**Show Me**

by Maracorby

**Age 13 – Thanksgiving**

The first few adults had made it into the foyer but then the circle closed: they were set upon by their extended family, who would broach no delay in sharing words of welcome. Casseroles were shuffled from person to person to free arms for handshakes and hugs. Some attempts were made to remove the heavy winter coats the newcomers were wearing, but there wasn't room. The foyer was entirely inadequate for this many people, and yet the rest of the house was empty. The only person who managed to recognize the problem was thirteen-year-old Alex, trapped just outside the open door in the biting cold.

Meg was watching from the high ground - halfway up the steps. When her eyes met Alex's she waved him over.

Alex squirmed through the sea of bodies, shoving and weaving, to join his cousin.

"C'mon," she said, and led him to her bedroom.

Alex dropped his coat on the floor. He still didn't feel comfortable, stuck in a dress shirt, slacks, a tie, and never-worn dress shoes.

Meg pranced over to the bed and sat down, hugging a pillow. She was barefoot, wearing shorts and two layers of T-shirts.

"Sorry about the mess," Meg told him. "Actually," she amended after a moment of thought, "no I'm not. My mom was being psycho about everything being perfect for guests, and I decided to blow her off."

Alex chuckled. "It's cool." He sat down in the chair at the desk. His eyes scanned the cluttered girl's room while they talked.

"Uncle Mark says he's stopped drinking," Meg gossipped. "He says he'll just have one or two beers because it's a holiday. I bet he's slurring by halftime." Her eyes twinkled devilishly.

"No doubt," Alex answered.

Alex's eye caught something. Inside Meg's open closet, draped casually across two stacks of books, was a baby-blue bra with red polka dots. He tried to ignore it. It was just a piece of clothing, like every woman wore every day. But no matter where he pointed his eyes, they kept snapping back to it. It meant something to him - a symbol of mystery and wonder. His adolescent boy brain couldn't help but draw salacious connections.

Meg watched Alex's eyes dart around while he awkwardly pretended he wasn't staring at her underwear. Finally she confronted him. "It's just a bra, dude," she said with a chuckle.

Alex blushed and hid his eyes. Meg rolled her eyes, and then rolled her body off the bed. She picked up the forbidden garment and tossed it to him, and then watched while he examined it. It was like watching a monkey with a chainsaw, she decided.

They talked about school while Alex continued to examine the strange device, eventually focusing entirely on the hooks. He was having trouble getting both of them closed at once.

"It must take you forever to get dressed with these things," Alex mused.

Meg shook her head. "No - it's easy."

"Show me," Alex asked, offering the her bra.

Instead of taking the polka dot bra from Alex, Meg sat on the edge of her bed with her back to him. She pulled her shirts up to her arm pits and held them with her teeth while her fingers moved behind her. She unhooked the plain beige bra she was wearing and let the strap ends fall, revealing her bare back.

"See? Easy!" She said with a mouth full of T-shirt. She reconnected her bra and pulled her shirts back down.

Alex felt weird about the whole thing, but Meg felt strangely empowered. She was an adult - in this matter at least - explaining a part of the world to a child who could barely understand it.

**Age 13 - Christmas Eve**

"My friend Kylie is such a lying bitch!" Meg declared once she and Alex were safe in her bedroom. They had barely survived the aunts, uncles, grandparents, and adult cousins arguing about politics. "She said she jerked off her little brother's friend on the drive to Duluth the other day. I asked her what about the mess, but she claims that nothing came out." She looked at Alex expecting him to share her indignation. "Can you believe it?" She added with a huff and an eye roll.

"Actually, that could be true," Alex told her.

"Huh?" Meg puzzled.

"When I was younger and I used to - you know, jerk it - nothing came out."

"Really??" Meg asked with shock. "But now you have regular adult-style sperm?"

"I guess so," Alex answered.

"So how does that work?" Meg asked. "One day you just wake up and you're shooting sticky stuff like Spider-Man?"

"No, it's gradual," Alex explained. "At first absolutely nothing comes out. Then there's a little of this liquid when you come. It's really thin and practically invisible, and body-temperature. I was probably releasing it for months before I even noticed. But over time it becomes thicker, and less transparent. And eventually sticky, and you kinda have to deal with it."

