

Jennifer's Tale, Part II

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Published on Lush Stories on 10 Oct 2012



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Jennifer's campaign to capture Uncle Jamie's heart continues

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/jennifers-tale-part-ii.aspx>

(The story and characters will be easier to follow if you read Part I first.)

Jennifer Turns Up the Heat.

The next night, I was both nervous and excited. I was afraid of giving him the impression I was perverted or something. But at the same time, I was hoping he'd like at least part of what I was going to show him and make it his own.

At last Jamie and I stood there looking at each other in the middle of the room, not sure how to begin. So as usual, I took the bull by the horns. "Why don't you just sit down, Uncle Jamie, and I'll just sort of walk you through the whole thing the way Poppa did it. Then we'll start again for real and I'll do it however you want me to. OK?"

"That's fine, Jenny. Let's get going."

"First, as you know, I'd lay my robe on the couch — he calls it the davenport." As I spoke, I matched action to word. "And then I'd go get the strap, come back, and stand in front of him like this while he prayed for me to grow up a good girl."

Now came the tricky part: getting him to grab my breast without seeming too forward about it. Standing on his right, as usual, I had him take hold of my left wrist, then I raised it up behind my back, the way Poppa did.

"Then he'd push me forward with that hand and sort of catch my front to lower me onto his lap with his other hand." And I launched myself forward — it was going to hurt if he didn't catch me, but I didn't want to give him time to think about it. And sure enough, he caught me. By the shoulder. But I just plunged ahead. "Then, because I squirm so much during a punishment, next he'd 'grab a handle,' as

he put it.

I calmly took his left hand and placed it on my right breast. He left it there, but didn't grab hold either. So I pressed his fingers and thumb into a grip and said, "Go ahead, Uncle Jamie, it won't break."

He squeezed it slightly, and I thought to myself, *what the hell...* "If you're going to do that, Uncle Jamie — and of course that's up to you — but if you're going use my 'handles,' you'll have to hang on tight enough so I won't break loose the first time I wiggle a bit."

"OK, Jenny, I understand. Now what." His voice didn't give me any clues to how he was taking it, but he didn't let go.

"Then he gave me my strapping — pretty much like you do. When he was finished, he'd help me up..."

Jamie did that, letting go of his handle only when I was back on my feet.

"Then I'd come around like this..." I stepped between his knees and quickly kneeled down. I didn't kneel for Poppa, but it just seemed more natural, now, to kneel for Jamie. "And he'd hug me and tell me he loved me and I was a good girl, and that kind of stuff."

Suddenly, saying those words, I realized I was blushing. I didn't think I was capable of embarrassment at that point, but there I was, my face and neck getting redder by the second. So I put my arms around Jamie, and pressed my head against his chest to hide my embarrassment, and he automatically put his arms around my shoulders and held me until I was ready to stand up again. It felt wonderful.

Back on my feet, I concluded, "Then I'd put my robe on and go to my room." But now I just stood there, waiting for Jamie. But Jamie was just sitting there like a deer frozen in the headlights, while his eyes feasted on sights they hadn't seen before.

Finally he seemed to come to his senses and continued as if there hadn't been any delay at all. "Well, that seems pretty simple to me;" he had to clear his throat — a couple of times — to get his voice steady. "I think I can handle that... Uh, come over here, Jenny," he said, indicating his right side.

He went through the ritual almost exactly as I had laid it out for him. When he first took hold of my breast, it was very tentative, and then he experimented with a couple of different grips, finally settling on one that was reasonably firm. I would of been happy if he'd taken all night experimenting like that.

* * *

And so began the continuation of the Saturday night ritual, with Uncle Jamie replacing Poppa. It felt great to me, but after a few weeks, I realized that he was just going through the motions — his heart wasn't really in it.

What I needed, I was sure, was some way to disobey an order of his — to directly challenge his authority. The trouble was, I didn't want to upset the working of the farm, or do something to the stock. And those were the only kinds of orders he ever gave me.

The answer came to me a couple of weeks later when Uncle Jamie announced that on Wednesday he would be making a trip to the high pasture cabin to make some repairs and wondered if I wanted to come along. Of course I did! Getting away for most of a day was always good, and being alone with Jamie was even better.

