

# Jennifer's Tale, Part I

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*Can Jennifer get high-minded Uncle Jamie with just feminine wiles and a spank-hungry tush?*

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How it Started.

I've been punished every Saturday night for more than five years. And I don't see that changing any time soon - at least I hope not. The ritual has gone through several changes. And the person doing the punishing has changed. First it was Poppa.

He started not long after my mother ran away with the younger Martin boy. Then when his health was failing, Poppa convinced his sister, my Aunt Rinnie, to take over. But while she agreed with Poppa about sparing the rod and spoiling the child, her heart was never in it. So quick as she could, she turned my punishment over to Uncle Jamie.

Poppa and I had been very close since I was big enough to help around the farm. He always treated me with kindness and respect (which was more than I can say for Mom). He taught me to be self-reliant, work hard, and go after what I wanted. And right now, Uncle Jamie is what I want more than anything else in the world.

Mind you, he isn't really my uncle - he's they guy who married my mother's younger sister. And my mother was 20 years younger than my father, which made Uncle Jamie much closer to my age than any of my other relatives.

I've *liked* Uncle Jamie for as long as I can remember, but it wasn't until he came here to run the farm, and took over my punishment, that I fell in love with him.

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All my life it seems like I've spent most of my time alone. And most of that time I spent reading. Or dreaming. Poppa used to call me his beautiful dreamer when he'd find me lying under the giant oak

gazing at the clouds, or lying in the hayloft watching rays of sunlight from the knotholes make patterns in the air. I loved to read books from the library about ladies in distress rescued by handsome noblemen. And once in a while I'd sneak home a *True Confessions* and get myself all worked up about what a ninny the confessor had been just waiting for things to get better instead of *doing* something to make it happen. That's what I'd do, I always told myself: make it happen.

Often I dreamed that some day my prince would come riding up on his white charger, sweep me into his arms, and whisk me away to his castle in the mountains. The same mountains that reared their gnarly white heads over our farm. When I first imagined that happening, I was too young to worry about what would happen once we got there. It was just the wonderfully romantic idea of being swept off my feet.

Later, when I got more realistic about myself and my life, I was forced to admit that there really weren't any castles in the mountains. But all the same, somewhere deep inside, I still believed that wherever life might take me, I would be going there with my own personal prince.

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I was a late bloomer, as they say. All the girls in my class had started to develop, and I was still as straight as a board. It tended to make me even more of a loner than I was naturally. Finally, a few months after I turned 14, my breasts decided that maybe it was time they made themselves known. But, much to my irritation, they took their freakin' time about it. Then, not long after my 16th birthday, two things happened that changed my life completely.

First, my mother ran off with the younger Martin boy. Second, my body suddenly decided it was time for my periods to start. And just as suddenly, Poppa decided that he had been too permissive with me, that I was getting much too lax about my responsibilities.

"So you're going to start paying for your misdeeds, young lady," he announced out of the blue, "to make sure you don't turn out to be a slut like your mother."

My jaw must have dropped as I stared at him in amazement.

"And don't try to tell me you're too old for spanking, because that's exactly what you're going to get. Every week. Starting tonight!"

Any number of times over the years, when I had made him mad, he'd bent me over and give me a dozen swats or so. As far as I was concerned, that was what "getting a spanking" meant. And I knew he was really upset about Mom running away. So I thought, what the hell, he'll get over it. Boy, was I

ever wrong about that!

\* \* \*

I'll never forget that first Saturday night... Dinner was over and he still hadn't said anything else about what he planned to do. I wasn't sure, but I had the feeling he was watching me the whole time I did the dishes, instead of reading the paper like he usually did. But as soon as I finished, he walked over to the table, and now he *was staring* at me.

He picked up a kitchen chair and carried it very deliberately to the middle of the room, set it down right in front of the fireplace, and said, in a kind of funny voice, "Get yourself over here, young lady."

He indicated a spot in front of the chair. But once I was there, he pulled me even closer, so I was standing right between his knees.

