

# **The Boathouse**

by

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## **Becky**

My view, the breeze, the sun light—all were perfect— matching the picture I'd treasured in my mind for years. The cold beer in my hand made the memories even sweeter, memories of a youth well spent and long gone. Grandpa's boathouse was just as I remembered it, though in need of fresh stain and some new boards. Long days I spent jumping off the dock, first with a life jacket, then into my father's arms, eventually on my own, and finally, trying to bomb and sink my cousins as we played in the crystal clear lake.

My cousins. I had five altogether, but only two that I remember with a special kind of fondness— Mark and Julian. It was with them I had the most fun at the boathouse. When we were younger, we played and splashed around the dock, had swimming races, and measured who could hold their breath under water the longest. After a few years, we were allowed to take the rowboat out on the lake, as long as Julian came with and we wore lifejackets.

It was they who dared me, at the age of twelve, to strip off my bikini and skinny dip, and even though they promised to do the same, their swim trunks remained in place. At thirteen, after a long day of swimming and diving, I let Mark get to first base in the back corner of the boathouse. It was a first for both of us. Our tongues mingled and played together, practicing for future sexual encounters. We practiced until we each felt confident that no one could mistake us for beginners.

At fifteen, Julian, my senior by two years, rounded first and was stranded at second. His hot lips around my taut nipples was almost more than I could bare. He was my first hand job, the first dick I ever saw up close and very personal.

The summer I was sixteen, Julian expertly slid into third. His deft and practiced fingers gave me my first orgasm, and his persuasive hands spurred me to give my first blowjob. Though the third base coach frantically jumped up and down, waving him home, Julian remained at third, perhaps knowing that a home run with a first cousin wasn't such a great idea. I didn't care, I'd never been so horny before, and I wanted it all. He left me hungry.

That was the last time we'd all been together. Mark and I playing Scrabble on the back porch, and Julian and I in the boathouse, learning how to please the opposite sex. Now, ten years later, we would meet once again at the Stringer family reunion. I emptied my bottle of beer and smiled at the memories drifting around the old building.

The slam of a car door brought me back to reality, the titillating reality that the car door I heard was likely one of them. I stood, unable to conceal my excitement. Within a few moments, Mark emerged from grandma and grandpa's house, and descended the steps into the yard. The family all stood to greet him, and I waited as he hugged our grandparents, my parents, aunt Susan, uncle Joe, and finally his own parents. Then, he turned to me. His boyish good looks were intact, though maturity amplified all the little traits that once marked him as cute. They now made him gorgeous. I'm sure my mouth dropped open, as stunned as I was by his statuesque figure and features.

"There she is. Little Becky, all grown up, and grown up mighty fine I might add." He embraced me and kissed me full on the lips. I was so stunned it took me a moment to reply.

"Who are you calling little? We're the same age?" I held him close, sensing that the bond we once shared was still there.

"I'm four months older than you, and that makes you little," he said, holding me away to examine me. I felt naked as his eyes travelled up and down my body, and my face grew hot. He sucked his bottom lip, took a deep breath, and raised his eyebrows as he finished his inspection.

He took the chair next to mine and I sat back down. "So, little Becky, how have you been?"

I noticed that at some point, he had taken my hand and our fingers were entwined. "I've been really good," I said, very conscious of the fact that I was still blushing. "Glad to have some time off from work. I've been looking forward to this weekend for a while."

“Me too, even if we do have to share it with all the old fogies,” he glanced over at the group of elders, but they took no notice of us. “Next time, we’ll have to just get a room somewhere.”

Before I could slap my dropped jaw shut, he jumped up. “Let’s go for a swim.”

His cell phone rang as we headed for the house to change.

“Hello? Hey there,” he stopped walking, so I waited for him on the steps. “Not much, just about to go for a swim with my knock-out cousin.” He paused and winked at me. “Yeah, I wish you were here too.”

My heart sank a bit.

“Yep, your loss. Love you too. Later.” He snapped the phone shut.

“Your girlfriend?” I asked, hoping I didn’t sound too disappointed.

“Boyfriend.” He watched me for a reaction, and I’m sure I didn’t disappoint. I’m not good at covering my feeling, so I know he read the surprise on my face. How had I not heard through the grapevine that he was gay?

“It was Julian,” he said.

Not only was he gay, but his lover was his own cousin, Julian? I was beginning to get a little dizzy from all the new, crazy information.

“It was Julian, not a boyfriend, not a girlfriend, just messing with your head,” he said with a wicked smile. “God, you’re uptight.”

Mess with my head? Yeah, he sure did. It took me a moment to get my wits about me. “You and Julian say I love you on the phone?”

“I’ll say anything on the phone to get that kind of reaction from you. Come on.” He bounded up the steps, into the house.

We rowed out to the little island in the middle of the lake. As kids, we used to jump off the cliffs into the deep water below, play ‘shipwrecked,’ and any other game that came to mind.

Once we hauled the boat on shore, we took off running for the cliffs. “What did Julian say?” I panted, trying to keep up with him. “Is he coming?”

“Said he’d be here later tonight,” Mark said as he reached the highest point of the island. He turned to me and grinned. “Last one in’s a rotten egg!”

Together, we ran toward the ledge, letting our momentum carry us away from the jagged edges of the cliff. The exhilaration of falling so far, so fast, was something I missed from my childhood and needed in my present life, a life that had become much too serious and

complicated. I waved my arms in the air, anticipating contact with the water. Mark, having the advantage of weight, broke the glasslike surface a few seconds before me.

“Looks like you’re the rotten egg, just like always.” He swam toward the shore and I followed.

After our third jump, we remained in the water, swimming leisurely in the late afternoon heat, floating on our backs as the sun kissed our exposed skin.

“Don’t you wish you could be a kid again some days?” he asked.

