

Charlie and Uncle Joe - Part 1

By LittleSister_

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Charlie never knew Uncle Joe and she had so much in common...

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/charlie-and-uncle-joe-part-1.aspx>

*** A/N: This is a story I wrote a while ago. I've made some editing and proofing changes. And for those that read on Lit as well. Yes I am Kushiel. Please bare in mind when reading this I was trying to write from a seventeen year old's perspective. Hope you enjoy! ***

This is a story about me and my Uncle Joe.

He was kind of the black sheep of the family; the no hoper entrepreneur that never really made it you know? There's always one in any family. But that didn't make him a loser. Well at least not to me. At twenty eight, he is the youngest of three brothers, and the way my father told it, he was kind of a *mistake*, an *accident*, not that anyone openly admitted to it.

My father is the oldest brother, Richard; forty-nine, six foot three, reasonably fit though he had started that whole midlife spread so he was kinda stacking it on, his once dark hair was just about grey all over. He had a strong features, and hard, judging green eyes that sized you up in a New York minute. Oh and did I mention, he's rather well off? Yep, we're one of those families – came from money, made more money.

Then there is Terrance – or Terry – next in line, forty-two, six foot one, fat, thinning brown hair on top, likes to swig expensive scotch and smoke foul smelling cigars. His face is kinda pinched and round, which makes his eyes all squinty. And if I'm being truthful, he wigs me out when he stares at me, but he's still my Uncle so I've got to respect that, apparently.

And then came Uncle Joe – or Joseph – but he'd smack you if you called him that to his face. He was the last of the brothers and by far the easiest going... not to mention the cutest. As I said before, twenty-eight (and for those of you thinking about it, that's a fourteen year age gap between Joe and Terry). He was on par with my father at six foot three, although he was in much better shape, toned and tanned, with scraggly dark hair, jade green eyes and a killer smile. Apparently he was the spitting image of my Daddy when he was that age, but I honestly didn't see it. Or more – I suppose – I didn't want to see it. To me he was the 'cool Uncle'.

Uncle Joe spent most of his time surfing and living the high life. He wasn't tied down to any job or career even though he had his diploma in Business and he had a knack with computers like you wouldn't believe. He'd set up my system and it was so rad all my geek friends drooled over it...

But anyway...

So; according to my father, Uncle Joe was a bit of a 'no hoper', but he was young and fun and didn't give a rat's arse what people thought of him, especially his older brothers. He worked from home, which was a shack near the beach, and repaired computers or set up systems when he could be bothered. (That 'shack' as Daddy liked to call it was an ultramodern beachside apartment, but since it wasn't up the family standards it didn't really qualify.)

Uncle Joe was very proud and loud in stating that he merely worked to live, not lived to work. He worked long enough to keep himself comfortable and not a second longer. And why not? Collectively, as a family we had money oozing out our ears, why did he want to work his ass off to earn even more?

So when Daddy's fiftieth came around, and the family came to town; Uncle Joe as ever, stayed in our guest house.

I figured with Uncle Joe in the house, I could maybe wheedle a bit of work out of him and he could go through and check my system it had been playing up lately, and if he managed to tweak my system to get a tiny bit more performance out of it? Bonus!

I was seventeen, in my last year of high school and I couldn't wait until I went away to college. Freedom and space, you know? Something every teenage girl kind of craves from an overly dominant and high achieving family.

I'd followed my Mum in the looks department, average height about five foot five, dark brown wavy hair and hazel eyes. I had full lips, reasonably sized breasts for my stature at just on a 'C', and a nice tight body I kept in shape through swimming and volley ball. Oh and did I mention, I'm still a virgin?

Anyway – as I was saying, swimming and volley ball... My main focus was swimming but I loved playing doubles beach volley ball, which is strange because we don't have a beach nearby. The sand is imported and we play indoors, but that doesn't change a thing! So you see, what came to pass was perhaps less than fortuitous. The whole: two kindred spirits thing you know?

