

Vacation

By miss_congeniality

Published on Lush Stories on 20 Oct 2013

A work of fiction

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/vacation-1.aspx>

Effortlessly, the girl pushed her feet against the wall and propelled herself through the water. Hypnotic lines of sunlight cut through the pool as she gracefully swept from one side to the other. She kicked her feet rhythmically and accelerated her motion before finally breaking the surface. Gasping for air, the girl held the edge of the pool and pinched her slightly snotty nose with her free hand. Her eyes stung a little because of the chlorine, but she didn't really mind.

Once her breathing had settled, the girl placed her feet against the wall and pushed herself away on her back. She floated dreamily towards the centre of the pool, her hands outstretched and her legs apart slightly to form a star shape. She lay perfectly still for a moment, the blue sky stretched endlessly above her and she closed her eyes, feeling the moisture on her exposed belly and face quickly being eradicated by the warm rays of the midday sun.

The vacation had not been Amy's idea. At seventeen, she was due to start her three year university course at the end of the holidays. Mum and Dad were keen that they spend at least a few weeks together before she finally packed her bags and headed out into the *Big Wide World*. Amy had agreed begrudgingly, mainly because she knew how devastated Mum would have been had she said refused.

As usual they'd arrived at the villa with Auntie Marie and Uncle Ray, and for the past three days Amy had been trying her utmost to get into the holiday spirit. But, truth be known, she would rather have stayed home in England with her friends. *The things we do for family*.

Amy opened her eyes and paddled a little with her feet and hands in order to stay buoyant. She straightened her back and felt her wet tummy break the surface of the water once more. She tilted her head so that she could listen to the rasping sound of the crickets and the distant sound of slow moving traffic in the nearby Spanish village.

Auntie Marie and Uncle Ray had been a constant fixture of family vacations for as long as Amy could remember. They were always good fun to be around for the most part, and Amy generally enjoyed

their company. However, this year Uncle Ray had seemed somewhat ... different. He'd hardly spoken to Amy since they'd arrived two days ago, and she was fairly certain he'd been watching her silently from behind his sunglasses for much of the time they'd spent at the villa. If Amy was being honest with herself, Uncle Ray was beginning to give her the creeps.

"Amy?"

Startled, the girl quickly righted herself in the pool, her toes just scrapping the bottom. Amy wiped her long brown hair behind her ears and bobbed in a semi-circle until she was facing the villa and the source of the disembodied voice.

She wasn't entirely sure how long he'd been there, but there was Uncle Ray, sitting in a deck chair at the wooden patio table, sucking coolly on a cigarette. He waved to the girl and smiled darkly from behind his sunglasses.

He was older than Amy's Mum, possibly forty five, possibly even a little older than that. His dark hair was short and receding slightly, but he was slim and athletic in build. Uncle Ray constantly seemed in need of a good shave; whenever he greeted Amy with the obligatory peck on the cheek his bristles would irritate her soft skin causing her to wrinkle her nose at him. He was currently wearing blue swimming shorts and a white, plain tee shirt.

Amy smiled at her Uncle before paddling doggie style towards the edge of the pool.

"Aunt Marie and your Mum and Dad have gone down to the village for the afternoon," he called. "I said I'd keep half an eye on you." Uncle Ray sipped from the bottle of beer he'd been nursing in his hand, before leaning back in his chair, smiling.

Amy placed both of her hands on the edge of the pool and paused for a moment, mustering the strength to exit the pool with as much grace as was humanly possible; she'd been swimming now for at least two hours and her skin was beginning to prune and her muscles were extremely tired.

"Oh, okay ... I guess. I hardly think I need keeping an eye on though, Uncle Ray?" Amy retorted sarcastically. Awkwardly, the girl pulled herself out of the water, swung her bottom over the edge and sat dripping in the sunshine. She straightened her red bikini top over her small breasts and sat still for a moment with her back to the villa, water dripping from her body. She ran her fingers through her hair a second time, squeezing the finely combed strands. She could almost feel Uncle Ray's gaze burning into her back.

"Oh I beg to differ," the man continued from behind her coolly, "I think you definitely need keeping an

eye on.”