It wasn't until Tuesday night, as I lay in bed daydreaming about the next day, that it came to me. That trip would take us right by the lake, and if it was as hot tomorrow as it had been for the past few days, we couldn't drive by without stopping for at least a quick dip. That was my perfect opportunity: In a flash, I saw it all as clear as day — and the way I envisioned it is exactly the way it happened.

On the map, the lake was marked *Beaver Tail L.*, but all anyone ever called it was "the lake." It was too small and nondescript to merit a name. It was most of a mile off the highway. There was just a two-bit dirt road most of the way, and no "public access" signs like the bigger lakes down towards the county seat. I don't know how many people knew about it, but in all the years I've gone there, I only ran into someone else one time. Oh, the kids at school whispered about skinny dipping parties there, but I think that was just talk. There were stories about couples who went out there sometimes when they were supposed to be at a dance or the movies, but I don't think they did much swimming.

The lake was shallow enough so the sun would warm it up by the 4th of July, but it was fed by a small mountain stream, so it was always refreshing. During the summer Poppa always made a stop there on the way to high pasture, so there was no problem talking Uncle Jamie into stopping there to eat our lunch.

I never did own a swimsuit — Poppa couldn't see spending money for something used so seldom. When I was younger, I just went in in my underpants. When I got older, I usually swam in the shorts and top I was wearing. I'd either lie around in the sun till they dried, or bring along something to change into when I was done. I had often thought about how it would feel to go skinny dipping, but I'd never had the chance to try it with Poppa around. Now here I was, ready to kill two birds with one stone: see what it felt like to swim in the altogether, and give Uncle Jamie a more personal reason for

punishing me.

Uncle Jamie carried the picnic basket Aunt Rinnie had packed for us. I grabbed the towels and blanket I had thrown into the back of the truck. When he set the basket down, I invited him for a quick dip before lunch.

“Naw — you go ahead. I didn’t bring a suit.”

“Neither did I,” I replied brightly. “Nobody wears suits way out here!”

He looked rather doubtful, but I just proceeded to peel off my halter top without turning away.

“Wait!” he finally sputtered, then added, “Stop,” when I started undoing my cut-offs.

“Oh, don’t be a fuddy-duddy,” I laughed, pretending he was kidding as I kicked off my sandals and wiggled out of my shorts.

“Jenny — get dressed this minute,” he demanded, starting to sound really put out.

“Oh come on, Uncle Jamie, what’s wrong? You see me undressed every week.”

“That’s different, you can’t run around naked out doors in public. Now get your clothes back on this instant.” He was adamant now — I couldn’t have been more delighted. This was going to get him very personally motivated.

“Oh don’t be a prude, this is outdoors, but it’s hardly public,” I shot back over my shoulder. “I’m going to take a dip and cool off... you can suit yourself.”

With that, I ran out into the lake intending to make a quick, dramatic dive. The only thing was, I forgot how far out the lake stayed shallow. It’s really hard to run through shallow water gracefully, you know? So I felt pretty foolish when I finally dove in water barely deep enough to cover my back. But it didn’t matter, I guess, because when I finally sneaked a look, Uncle Jamie had his back to me and was spreading lunch out on the blanket.

I didn’t stay in very long, because I had already accomplished my goal — or hadn’t. Staying longer wouldn’t change that. I came out and picked up a towel and started to dry off. Uncle Jamie was still keeping himself busy arranging the picnic stuff, so I struggled back into my clothes before I was really dry.

When I sat down on the blanket, he wouldn't look up, but started right in on me. "Jenny, no matter how closely we work together, or how much like your friend I act, I'm still responsible for you and when I tell you something absolutely, like I did just now, I expect you to mind me absolutely."

He had obviously rehearsed this little speech — at least up to that point. Then he started to flounder. "And this Saturday... I'll... that is, you'll... you'll know what you're being punished for." I took a breath to reply, but he raised his hand to silence me. "There'll be no discussion, young lady — you danced your dance and you'll have to pay the piper. Now we'll say no more about it."

"Yes," I murmured, keeping my head down so he couldn't see the excitement in my eyes.

