Say Uncle

by LuckyNumber9 ©

My uncle and I have a very interesting relationship. When I was a teenager

we drew very close. He lived across the country, but would call me at home

in southern California at least twice a week. He was a night owl. He would

sneak out of his house in upstate New York and take a path out through his

wooded neighborhood, to a high point in the road where he could get a

decent signal on his cell phone, and call me. I had my own private line,

and would wait for him, lying in bed with a book, phone muffled under a

pillow, until it rang.

We weren’t exactly related. His wife was my father’s sister, so there was

no shared blood between us. They’d always lived on the east coast, and my

father and I had always lived on the west. We saw each other at family

reunions once a year, and the few times when my uncle would get sent out

to LA for business meetings.

I’m not entirely sure when our relationship took its turn from innocent

and detached uncle and niece to flirty, bawdy, unbridled desire. I do know

that he was the first to notice this attraction between us, and definitely

the first to mention it out loud. I was about eighteen when our nightly

meetings began. Each secret phone conversation made us both more brave. We

talked about a lot of things we’d never told anyone else. I spoke to him

frankly about being a virgin with a body full of lust, and he told me

intimate things about his wife and their sex life. Soon enough, he began

complimenting me, making little comments about how he thought I was sexy.

Finding the perfect word to describe me, ‘yummy’.

I have to admit, I was not the most beautiful teenager. Tall and skinny, I

had olive skin and green eyes. My hair changed color constantly, usually

just different shades of red, and I never wore makeup. I had a fondness

for tight baby tees and big baggy jeans. My skirts were always too short,

and my nose a bit too big for my face. My breasts were barely a B cup, and

although I thought of myself as somewhat pretty, the boys at my school

never seemed interested in me. My uncle’s confessions of lust gave me

delightful boosts of self esteem. My heart would race when the phone would

ring, and I’d giggle for no reason.

Yes, he had a wife. And he was my uncle. I understand that some people

would frown on our relationship, but it began so innocently, and brought

us so close together, that I cannot think of it as bad. I do not think my

uncle was a pervert of any kind. He fell in love with me when I was just

eighteen, with my body, my youth, and my spunky personality. In some ways

I was in love with him too, in the romantic, forbidden feel of it, the

secrecy, the confessional nature of it all. I spoke to him like I was

writing in my diary. I told him of my fledgling attempts at masturbation,

tried to convince him that marijuana was fun. When he visited on his

business trips, a country-wide away from his wife, he would lavish

attention on me. He’d take me on road trips, staying in beautiful hotel

rooms (with two beds, of course), and spending as much money on me as

possible. Never once did he touch me. Our conversations and manner around

each other in person, even when we were alone together, was always

friendly, but never more. Our attraction for each other and our honesty

were left to our phone conversations.

I was young, shy and afraid of my feelings. I felt like I should be

disgusted with him, but I wasn’t. I was egging him on.

When I finally lost my virginity, I couldn’t wait to tell him. Afterwards,

he got quiet, and murmured, almost sheepishly, something about his fantasy

ruined. I brushed the comment off with a light laugh. He’d never outright

made a comment about us having sex, and it surprised me. It made me wonder

how often he thought about me, what he thought about me. He had confessed

once to having a fantasy where we both masturbated in front of each other,

and I had brushed that one off too. I was too scared of where the

conversation would lead.

Years went by and eventually our conversations tapered out. When they

finally had stopped, I hadn’t really noticed. Other events in my life

begged my attention. Almost ten years after our first talk, it struck me

that my uncle was acting weird. He never called anymore. The few times I

caught him on the phone, when he called to speak to my father about

something or other, he was polite but not overly friendly. I spoke to him

like I always had, cussing and telling dirty jokes to try to break the

ice, but he was determined. He completely closed himself off to me. When

he came out on business, he didn’t spend much time visiting with me. He

never took me out anymore. His conversations were dry and boring.

Strictly, ’How’s the family,’ type of talk.