I nodded, but realized he wouldn’t see if he was looking up at the sky, as I was. “Yes, I do. I always had so much fun here with you, and Julian.”

“Let’s pretend it’s the old days, and we’re kids again.” He was right beside me now, treading water. I nodded, eager to play along. We did handstands, summersaults, and jumped off each other’s shoulders. After a while, I saw him doing something under the surface, then, his hand splashed out of the water holding his swimming trunks. “Let’s skinny dip,” he said, throwing his suit to the shore.

“Mark! What the hell are you doing?”

“Come on, I remember you skinny dipping as a kid. You were the first girl I ever saw naked.”

“Yes, and I learned my lesson, thank you very much.” I swam a few feet away from him. It didn’t seem appropriate to be swimming naked with an adult, male cousin, no matter how hot he was.

“I know. That was mean, and I’m sorry. I chickened out on you, but now, my suit’s already off— you know I won’t cheat you.” He did a summersault in the water and his white ass flashed across the surface. His face emerged and he grinned. “Come on, Becky. We’re kids today.”

I rolled my eyes and reached down to pull my bottoms off. Glancing toward the lake house, I reminded myself that a person would need a telescope to see us from there. Mark swam around behind me and untied my top. It didn’t feel very childlike as he pulled my suit away from me—it felt... sensual, exciting, and naughty. He held out his hand for the rest of my suit, and threw it to shore when I surrendered it. His hands took my own from behind and stretched out to the side as he leaned back and we floated to the surface. Between my puckered nipples breaking the surface, his dick pressing against my ass, and his hot breath against my ear, I knew I would give in to any request he might have, but he said nothing. He just clasped our outstretched hands

together as we floated in the sun. Every now and then, I could feel his leg reach down to the bottom to give us more lift, and every time his leg came back up, his full erection rubbed along my cheeks.

“You have beautiful breasts.” How could he help but notice them as they bobbed on the surface?

“Um, thank you.”

His right hand released mine and then moved to hover over one breast, lightly brushing my nipple before it passed to the next.

“Do you mind?” he asked.

What a ridiculous question. Of course I did, this was way too bizarre. I shook my head no. Each hand cupped a breast as we came to a standing position, and his fingers tweaked my nipples. I couldn't stop the moan that escaped my lips.

Taking it as encouragement, Mark slipped one hand between my legs as he sucked my earlobe into his mouth. The same rush I had jumping from the cliff took hold of me as he teased my clit with his fingers. My breast slapped the water each time he pressed his groin against my backside, his erection prodding me to lose myself to the sensations he gave me.

“Oh Becky,” he said as he slipped a finger inside me. “Let me make love to you, baby, just this once. Nobody has to know.”

I was well beyond arguing at this point. One well-timed gasp was my reply when a second finger joined the first and the knuckle of his thumb pressed against the little man in my boat. Mark lifted me off my toes and pressed his dick against my opening. One little poke, two little pokes, three— he slammed into me. The sudden pressure had me gasping for air and sent my mind spinning. He continued to work my clit with one hand and he clasped my breast with the other. I panted and moaned through my growing ardor as my cousin slowly fucked me from behind.

Ripples of water raced away from our exertions, intermittently catching the sun in their escape. I tried to focus on them and the light they cast as my climax neared. The pace of his pumping increased. I could tell he was getting close too— he pinched my nipple and rubbed my clit faster. Hot lips kissed my neck as it hit, sending explosions of pleasure through my body. I cried out.

So did he. “Oh God. Oh Becky, you feel so good,” he bit my shoulder. “I’m coming,” he burst as I reached behind me, around his neck, and pulled his head closer to my mine.

After a few moments, he released me and turned me to face him. He leaned his forehead against mine and ran his fingers down my cheek. “Thank you. You’ve made one boy’s dream of a lifetime come true.” Then, he kissed me. The years had made him an even better kisser than I remembered. I could have kissed him for hours, but the sun was setting and my libido was reviving, so I pulled away.

“We’d better be getting back,” I said, taking his hand and leading him toward the shore. “Grandma will keep supper waiting for us, and I don’t want her pissed off.”

We rowed back to shore in the fading light. He smiled at me the whole way, even though I dragged my hands in the lake and kept flicking water in his face. We didn’t speak. What could we say? I love you? That was the hottest sex of my life? I feel dirty, and wicked, and light? No, there were no words, so we rode in silence.

With the boat secured, we threw our towels over our shoulders and headed up to the house. The only person outside was Julian, slumped in his chair, head tilted to the side in sleep, his hand dragging the ground beside him. He was just as beautiful as I remembered, and my breath caught in my chest when he opened his eyes to look at me. Julian was dark, ever since we were kids, and not just dark haired and a darker complexion than Mark and I. He always seemed like there was something just under the surface that he could never share, something that often made him reflective and quiet. I tried so many times to dig deep and find the source of his troubles, but he would just smile and tousle my hair whenever I did.

Around his neck hung a strap for the pair of binoculars that sat on his firm stomach. I froze as he grinned at us and stood.

“My two favorite cousins! I wish I’d gotten here sooner— I could have joined you guys on the lake. Looked like you were having fun,” he said, giving Mark a dirty look. He locked me in a bear hug, so I don’t think he saw me blushing. Soon, he pulled me off the ground and swung me around. “So good to see you, Becky.”

“It’s great to see you too.” Regardless of what he saw through the binoculars, he immediately put me at ease.

“Did you have a good day?” He kissed me on the forehead as he brought me back to the ground. At least here was one cousin I wouldn’t have to worry about slipping into an adolescent sexcapade with.

“We better get inside. Grandma is pissed at you guys.”

Mark winked at me as the three of us started up the steps to the house. I stayed two steps behind, admiring the two fine men my cousins had become, and their sexy asses as they took the steps. Damn!