We finished lunch pretty much in silence. I don't know what was in Uncle Jamie's mind (I *really* didn't), but I was very pleased with my morning's work. It had gone exactly as I had planned, and I was feeling pretty smug. All I had to do was wait until Saturday night — three and a half more days! I didn't know how I'd last that long. At least I knew what to expect — more or less.

Less, it turned out.

When we arrived at the high pasture, Uncle Jamie set me to work taking inventory of supplies in the cabin, and disappeared outside. After a few minutes, he stuck his head in and told me to join him outside. There was something about his tone that shouted this was no routine request.

"I've been thinking about your behavior at the lake, Jenny, and I decided not to wait til Saturday." He stared at me for a moment, as if waiting for me to disagree. He had certainly taken me by surprise, but I wasn't about to object. However, I was a bit nervous because I didn't feel the least bit in control the way I had so far on Saturday nights.

For the first time I noticed that he'd placed a sawhorse a few feet in front of the cabin door. The blanket from our picnic was carefully folded to provide padding for the cross bar. Suddenly I realized he had continued speaking. He was saying something about applying the correction while the offense was still fresh in mind. "...and since you were so anxious to be naked outdoors," he concluded, "that's how I'll punish you. Now."

All at once, I realized he was telling me to get undressed. As I started to take my top off again, he picked up a bundle of branches he must have cut from the brush growing behind the cabin. As I was working my shorts down over my hips, he pulled one out; they were smooth and about as long as his arm. He swished it through the air, and I shuddered at the sound, sure it was going to smart way more than the strap.

When I was undressed, he motioned for me to approach the sawhorse. For a long moment, we stood there, on opposite sides, me staring at the bar and Uncle Jamie staring at me. I was trying to figure out how I could lay myself across the bar without flipping right over the top.

Finally he motioned me to come around and stand at one end of the horse. Then he told me to lay forward along the bar and get ready for my punishment.

When I got myself settled, with one breast on each side of the bar, it was actually fairly comfortable, except for the feeling I might slide off one side or the other at any moment. I hadn't realized how hard I was clutching the bar until Jamie pried my hands loose and placed them on the front pair of legs. That solved my tipping problem, but Jamie wasn't finished. Turning toward the other end, he grabbed my nearest ankle, pulling it out and forward until my foot was resting on the sawhorse leg. A quick flick of his fingers told me to do the same with my other foot. I felt really exposed, but Uncle Jamie still wasn't satisfied.

Seeing how hard I was straining to keep my legs in position, he muttered, more to himself than to me, "You'll never be able to hold that position once I start."

Finally he had me hook my heels around each leg, which took the strain off my legs. To do that, I had to point my toes out and flex my knees. Not much. But enough to seem like my legs were spread wide apart. Now I felt totally exposed and vulnerable.

Satisfied, Uncle Jamie selected a switch and tossed the rest of the bundle to the ground. He walked completely around me, as if checking my position from every angle, and all the while I was dying to know what he was thinking: Was he turned on by examining me like that? Or just thinking I was a naughty girl who needed punishing. Finally he stationed himself at my left. Then he gave me an abbreviated version of his lecture on obedience.

I was excited but pretty nervous, not knowing what to expect. So when the first stroke landed, I nearly jumped off the sawhorse. Not because it hurt so much, I quickly realized, just because it was a different kind of pain than I was used to. Each stroke hurt less than the strap, but he kept them coming faster than his very deliberate pace with the strap. Gradually they all blended together just like a regular Saturday night. But after a while, I thought he was never going to stop, and for the first time I started to think I had pushed him too far.

I often had tears in my eyes before the end of a punishment session. At some point, as the pain built up, they would simply start. I almost never really cried. But now, as Uncle Jamie kept on switching my poor bottom, I started to gasp with each stroke, and then to sob. This was the first punishment since I reached puberty where the pain washed away all my erotic thoughts and feelings.

I was just starting to thoroughly regret provoking Uncle Jamie when I realized he had stopped. I finally got my sobbing under control and lifted my head to see what was happening. Uncle Jamie nearly barked at me, “Just stay where you are, Jenny, and think about obedience while I finish up in the cabin.”