Amy rolled her eyes, huffed audibly and kicked her feet restlessly through the water. She looked down at her own body for a moment ignoring the unwanted company. Her tanned belly was glistening with moisture, but the Spanish sun was quickly drying her. Her red bikini briefs hugged her body tightly and she was dimly aware that she could make out the crease of her privates through the red fabric. Amy reached onto the wooden decking that led back to the villa and retrieved her large blue beach towel, her purse and her mobile phone.

“Why don’t you come and have a drink with me?” Uncle Ray called.

There was a long uncomfortable pause as Amy considered the proposition. She swivelled her feet out of the water and pulled herself upright before straightening the fabric of her bikini briefs around her pert buttocks. Amy walked sullenly towards the table and sat opposite her Uncle, her blue towel and possessions under her arm.

Amy was only just over five feet tall with large striking green eyes. Her well groomed brown hair was already beginning to dry; it lay neatly behind her ears in fine strands, framing her features beautifully. Considering they’d only been at the villa a few days her skin was already a rather startling golden brown, except of course, the areas that had not met with the sunlight. She had full, sensual lips and her fingernails and toenails were painted with chipped purple varnish.

“I’m not allowed to drink,” she finally said as she watched Uncle Ray swig nonchalantly from his bottle. His cigarettes, lighter and wallet sat on the wooden table between them and Amy had noticed a further three bottles of beer sitting in the shade beside his chair.

“Are you going to tell?” he whispered conspiratorially.

Amy shook her head and gave a faint half smile. Ray reached down beside his chair and returned with a bottle of beer which he opened for her. She took it and sipped it cautiously. Ray smiled and leaned back in his chair.

“Jesus fucking Christ! It ... is ... hot! Don’t you think?” Ray exclaimed dramatically. Amy laughed nearly spitting her beer back into the bottle. Uncle Ray pushed his sunglasses up his nose and reached for his cigarettes. He offered her one of course, and Amy promptly shook her head.

“Yes ... yes it is very hot,” she replied smiling, placing her blue towel on the table and relaxing for a moment. Ray lit his cigarette and sat watching her silently from behind his shades.

“When did you get so fucking sexy?”

Amy blushed and gazed into her lap for a moment not entirely sure how to respond to the question. She fingered the lip of the bottle nervously before looking up again. Uncle Ray’s cigarette hung from his lower lip and he was grinning maniacally enjoying the girl’s discomfort.

“Jesus, Uncle Ray!” Amy finally managed “You can’t say that!”

“Why?” he retorted quickly, “because you’re my niece? It doesn’t change the fact that you are an extremely fuckable young woman.”

Amy wasn’t entirely sure if she should feel extremely flattered or extremely nauseous. She picked at the label on the bottle for a moment before finally managing a less than enthusiastic, “thank-you.”

“Don’t you want to get your boobs nice and tanned too?” Uncle Ray said gesticulating towards her small chest, the thin fabric of Amy’s red bikini top barely concealing the pale breasts beneath. Amy blushed but managed a small laugh.

“I am definitely not getting my boobs out here!”

“Fucking coward,” Uncle Ray teased before reaching for his wallet and pulling out a crisp note. “I will give you ... five whole English pounds if you go topless.”

“Jesus, Uncle Ray!” Amy spluttered, “And what if I tell my fucking Dad? He’ll kill you!”

Ray shook his head and leaned back in his chair smiling.

“You won’t do that, Amy, you need the money. University isn’t going to be cheap,” Uncle Ray looked at her over the top of his sunglasses for a moment before finally adding, “I tell you what ... seeing as you’re my favourite niece ... twenty English pounds if you go topless. There’s no one here but us, and I’ve seen it all before.”

Amy held her breath as she watched Ray riffle through his wallet once again. He pulled out a crisp five pound and a ten pound note. He placed them in the centre of the table on top of the initial five and starred at the girl for a moment over the top of his shades.

“Twenty pounds ... just for going topless? That sounds a pretty sweet deal,” Ray leaned back in his chair once again and waited.

There was no denying that university was going to be hugely expensive, she'd been saving for months but it was never going to be enough to keep her sustained for any length of time. Amy looked at the money before silently placing her beer bottle on the table next to her towel, purse and phone.

"You won't tell?" she whispered. Uncle Ray slowly shook his head and slipped his right hand into the waistband of his shorts.

