

A Cabin In The Woods

by Duckywriter

Summary

Joe Stone takes his widowed sister and her daughter for a summer of fun in the family's remote cabin where they find adventure and long hidden attractions come to the surface.

Warning!

This fictional story contains sexually explicit material involving minors. If you do not wish to read this type of literature, or you are under age, PLEASE LEAVE NOW! Nothing involving the characters in this story actually happened or ever should happen. This is pure fantasy. If you understand that and like the subject matter then I hope you enjoy this story.

Chapter 1 - Let's Go

Joe pulled into his sister's driveway at six AM sharp. His SUV was loaded with supplies and there was a canoe strapped to the roof. His sister Maggie opened the door as he reached the top step.

"All ready to go?" He asked as he stepped around several duffle bags and suitcases.

"Maggie. You do know we're going to the cabin, right? You won't need formal wear up there. What's with all the bags."

Maggie Stone Mayfield was alternating between sipping her coffee and shouting up the stairs for her daughter to hurry up.

"Tracie! Come on! Uncle Joe is here. We need to go now to beat the traffic. Joe, don't start. You don't have a daughter."

It was July first and Joe Stone and his sister were heading to the family cabin on a lake in upstate New York for six weeks of swimming, fishing and relaxing. They were both teachers with the summer off and the cabin had been in the family for generations. If you looked up the word remote in the dictionary you would probably find a picture of this cabin. It sat on five acres of land on a remote cove of lake Goodness on the edge of the finger lakes. Their parents used to joke that the lake got its name when it was first discovered and someone said "My goodness this place is remote."

Joe and Maggie spent many summers there with their mother while their father travelled the country as a salesman. The cove was shallow and would warm up nicely by the middle of July. The nearest house was at least two miles away and after spending too many mornings washing the bathing suits that they practically lived in their mother had decided that suits would no longer be required. Joe was eight and Maggie was ten and they put up a furious fight for about ten minutes until their mother said no swimsuits or no swimming, took off her own suit and calmly walked into the lake. He could still picture it.

"For heaven sakes we're all family and it wasn't that long ago you took baths together. Get over it." She said as her middle age body sank beneath the water.

That was good enough for them and they dropped their suits and ran into the cool water squealing with laughter. From that day until Maggie had her first period they always skinny dipped at the lake. In all the time they stayed there they only had one surprise visitor. Joe and Maggie were swimming one day when they heard an outboard motor approaching. They were naked of course, so they quickly swam under the dock and hid as the boat pulled up along side and a man and woman stepped out. Joe remembered hugging his sister and keeping her from screaming when she saw spiders under the dock and a web stuck to her face. The people didn't stay, they were trying to get residents on the lake to join a church they had started, but Joe would always remember the feeling of his sister's bare skin on his as they huddled under the dock. As soon as the boat was out of sight Maggie ran to the house to get soap to wash the spider webs out of her hair.

Back at his sister's house Maggie was trying to light a fire under Tracie. She had been to the cabin with her parents but this was her first time going to the cabin with Uncle Joe and although he was a lot of fun he had way too much energy at six in the

morning. Tracie stumbled down the stairs dragging a pink backpack. Joe groaned as he saw another bag being added to the amount of bags he had to stuff in the SUV. The SUV was big but not that big.

"That's going to have to ride on the seat with you Short Stuff" he said to Tracie.

"Don't call me that!" She fumed.

Tracie was short for her age but it bothered her and what was a cute nickname when she was five was becoming an insult at eight.

"Excuse me Miss Mayfield. Would you be so kind as to put your backpack in the back seat?"

Joe's exaggerated British accent was so bad it forced a hint of a smile from the grumpy half asleep girl. He and Maggie carried the rest of the bags to the SUV and he managed to get most of them in the back and put a few on the seat next to Tracie. No one noticed the bag just out of sight on the second floor landing, the bag Tracie was supposed to bring down when she finished adding her things to it.

By six fifteen they we're heading out and soon were cruising along the interstates. They made it to Cleveland by ten and headed East then north in the general direction of the lake. The family joke was that the lake wasn't on any map and the route to get there was a family secret. Tracie slept the first hour then busied herself with her cell phone and tablet until the reception was too weak.

"Where are we going? I don't have any bars." She complained.

"You don't need a bar, you're too young to drink." answered Joe chuckling.

"Ha, ha, very funny. Are we there yet." She replied in the most annoying little kid voice she could think of.

Two hours later she was getting fidgety and kept asking when they would get there. It didn't help when they left the highway and travelled down a series of smaller roads until they were driving on a gravel road deep in the woods. They finally reached the last turn and after another mile moving farther away from civilization they pulled up to the front of the family cabin.

"We're here." Joe announced as Maggie stretched and opened her door.

"Looks just like I remembered it." Maggie said as she looked at the sturdy log cabin with its big porch and stone chimney.

Joe had visited the cabin enough summers to keep it maintained and they had let some cousins use it occasionally but Maggie hadn't been there since Tracie was two. The three years her husband had fought cancer had taken up all of her time and energy. He had died two years ago and Joe had finally convinced her that time in the cabin would be good for her and Tracie.

Joe had located a cleaning company that would get the cabin ready before they arrived. They even delivered a stack of firewood and had the propane tank filled for cooking and hot water. Everything was ready for a great summer. Everything but the unpacking. Joe pulled the bags out of the SUV and brought them to the front door. Maggie carried them to the kitchen or one of the three bedrooms in the cabin. When everything was unloaded they headed to the back porch to check out the lake. A carpet of pine needles led to a small sandy beach with an old but sturdy dock. The rowboat had long since rotted away but the dock would be good for fishing from and getting in and out of the canoe.

"Oh Joe, it's still beautiful. I'm so glad it hasn't been developed yet."

Two thirds of the shoreline had been designated as wilderness where no development was permitted. Most of the rest was in private hands like their cabin and hardly ever used. The only sound was the birds chirping and the wind in the trees. It was picture perfect and Joe put his arm around his sister and hugged her. He hoped this would be a healing summer for her.

"Let's get unpacked. I want to go swimming first thing in the morning." Maggie said as she turned to the house.

"No bars at all? Seriously? You expect me to spend all summer with no internet. It's not fair."

"You really think we're that cruel?" Joe asked. "Look on the roof."

Tracie looked up and saw most of the roof was covered in solar panels and on one corner was a satellite dish.

"You have wifi? Uncle Joe I love you!" She exclaimed then ran over and hugged him. Joe wrapped his arms around the petite girl and enjoyed a moment of adoration from a sometimes exasperating preteen. The company that did the cleaning had a maintenance arm and they had removed the protective panels from all the doors and windows and flipped the switch to connect the solar panels to the battery storage units. They would have lights and internet as long as they had a reasonable amount of light during the day.

It had been a long day of driving and only about half of the unpacking was done when everyone decided they had had enough for one day and headed to bed. The nights were still cool and Joe built a fire so that there would be smoldering coals in the morning. He went to sleep tired but happy.

Chapter 2 - We forgot what?

Everyone slept in the next morning except Tracie. She came bouncing into Joe's bedroom wrapped in a blanket.

"Uncle Joe! It's cold. Can you make a fire?"

"Mmmmm. Tracie it's early. Come snuggle with me and go back to sleep."

It wasn't unusual for Tracie to fall asleep in Joe's arms on a couch or in a chair when she was little. He was half asleep when he lifted the covers and invited her in to his bed. Her hands and feet were like ice and he turned his back to her and went back to sleep almost immediately. Tracie couldn't sleep. Her handsome uncle had just invited her to get in bed with him. Even though he turned his back to her she was thrilled by the idea. She always thought he was the best uncle a girl could have. He was never afraid to get on the floor and play with her. When she was little he would attend her tea parties and sip pretend tea and eat pretend sweets. When her dad got sick he had been there for her mom and now if something broke he was there the next day to fix it.