Uncle Joe had arrived on the Tuesday and the party was going to be on the Friday, then he was flying

out again on the Monday. He hadn't wanted to hang around for that long, but apparently those were the only dates he could book. So from the time he got here, he really didn't have much to do besides kill time by the pool all day. Quite often I came home from school and found him asleep on one of the poolside lounges and *every time* I spent the better part of ten minutes debating on the merits of dumping a whole bucket of cold water on him and what my chances would be *this time*, in getting into the house and locking myself in my room before he caught me.

I'd done it once and had only made it half way across the lawn before he caught me! He'd carried me kicking and squealing all the way back and had thrown me fully clothed into the pool. It'd been fun, but my shoes got ruined, so now I considered it but rarely went through with it because I knew he was faster than me. I might have been fit, but so was he; and he had longer legs than I did.

The incident that started everything happened the day before Daddy's birthday. I had two free study blocks, so as I usually did, I went home.

It was a nice, warm day and I figured I'd get a few laps in before I went back to school. I ran upstairs and changed, grabbing a towel I hurried back down. I wore a one piece high cut suit that clung slickly to my body but was functional as well; these laps weren't recreational.

Walking outside barefoot, I neared the gazebo next to the pool. I noted that two of the privacy blinds were pulled down and I could hear faint sounds coming from within. Low groans and sighs, accompanied by the odd swear word. I stopped in my tracks contemplating what I should do. I didn't know for sure who was out there; but I really only had one person to choose from. Then too I didn't know what he was doing to be making those kinds of noises, but I could *imagine* pretty well. Hell he thought he was home alone and generally he would have been, just not this afternoon.

I knew right then, I should have done an about face and gone back into the house. But well, curiosity and teenaged hormones got the better of me and I found myself sneaking closer to the gazebo. The grunts and groans I could hear were getting louder and I could feel my body's natural reaction to those sounds begin as a tingle in my clit. I snuck right up to the pulled blinds and peeked around the corner.

There he was, my Uncle Joe, stretched out on a sun lounge, his board shorts pulled open at the crotch and pulled down a little on his thighs. His hard cock jutted up from his groin, big, thick and veiny as his hand tugged on it almost lazily. I could hear his heavy breaths and his low groans of pleasure and I felt the tingle in my clit become a throb as I watched what he was doing.

I knew it was wrong, spying on him while he was rubbing one out, but damn it, I was young and curious and horny, and if he never found out what harm could it do?

My hand slipped beneath the Lycra crotch of my swimsuit and I began lightly fingering my clit and pussy in time to Uncle Joe's strokes hoping to time it so I could cum with him. Weird I know but that's what I was doing.

I guess I wasn't going to be so lucky. I still don't really know what possessed me to do the thing I did! Anyway... I was fingering my wet pussy, enjoying the feel of my fingers swirling over my clit as I watched Uncle Joe. My eyes were glued to his hand as it stroked up and down his length. I could see it glistening in the sunlight, precum dribbling from the tip as I looked on; large and long, the purple head swollen and flared. I licked my lips suddenly wishing I was sucking on his knob as I watched.

All of a sudden his left hand came up into view and brought something to his mouth. A small breath of wind stirred and instantly I smelled what it was, as he took a long draw and held it in... *WEED!* As soon as that realisation hit, I don't know what happened. One minute I had a finger in my pussy enjoying the feeling of getting close to an orgasm. Then next minute I was rushing toward Uncle Joe, angry and unthinking.

"Uncle Joe!" I yelled. "What the hell?"

Uncle Joe nearly choked as he frantically rolled up off the lounge. He dropped the joint he'd been holding and scrambled to get his boardies on again. He was coughing badly, exhaling smoke as he fumbled with his deflating cock, trying his hardest to tuck it away inside his shorts.

"Holy shit Charlie! What are you doing home?" He coughed out, sounding panicked.

I kept walking towards him. Came right up to him, searching the ground by his feet and when I located the joint, I stepped on it with my bare heel, grinding into the paving until it broke apart to nothing, and then ground it some more just for good measure. "Uncle Joe, what do you think you're doing?" I asked angrily. "Daddy would go absolutely ape shit if he even thought you were smoking that crap on his property."

Uncle Joe was thrown off balance and still trying to collect himself. It didn't help that he was half baked. "Charlie *Bird*, you can't say anything about this to your father!" He said using his nickname for me; hoping that would butter me up.