"Then how do you deal with it?" Meg asked.

"I do it in the shower," Alex confessed. He couldn't believe he was telling these secrets to another person. "Or I kneel in front of the toilet and, you know, shoot in. Or sometimes a towel."

"Show me," Meg suggested.

"Huh?" Alex questioned.

"I want to see what it's like," she explained.

Alex extended his arm toward her computer in a grandiose gesture. "Pornhub," he told her.

"I need to see it up close!" Meg argued. "You can't tell anything from porn videos. Like, sometimes it's almost water and other times it's some sort of jelly. Sometimes only a couple drops come out and sometimes it's buckets. I want to know the truth."

Alex shook his head. "There's not that much to know."

"Come on, dude, help me out!" Meg begged. "Society has all these expectations of women. Some day I'm going to be expected to drink that stuff. I'd rather not puke when I do! I just want some idea of what's ahead of me."

Despite his reservations, Alex's body was telling him it was a good idea. His dick got hard in his slacks. His blood rushed at the thought of an orgasm. The idea of doing it in front of his cousin was unexpectedly exhilarating.

"Lock the door," he said, and unbuckled his belt.

Meg flitted to the door to lock it and then sat on the bed, giving her cousin her full attention.

Alex dropped his pants and then guided his hard dick through the fly of his boxers. Just a squeeze and a few casual pumps were enough to relieve some of tension inside of him. It had been four days since he last came - an eternity for a thirteen year old boy. At home he averaged ten to fifteen times a week, but with holiday travels - sleeping on family members' couches, or in hotel rooms with his parents - there had never been an chance.

He looked around for somewhere to sit, careful not to stroke too fast. He didn't want to shoot too early and make a mess. The edge of the bed, next to Meg, was the first thought that came to mind. Pretty Meg, with the brown hair with bangs and sparkling eyes. Meg with the round shape to her chest, and the stripe of bare skin around her belly. Meg with the smooth thighs,whose bare back he had seen a month ago when she had taken off her bra for him.

He let go of his dick - he almost came. No, sitting next to Meg wouldn't be right. They were sharing something, and he didn't want to ruin it. He sat on the edge of the desk chair instead.

"I need something...," he told her, looking around.

"Here...," she said. She stretched across the bed and grabbed an empty rocks glass from the nightstand, next to a bottle of pills. The stretch made her look especially lean: her leg extended in a single graceful line from hip to toe. Her shirt rode up, revealing a greater portion of her flat belly and side. She sat upright again and handed him the glass.

He held the glass in position and slowly he touched his cock again. It throbbed in his hand. He began a gentle stroke, and then looked back up at his cousin. She was watching him with wonder, wearing a warm and curious smile. She was so pretty.

With just a few more strokes, he came. He had to fight the urge to groan loudly while the process of orgasm pumped wave after wave of come out from his body. Relief weighed heavily on him as he finished the last few drops.

Alex handed Meg the glass, pulled up his pants, and sprawled out on the floor panting.

"Geez, dude - you look like you just ran a marathon," Meg observed.

She toyed with her new sample, rotating the glass and watching her cousin's jizz creep down the sides of its cage. She brought the glass to her nose and then wrinkled it at the scent. She poked at the ooze with her fingertip, and then wiped her finger clean on her knee.

"Thanks," she told her cousin.

"No problem," Alex replied. "You are going to get rid of that before your parents see it, right?"

"Definitely!" She said with a grin.

**Age 14 - New Year's Day**

"So did you kiss anyone last night?" Meg asked. She and Alex were helping themselves to orange juice and considering breakfast options, knowing quite certainly that none of the adults would be awake for some time.

Alex blushed and shook his head. "No," he said with a self-deprecating chuckle.

"Was there anyone you wanted to kiss at the party?" Meg pressed. She had a bad case of bed-head but her eyes sparkled brightly.

"Anastasia," Alex confessed. "Kinda tall? Red hair that was like half curly and half straight? She was wearing a green dress."

"Didn't see her," Meg said, shaking her head. "You should have kissed her," she declared as if she were much older and wiser than him. "You ever kissed anyone?"

"Nah," Alex told her. "Not yet. You?"