She cuddled up to his back and tried to keep her cold feet from touching his bare legs. She couldn't understand how he could sleep in a T-shirt and knit shorts when the nights still got cold at the lake. She had woken up freezing and thought she could get him to put more wood on the fire. Instead here she was, looking at his broad back towering over her. She hoped he didn't roll in his sleep and crush her. Gradually the warmth from his body transferred to her and she closed her eyes and dozed off. She woke two hours later to him cuddling her and whispering.

"Hey sleepyhead. Time to get up. I'll get the fire going while you hit the bathroom. You'll be surprised how fast it warms up here once the sun is up."

He was right. Although the nights could slip into the upper fifties the sunny days could easily reach eighty-five in July, perfect swimming weather. Joe threw some kindling on the coals and added logs once they caught. He waited as long as he could outside the bathroom door then knocked and asked Tracie to hurry up. If she didn't come out soon he was going to have to pee in the woods. She opened the door and he was surprised by the flimsy outfit she was wearing. It was a baby doll pajama set that was almost see-through and only covered down to her fingertips.

"Is that what you brought to sleep in? No wonder you were cold." He said as he slipped past her and closed the door.

As the urine started to flow and the pain was relieved he thought about how much Tracie had grown in the last year. She wasn't the little girl he gave piggyback rides to. She was becoming a beautiful little lady. He would have to remember to stop calling her short stuff. It obviously bothered her that she was almost three inches below the average height for girls her age. She would be lucky if she hit five feet when she was

fully grown. Joe thought it was adorable that she was so small but she didn't and he would try to not point it out.

Joe had brought enough food for a week. After that they would take the two hour drive to the nearest grocery store to restock. Bacon and eggs were frying in a cast iron skillet. Coffee perked on the stove instead of in a machine tasted extra good in the mountain air. Lake Goodness sat in a valley between two small mountains. They gave the area its weather and remoteness. There was a good chance they wouldn't see another person on the lake the whole summer. The cove where the cabin was couldn't be seen from the main part of the lake and they never had visitors.

Maggie insisted that they unpack right after breakfast and by eleven everything was put away and it was getting hot out.

"How about a swim before lunch?" Maggie said as they all gathered in the kitchen.
"Tracie, you must have the bag with the swimsuits in your room."

"No mom, you have it. I've emptied all my bags."

"So have I and I don't have it. Joe, did it get put in your room?"

"Nope, I only had my one suitcase and it's empty."

Maggie looked worried. "Tracie, you did bring it down after putting your suits in it, right?"

"I think so, sure, I must have."

Joe got up from the table. "I'll check the car. Maybe we missed it when we unpacked. What's it look like?"

"It's a light blue print duffel bag with flowers on it. It's got all our swimsuits in it."

Maggie replied anxiously

Joe headed out to the car and they heard doors opening and closing for several minutes. He returned with no bag.

"It's not in the car. You must have left it home." He said quietly.

"Nooooo" moaned Tracie. "That's impossible. We can't go all summer without swimming. You have to go back for it."

"Tracie, that's a six hour drive each way. We're not going back." Joe said firmly. He looked at his sister.

"You know what I'm thinking?" He asked.

"Oh Joe. We were just little kids."

"Yup, actually a little older than Tracie."

"What are you two talking about?" Tracie asked. Her mother answered.

"Well, when Uncle Joe and I would spend the summer up here your grandma said she wasn't going to spend the summer washing swimsuits so we didn't wear any."

"You swam in your underwear?"

"No honey, we swam in our birthday suits, grandma too. It's actually a great way to enjoy the lake."

"Eeww, eeww, eeww. I'm not getting naked in front of you and uncle Joe. That's sick."

Joe responded first. "Tracie, if it bothers you that much I could stay in the house while you and your mom swim. It gets hot here in the afternoon. You're gonna want to swim."

"Mom, you can't be serious. I'm not a baby anymore. Can't we buy a suit somewhere?"

"The closest clothing store is two hours away. Maybe when we get groceries in a week we can see what's in town but don't get your hopes up. We're all family here. It's really not that big of a deal and you can't swim alone, it's not safe. One of us has to be there when you swim. Joe, if you don't mind I could show her how nice it is while you wait here."

Tracie was furious. How could her mother expect her to get naked in front of her. What if uncle Joe looked out the window? The truth was she hated her body. First off she was short and she hated always having to look up at people. She still had some baby fat and it sagged into two "breasts" on her chest. She wanted her mother to get her a bra but she said that they weren't real breasts and she shouldn't rush to wear something as uncomfortable as a bra. Her belly was round and not flat and it formed two rolls when she sat in bed. She didn't like her round face or little nose and she sometimes hated her fire red hair.

It was sad that Tracie didn't see herself as other people saw her. To a stranger seeing her for the first time she was pretty, adorable even. She had just enough freckles to make her cute and her green eyes sparkled when she got excited. Her hair was red but silky smooth and long, usually up in a pony tail that swished when she talked because she never sat still. Her body was soft and a little round but not fat, just huggable. She was the kind of girl you just wanted to hug.

Tracie wasn't being totally honest about the swimming. The reason at first that she didn't want to skinny dip was because she had a crush on her uncle and would die of embarrassment if he saw her naked. She realized one downside of that was she wouldn't see him naked either. She knew he was fit. She'd seen him with no shirt on working at her house. Sure he didn't have a rock hard six pack but he had broad shoulders and big arm muscles. He could still pick her up like a sack of potatoes and throw her over his shoulder to carry. Tracie and her best friend Sally had talked about her handsome uncle and Tracie had set a goal to get him to kiss her. Not an uncle kiss on the cheek but a real kiss, her first kiss, on the lips. If she wasn't so cold and tired that morning she would have enjoyed being in his bed a lot more. She might have to use that excuse again soon.

Maggie looked at Tracie.

"Tracie you're being ridiculous. If it bothers you that much wear a shirt and your underwear but I'm telling you it will be uncomfortable and your things won't dry fast enough."

Tracie changed into a T-shirt while Maggie headed out the back door with a towel. Joe headed to the living room to test out the internet connection and the satellite TV. The reception wasn't great but it was better than nothing. It would be a long summer if Tracie didn't have her internet.

"Oh good, your coming in." Maggie said as she tread water in the cool lake.

"I'm just taking my shorts off" Tracie replied as she slid the shorts off and pulled the shirt down to cover her panties.

"Okay but that way is not very comfortable and you'll run out of clothes very fast. Do what you're comfortable with."

"I'd be comfortable going to get my swimsuits" Tracie sneered as she stepped into the water.

"I thought you said this would warm up? It's cold."

"Give it a couple more days. This end of the lake is shallow and warms up fast. Just get in quick and get it over with."

Tracie walked out in the direction of her mother. She shivered when the cool water soaked her panties and hit her sensitive areas. She didn't notice it but the water made the panties almost transparent. She didn't have any pubic hair yet so they stuck to her smooth skin and molded around her pussy.

"Isn't it beautiful here?" Maggie asked. "Uncle Joe and I have some great memories of this place. We would swim every morning then explore the shore, look for berries, go fishing and swim again after lunch. See that raft on the shore? We would lay on it and think up stories and just enjoy the warm sun."

"But you were naked. Didn't he ever, you know, down there?"

"Tracie! He's my little brother. Sure he got little stiffys but all boys do, it wasn't because of me. It's different when it's family. Do you know that in most countries children sleep four or five in the same bed and change and bathe in front of each other? It's only bad if people make it bad."

Tracie wasn't convinced but had to admit the lake was beautiful. She tried to swim but her shirt kept dragging her down. Maggie decided to let her learn on her own and didn't suggest that she take it off.

"I'm going to need Uncle Joe's help to get the raft in the water. There's nothing like a sleepy afternoon nap floating on that raft."

"You mean floating naked. Geeze mom you were an exhibitionist."

"No I was a kid!" Maggie replied angrily. "You should try it sometime."