"I should! I should tell him right away." I said. I wasn't intentionally being a bitch about it, but I was an athlete on two school teams. We got spot drug tested all the time. If I even had a minor reading in my system I'd get my ass booted off the team and suspended from school and I didn't want that! A suspension would go against my chances of getting into the college I wanted to attend.

“But you can’t; he’d never understand.” Joe said.

“Of course he wouldn’t. Hell Uncle Joe, I don’t understand. Are you crazy? That shit messes with your head! And it could get me into a lot of trouble at school!” I knew the chances were slight but I couldn’t risk even the smallest reading.

“Charlie Bird! Baby, you know you’re my favourite niece...” Uncle Joe began.

“Uncle Joe I’m your only niece!” I interrupted. “Quit trying to smooth talk your way out of this.”

Uncle Joe’s head must have been clearing up as he stopped and thought about the situation. “Okay, what’s it gonna take for you to keep your mouth shut?” He asked.

“A promise.” I said.

“Go on?” He raised a dubious brow.

“I won’t tell Daddy if you promise not to smoke any more of that shit while you’re here.”

“Geez Charlie, you’ve got a mouth on you!” Uncle Joe said off topic.

“You haven’t heard the half of it, and every word I learnt from Daddy, so just promise okay?”

“Okay okay I promise.”

“Swear it!” I pushed.

“Charlie I swear okay? I won’t smoke any more dope while I’m here. I promise.”

I huffed, as I folded my arms across my chest. “Okay then. But if you break that promise I’ll tell Daddy right away.”

“Charlie, I’m not into breaking promises all right? I’ve said that I won’t and I won’t. You can believe that.”

I was still reluctant to believe him, but I nodded at him. “All right. Now if you’ll excuse me, I’ve got laps to do.”

Uncle Joe grabbed my arm as I tried to walk past him, his grip was light but staying. “Charlie, about the other thing you saw... I mean... you know... with the...” He motioned at his shorts not able to articulate.

I shrugged his hand off as a thrill shot up my arm where he touched me. “I won’t say anything if you don’t.” I reassured him.

He turned a bit red. “Thanks Charlie Bird.”

I nodded at him once. “It’s cool.”

I jumped in the pool and pushed out thirty laps, not nearly as many as I could do, but I kept the pace up on these ones, burning away my annoyance and anger in the water, and getting my heart rate up nicely. Finished, I stayed in the pool a little while longer just cooling down.

“You know you’d be faster if you didn’t drop your left elbow.” Joe’s voice said from behind me.

I turned to stare up at him. I hadn’t realised he was still there. I thought he’d slunk away to his guest house. “How would you know?”

“Hey I might be ten years older than you but I still remember high school, and I was on the swim team in college; won a few trophies and medals in my time too. Now of course all I do is swim and surf so I don’t know that much about it.” He told me a little sarcastically. “You drop your left elbow.” He said, demonstrating what I was doing. “If you’re conscious of it and keep it up, you’d absolutely kill.”

I vaguely recalled Daddy mentioning something about Uncle Joe being a swimmer in school, but didn’t realise he’d been into competition swimming, so as I reassessed my view on Uncle Joe yet again, I took the advice as it was intended and nodded. “I’ll keep that in mind and try it next time.”

“Good.”

“Did you want something else from me?” I asked neutrally when he continued to stand there.

“Ah... no. I was just watching you swim laps and thought I’d let you know about your elbow. That’s all.” Uncle Joe said.

“Okay. Thanks then.” I said. I got out and went up to the house. I didn’t mean to be abrupt but I felt weird, kind of nervous around Uncle Joe now. Not because of the smoking weed incident and not really because I’d seen him masturbating. But more because of when he grabbed my arm I felt

electricity fire along my skin. Surely that wasn't a normal thing to be feeling? It was a little confusing.

I dropped my towel over the stool in the kitchen as I made myself some lunch. I still had close to an hour before I had to be back at school. I was half way through eating my food when Uncle Joe came into the house.

"Oh I thought you'd have left for school again." He mentioned trying to sound casual as he looked in the fridge.

"Not yet. I had two free blocks."