Then, sounding a lot like a preacher, he told me it was his responsibility to make sure I grew up "pure," and he started praying out loud for God's help. I couldn't tell if he wanted it for himself or for me, but it went on a long time. Finally he tried to unfasten my jeans, but he was so clumsy at it that I reached over and undid the side for him. He jerked them down — along with my panties, grabbed me around the waist, and sort of flung me over his knees. Then came my first bare-bottom spanking. It was more painful, and lasted longer than I had imagined. A *lot* longer.

I didn't know what to think as I got into bed that night. I couldn't think of anything I had done that would make him think I deserved that much pain. And he didn't really seem all that angry while he was doing it. I kept gently rubbing my derriere as I tried to figure it out; soon the pain seemed to diffuse throughout the area, and I fell asleep with strange thoughts in my head and strange feelings in my belly.

The next week, the procedure got a little smoother. He had me take my jeans and panties off entirely. After my spanking, he hugged me and told me I was going to be fine. Then he handed me my pants and sent me off to take my bath.

One Saturday, after that routine was pretty well established, he had me take off my jeans and panties before he started to pray. He acted like it was a mistake, but the next week it was clear that that was the new routine. When he put his chair in front of the fireplace, I knew that, without any prompting, I was supposed to suddenly be standing there, naked from the waist down, while he prayed for the goodness of my soul. Then he'd spank my fanny for ten or 15 minutes. I don't remember much about those early spankings themselves, but I loved it when he hugged me afterward. He stayed sitting down and had me walk around and stand between his legs. Then he'd wrap his arms around me and

gather me to him. He'd whisper in my ear what a good girl I was, how brave, and stuff like that. I really ate it up. All the while, he'd be lightly rubbing my sore fanny and it seemed to make the pain go away -almost like magic.

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It was during that summer, as I tentatively explored what was happening to my body, that I stumbled onto the wonderful world of masturbation. I had heard the girls at school giggle about it, and I knew the dictionary definition. But it had never been real to me before. Amazingly, I still hadn't made any connection between my spankings and a desire to masturbate. I looked forward to doing it on Saturday nights more than any other time. But for a long time I thought that was just to comfort myself.

What thrilled me most that fall was Poppa giving me a bathrobe for my 17th birthday. It was the first one I had ever owned; it was so beautiful and soft, and it felt just fabulous against my skin.

I couldn't believe that Poppa had been so extravagant, but that Saturday night it all came perfectly clear. (Actually, it wasn't until the next day I figured out that the bathrobe had been part of his new plan all along.)

After I finished the dinner dishes that Saturday night, he told me that from now on I was to take my bath before my punishment.

"When you're finished," he said, his eyes looking just past me with such intensity I knew something unusual was happening, "put on your bathrobe and come out here." Then he added quietly, "Just your robe."

I quickly looked away so he wouldn't see me blushing, and I managed to answer calmly, "Yes, Poppa." But my heart was pounding wildly as I ran my bath. I wasn't sure what was coming next, all I could think, over and over, was, "He wants me naked under my robe. He wants me naked under my robe."

For the first time that night, I realized that I was really excited - sexually excited, I mean - before a punishment session. But that was nothing compared to the feelings that shot through me as I stood in front of him in my new robe, and he told me to take it off, lay it on the davenport, then come back and stand in front of him again.

When I came back, it was a real struggle not to try hiding my newly developed tits by slouching. But somehow I managed to stand up reasonably straight, my hands clasped modestly in front of my

mound, which had only the barest hint of a downy covering. Poppa slowly reached out and took one of my hands in each of his. Except for the circumstances, a natural fatherly gesture. But I noticed that instead of bowing his head as he usually did, he stared at my naked body the whole time he was praying.

I can't remember that prayer exactly, but the gist of it was, now that I was becoming a woman, we had to redouble our efforts to overcome my base nature, to eradicate the sins of the flesh, and generally save me from myself.

When he had finished praying, he said to me, still staring straight at my tits, "You're getting too big for a hand spanking to be much punishment. You need something stronger now." His eyes were roaming the room as he spoke. "I know, bring me Shep's old collar."

As if in a dream, I turned and walked over to the door, where the collar that had been worn by the dog I had grown up with, a large German Shepherd, had been hanging ever since he'd gotten too old to run and Poppa had to put him down. I took it off its peg and instinctively unbuckled it as I returned. It was a little more than a foot long, made of sturdy leather. It struck me with another shocking tingle that the buckle had been polished and the leather recently oiled. This was obviously not the spur of the moment idea his words had suggested.