The rest of the swim was quiet. Maggie finally said that they needed to let Joe have a swim. Tracie looked at her transparent panties and said that she needed to be dressed first. She stormed out of the lake, dried off as much as she could and pulled her shorts on over her wet panties. Her shirt immediately started to wet the shorts from the outside while her panties did the same from the inside. By the time she reached the cabin she would have to change everything. She stopped at the living room where Joe had a fuzzy picture on the TV.

"The nudist needs you to help to put the raft in. Did you forget your swimsuit too?"

"No, I have a suit. The internet is working. The password is skinnydip, all one word."

"Oh very funny." She said sarcastically.

"I thought so." He said laughing as he headed to his room. It occurred to him that skinny dipping might be fun for old times sake but not while Tracie was in her mood.

Tracie was as mad as a wet cat. She didn't really want to come to the cabin and when her mother convinced her it would be fun she had visions of campfires and walks in the woods with her handsome uncle. She never dreamed it would involve her mother swimming naked and asking her to join her.

Joe put on his board shorts suit and headed to the lake. Maggie was still floating with water up to her neck. He hadn't seen his sister naked since she was twelve. Before that they had been so comfortable around each other. They acted like typical brothers and sisters, just without clothes. He hoped he could keep things that way. At least he was covered if anything started to rise unexpectedly.

"How about if I toss you the rope and I get behind it and push."

"We can try but I think we will both have to push to get it moving."

She proved him right when the rope snapped as soon as she pulled on it. It was moment of truth time and she stood up and walked out of the lake. He tried to not stare but his sister was fit and would make any normal man horny seeing her stroll out of the water like that.

"Just like old times, huh" he said as she took her place beside him.

"If only Tracie could see that " she replied then leaned down and pushed with all her might. The raft moved a few inches and stopped.

"I hate to say it but we need Tracie to help"

"Oh that should be fun. Want me to get her?" Maggie asked.

"No, you should probably put some clothes on. I'll get her and when we get it in the water I'll take it out and anchor it."

Joe returned to the cabin and found Tracie on the porch in a bathrobe spreading her wet clothes out to dry.

"He sho...I mean Tracie. The raft is really stuck. We need your help."

"Ugh. Wait a minute. I need to put something on. What a day!"

Joe held his tongue and waited patiently for her to get dressed and return. When he and Tracie returned to the lake shore Maggie had put on a shirt and shorts but her bra and panties were still on the log where she had left them. Joe used a branch to lift the front of the raft and had Tracie hold it while he and Maggie pushed. The raft started to move and Tracie jumped out of the way as they pushed it across the bank and down into the water.

Tracie had joined the adults pushing but couldn't see when the raft reached the water. As it started to float it surged forward and she lunged after it and ended up face down in the lake. Her second outfit of the day was soaking wet and Joe and Maggie had to turn away while they choked back laughs. Joe took the raft out to deep water and Maggie tried to help Tracie get up. Tracie was so upset she jerked her arm away from her mother, lost her balance and fell backward into the water. In the process Maggie's shirt opened up and one of her breasts popped out.

"Can this day get any worse?" Tracie screamed as she stormed out of the lake.

Maggie was choking back another laugh but couldn't resist saying. "Well honey, if you weren't wearing those clothes they couldn't get wet could they?"

"You are impossible!" Tracie screamed as she headed up to the cabin. She considered hiking the miles to the highway and hitchhiking home.

Joe and Maggie decided to let Tracie cool down for a while. Joe got the raft secured and Maggie said she had swum enough for the first day. They returned to a silent house and stayed away from Tracie until supper. Supper was tense until Joe suggested that the next day he show Tracie some of the hiking trails and they stay away from the lake for a day. Tracie admitted she would like that and the tension was broken. By bedtime she let a little smile creep in when Maggie suggested that she had to admit it was pretty funny when the second outfit got soaked.

Chapter 3 - Exploring

The next morning Joe was thinking it was too early to get up when he felt a blast of cold air rush under the blankets. Opening his eyes he saw Tracie had lifted the covers and was sliding into bed with him.

"Um...good morning. What's going on."

"This cabin is freezing in the morning and your room is a little bit warmer. You owe me after the disaster yesterday turned out to be."

Joe wondered if the whole summer was going to be like this. He loved his niece but her getting into bed with him seemed more inappropriate than skinny dipping. There was something about the hug she gave him when they first arrived. She filled him with such love he didn't want to let go. Now she was getting in bed with him and he had to fight the urge to pull her into a full body hug. He would have to talk to Maggie about Tracie's morning travels.

Tracie was cold but that wasn't the only reason she was there. She decided it wasn't Joe's fault that her mother had left the swimsuit bag at home and she liked how warm his bed was the day before. Being under the covers with him seemed so intimate. She could pretend they were lovers waking up from a night of love making. He rolled over, presenting his back to her but she didn't care. Once he was breathing steady again she could move closer, try to keep her cold feet away from his legs, and maybe touch her body to his. If he rolled over he would crush her but she would take that chance.

Joe went back to sleep almost immediately and didn't notice the petite figure inch closer and closer until her body molded to his. When he rolled in his sleep he bumped into her and paused, still asleep while she quickly moved to the edge of the bed. When his body told him to roll again he ended up spooning her. Tracie slowly picked up his arm and placed it over her body. She went to sleep pretending he was holding her. In that strange period between awake and asleep she imagined him cupping her breast and pressing his thing to her bum.

Joe slept later than usual due to the heat generated by having Tracie in his bed. He slept so late Maggie was up before him and after not finding Tracie in her room looked in on Joe. She was surprised to find her daughter in bed with her brother and him apparently spooning her from behind.

"This should be an interesting story." She thought. At least Tracie wasn't still mad at him.

Maggie went to the kitchen and put the coffee on. She loved the old fashioned percolator coffee pot that you put on the stove. It bubbled hot water up into the glass top and dropped it down onto the grounds. After a while the water turned dark and

each "perk" puffed out a coffee cloud that filled the house with the smell that says morning. When the bacon was almost done she walked down to Joe's room and peeked in. They hadn't moved so she called out to them.

"Hey sleepyheads! Breakfast is almost ready. You gonna sleep all day?"

Joe woke up with a start and realized how close he was to Tracie. He backed up and slid out the opposite side of the bed. As he headed for the bathroom he stopped at Maggie.

"You need to talk to her about staying in her own bed. I'll get her another blanket if she needs it."

"Okay but you two looked sweet all cuddled up in there. I almost wanted to join you."

Joe shook his head no as he headed to the bathroom. The first day was cute. The repeat felt deliberate and creepy. After breakfast Maggie tried to tell Tracie that it wasn't proper for her to get in bed with her uncle.

"So it's proper for you to parade around naked but it's not proper for me to keep from freezing to death in the morning? Then put a heater in my room."

Maggie gave up and asked what the plan was for the day.

"I thought we could hike to the waterfall and maybe have lunch there?" Joe replied.

"Oh I remember that place. Think we can still swim there?" Maggie asked.

"Probably but let's not talk about swimming yet."

They packed a lunch and headed out with Joe leading the way. Dress for the day was shirts, shorts and sturdy shoes or hiking boots. Not too much skin showing because they would be pushing through bushes in some spots and needed protection from scratches.

It was about a quarter mile to the trail and another mile up a small hill, following a stream that led into the lake. They could hear the waterfall long before they could see it. When they turned the last corner there was a large pool with a twenty foot high waterfall feeding it. The water spilled from a hidden opening and drifted down in veil like threads beside the main flow. It was stunningly beautiful and even Tracie agreed it was worth the hike. By the time they reached the base of the falls the temperature had climbed into the low eighties and they were all hot and sweaty. They sat down on the bank and Joe took off his shirt and washed his arms and neck to cool down.

"Don't drink the water." He warned them. "It looks clean but it can have stuff in it that can make you really sick. It's great for swimming though."

Maggie frowned at him and he dropped the subject. They had a lazy lunch and sat as the sound and the sight of the falling water lulled them into a sleepy trance.