"Ah right. Well I just came in to grab something to eat." Joe said. From the way he was talking I guessed he felt a little awkward too.

I shrugged. "Cool." I said knowing that he probably had the munchies.

"What are you eating?"

"Silverside and salad."

"Nice, is there any of that left?" He asked standing in the open door of the fridge. The fridge beeped at him. "What the...?"

"You've had the door open too long." I told him. "It's telling you to shut it."

"Oh." He replied swinging the door closed. "But I haven't gotten anything out yet?"

I sighed. Walking over I opened the fridge door and pulled out the meat and salad. "There." I said handing the stuff to Joe as I pushed the door closed with my hip.

"Thanks." He said coming back to the bench.

"No problem."

"Is there more bread anywhere?" He asked holding up the packet that was almost finished.

"Yeah in the pantry." I said as I bit into my sandwich.

"Whereabouts?" Uncle Joe called as he rummaged in the cupboard.

I sighed again putting my sandwich down. I went over and grabbed it out for him. "Would you like me to make the sandwich for you too?" I asked a little sarcastically. I wasn't really annoyed at him as such, it was just that every time I went near him I'd get this funny feeling in my stomach and I really wanted to squeeze my thighs together.

"If you're offering." Uncle Joe responded smartly. He knew I was being a brat, but I didn't realise he knew.

I grumbled under my breath, but began making him a sandwich.

"Geez Charlie I was kidding!" Joe said as he reached across my hands and took the butter knife and bread off me. "I knew you were being sarcastic, I'm not a total shit for brains!"

I stepped away from him. My pulse was thumping. His touch, his hands and arms rubbing against me, his hip where it brushed against my hip, made me burn. I felt a shiver ripple across my entire body and my nipples pulled tight. I tried to ignore it. I looked down at my food, my appetite gone, and felt a bit guilty.

"I didn't say you had shit for brains, Uncle Joe. I said that shit messes with your brain." I offered as an apology. I looked sideways at him.

He was smiling. "I know babe. Sorry, I was just messing with you."

Uncle Joe called just about every woman he knew 'babe'; even my mum, much to my father's disgust and my mother's secret pleasure. So I thought nothing of it when he called me that.

I twitched my lips down at the corner as I looked at him. "But seriously Uncle Joe, you've got to know that that stuff is bad for you?"

"Yeah I know. I don't smoke it all that often." He told me. Looking at me he could see I doubted him. He held up his hand. "Honest. I hardly ever touch the stuff. But I needed something to take the edge off. I absolutely hate these family get-togethers. Usually I'd take off and hit a nice set, clear my head, just me and the water you know? But well, I can't do that here unless I want to drive two hundred miles to the nearest beach in a borrowed car. And then I don't think it even gets decent surf."

I looked down at my hands again. "Oh." I said.

"Sorry, didn't mean to lay that crap on you. Forget I mentioned it."

“Why don’t you like the family get-togethers?” I asked, curious.

“You don’t want to know babe. Just forget about it.” He told me as he fixed his sandwich.

“I do though.” I told him looking up. “Why is it such a ‘thing’ for you?”

He stood there and stared at me for a little while. His eyes dropping along my body for the briefest moment before he looked away. He shrugged. “All these things go the same way – I spend the whole night defending my life choices. Everyone thinks that because I don’t have the big house; and the family to go with it; a ‘nice’ car; and any of the other nine hundred mainstream conventions our ‘high’ society deems necessary, that I’m wasting my life away instead of living it how I want to live it. They have to pick at my life instead of just being happy for me... It gets old real fast.”

“Oh.” I said, not really knowing what to say.

He shrugged. “You asked.”

“Why don’t you just tell ‘em to shove it?”

Uncle Joe snorted. “By the end of the night I usually do and end up offending *everyone*, and then I’m the one that ends up feeling guilty.” He sighed. “Which is why, I hate these things.”

“Oh.” I said a bit awkwardly, feeling a little bit sorry for him. I knew how bad our family could be when it came to material wealth and academic achievement.

“Don’t get me wrong. I love them all. I just get sick of hearing the same old shit.”

I nodded fully understanding what he was getting at.

“What about you? I suppose you love these little family gatherings?”