## Julian

I couldn't get to the lake house fast enough. Especially once I got off the phone with Mark. The minute he said, "Love you too," I knew he was fucking with Becky, and I didn't know how far he would take it. Turns out, he took it all the way.

By the time I got there, they were out on the island with the boat. That was okay—I got to catch up with grandma, grandpa, and my aunts and uncles. All the usual questions. How's work? Where are you living? When are you going to find a nice girl and settle down? You're almost thirty, you know. Of course I knew how fucking old I was! Sorry, but that shit gets to me after a while.

After our little chitchat, I sat down on the porch with a beer and stared at the lake. I saw two figures jump from the cliff in the distance. Damn! If I'd just gotten there a little earlier, I could have been jumping the cliff with them. I told Mark to wait for me—that I was almost there, bastard.

I got up and went into the house. "Grandpa? Do you still have your binoculars?" After the lecture about putting the lens caps back on and putting them back in the case, I returned to my spot on the porch and worked on sighting in the island. Grandpa was nearly blind, so it was tricky getting them focused in. Now, I kind of wish I hadn't.

The two were in the water, bare ass naked. Fuck, she was so hot, just like I knew she'd be. I watched in shock as Mark touched our fair cousin all over. Some I could see, some I could only imagine. In only a few minutes, the two of them were fucking, right out in the open, right in front of God and Grandpa's binoculars. I had to beat it to the boathouse to, um, ease my frustration.

I thought Becky was gonna shit a brick when they came back to the house and she saw me with the binoculars. So funny, but we all lived through it, which is kind of surprising since it took everything I had not to break Mark's fucking neck.

Dinner was good, even though Grandma was pissed that Mark and Becky kept everyone waiting so long. If they only knew what they were waiting for the pair of them to do, we'd a had a long dirt road full of ambulances.

It was hard not to stare at Becky all night. I watched Shark Week on the Discovery Channel with Grandpa and kept a pillow in my lap to hide my boner. Mark and Becky played Scrabble on the floor, right in front of me. This little thing I had for Becky wasn't new. When we were kids,

she was the pesky little shit that always wanted me to play, wanted to come with me wherever I went. By the time she hit her teens, she was developing very nicely and I had no trouble letting her tag along. By the time she let me feel her up in the boathouse, she was smokin'. Yes, I felt her up and she yanked on my pecker. The next year, she nearly swallowed the damn thing. God, I wanted to fuck her so bad, but she was only sixteen, and, she was my cousin. Now that I'm older and know a lot more than I did back then, I'll admit that she was the girl I fantasized about whenever I beat off. Hell, even when I was with other women. I'll admit it. That's how amazing she is.

When the show was over and none of the divers got eaten by sharks, I tossed the pillow and grabbed another beer from the kitchen. It was time to go back to the boathouse. There's only so long a guy can lie around with a woody before he's got to do something about it. Mark and I were roomies for the weekend, so privacy would be hard to come by. To the boathouse.

I didn't take care of business right away. I took off my shoes and socks, sat on the dock, and let my feet drop into the cold water. I needed to get Becky alone and talk to her about something, but it was kind of scary to think about. I had news, and I didn't know how she was going to take it. I figured after what I saw her doing with Mark earlier, she'd probably take it pretty well, but you just never knew with her. Even though we hadn't seen each other for years, I'd have to say that Becky probably knew me better than anyone. She was one chick I didn't mind talking to, for hours, about anything or nothing at all. I always thought I was on the level with her, but I'll be damned if she couldn't always dig a little more out of me. It's like she wanted my soul or something. Weird.

The beer was going down good, and I wished I'd brought an extra. It wasn't helping my boner, but it kinda helped me sort through all the thoughts rattling around in my head. First and foremost in those thoughts was Mark and Becky fucking at the island. Was it something they'd done before? After Becky blew me all those years ago, did she meet Mark later and blow him too? Had they met up since then? Was this an ongoing thing?

I thank the heavens above I didn't have my dick in my hand when a beer hit the dock beside me and Becky plopped down on the other side of it holding another beer in her hand.

"Running away from the rest of the tribe?"

"I thought everyone was going to bed, and I wasn't quite ready to call it a night."

"Everyone did go to bed. We're the last holdouts. Did you want to be alone?"

The moon shone off her golden locks and painted her a shade only the moon can. She was so beautiful, who wouldn't want her company?

"No, I'm glad you're here. I wanted to talk to you in private."

Her body stiffened and she took a long draw on her beer. I started on the new one she brought for me.

"I know what you must think of me," she started. "I don't know what came over me out there."

"Don't beat yourself up, I'm sure Mark pushed you into it." Right away, I wished I hadn't said that. If he didn't, it did nothing but make her look bad. She started to get up and I grabbed her hand. "Sit down, I'm sorry. I didn't mean that." She looked at me suspiciously, but sat back down.

I swallowed hard. "I think that was a little bit of jealousy rearing its ugly head. Forgive me?"

She wouldn't look at me, in fact, she turned so that all I could see was the back of her head, but I did see her ears rise, so I guessed that was a smile, an embarrassed one if I knew her at all.

"How did it happen?" I asked, taking her hand in mine to reassure her.

"Do we have to talk about this? Can we just pretend it never happened?" Her eyes bore into mine.

"I'm just curious. I'm not judging. How could I? You and I were no angels together either." I squeezed her hand. "Some of my favorite memories are of you and me, right here in this boathouse."

She smiled and bounced against me. I thought about telling her I wished I had more memories, that I wished we had made love back when we had the chance, that I wished I didn't feel I *had* to stay away from her for so many years, that I wished I was Mark.

"I don't know how to explain it. I guess I've always had a bit of a crush on both of you, since we were kids. You were the first boy to touch my breasts and the first boy to get in my pants, but Mark was my first kiss. We kissed for hours out here." I must have looked a little envious, because then she said, "But that was before you would consider playing with me." She grinned and the moonlight made her eyes sparkle like brilliant diamonds.

