Jennifer’s Tale, Part III

By WileyWill

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And the beat goes on.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/jennifers-tale-part-iii.aspx

You'll appreciate the characters and what's happening better if you read Parts I & II first

The Punishment Continues to Evolve. The impromptu punishment session I remember best happened under the giant oak tree on the hill behind the barn. There’d been a swing there for as long as I could remember. But a couple of years ago, I sprained both ankles when the old rope rotted through and sent me flying like a trapeze artist with no catcher. So Poppa replaced it with one-inch nylon rope to make sure that never happened again.

I loved the nylon because it was so smooth and thick and easy to hang onto. The swing itself was very high, plus the tree it was in was located on the edge of a hill high enough to look down on the barn. Once you got going, it seemed like you were soaring out over the whole world. Well, one time I had gone up there to read for a while after lunch and I got to daydreaming I guess. I had put my book down, and was twisting the rope by pushing myself in a circle with my feet. Then, when my toes wouldn’t touch anymore, I’d let myself go and spin back the other way.

Because it was such a long rope, it seemed like each twirl lasted for hours. Maybe it did, because the next thing I knew, Uncle Jamie had grabbed the ropes and stopped me in mid-spin.

“What do you think you’re doing, young lady? You were supposed to be helping your Aunt Rinnie clean house this afternoon. You said you were going to read for half an hour, but here it is two hours later, and you’re off in la-la land like some irresponsible kid.”

This wasn’t one of my deliberate misbehaviors, but as long as he’d caught me, I decided to play it out. I started to make an excuse, which always drove him wild. He hated excuses. And so he didn’t

even let me finish.

“That’s it, Jenny — there *is* no excuse for this thoughtlessness. You’re going to pay right now.” And he stalked over to an aspen sapling that was about as tall as he was, hauled out his knife, and whacked off a couple of branches. But instead of stripping them down to bare switches like he usually did, he left the side branches and leaves on for about a foot below the tips. I had been watching him in fascination, so when he got back, I was still just standing there.

“Well, what are you waiting for? You know the drill!” he yelled.

It was rather cool that day, so I was reluctant to take everything off. I started with my jeans and panties, then looked up at him and said, “It’s cold, Uncle Jamie. Can’t I leave my sweater on? It won’t get in the way.”

“It most certainly will. Just keep going! It’s not that cold. And besides,” he added with an ominous chuckle, “I’ll be warming you up soon enough.”

While I finished undressing, he walked over to the swing. I had the feeling he was going to use it in my punishment as soon as he told me to get undressed, but I couldn’t imagine how. Apparently he hadn’t figured out how either. He tentatively put one foot on the seat and sort of half stepped up on it, like he was testing it or something. Next he lifted the seat off the rope and tossed it aside, leaving just the bare rope. Then he motioned me to come over and stand beside the swing. Grabbing one side of the rope, he lifted it as high as he could reach, leaving a big loop sticking out. All at once I noticed that the more rope he pulled into his loop, the higher he was raising the swing rope off the ground.

Then he tied the loop into a big knot, and I suddenly knew how he mean to position me. What I didn’t know was whether to be excited or scared. After another moment, I knew I was excited, definitely excited. The real question was whether I was soon going to regret it!

After checking to make sure the knot was tight, he said, “Turn around, Jenny.” And he took me by the waist with both hands and boosted me up. I lifted one leg over so I was straddling the swing rope and grabbed hold of the vertical strand in front of me.

“No,” Uncle Jamie corrected, “take hold of the loop hanging down from my knot, that’s your handle.” I had to reach just above my head to do that. “Now you can lower yourself gradually until you’re sitting on the rope.” And he let go of my waist, forcing me to do as he instructed.

I wasn’t sure I could handle having all my weight resting on the center of my sex, so I lowered myself with the rope off to one side, against the top of my thigh. But Jamie had a different notion.

“No, not like that, Jenny. I want the rope right down the center.” I must have looked at him somewhat askance, because he answered my unspoken concern. “It will be better for you that way. You see, then the rope will protect your... most tender parts... from the whipping. Here, lift yourself up and I’ll help you.”

So while I lifted my weight slightly with my arms, Uncle Jamie reached between my legs and parted my nether lips so the rope was perfectly centered. As I let myself back down, my love button slid along the smooth, bumpy nylon, creating a delicious sensation. When my weight was resting fully on the rope, it was rather uncomfortable, but not too bad. And by rotating my hips slightly, I was able to shift my weight further back, which felt much better.

