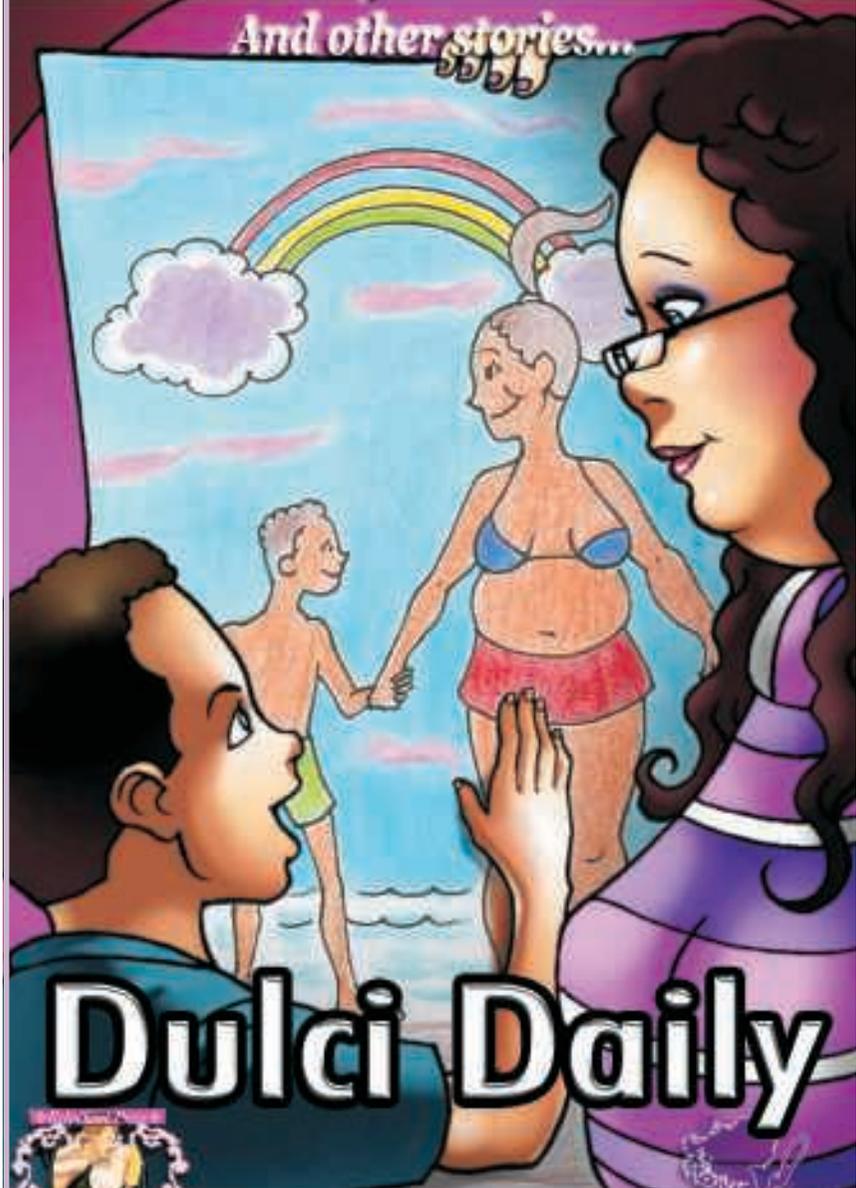


Aunt Cindy Falls in Love

And other stories...



Dulci Daily



An "Adult Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Aunt Cindy Falls in Love and Other Stories

by Dulci Daily

Aunt Cindy Falls in Love

Chapter 1

Ricky Bemis’s Aunt Cindy, technically, was his Uncle Sidney, his dad’s brother—but Ricky had known Uncle Sidney as Aunt Cindy for as long as he could remember. Aunt Cindy was a chubby, jolly, very pretty lady in looks, overtly effeminate, and not shy about letting everybody know it.

Ricky was 12 years old when he first felt he was in love with Aunt Cindy. He had to be in love, he figured, because of what his mom had told him. Ricky’s mom believed in totally, or almost totally, frank talk about sex. “Pretty soon,” she had said, “you’ll probably find

yourself becoming sexually excited. Your penis will get longer and harder. You'll probably want to put it into a girl's vagina and ejaculate into her, to make her have an orgasm, and to touch the girl's breasts and clitoris too. But you must always remember this: it's very wrong to have sexual excitement without love. Sex and love, love and sex, must always go hand in hand. Will you always remember that?" Ricky promised he would.

What was Ricky to think, then, when he found himself getting sexually excited looking at Aunt Cindy in her swimsuit? His family went swimming at Foothill Aquatic Center on Beaconsfield Road near the city limits, and Aunt Cindy joined them wearing an incredibly exciting swimsuit. In the back, except for a few skimpy strings, it showed Aunt Cindy totally nude down to her big, broad butt, which was covered by an extremely short skirt. In the front, the neckline was low enough to show quite a bit of the cleavage between Aunt Cindy's delectable-looking little breasts. Ricky's penis got long and hard just looking at her. As if that were not exciting enough, Ricky caught glimpses of Aunt Cindy's clitoris making the bottom of her swimsuit bulge beneath her skirt—at least he figured it must be her clitoris, although it looked a whole lot bigger than the girls' clitorises shown in sex ed books. It appeared to be about three or four inches long, almost as long as Ricky's penis.