"Go on," I said.

“He suggested we skinny dip, and once our clothes were off, things just started happening. It was like I had no control over what I did. It was all about what my body wanted. If you had been there, I probably would have screwed you too.”

Excuse me? Did I hear her right? She didn't say 'instead,' or 'you' period, she said 'too.'

“So, maybe you and I should get naked,” I suggested, desperately hoping she would agree.

“I think we had our chance, don't you?”

“Mark got a second chance,” I reminded her.

We didn't talk for a while after that, we just sat, splashing our feet in the water and holding hands. My boner was back full force, especially once she mentioned screwing me too, but either she didn't notice or was too nice to say anything.

When we both finished our beers, Becky crawled to her knees and stood. “I suppose we should probably be getting to bed. I'm sure Grandma will have breakfast ready at the crack of dawn.”

She held out her hand to help me up. I followed her to the trashcan and we tossed our bottles. Just as she stepped out of the shelter, I grabbed her and pulled her back inside. She spun around into my arms and I pushed her back against the wall. My body pressed against hers and my breathing sped up. This was it. This was what I wanted, what I dreamed of, fuck, what I masturbated to for years. What would she do?

She stared up at me, her own breath bouncing off of mine, speeding up to match mine. I took her chin and guided her to my lips. I pulled her upper lip gently between my own and caressed it with my tongue. She trembled as I released it and met her gaze. It was all I could do not to devour her, right then and there, but I'd— no, we'd, waited too long for this to rush anything. When she didn't resist me, I kissed her again, this time taking both her lips and running my tongue along their crease. Her lips parted a little, so I slipped my tongue inside and she met it with her own.

The longer we kissed, the more aroused I became. I drove my fingers into her hair to keep them from groping her too soon. She didn't wait— she pulled my t-shirt out of my jeans and ran her hands up my chest. It was now clear, this was *going* to happen. Everything was set in motion. When I pulled at her shirt, she yanked mine over my head. We couldn't get each other's clothes off quick enough.

Once they were gone, we took a minute to look each other over. God, she was so fucking sexy! Her breasts were amazing, a perfect handful for my large paws. A minimal waist gave way to rounded hips, the ideal hourglass figure. She'd either waxed or shaved most of her pubes, leaving her lips bare and inviting. I hoped she liked what she saw as much as I did. I took it as a good sign when she bit her bottom lip. She dropped to her knees and took my cock in her hands. Her tongue ran from bottom to tip, circling the head, and then sucking the end like a lollipop.

Looking up at me, she said, "Nice dicks must run in the family."

A thought flashed through my mind, something I was supposed to do, but before it cycled through my consciousness, she swallowed me, all of me. My ass squeezed tight and I saw stars when I realized I must have been halfway down her throat. How the hell did she do that? It was a new skill, for sure. If she'd done that to me when I was eighteen, every blowjob after it would have been a disappointment.

Since I had a hard on for the last two hours, at least, it wasn't long before I felt that sensation, the one that starts in your balls and explodes into your dick. Becky worked me over, her mouth like a vise around me at times, kneading my nuts with one hand, twisting around my pecker with the other when her lips didn't have me. She looked up at me with those deep blues of hers just before I shot my wad down her throat. It felt so fucking good, I can't begin to describe it. Hell yeah, she swallowed every drop. Mark, eat your fucking heart out.

I pulled her up and kissed her come-laced mouth deep. It was her turn now. I wanted to make her come so hard, I wanted to hear her scream my name, hear it echo off the walls and the lake. When I lifted her off the ground, she wrapped her long legs around me, never letting go of my lips. I carried her over to the motorboat and set her on the deck while I climbed on board.

"Are we going for a ride?" she asked. The moon sat low on the horizon and painted her naked flesh a pale blue. I pulled her to her feet.

"Yes, we are."

Her eyebrows raised in surprise. "Um, where are we going?"

"I'm taking you to heaven, baby." Yeah, I know, it was corny, but it sounded good in my head.

For the first time in ten years, I caressed her breasts, sucked her nipples between my teeth, and teased the tips with my tongue. She moaned in response and ran her fingers through my hair. Seemed to me, she was enjoying this much more now than she did back then, but then, I suppose

both our skills have improved. My hand traced the curve of her hip, cupped the curve of her ass, and found its way around to those gorgeous, bare lips of her pussy. She gasped and her body trembled when my fingers parted those lips. Lustful juices drenched her slit, and my fingers glided effortlessly along her folds.

I needed to taste her. Now. I abandoned her nipple and stuck my pussy-soaked fingers into my mouth. That set her off more than anything else I did— I had to hold her up, because I think her knees about gave out. I pushed her to one of the captain's chairs and sat her down. Before I went on, I wanted her to know how incredible she tasted, so I kissed her again, long enough for her to get a good sample. On my way down, I stopped by to give each breast a quick lick and kiss, then, I continued on and spread her legs wide, lifting them up and over the arms of the chair.

There it was, a jewel sparkling in the moonlight. It demanded my attention, and I watched her face as I ran my finger down its length and dipped inside. She bit her bottom lip again. God, that was so fucking sexy. She bit it harder and hissed when I retraced the path with my tongue. Back and forth I went, up and down, finally settling my tongue on her clit. I licked as fast as I could, daring the little nub to come to me. My fingers dove inside her, in and out, pausing only to rub her g-spot. The hissing turned to panting. As my tongue lashed her, the nub stiffened and grew. I sucked it between my lips for a moment and went back to licking.

“Oh, OH, JULIAN!” she screamed as I sucked her again. It did echo through the boathouse and across the lake. My hand flew up to cover her mouth. Yeah, I wanted to hear her scream my name, but I didn't think anyone in the house needed to hear it. Becky bit my fingers as her pussy exploded for me. Like a hungry pup, I lapped the juices from her sweet cunt. I'd never made a woman come so hard eating pussy. Yeah, Mark, eat your fucking heart out, and I'll eat Becky like she's never been eaten before.