After I was settled, Uncle Jamie ran his fingertips along those lips again, “to make sure nothing is pinched under the rope,” and then his hands traced the curves of my fanny the same way. He moved closer behind me, and now his fingers traced along the rope in front, stroking my love button from both sides in passing. I had to bite my tongue to stifle the moan of pleasure that evoked. Then his hands flowed across my belly and up to cup both breasts—to ensure (totally unnecessarily) that the rope was between them and not pinching either one. That was the first time he had ever touched me so gently, all over like that. I nearly came on the spot. It was heavenly!

He stepped back, briefly surveyed the arrangement and found something amiss. Next thing I knew he was removing his belt, and I figured he didn’t like the switches he had cut for some reason. But he surprised me once again by wrapping the belt around my waist, encircling both ropes. Then he cinched it up, pulling both ropes tight against my body. “There,” he declared, obviously pleased with himself, “now that puppy won’t block my switch from reaching you.” And he gave the rope running up my spine a little snap.

But still he didn’t pick up a switch. Instead he grasped my hips and started twisting me around, just like I’d been doing for myself for the past half hour. After giving five or six half turns by my hips, he decided that wasn’t good enough, and instead grabbed the rope where it emerged from between my legs, front and back, and continued to twist me that way. Which meant the thick nylon was stimulating my clit on every half turn as he grabbed the ropes, spun me, grabbed the ropes, and spun again. I was nearly at the top of hallelujah mountain by the time he had the rope fully twisted.

And then he pushed me over the top with his knuckles. Because he grasped the rope down low in front to hold me while he leaned over and retrieved first one switch, then the second one. That process, plus the effort of getting a proper grip on them both with one hand, added up to a lot of jerking and tugging, and straining to keep the swing from unwinding. I didn’t make much of an attempt to conceal my climax, but Uncle Jamie either didn’t notice or pretended he didn’t understand.

Finally he was ready to begin my whipping. He released the rope, stepped back a pace, and took his first swing. It didn't land very solidly, and he swung again. At first he kept pausing, trying to time the strokes to land on my front or rear, but as my spinning gathered speed, he gave up on that and started striking as fast as he could.

It was a really curious sensation, because he seemed to be swinging with all his might, but the blows that were landing were just mildly stimulating. I don't know if it was how fast I was spinning, or maybe the leaves on the switches, but it was the least painful whipping he had ever delivered. As my spinning slowed and finally reversed, he was able to time his strokes much more accurately, but they still all managed a soft landing.

Realizing they weren't connecting like he intended, he decided on different tack. Instead of spinning me again, he grabbed the rope in the front (with the same delicious effect as before) and gave me a firm shove backwards. That sent me swinging forward and back, but, because I was sitting astride the rope, the swing was moving sideways compared to its customary motion.

His intention was obvious as he took a switch in each hand. Now he was always swinging *against* my motion, striking with his left hand as I swung forward toward the center, and with his right as I returned back-first. This gave him great control of his strokes and enabled him to cover my entire body at will, from my shoulder blades and breasts to my knees. But they still had that surprisingly gentle impact.

The whole scene was an incredible turn-on. The whipping was erotic without the distraction of excessive pain. But what really had me going was that the side-to-side motion caused my body to shift, ever so slightly, against the rope on every swing. So I was getting direct, rhythmic stimulation right where it had the maximum effect.

I was on the brink of my second big O as I started to slow down from his last side-to-side push and suddenly I panicked that he was going to stop. Apparently desperation gave me inspiration.

"That's enough, Uncle Jamie. Please?" I pleaded. "I promise I won't forget again." I'd never done that before, but it had the desired effect.

"Why my dear, deluded young lady. Two hours late and you think two minutes of punishment is sufficient? You'd better think again!"

He gave me another big shove and started striking with renewed vigor. That was all it took to push me over the mountain top once more. Then, as he fell into a steady rhythm, I started leaping from

peak to peak in one continuous, mind-blowing climax that I thought was going to go on forever. But finally my body said ‘enough,’ and I sort of slumped against the ropes, totally drained.

To this day, I don’t believe he knew what I experienced during that session, but he was quick enough to realize it had gone on long enough. He gently helped me down, expressing concern about my getting a chill, and practically dressed me by himself, I was so limp. For my part, I felt like a cross between a rag doll and a drunk.