This dramatic change really dawned on me at our family reunion. For some

reason, this year I was particularly nervous around him. I couldn’t stop

staring at him when I was sure no one was looking. I’d give him coy smiles

when I walked past him, alone, on the lawn outside where everyone was

staying. He smiled back, and I think I caught him looking at me a few

times, but that was it. Whenever I showed up within three feet of him,

he’d immediately leave, saying he needed to find his wife. We had a few

starchy conversations, where he was polite as all hell, but for the most

part he avoided me. For some reason, this was particularly maddening to

me. I finally felt like I was brave enough to really take this bull of a

relationship by the horns. I was a good match for him now, not shy and

scared, but open and feeling some lust for him too, not just for his

words. My stomach was in a queasy state all week, keeping me awake at

night, lurching around during the day. Whenever he was near I could feel

him, imagining his eyes on me, trying to make my every move cute and sexy.

I was never obvious about it, but I imagined he knew it, that our bond was

not completely severed.

When I arrived home from the reunion, I sunk into a deep pit of despair.

It all hit me at once -- He didn’t love me anymore. Or maybe he did, but

couldn’t show it for some reason. His wife? Did she find out about our

conversations somehow? Did she have her suspicions, and force him to tell

her everything we talked about? I felt a horrible wave of embarrassment,

which quickly turned to anger. If he told her all the private things I

told him, I swore I’d make him regret it. But maybe he was feeling guilty.

Maybe he feels like our attraction for each other is wrong. I found a song

that best described my feelings and listened to it incessantly. In it, the

man is in love with a girl he knows can never truly love him back, that

although he could make her miserable, he could never make her love him and

stay with him, not for all the world. This was how I felt. I curled up

inside my romantic anguish for about a week, then woke myself up and

resolved myself to the situation. He didn’t care for me. He wasn’t even

attracted to me anymore. He’d become his wife’s puppet, hiding his

feelings inside himself. If this was the way he wanted it to be, so be it.

I tried to ignore my hurt for awhile. Eventually I began fantasizing about

ways to trap him, to force him to feel that lust for me again, to make him

act it out. When I learned that he would be coming to visit on business

for a week, and staying at our house, I made my move.

First I assessed myself in the mirror. I was now twenty three. I was still

tall and thin, but my bony body had filled out in the hips and thighs,

giving me the most gorgeous pert ass. Besides my long legs, it was my most

sexy feature. No one’s ass looked better in tight blue jeans. My breasts

were still small, but there was nothing I could do about that. My skin was

tan and smooth, my hair longer than it had ever been, shiny, thick and

soft, the color of honey. My green eyes were bright, and a light

spattering of freckles dusted my cheekbones. I’d taken to wearing a very

small amount of makeup, a pale sparkle of eyeshadow, a touch of mascara to

make my eyelashes stand out, and a kiss of lip balm.

In my own opinion, I looked much prettier now than I had my entire life.

Feeling that I was armed well against my cold hearted uncle, I took one

last stare in the mirror, smiling wickedly, and left the bathroom,

deciding to ransack my closet.

The day my uncle arrived, I was in the kitchen, preparing dinner and

sipping on my second margarita. I was wearing a short worn jean skirt and

a comfy tight tee shirt. My feet were slipped into flip flops and my hair

was tied down into two long girlish braids. The second margarita was

taking its effect on my body, making my cheeks pink and my movements

slightly clumsy. I was also giggling profusely at the rather mundane story

my father was telling me about his day at work. He was sitting on a bar

stool at the island I was cooking on, drinking a beer and pleasantly

ignoring my tipsiness. As the doorbell rang, my dad got up and trudged out

towards the front door, letting in my jet lagged uncle.

Throughout dinner I lavished attention on my father, coldly ignoring my

uncle. The few times he said anything to me I gave him a short answer,

never looking him in the eye once. I decided to see if treating him the

short way he’d been treating me would affect him the way I had been. It

seemed to be working. As I stood at the sink doing the dishes, (my father

must have been wondering what had come over me, cooking dinner and doing

dishes) my uncle came to stand at what he must have thought was a safe

distance beside me, picking up a towel and drying the pots and pans.