The screen door of the house slammed. I yanked Becky out of the captain's chair and we jumped back to the dock. We grabbed our clothes and ran to the back, dark corner, the scene of our youthful experimentation. I hopped on one leg, trying to get the other into my jeans.

“Who's out here?” Grandpa's voice growled.

Becky handed me my shirt and I just got it over my head and stepped out so the old man could see me. “It's just me, Grandpa.”

“Who's with ya?”

“It’s me and Mark,” I lied. “We’re just having a couple of beers before we go to bed.

“Thought I heard Becky out here.”

“You did, but we chased her off— sent her back to bed.”

“You boys need to be nice to her, she’s your cousin.”

“Yes sir.”

“And get to bed.”

“Yes sir.”

He tried to look past me, but I knew he couldn’t see back there with his bad eyesight. He grumbled something—I think I heard him say ‘damn kids’— and turned back toward the house.

I returned to Becky and found her dressed. I tried to lift her shirt back off. “Grandpa says I’m supposed to be nice to you. I want to be really nice to you.”

She tugged her shirt back down. “I have to get back to the house.”

“Don’t worry about him. He’ll go right back to bed.”

“If he heard me, you can bet someone else did. He’s nearly deaf!” She stuffed her underwear into her pocket.

“Alright, alright,” I said, pulling her close for one more kiss. It didn’t change her mind. She pulled away.

“Thank you, Becky. This was amazing.” I hoped she’d let me pick up where we left off sometime over the next few days.

“Thank *you*,” she said, licking her lips. “You taste...really good.” A short glimpse of her bashful smile, and she was gone. Fuck.

## Mark

Sleep eluded me as I replayed the afternoon spent with Becky over and over in my mind. Thank God I had the room to myself for a while. How creepy is it to want to screw your cousin? How creepy is to actually do it? They always say, incest is best, and I think there's some truth to that. Nothing ever felt as good as plowing Becky from behind like that.

If it doomed me to hell, I didn't care. It was worth it. I didn't think it would, though. People in the Bible always screwed their family. Brothers, sisters, mothers, fathers. Hell, cousins was way down the list— it was nothing. People all over the world marry their cousins.

It was well after midnight when Julian crawled into the lower bunk. I pretended I was asleep, wasn't going to say anything, but then I figured, to hell with it. He busted me, and if I let him get away with it, he'd use it against me some day. I waited until he was under the covers.

“So, who caught you?”

“Grandpa.”

“That sucks.”

“Eh, he didn't see anything. Told him it was me and you out there.”

“And I suppose you told him it was me that screamed.”

“Yep.”

I doubted that, but Julian could be an asshole sometimes. It would be interesting in the morning to see if anyone else mentioned it. I'm sure it wasn't just me and Grandpa that heard her.

“I got her first.” I couldn't help myself. The sheets rustled and springs creaked as Julian rolled over.

“You cheated. And I got her better.”

I started to argue, but decided against it. She sure as hell didn't sing it to the world when I made her come.

The sun was barely up when we gathered in the dining room for breakfast. Becky looked like she didn't get much sleep, and she wouldn't look up from her plate. Julian didn't look near as nervous, in fact, he was the busiest guy at the table, reaching across me for more juice, asking Grandma to pass the syrup.

Everyone was real quiet, real tense like. I couldn't take it. "So, Becky, aren't you going to apologize for waking everyone last night with your hollering?" The look she gave me made me feel sorry for her. She was so pale— looked like she wished she could just disappear. Before anyone could say anything, I continued. "It's actually Julian's fault. It was his idea to make like we were gonna throw her in the lake." I grinned at her and her color returned. She closed her eyes and the corners of her mouth turned up just a little. Becky's mom, aunt Geri, looked just as relieved.

"Is that what all that ruckus was last night?" my mom asked.

Julian shoved a huge chunk of waffle in his mouth. "Yeah, sorry about that," he said, showing us all his food as he worked it with his teeth.

"Don't talk with your mouth full," Grandma said.

"Sorry." He swallowed. "Hard for us young chickens to go to bed when all you old farts do. We didn't want to bother anyone, so we went out to the boathouse."

"Well next time, keep it down out there. You almost gave me a heart attack, and your grandpa shouldn't have to go wandering around in the middle of the night," Grandma said.

"Yes ma'am," we all answered.

More family showed up throughout the day, second cousins, great aunts and uncles, screaming little kids underfoot— I don't even know who they belonged to, but God they were loud. The three of us decided to escape the Stringer reunion chaos for a while, and sneak off to the island. I told Grandma we were going so she wouldn't worry. She offered to make us a picnic lunch, but I told her no. I figured the poor old woman had enough to do with a house full of relatives, so I packed us a cooler with beer, water, and some fruit in case we got hungry.

We spent almost an hour jumping off the cliff. Julian and I started doing summersaults, but Becky was too scared. All she did was jump. Smart girl. My last jump, I had great lift, got in three spins, then, I don't know what happened. I was suddenly staring straight at the water and before I could do anything, I hit hard on my belly. The pain, oh, the fucking pain! Becky and Julian both grabbed hold of me and swam me to the shore. I think I sat on all fours trying to puke for about fifteen minutes. Those two kept snickering about it, but I didn't think it was very funny. Becky brought me a bottle of water and rubbed my back until I could stand up.

When I did, Julian pointed at me and laughed. "Oh my God, you are as red as an apple."

I looked down, and sure enough, I looked like I got my stomach spanked with a big, round paddle. “Yeah, I think I’ll sit out a while. Isn’t there any shade around here?” All the good shade trees were away from the shore.