Meg shook her head again. "Not any boys. My friend Kylie and I sometimes practice though. We do lots of stuff at sleepovers."

"Like what?" Alex asked after taking a long drink. His hair was a mess too, and bits of orange juice pulp were getting stuck in his braces.

Meg grinned. "We sometimes masturbate together," she said with a blush. "She's taught me a lot of new ways to get myself off."

"How many ways are there?" Alex asked, puzzled.

"So many!" Meg enthused. "She's got this stuffed bear that's just perfect. You sort of sit on it with just your panties, and you grind into it." She stood and gyrated her hips to demonstrate. Her pajama bottoms only partly hid her feminine curves. "The absolute best, though, is with a handheld shower head. You've got so much control with the pressure and angle. A hard stream of water on your pussy feels so good!"

A wicked smile formed on Alex's face. "Show me," he dared.

Meg gave him an incredulous look, but he reaffirmed his request with an arch in one eyebrow. The two negotiated briefly through facial expressions before Meg gave in. "Okay - c'mon!" She said and scampered upstairs. Alex followed Meg into the bathroom.

Meg dropped her pajama bottoms to the floor and began fiddling with the water knobs. Up top she was still wearing her yellow and black T-shirt, but from the waist down, she was a naked woman, with curvy hips and a natural triangle of pubic hair pointing like an arrow to the magical place between her thighs.

She grabbed the shower head and sat down in the tub - first cross-legged, and then with her legs fully extended. Her wiggling toes were painted a playful pink color. Once she got her back and butt where she wanted them, she lifted her knees and aimed the water spray at her cunt.

Alex's view of his cousin was indecent but unsatisfying: he had a hard time getting a really good look at Meg's pussy. Her knees swayed in and out, and she frequently moved the showerhead. Sometimes with her free hand, Meg would stroke her labia, or tug her skin to help the water find just the right spot.

She moaned while she stimulated herself. It wasn't a breathy needful "fuck me" moan like the women in pornos. Maybe it wasn't even a moan at all. Her voice expressed joy, like a gentle tickle from an intimate friend. Her smile was innocent and free.

Meg was already shaking with wet sexual excitement before she regarded her cousin, standing next to the tub watching her. His pajama bottoms were ridiculously misshapen by the boner underneath. She wondered if Alex even knew about it, or if he was just unashamed. He had lovely hips - the kind of hips a girl wants to grab hold of and dance with, and maybe grind into. He had a nice face, too, with a cunning look about him. She wasn't sure about his chest - she hadn't seen him shirtless since they were kids - but she suspected she'd approve. Some day she'd have to arrange for them to both be in bathing suits.

Meg shook the showerhead in a peculiar way and her mouth fell open. Her nipples were stiff, and even though her T-shirt was still dry, it somehow clung to her chest more tightly than before, offering far greater insight into the shape of her naked form. "I'm about to come," she said, smiling at her cousin.

She moved the spray-head right up against her clit and gasped, and then eased off. Just like that, over and over, she pushed herself just past the limit of what she could handle with the intense water pressure. She wondered what Alex was thinking. Was he disappointed that she'd left her shirt on? She thought about Alex naked, and his long straight cock that would probably fit quite nicely inside her.

Meg was overwhelmed: climax was upon her. Her knees clamped shut and she leaned forward, curling her body into a ball. The shower spray was still gushing hard but it wasn't striking her clit directly. Her hips jumped, trying to hump the someone or something that had triggered her body's amazing mechanism. She gasped while the feeling swept through her in waves, and then finally she laughed.

Meg turned off the water, stood up, and wrapped a towel around her hips. "So," she said, stepping out of the tub, "that's what that looks like."

"Cool," Alex said, nodding and smiling.

**Age 15 - Independence Day**

Meg and Alex returned to her bedroom. It was dark enough outside that they had been able to safely retrieve the beers they'd hidden during the barbecue. They each popped open their cans and began to drink.

"So what's the deal with that cute little blonde I keep seeing you with on Facebook?" Meg asked. "Is she your girlfriend? Is she giving it up to you?"

Alex smiled. Their conversations out around family were always perfectly respectable, but he'd come to expect things would get personal once it was just the two of them. "Bethany. She is my girlfriend, but things haven't gotten that far yet."

