

Cherry Shield

Tod Natürlich

My uncle had a weird ritual to ensure my cousin and I wouldn't go *too far* when we go out partying.

“My mom would kill me if she saw me like this!” I giggled, twirling around to see the outfit from behind. The miniskirt was just long enough to cover my panties, but so tight against my body there was no risk of them showing even if I spun.

“Well, she's not here.” My cousin was smiling as she also got into a similar outfit. Her skirt was just as short as mine, but it flowed freely. I wasn't sure how she could move without flashing everyone around. “How's the top?”

“A little loose, but I like it.” Laine was more developed than me. My breasts didn't completely fill the spaghetti strap top, but I really liked how it looked. The black top only covered my breasts and half my belly, leaving my bellybutton being display. Laine was wearing a tube top just as revealing, except hers didn't even have the spaghetti straps. It was held in place only by her chest. I wondered if mine would grow that large. They began growing last year, but still were quite flat and unassuming.

Laine was my favorite cousin. We didn't see each other much, but I was enjoying spending a week in the summer with her. Laine acted so grown up, always wearing sexy outfits that my mom would never allow me. But none as revealing as what we had on now!

“It looks good on you,” she commented, looking at me with critical eyes. “I bet if you lean forward you can give a lucky guy a glimpse at a nipple,” she joked.

I giggled, feeling butterflies in my belly at her insinuation. In the few days I've been at her house Laine had shattered all my expectations. Instead of the girly games I had envisioned playing with her, she had shown me how thrilling it was to tease her friends, taught me a lot about makeup and how to be sexy. She even coached me on how to really kiss a guy.

“Can we really go out dressed like this?” I asked after the fits of giggles left me. Laine was putting the final touch to her outfit, a pair of black thigh-highs stockings that stopped a few inches under her skirt, drawing attention to just how short it was. I swallowed. Dressing like this already had me excited, getting the gusset of the panties I borrowed wet. I didn’t know how Laine had so many sexy clothes, but even the panties I was wearing seemed to come straight out of a catalog. Red and black lacy and almost see-through with frilly lace around the waistband and leg opening’s.

“Sure,” she replied with a smile of her own. “Everyone dresses like this for the club,” she assured me. She then stopped and went to her dresser, digging around a drawer. “Which reminds me, you’ll need this,” she said, taking out a small card. “She looks like you.”

She handed me a driver’s license. Other than our hair, the girl in the picture had nothing to do with me. “Eighteen?” I asked, surprised. “I don’t look eighteen!”

“It doesn’t matter. I know the bouncers and they just need to have ‘*plausible deniability*’,” she said, quoting the words with her fingers. She got back to putting on her makeup, expertly applying the lipstick, the blush and the shade.

My mom had only allowed me to start using makeup a few months ago. I had to share hers, and she always put too little on me. She said I didn’t need more, that I would look weird. But she was wrong. Laine looked much better once she finished. She looked so grown up I could almost believe she was eighteen. Then she motioned for me to sit in front of her mirror. I almost jumped up in happiness as she started making me look just as good.

“Okay, repeat the rules,” she ordered as she worked on my eyes.

I swallowed. Laine had drilled to me that she would only take me along if I promised to *always* respect the rules. The way she dropped her carefree attitude when she said it made me realize it was really important.

“Rule one,” I stated, “I must always stay with our group. Doesn’t matter if it’s at the table, or at the dance floor, or even in the bathroom.”

“Right,” replied Laine, “If you have to go, tell me and we’ll go together. Never walk away on your own, no matter what anybody says,” she drilled on, before going back to working on my eyebrows. “Rule two?”

“Rule two,” I continued, trying to stay still as she worked. “I only eat or drink what you hand me. I don’t accept anything from anyone else.”

“And that includes Glen and his friends,” she stated. I felt a bit worried about that. I met her friend Ralf a few days ago. He was older, almost 18. He had invited us to this party. He was also very handsome, and I felt giddy just remembering how he looked at me with his smile and raised eyebrow. I knew some other guys would go as well.

Laine apparently knew them, but her warning still made me feel a bit scared. “Don’t worry,” she said, sensing my unease. “Glen and his friends are harmless, I just don’t want you waking up with a hangover after your first party,” she added with a smile. “We can save that for your second time.”

We both giggled at that. I was still walking on clouds about going to a grown-up club. I was amazed Laine’s dad would let us go, but just looking at her wardrobe it was clear he was much more easy-going than my parents.

“And the third rule?” questioned Laine, now working the blush on my cheeks.

I rolled my eyes. “Rule three: never forget the first two rules,” I droned.

“Good, that’s the most important rule,” confirmed Laine, apparently not getting my tone. “And you’re ready!” she shouted, moving away so I could take a look. It was amazing! I looked really grown up. She had made my lips stand out, enlarged my eyelashes and somehow hid that annoying mole I had by my chin. I just jumped and hugged her, being careful not to damage the makeup.

“Okay, let’s go,” said Laine, grabbing her purse. She gestured to me to be quiet as we went down the stairs, and my fears began to grow again. Laine had assured me her dad let her go to the club all the time, so why were we sneaking around? I could hear the TV from the living room as we approached the front door. Uncle Oliver must have been watching. And just a moment before Laine opened the door, a voice from the living room made me jump.

“Where do you think you’re going?”