"I could listen to that sound all day." Maggie finally said.

"If you're going to take a dip you need to do it soon. It's getting late."

Maggie looked at Tracie and then at Joe.

"Would you mind taking yours downstream? It might make things easier."

Joe said sure and headed down the trail until he was out of sight. Maggie turned to Tracie.

"You are missing out on so many great experiences. Joe is gone. Come swim with me. It's just us girls now. I promise you'll love it."

Tracie looked down the stream but couldn't see her uncle.

"You're sure he won't come back."

"Tracie, he's your uncle. He's not a peeping Tom. He won't come back."

Maggie started undressing and leaving her clothes on the grass.

"You're sure no one will come by and steal our clothes?" Tracie asked. She was still nervous.

"There is no one around for miles. If anyone comes we will call for Joe and stay under the water."

Maggie unhooked her bra and shook it forward and off her arms. She smiled at Tracie as she pushed her panties down and stepped out of them. Tracie saw her shiver as she stepped into the cool stream water then sink down and sigh.

"Oh Tracie it's delightful. Just try it once for me."

Tracie kept looking around as she unhooked her shorts and slid them down. She watched her mother float in the swirling water with her breasts breaking the surface occasionally as she took off shoes and socks and pulled her shirt over her head. It felt strange but exciting to know she was topless outside. She had planned to leave her panties on but after thinking about how uncomfortable they were in the lake she took a breath and slid them down and off. Covering her pussy with one hand and her nipples with her other arm she stepped into the stream.

"Oh it's colder than the lake."

"That's mostly because of how hot we were. Get in and you will get used to it quick."

Tracie stepped around rocks and approached the deep pool formed by the waterfall. Her whole body seemed to feel every movement of the water. As she moved closer to Maggie the water hit her abdomen and rushed between her legs and tickled her bum. As she sank down she experienced something completely new in her life, the feeling of swirling water caressing her vagina with no fabric in the way. Swimming naked was the most sensual and exciting thing she had ever experienced. Being the reserved preteen that she was she said.

"This is pretty cool mom"

"Yeah, it is isn't it. Try getting closer to the waterfall."

What Maggie knew from past experience was that the bubbles and turbulence from the waterfall could do magic things to a girl's private area. It was similar to letting the bathtub faucet run directly on your clit but not as obvious.

Tracie stretched out and glided across the pool and back. Maggie envied her youthful body as it broke the surface and glistened in the filtered sunlight. Tracie was taking in every sensation. It felt so free to feel the water on every inch of her skin. When she approached the waterfall the water began to massage her with bubbles and mini currents. She was pushed backwards a few times but the thrill they produced kept her coming back for more. At some point she realized where the stimulation felt the best and blushed bright red. Did he mother just send her there to let the water masturbate her?

She moved right in front of the falling water and concentrated on the effect it had on her pussy. A warm glow spread over her body as her pussy responded to the constant pulsing of the falling water. She might have cum right there if she hadn't felt her mother's naked body press up against her.

"You found my favorite spot. Pretty amazing isn't it?"

Tracie was embarrassed by her mother's closeness just when she was getting ready to cum. She struggled to speak while the emotions still flowed through her body.

"Yeah, amazing. Um, should we get going before Uncle Joe comes back?"

"He won't come back but yes, we should go find him before he shrivels up into a prune."

Maggie thought for a minute and said.

"I know you get cold but you are really getting too old to be sleeping with your uncle."

"Mom, it's no big deal. Don't make it one."

Mother and daughter held hands and worked their way over and around rocks until they reached the shore. They shared a towel Joe had brought and dressed quietly. When they walked back down the trail they found Joe leaning against a tree and looking much cooler.

"Ready to go?" Maggie asked.

"Just waiting for you. How was it?"

"As good as I remembered." Maggie replied.

"And Tracie?"

"Okay, okay I went in and it was pretty awesome but I'm not doing it at the lake. It's too open and you are there."

Joe smiled and kept quiet. It was a small victory but a victory. He wasn't interested in seeing his niece naked but he did want her to enjoy her summer and maybe feel the freedom of skinny dipping in the lake. They returned to the cabin just as storm clouds were approaching. The weather report was for a couple days of rain. Being stuck in a cabin for two days would test their ability to get along.

Chapter 4 - Bad news from home

The storm didn't build up until early the next morning. Sometime around three-thirty AM the wind began to howl and a bright light lit up the windows followed almost immediately by a crack of thunder that shook the cabin. Tracie was across the hall and in Joe's bed before the roll of the thunder stopped.

"Did it hit the cabin? Are we on fire? Move over, I'm not staying in that room alone."

Tracie was visibly shaking. She talked like a teenager so much he often forgot she was only eight. Eight going on eighteen he would joke.

"We're fine short stuff. Climb on in and warm up."

"Grrr. Don't call me that. It's not my fault I'm short."

"Sorry, old habit. I'll try to do better. Come get a hug and forget about the storm. This cabin is solid. Nothing to worry about."

"Nothing to worry about" she thought. That thunder was so loud she almost peed her panties. There was only one place she would feel safe, right here next to Uncle Joe. He was a pain at times but she thought he could kill a bear with just his hands if it tried to attack her. Besides, his bed was always so warm and cozy.

Joe smiled and kissed the top of her head. She was a pain in the ass at times but still a cutie. He slid an arm under her neck and pulled her in for a hug. She tugged some of the pillow over and settled in for the rest of the night. He enjoyed her warmth and the protective feeling he got when he hugged her. Nothing would hurt her or her mother as long as he was there. The feelings of love he had when she hugged him before came rushing back. There was something comforting about holding the petite girl in his arms and he drifted off to sleep holding her.

When his arm started to ache and woke him up he gently slid it out from under her and rolled over. The storm calmed down and soon he was in a deep sleep. Joe woke up feeling cold. Opening his eyes he could see that Tracie had wrapped herself in the blankets like a cocoon, leaving him uncovered. He had to roll her almost completely over to find the edge of the blanket. As he slowly unwrapped her he noticed that the knit shorts she was wearing had bunched up and exposed most of one bum cheek.

"Oh Tracie" he thought. "That ass is going to drive the boys crazy someday." For a brief moment he was tempted to put his hand on it but then he remembered. "Eight years old". "Your niece for God's sake" and he pulled enough blanket off to cover himself. When he woke up spooned against that sexy ass he backed away before something happened he would have a hard time explaining. Tracie never knew about him looking at her but she had woken up with his arm around her and his body pressed against her back. It was a very nice feeling and she enjoyed it until he suddenly moved back away from her.

Maggie found her daughter in bed with Joe again. Although she knew he would never do anything bad it wasn't healthy for Tracie to keep getting in bed with her uncle. A rainy day in the woods meant board games and reading and spotty satellite reception including the internet. Tracie was pretty good at entertaining herself and they all ended the day peacefully. Before bed Maggie pulled Tracie aside.

"Honey, if you can't stay in your room you come in my room. You shouldn't be climbing in bed with your uncle."

"But mom. His bed is much bigger than yours and you snore louder. That storm scared me last night. I was waiting for you to join us."

"Oh that would have really looked good, me and my daughter in bed with my brother."

"Don't make it creepy. It's not like he would ever want to touch me. I'm just "short stuff" remember."

Maggie sighed. She didn't want to get into the details but Tracie wasn't getting the message.

"Tracie, you're only eight. You have a lot to learn about men. Sometimes they wake up with erections. There's even a name for them, morning wood. Joe would be extremely embarrassed if you felt that pressing against you."

"How big do you think he gets?" Tracie asked. The whole idea was fascinating to her.

"We are not discussing the size of my brother's erections. Now that is creepy. Just stay out of his bed, okay?"