I shrugged indifferently. “They’re all right. So long as Terrance Junior stays away from me I don’t mind ‘em so much.”

“Oh?” Joe queried. “You don’t like TJ?”

I shook my head. “He’s a pig; with the manners to match and a big freakin’ mouth.”

Uncle Joe chuckled and raised his sandwich at me. "To the next generation!" He toasted before taking a bite. I gave a snort in reply Uncle Joe making me think on how alike our predicaments were. Only my antagonist was a cousin rather than brothers. I thanked my lucky stars I was an only child.

We stood there in comparative silence, each eating our food. I was staring off into the distance, lost in my own thoughts, when I remembered that I wanted Uncle Joe to mess around with my computer and media system.

"Hey Uncle Joe?" I said turning to look at him. I couldn't be sure but I thought his eyes flicked up from staring at my butt. I pushed that thought away, thinking, 'yeah right, no way.'

"Yeah babe?" He said as he looked quickly way and then back again, not quite knowing where to rest his eyes.

"Would you take a look at my computer and media system while you're here? It's been running a bit slow."

His face changed and there was a long pause before he answered. "A-ha... so now we get to the real price."

"Huh?" I said puzzled; not clicking.

"This is the real price to keep quiet about what happened by the pool hey?"

"What?" I asked truly surprised. That thought hadn't even occurred to me. "No, you promised you wouldn't smoke dope again while you were here, that was good enough for me. I've been meaning to ask you to take a look at my system since you got here but forgot about it until now."

"A-ha *right*." Joe said cynically, a bitter note to his voice. I guess I couldn't blame him; the family was notorious for blackmailing favours from one another. I guess to Uncle Joe's thinking, why would I be any different?

I understood it; didn't mean I had to like it. It pissed me off that he didn't believe me and I got a bit huffy. "Don't worry, forget I even mentioned it. I'll just take it to a computer tech or something." I picked up my plate with my last quarter of sandwich on it and tipped it off into the trash. I put the plate in the dishwasher and grabbed my towel.

I left him in the kitchen and went to my room. Time was getting on and I still had some homework I wanted to get done before I went back for my last two classes of the afternoon. I was still kinda

pissed at Uncle Joe for thinking that I would stoop to blackmail and wheedle favours out of him for my silence, so when I got to my room I fired up my iPod and hit my 'LOUD' playlist.

Instantly my speakers were blaring out a mixture of grungy emo music, rock anthems and heavy metal. I was busy head banging away – well head bopping – to the loud music as I danced about and stripped out my swim suit. I dropped it to my feet and kicked it away as I spun around...

...and came face to face with a slack jawed Uncle Joe, standing in my doorway, staring wide eyed.

I froze for a split second before lunging for my towel. "Uncle Joe! *Fuck!*" I yelled as I held the towel in front of me.

That kind of snapped him out of it. He blinked a couple of times and his jaw snapped shut as he backed up out of there superfast. The door slammed shut after him and I thought I heard him swear although I couldn't be sure because the music was so loud.

I scrambled to drag on some clothes, pulling on a clean set of panties and bra, a pleated skirt and polo shirt as fast as I could. Still half pulling the shirt into place I went over and shut off the music. Then I headed for the door, fully intent on giving Uncle Joe a piece of my mind. I yanked the door open...

Only to be met with Uncle Joe's back. He was still standing there, his back to me, both arms raised and his hands on his brow like he was feeling his temperature. For a split second I got to eyeball the finely ridged musculature of his back and shoulders before he twisted at the hips to look back at me. He just about elbowed me in the face, but I managed to dodge his arm

"Uncle Joe, what the fuck?" I said loudly, not quite yelling.

He dropped his arms and turned around to face me fully. "Charlie I'm sorry. I knocked, really I did. I thought it'd be safe to open the door. I didn't realise you were ..."

His voice trailed off and I watched him swallow as he eyes skimmed over my now clothed body.

"Naked?" I said angrily, putting a hand on my hip. "Getting changed?"

I watched his face turn red as he brought his eyes back up to mine quickly before looking away down the hall. "Ah yeah. Sorry." I watched him swallow again. "If it's any consolation, I didn't see much." He lied.