“Let’s row around to the other side,” Julian said. “We can swim over there, and there’s more trees.”

We pushed the boat into the water and hopped in. Julian took the oars and steered us around the point and along the shore until we found our alternate spot, the one that offered some shade. When we were kids, we rarely came here. Only when someone had a bad sunburn or something. It seemed so much more isolated than our normal spot.

After an hour or so laying in the shade and a couple of beers, I felt better, and it’s a good thing. Julian and Becky were out playing in the water without me. She was jumping off his shoulders, crawling on his back, making me jealous. Once I got out there, I had her sitting on *my* shoulders, with her sweet legs wrapped around *my* neck.

Every now and then, we’d get out and down a beer. I was holding my own, but I started to think Julian might have had too much when he dove under the surface and pulled Becky’s bottoms off. She squealed and chased after him. I was starting to get a little pissed. Was he planning to fuck her again, right here, in front of me?

“Mark!” He tossed her bottoms to me, and Becky headed in my direction. Things were looking up. While her head was under water, I threw them back to Julian and put my hand behind my back. She jumped on me, trying to reach my empty hand. The feel of her pussy against my leg gave me an instant erection.

“Woo hoo,” Julian taunted, waving the scrap of material in the air.

“You bastards!” She tried to swim away, but I grabbed her and pulled the strings of her top loose. Spinning around, she looked at me in shock, but I all I could focus on was those beautiful tits. She didn’t even try to cover herself. Her nipples, already stiff from the cold water, puckered even more under my stare.

Julian eased up behind her and palmed her breasts, blocking my view. She gasped in surprise and her jaw dropped. Having never been in that kind of situation before, I wasn’t really sure what to do, so, I went on raw instinct. I reached under the water and found her pussy. Her lips clinched around my finger as I slid it between her folds. Her body tensed and she leaned back against Julian. His hand reached down and joined mine at her clit, so I moved further back and

slipped two fingers inside her. I attacked the breast Julian abandoned with my mouth, sucking her nipple between my lips.

I wasn't sure what we were doing, but I knew I liked it, and from the looks and sounds of it, so did Becky. She did look a little nervous though, so I let her nipple slip from my lips and I straightened up to kiss her. Our tongues mingled as I pumped my fingers in and out of her. Julian kissed along her neck and started rubbing her faster, so I sped up too. Her hand slipped inside my trunks and she fisted my dick.

When she started panting harder, Julian cooed in her ear, "That's it baby, come for us, show us how good it feels."

That was all it took. "Ahhhh, oh," she cried. Her pussy started contracting around my fingers and I kept pumping until she stopped moaning and her grasp on my dick loosened.

Julian cupped her jaw and turned her head to his. I watched as he kissed her, wondering when it would be my turn, but he picked Becky up in his arms and headed for the shore.

"Come on, Mark. We can do better than that."

While he gently placed her on the blanket, I took off my trunks. I couldn't believe we were actually doing this, the three of us. I'd never been so damned hot in my life. It got even better when Becky looked at me and I saw the same craving in her eyes.

"You take top, and I'll take bottom. Then we'll switch," Julian told me.

I'm not sure who looked more shocked, Becky, or me. Things became clearer when Julian spread her legs and started going down on her— then I knew what to do. I knelt down beside her sucked and played with her tits. Each one got its turn. I made up for the lack of attention they got the day before. Splotches of sunlight danced across her stomach as the branches swayed above us.

When I kissed her on the lips, she reached for my cock and pulled me toward her. I had no choice but to follow. She pulled me until my dick was in her mouth. Was this what taking top meant? Damn! I could have been up there all along. Julian had her close, I could tell, but she still managed to take me in all the way. Every time she moaned, her tongue and mouth vibrated around my dick. God, it felt good. I pulled out when she started to come so she could enjoy it completely. Again, I heard her cry out Julian's name, but it didn't echo as bad in the daytime.

Julian stood up and took his trunks off. "Your turn."

We switched positions and I went to work on her cunt. I licked her up and down, stuck my tongue as far inside as I could make it go, and licked some more. When I looked up, Julian was thrusting into her mouth and twisting her nipple. I wished I had thought of doing that. I kept on licking, and soon I heard Becky whimpering. Good, I thought, she must be about to come. She didn't look like it though.

“What’s the matter, baby?” Julian asked, pulling away from her mouth and looking down at me. “Isn’t he doing it right?” She shook her head.

What the fuck? She was flunking me? Yesterday, I was the cool cousin making her come. Today, I was the dork doing belly flops and failing at oral sex.

“What?” I asked. “I’m licking her good.”

“What’s he doing wrong?”

“I don’t know. It’s just not the same.”

“Do you want me to show him how to do it?”

Seriously? Was I that bad? I’d never had any complaints before. Of course, no one had ever screamed my name before either. Becky nodded and I was humiliated. Part of me wanted to get up and walk away. Another part wanted to know what the hell I was doing wrong, so I reluctantly made room when Julian joined me between her legs.

“Okay, let me see what you’re doing.”

Becky burst out laughing, and when I looked at her, she was beet red. I think she was just as embarrassed as I was, but seeing her laugh like that, under those circumstances made me crack up too.

“Pay attention!” Julian smacked me on the back of the head and grinned.

I started licking her again, even harder this time.

“Okay, stop, stop.”

I did.

“First of all, not so hard. And not every part is as sensitive as her clit and the skin around it. See, this is her clit.” Julian pointed to the little bud with his finger.

“I know where her clit is,” I grumbled. Becky started laughing again, but changed it to a hum when Julian told her to hush.

He leaned down and ran his tongue around it in a circle, then rapidly over it few times.

“See?” he said. “You try.”

Becky hummed louder and I could see tears in her eyes, she was so amused. I had to make this work, save some face, so I copied Julian.

“Good, yeah?” He looked up at Becky and she nodded. “What about her vagina? You can’t ignore it.”