He took me to the house and told Aunt Rinnie he thought I wasn’t well. She looked at us rather strangely, but didn’t say a word. So I not only had an incredibly erotic experience, I got out of my housework to boot.

* * *

It was only a couple of weeks after that session in the swing that we took Poppa to the hospital for his last chemotherapy. When the doctors sent him home, they said there was nothing more they could do for him. They said he might last anywhere from three weeks to three months. But Poppa just hated being so helpless. He could hardly stand it to have people taking care of him; he was always the one who took care of others.

The next night, when I took him his supper tray, he told me he didn’t want anything to eat. “There’s so little of me left, Jenny, I don’t need to eat anymore.”

I tried to get him to at least eat his pie. I had never known him to turn down apple pie, but he wouldn’t be budged. He was really down. I’d never heard him sound like that and it scared me.

“I’ve got nothing left, not even an appetite.” But then he seemed to brighten and said, “You’re a good girl, Jenny. And Jamie will take good care of you. You mind what he tells you, won’t you?”

“Yes, Poppa.”

“Promise me, Jenny.”

“I promise, Poppa — I’ll always mind Jamie.”

“Good girl.” His voice trailed off and I thought he had gone to sleep. But in a moment he roused up and said, “Now send Jamie in.”

I knew why he wanted to see Jamie, and later Jamie confirmed that Poppa had made him promise to

look after me and make sure I behaved myself. I couldn't admit it then, but I knew that was the end. He wasn't going to draw it out any longer. So the next morning, when Aunt Rinnie came out of his room and announced that he was gone, I wasn't even surprised. I just went numb. And I stayed that way through the next few days. It wasn't until I saw his coffin being lowered into the earth that the dam burst and I started sobbing.

After that, things at home went along pretty much as you'd expect under the circumstances. The funeral had been on a Saturday, and that was the first Saturday I could remember when I hadn't been punished. But by the next week, I was ready again. My only fear was that Jamie wouldn't want to go on. But on that score, Aunt Rinnie was on my side. One time that week I overheard her telling Jamie that he had to keep on, I needed a firm hand now more than ever. I could have kissed her. Well, in spirit anyway.

So the next Saturday night, I just prepared for our session like there wasn't any question, and Jamie went along with it.

No sooner were we settled back into our routine, than Aunt Rinnie got a midnight call. Her sister had suffered a stroke, and she had to rush back to the homestead to take care of her.

"There's no helping it," she chattered when she told us. I had never seen her so flustered. "You two will just have to fend for yerselves."

And so we drove her to the bus stop, and suddenly Uncle Jamie and I were entirely alone. I was thrilled, of course. Aunt Rinnie had been a significant obstacle to my objective of getting Jamie to 'make a woman' of me. And now we had the whole place to ourselves.

Nothing really changed in our routine, except divvying up the chores that Aunt Rinnie had been doing, but it sure *felt* different to me. And actually it wasn't very long before a change took place that couldn't have happened with Aunt Rinnie around. But that's getting ahead of my story.

* * *

Life without Poppa and Aunt Rinnie went along pretty much without incident for a few weeks, but I wasn't making any headway toward my goal of seducing Uncle Jamie. Most of the time he acted like he always had, but more and more often, he would clam up and act kind of...aloof. Or even like he was bored with me. I couldn't stand it when he did that, and usually I just tried all the harder to please him.

One Saturday afternoon, when we were working together in the barn, I leaned against him like I often

do during a break. But this time, he pushed me away and almost shouted at me, “For heaven’s sake, Jenny, stand on your own two feet!” And then while I was still reeling from that attack, he went on, “Have you finished putting away the antibiotics like I told you?”

“No, Uncle Jamie, you know I...”

“Well maybe you’d better just finish that before you start laying around.” And he stomped out of the barn, leaving me totally puzzled.

That night at dinner, he was almost completely silent, and when he did speak, he was abrupt and short-tempered. I wondered briefly if he was coming down with something, but there were no other clues to suggest that possibility. By the time I finished cleaning up the kitchen, I was feeling pretty out of sorts myself. So when he barked at me one more time, I barked right back.

“That’s enough sass from you, young lady! Get into that shower and back out here, double-time. Your punishment’s not coming any too soon tonight!” And he stalked off to his room and slammed the door. I had never seen him really angry before, and certainly never at me. I couldn’t imagine what I’d done to set him off.