“*Bullshit!* I know you got the full fifty buck show!” I told him. “I’m not that gullible.” I watched his face turn even redder as I stood there grinding my teeth. “But tit for tat I guess, hey? Now we’ve both got something the other wants kept quiet huh?”

I watched his eyes widen as he looked back at me. “I didn’t plan this.”

The sarcasm was thick when I answered. “*Rii-iight!*” See how he felt with the shoe on the other foot, I thought.

“Really I didn’t.” Joe tried again.

I shook my head and rolled my eyes as only a teenager can. “Whatever. What do you want?”

“Charlie. Seriously babe, I didn’t plan on coming up here to catch you... well naked or anything like that. I came up here to apologise. I shouldn’t have accused you of trying to corner me into fixing your system as a price for keeping quiet. You said you wouldn’t say anything and I should have believed you, I shouldn’t have let my suspicions colour my judgement. But it’s a hard habit to break when you’ve been doing it your whole life. So I’m sorry.... Really I am. I know you wouldn’t do anything like that to me.” He hesitated for a moment. “If you still want me too I’ll take a look at your computer?”

Even though he’d gotten his own private peepshow, his apology sounded genuine. So, somewhat mollified I decided just to let it go. Even if I was still a little ticked off, Uncle Joe was magic with a computer. I sighed, dropped my hand from my hip and stepped back out of the door way. “Yes please. Thanks Uncle Joe.” I said trying to sound grateful, but I’m not sure if I managed it. I walked across my room.

He followed me in, leaving the door wide open and took a seat at my computer desk. I settled down on the window seat, stretching out on my stomach with my calculus book.

“So what’s been going on with it?” He asked as he tapped a few keys and brought up the desktop.

“It’s been running really slow, doing a few screwy things, and I keep getting this balloon warning saying I need to download this virus program, blah blah.” I told him.

“Uh-oh,” he said, “sounds like you’ve got yourself a virus.” Uncle Joe leant back in the chair and cracked his knuckles as he got ready to work. “Let’s have a look-see.” He said more to himself.

I watched him work for a few moments before bringing my focus back to my homework. But as much as I tried I just couldn’t concentrate. The tapping of keys kept drawing my attention and I couldn’t help

letting my eyes linger over Uncle Joe's body. He was still only in his boardies; bare-chested and bare foot as he sat at my computer tapping away; the odd grunt and hmm coming from him. I found myself chewing the inside of my cheek as I stared at him. He really was fit... and sexy as sin even if he was ten years older than me.

"Ah-ha!" He exclaimed triumphantly and I quickly dropped my eyes to my book as he half turned to face me. "Well there's your problem right there." He joked.

"Hmm?" I queried, pretending to be engrossed in my book as I looked up at him.

He gave me a huge 'I know what you've been up to' grin. "Someone's been surfing porn!"

I felt my insides knot, and felt that hollow sensation in the pit of my stomach I always got, whenever I got caught doing something wrong. My face flushed as I sat up on folded knees. "Not me!" I denied stupidly.

"*Sure*, some other person must have come in here and used your computer to surf porn." Uncle Joe teased. "Who thinks I'm the gullible one now?"

I rose up on my knees, my hands wringing before me nervously. "You won't tell will you?" I pleaded so embarrassed.

"Well that depends..." Joe drawled slowly.

"On what?"

"On what you've been looking at!" He said quickly as he spun back to the computer and made to start tapping on the keyboard again.

I leapt from my spot, rushing forward, "Uncle Joe, no!" I cried reaching forward to grab at his hands, trying my hardest to pull them away from the keyboard. "Please Uncle Joe, don't!" I begged as I tussled with him at the computer desk. It wasn't like the porn I was looking at was anything spectacular. As porn went it was pretty standard stuff. Suck, fuck, blow, you know? It was more the fact that it was my Uncle Joe looking at what I'd been looking at that was mortifying!

He was well stronger than me and easily fended me off, but after a moment he dropped his hands away and held them up in surrender. "Charlie, stop... stop. I was only teasing." He chuckled. "I wasn't going to look."