“Thank you for dinner, it was delicious,” He said, with the same caution

he had been treating me with for the past few years. I took a step closer

to him, placing a wet pot on the counter in from of him.

“Not a problem, I like to cook. I don’t do it enough these days.”

I set to work trying to wash the pans faster than he could dry them, using

the opportunity to step even closer to him while placing the clean wet pan

on the counter.

“How’s college going? What classes are you taking?” He sounded and looked

nervous. He tried to shift to his right, away from me, but the dishwasher

was open at his shins, pinning him in.

“It’s August. The semester ended in May.”

I took another step, and our shoulders were pressed together. Again my

uncle tried to sidestep towards the dishwasher, but I had him trapped.

Finished with the pots and pans, impressed with myself, and sipping

quickly on my fourth margarita, I grabbed a plate, rinsed it off, and

turned towards my uncle. He avoided my gaze. I brushed the tips of my

breasts against his arm and leaned behind him, grabbing his elbow with my

left hand to steady myself, slipping the plate into the dishwasher. As

soon as I straightened myself, my uncle excused himself and left the room.

When I was finished with the dishes, I walked upstairs to my bedroom. I

slipped into my favorite pair of pajamas, which admittedly were too small

and hugged my ass and breasts and showed off my tan tummy, and headed back

downstairs. I made sure to take the route through the family room, where

my dad and uncle were sitting on the couch watching television. As I

passed in front of them, somewhat scantily clad, I smiled at my uncle. He

looked up at me and swallowed. I swore I could smell his fear. My dad

leaned around me, trying to see the television, and dryly said, “You make

a better door than a window, honey.”

I was foraging in the freezer when my uncle stepped in, presumably for

another beer. I didn’t want to get my hopes up that he just wanted to see

more of me in my sexy sleepwear. He waited patiently for me to find what I

was looking for, reaching way into the back of the freezer, my pajama top

lifting up so high he could almost see my ribs, my cold nipples hard as

rocks and screaming to be noticed. I pulled out a banana Popsicle, long

and slim and oh so wonderfully phallic.

Stepping out of the way with a satisfied smile on my face, I watched as my

uncle opened the refrigerator door and pulled out a beer. I peeled off the

wrapper of my frozen treat, gave it one big lick from base to tip, staring

right into my uncle’s eyes, then ferociously bit an inch off the top.

“Nighty-night, uncle.”

I turned on my heel and left the kitchen. I was not too convinced my uncle

wouldn’t cry himself to sleep that night, in utter frustration.

The next morning I got up fairly early for me, the infamous sleeper, and

took a shower straight away. Stepping out of the bathroom, clad only in an

impossibly small towel and drippy long hair, I ran into my uncle who was

coming out of his room with some travel size toiletries in hand. He smiled

nervously, and I gave him a sultry look. The steam escaping the bathroom

door around me could not have better suited what I was convinced was a

very erotic image.

“Good morning, uncle. Bathroom’s all yours. I even warmed it up for you.”

I swear I could detect a rosy blush on his cheeks before I turned away and

headed for my bedroom.

At breakfast my uncle began telling my father of his business plans for

the weekend. He had a few meetings early the next morning in Santa

Barbara, and a business dinner that night. He would be staying in a hotel

there for tonight and the next night, driving back to our house the

morning after the dinner, and leaving on a plane back to New York the next

day. I was greatly disappointed on hearing he’d be gone for two days. I’d

assumed he’d be at our house the whole week, with a few meetings in LA and

plenty of time left around the house, where I could continue my torturous

teasing.

“Santa Barbara, eh?” My father was thinking. You could practically smell

the wood burning. “Pity you’d have to go by yourself. Why don’t you take

her with you?” My father gestured towards me. My heart leaped.