“To the club!” replied Laine in annoyance but stepped back from the door.

“No, you’re not. At least not without protection.”

“Daaaad!” Laine walked back to the living room, clearly annoyed. “Alicia is here!”

“Well, more the reason to make sure you’re safe. Adriana would kill me if something happened to her,” he said, looking at me. My uncle was sitting on the couch in shorts and a tight shirt. He had a beer in his hand, but what made me blush was how his eyes moved up and down my body as he formed a crooked smile. I was suddenly acutely aware of the way I was dressed.

“We don’t need your...” said Laine, placing herself between me and her father. “*cherry shield!*” she finished.

“If you plan to go out dressed like that, believe me, you’ll need it,” replied my uncle. “So. Alicia, are you cherry?” he asked me, getting up from the couch and pointing to us to come closer.

“Ummmm,” I wasn’t sure what he was asking. I guess he saw that in my eyes.

“Have you danced the horizontal tango? Have you fooled around with a boy? Are you a virgin?” he rephrased in quick succession. I felt like the makeup would melt

right off my face as the heat climbed my neck.

“Of course she’s cherry!” replied Laine for me. “She didn’t even know how to kiss a guy. Now can we go, pleeeeaase? I promise I’ll take care of her.” Laine’s last phrase sounded almost like begging.

“Sorry, can’t do, kiddo,” replied her dad, his smirk never leaving his face. “Now assume the position,” he ordered, “the sooner you do it, the sooner you can be on your way.”

Laine huffed and tensed her fists, but after stomping on the ground once, walked up to the side of the couch and bent down over it, her short skirt riding up allowing her red panties to be on display.

“You too, Alicia,” called my uncle, patting the space next to my cousin on the side of the couch. “I have to apply the cherry shield, otherwise some boy might get your cherry and get you in lots of trouble.” I was frozen in place. I didn’t understand what was going on. And what did my virginity have to do with anything?

“Just do it, it’ll be quick,” called my cousin, turning her head and looking at me from her bent position. Her eyes were almost begging me to do it, and I guess that’s why I found myself bending over next to her.

“Lovely view,” said my uncle from behind us. I just pressed my legs together, but I knew my skirt would not cover anything like this. “You’re really asking for a guy to fuck you, dressed like that.” I flinched when a hand touched my back, between my top and the skirt, and started rubbing the exposed skin. “But don’t worry, you will be safe once I put my shield on you.”

I tried to jump up when a hand roughly grabbed my ass, the big fingers sinking into my skin. But the other hand on my back stopped me.

“Calm down,” said my uncle above me, “I just need to check your cherry in order to protect it.” And with that I felt the hand pull on my panties, dragging them down until I was sure my ass and pussy were exposed. “Really a lovely sight,” continued my uncle as his hand rubbed my now naked ass.

Then his fingers slid down over my ass, and I had to hold my breath as a hand other than my own touched my pussy for the first time. I thought I should be disgusted, but for some reason the touch was electric. I didn’t want it, and yet my body reacted to it, my legs parting slightly to let my uncle fondle me deeper.

A sound to my right made me realize I wasn’t the only one moaning. Laine had her eyes closed and was making muffled moans. I couldn’t see behind us, but I could guess my uncle was rubbing her pussy just like he was playing with mine. I could feel the wetness beginning to form as his finger rubbed up and down the middle of my slit, almost reaching my pearl, but never touching it.

I took a deep breath when I felt his finger pressing in. Once more my legs closed, and I tried to get up. And once more his other hand found my back and forced me to stay. I could even hear a dissatisfied moan from Laine when that hand abandoned her.

“Easy, easy. I’m just finding your cherry, but I won’t do anything to it,” he said as his finger continued pressing into me. I had touched myself plenty of times, but usually just my clit and the exterior of my vulva. Once I tried to put a finger inside, and it felt good for a while, but I’ve never pushed it. Not as deep as I felt my uncle’s finger. But after the initial surprise, it felt amazing, like he was scratching an itch I didn’t even know I had. “I’m very happy you kept your cherry,” he said when his finger stopped pressing in and just continued to move up and down my wet slit. “Now it’s time to put the shield around it.”

He removed his finger, and I couldn’t help but whimper at that. I didn’t have time to ponder my feelings, for an instant later his finger was back, rubbing up and down over my vulva. At least he wasn’t pressing into me, and that let me relax a bit as his finger moved up and down, almost touching my little beam when it moved down.

I noticed my uncle was also moaning when I felt his big hand grabbing my ass. And it wasn’t just Uncle. Both Laine and I were making weird sounds as his hand caressed our pussies. Then I felt his other hand on my other buttock, just as Laine whimpered once more for the loss of his hand.

My heated brain took a long time to realize that with both hands grabbing my ass, the thing that was still moving up and down my pussy couldn’t be his finger. I was about to jump back when I heard Uncle groan, and then a warm liquid splashed on my pussy lips while I felt the *finger* pulse, sending the most wonderful sensation down my trembling legs.

“So good! Here’s your shield!” grunted Uncle just before moving away from me. I was so stunned I just lay there, feeling the warm liquid on my pussy slowly dripping down my legs. I was somewhat aware of Laine moaning next to me before my uncle moved back. “Pull up your panties, Alicia. Don’t let the shield drip,” he ordered.