My punishment followed the usual ritual that night. On the surface, nothing seemed any different, but everything he did was harsher and more exaggerated than usual. I had tears in my eyes just from his ‘getting his handle right.’ And wow! when he started on my bottom, it didn’t take long to realize he was operating at a whole different level. Long before he finished, I had crossed the threshold from stimulation to pure pain.

The tears were streaming down my cheeks as I put on my robe and went to my room. I was laying there in bed, sobbing quietly to myself. Not only had the strapping been hell, but I was miserable because I hadn’t a clue about why Uncle Jamie had turned on me. A few minutes later, there was a soft knock on the door and before I could get my voice under control to answer, Jamie walked in. He was carrying the bottle of hand lotion from the bathroom. He sat down on the edge of the bed, like he had before and asked me to turn over so he could see my fanny. This time I was wearing my nightgown, and we had quite a time getting it untangled enough for him to pull up and uncover my bottom.

Finally he spoke again. “You know I only punish you to teach you what’s right, to help you be a better person. You understand that, don’t you?”

“Yes, Uncle Jamie,” I replied, wondering where this was going.

“You know of course I don’t believe in doing things halfway...” I nodded, watching over my shoulder, and he continued, “I’m not going to apologize for taking a firm hand with you.” I almost jumped when I felt the first cool wetness touch the heat of my bottom. It took me a second to realize that he had poured a spot of lotion on one cheek, then immediately started to spread it around. “But I believe the punishment itself is sufficient to do the job. I never meant for you to go on hurting all night. So . . . I’ll just use . . . some of this . . . to . . .help . . .”

His voice trailed off, but his hand continued to gently caress my bottom for many minutes. I had seen him be that gentle with newborn lambs, but I’d never felt it myself before. So that first night, I didn’t even think of it as a sexual thing. It just made Jamie seem very loving and kind and warm to me.

The next day, Jamie seemed his old self again, and things fell into our regular pleasant routine. The following Saturday night’s punishment was back to normal, except when I was putting my robe back on afterward, he muttered, “Go on, I’ll be there in a minute.” And so the lotion became part of our weekly ritual.

It soon became clear to me that he was hooked on rubbing my bottom. He could hardly bring himself to stop. I gradually became convinced he started talking just to have an excuse to continue feeling me. But I don’t care what his reason was, we started having real conversations, and I loved it.

Now I won’t deny that it felt good, but it still wasn’t overtly sexual. Not at least until the night he spilled some lotion in the middle of my fanny. He slid a finger along the crevice to scoop it out, but apparently didn’t get it all. It took him three tries, apologizing as he reached a little further each time, which felt delicious. It was the first time I understood how sensitive that tiny opening was.

In succeeding weeks, he invariably managed an excuse to probe between my cheeks—and lower. Sometimes he “spilled” some lotion in the crease, sometimes he left a small pool too long atop a cheek, so it ran down between. I soon realized that I was opening my legs somewhat and actually lifting my bottom a bit to make it easier for him to “wipe up” after these spills.

Soon after that, he decided he ought to be strapping the backs of my thighs too, because he wasn’t sure that limiting my punishment to my bottom was doing a proper job. I wasn’t too crazy about that, but he didn’t give me very many there, and they soon blended into the general heat and excitement I always felt.

After that of course the lotion treatment had to be extended to my thighs. And of course, some dribbled down the inner surfaces, which led to further pleasant retrieval efforts.

One result of this extended Saturday night ritual was that I quit wearing my nightgown; that is, I

started sleeping naked. Getting my nightgown out of the way for the lotion treatment usually turned into such a hassle that Jamie finally told me to leave it off until he was finished. I had always hated the way it would get all tangled up by morning, so I decided to leave it off permanently. I figured that if Jamie ever said anything, I'd use his attitude on punishment nights to justify my decision.

It turned out he didn't care at all. He knocked on my bedroom door one night and then stuck his head in almost immediately. I had undressed for bed and was sitting at my dresser, brushing my hair. My back was to the door, but he could see my front in the mirror. If I'm honest about it, I guess I knew that's what would happen, because it wasn't that unusual for him to look in like that. But I was a bit surprised at my reaction when it happened. I didn't grab for my nightgown or scramble to jump into bed. I just froze in mid stroke, both arms raised, both hands behind my head. I was even more surprised at how calmly he took it.