I ran my tongue down to her opening stuck it back inside a few times.

“Okay, stop again,” Julian said. He was starting to piss me off. “You can lick around the opening, it’s very sensitive, but if you try to make her come by jabbing her like that, you’ll sprain your tongue. Use your fingers.”

I went back to licking her clit and slid two fingers inside her. Becky raised her hips slightly.

“Good, now massage her g-spot.”

I stopped. “Where *is* that?”

Julian raised his eyebrows at me. “How do you ever get laid? Do you ever get any repeat business?”

Becky cracked up again and Julian slapped her ass, or as much of it as he could reach.

“He made me come yesterday,” she said. I was glad someone was defending me.

“I guess everybody gets lucky once in a while.”

I watched as he slid his middle finger inside her.

“Okay, put your finger in here where mine is.”

At this point, I was less embarrassed and more fascinated. I inserted my finger alongside his and felt her contract her walls around both of us.

“Feel where my finger is.”

I did.

“Now, move away from that spot and go back to it.” Julian removed his own finger.

I did.

“Do you feel the difference? It’s rougher there, almost spongy.”

I did!

“Use your fingertip to press against it. You may have to bend a bit.”

I did, and Becky inhaled deeply. Bingo.

“It’s under the skin, so you can’t just rub over it, you have to push against it.” I nodded and crooked my fingertip against it. It was easy to tell the effect I was having just by watching her expression.

“Is it in the same spot for every woman?” I’d always believed the g-spot was a mythical place, constantly moving and never the same. Julian shook his head at me in disgust, so I took that as a ‘yes.’

“Alright,” he said. “Let’s try this again.”

And, I did. I licked on and around her clit, and massaged her g-spot with two fingers. She wasn’t laughing any more, she was beginning to writhe and buck her hips. Her clit stiffened under my tongue and I sped up my pace.

“Suck!” she commanded.

“Suck her clit,” Julian said from over my shoulder.

I sucked and tried to keep licking as I did.

“Ah, ah, ah Julian!” she cried as she squirted me.

What the fuck? Why Julian? I just made her squirt come, and she screamed his name?

“Ah, oh God,” she panted. “I’m sorry Mark, I’m so sorry. I must have been looking at Julian.” She ran her hand through my damp hair as I licked her clean. “That was amazing. You’ll definitely get more second dates now. Come kiss me.”

I did. Julian took my place and knelt between her legs. He lifted her hips off the ground, and eased his dick inside her. He closed his eyes and sucked his breath through his teeth. I stood to the side and fisted myself while he slowly pumped her.

“Oh baby,” he said, “Do you know how long I’ve waited for this? You feel so good.”

“I know, so do you, so good.”

It’s a good thing neither of them was looking to see my surprise. He hadn’t screwed her in the boathouse the night before. They got busted before he could. I had one up on him.

I kinda felt out of place, watching them do it, but it was also one of the coolest things I’ve ever seen. Don’t think I’ve ever been so hard in my life, standing there waiting my turn and watching them go through the phases, reaching their climax together. It was so pure, so...real. When they came, Julian fell on top of her.

“Oh man, I love you so much, Becky.”

“I love you too.”

I was a little surprised by the declaration, but figured it was all just part of the experience for them.

When it was my turn, I took her doggie style. I've always liked screwing from behind. There's just something about grabbing ass and slamming into it that makes me come harder than any other way. Plus, I seem to get women off better that way, being able to play with their clit and tits, and now that I knew where her g-spot was, I really wanted to get Becky off hard— try a few different angles and whatnot. It was like having a new toy I couldn't wait to play with.

I leaned against her, pushing her head and shoulders into the blanket. My right hand rubbed her clit while my left caressed her breast and pinched her nipple. It was nice to see that after coming four times, she was still wet for me.

When she moved her hair, I left little love bites along her shoulders. Soon, she started to moan, and I increased my speed and depth, ramming her as hard as I could. We came at the same time, both of us panting and moaning.

At the peak of my orgasm, she cried, "Oh, oh, God, oh Mark!" My name, not his. I made her come like that. I collapsed on top of her, totally spent.

We lay there quietly for a while. I was nearly asleep when Julian said we should all go swimming again. A nap sounded better to me, but Becky stood up and pulled at my arm until I got up too. I waded into the water without much enthusiasm.

Julian and I took turns holding Becky in our arms, spinning her in slow circles while she made mini-tidal waves with her hands and feet. None of us was in any hurry to end our scandalous little escape and return to our real world, so we lazily played in the water, enjoying each other's company.

Becky wrapped her arms around Julian and began kissing him. I didn't have time to feel like a third wheel before she called out to me. "Mark, come over here."

When I approached, she took my hand and pressed it against her breast. "Are you guys ready for a grand finale?"

I kissed her shoulder and pressed my erection against her hip to show her I was up for anything, but Julian's eyebrows rose.

"Are you sure you want to do that?"

She nodded. "I am sure. I love you both so much, and I want to feel both of you inside me. This, to me, seems like a once in a lifetime opportunity." A shy smile dressed her lips.

I ran my hands down her back, caressed her cheeks, ran my fingers through her fold a few times, then spread her lips wide as Julian lifted her by her legs. I nodded to Julian. He raised her

slightly, and I took hold of one of her legs as he guided his dick inside her. They both let out their breath as he entered her. He slid in and out a few times while I rubbed her legs and ass.

“Um, Becky? Is this your first time doing this?”

“You mean two men?”

“Um, no. Have you ever...I mean, is this your first, um—”

“He wants to know if you’ve ever taken it up the ass before,” Julian bluntly translated.

“No! No, this is my first time,” she said. “For either,” she added. “Just go slow, okay?”

I hesitated a little before I pressed my finger against her virginal back door. She was so tight as I eased my finger in. Julian barely moved, but I could still feel him. After a minute, I added a second finger. Becky gasped as I pressed inside and she constricted around my fingers.