I stood and obeyed, trembling as I felt the wetness spread on the inside of my panties, coating all over my groin. I wanted to look down, but I just couldn’t, I also couldn’t look up at my cousin or uncle. Absently I heard Laine demanding permission to go, and Uncle giving it with a chuckle. She then took my hand and dragged me out of there.

“Here, use this.” Laine’s voice made me react and finally look up. We were already a couple houses away, walking on the sidewalk. Laine was offering me a paper towel. I took it without thinking, not knowing what to do. “Clean your legs, otherwise it’ll look like you peed yourself,” she added. She bent down, using another towel on her

own thighs, and I found myself mimicking her. Only then did I notice a few smears of something sticking down my legs.

“Is this—?”

“Yes!” interrupted Laine, not letting me finish, like if saying it would make it real. “Look, my dad’s a pervert,” she continued, looking at me with a weird expression. I wasn’t sure if she was asking forgiveness for her dad, or herself, or if it was something else. “But it *does* work, you know?”

I must have drawn a blank face, for Laine took a deep breath and then continued, almost returning to the usual carefree persona I had fallen in love with.

“His... his *cherry shield*... it works,” she said. “One time I was fooling around with a guy. He had me on the couch, and he was all over me, kissing me, touching my boobs. I was a bit tipsy, and I was loving every second of it. I... I wasn’t really thinking but... well, I made no attempt to stop him, even when he slid his hand under my top and started playing with my breasts. Or when he grabbed my hand and made me grab his... his thing. But when I felt him trying to get my panties down... well, I remembered I was all sticky from dad’s...” she paused. “And that made me react. I pushed him off me and walked away. I probably wouldn’t be a virgin now if not for that. So, it works. Dad might be a big pervert, but...”

I’m not sure why, but the mixture of what Uncle had done, along with Laine’s story, had me breathing harder than when I spent hours playing with myself. I still felt weird about what Uncle had done, but now it didn’t seem so bad. In fact, remembering how his fingers had felt, and how hot his... stuff had felt when it shot... It made me feel sexy... grown up. I noticed I was smiling, and Laine was also smiling, looking at me.

“It felt good, right?” she said with a smirk. I just blushed and lowered my sight, a giggle escaping me. Laine playfully pushed me, before grabbing my arm and continuing walking.

In the end there were three boys and three girls in the car. Laine introduced me to Glenn, Pedro, and Olga. Ralf was also there, and he immediately came to me, saying how good I looked. He was wearing tight jeans and a black t-shirt, and the smile he gave me made me feel giddy. I ended up sitting next to him on the back seat. It was a tight fit for six people in a small car. But Laine sat on Pedro’s legs. Ralf offered me the same, but I refused. My skirt was so short I wouldn’t be sure how to keep from exposing myself.

I was very nervous when we entered the club. Laine had to remind me to present the ID as we reached the door. A big guy just looked down at us, taking the license. He didn’t react when Laine greeted him. I think I saw him roll his eyes as he returned the little piece of plastic to me and let us all in.

The club was packed. There were people everywhere, dancing, drinking, and chatting, and I could barely hear myself think over the music. I didn't know the songs, but I could feel the beat in my chest, calling me to join the mass of dancing people. Laine had to grab my arm and pull me to a table, where the rest of our group was already sitting. I think she tried to reprimand me about the first rule, but I couldn't really hear her.

When Glenn returned with drinks for all, I did look at Laine before tasting the glass with red liquid he put in front of me. "It's a *cosmopolitan*," shouted Laine in my ear. "It's got vodka and cranberry juice, try it!"

The thing was fruity and sweet, and if not for a slight stinging in the back of my throat, I would have sworn it had no alcohol. "It's nice!" I replied, having drunk almost half of it. Laine and the rest laughed at me, saying things like. "She's a pro already," or "Watch out when she tastes tequila," I just blushed and quickly finished the drink, ignoring the need to cough as the liquid passed through my throat.

"Let's dance!" cried out Laine, and quickly took me to the floor. Mom had me take some dance classes, but I could not do any of the things I learned. The club was so packed that all we could do was jump up and down at the music in the middle of the crowd. At least I no longer felt weird with the short dress and top. A lot of girls were wearing things just as sexy, or even more revealing!

It might have been a weird way to dance, but I was having a blast. Just moving with the music, surrounded by the shouting crowd, was so exhilarating that Laine had to drag me back to the table when a song ended.

I was sweating and breathing hard and just grabbed the glass Glenn offered me, taking a big sip before Laine snatched it out of my hand. "What are you doing?" she cried out. I had completely forgotten rule two. But apparently Laine was mad at Glenn, not me.

"It's just a margarita—" he tried to explain. The rest of Laine's friends laughed at this.

"Yeah, no." stated Laine, passing me a closed water bottle. "From now on only water or soda for you," she stated. I frowned; it felt like the guys were laughing at me. Laine was treating me like a child, but I still drank the water. The margarita had been much harder on my throat; I would have liked another cosmopolitan.

"Hey, I like this song," called out Ralf. The music had changed, and it was a much slower tempo. "Can I borrow your cousin for a dance?" he asked Laine, though his eyes were on me, and I couldn't help but giggle a bit when he smiled at me.