I still had a hold of his wrists as he held them up in front of me, half turned towards me. I wasn't ready to believe him just yet as I panted, out of breath, and not a little panicked. "Promise you won't tell!" I whispered. I felt like I was suffocating I was so panicked. "Please promise you won't tell?" I pleaded again. I could feel tears forming in my eyes. If Daddy ever found out he'd have an absolute fucking fit and the shit would well and truly hit the fan. I'd be grounded for the rest of my foreseeable high school life. My breathing got faster. I knew I was hyperventilating but couldn't stop.

"Hey!" Uncle Joe said as the smile fell from his face.

"Please... promise... you... won't... tell..." I managed to say between gasps of air as tears began to spill over.

"Hey! Holy shit, I promise." Joe said standing up. He twisted his wrists out of my grip and took me by the shoulders. "Calm down Charlie. I promise okay? I won't tell anyone, ever! You need to calm down now, before you pass out." He told me.

I couldn't. I kept sucking in fast small, sharp gasps, over and over again. I was beginning to feel dizzy. I was having a panic attack. I hadn't had one of these in years and I needed a paper bag, but I didn't have one. Uncle Joe obviously realised this too and was looking about the room for something to use. But he couldn't find anything either.

I don't know if it was an inspired thought on his part or if his own panic made him think of it, but he spun me quickly so my back was to him and pulled me into his embrace. He brought his arms up around me and cupped both of his hands over my mouth and nose like a mask, restricting my oxygen intake. His cheek was pressed against the rear of my head and his mouth was right next to my ear as he softly told me to breathe. "Slowly babe, breathe."

It wasn't ideal, but it was working. I closed my eyes trying to concentrate on slowing my breathing down and felt myself sway. Uncle Joe's elbows locked in against my sides and he drew me down with him as he sat back down in my computer chair. I ended up in his lap with his big hands covering nearly all of my face.

My breathing was slowing, and with the decreased amount of oxygen getting into my system, my head was starting to clear as well. And I instantly became aware of the fact that I really was sitting in Uncle Joe's lap with his hands over my face. His hands, that still smelled faintly of dope... and cock!

I could have let another panic attack come on, but I clamped a mental hand down on myself and told myself *No*. He wasn't to know I could still smell the odours of the dope he had been smoking earlier or the scent of his cock and the pre-cum from it as well. He wasn't to know that the scent of it was

making my pussy spasm and my clit ache, particularly because I could feel the soft swell of his cock under that sweet spot of my groin, that wasn't quite butt, but wasn't quite pussy, you know that little spongy piece of flesh right between the two holes?

I noticed his forearms. They ran along my chest, each one pressed firmly against one of my breasts as his palms cupped my chin, his fingertips resting across the bridge of my nose. I felt my nipples pull tight as I became aware of the heat of his body against my back, his warm breath; and his lips so near to my ear as I closed my eyes and sucked in another deep breath.

I slumped forward into his hands still dizzy, and felt his arms tighten to hold me secure. The smell was intoxicating, driving me to distraction as I felt my pelvic muscles pull up and clench tight in arousal against his lap. I thought I heard the most miniscule groan sound in my ear. I slid my hands along Uncle Joe's arms and cupped them over the top his hands on my face and I think a small whine may have escaped me as I felt his cock twitch and begin to grow beneath my already aching pussy.

It was a perfect moment, one of those instants in time where everything just happens; just falls into place and feels oh so right... so perfect that you just *have* to lean forward... and do something stupid to ruin it!

I blame it on the excessive amount of oxygen in my system which made me feel giddy and increased the sexual tension I was feeling. But as I leant into his hands I groaned and rolled my pussy down against his crotch. I heard his sharp intake of breath in my ear followed by soft groan as I felt his arms tighten a fraction against my body. His breath was hot against my ear and for a slit second I felt his warm lips gently glide across my lobe so softly they felt like silk, his nose nuzzling the upper ridges of my ear as well. Then with my hands over his, I opened my mouth a little wider and let my tongue snake out and slowly lick along the join of his hands.

God I nearly came on the spot, as instantly I tasted the acrid tang of smoke and the bitter sweet taste of cock and cum. But as I said... stupid!