“Relax,” I said into her ear. “I won’t hurt you.” I twisted and scissored my fingers to stretch her and Julian gently pumped a few times.

“Are you ready?”

“Um, yeah, I guess.”

“We don’t *have* to do this.”

“No, but we’re going to.” She turned and grinned at me.

I smiled back, spread her cheeks wide, and pushed myself into her. She gasped as I inched my way in.

“You okay?” Julian asked.

“Yeah, it just burns a little.”

I kissed her ear. “Relax and push against me, like you want me out.” She did, and I was able to move further inside. “God, you’re so tight.” I was almost afraid to move, afraid I wouldn’t last, it felt so good. I didn’t move, giving her time to get used to me and vice versa.

“No shit.” Julian groaned as he continued his slow movements. “How does it feel, baby?”

“So good, God it’s good!”

“How do you want us to do this?” I asked. “Do you want us to pump together or opposite?”

“I don’t know. Try it opposite.”

I started to pull out as Julian pushed in. It worked a few times, but eventually we each set our own rhythm. It was the oddest feeling— her walls so tight against me, and feeling Julian’s dick as it moved in and out. I couldn’t tell if I was harder than I’d ever been, or if it was just so tight,

it made it feel that way. I tried to make my movements as gentle as I could. God, I really didn't want to hurt her.

"Yeah, yeah. Damn that feels good," she panted. I was reassured.

Julian started to speed up. "Slow down," I told him. "I want this to last a little while." He did, but it didn't last long. We both quickened our pace and Becky became one long, drawn out moan. I don't think she could have spoken if she wanted to. I asked her if we could do anything to make it better, and all I got was a grunt in reply.

We had to grab hold of her when she started coming, as she flailed about and screamed. She went limp between us for a minute, and we both slowed while her pussy convulsed around us.

"Again," she finally said, so we started pumping again, working back to our rhythm.

"Harder!" she commanded us.

Julian grabbed her around her waist, I pulled her legs back against me, and we fucked her as hard and as fast as we could. Shards of bright lights exploded in my vision as my orgasm closed in on me. I screamed Becky's name, Julian screamed Becky's name, and Becky, she just screamed.

When we could, we crawled to the shoreline and collapsed, like castaways lost at sea for days. Once I got my breath back and found my voice, I said, "Family reunions rock."

Becky punched my arm. Lifting herself away from the beach, she looked around. "What did you guys do with my suit?"

We both looked around. "I don't remember bringing it out of the water," Julian said.

"If I have to wear the blanket back, there will be hell to pay," she turned from me to Julian and back again.

Julian pushed himself up. "I'll go find it." He waded back into the water.

I searched the shore while Becky folded the blanket and drained the cooler. When I looked over, she was crying.

I rushed to her and pulled her into a hug. "Don't worry, we'll find it."

"I know. It's not that."

"Then what's wrong?" Her tears rolled down my back.

"I don't know. It's just stupid, really. I love you guys so much, and I wish we could get together more." She looked out to where Julian plunged in and out of the water. "Not to do this," she pointed to the ground, "just to hang out. I guess I just feel lonely, leaving you guys behind."

“I’m only a three hour drive away,” I told her. “I’ll come see you once in a while, we’ll hang out.”

“Thank you, Mark, I’d like that.” She smiled, but still looked sad.

“Is it Julian?” I asked as he held her bottoms in the air triumphantly.

“Found part of it!” He dove back under.

“I don’t know,” she said, pulling away from me and wiping her cheeks. “It might be.”

“You’re in love with him, aren’t you?” I shook my head. “Even as a kid you were.”

“I don’t know, and it doesn’t matter anyway. Not like there’s anything we could do about it anyway.”

“You don’t know that. Tell him.”

She shook her head. “I couldn’t.”

Julian broke through the surface holding her bikini top. “Tada!” He waded back toward the shore.

“Don’t say anything, please?” She begged.

“I won’t, but you should tell him.”

We put our suits back on, loaded the cooler into the boat, and headed for home.

The trip was a quite one. Julian steadily rowed and Becky stared into the water.

At about the halfway point, I said, “Julian, did you tell Becky your news?”

“Oh yeah, I forgot all about it.”

“What news?”

“I’m being transferred to Springfield to open a branch. I guess the company has been pretty impressed with me.”

Becky’s eyes lit up. “My Springfield?”

“Yeah. I was going to ask if I could stay with you for a while, until I find a place.”

“Of course you can, as long as you like.” The light quickly faded from her eyes. I couldn’t stand to see her in pain like that.

“And what about your other news?”

“No.” Julian shook his head.

“Tell her.”

“Tell me what?”

“No, some other time.”

“Tell her *now*,” I said with a little more authority.

Becky sat up straight. “Tell me!”

Julian stopped rowing. In fact, he pulled the oars partway into the boat. He took a few deep breaths, and we waited.

“Last winter I got a call from a guy, Peter was his name, and he lived over by Fayetteville, you know, where I went to school as a kid—”

“Save the long version for some other time,” I cut him off. He scowled at me.

“Peter told me he was my brother, told me I was adopted. Turns out, I have a mom and family I knew nothing about. My folks would have never told me, and they weren’t real happy with the call. In fact, everybody in the family knows about it, except all us kids.”

“But, but why?” Becky asked.

“Well, my birth-mom was only sixteen when she had me. She was Catholic, so her parents and her priest talked her into giving me away. She said she’s always regretted it and wanted to find me.”

“So..so,” Becky stammered. “What does this mean?” She’s not stupid, she just couldn’t get her mind wrapped around the idea.

“It means,” I said, as Julian grinned, “that you and me are the only real pervs. Julian here’s got a get-out-of-jail-free card.” Lucky bastard!

**The End**

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