Amy closed her eyes and hooked her fingers into the thin fabric cups of her bikini top pulling them underneath the soft curve of her milky white breasts. She sat quietly as Uncle Ray stared at her chest with their small hard pink nipples, a faint mole on the underside of her left breast. She could hear her Uncle breathing just under the continuous rasp of the crickets.

When she finally opened her eyes, Uncle Ray was indeed still staring at her, but his right hand was now inside his blue shorts massaging his growing erection. The girl sat perfectly still as Uncle Ray clenched his teeth and pumped his unseen length underneath the table, his gaze fixed on her chest.

"Oh girl ... you are fucking gorgeous," he spat.

Amy swallowed, shuffled awkwardly in her seat for a moment, and then delicately pulled the cups back into place over her chest. Uncle Ray froze and looked ever so slightly hurt for a moment before finally removing his hand from his shorts and taking another sip from his beer.

"Was that it?" Ray finally said, "I feel robbed."

"You get what you paid for," Amy muttered defiantly, her hands shaking, her heart pounding.

"Is that right?" Uncle Ray continued mischievously. He didn't seem too concerned that his erection was more than visible as it strained against his blue shorts. Ray picked up his wallet once again and opened it up. "So ... how much will it cost good old Uncle Ray to touch you?"

Amy considered leaving the table and heading to her room. But ... but the money was alluring. Ray held fifty pounds towards her. The girl shook her head. He looked defeated for a moment before holding two crisp fifty pound notes in front of her. Amy stared at the money and there was a long pause in proceedings. Silently she nodded in agreement. Uncle Ray placed the money in the centre of the table and the girl placed her pink phone on the money not wanting to lose it.

"W-what do you want me to do?" Amy said shyly.

Ray stood for a moment, his penis still hard and straining to escape his shorts. He lifted his chair,

grabbed Amy's towel and carried them both into the sunshine beside the pool. Silently he lay the large towel out on the decking before sitting quietly in the wooden deck-chair.

"Be a good girl and come and sit on your Uncle's lap."

Amy stood, her legs shaking. She walked out of the shade and back into the burning sunshine; her hair was almost dry now. She padded along the decking until she was standing beside her Uncle. Still smiling he gestured for the girl to straddle his lap facing away from him. Awkwardly, Amy swung her leg over his knees and sat down on his warm thighs. She could feel the hairs on his legs tickling her soft tanned bottom.

Uncle Ray let out a long moan as her skin came into contact with his own. His muscular left arm slipped around her middle. Amy looked down and watched as his hand gently patted her tanned, flat belly. Uncle Ray fingered her belly button with his index finger before caressing her lower tummy just above her bikini line. He applied pressure and pulled her back against his chest effortlessly. Amy could feel the hardness of his erection pressed against the crease of her bottom.

"You are so fucking sexy," Ray whispered into her ear. Amy closed her eyes as she felt his stubble against the nape of her neck. He brushed her hair away from the right side of her neck and kissed her tenderly just below the ear.

Amy instinctively pushed her bottom back onto her Uncle's hardness. Ray smiled and let his rough, nicotine stained finger trace around her belly button once more.

Without warning Uncle Ray slowly parted his knees causing Amy's to do the same. Ray kissed her neck and bare shoulder as his left hand kept her pinned tightly against his erection. His right hand gently stroked Amy's thigh, first on the outside, then on the inside. He would let his fingers run smooth up the inside of her leg stopping just shy of her bikini briefs. He could feel the heat emanating from between her legs.

"Don't tell?" Amy whispered, "Please."

Finally his hand came to rest between the young woman's legs. Amy's mouth fell open and she let out a long, deep moan as Uncle Ray's fingers cupped her through the thin material of her bikini bottoms. He applied pressure using his middle finger; pressing against the fabric, feeling it sink a little between the girl's puffy lips. Her eyes closed as he gently rubbed her there rhythmically, his left hand still firmly on her midriff.

Amy pressed her bottom back onto the stiffness between her cheeks, all reasonable thought quickly

disappearing. Uncle Ray let his right hand fall away from her eager little mound and let his fingers trace back up the fabric until they reached the waist-band. He flattened his fingers against the girl's belly and found a small gap; smoothly, Uncle Ray ran his fingers inside Amy's bikini bottoms.