I heard Uncle Joe's pained curse, as he expelled an urgent breath in my ear. I felt his thighs bunch beneath mine, his arms tighten against me more and his whole body tensed up. I thought he was going to grind his pelvis up into me, rub his cock against my quickly moistening pussy, and in a way he did. But not in the way I wanted; as sadly I felt his legs shift and then I shifted and all of a sudden we were standing.

He yanked his hands away from me and stepped back, nearly falling over the chair in the process. He stumbled briefly and fumbled to set it right, then quickly stood and took another step back. I shakily turned to look at him, guilt and confusion written all over my face. His face was flushed and panicked

and I could see a sizable bulge in the front of his shorts, but he didn't give me a chance to make anything of it.

"Ah, I'll come back later when you're at school and finish this off." He told me talking fast, before turning and practically running out of my room.

I stood there stupefied for a moment, not quite comprehending what had just happened. But once events caught up and resynced with my mind I let out the breath I didn't know I'd been holding. In a daze I stepped back and sank onto the edge of my bed. The full realization of what I'd just done hit me, and I felt that hot knot of twisted up, confusing feelings settle at the top of my stomach. And the only thing I could do was say 'Oh Crap!' out loud.

I sat there for a while, brushing my spent tears away and contemplating what my next move should be. What was I going to do? Well I was going to behave myself that's what I was going to do. No more of this shit. What I was doing was wrong, what I was feeling was wrong! I told myself. But a tiny voice inside my head kept contradicting me saying, why is it wrong? If it feels so good how *can* it be wrong?

I kicked that little voice down into submission. Nothing like that was *ever* going to happen again. I swore it! Yanking myself back out of my head, and noting the time I grabbed my stuff and headed back to school.

When I got home later that evening, I went straight up to my room. I threw my stuff on the bed and sat down at my computer. I punched the space bar and waited for the screen to wake up.

In the centre of my desktop was a new text file simply labelled, 'Charlie'. I knew then that Uncle Joe had come back as promised. I glanced quickly around the room thinking about what he might have done in here on his own? What he might have touched? Then shook myself and forced my attention back to the computer and the file. Thinking about such things as that was just asking for trouble. And I wanted to avoid trouble.

I clicked on the file and immediately it asked for a password to access it. I chewed on my bottom lip. Why would Uncle Joe password protect it? Then thinking about what happened earlier in the day I got it. So then what password would he choose? And why would he think that I would know it? It had to be obvious to both of us didn't it? And the only obvious one I could think of was his nickname for me. I punched in 'Charlie Bird' ... 'Access Denied'. I sat back, 'Okay', so not that obvious then?

I thought about the afternoon. It could have been any number of terms or phrases. I tried a few: weed, dope, pool, I even tried; porn and shit for brains. But each time it came up 'Access Denied.' I was

starting to get frustrated when the last little bit of the afternoon flashed through my memory. I typed in 'Promise' and the file popped open on my screen.

It was merely a little note, detailing what he'd done to my computer. Nothing that warranted a password I thought. But then; I happened to notice the word count and page numbers and realised there had to be more text further down. I scrolled down five pages but eventually I found it. It was another note, this one a little more private and worthy of a password.

For the most part it reiterated what he'd written above, although he detailed the specifics of the programs he'd installed and what they would do to protect my system. He also mentioned that if I was going to go surfing for porn again that I had to avoid certain sites and never ever click on anything that popped up, otherwise I risked a repeat performance of my system crashing. It then went on with detailed instructions on how I should clear out my cache and history before taking it to a tech if it ever happened again and he wasn't there to fix it.

Then as an added bonus, he left me a PS.

It read:

Charlie,

I just wanted to let you know that I never looked and I promise that your secret is safe with me. I also promise that I will never tell anyone about what happened this afternoon. I hope you won't either. It was just one of those things; when everything kind of comes together and in the heat of the moment, things just happen.

I'm sorry I upset you so much and I hope you are feeling better.

Joe.

The fact that he hadn't penned 'Uncle' in there was not lost on me. Whether consciously done or not, it marked a turning point. I looked at it for a while longer and then shut it down. Cutting it from the desktop I hid it in my private folder where I kept my journal, then forced myself to get on with my homework.