“Uh, well I don’t think it would be much fun, and the company’s already

made hotel reservations for one room.” My uncle was politely trying to say

no way in hell. Alas, my father was determined to have two nights alone in

his house for the first time in months.

“Oh that’s no big deal, I’m sure she’d find plenty to do in Santa Barbara,

and she can just get one of those roll away dealies. You really shouldn’t

have to go by yourself, it’s no fun traveling alone, and it’s a few hours

drive from here. Yes, that would be very nice for all of us. I mean, both

of you.”

I think it was pretty obvious to my uncle that my father would not take no

for an answer, not without feeling offended. My uncle agreed, and told me

we’d be leaving that evening after dinner. I went upstairs and packed,

slipping in two books to read on the way: Anais Nin’s Erotica and

Nabokov’s Lolita.

As we hit the road, I made myself comfortable, my right foot propped up on

the dash, revealing a creamy expanse of inner thigh. I pretended I didn’t

see the frequent glances my uncle gave my exposed flesh, trying to hide my

giddy smile. I pulled out Lolita first, leaning the car seat back a bit,

stretching out the leg on the dash, and pretending to smooth down my

skirt. The window was open and a salty breeze would blow in from time to

time, lifting the edges of my flirty miniskirt and giving my uncle a

peepshow of my white panty lined crotch. My heart was skipping in my

chest. My entire body was aflutter, excited about my naughtiness,

anticipating the night ahead. In truth, I didn’t really expect to have sex

with my uncle on this trip. I merely wished to either know he still lusted

after me, or torture him viciously as he tried to deny it. I figured the

torture should come first, then perhaps later he could have a chance to

redeem himself.

Once we were about three quarters of the way there, I tucked Lolita away

and pulled out the erotica. The book was clearly titled, and out of the

corner of my eye I could see his eyes widen a bit. He shifted in his seat.

We’d been chatting off and on during the ride, a few safe conversations. I

didn’t try to steer the conversation to that of a more sexual nature, I

simply relied on my bared skin and reading material to keep him

deliciously uncomfortable.

I wiggled around in my seat while I read the short stories, licking my

lips from time to time, sighing very softly off and on, even sneaking in

the quietest little moan, my uncle probably thought he imagined it. I let

the backs of my fingernails play along the inside of my exposed thigh,

rubbing lightly back and forth, moving slightly closer to my pussy with

each pass. Then I ran my hand up along the side of my neck, dropping it

down to my collarbone, still rubbing softly, then down between my breasts,

all the while making it look nonchalant, as if I wasn’t even aware of it.

I could feel my cheeks grow pink, my nipples harden, and my pussy lips

begin to swell from the stories. I could faintly smell a girlish warmness

down there, and wondered if my uncle could smell it too. My mind began to

run it’s own path, fantasizing about my uncle doing to me what the men in

the book were doing to their lovers.

As my imagination went wild, my conscious mind began to forget about the

presence of my uncle in the car next to me. My eyes closed, the hand

holding the book going limp at the wrist. I ran my fingers over one of my

nipples lightly, rubbing the tip through my shirt. I moaned a little, not

even realizing it, and pressed harder. I tweaked the nipple, dropping my

book from my other hand, and sent that hand running down between my

thighs, heading for my knickers.

The car pulled quickly into a driveway, narrowly missing an exiting car,

and braked hard in front of the hotel. I was jolted out of my reverie, a

bit embarrassed at how far I’d taken it, and scrambling to get my stuff

together. My uncle was moving very quickly, not looking at me, red in the

face. As he stepped out of the car, much as he tried to hide it, I could

see the outline of his erection through his pants.

We checked in, then took the elevator up to our room. My uncle stood far

away from me in the elevator until a young couple got on and pushed us

closer together. The couple looked like they’d just arrived from the Prom,

dressed in tuxedo and frilly Cinderella dress. They couldn’t keep their

hands off each other. I watched them openly, getting the feeling that they

wanted us to. The boy had his date pinned to the wall of the elevator,

knee pressing between her thighs, lips devouring hers. He was even so bold

as to slide a hand inside her low neckline and attempt to cup her bare

breast. The girl slapped his hand away, and the elevator doors opened at

their floor. They ran off down the hall together, giggling.