Ricky was sexually excited for sure—and so, he figured, he must be in love with Aunt Cindy. It would be very wrong if he wasn't.

After they were done swimming, Ricky was even more strongly convinced that he must be in love with Aunt Cindy. The Foothill Aquatic Center had open shower rooms for men and women. Aunt Cindy, in-

credibly, went to the men's shower room, not the women's. Ricky saw her totally nude. Her breasts weren't nearly as big as Ricky's mom's breasts, but they were exciting to look at, and her pointy nipples were sticking out. At first her clitoris was sticking out too, and it looked hard. Then Aunt Cindy pressed her clitoris down into hiding between her legs, making her look just like a girl in front. Ricky was embarrassed that his penis was sticking out, but there was nothing he could do about it—especially while he was looking at Aunt Cindy, and he couldn't keep from looking at her.

“Aunt Cindy,” Ricky had to say when they were dressed after the shower, “can I talk to you for a minute?”

“Sure,” Aunt Cindy said with a smile. They went outside, a little ways away from anyone else.

“I need to know,” Ricky said, “can I—can I please be in love with you?”

Aunt Cindy started to laugh, but then stopped herself and spoke kindly to Ricky. “Oh, how sweet of you to ask!” she said. “Well, Ricky, I do love you, and I know you love me, but I don't think it would be a good idea to be *in love* with each other—at least not right now. You see, a lot of people don't think it's a good idea for a—an aunt and a nephew to be in love with each other at all. Besides, you're pretty young to be in love, and I'm a lot older than you. You're only 12, and I'm 26.”

“I'm not too young to be in love,” Ricky insisted. “I know I'm not.”

Aunt Cindy sighed. “Well, maybe you’re not,” she said. “Ricky, I—I’m honored that you want to be in love with me, and—I hope I’ll always be worthy of your love. There, is that all right?” She touched Ricky tenderly on his shoulder, giving him still more good feelings.

“Wow, Aunt Cindy, yeah!” Ricky exclaimed with his eyes wide open. “That’s great!”

At home alone in her apartment on the Capitoline Hill that evening, Cindy smiled and daydreamed of being a young girl, a 12-year-old girl, in love with Ricky. She would be a sweet, modest, pure young girl, she imagined, holding hands with Ricky and giving him chaste kisses on the cheek, but no more. She wouldn’t let him see or touch her breasts, although he might try to touch them after she kissed him. She would have to remove his hands, gently but firmly, and remind him that she was a good girl. It would be exciting—the thought of it was giving Cindy an erection right now—but she would stand firm against succumbing to her excitement with Ricky.

In reality, Cindy had never had such an opportunity. She started growing up very early, and was sexually precocious. At only ten and a half years of age, she discovered the embarrassing but delightful secret of making herself ejaculate backward, with her you-know-what hidden between her thighs, pretending she was a girl having sex with a boy. By the time she was Ricky’s age, she must have masturbated like a girl about 500 times, doing it almost every night in the shower or in bed. At 16 she falsified her age and went to Club Swank Wank for sex with men. Now, at

26, she had been with hundreds of men at the club, but never had she known the joy of self-restraint in pure and decent love.

Cindy, by day an assistant records clerk in the office of the Clerk of the Pacificum Supreme Court and Court of Appeals, was an artist in her spare time. Her heart demanded that she portray herself and Ricky as young lovers. Simple pencil drawings, such as she had started to produce at an early age, would do very well for the purpose. She sat down at once and got to work.

Soon she had satisfied herself. She had caught Ricky's likeness well, with his dark curly hair, dark eyes, cute girlish lips, lean form, and look of eager anticipation. Herself, too, she had portrayed more or less accurately, if a bit idealistically, as she might well have been had she ever been a sweet and decent 12-year-old girl. Her hair was in girlish twin pony-tails, and her blue eyes gazed lovingly through her glasses into Ricky's dark ones as they held hands. Her small breasts, the same size as they were now in reality, were fully covered by a form-fitting top with little puffed sleeves, with a slightly scooped neckline, but by no means low enough to show cleavage. Her skirt was full, stopping only slightly above her knees, but letting the viewer see quite enough of her plump, shapely calves.

She would show it to Ricky as soon as she could, Cindy decided. She owed it to him. If he wanted to be in love with her, who was she to discourage him?

Cindy's three-and-a-half-inch erection was demanding attention, but she refused to provide it. A good girl must exercise self-control, she knew, even if her clitoris was secretly becoming very hard, her nip-

ples were fully erect, and her vagina was moist enough for a boy or a man to enter her with ease. She did delicately touch her big bulb through her panties, just for a moment, and felt that her panties were moist at the end of her bulb.