Laine just rolled her eyes and sent us off. I felt butterflies as Ralf grabbed my hand and took me to the dance floor. My heart was beating way too fast and I felt weak in

the knees as I saw him smile down at me.

The song was slow and there weren't as many couples dancing as before, so we had some space, but that only made feeling his body next to me weirder. I wanted to do it right, and this was the kind of dance my lessons had covered, yet I feared I would do something wrong. I could hardly think after Ralf passed his arm around me and held me close to his body. He was so big and strong. My face only reached up to his chest, and it felt so good to be pressed to him as he guided me.

I was beginning to relax and follow the music when I noticed his hand drifting down my back. It had started over my short top, but halfway through the song it had moved down against my naked back. And by the time that slow song finished, it was touching the waistband of my miniskirt. I felt weirdly disappointed when the song ended. Part of me wanted to know if he would keep going, and part of me was terrified he would.

I was about to step away when a new song began. Another slow one. And without asking, Ralf simply resumed dancing, making me follow him, his hand keeping me close to his chest, his manly smell filling my nose, making me both relax in his arms and accelerating my heart.

His hand wasn't stopping. Soon I could feel only his thumb touching my back, the rest of his fingers fully over my skirt. I absently wondered exactly where my back ended and my ass began. Was he already touching my ass? Did I want him to? He made me swirl once and when I was back in his arms there was no doubt, his hand was grabbing my ass.

My first thought wasn't to stop him. Instead, I glanced around, worried someone would see us. To my surprise there were other couples in very similar postures with some guys even lifting the skirts of their partners in plain view! I think Ralf saw it as well, for I felt his fingers going even further down over my tight miniskirt. He was going to do it... to try and grab my ass directly!

And then I remembered. Uncle's hand touching me there, then his big... thing... and then his stuff messing my ass. My panties had been sticky all night, and now Ralf was about to reach them and know what had happened.

I pushed on him and turned, forcing his hand away, blushing, hoping he hadn't noticed something. I think he apologized, or asked me if we could continue, but between the music and my heartbeat banging, all I could do was lower my eyes.

“How was it?”

“You dog!”

“This is her first night out, you should know better.”

Laine and her friends were talking about me, but I was so embarrassed all I could do was sit there and drink whatever was in my glass. Another Cosmopolitan, or maybe

soda... I didn't care.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable," said Ralf, refilling my glass. I just blushed even harder. At least he hadn't noticed Uncle's stuff.

"No... I was... it surprised me," I managed to reply.

"Well, I bet I can give you more surprises if you want," he said, with a smile that melted my heart and made me clamp my legs together. "That is, if Laine lets you enjoy yourself," he added, and the whole table laughed, Laine included.

The rest of the night was a blur. I know we went back to the dance floor at least one more time, all jumping up and down to the beat of the music. I know I drank something else and I remember laughing like crazy about something, but I can't recall what it was.

* * *

"Here, drink this, it'll help," said Laine, offering me a glass with a yellowish liquid.

"What is it?"

"You don't want to know, just drink it; you'll feel better."

The events of the previous night were still a blur. Well, some of them. I was sure I had a blast, and apparently Laine's friends thought so too, since they had invited us to another party. My head was throbbing when I woke up and Laine's drink almost made me puke, but it did help. It reminded me I had to hurry to the bathroom.

My mom would have killed me if she saw I slept with my clothes on. Well, she would kill me just from wearing them... but still. I didn't remember how or when we came back home. As I pulled my panties down to pee, I noticed how crusty they were, how they stuck to my butt. I sat there watching them with disgust before my mind recalled what Uncle had done to us before we left. Was that his stuff? his *sperm*?

As soon as I finished peeing, I got in the shower. It wasn't just to get rid of Uncle's stuff. After sleeping in those clothes I felt really dirty. But I scrubbed my butt and crotch extra hard... which in turn reminded me how Ralf had been touching me the night before, and how I was almost ready to let him do way more.

I came out of the shower feeling much better. And I almost died of embarrassment when Laine casually asked, "Had a good one?" while giving me a knowing smile.

The rest of the day passed by quickly. We talked and talked about the previous night, with Laine assuring me I hadn't made a fool of myself, and that yeah, Ralf apparently liked me. She berated me a little for drinking what Glenn offered me, but apparently, I was good at holding my alcohol, or so she said.

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Two days after that it was time to get ready to go out again. The boys had asked us to the movies, and Laine insisted we had to look our best. Knowing Laine, that meant

another set of very sexy clothes and some wonderful makeup. It was also my second to last day with her, so she wanted to ensure I had fun.

This time she lent me a purple tube top. It was so thin it covered less than most of my training bras, probably less than the only bikini my mom ever let me have. It was tight against my chest, and if not for a few flower decorations, I was sure my nipples would be clearly visible through the fabric.

“Are you sure this fits me?” I asked, looking at myself in the mirror. I didn’t have big breasts, and this top made them look even smaller.

“Trust me, Ralf is going to love it. Besides, you’re so petite it fits you much better than me.”

Next came the skirt. Black with a red rim, as short as the other one, but tighter on my body. Apparently, my normal panties just wouldn’t do; Laine gave me a lacy red pair, straight from a Victoria’s Secret catalog. Just wearing them made my crotch tingle. It was like the red rim on the skirt was designed to blend with the red panties, so people couldn’t tell if I was flashing them or not.