“Looks like they’re going to have some fun tonight,” I murmured, watching

the numbers climb towards our floor. My uncle glanced quickly at me, then

turned away. He had his hands clasped in front of him, shielding what

quite possibly could have been the same erection he’d had in the car.

Once we got to our room it was fairly late, and as I was coming out of the

bathroom, teeth nice and minty clean, my uncle mentioned he had a meeting

very early, so he was hitting the hay.

“Okay,” I said slowly, smiling at him, and standing too close for his

comfort as usual. “Let’s go to bed.”

He rushed into the bathroom to change. I sat on the edge of the bed,

staring at the roll away. I knew I should sleep on it, being the uninvited

guest and all, but I was also supposed to be torturing my uncle. In the

end, I took the scandalous route, turned off all the lights, stripped

naked, and crawled into the bed. I lay on one side, leaving plenty of room

to suggest that I wanted him to join me, my back towards the bathroom

door. I pulled the sheets up to cover my ass and breasts, leaving just my

back bare to his eyes.

I was very nervous. My intentions were merely to drive him wild with lust,

perhaps so much so that he wouldn’t be able to sleep like I wasn’t able to

at the family reunion. I wondered what I would do if he really did crawl

into the bed beside me. What if he crawled in naked as well? Was I really

prepared to fuck my own uncle? I calmed myself down, reminding myself that

he had been acting like a castrated coward for the last few years. There

was no way he’d have the nerve to even sleep in the same bed as me, much

less fuck me.

The bathroom door quietly opened. I could feel the shaft of light move up

my body as the door opened, from my covered hips, up my bare back,

glinting in my thick hair that was scattered across the pillows. I heard

his sharp intake of breath. He seemed to stand there for a full, long,

excruciating minute. I imagined his eyes on the curve of my hip, the small

of my back, my shoulder blades, the tip of my pink ear and the length of

my neck. I held entirely still except for my breathing, which I tried to

make slow and sleepy, despite my racing pulse. I didn’t have to touch my

pussy to know it was soaking wet. Fear, lust, and maybe even a little

shame coursed through my veins.

Eventually, the bathroom door closed, drenching the room in thick darkness

once again. I heard my uncle feel his way to the roll away through the

darkness, bumping into the bed once, waiting to see if he had woken me. I

feigned sleep still, now just wishing he’d get into the roll away and kill

the suspense and apprehension that had washed over me. He made it there,

crawled inside, and I saw through slit eyelids that he’d turned his back

to me and was trying to sleep.

Not entirely sure if I was relieved or disappointed, I closed my eyes

again and tried to turn my mind blank. I needed sleep. It had been an

exciting day and my poor adrenaline soaked body needed a well deserved

rest. Somehow I slipped off to sleep, into a frisky dream featuring, of

course, my uncle and myself.

In the dream we were in the car again, me reading my erotica, my uncle

driving quietly. I was touching myself carefully, softly, as if I was

afraid of waking myself up. I began to get bolder as I began to get more

turned on, slipping my hands over my breasts that magically became

unclothed, rubbing my pussy through knickers that dissolved at my first

touch. I could smell my pussy, that musky smell of feminine arousal, all

around me. Soon I had more hands, all trailing over my now naked body,

rubbing myself between my legs, a fast approaching orgasm making my

breathing ragged.

I woke suddenly from the dream into a situation I couldn’t believe. My

arms were pinned above my head at the wrists, my naked body stretched out,

breasts jutting up into the air. It was still pitch dark but I could see

the faint outline of a figure above me, feel the warmth of bare skin

laying between my naked thighs. The sheets were gone and I blinked,

wondering if I was still dreaming, when suddenly my legs were spread wider

and a hot hard prick was slipped inside my soaking wet pussy. I tried to

cry out, but a hand clamped over my lips. My uncle’s cock clipped slowly

into my cunt, stretching it and causing me a little bit of pain. I hadn’t

been ready for it. In the surprise, my vaginal muscles had tightened, and

now as my uncle tried to push inside of me, it hurt. I wimpered under his

hand. He moved slowly until he was all the way in, his balls brushing my

ass cheeks. My vision was clearing, adjusting to the darkness, blinking

away the sleep. I began to see his face. His eyes were looking straight

into mine for the first time in I couldn’t remember how long.