It seemed like hours before he finally told me to get up and get dressed. I was no longer thinking of him watching me as I got dressed; the only thought in my mind was getting my shorts on without killing my fanny.

We rode home in almost total silence. I spent the entire time with my head resting on my forearms on the dashboard, to take some of the weight off my derriere. I was so busy berating myself for going too far and worrying about what Jamie must think of me now that I never looked at him. If I had, I’m sure I would have realized what was going on. Because, as it turned out, this was the first step in the breakthrough with Uncle Jamie I had been dreaming about for months.

That night, soon after I had gone to bed, Jamie knocked on my bedroom door, then walked in before I could answer.

“I thought you’d be in bed,” he stated, confirming what he saw. He came over, sat on the edge of the bed, and tapped my hip. “Turn over, I want to see your fanny.” And as I turned over, he peeled down the covers. “No bottoms, eh?” I was wearing only the tops of my baby doll pajamas. “I can see why,” he continued, pushing my top up well past the small of my back. “These look pretty tender still,” he said softly, gently fingering the welts I had been touching the same way just moments before, wondering how long they were going to bother me.

They had quit hurting as long as I didn’t move or put pressure on them.

“I’m afraid I rather overdid it this afternoon — I didn’t mean for these to be so... tender for so long.”

“That’s all right, Uncle Jamie.”

“You forgive me?”

The question startled me and made my heart melt instantly. I rolled over, sat up and hugged him all in one motion. “Of course I do! But there’s nothing to forgive. You were doing the right thing.”

“I’ll learn to... gauge these things better... with practice.” He put his arms around me and gave me a big squeeze back. “Go to sleep now. See you in the morning.”

When he left, I snuggled back under the covers His visit had transformed the night. I could still feel his arms around me, and my tender bottom was now burning with desire. It was a great start.

* * *

The next Saturday night, it was obvious that he was taking charge of the ritual, and that he was going to do it his way. I could feel the difference the moment I came out to the big room from my shower.

“Off with the robe, Jenny!”

I must have stood there, like with my mouth open or something. Because next he was saying, with exaggerated patience, “The robe, Jenny.”

I flung it toward the couch, the way I had on the first night, and headed for his lap.

“There’s no call for being so messy, Jenny. Pick it up and lay it neatly on the arm of the couch.”

I did as instructed, still somewhat in shock.

“Go get the strap and bring it here.” He was now standing next to the couch. I tried to hand it to him. “No, you hang onto it til I’m ready.” Then he had me kneel in the middle of the couch, facing the left arm. “Now rest your forearms on the arm of the couch. Let the strap just lay on the palms of your hands. Like you were offering it to someone... Now bow your head down.”

I did, but he pushed and pulled and adjusted until I was just the way he wanted me: kneeling with my knees well apart, my forehead resting on my arms, and the strap extended like an offering before me. I was afraid he meant to punish me right there, kneeling on the couch, and I preferred the closeness of lying on his lap. But he had something even better in mind.

Placing his hands on my head, he prayed out loud, I can remember it well, because he recited the same prayer every week for many months: “Oh, God, strengthen my hand and open Jenny’s heart that the punishment she is about to receive will make her a better person.”

Then he told me to lift my head and straighten my arms, and with a warning to hang onto the strap, he reached one hand over my shoulder and the other between my legs, and lifted me bodily off the couch. I was so startled, I almost dropped the strap in spite of his warning. I’d never seen anyone carried like that, at least not after they were out of diapers, so it caught me completely off guard. But it worked very well indeed. Standing over me while I knelt, he put his left arm over my shoulder and

grasped my right breast; his right hand went over my rump and cupped my mound. He was able to lift me like that quite effortlessly. And quite comfortably I might add. He carried me over to the chair and when he sat down, there I was, already positioned on his lap!

His left hand remained in possession of my right breast while he plucked the strap from my hands and started in on my fanny. Unlike previous punishments, when he seemed to just strike at random, he started at the lower end of my outside cheek, worked progressively up to the top, crossed over to the other side, and worked his way just as gradually back down to the lower end. Then he finished with an even harder series down the center, striking both cheeks equally.