"How far have they gotten?" Meg pressed. She moved her closed hand near her puckered mouth to suggest a blowjob.

"Nothing like that," Alex answered. "I've felt her boobs - no bra. And a couple times I've fingered her."

"Did she come?" Meg asked.

Alex showed his frustration with a smirk. "Nah. Every time she's gotten pretty excited by it, but then made me stop all of the sudden."

"Does she ever get you off?"

"Once - accidentally," Alex confessed with a blush. His face held a shy-boy smile while he told the story. "She was kind rubbing me outside my clothes, and climbing all over me. It was the sexiest thing ever, and I just kinda, well, came in my pants. Other than that, well, she's never actually touched it, and when she does rub me through my pants, she doesn't really 'go for it'."

Meg got up and walked over to a sock lying on the floor. She held it up for him and considered it. "So then is this the right shade of blue for your balls?" She teased.

Alex chuckled and slouched in his chair. "Yeah - that's about right." He took another long drink.

Meg dropped the sock. She stood in front of him, straight and tall, as if making a school presentation. "Well, I have gotten really good at blowjobs," she declared. "I can even deep-throat sometimes. Not forever, but, you know, until I run out of air."

Meg gave her cousin a moment to respond, but when he didn't immediately, she offered, "Want me to show you?"

Alex was stunned, trying to make sense of what Meg was offering him, and what the consequences would be.

When he still didn't respond, Meg dove across her bed to grab her phone from the nightstand and began thumbing out a message, unconcerned that she had given Alex a perfect view up her miniskirt.

She sat up to face him. "I just told my boyfriend that I'm hungry for his cock, and that he should sneak in if he wants a little mouth lovin'," she explained smugly.

She walked over to the closet. One of its doors was off the rail and tilted. She positioned the doors so that there was a wedge of darkness between them into the closet beyond. "You should be able to see everything from right in here," she explained.

Meg's phone chimed. She examined it and laughed. "He wants me to wear my cheer uniform!" She found the uniform under a pile on the floor. "Turn around so I can change."

Alex's imagination went wild while he listened to zippers and fabric sliding over skin. When she told him it was okay to look, she smiled, posed, and shook her pompoms at him. The uniform made the most of Meg's shape. The flair of the skirt showed off her slender waist, and up top it was just tight enough around her chest to showcase her boobs. Her bare shoulders looked invitingly smooth.

Meg got another text from her boyfriend saying he was coming up, so she ushered Alex into the closet, and then grabbed a scrunchy to pull her hair into a ponytail. When Bart climbed through the window, Meg was waiting, doing the splits on her bed with her pompoms held at the ends of extended arms.

Bart rushed to kiss her. The pompoms fell and she wrapped her arms around him, enthusiastically returning his kiss. Her legs found their way beneath her and she slithered off the bed and onto her knees. She locked her eyes on her boyfriend's and gave him a bad-girl smile while her hands freed him of his pants. She didn't wait for him to become fully hard before she attacked his cock with every part of her mouth.

She made rude slurping noises while she worked the dick in and out through her soft lips, aggressively bobbing her head. Her tongue moved like a serpent all around the thing, as if trying to wrap around it and pull it in. A moment later her chin was bumping his balls and her throat was massaging his crown.

She sounded like she was choking, but her eyes, still locked on her lover's, were full of confidence. He grabbed her ponytail with both hands and added pelvic thrusts of his own to the action.

Meg began to choke for real and pulled away from the spittle-covered knob. A saliva bridge stretched between cock and mouth and then broke. She only took a brief moment to catch her breath before taking him all the way in again, and fucking him vigorously with her throat.

Bart began to tense up and mutter: "Oh god! Oh baby!"

Meg released Bart's cock from her mouth. Instead, she held one hand at its base to pull his foreskin taut while the other fist slid rapidly over his slimy wet knob. She gave him a big toothy smile while he ejaculated all over her pretty face.

Bart spun and fall onto the bed, facing up and breathing heavily. Meg lay next to him and held his hand, still wearing her come-covered smile.

"That was amazing, baby," Bart told his girlfriend.

"Think maybe you want to try me?" She offered hopefully, moving her hands to the front of her skirt.