"Ugh, okay"

The rain let up and they had several days of hot sunny weather. Joe took Tracie out on the lake with the canoe a few of the days. She picked up the rhythm of paddling quickly and although they traveled a long way along the coast they didn't see any signs of other people. Their cabin was definitely remote. Tracie finally agreed to skinny dip with her mother but refused to let Joe join them or be her lifeguard. He had to stay inside and away from the windows while she swam and sunbathed on the raft. After a few days she was starting a golden all over tan with no tan lines at all.

They were running low on supplies and Joe said they needed to take a drive to a small town to restock. Tracie was desperate for cell service and insisted on going. Maggie figured she should go along to help so they all climbed in the SUV for the two hour trip to the store. They arrived and Maggie heard her phone ding. They must be in range of a cell tower. She figured it was spam and ignored it while they shopped.

The store had everything and in the back were some clothes for sale. Maggie found a bikini that looked like it would fit Tracie in the children's section. It was covered in rainbows and unicorns and Tracie said she would rather wear a dirty potato sack. She had become a convert to skinny dipping but still only with her mother. While Joe picked out a couple weeks of food Tracie and Maggie went outside to check their phone messages. Tracie had dozens from her friends asking how it was going with her handsome uncle. Maggie's was more serious.

Joe was paying for the order when Maggie came up to him.

"Bad news Joe. Aunt Peggy has fallen and broken her hip. She will recover but for now she needs help getting dressed and with meals. Her daughter is on the other side of the country and wants to know if I can spend a week or two with Peggy until she can get there. I can't say no to her. Aunt Peggy has been very good to us."

"Okay, you can't do anything today. Why don't you tell her you can leave tomorrow. I need to get this food put away then I guess I can drive you and Tracie home. That's probably the quickest way."

"No Joe. I don't want to ruin your summer or Tracie's. If you drive me to the bus station in Williamsville I can get home from there. If she is up and around in a couple weeks I'll come back and you can pick me up. There's nothing for Tracie to do at Aunt Peggy's house."

"You better clear this with Tracie. She might think it's weird to be alone with me in the cabin. She wouldn't be able to swim because she won't let me near the lake when she swims."

"We can hash it all out on the way back. It's up to her."

Tracie was just getting used to the lake cabin and she never liked visiting Aunt Peggy so even though it would be weird she would much rather stay with Uncle Joe.

"You can't swim alone. You understand that." Maggie reminded her.

"I know. I guess Uncle Joe could be there as long as he doesn't stare at my boobs."
She said half jokingly.

"Send me an email when they arrive and I'll make a note to not stare at them."

If Tracie had been in the passenger seat they would have had an accident. She swung at him from the back seat and just missed his head.

"Not funny!" She said and sulked in the back seat.

"Oh you two are going to have lots of fun if you don't kill each other"

Tracie leaned forward between the seats.

"Wait, can he cook? I don't want to live on canned beans for a month."

"Can I cook? You haven't lived until you've tasted my trout almandine with lemon sauce."

"And I won't until you actually catch one." Tracie said laughing. She liked getting in the last word.

Back at the cabin Joe put the supplies away while Maggie packed. She hoped to be back in a couple weeks but she had to assume it might be longer. She and Tracie had a long talk about Tracie being nicer to Joe and helping him more. Maggie asked if she should bring back the swimsuit bag.

"No, I guess not. The car was pretty full coming here. Uncle Joe wouldn't like us adding another bag."

Maggie silently nominated Tracie's answer as the worst excuse of the decade. She was happy that Tracie had become comfortable enough with her body to embrace nude swimming. She didn't need to make up excuses about the car being too full.

"Okay Tracie but try to make time for Uncle Joe to swim. He likes it as much as I do and it gets blistering hot here in late July."

"I will mom" she replied.

Tracie loved the feeling of the water flowing over her body as she swam with nothing on. She also liked the idea of seeing her uncle naked without her mom there. He was a hunk and she still had fantasies about him hugging and kissing her even if he was her uncle. She couldn't admit them or act on them with her mother watching. Aunt Peggy's fall gave her at least two weeks to make a fantasy come true. Her goal was still to get him to kiss her on the lips at least once before her mom returned.

They headed out first thing the next morning. Joe and Maggie traded stories about visits with "weird Aunt Peggy" and had Tracie laughing most of the way. They waited until Maggie was safely on the bus then headed back to the cabin. The road to the cabin contained several miles of poorly maintained gravel road with a couple rundown, rickety bridges. Joe slowed way down to cross the last one. He didn't like the way it groaned as the big SUV rolled over it.

"Someday that thing is going to collapse. I hope we're not on it when it does." He thought to himself. The bridge was the only way to get to the cabin or to get home from the cabin.

They were both tired and settled for hot dogs cooked over the fire pit near the lake. It was a nice night and they sat by the fire and watched the fish jump in the calm lake and the stars twinkle above them.

"So what do you want to do tomorrow?" Joe asked

"How about we try to catch one of those trout you keep talking about?"

"Sounds like a plan. Set your alarm for five-thirty." He said while trying to keep a straight face.

"Ha ha. Very funny. How about eight and we'll catch the tasty late sleeper trout. I hear they are very good." Tracie had every intention of keeping up with her uncle's jokes and matching them.

"How about we leave here at eight?" He said as he stood up and poured a bucket of water on the fire.

"Deal"

They both got ready for bed and Joe started thinking that having alone time with Tracie could turn out to be a good thing. At first he wondered if it might be a constant war but her suggestion to going fishing was an excellent sign. He had no idea what he was in for.

Tracie set her plan in motion. She set her alarm for five AM and closed her door so that Uncle Joe wouldn't hear it. She was already awake before it went off and slipped out of bed after turning off the alarm. She cringed when her door squeaked loudly. She would have to find something to lubricate those hinges. Tiptoeing across the hall she opened the door to Joe's room and crept in. He was facing away from her so it was easy to slip under the covers and lay next to him. She was too excited at first but the early morning finally affected her and she drifted into a warm peaceful sleep.

Joe woke up hot. He had been restless for the last hour and woke up feeling like there was a furnace in his room. The cabin didn't have central heat so that was impossible. He rolled over and drifted back to sleep not knowing he was pressed up against the source of the heat. Tracie had woken up with his movements and was holding her breath as he rolled towards her and flopped his arm over her. He was snoring lightly when she moved his arm up until his hand was resting on her breast. Joe was a sound sleeper so the arm was dead weight and he didn't hug her. Nevertheless, to Tracie he was hugging her in bed and it made her kitty sparkle. If she never got the kiss she could at least tell Sally she slept in bed with her uncle.

As the room got brighter from the sunrise Joe gradually came out of his deep sleep. He was still very comfortable and warm and in no hurry to open his eyes. Something tickling his face finally woke him enough to want to investigate. He opened his eyes a slit and saw red, not red from anger, but red hair bunched up on the pillow in front of him. He also noticed there was something soft and warm pressed up against his body. Something shaped like a Tracie. She had done it again and he needed to scold her but maybe not right away. Sleep was calling him back and she felt so soft against him. He was reminded of the time he and Tracie were laying on her couch at home watching a game and he fell asleep. Between the couch warming his back and Tracie warming his front he had relaxed so much he had fallen fast asleep holding her. Maggie thought it was so sweet she took a picture and posted it for all her friends to see.

Tracie felt him move and thought he would start yelling at her. Instead he sighed and she definitely felt him hug her before falling back to sleep. Once again she slowly moved his arm so that his hand rested on her breast. It gave her sparkles in her nipple when she pulled his hand right against her. Someday maybe he would massage them and make her feel super good.

It was only a matter of time before Joe woke up again. Tracie threw off an incredible amount of heat for an eight-year-old and he thought it was funny that her excuse was always that she was cold. Somehow he couldn't be mad at her. Her mother might be gone for two weeks and maybe she was lonely. If spending an hour cuddling with him in the morning made her feel better it wasn't hurting anyone. Besides, she made a remarkably good space heater. When Joe's bladder said it was time to get up he moved closer to her and gave her a gentle hug, not realizing that his hand was on her breast.

"And what are you doing in my bed young lady?" He asked with fake seriousness.