When he finished and sent me to my room, I knew I had been well and truly punished. But even more exciting to me was the knowledge that he was now fully involved in the ritual of my punishment. It's only a matter of time, I told myself before I would no longer have to provide my own relief after these sessions.

* * *

My punishment at the high pasture cabin turned out to be just the first in a series of on-the-spot sessions — times when Uncle Jamie didn't wait for the next Saturday night to punish me for something that upset him during the week.

He didn't indulge in impromptu punishments very often. But there were a few times when he was especially ticked off about something I did — or didn't do — that produced memorable results. He always had me strip naked. Then usually I'd have to lean against or bend over various objects that suited his fancy at the time. He seemed to make up the position and style of the punishment on the spot. Sometimes he used his belt on me, but just as often he improvised with whatever was handy.

Usually these sessions took place outdoors, or at least away from the house, where Aunt Rinnie wasn't likely to see us. I'm sure he told her about those sessions, at least about some of them. But I'm also sure he didn't care to have her stumble on us while he was punishing me in the altogether.

One time, I was supposed to be sweeping out his workshop in the barn. I wasn't in a very good mood that day, and tired besides, because I stayed up too late reading the night before. I found an old folding chair in a corner, you know, the kind with a long canvas sling, and you can move the back legs to different notches so you can sit up straight or practically lay down. Well, I set it in a reclining position, and laid back to rest for a while. Pretty soon, "knowing" that Uncle Jamie was totally absorbed in replacing a window in the other building, I loosened my jeans, slipped a hand inside, and started fantasizing that he was going to grant my heart's desire.

I was just getting well into it when the next thing I knew, Uncle Jamie was bellowing at me, and I was the kid caught with her hand in the cookie jar. So to speak.

When he told me to put the chair back where I found it, in that real quiet, controlled tone of voice, I knew I was in for it. When I returned, he had spread a blanket out on the floor in the center of the room.

“Get rid of those clothes and be quick about it!” While I was obeying that command, he continued, but his eyes never strayed from what I was doing. “You’ve gone entirely too far this time, Jenny. Loafing on the job, as well as... indulging in... indulging yourself. I’m not going to wait for Saturday this time.”

As soon as I was naked, he had me kneel in front of him. But instead of praying out loud, he told me to ask God’s forgiveness for my slothfulness and... “indulgence”. He had a lot of trouble over how to refer to my masturbating. So while I was supposed to be doing that, he was removing his belt. Up to that point, it had been a fairly routine preparation. But then he told me to bend forward, still on my knees, rest my shoulders on his boots, and grab hold of his ankles with my head between his calves.

At first I couldn’t understand how he was going to punish me in that strange position. But then he reached out and let his belt dangle over my fanny, judging the distance I realized. The tip of it reached to the top of my thighs. Then he told me to spread my knees as far as I could, and I suddenly understood how vulnerable I was. Even though he couldn’t see my sex from that position, it was fully exposed to his belt, striking over my back.

He started right in at full strength, no preliminaries this time. The only chance I had to steel myself was that the first several strokes were on either cheek, not the center. I was amazed to realize that although the belt struck with a loud smack near the top of my ass, it was only the tip that stung. I don’t know if Uncle Jamie knew that or not, but he kept changing the reach of each stroke. So even though the tops of my cheeks were a rosy pink by the time he finished, the lower third and the tops of my thighs were positively on fire.

Then he landed the first stroke in the center and I thought I would die. I could see why he had my head trapped between his legs, it was the only thing that kept me from twisting away to protect that incredibly sensitive area. Here, instead of varying his reach randomly, he gradually moved from the center of my sex toward the top of my mound with unrelenting intensity. After four strokes, I was certain the next one was going to annihilate the still-engorged site of my recent tender attentions. So I let out my best agonized scream and let my hips collapse to one side.

“All right, Jenny. Let that be a lesson to you,” he declared, sounding as if he meant to quit at that point all along. From the doorway, he turned back and added, “Now pull yourself together and get busy. I

want this floor spotless before dinner.”

I wasn't about to argue at that point. And besides, he had knocked the arousal right out of me. It wasn't until I was in bed that night that the sting had receded enough to let me get excited again as I replayed the session in my mind.

To be continued...