"I just really don't think I'd like that," he told her. "You understand."

"Yeah," she acknowledged. "Well, you probably need to go before we get caught."

Once Bart was gone Meg helped Alex out of the closet. She could feel the semen on her face beginning to dry. "What do you think?" She said, face to face with her cousin.

"I'm not sure he deserves you."

**Age 16 – Easter**

Alex took some pencils from Meg's desk and started banging out a drum routine on every available surface. "You were totally eye-fucking that tall Indian kid on the other side of the aisle," Alex stated coolly.

"I was not!" Meg defended herself.

"Yeah, you were," Alex repeated playfully.

"We were in church - sex was the last thing on my mind!" Meg insisted. She kicked off her shoes and then reached under her dress to take off her tights. She looked like a paragon of innocence in a modest but flattering white Easter dress. Her hair was held away from her face by a clip adorned with little white silk flowers.

"How much sex have you had, anyway?" Alex asked. He had already removed his coat and loosened his tie.

Meg smiled a not-so-innocent smile. "Not nearly enough! But..., kind of a lot." She sat on her bed, excited about the confession she was about to give. "I really love getting fucked. I REALLY love it! It might be a sickness. You know, I never used to understand those girls who'd go around calling themselves sluts and begging for men to use them. But now I kinda think I do!"

Alex looked at her curiously. "How many...?"

"More times than I can count!" Meg blurted. "But only with three guys. Well, five if you count blowjobs. It's just so... Ugh! You know?" She added, more calmly, "Did you ever get in that blonde prude's pants?

"No," Alex answered. "But there have been other girls. I've done it three and a half times now. Siobhan's mother caught us in the act once and said we're not allowed to see each other. When we finally did sneak away together after that, she was like a cat in heat."

Meg removed her hair clip and began brushing her hair. "What's your favorite position?"

Alex shrugged. "I've only done it missionary and doggy. Any suggestions?"

"Oh, you've got to let loose and try everything!," she explained. "But the absolute best time I've ever done it was standing, up against the wall, with him giving it to me from behind. I don't know why, but that turned me on like nothing else."

"Yeah, I don't get that one," Alex said dismissively.

"What's not to get?" Meg asked, slightly annoyed.

"I just don't see how it could work. Seems like the guy would need to have a ninety-degree bend in his dick to pull it off."

"You're a moron!" Meg said with an eye-roll. "It works just fine. The girl leans forward a little. There's plenty of room without any unnatural bending of the penis."

Alex considered his cousin. "Show me."

Meg rolled her eyes again and then stood up and faced the wall, leaning with both elbows. "See?" She asked.

Alex shook his head.

Meg sighed. "You're not seeing the tilt of my hips!" She took one arm off the wall and with it pulled up her skirt, exposing her tight dancer's butt. The white panties she was wearing were far too fancy for day-to-day wear. Alex wondered if she always wore fuck-me panties to church.

"Yeah, but your body is still mostly upright!" Alex argued.

"But bodies are flexible" Meg demanded. "Come here!" She returning both arms to the wall. "Put your hands on me."

Alex moved behind her, taking hold of her hips. The hard front of his pants rubbed against her dress.

"See?" She asked again. Alex shook his head.

"Oh, for fuck's sake!" Meg cried. She stood up straight and reached under her dress, pulling her panties down and then throwing them angrily on the bed. She leaned against the wall again with one arm and lifted her skirt with the other. "Just - crawl around on the floor and look until you figure it out!"

Alex slid on the floor until his head was beneath her, looking straight up at her bald pussy. Then he sat up, close behind her. She could feel his breath on her ass. She wondered what sort of girls her cousin had been with, that he was so clueless about female anatomy. He touched her thigh and her breathing stopped. He touched her pussy lips and she inhaled sharply. When his finger went inside her she gasped with a tone as clear as a bell.

His finger moved, slowly, in and out of her cunt. Against her will her knees shook. Her vision blurred. She let go of her church dress and leaned fully against the wall, eyes closed tightly. Alex changed the angle of his finger's penetration, touching her insides toward the front of her body. Right there! That was the perfect spot to send a surge of sexual power ricochetting through her body.

He shifted position. His free hand stroked her inner thigh. There was something else, too: something barely touching her ass. Lips?