"That should do nicely," he pronounced, slapping it loudly against his other palm. "Come here."

He laid the collar in his lap and took my nearest hand to pull me over to his right side. In the past, he had let me drape myself over his knees, but that night he pulled my left hand behind my back and pressed me gently forward. Because I couldn't use both hands like I was used to, he reached up and placed his left hand against my chest to help lower me into position. His hand just "happened" to land on a breast, and he cupped it firmly all the while he was maneuvering me into position.

Once he was satisfied that I was exactly where he wanted me on his lap, he let go of my breast and placed his hand in the middle of my back like always. But then he surprised me once more by announcing, "You'll likely be squirming a bit more than usual tonight. I think you may need some help staying put."

And with that he reached under my chest and again took a firm grip on my right breast. Then began my first adult punishment.

After a couple of minutes with that strap, my fanny felt like it was on fire. Poppa was right about one thing: I did do a lot of squirming that night. It was that night too, as I gyrated on his lap, that I realized for the first time what the hard bulge, straining against the leg of his overalls, really was. After that, I

tried every way I could to grind against that bulge. I'm not sure what it did for him, but just the idea of it jacked my excitement level up another two notches.

When he finished, I thought I'd die from the pain. But even as I walked back to my room, with the soft fabric of my robe caressing my burning cheeks with each step, it wasn't long before the pain seemed to dissolve into passion and I suddenly couldn't wait to jump into bed and attack my soaking pussy. That night I experienced my first full-scale orgasm. From then on, I looked forward to Saturday nights with lust in my heart.

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Our Saturday night ritual hardly changed at all for the next three years. Except that every year, on the Saturday night nearest my birthday, Poppa would announce, in his prayer voice, that since I was bigger now, he'd be adding another five minutes to my punishment.

I don't believe he actually did that, at least not beyond the night when he said it. Straining to achieve my first orgasm of the night while I was still on his lap, that's what was on my mind. I couldn't even see the clock. My impression at the time was, the length of my punishment depended on what kind of mood he was in. Now I wonder if he didn't just keep on strapping my behind until *he* came. Sometimes he let out a moan just before he quit, but I never saw anything to prove it one way or the other.

What I do know is that for me it seemed to get better every week. The orgasms, I mean, well really, the whole punishment scene and how I reacted to it. I'm not crazy about the pain, but considering what follows, it's worth every minute.

Like I said, we went on that way for nearly three years. Then Poppa started getting weak. For a long time he wouldn't admit anything was wrong. When he would make an occasional comment, I just shrugged it off with one excuse or another. I couldn't deal with the idea that something might be really wrong any more than he could. Finally he saw a doctor and we found out that just about all through the past year the cancer we didn't know about had been taking over his body.

After while, he "rented" one of the Shelby's hired men two days a week. And finally he asked his sister to come and live with us and look after things. In his zeal to make sure I grew up "pure" (and maybe to justify himself, too) he insisted that Aunt Rinnie take over my punishment when he no longer had the strength.

My Aunt Rinnie was a very irritating woman. She and her older sister had never married; they looked after Grandpa until he died and then continued to run the old homestead on their own. She was very

stubborn and set in her ways. I had never liked her, even as a child, and I'm sure it showed in my behavior. So it wasn't hard for her to believe I needed punishing. Actually she was nearly as strong as my father, but she lacked his motivation. There was clearly nothing sexual in it to her and she tended to quit before I was as turned on as I was used to getting. So I'm afraid I fell into the habit of egging her on a bit. Well, quite a bit, to be honest.

Crossing her up by generally acting like a spoiled brat gave me some degree of satisfaction through the week, and it definitely improved her performance on Saturday night. At the time I didn't think that much about my misbehavior, but I'm sure, looking back, that it triggered the key change that transformed the rest of my life. What I mean is, my persistent misbehavior was the main reason Aunt Rinnie felt she had to turn my punishment over to Uncle Jamie shortly after he arrived.

My father was failing rapidly, and it was clear we needed someone to run the farm. So Poppa and Aunt Rinnie put their heads together and decided Uncle Jamie was the one.