Tracie pretended to be just waking up.

"I told you I get cold and mom isn't here so I couldn't climb in with her."

"Cold? You throw off more heat than a blast furnace. Anyway, good morning sweetheart. I'm glad you decided to keep me company."

Tracie was thrilled that he called her sweetheart and that he wasn't mad. Of course she couldn't let him know that.

"Well the alternative was Aunt Peggy." She finally said.

"Yeah, I guess even grumpy Uncle Joe is better than that."

"You're not grumpy." She said quietly then hugged his arm.

"Well, thank you. You're pretty special yourself but right now I need to hit the bathroom before I wet the bed."

"You do and I'll tell mom. She'll never stop teasing you about it."

Joe slid out of bed and ran for the bathroom. When he came back Tracie was hiding under the covers with just her face peeking out. He hadn't taken time to grab a robe and he was a little embarrassed to have her see him in his underwear.

"Guess I better get used to it." He thought. "It's not bad unless we make it bad."

"Okay, up and at em. The fish don't catch themselves."

After a hot breakfast Joe grabbed the fishing gear and they headed to the stream, stopping just before the waterfall. Joe found a spot where the stream curved and formed a small pool. He was pretty sure there would be trout in the deeper water but it took an hour of trial and error before he hit the right spot. Tracie was at her limit of patience when she felt a tug on her pole.

"Oh! I think I got one! Uncle Joe! What do I do?" She screamed as her pole bent at the tip.

"Don't lose him. Let some line out. Okay, okay reel him in. I'll get the net."

Tracie maneuvered the fish to where Joe could net it. It was the biggest trout he had ever seen and he told her so. Once he had it off the hook and in the cooler she jumped up and down and hugged him. He had never seen her so excited. They caught three more between them and he declared the day a success. It had gotten hot and sticky and Tracie thought about swimming at the waterfall with her mother.

"Uncle Joe, can we go swimming at the waterfall before we go back?"

"I would have to go in with you and I didn't bring a suit."

"I know. Mom talked to me and she said it wasn't fair for me to stop you from swimming. If you promise not to stare we can swim together."

"Well, it will be hard since you are so beautiful but I'll try."

Tracie knew he was joking but it made her feel warm inside to hear it. He agreed to turn his back as she got undressed and she did the same once she was in deep water. Joe felt a little self conscious skinny dipping with an eight-year-old niece but he figured it was no worse than with his sister. He had never felt any sexual attraction to Maggie, except for one time, even when they had wrestled in the water naked or laid side by side on the raft. It was the big age difference that made it strange with Tracie.

The water felt great after the sticky heat and they splashed and floated with the current for at least half an hour. At one point he approached her and asked if she wanted to see something cool. He pulled her to the base of the falls and said.

"Hold your breath. Here we go."

He pulled her through the cascading water to a small space behind the falls. It was like a secret hideaway with a curtain of water shielding them from the outside world. Tracie thought it was beautiful and pulled herself in front of him to give him a thank you hug. Joe was surprised when he felt her wet skin against his but he instinctively pulled her in to keep her from being pulled into the waterfall. She wrapped her arms around his neck and jumped up, wrapping her legs around his waist. She leaned in and shouted "It's beautiful " above the roar of the falling water. Joe was surprised by her jump and reached around to support her, ending up holding her by her bum. He was touched by her closeness and her youthful innocence and leaning close to her ear said.

"So are you."

Tracie thought she might cry. Uncle Joe had called her beautiful and she knew he wasn't just being nice. She looked him in the eyes and tried to will him to kiss her. Everything seemed right for it to happen just like in the movies but he just smiled and hugged her to his body.

"Come on Uncle Joe." She thought. "Just one kiss in this romantic spot. Can't you tell I want it."

Joe actually did sense what she wanted. Maybe if they were dressed and standing apart he might have kissed her but they were naked and her body was pressed up against his. He was holding her by her bare bum as she held on to his neck and the feeling of her bottom in his hands and her body bumping into his in the waves was causing things to rise below. It would have felt so good to let his erection slide between her butt crack and so extremely inappropriate. He had to stop before something happened that he would regret. He put her down and broke the hug and said they should get going. After jumping through the waterfall they moved close to the edge of the pool. He went first and she couldn't resist looking at his naked backside as he stepped onto the bank.

"Nice butt" she thought and smiled as he went behind a bush to dress.

"All set. I'll wait back here while you dress." He called from the bush.

Tracie walked slowly and deliberately as she neared the bank. She told herself it was so she didn't slip on the rocks but in reality she hoped he was watching her. Now that her mother was gone for a while she was free to try to get Uncle Joe's attention. She wanted that kiss and she thought she was going to get it behind the waterfall.

Joe kept his back turned for what he thought was enough time. When he looked to see if she was out of the water he saw Tracie still at the edge of the stream with water dripping off her hair and onto her nude body. He knew he should look away but everything about her was so beautiful he couldn't stop staring. He saw the beginnings of her breasts, not puppy fat to him but classic feminine shape. What took his breath away was her abdomen. Smooth, slightly puffy skin flowed down from her innie belly button to her smooth hairless mound and bulging keyhole vagina. He had seen his sister's trimmed bush at the lake but he hadn't seen a pre-pubescent body like Tracie's since Maggie was Tracie's age. He turned quickly when he thought she looked in his direction.

"All done" she yelled as she tucked her shirt in. Before finishing she changed her mind and tied the shirt up so that most of her belly was exposed.

"What's this?" He asked, pointing to her bare midriff. "You still hot?"

"A little" she replied. She wondered if he would ever notice her.

Joe had definitely noticed. He had to stop thinking of her as a pretty girl and remember she was his niece. If he touched Tracie, his sister Maggie would make him wish he was like one of those trout....dead. They walked back to the cabin with him carrying the poles and cooler and her holding his hand and humming the tune to the latest pop song. They had to pass through a narrow opening in some bushes and suddenly he heard her cry out.

"Ow, ow, ow! That hurt." She said as they emerged from the bushes. Her exposed belly and side had several red scratches and some of them had little droplets of blood.

"Ow, that looks like it hurts. We'll get you cleaned up at the cabin. Maybe next time don't dress so sexy for walking in the woods."

As soon as he said it he regretted it. "Why did I say sexy?" He thought.

Tracie on the other hand, was thrilled. She had been going for "sexy" and uncle Joe just confirmed it. He thought she looked sexy. They returned to the cabin and after putting the fish in the fridge, he went to the bathroom to wash his hands and get some first aid supplies. He asked Tracie to lay on the couch with the worst of the scratches on the outside edge. None of them were deep but he wasn't taking any chances with ones that had drawn blood.

"This may sting" he said as he wet some gauze with antiseptic.

"OW-OW-OW. Geeze that hurts." She yelled as he dabbed the red lines across her belly.

"Sorry, the worst is over. Now that the scratches are clean I can put some of this cream on them. It shouldn't hurt. I don't think they need bandages."

Joe squeezed some anti-bacterial cream onto his fingers and began to wipe it down the length of each red mark. Tracie pulled her shirt up until he could see the under side of her breasts. There were no scratches there but she told herself it was to keep the cream off of her shirt. Joe tried to concentrate on the scratches but the softness of her skin kept messing with his mind. Her belly was round and soft. If she sucked in her stomach he could see the edge of her ribs but when she relaxed it was the world's softest pillow. Joe spent a lot more time than he needed to coating each scratch with the cream. When he couldn't justify spreading any more on her he leaned over, gave her a quick kiss on her belly button, pulled her shirt down to cover her belly and said that he was done.

"Why don't you rest here while I clean the fish. Trout Almandine tonight."