“Will they let us into the theater wearing this?” I asked, blushing and giggling. On one hand I couldn’t believe I was going out dressed like that. But on the other hand, I just couldn’t wait to see Ralf’s eyes exploring my body when he saw me.

“Girlfriend, with these on, we can enter anywhere we want,” said Laine with a side-smile, striking a pose to show her own ensemble: a one-piece short dress that hugged her body and made her breasts look way bigger and almost ready to pop out of the top of her dress. We both laughed and then it was time for makeup. This time there were no rules, only Laine giving me a basic course of how to apply blush and shadows, and how to make my face look sharper, but not like a clown.

It was still early when we left her room and quietly went downstairs. I hadn’t heard when Uncle returned, but the sound of the TV made it clear he was there. Laine said nothing, but now I knew why we had to be quiet. I didn’t want to think about what Uncle had done before. He shouldn’t have. We shouldn’t be going out dressed like that. We shouldn’t be sneaking around. It was too much; but it was easier to just follow Laine’s example and not think about it.

“Laine! Alicia! come here!” came the voice from the living room, and we both froze. We weren’t even near the door. I watched Laine, waiting to see if she would run to the door. But Laine just turned and walked back, her face down, not looking at me. I debated what to do but found myself following.

“Dad, please! we’re only going to the movies!”

“All the more reason for getting a cherry shield. I know what happens on the back seats of the theater. Now, assume the position!”

I'm not sure how I ended up next to Laine, bent over the side of the couch, my red panties down by my ankles, and Uncle's big hand caressing my naked ass and crotch. I knew I shouldn't like it, and yet my body was quickly getting hot as his hand moved down, closer to my privates. Laine too was forcing herself to keep quiet, but we couldn't hide our gasps when Uncle's fingers finally made contact and he started to move. Just like last time, the contact was electric, so much different from my own. This time I could focus more on it, knowing what would come. Uncle knew how to move his hand, how to touch my lips and then move to my button, how to make me wet and then pull back, leaving me wanting for more.

And then came his thing. This time I was expecting it. I don't know how yesterday I thought it was his finger. It was so different. Softer, squishier, hotter, wetter. It moved on my crack up and down, harder than his finger, threatening to go in and steal what he said he was protecting.

Last time it was over in a flash. Now it seemed to last for hours. I was breathing hard and trying to find some way to avoid going over the edge as Uncle touched me over and over. I heard him groan, and then his thing pressed hard on my mound.

And then I felt it. Hot and warm, his stuff flowing all over my vulva and into it. He had pressed right on my entrance and I could feel the heat spreading inside me before dripping out and down my legs.

I squeezed Laine's hand. I didn't want it, but the pleasure washed over me, harder than any I could remember. I closed my eyes and tried to block everything as the whirlwind continued. Somehow I did, as the next thing I knew we were walking down the street, Laine still holding my hand.

"Don't worry. It happens to me from time to time. Dad just knows how to handle a woman," she said as she offered me another paper towel. "I'm kinda jealous, though, Dad paid way more attention to you than me," she laughed.

Her laughter was contagious. And when she playfully pushed me, I couldn't help but smile as I blushed.

Turns out we weren't going to the movie theater after all. "I have a 70 inch TV at home, it's way better than any theater," said Glenn as he picked us up. "I also got snacks and we have the house all to ourselves," he added as Laine shot him a disapproving look. "It'll be cheaper, cozier and just better," he continued.

I was more interested in the other occupant of the car, though. This time it was just the four of us, with Laine riding shotgun next to Glenn, and me and Ralf alone in the backseat. Once more I had butterflies in my belly the moment Ralf's eyes looked at me and then moved down to explore my outfit. I felt almost naked when he looked at me like that... and I somehow *wanted* to be naked for him.

“You’re looking good, Alicia,” he greeted me, moving over so I could sit next to him. “Is this yours or another of Laine’s hand-me-downs?” he asked, his eyes focusing on my top, almost like he could see my breasts. “Well, we have enough space today, but if you want you can always sit on my lap,” he joked... at least I think it was a joke. I just giggled and blushed, not knowing how to reply.

“Make yourselves at home, I’ll go get the snacks!” said Glenn as we entered his house. Before I knew it, Ralf had me sitting next to him on the couch, an arm around me while he turned on the TV. It was an enormous TV; it looked even bigger in such a small living room. “We’ll have to share, babe, seems your cousin already took the good seats,” said Glen as he and Laine returned with popcorn and drinks. Only then did I realize Ralf and I had taken over the only couch.

“You planned this, didn’t you?” replied Laine with her sideways smile, as she plopped herself down on Glenn’s lap, on the armchair next to us. I blushed when Glenn matched Laine’s smile and embraced her, his hand shamelessly reaching for her breast. I felt Ralf’s hand moving over my shoulder, closer to my own boobs, but stopped, leaving me breathing hard... and waiting.

I thought I wouldn’t be able to focus on the movie with Ralf’s warm body next to me, but soon I found myself lost in the plot and the popcorn and whatever drink Ralf offered me. It wasn’t until the action let up a bit that a sound caught my attention. When I turned, I saw Laine resting on Glenn, her eyes closed, kissing him while his hand cupped her breast under her dress. I’m not sure if she saw me watching, but she jerked and stood.

