

Uncle Lust: Part One

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. . .I caught my Uncle Blake, my father's brother, staring at me.

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I was always very aware of my sexuality. Not only was I aware of it, but all the guys were aware of it also. I could feel them staring at me even when I could not see them looking my way. It never unnerved me though. I was an attention getter. I had always been an attention getter. That was something that developed with me, along with other things, in high school and it never left me.

One person in particular noticed how my sexuality gave off pheromones. In a way, it bothered me, but in another way, I was flattered. I had just turned eighteen and I was at a family get together. I was getting a drink from the punch bowl on the table when I caught my Uncle Blake, my father's brother, staring at me. At first, I did not know what to think. I mean, I knew why he was staring, but my uncle? Staring at me? I just smiled at him and then walked over to my cousin Rachel, his daughter, to talk to her.

"I saw him looking at you."

"Sorry," I said to her. It was the only thing I could think of saying.

"Don't be. He looked at me that way as well."

I looked at Rachel and gave her a look I know that said "Eeewww," and she laughed.

"Don't be surprised if he comes up to you and says something."

Being facetious, I said to her, "Oh, did he say something to you since he looked at you as well?"

Rachel looked at me, smiled again, and answered, "Cammie, let's just say, I warned you," and Rachel took a sip of her punch and walked away from me, leaving me alone, to get a sandwich on the table.

I stood there, pondering what my cousin Rachel had said. With my back turned, I heard, "Cammie, sweetheart, you are looking good!"

It was my Uncle Blake. I turned around and smiled at him and said, "Thank you."

"Just like my little Rachel. You two have blossomed into very beautiful women. I sure do wish I was young again sometimes," my Uncle Blake said, sort of hitting on me.

I smiled at my uncle and leaned in and gave him a kiss on his cheek. I took a sip of my punch afterward and began to mingle with other family members. However, I could not help but notice the way my Uncle Blake stared at me as I went and as I talked to others that I had not seen in a long time.

I was standing by myself when Rachel came over to me again. Rachel was a year older than me at

nineteen. We were like sisters and we often shared a great deal with each other. We could always talk to each other about anything. Today, Rachel was sharing with me more than I knew about her daddy.

“So, Cam, did he hit on you?” Rachel asked and I looked at her with a suspicious look. “Oh, come on Cam, you know who I mean,” she continued as she took another sip of her punch.

“You mean your father?”

“Uh huh.”

“Yeah, he did.” I could not lie. Uncle Blake did hit on me in his own way.

“That’s what I thought. He did the same to me also.” Rachel said and snickered.

I looked at Rachel with big eyes and with a surprised tone I said, “Oh no he didn’t?”

“Oh yes he did. Believe me, I was just as surprised as you are now.”

“But Rachel, you’re his daughter. That’s not right.”

“Yeah, well Cam, you are his niece, and that isn’t right either, is it?”

“Well, no, it isn’t either.”

“But, I could not blame him. I mean, look at him. He is such a hot older man. He still knows how to charm the ladies. He charmed me. He still has it, Cam, in more ways than just one. Now he is trying to charm you.” Rachel said and touched my arm.

I looked at my cousin Rachel again and she caught my look. We had learned how to read each other like a book.

“Cammie, sweet cousin, don’t look at me like that. You know exactly what I mean.”

I was stunned. I knew what she meant alright. If she had not touched my arm, I may not have picked up on it so fast. I was almost speechless. However, I did manage to get something out of my mouth.

“Rachel, please tell me that you really didn’t?”

“Wish I could sweet cousin, but I can’t.” Rachel said, and turned a shade of red. I could tell she was not embarrassed, but she was still a little humiliated to having admitted it.

I just stood there. I was shocked. I could not believe that my cousin, my almost sister Rachel, admitted to having sex with her own father. And now she was admitting to me that my dad’s brother, my favorite Uncle Blake, wanted to have sex with me. I was in awe. I was beside myself. But deep down, something inside me was more than flattered. Something inside me wanted to know what it was like.

Rachel was still standing beside me and she could see wheels turning inside my head. She could actually see that I was thinking what it was like.

“Uh huh. I see you thinking. You are wondering what it was like aren’t you? You are wondering what it would be like for you too. I can see it. You don’t have to tell me.”

I smiled slyly at my cousin and said, “Rachel, I have to ask, what was it like? I mean, I know you and Brad had experimented before you two broke up, but with your dad? Was it different?”

“Cam, I’ll just say this. Brad never treated me like my father did or has. Brad was like, ‘come on baby, give it to me,’ and daddy is like, ‘let me treat you like the real lady you truly are.’ Cam, I can honestly say, I never in my life felt like a real woman until my daddy showed me how it was to love and be

loved in a sexual relationship.”

“It wasn’t weird for you?” I had to ask.

“At first, it was. At first, I was like, ‘this isn’t right,’ but I learned to put it out of my mind that he was my father and think of him as another guy.”

As Rachel said that, I looked over at my Uncle Blake and he was staring back at me yet once again. I could see what Rachel meant. I could see him as another man. Rachel was right. Her daddy was quite a hot older gentleman. And I had only been with one guy so far, and he was a year younger than me, and all he thought was when he got an erection, he had to use it. I could tell that Rachel was telling the truth about her daddy.

Rachel saw me look at her father and she turned the same way and said, “See how he is looking at you? He looked at me the same way. I can tell he wants you the same way he wanted me. Cammie, believe me, it’s worth it. But that has to be up to you. You have to want it just as much. And I can tell, that you are standing here, wondering just how good it is. I can tell that you are beginning to want it. I can see that you are feeling just like I did.”

“Rachel, you weren’t the least bit embarrassed?”

“Nope. Not after I finally had it in my head he was not my father, but a guy that was loving and caring and was willing to share himself with me and show me how much of a woman I could be. Cammie, as long as you can do that, you will be okay.”

We both turned around and headed back to the house. We went inside and just sat on the couch and watched some television and waited for the family to disperse. I could not concentrate on the television, however. I was too busy thinking of Rachel being with her father and what it would be like to be with a family member.

Soon, all the family was gone. Rachel had gone home with Uncle Blake. I was helping my mom put things away and clean up a little. But still, the thought of Uncle Blake staring at me like he did replayed over and over in my mind. So did the conversation Rachel and I had.

It had been a very long day and I was tired, so after I had finished helping my mom, I went upstairs, took a shower, and headed to my room. There, I lied on my bed, with the thoughts of what went on through the day running through my head, and I began to think. I did have feelings of what it would be like to be with my Uncle Blake. I knew it was wrong, but the feelings were there. I knew what I was going to do tomorrow. That was a given.