Amy looked down, her breathing still uneven as she watched her Uncle's right hand squeezing inside her small briefs. His fingertips traced lovingly over the soft downy stripe of her pubic hair before finally delving deeper. Ray's middle finger came to rest on her hard little clit. Amy moaned as he circled it slowly before letting his fingers slide smoothly down her moistening slit.

Uncle Ray widened his legs further causing Amy to do the same.

Ray kissed Amy's neck and dabbed his finger against the warm wetness at the entrance to her body. The girl wiggled against his rough fingertips and he nibbled on her soft ear as he slipped his finger tightly inside her.

Uncle Ray's left hand had left Amy's belly. It was now cupping her left breast, squeezing it gently through the thin cups of the bikini top. Ray pulled the fabric down exposing the girl's milky white breast, his right hand now working his niece's pussy with greater enthusiasm. He pinched her nipple and she gasped loudly rocking her clit against her Uncle's hand.

The orgasm came relatively quickly. He squeezed a second finger inside the girl and maintained the friction against her clit. Amy's final cry was embarrassingly loud. Her body tightened on her Uncle's lap before finally relaxing. She leaned back against his chest panting breathlessly, his hand still inside her bikini bottoms.

"I need to finish," Uncle Ray whispered into her ear, "Lie on the towel and I'll give you eighty pounds ... I – I promise I won't fuck you."

Amy nodded almost sleepily before climbing shakily off of her Uncle's lap. She straightened her bikini top over her breasts and lay down on the towel on her back, not entirely sure what would happen next.

Uncle Ray stood up and pulled down his blue shorts freeing his enormous penis. It was huge and Amy noted that his testicles had been completely shaved. He knelt astride the girl, his bottom lightly sitting on his niece's groin.

"You are so fucking gorgeous," he hissed between his teeth.

With that he started to massage his own swollen penis. Amy lay there, quietly looking up at him with

her big green eyes, slightly hypnotised by the sight of this man masturbating in front of her. It was strangely arousing.

Ray pumped his hand onto his cock with greater speed his gaze never leaving Amy's. His stomach muscles were taut and his breathing was becoming uneven.

Without being asked, Amy hooked her fingers into the cups of her bikini top and pulled them underneath her breasts.

"Come on me," she whispered.

Ray's mouth opened and he groaned loudly as hot liquid shot from the tip of his throbbing cock. The cum splashed Amy's left breast and trickled inside her top. The second spurt landed just above her belly where it sat in milky pools and finally the third joined the first.

After a few wordless minutes Amy wiped her Uncle's semen from her body with the blue towel and Ray slipped his shorts on over his softening cock. He gave Amy the extra eighty pounds and she quietly went to her room.

Amy spent the remainder of the day in the villa; she showered thoroughly taking extra care to clean her belly, chest and between her legs. She spent some time lying on her bed reflecting on the day's events. Every time she thought about her Uncle and the money she had "earned" she would tremble a little. *What would Mum and Dad think if they ever found out?*

She slipped on a pair of pink knickers with white polka-dots and dried her hair with a hairdryer in front of her bedroom mirror. She sat on her bed in her underwear and counted her money – two hundred pounds. Finally, she pulled her dark blue summer dress on over her head and ventured back into the villa's expansive lounge.

Mum, Dad and Aunt Marie had been back for some time. Mum was busy dishing up steak and chips, and the family were beginning to gather at the back of the villa by the pool.

Uncle Ray had his arm around his wife and they were both laughing; Ray sounded drunk of course. Amy padded silently outside and sat quietly in the same wooden deck chair she had been sitting in only a few hours earlier. Dad passed her some salad and she smiled weakly up at him sure that he would smell the sex on her.

"Did you have a nice afternoon, Amy?" Mum asked as she sat next to her daughter. Amy nodded quietly trying desperately not to make eye-contact with Uncle Ray who'd just lit another cigarette.

“Did your Uncle give you your present?” Aunt Marie continued. Amy froze, her mouth falling open.

“M-my present?” Amy stammered.

“Yes, the two hundred pounds for university,” Aunt Marie explained.

Uncle Ray cut into his steak and smiled across the table at his niece.

“Yes ... yes he did. Thank you Aunt Marie.”