“I need to use the bathroom; don’t pause the movie for me,” she said, fixing her dress as she left.

“I also need to use the can; don’t wait for me,” added Glenn almost immediately, and followed Laine, leaving me and Ralf alone with the movie.

“You don’t have to be jealous,” said Ralf as he saw me following Laine and Glenn as they went away, “you’ve still got me,” he said. His arm encircled me pulled me come closer to him. “Have you ever kissed a boy?” he asked, and when I turned I saw how close his face was to mine. I’m not sure if I even replied, but then his lips were on mine, and the whole world stopped.

Laine had me practice kissing with some pillows. She told me how to move my mouth, and how good it felt and a lot of other things. Back then it had seemed weird and even nasty, but I forgot all about that as Ralf’s lips touched mine and pulled me into it.

Then it was done, and I tried to breathe again, but Ralf just went for another. This time I felt his arms dragging me to him, as the intensity of the kiss increased. It was

amazing and scary and wet and breathtaking, and I wanted it to stop and for it to never end. I'm not even sure how Ralf managed to push me on my back on the couch, but next thing I knew I was under him, his lips still ravaging my own. Even if I had wanted to stop, I could hardly take a breath, much less offer resistance.

I think he pushed his tongue into my mouth at the same time his hand slid under my blouse and touched my naked chest. Both were unexpected, unsettling, and amazingly exciting. When Laine described what a *French kiss* was, I was disgusted. Getting a guy's tongue in my mouth or pushing mine in his sounded nasty. But as Ralf's tongue played first with my lips and then found its way inside my mouth, I knew I had to apologize to my cousin.

"You're really hot." I'm not sure if Ralf had said anything before, but as his fingers stroked my nipple in the most amazing way, I managed to catch that. I felt hot, terribly hot, hotter than ever, and I knew only Ralf's touch and lips could make it better... and worse.

On some level I knew exactly what he was doing. I knew it was too much, that I wasn't ready, but I just couldn't stop. It felt too good, too new, too exciting. I had touched myself countless times, but this was a thousand times better, and Ralf was only kissing me and touching my breasts, but I knew neither of us would be satisfied with just that.

His free hand started moving down over my exposed belly as soon as I had that thought... or maybe I only thought of that after his fingers started moving. I knew their destination. The heat between my legs called to him. I got goosebumps everywhere he touched me. It was almost like every part of my body was as sensitive as my clit when I played with myself. I had no idea what to expect, but I knew when his fingers reached that part it was going to be out of this world.

My legs opened on their own as his fingers traced a line over my belly button. Ralf was still kissing me, still toying with my nipple and still moving down.

But then I felt it. As my legs opened, I felt the wetness all over my crotch. My panties were sticking to the oven that was my sex. Some of it was mine, but the feeling of it crusting as I moved reminded me what Uncle had done.

I closed my legs on reflex and pushed Ralf away in shock. All my excitement went up in smoke at the terror of Ralf finding out what Uncle had done. "No!" I cried. He moved away, letting me sit up, cover my breasts back and curl into a corner of the couch.

"I'm sorry..." Ralf sat on the other end of the couch. I lowered my eyes; I couldn't look at him. I was still breathing hard and I could still taste him on my lips. My body was still tingling from where he had been touching me, but I couldn't let him find

Uncle's stuff all over my crotch and panties. "Let's... let's just see the rest of the movie, okay? Do you want another drink?"

* * *

"Are you okay?" We were already walking back home. Glenn had given us a ride to a few blocks away from Laine's house. Ralf hadn't come with us, he had said something about wanting to see me again, but I just couldn't reply. I wasn't sure why. I loved everything we had done... "I'm sorry I left you alone; I didn't think Ralf would try something. He's a good guy, and he really liked you."

"No... that's not it... I think it was just... too much... too fast."

"Yeah. Glenn was the same. He was teasing and kissing me all through the movie, and then he wanted more when we went to the bathroom," she laughed. "Don't worry, a few more dates like that, and you'll know exactly how to handle a guy when he can't take no for an answer." I wasn't sure what she meant by that, but I just smiled and let it pass.

"I hope he doesn't hate me."

"Girlfriend, Ralf's crazy about you. Guys always get more interested if you put up some resistance. Next time you visit I promise he's going to be waiting for you."

That made me smile. Thinking about Ralf liking me felt good. But it also reminded me my time here was over. I would be leaving tomorrow, and who knew how long before I could visit again.

* * *

Ralf had me in his arms again, his lips pressed on mine while his fingers did amazing things to my body. It felt so good and this time he would not stop. I was bent over the couch while he kissed me, my panties were down by my legs and he was behind me. This was it, he was going to do it, except he couldn't... not with Uncle there. I tried to get up and cover myself, but his strong hand kept me down. I wanted to die of shame, but it felt so good how Ralf kept touching me, even as he said I was a slut and he wanted nothing to do with me ever again.

I woke gasping, unsure if I was having a dream or a nightmare, it had been both so exciting and so shameful. It took me a moment to realize not everything I'd felt was a dream. As I tried to move...

"Shh... you don't want to wake your cousin."

Uncle's voice froze me in place. He was in the bed behind me. I could feel his body pressed to mine, what was he doing? Why was his hand caressing my hips? As it moved up, grabbing my shirt I panicked. I tried to get away, but his hand was holding onto hips and kept me in place.