Her knees nearly gave out when a second finger joined the first. They moved inside her slowly, touching her deliberately. Meg realized that her cousin was going to make her come. She shouldn't let him. She should yell at him - slap him. But she didn't.

It was almost too much to bear. Just when she thought she would break, she gave in and let herself come. A lightning storm of sensations rolled through her. She remained in place as Alex retreated. She heard him sucking his fingers dry - tasting her.

"I think you might be right," he said as he sat in the desk chair and again began to improvise a drum solo.

"Can you just give me a minute to myself?" Meg asked softly, still leaning against the wall.

"Yeah - sure thing. I'll be downstairs."

**Age 17 - Independence Day**

"Damn, kid! Are all of these your girlfriends?" Uncle Leo asked, sitting at the picnic table in the park and thumbing through the photos on Alex's phone.

Alex shrugged. "None of them are really 'girlfriends'," he answered. "But they're all girls that I've got arrangements with."

"'Arrangements,'" Uncle Leo considered. He zoomed in on chest of a happy girl hanging on Alex in one of the photos. "What does that mean?"

Meg set a full plate on the table and sat down. "He wants to know if you're fucking them," she said sweetly, teasing her father. Alex just smiled.

"So what's your secret?" Leo asked.

Alex hesitated before answering. "Chicks dig drummers."

Meg and Alex were alone in her car on the way back to her family's house.

"You were going to say something," Meg accused. "When my dad asked why all the girls love you."

"I decided to go with a safe answer," Alex confessed.

"So what's the truth?"

"I don't know, man," Alex told her. "Who knows what makes people tick?"

Meg glanced at him briefly. "Come on!" She coaxed. "You know you want to brag."

Alex chuckled. "Well - getting them is just a matter of luck," he explained. "But keeping them is all about the oral."

"How so?" Meg asked.

"Girls appreciate a guy who'll take the time. From what I hear, most of the guys who'll do it all call it quits after two minutes. Girls remember a guy who gives them a half-hour orgasm."

Meg laughed dismissively. "Yeah, right."

Alex threw his hands up and shrugged.

"Show me," she dared him.

"How am I supposed to do that?" He asked. He wondered if his cousin had thought through her request at all.

Meg said nothing but made a turn that deviated from her car's nav system path. A short distance later she turned into a driveway and typed a message out on her phone.

Seconds later the front door to the house opened. A petite woman wearing only a towel approached the car looking concerned. "Meg, what's going on?" She asked.

"Kylie, this is my cousin Alex. He claims he can give a girl a thirty minute orgasm with his mouth. I'm calling him on his bullshit," Meg told her friend.

"Hey," Alex said with an uncomfortable wave.

Kylie rolled her eyes. "Follow me, but don't make a sound."

Kylie was as fair-skinned as they come. Her nordic blonde dreadlocks reached all the way down to the small of her back. They weren't wet, but it looked like she had just come from a shower or bath.

She led them through the house and into the garage, where she dug around in a box until she found a joint and lighter. She lit up, took a puff, and passed it around.

"So what? I'm supposed to just lie back and spread my legs for you?" Kylie asked.

"I don't want to do anything you don't want to do," Alex told her. "But if you feel like it, we could start with a kiss."

Kylie opened up the tailgate of the SUV and she and Alex sat down. The three of them shared the joint, not saying anything, just sizing each other up. When it was finished, Kylie and Alex stared at each other for a while. Then she crawled into his lap and tested him with a kiss. He held her around the waist. She put her arms around his neck. They kissed with closed mouths, slowly and firmly. After a little while, she wiggled her butt encouragingly in his lap.

Kylie stopped kissing long enough to turn and face Meg who was standing at a respectful distance and regarding them emotionlessly. She smiled and winked at her friend.

Alex spotted something on Kylie's skin: a dozen stripes on her arm, just below her armpit. They were cutting scars. "I don't want to talk about it," she told him. Alex nodded and moved his hand, first to her neck, but then inside the loose flap of her towel by her hip. His hand slid across her smooth taut ass.

She leaned, guiding him to guide her where she wanted to be. He laid her on her back at the edge of the SUV's tailgate. She pulled her hair out from under her and tossed her dreads toward the front of the car, and then she lay there waiting for him, her chest heaving from heavy breaths beneath her towel.