As I mentioned, Jamie isn't really my uncle. He married my mother's younger sister, but she had dumped him a couple of years earlier, because she couldn't take all his religion. Least ways, that's what Poppa told me. Jamie did seem to me to be rather religious, and of course that didn't bother me, I was used to it. But he also had a very playful nature. He used to take long walks with me - I called it exploring - and we'd roughhouse a lot. I'd try to tackle him and he'd either pin me down on the ground or toss me in the air. He could toss me *really* high.

Of course, that was when I was a little girl. Now he was back with us for good and we didn't wrestle anymore. But the way he couldn't seem to keep his eyes off me whenever we were together, I sometimes wasn't sure whether he was seeing me now, or remembering our wrestling days.

Jamie was supposed to take over his father's ranch, but they were always at logger heads because he wouldn't accept any of the improvements Jamie wanted to make. So when Dad called, he jumped at the chance to run our farm. From the moment he moved in, we spent most of our time together. I became his teacher. It was really kind of strange — there he was, bigger, stronger, smarter, but I was always telling him what to do! I mean, he didn't know where things were kept, what had already been done and especially how we did things around here. He said he really appreciated that because he didn't want to disrupt our routines or make it difficult for me by suddenly doing everything differently.

I wasn't sure how much he believed that; I had the impression that it seemed to him like a good excuse to keep me close all day. And for my part, I did my best to keep him wanting me close. I brushed against him as often as I could find excuses, leaned against him when I was complaining about being tired (he always bought that one), and pressed myself against his side or his arm whenever we were checking a pesticide label, reading instructions, or other stuff like that together.

Sometimes he put his arm around me in a brotherly sort of way when I did that and sometimes he just pretended not to notice.

So regardless of whether he really meant the part about not disrupting our routines, I was truly glad to hear those words because they gave me hope that somehow I would be able to teach him Poppa's Saturday night routine.

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That first Saturday night after Uncle Jamie arrived, Aunt Rinnie took me to her room for my punishment. She didn't believe in ritual. And I had no interest in trying to get her to follow Poppa's ritual, even if I could have imagined her doing it. Which I couldn't. She just gave me a short, pointed lecture about improving my behavior and then gave me ten or 15 cuts with a thin, whippy switch she had cut herself somewhere. It really stung like hell and didn't do all that much to get me excited either. I resolved I had to find a way for Uncle Jamie to take over my punishment. And the sooner the better.

The next day, when we were cleaning up in the barn after milking, Uncle Jamie seemed like his mind was elsewhere. Finally he came out with it, "What was that all about in Rinnie's room last night?"

"Oh," I replied, trying desperately to sound nonchalant, "It was my Saturday night punishment. Aunt Rinnie took over when Poppa got too weak."

"Aren't you rather old to be getting punished like that?"

"Not according to Poppa and Aunt Rinnie.

He said Grandpa punished them all as long as they lived at home. I think he punished Grandma, too. But I'm not sure about that."

Jamie didn't say any more right then, and I kept looking at him sideways, trying to figure out what he was thinking.

Later he asked me why I behaved so badly toward Aunt Rinnie. That really caught me off guard. I could hardly tell him my real reason. I didn't want him to know what a schemer I was. *But you also want him to think you need punishing*, I reminded myself. So to Jamie I replied, "I don't know, sometimes something just seems to get into me and makes me say things or do things I'm not too proud of afterwards." And then I added, "Doesn't that ever happen to you?"

“Sure. I think it happens to everyone at one time or another. And Rinnie can be pretty... abrasive.”

“Yeah, well. I’m sorry when I give her such a hard time. What the heck, I figure I’ve got it coming, it’s not that big a deal.”

A couple of days later, when I came back from collecting eggs, the back door was ajar, so I didn’t have to whack it open with my hip, which usually announces anyone’s arrival to the whole house. As I went about putting the eggs away, I realized the conversation I was hearing was Aunt Rinnie asking Jamie to take over my punishment.

“She needs a man’s hand,” she was saying; “It’s just not the same coming from me.”

“Well that may be, but it just doesn’t seem right to me, punishing a young woman her age like she was a little child...”