She kept trying to exercise self-control as she prepared for bed, really she did, but at last the thought of being a good girl for Ricky was too exciting for her. She lay on her back, raised her knees, and pressed her clitoris down into hiding between her legs, just as she had first done when she was ten and a half. Silently her thighs clutched her clitoris, her hips moved up and down, and her hands pressed her breasts. Her newfound desire for Ricky, totally forbidden in reality but irresistible in fantasy, became too strong for her. “Oh, Ricky!” Cindy whispered. “Oh, my good boy! Yes! I love you! Yes!”

Cindy’s hips pumped harder, her thighs clenched tighter, and she ejaculated onto the sheet beneath her hips. She gave a deep sigh. She was ashamed of herself for failing in self-restraint, but she did not change her mind about giving the picture to Ricky. She would simply have to try even harder to keep her feelings for him under control.

Ricky, too, indulged in fantasies that evening. He imagined that Aunt Cindy was in love with him, as he was with her. They were at the Aquatic Center again, but no one else was there. “Oh, Ricky, you’re so sweet,” Aunt Cindy was telling him. “Please don’t let anyone know—but I *am* in love with you, deeply in love.”

They kissed on the mouth. Ricky embraced Aunt Cindy in her sexy swimsuit. His hands caressed her nearly nude back, and then descended to her little skirt covering her big butt. His penis was hard inside his swim trunks. He wanted to touch Aunt Cindy's clitoris, if that was what it was, through her swimsuit. He reached beneath her skirt and felt it. It was hard like his penis. Aunt Cindy clutched him hard and stuck her tongue way into his mouth when he touched her clitoris.

They stripped and went into the shower room. Still there was no one else there. Aunt Cindy pressed her clitoris into hiding. Ricky embraced Aunt Cindy in the nude and kissed her nipples in the shower; she caressed his head while he did.

"Aunt Cindy, can I please put my penis in your vagina?" Ricky asked. He wasn't even sure Aunt Cindy had a vagina, but he figured she must have one somewhere in there where her clitoris was hidden.

"Yes, Ricky, please do," Aunt Cindy said. "I'd like that very much, because we're in love."

In fantasy, Aunt Cindy guided Ricky's penis into the tight, hot, wet entryway between her hidden clitoris and her thigh while they stood up in the shower, dripping wet. In reality, Ricky pretended his hand was Aunt Cindy's vagina. Yes, she really had a vagina, he imagined, and he was really inside it! Aunt Cindy was moving her hips and clutching Ricky's penis tightly with her vagina, and he was more excited than he had ever been before. Ricky had never ejaculated before, but now he did, and Aunt Cindy was acting so excited that he was sure she was having an orgasm.

“Ricky,” Aunt Cindy said at her next opportunity, “I was thinking about you being in love with me, and I was imagining what it might be like if you and I were 12 years old together, and—we really were in love. I drew a picture of us together, holding hands. I thought you might like to have it.”

She produced the picture and showed it to Ricky. His eyes grew great as he gazed upon it. “Wow, Aunt Cindy, this is great!” he said. “Can I keep it?”

“Certainly, Ricky. That’s what it’s for.”

“Thanks! You’re the greatest!” Cindy blushed at Ricky’s admiration, silently telling herself again that she would always try to be worthy of it.

Ricky gazed lovingly upon the picture. Then, shyly, he asked, “Um—Aunt Cindy, would you mind drawing me one *more* picture of you?”

“I’d be glad to,” said Aunt Cindy—silently hoping Ricky wasn’t going to request a nude picture of her, because she would find it terribly hard to resist drawing one if he did request it. “How would you like me to look in the new picture?”

“Well, uh, I’d like you to be wearing your swimsuit.”

Aunt Cindy opened her mouth and drew a deep breath. Ricky must have been sexually excited when he saw her in her swimsuit, she thought. He might even be going to masturbate while looking at a picture of her in it, if she drew the picture. She didn’t want his parents to know—and yet she could not re-

fuse to draw the picture for him. She was getting an erection right now, just thinking about it.

“All right,” she said. “Uh—do you want me to look like I’m 12 years old in my swimsuit, or my real age, or what?”

“Your real age. I want you to look exactly like you really look.”

“Very well. But please keep your pictures of me secret, all right? Just our little secret, between you and me?”

Ricky grinned. “You bet!” he said. “You don’t want Mom and Dad to see them, do you? Well, neither do I!”

Beads of sweat were forming on Cindy’s brow as she drew the picture of herself in her swimsuit. This time she already knew she was going to masturbate like a girl when she finished the picture—if she didn’t involuntarily ejaculate in her panties before she finished it.

Mutatis mutandis, this picture was much like the first one, except she had drawn it with colored pencils instead of a black one. It did show Cindy in her swimsuit, sexy cleavage and all, and she didn’t look as if she were 12 years old—but she had a girlish ponytail, and she was holding hands with Ricky, who was in his swim trunks. She didn’t dare portray Ricky with an erection showing through his trunks, but their heads were turned to look at each other, and it was obvious that Ricky was looking at her breasts.