Tracie rolled onto her side and moved over until the couch pressed against her back. It had been an active day and soon she was dreaming about her Uncle Joe kissing her belly. Joe went about the messy job of preparing the fish for supper. He was no chef but he had learned how to prepare trout and bass from his many trips to the cabin. He decided cooking the fish whole might be too extreme for Tracie. Some people don't like their food looking at them so he filleted them first. After the almonds were toasted he went to the couch to wake Tracie. She looked so sweet curled up on the couch with her hair a mess and her arm tucked under her. If she was a little younger she would probably be sucking her thumb. Joe knelt down and kissed her cheek.

"Hey sleepy, dinner is almost ready. Better start waking up."

Tracie stretched and smiled and asked if she could help.

"Yup. You can set the table and figure out what you want to drink."

Joe returned to the kitchen and finished prepping everything. Small potatoes roasting in the oven. Asparagus lightly cooked with some of the lemon sauce and the trout, drenched in flour and pan fried and covered with a sauce of fresh squeezed lemon, butter, spices and the almonds. When everything was put on the plates it looked like it came from a fancy French restaurant.

"Oh wow Uncle Joe. This looks amazing. Is trout really fishy tasting?"

"Just try it. I think the lemon takes some of that away."

Tracie took a forkful and her eyes lit up. "OMG this is fantastic. You have to make this for mom!"

Joe smiled. It was fun to see Tracie so happy after she was so upset at the beginning of the stay at the cabin. He felt a little guilty that he hadn't thought about Maggie all day. Maybe they would face-time her later.

The meal was a complete success and Tracie insisted on doing the dishes. When she winced a couple times as she brushed against the counter he said that he needed to check her scratches. After the dishes were done Tracie lay back in the couch and lifted up her shirt. When he wasn't looking she also pushed her shorts down a couple inches. There was a lot of skin showing when he returned, of course not as much as at the waterfall where he saw everything.

Joe paused when he returned with the supplies. Tracie looked half naked. Her shirt was up so high he could see the lower part of her developing breasts. Her shorts had obviously been pushed down and now he could see four inches of belly below her belly button. He knelt down beside her and inspected the damage. Most of the scratches were just faint lines but there were a couple puncture wounds that were big enough to put a bandage on. He put the anti-bacterial cream on the first bandage and placed it over one red mark, trying to keep it smooth on her supple skin. There were only three spots that at needed a bandage so he was finished pretty quick. Tracie was hoping for another belly kiss but he pulled her shirt down and told her to sit up so that they could call her mother.

Joe tried unsuccessfully to connect the session with Maggie. It would ring and she would answer but as soon as her face appeared on the screen it would disconnect. They finally gave up and told her to text them with a wifi texting app. Maggie asked how they were doing and Tracie told her about the fishing and the scratches and the delicious supper. Joe said they were doing good and how was Aunt Peggy. Maggie said she wasn't doing good yet but she should be better in a couple weeks. Before hanging up Maggie told Joe to watch the weather. There was a cold front from Canada about to smash into what was left of a tropical storm in a couple days. The two air masses might meet right on top of them and dump a lot of flooding rain. The cabin was high enough that they didn't need to worry about the lake but Joe was worried about the roads. After they disconnected Tracie asked Joe if he would watch a movie with her. She took a quick shower first and came back with a towel wrapped around her head and wearing a loose T-Shirt and panties.

He looked at her bare legs and said. "Next time we go shopping you need to buy some pajamas with pants. It's no wonder you get cold."

She said she would think about it. She told him to lay on the couch and she would lay in front of him like they used to do at her house. In spite of the fact that she was much younger the last time they did that, he agreed and she settled in in front of him. The satellite reception wasn't great but it was good enough to follow the limited plot. Tracie had picked a movie about two people stranded on an island. He felt very uncomfortable at some of the love scenes and when the man's bare backside was shown he covered Tracie's eyes and asked her where she found the movie. She giggled and moved his hand away.

"It's a famous movie Uncle Joe. All my friends have seen it. I bet if it was a girl's bottom you wouldn't mind."

Joe put his hand on her bum. "Don't go showing this bottom to any boys."

"Only you get to see that." She said as she wiggled against him.

He gave her bum a squeeze and reached around to hold her by her belly. She pulled his hand away, lifted her shirt and put his hand on her bare belly away from the bandages. They stayed like that for the rest of the movie. Her towel blocked his vision so he unwrapped her hair and was enveloped in a cloud of fruit shampoo. She smelled so fresh and clean he didn't mind getting a little wet from her hair as he cuddled her to his front. He kept drifting from the movie to the feeling of her bare skin on his fingers. When the movie characters kissed he felt a little embarrassed because he was thinking some lucky boy would get to kiss Tracie someday. He hoped that day would be far in the future but he knew it could be only a few years away. She felt so good in his arms that he forgot about the movie and just enjoyed the feeling of her warmth pressing against him. He felt his erection rise during another kissing scene and hoped she couldn't feel it.

When it was time for bed he let her go first and made sure the oven was off and the lights out. They had a limited amount of propane and a delivery to such a remote spot had cost him a fortune. The solar panels had some battery storage but he needed to conserve it by turning lights off at night. The doors were locked more to keep stray animals out than people. The nearest person was probably ten miles away.

Joe finished in the bathroom and entered his room. He immediately saw something he didn't like. There was a mass of red hair on the pillow of his bed.

"Tracie. What are you doing? You have your own bed."

"My bed is cold and it's lonely over there. I'm sleeping here until mom returns."

"No you're not. Now get up."

"I told you I'm sleeping here. If you kick me out I'll just come back when you're asleep so don't argue."

"Little girl you can be so stubborn at times. Just like your mother."

"I'll be sure to tell her that now get in here it's getting cold."

Joe was defeated. He was capable of carrying her to her bed but he knew as soon as he was asleep she would be back. He couldn't spank her, she wasn't his kid and any other punishment would just make her miserable to be around. He gave up.

"Okay but don't steal the blankets and stay on your side of the bed"

Tracie looked up and smiled and in her sweetest little girl voice said "Ok Uncle Joe, good night."

It took him a long time to get to sleep. He could feel her presence even though they weren't touching. He was a bachelor and wasn't used to sharing his bed with anyone, especially not with a little girl with cold feet. Tracie couldn't sleep either. It had been

easier than she expected to get him to agree. She hated her bedroom. She felt like some animal or mountain man was going to sneak in and steal her away in that other room. Here in bed with Uncle Joe she felt safe. She could also imagine that they were lovers and they were falling asleep after a night of lovemaking even though she had limited knowledge of what that would entail.

Joe woke up with another furnace in front of him. He had rolled over and spooned Tracie and she had grabbed onto his arm to keep him there. His bare knees were touching the back of her's and his groin was nestled up tight against her bum. Because of the height difference her head was below his chin and she had angled his arm down to avoid him choking her. Because she felt so warm and comfortable his body was in no hurry to wake up. He drifted in that wonderful area between sleep and fully awake for a while. Feeling another human pressed up against him was about the nicest feeling he could imagine. Because he was still almost sleeping it didn't register in his brain who was in front of him. He dreamed of finding a beautiful woman in his bed. When she wiggled her bum it was only natural for him to get an erection.

Tracie had woken up the last time Uncle Joe rolled in her direction. She found out that he rolled a lot in his sleep. When his arm flopped over her she held on to it to keep him right where he was, spooning her from behind. She inched down the bed until she could press her bum into his lap. When he bent his knees she felt his bare skin on her legs. Somewhere down there his dick was hiding. She wondered if she could coax it out into the open, maybe even poke it between her legs. That would be so naughty and fun.

She squeezed her bum cheeks together a few times as she pushed against him. It was hard to tell but she thought she felt something growing bigger down there. When he moved a little she froze and held his arm so that he wouldn't roll away. This was the best morning she had had since they arrived at the cabin and she didn't want it to end yet.

Joe loved this time of the morning. There was no alarm clock yelling at him to get up. He could let himself drift in and out of sleep, never knowing when he was in either state. The body in front of him was so comfortable he relaxed and let his mind drift. The cabin had so many great memories. He and Maggie had spent carefree summers swimming and playing without any thought that a brother and sister shouldn't be nude in front of each other.