Alex peeled away the lower edges of her towel and touched her bare, soap-scented thighs and belly. Kylie moaned appreciatively as he stroked his fingers over her, teasing her. When he finally did touch his wet lips to her pussy, her hips rose to meet him. He spent minutes kissing and nuzzling at her pussy, and all the while she murmured thanks.

Then he put a finger inside her. He sawed it in and out and his mouth began to zero in on her clitoris. It wasn't long before he was pumping two fingers in her vag, lashing her clit with her tongue, and making her come. Once the climax began, it didn't stop. He read her body and her moans: he knew just when to be constant, and when to vary.

Minutes wore on while she squirmed and squealed in ecstasy. Kylie opened the front of her towel and ran her hands all over her pale chest and belly and sides. Eventually her feet grabbed at his sides deliberately, as if trying to pull him. He met her eyes. "You want me to fuck you now?" He asked, confirming what she had been asking for with her legs.

"Oh god yes!" Kylie answered.

She scurried deeper into SUV's cargo bed while he took off his clothes. Seconds later she was beneath him, coming on his cock, while the motion of their bodies rocked the car. They fucked on, Kylie enraptured, Alex intense.

His moans began to intensify; he was losing control.

"You can't come inside her," Meg insisted.

Alex grunted and pulled out at the last instant, splattering jizz on her thighs.

Meg approached the vehicle while the naked teens held each other and relaxed. She consulted her mobile phone. "Well, from the time she started coming until you stopped licking her was fourteen minutes, thirty-two seconds," Meg explained. "Then you fucked for 11:47 - but she stopped coming during most of that."

"I did just fine!" Kylie interjected.

Meg shrugged and went on. "So, I'm afraid you failed to prove your claim."

Alex held Kylie close and looked at his cousin. Kylie's body clung to his, and her blue-eyed gaze glowed with the new bond between them. "Gosh, Meg - I'm sorry I disappointed you."

Age 17 - New Year's Eve

"Dance with me!" Meg said, pulling Alex away from a conversation with adults. It was the first time the teens had spoken at the party - a big formal affair.

Alex was looking dashing in a classic black-tie suit. The glasses were new. Meg was showing off her cheerleader's body in a fleur-de-lis patterned top and a short satiny black skirt. Her brown hair was done in a braided updo, showing off her elegant neck.

The song was slow, but even so Meg held her cousin unusually tightly while they danced.

"Okay, so what's this thing you wanted to show me? You've been teasing me for like two weeks," Alex asked.

"After this song!" Meg declared.

As soon as the song was done, Meg led Alex to an unused, curtained-off section of the ballroom where excess tables and chairs were stacked. They were alone. With a giant grin on her face, she unzipped her top and pulled it down, revealing her bare, full, bouncy breasts, each with a barbell through its nipple. "Tada!" She said. "Piercings!"

Alex's hand moved, as if to reach out and them, but he thought the better of it. "Those look great. What's it like?"

"So fucking sexy!" Meg said. She flicked one barbell to watch it shake before putting her top back on."Every little touch, bump, is magnified by a hundred! I've been perving out all night rubbing up against old guys on the dance floor who had no idea how wet they were making me!"

Alex chuckled. "And now me!"

Meg confirmed: "And now you, cousin." She paced energetically. "Kylie got hers done at the same time. She can come just from her nipples."

"No kidding?" Alex asked. "She told you that?"

Meg smiled secretively. "Yes.... She 'told' me that. You ready to get out of here? I figured we've served our time with the adults. Let's go spend the rest of the night our way. I've still got more to show you."

"Yeah, sure. Lead on," Alex agreed.

After checking in with their parents and promising not to drink and drive four times, the cousins left the hotel in Meg's car.

"You know, after your little demonstration a half a year ago, Kylie and I have been holding our boyfriends to a higher standard. They've all come up lacking. But we've adapted." Meg said out of nowhere in the middle of the drive. Before Alex could think about replying, she cranked the volume on the stereo.

The car pulled into Kylie's driveway and the two teens entered the house without knocking. Kylie, wearing a bathrobe, pounced into Alex's arms and forced her tongue into his mouth in greeting. "Looking good, 007!" She told him.