"Calm down, everything is fine," he whispered in my ear. "I know how you're

feeling, and I know what you need,” he continued. “That boy left you all hot and bothered, right? I bet if it weren’t for my cherry shield you would have let him do more.”

I stopped struggling; I didn’t know what to say. He was right... fooling around with Ralf had been intoxicating, and if not for Uncle’s... shield... I wouldn’t have stopped.

“That’s right, I know exactly what you need,” repeated Uncle, apparently taking my silence as acceptance. “Every girl your age is the same, full of hormones and ready to open their legs for the first guy that looks at you,” he said; as his hand stopped holding me down and resumed going into my shirt, caressing my flesh as he moved up, following the same path Ralf had taken before.

“No...” I whimpered as his fingers reached my breasts and made me jump. His hand was bigger than Ralf’s, rougher too, but for some reason I could feel my body reacting just like with Ralf. His fingers sent shivers down my body, and I could feel myself getting wetter to his touch.

“Don’t fight it, this is your last night here,” said Uncle, his fingers cupping my breast until I gave a muffled moan, “tomorrow I won’t be there to give you a cherry shield, but don’t worry, I have something that’ll stop you from giving your virginity to the first guy that looks at you,” he said. His hand finally leaving my breast and slowly moving down my belly.

His hand felt so hot as it slowly rubbed my belly. I knew it had the same objective as Ralf’s had, but this time there was nothing to stop it. I had taken a shower before bed, cleaning all of Uncle’s shield. I realized this was wrong, that I should stop him. But so far he’s been right, even Laine had said so, the shield worked. I didn’t want to lose my virginity, right? So maybe whatever Uncle has planned would also work.

“That’s it, relax, everything is fine,” he said, sensing I was no longer fighting against him. His hand had passed over my belly button and was now reaching the waistband of my panties. That was as far as I had left Ralf go. Just like with him, my legs were opening on their own, and just like with him I could feel wetness spreading inside me.

I jumped when Uncle’s hand reached my panties and just went under the waistband, touching the top of my mound. I wanted to say something, but all I could do was bite my lips to stop myself from gasping or moaning. I was sharing a room with Laine. My cousin was sleeping less than six feet from us, and I knew I would die of embarrassment if she saw me. In the time it took me to have that think that, Uncle’s hand had gone further down. The moment his fingers touched my pearl, my mind went blank as a whole new kind of tingle shot up my body.

“You better suck on this, we don’t want you disturbing Laine.” Uncle’s other hand somehow curled around my head, and his fingers roughly pushed into my mouth. It

was degrading, but it made me aware of the moans I was making and helped muffle them. “Good girl, you really like this, don’t you?”

I jerked as his finger started playing with my nub. It was amazing and terrifying. Completely different from when I did it myself. Here I had no control as he rubbed and pressed his whole hand over my mound. I’m pretty sure I bit his finger; I wanted him to stop, but when he actually did, I could only whimper in need. I could feel my orgasm building, promising to be as amazing as the one that rocked my world the day before, when he had me bent over the couch.

“I think we’re ready for the real thing,” he said as his hand left my crotch and moved down my leg, taking my panties down with him. He had no problem doing so, my body was moving on its own, allowing him to do as he pleased, regardless of how ashamed I felt. He lifted my leg, and I felt the cool air hit my pussy. His body moving behind me, and then something hard and hot slid between my legs. Even in my limited experience, I could guess what it was. I was frozen in place. One of Uncle’s hands still covered my mouth, preventing me from saying anything, while the other held my leg up, exposing my crotch.

Was he going to rub me with his dick, like before? I wondered, as the amazing feelings returned. How could this help me stay a virgin? As his big thing rubbed on my crotch, coming closer to my pearl, I cared less and less. The orgasm that his fingers had promised me was returning, and soon that would be all I could think about.

“Now let’s see if my shield worked as expected,” he said, and I felt his hand return to my crotch. His fingers joining his prick to rub my vulva, opening it and pressing inside. Was he checking, like the first time? I blushed. I wanted to tell him of course I was still a virgin; but his hand in my mouth prevented me from talking... or moaning. His big finger probing my insides felt so good, going deeper and deeper. My hips tried to jump when I felt it hit something inside, but he had me completely in his grip. Even as I tried to close my legs, I found I had no leverage at all. “Oh, yeah, here it is.”

I wasn’t trying to keep quiet. I tried to say something as his finger didn’t stop and a sharp pain shot through my body, freezing the pleasure. I couldn’t get away as more and more entered me. It wasn’t his finger, my mind finally told me. Uncle’s ass moved up and a completely new sensation spread inside my body. It was his penis, fully inside me, stretching me open. The slight pain and discomfort proof that he had just stolen my virginity.

I tried struggling in his grip, biting his finger to scream and get away, but he was much bigger than me, completely holding me still. And my treacherous body, instead of helping me, turned my very motions into bolts of weird sensations as his dick touched places that I didn’t know I had. He placed a hand over my belly, holding me

in place, and I managed to ask through his finger: “Why?”