"Why aren't you ready for bed? It's lights out time."

"I am ready," I replied, my voice just a tiny bit shaky. I laid the brush down, stood up, and went to the far side of the bed facing him. Then I explained my dislike of nightgowns as I calmly turned down my bed and climbed in.

He watched me intently the whole time, just as he did on punishment nights, with no sign of emotion. Then as he flipped out the light, he said, "OK, Jenny. You're old enough to decide what you wear to bed."

* * *

Sleeping in the nude (as they said in the magazines) was the quiet beginning of another significant change in our lives. The transition seemed pretty gradual at the time, but in less than a month I was spending a lot of my time around the house naked. The first incident occurred just a few nights later. Several times a week, Jamie would point out little things about the way I did my chores, especially housekeeping chores. And he'd say that's another one, or another two, or five, meaning strokes with the strap the next Saturday night. Or he'd just say, real low, "You know what that means, don't you, young lady?" Or, "You'll have to pay for that one, young lady."

Of course that was all just part of the game we played, because the length of my punishments didn't have anything to do with specific transgressions; he didn't even count the strokes. He just kept on I guess until he felt I'd had enough. I don't really know how he decided. So this way of referring to my errors or oversights was just part of the ritual. And it happened most often at breakfast, when he'd point out something from the night before.

But this particular night, I had just gotten nicely settled in bed when I heard Uncle Jamie bellow from the kitchen, “Jennifer, get your fanny out here this minute!”

Well, when he put it like that, I didn’t stop to put anything on, I just dashed for the kitchen. Stopping as soon as I saw him, I stood still and waited, my fingers fidgeting in front of me. When I realized that my hands were hiding my sex, and that Jamie’s eyes were riveted there, I forced myself to let my arms fall to my sides. Which seemed to unfreeze Jamie and he motioned me to come over to where he stood by the sink. I had forgotten to empty the garbage strainer we kept in the sink. It was supposed to be dumped into the garbage pail out back, then cleaned up and put back in the sink.

He didn’t say anything for another long time. Then, “You’ve been getting careless lately, Jenny, and I’m not going to stand by and let it get out of hand. Now take care of this mess and then come to the living room.”

He stood in the doorway watching until it was time to dump the strainer. I turned to him questioningly and he simply gestured: yes, I was to take it out to the garbage pail. So I squared my shoulders and marched out the back door. Of course both of us knew there was no one within miles of our home, but the very idea of walking naked out the door to do a routine task like that had me excited enough to start lubricating.

When I came back in, Jamie was gone, so I quickly finished cleaning the sink and then headed for the living room. He was just sitting on the couch, but he had moved the big overstuffed armchair out from its usual place. I knew he had done it for me, but I didn’t understand just how he meant to use it. He didn’t waste any time letting me know.

“I’m not going to wait for Saturday anymore, young lady, when you slough off like that. Stand behind the chair.” I did as instructed. The cushioned roll that went over the top of the back came nearly to the tops of my thighs; my feet were between the short wooden legs that curved out from the back.

“Now put your feet against the chair legs.” I did. “Outside the legs,” he corrected. Now my legs were spread so wide my bush just touched the padded roll. “Now bend over the back of the chair.” I did. “And grab hold of the armrests.” I did. “At the front,” he corrected. This stretched my arms straight out. Later, during future corrections over the chair, I realized that this kept my arms from blocking his view of my tits, but at the time my only thought was how exposed I felt. And my distinct impression that he would of liked to tie my wrists and ankles to the chair (but maybe that was just my fantasy).

While he was lecturing me about not letting my behavior go to pot, all I could think about was how much on display I was. Jamie was sitting behind me and a little to one side. Even though I had laid naked across his lap countless times, I was sure he had never had such a view of my sex as he did

then. The uncertainty over what came next added to the excitement this exposure was building all by itself. I was starting to feel so wet, I was afraid it might begin running down my legs.

Finally Jamie stood up, unbuckled and removed his belt, and doubled it up. “Fifteen will do, I think,” he declared and started in. I started out counting, but I didn’t do very well. This was entirely different from my other punishments. The first crack, across the center of my fanny, made me want to jump up. Then I realized the sound was out of proportion to the pain, but it also felt harsher in a way. I think he gave me five across the fanny and five on each thigh. The thing was, with my legs spread so wide, the strokes on the lower part of my fanny actually grazed my sex; the strokes on my thighs wrapped around to the tender skin just below my sex. That really stung!