“That’s the mistake most folks makes,” was her prompt and adamant reply. “Especially those as have no children of their own.”

I couldn’t hear any reply from Uncle Jamie, but Aunt Rinnie barged on anyway. “You’ve seen the way Jenny treats me, and the way she sloughs off her household chores. If we shirk our duty now, it won’t be no favor to her. She needs to learn responsibility and respect for her elders now more than ever.”

“Well, maybe you’re right.” But he didn’t sound convinced, more like he didn’t want to go on arguing with Aunt Rinnie.

“I’ll tell you one more thing you don’t want to hear, Jamie McTavish. Soon you’re going to be the man of the house around here, will ye nil ye, and if you don’t follow through and keep punishing the child, you’re not only telling her you don’t care, you’re saying there’s nothing wrong with her behavior, and I don’t believe you want to do that to her.”

“No, of course I don’t want to do that to her. But don’t you think there are other ways than corporal punishment to maintain discipline?”

Aunt Rinnie surprised me by thinking that one over carefully before she answered. “That may well be, Jamie,” she said, and my heart sank. “But you have to remember, that’s the way she was raised. According to my brother, he’s used the strap on her every week for years, and I can’t believe any stern-faced scolding is gonna make any impression on her at this late date. No matter what you think, the rod or the strap’s the only language as young folk understands. You owe that much to her, Jamie. And you owe it to Harold, too.”

“Well, when you put it like that...”

“Only way to put it! And one more thing. You’d better start this Saturday, because if you wait till after Harold’s gone, you’ll never find the right time to start.”

I almost shouted with joy from the back room when I heard Jamie reluctantly agree he had better begin the next Saturday.

That night, replaying the conversation in my head, it gradually sunk in what Aunt Rinnie had said about Poppa. For the first time that night I admitted to myself that he was really dying. It was like a dam burst inside me and, muffling my sobs in my pillow, I cried myself to sleep.

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The next Saturday evening, I was as skittish as a new calf. I’m sure Uncle Jamie thought it was because I was upset about being punished by him. It never would of occurred to him that I was worried he might *not* punish me. At supper that evening, Aunt Rinnie had announced that Jamie was going to take over my punishment, starting that evening. Not trusting what I might say, I just bowed my head in what I hoped looked like acquiescence. But Aunt Rinnie wouldn’t let it go.

“Well, child... what have you got to say about that?”

“That’s...fine,” I stammered. Uncle Jamie looked thoroughly embarrassed, and I added, mostly to reassure him, “I was sure he would, sooner or later.”

That night while I was cleaning up after supper, I managed to sass Aunt Rinnie, or speak disrespectfully of her, four times. And I “forgot” to clean off the stove and did a substandard job cleaning out the sink. When I came out of the bathroom in my robe, Aunt Rinnie pronounced me a willful, obstinate girl, and decreed, handing Jamie her switch, that I should receive 25 strokes, ten more than her usual allotment.

“No thank you, ma’am.” To my great delight, he pushed aside her switch and declared, “if I’m going to punish her, I prefer to use this.” He patted the wide, sturdy leather belt he always wore.

Aunt Rinnie was impressed. “That’ll do the job nicely I should think. I’m going to turn in.” She went to her room and almost immediately she had her little TV set tuned to one of her favorite programs.

Earlier they had decided he would punish me in the big room, same as my father had. For several

minutes at the dinner table they had debated whether he should do it in his bedroom or hers. So finally I told them that Poppa did it right there, in front of the fireplace, and they both accepted that idea at once. Although I think each of them had quite different reasons.

As soon as Aunt Rinnie was gone, Uncle Jamie's confident air just seemed to evaporate. He obviously didn't have a clue about how to begin. So I got the regular kitchen chair, set it in the usual spot, and turned to Uncle Jamie. "Thank you," I said simply.

"What for?" He was genuinely perplexed.

"For not taking her... branch."

Walking over to the door, I took down the strap. "Poppa always used this. I hated that switchy thing of hers! It just never seemed right. Of course," I added, "your belt would be OK too. I don't suppose I could tell much difference."

He laughed a little stiffly, but he sounded pleased. "My dad always used his belt on us. But it always did seem like kind of a hassle, taking it off and putting it back on, I mean. This should do very well."