“Calm down, that’s all, the pain is gone,” he whispered in my ear. “The rest is only pleasure,” he said, and to my horror he was right. I felt stretched, but the way his rod mashed my crotch... my perl... my vulva. It was as if his finger was back in there and much more, like it was supposed to be, and my body was reacting. “This way no boy will steal your virginity, and you’ll know exactly what they want,” he said. Then his hips moved, and I had to bite him again to keep a big moan from escaping me.

It was amazing. Much, much better than just his tip touching me. The promised climax was quickly returning. As much as I wanted to be mad at Uncle for doing this to me, I just couldn’t focus on that when each little movement filled me with new and amazing sensations.

“That’s it, you like it, don’t you?” he said, and once more his finger in my mouth stopped a long moan as his other hand moved back down and started pressing on my button. Feeling his big dick all the way inside me while at the same time his finger played with my pussy was almost too much. “Go ahead, cum for me, I want to feel it,” he said into my ear while his movement grew and the finger massaging my mound did amazing things.

I’m not sure how I didn’t draw blood on Uncle’s finger as my whole body tensed when the most amazing climax of my life hit me. I couldn’t breathe, I couldn’t think, I couldn’t stop it even as I tried to be angry for losing my virginity. It was like his prick was injecting pure bliss into my very core, that then radiated outward through all my body, making me tremble and lose control.

“Yeah... just like that... God, you’re so tight... here it comes!” I heard him, not understanding as my mind was fractured trying to grasp everything that was happening. But then Uncle tightened his grip on my body, and I could feel his dick pulsing inside me as he moaned in my ear. I was too lost in my own climax, but somehow I understood he was also orgasming! That his penis was shooting all of his sperm deep into my belly. I knew I should be worried about pregnancy. Sex-ed at school had been clear about that. But as my body trembled in his arms, I just couldn’t bring myself to care. “So good! Nothing compares to teenage pussy!” he said, making my whole body shake as he trembled one last time, before he relaxed against my back.

I could feel his heavy breath on my neck as I also tried to recover my own. Both his finger and his prick were still inside me. I tried to struggle, to get away. Once the pleasure passed, the weight of what he’d done started crushing me. I wanted to scream, to cry, to hide, to bury myself and never come out. I felt tears dripping down my face, but he was still holding me, why didn’t he leave? He’d already stolen everything from me so what else did he want?

“Shhh... calm down... it’s okay, you don’t have to cry... it’s all over, and now you’re really fully protected,” he said. His voice froze me, what did he mean? “You liked it, didn’t you?” he asked. I wanted to deny it, but even then, the feeling of his dick still inside me reminded me of that amazing orgasm, so I stayed quiet, hoping Uncle couldn’t tell how hard I was blushing. “That’s fine, your body’s made for sex, and it’ll take over whenever you’re with a boy. After my Laine showed you the ropes, your virginity wouldn’t have lasted a day without someone to protect you.”

His voice was soft, and I found myself listening. It was crazy... but it actually made sense. I still hated that he had stolen my first time... but knowing how good it felt... how I felt when Ralf was on top of me... I realized he was right.

“Next you’d find yourself carrying the child of a greasy boy who doesn’t care about you.”

I froze again, whimpering. I had completely forgotten about that. Uncle’s penis was still deep inside me, though it felt smaller. He’s put all his sperm inside me. What if...

“Relax, it’s too late now,” he said, clearly feeling my discomfort. “Sure, you might be carrying my baby, but at least you know I love you like a daughter, I’m not using you and throwing you away, I care for you.”

What was he saying?

“Your mom might be mad, but she will help you, and after a while you’ll continue your life. Plus you’ll know the danger of opening your legs, so you won’t make that mistake again.”

That couldn’t be. Was I going to have Uncle’s baby? How could I explain that? I tried to pull away, to do something, but his arms still held me. The hand over my mouth still prevented me from talking or crying.

“And even if you get lucky and you don’t end up pregnant this time, remember the fear you’re feeling now. It’ll keep you safe when you’re with a boy again.”

I froze again. That was it, right? Uncle was just scaring me to teach me a lesson. He wouldn’t make me pregnant like this... even if he had just stolen my virginity. Still, I latched onto the hope that it was just a lesson, that I wouldn’t have to explain to my mom why my belly was growing. That I could forget everything that had happened.

* * *

“Don’t be sad, we’ll see each other soon. I might get my dad’s permission to visit you this time.” Laine was hugging me, pretending she wasn’t crying. I returned the hug. It hurt to leave, and at the same time I was glad. I didn’t want Laine to know what had happened, and I fear she would know each time she looked at me. And at the same time... I was elated. I had done something not even my grown-up cousin had. I felt that for the first time I was more grown-up than she.

“Sure, that’d be nice.”

“And don’t worry about Ralf. I’ll make sure he waits for you. Are you sure you don’t want me to give him your phone number?”

“No... that’s fine.” I didn’t want to talk to Ralf. Just like Laine, I feared he would notice the moment he saw me. Or, maybe, it was Uncle’s words. Did Ralf like me, or was he just trying to get into my pants and then throw me away?

As the bus brought me closer to home, everything that had happened with Laine and Uncle seemed to diminish. Like it all had been a weird dream, even though I know I returned a changed girl. I wasn’t sure if the changes were for the best; but in my mind, I was already thinking of Richard. He had smiled at me a couple times. Back then I thought he was just weird, but maybe there was something else. Maybe I could see if what Laine and Uncle taught me still worked.

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