"You need to wait here while we get things ready," Kylie told Alex, climbing down from his arms. "Have a seat." The two girls disappeared through a door and down a set of stairs into the basement.

"Okay! You can come down now!" Kylie shouted from the basement. Alex went down.

The basement was a home gym, cluttered with various exercise gear. Meg was naked, handcuffed to a wall-mounted pull-up bar. She had a knotted piece of cloth in her mouth, tied in place around her head. Kylie was standing next to her dressed in a red corset and sheer red panties, holding a riding crop.

"I've decided to share my bitch with you," Kylie told Alex. "Did you get a chance to feel her tits?"

Kylie took position on her knees and began to lick Meg's pussy. Meg squirmed and made incoherent noises through her gag. Her eyes had a wild look to them, that followed Alex as he moved around her, taking in her naked form from every angle. Sometimes he touched her - her shoulder, her hip, her back - usually eliciting a moan. She squealed intensely when he put his lips to her nipple and flicked it with his tongue.

"You should take your clothes off," Kylie suggested. "Show your cousin what she's been missing out on all these years."

Alex followed her advice and began undressing, right in front of Meg, while Kylie went back to licking her. The more Alex took off, the closer Meg came to climax - it was obvious from the tone of her moans. As soon as he stood up straight after taking off his pants, revealing the long solid flesh of his cock, Meg's eyes rolled back and she came.

"No! Bad girl!" Kylie said, springing to her feet. She gave Meg's ass several hard strikes with the riding crop. "Who told you you could come?"

Kylie squired some lotion from a bottle into her hand and began rubbing it into one of Meg's red ass cheeks while Meg panted. "C'mere," Kylie told Alex. When he approached, she gave him the lotion and he treated Meg's other cheek.

Kylie reached between Meg's ass cheeks and grabbed hold of something. With a cry from Meg, she pulled and removed a butt plug. "We've been training her ass, but it's a virgin," she remarked casually. She stared at Alex's cock for a moment. "Looking at you now... I don't know if we've trained her enough. Oh well, bitch'll just have to deal." Kylie poured a generous pool of lube into her hand and then rubbed it all over Alex's stiffy.

Alex moved to the side, behind Meg, and turned her head toward him with a finger under her chin. She looked crazed - panicked but trusting. "Is this okay with you?" He asked. She nodded enthusiastically.

Alex stood behind his cousin, spread her cheeks, and thrust his cock into her ass. She screamed into her gag, but then seemed to be repeating, "yes!" as he took her by the hips and pumped into her. Kylie moved to her front and began licking her again, and Meg's long punishing orgasm began.

Alex pounded her ass from behind, usually with an arm around her waist to hold her. Kylie licked her clit and pumped fingers in her cunt. It was more pleasure than a human could take, but Meg took it, and kept taking it. Sometimes Alex would reach around squeeze Meg's breasts, finding them even more satisfying than he'd imagined.

Finally, Alex came, filling Meg's ass with semen. Kylie looked up into Meg's eyes. "Done now?" She asked, and Meg nodded.

When they unlocked Meg's cuffs she curled up in the fetal position on the ground. Alex looked at her, worried. "Are you okay, Meg?"

Meg smiled and nodded. "I feel half-dead, but yeah, I'm so good."

The teens cleaned up and reconvened on Kylie's parents' bed, touching and kissing each other in every conceivable way. "She's been talking about wanting to bone you since we were fourteen," Kylie told Alex. "When did you first get the hots for her?"

Alex looked noncommittal. "Probably one Easter when I accidentally finger-banged her," he said.

Meg shoved him. "'Accidentally' my ass! Anyway, you were into me way before that. You came in your pants perving out with my bra years earlier!"

"I did not!" Alex protested. To Kylie, he explained, "I did not come in my pants."

"That's the way I remember it!" Meg teased. Alex shut her up with a tickle assault.

Alex and Meg tried to make Kylie come by playing with her nipples, but she climbed on Alex's cock and started riding him before they could finish. Meg sat on Alex's face and made out with her friend while her cousin tongue-fucked her. A few orgasms later exhaustion overtook them all and they fell asleep together in a big tangle.