our kiss.**

**Taylor was quiet again when she said “Thank you. For everything.” She looked up, rose on her toes and kissed me again. This time it was Taylor that was gentle and slow. Her tongue slowly looped around mine before she pulled away and hugged me tight.**

**Then she was gone with a quick look over her shoulder at me as she left the room.**

**“Bye!” I heard her call as she opened the front door.**

**“Good luck!” I called back. I’m not sure if she heard me.**

**One thought echoed in my head.**

**What now?**