But it didn’t last all that long. So when he finished, I was breathing pretty heavily, but not tensed yet to the verge of tears. The heat was definitely starting to build, but it was so much less overall than I was used to, I was sure nothing... well, I was sure I wasn’t going to come. And yet something was happening that I didn’t quite understand—and couldn’t quite believe either! Jamie went back to the couch and just sat there watching. I don’t know if it was knowing he was just staring at my pussy, or if it was that his belt had made direct contact there, but I could feel every beat of my heart right there between my legs. I could feel my sex start to twitch…I mean I was sure the outer lips must be, like, rippling. The longer I waited, the more I thought about it, the more my pussy itched, the stronger the muscular twitching became. From thinking I hadn’t been aroused at all, now I was starting to think I was building to a full-blown orgasm, right in front of Jamie. Without a shred of physical stimulation. It was unreal.

I wanted desperately to get up, or at least to be allowed to put my legs together. I was trying so hard to hold still, I felt like my whole body was twitching. But at the same time I also felt as if I was, like, a TV camera, just calmly watching this naked girl with a pretty pink ass twitching her pussy at her uncle. And that part of me wasn’t excited, just fascinated to see what would happen next.

Well, just when it seemed I was going to think myself over the brink, I couldn’t stand the suspense any more. I turned my head and looked at Jamie under my left arm. Of course now I’ll never know whether it was just coincidence or my turning to look that triggered it. But no sooner had my head started to move than he gruffly commanded me to get up. By the time I regained my feet and turned, he was already at the archway.

“Put the chair back, and then go to bed,” he instructed, looking at me over his shoulder.

I hesitated for a moment as he continued to watch me without turning. But not knowing what it was I had expected, I turned and started wrestling the heavy chair back to its accustomed place.

I alternately pushed and pulled and strained to maneuver it one corner at a time. I soon discovered that it was easier to push the rear corners with my torso than with my arms, and leaning to get the leverage I needed with my legs, put my already-ready love button in contact with the corner of the back. I could scarcely enjoy this newly discovered sport with Jamie watching me. Then I heard the bathroom door open and close and gratefully gave myself up to the sensations of the moment. By the time I was ready for the final push, my body was ready too. Taking a second to get myself in exactly the right position, I started pushing, not with all my might, changing legs frequently because that had a delicious effect on my point of contact with the chair.

Even knowing I was alone, I was reluctant to be really obvious about what I was doing, just from a lifetime of conditioning about what one does and doesn't do in "public" spaces. But by that final maneuver, I was far enough gone to override conditioning, and I gradually grew more flagrant, more exaggerated in my gyrations. Then, with the contact perfect, I lunged with all my strength and came with a shattering explosion. I slumped on the backrest, my rear-end swaying in the air, as I caught my breath and savored a sweet succession of "after shocks" that kept radiating with gradually lessening strength from my sex to my toes and fingers and scalp.

Finally regaining a sense of place, I stood up and started for my room. As I turned, I froze in shock to see Jamie standing in front of the bathroom door, watching me with that intensity I was seeing so often lately.

"Now get yourself to bed. And try to remember this little lesson," he nearly barked at me. Then added as he reopened the bathroom door, "I'll see you in the morning," and he stepped inside and closed it firmly behind him.

I obediently headed for my room, my thoughts in chaos. As I gradually started to realize that Jamie had been watching the whole time, and to imagine what kind of a show I must have put on for him, I started to get hot all over again. But before I closed my door, the image of Jamie standing in the bathroom doorway flashed clearly into my mind's eye, and now I focused on what hadn't quite registered before: the prominent bulge in his pants.

Without consciously deciding to, I was suddenly gliding quietly to the bathroom door, to hear exactly what I anticipated. Or more accurately, hoped for. Because I wanted so much for him to also be aroused, I was afraid I was inventing evidence. It took me a moment to orient the sounds I was hearing through the door. But it gradually became unmistakable that Uncle Jamie was in the throes of relieving himself. The groan that signaled his climax sent me scurrying back to my room. Throwing myself on the bed, my hand immediately buried itself in my sex, and I fantasized for the first time in full, conscious clarity what it would be like to have Jamie touching me like that.

To be continued...