“It’s just me. Calm down. Breathe.”

I realized I’d been holding my breath, letting it go in a long sigh out of

my nose.

“I’ll take my hand off of your mouth, but you can’t scream, okay?”

I nodded as well as I could. My uncle took his hand away slowly. He lay

there for a minute, his naked body pressed to mine, his hot cock

penetrated deeply into my cunt. It felt like it was burning a hole through

me. He still held my wrists above my head, his hands tight and a little

painful.

“You deserve this, you know,” He said lowly, roughly, still openly staring

into my eyes.

I was breathing heavily, panting really, from fear and pain. My body was

adjusting itself to the intrusion. A wave of shame washed over me and my

eyes welled up with tears.

“I know,” I whispered, a tear spilling out and running down the side of my

face. My uncle saw this and his face softened. He kissed both of my

eyelids, then planted a soft, warm kiss on my lips. I shut my eyes and

relaxed a little under his lips, his tender and loving kisses stopping my

tears.

My uncle broke the kiss, withdrew until only the head of his penis lay

inside me, then slammed back in to the hilt. I cried out in a mixture of

pleasure and pain, and he began fucking me in a frenzied pace, clutching

my body tight to his, burying his face between my breasts, slamming the

headboard against the wall. My body began to catch up, the pleasure

rushing through me, catching my uncle’s furious passion. I clamped my legs

around his hips, stretching my arms even higher above my head so that my

nipples brushed his chest with each thrust, moaning and squealing and

panting.

My uncle was moaning as well, one hand painfully gripping my wrists above

my head, the other clutching the back of one thigh, pulling my leg up

higher. He slipped the leg over his shoulder, laying into me once again,

and started an even more desperate pace. This position stretched the tight

skin at the opening of my pussy, causing me some pain again. Then, as my

uncle slammed into me repeatedly, biting down on my leg that was over his

shoulder, pushing it even closer to my chest, his penis began to pound

even deeper into me, rubbing against a spot on the walls of my pussy that

made me feel this incredibly warm, melting sensation. I closed my eyes,

giving my body over to him completely, submitting to his body and whatever

he had planned for mine.

“I’ve been wanting you like this for so long,” His husky voice breathed

into my ear, his lips then trailing kisses down my neck. I couldn’t reply,

I was too caught up in my body and it’s mounting pleasure. Off and on his

abdomen would bump and drag across my clit, making it sing. I could feel a

tremendous orgasm building, and as my uncle kept whispering into my ear,

fucking me with wild abandon, the pleasure built and built and built until

finally it crashed over me. A broken moan of pleasure burst from my

throat, I twisted in my uncle’s grip, arching my back and turning my head

from side to side. My pussy clenched his pistoning cock in spasms. He

plunged into me, deep, one last time before he cried out and came as well,

splashing my insides over and over, his body collapsing onto mine, his

hand releasing it’s grip on my wrists. He clenched my hips in his hands,

his face buried in my neck, panting and clutching me tight.

My belly was warm and squishy feeling. No one had ever come inside me

before. It was the oddest feeling, and made my heart jump up into my

throat painfully. I wrapped my arms around my uncle’s shoulders, holding

him tight to me, feeling his heart slowing down. He was falling asleep. I

was overcome with a rush of love and affection for my uncle that was

stronger than anything I’d felt for him before. My body tingled and I

yawned sleepily, letting my head fall to the side. I could feel my uncle’s

soft penis still a bit inside me as I drifted off to sleep, wondering for

a second just what tomorrow would bring.