"You sit here," I said, handing him the strap.

I wanted so badly for him to follow Poppa's routine, but I knew I'd have to bring him around a step at a time. But the first and biggest step was being naked while he punished me, and I didn't want to give him any time to object. So I flung off my robe, letting it fly in the general direction of the couch, and threw myself over his lap.

"What are you doing, Jenny?"

"Poppa always had me take my robe off before he started my punishment," I explained, twisting my torso and head so I could look at him (and giving him a nice view of my tits in the process).

He just sort of grunted in reply. I laid back against his thighs and wriggled around to get myself in just the right position. Finally he started and I was in seventh heaven. I was all wet just from the excitement of being naked on his lap. And now he had actually started punishing me.

I must admit, it was a pretty feeble start. The first five strokes were so hesitant and soft I hadn't moved a muscle.

To encourage him to get more energetic, I asked him in a very little voice, "Have you started yet?"

“All right, young lady,” he snapped back, all hesitation forgotten, “You may have sensed that I was less than enthusiastic about taking on this responsibility. But since I have, I intend to take it seriously.”

“Yes, Uncle Jamie,” I responded submissively.

“And for that smart-aleck comment, I’m going to start again from the beginning, and no back-talk from you, Jennifer Lynn!”

“No, Uncle Jamie, I won’t,” I promised sincerely.

When he started in again, his left hand pressing firmly on the center of my back, there was no doubt he was taking it seriously. By the time he reached 15, my bottom was on fire like the old days and I couldn’t wait to bring myself off, fantasizing of course that it was Jamie “having his way” with me.

The next day, Uncle Jamie acted uncertain about how I would feel toward him. Naturally I did my best to reassure him that I didn’t hold it against him, and soon everything was fine between us. By midweek, I realized I had done such a good job of it that he was going to feel there was no reason to punish me, except my ongoing battle with Aunt Rinnie, and that wasn’t much, because he often felt the same way about her.

So I came up with my big plan, which I carried out successfully for several weeks. It was the opposite of the old story of poorly behaved kids who started to act like angels a couple of weeks before Christmas. I would start misbehaving by Wednesday and sometime during the last half of the week, I’d “forget” some major chore. Or I’d get to reading after lunch, and “get lost” in my book for half the afternoon.

This had the desired effect of convincing him I needed to be taken “firmly in hand.” But every Saturday night, I felt he was still performing a duty more than really getting into the action.

Despite his lack of involvement, he seemed to be perpetually fascinated by the subject. Every couple of days or so he’d come up with some other question about how Poppa treated me, or how he handled the punishments themselves. Like he’d go, “If you did something like that around your dad, would he tell you you’d be punished for that the next Saturday night?”

And I’d answer that yes, that was part of the ritual. I used that word, ritual, as often as I could, to give him the idea that there might have been more to it than he was doing.

Then the next day he might ask me “Did your dad always wait to punish you? Didn’t he ever punish you right on the spot?” That time he added, “That’s what my dad did.”

But I told him no, he always waited.

Then Jamie might drop the subject for a day or two, or he might press on, like: “Well, did he ever mention certain instances of misbehavior on Saturday night?”

For weeks he persisted in asking such questions. I desperately wanted to tell him in exact detail about Poppa’s rituals, but I was afraid of how he’d react if I went too far. But finally I got brave, or rather I figured out how to include a reference that I thought would pique his curiosity: In answering one of his questions, I made a reference to his lowering me onto his lap and “getting a firm grip on his handle...”

He didn’t say anything right away, but I could see I had planted a hook. And sure enough, the next day he very nonchalantly asked, “What did you mean yesterday when you referred to your father getting ‘a firm grip on his handle’?”

“That’s what he called... I mean, he’d always grab hold of... I don’t know how to describe it... Look, why don’t I just show you tomorrow night... exactly how he did. Everything. I mean, you don’t have to do it the way he did, but maybe it’d help if you knew. OK?”

“That’s an excellent idea, Jenny. Showing me is the best way.”

His voice was very matter-of-fact, but I could see that he was relieved at the prospect. I realized that to him it must feel like he had come in in the middle of a movie and then a friend offers to explain what’s already happened.

*To be continued...*