That last summer was different and as he lay cuddling Tracie he remembered things that his mind had suppressed. Maggie was turning twelve that year and her body had

started to change. She was developing real breasts and the first traces of pubic hair. It was a tough call for their mother whether she could still swim naked with Joe. In the end it was Joe's immaturity that convinced her that they could have one more summer of being nature children. It might have been the wrong decision.

Joe's body was telling him to roll over but something was stopping him. After adjusting his position a little he went back to his dream state only vaguely aware of Tracie holding his arm. He remembered that Maggie had been extra affectionate that year. They had never been ones for a lot of hugs or kisses on the cheek but that summer Maggie had given him a lot of hugs, especially in the lake. Joe had noticed more than his mother realized. He could see that Maggie was changing and he was naturally curious. He was also developing enough to have urges that only touching his dick seemed to satisfy. One afternoon near the end of summer they were floating on the raft together after a long swim. He had seen his sister naked every summer for a while but she had developed actual breasts over the summer and that afternoon he decided that he needed more information. He needed to touch some of the interesting parts.

Joe couldn't have known the raging hormones that were surging in Maggie's body. She was just showing the first signs of puberty and since she hadn't started growing much pubic hair it wasn't obvious that there were changes happening inside. She found herself getting a thrill every time Joe brushed against her naked body. Even skinny dipping that they had done for years felt different this year. She found herself wondering what it would feel like to touch Joe's little dick that would get stiff and stick out from time to time. She knew it was wrong but she couldn't shake the feeling that she wanted him to kiss her and maybe even touch her. It helped that Joe didn't look like her or her mother or much like their father either.

Maggie often slept on her side on the raft and Joe had maneuvered things so that her back was to the house. He was pretty sure the trees blocked any view of the raft but he felt better with Maggie's body facing away from where their mother might be looking. He looked at his sister sleeping peacefully and realized how pretty she was. That day she was not his sister, she was a girl with no clothes on. His dick instantly grew and filled him with hormones. He looked at the cabin again and then reached out and very lightly touched her developing breast. It was soft but firm underneath and not really different from the rest of her body but it was forbidden territory and that made it exciting.

Maggie moved slightly and he pulled his hand away. When she settled down he decided to explore the other forbidden area. Moving back a little he turned his hand to point down and placed it flat against the area with the few hairs growing. He was surprised at how silky they were. Moving down lower he felt how her body rose up

then dipped down between her legs. He could feel the crease that he had seen a thousand times but always wondered what was inside. Pressing in he felt it open and touched skin that was impossibly thin and smooth. It was so smooth he was afraid it would tear if he rubbed it. Exploring lower he felt it give way and open to his finger. There was a hole at the bottom of the crease and he pressed his index finger in part way.

Suddenly Maggie sucked in a breath, grabbed his head and pulled him into a kiss. As her tongue forced its way into his mouth she let go of his head and grabbed his dick. The sudden rush of emotions caused him to spurt almost immediately and he felt Maggie stiffen and pant with her tongue still in his mouth. It was all over so fast his head was spinning. She pulled away with a wild look in her eyes.

"If you EVER tell anyone I will say you touched me while I was sleeping and did terrible things to me. They will believe me because I'm the oldest."

"I won't say anything. Can we do it again?"

"No! Never! Forget it ever happened! Got it!"

"Okay Maggie.....I love you"

Joe was sweating when he finally woke up. What made him think of that day with Maggie? He tried to talk to Maggie about it several times that summer, and at home later, but she refused to acknowledge that it ever happened and continued to threaten that she would say he molested her in her sleep. The next summer Maggie wore swimsuits or a shirt and tight shorts whenever she went in the water.

Joe woke up enough to realize he was spooning Tracie with his arm around her. When he tried to move he realized something else. In his sleep his morning wood had appeared and had slipped out the pee hole in the front of his sleep shorts. His erection was pressed against Tracie's bum and part way in between her legs. He wasn't sure how to remove it without waking her up and having her become aware of what he had done.

Joe had another problem. His dick felt better than it ever had. It was nestled between Tracie's thighs and the crown was wrapped in between her butt cheeks. Next to a vagina it was about the most sensual place he could put it. Damn her for insisting on sleeping with him. Now what was he supposed to do. He tried moving back and found that the skin of his dick was stuck to Tracie. She groaned a little and stirred and Joe froze.

"What a mess" he thought. "Maybe if I relax it will shrink"

He could almost hear Maggie laughing at that idea. She was the one who had told him about sex when his parents were too embarrassed. She told him the mechanics but also warned him about how easy it was to get a girl pregnant and a lot about how No means No, even if he is an inch away from inserting his dick in a girl. The idea that he would just shrink while his dick was sitting in such an erotic place was laughable.

Then there was the other possibility. He could enjoy it, probably blast cum all over her and tell her that was why she shouldn't be in his bed. That seemed too extreme. Can't traumatize the poor girl. Being a typical confused male he made the only decision possible, he did nothing. Let her be the one to move. He pressed forward a little, hugged her lightly and sighed. She did feel pretty good in front of him. He tried to imagine her bald pussy with his dick peeking out from between her legs.

"Bad idea" he thought. Now he was harder than ever and when he moved it pulled the skin of his dick and it hurt. "This situation needs lubrication." He said to himself.

He removed his hand from around Tracie and wet four fingers with saliva. As slowly as he could manage, and in spite of the trembling, he slipped his hand down between his body and Tracie's. Starting at the base of his dick he gently separated her skin from his. It was hard because every time he touched a new spot on his dick he would jump and come closer to cuming. After several agonizing minutes he reached the tip, spread some precum along the shaft, and was able to back away from Tracie and put his member back inside his shorts. He headed straight to the bathroom and in two strokes caused a flood of cum to shoot out into the toilet and against the underside of the seat. His legs were shaking by the time he finished and relaxed enough to pee. Spending the summer with Tracie had just gotten a lot more complicated. He was very glad that Maggie would be there in a week or two.

Tracie had been quietly smiling the whole time. It had taken her at least half an hour to reach back and find his thing, rub it slowly until it grew then struggle to find the tip and get it through the hole because it grew much bigger than she imagined. Once she had him hard and sticking out she raised her upper leg, moved back and trapped his dick between her legs. He hadn't pushed into her, she had scissored him into place.

Everything after that had been magic. The feeling of him between her legs was exciting. When he tried to move it had stimulated places she had never thought about touching. When she felt his hand first on her bum and then between her legs she had almost reached down to rub herself. It was a great start to the morning and she played dumb when he returned to wake her up.

Nothing was said about the morning adventure. They had a nice day looking for wild blackberries then swimming and lying on the raft in the sun. He had decided to wear a swimsuit which disappointed Tracie. She kept clinging to him in the water and saying.

"I love you Uncle Joe"

"I love you too honey but if you don't stop hanging on me we're both gonna drown."

When they climbed on the raft Joe made sure to face towards the lake and away from Tracie. When she tried to cuddle up to his back he turned his head to look at her.

"Tracie, we can cuddle in the house when you have some clothes on."

"Are you mad at me Uncle Joe?" She whimpered.

Joe rolled over to face her, a big mistake since his swimsuit was tenting from his hard-on.

"Tracie. Your a beautiful girl and you're naked. You shouldn't be rubbing up against me like that. It's not right."

"Geeze, you and mom tell me we're family and there's nothing wrong with skinny dipping and now that I like it you're saying it's bad."

"Not swimming. There's nothing wrong with swimming. It's sleeping in bed with me and trying to hug me when you don't have clothes on that's bad. You're only eight for heavens sake."

"Mom says I'm eight going on eighteen and I like hugging you so sue me."

Joe looked into her pleading eyes and melted.

"Oh for Christ's sake come here. It's only a hug."

He reached out and surrounded her with his arms. Pulling her close he tucked her head under his chin and put one hand on her bare bum. He pulled her into a full body hug and kissed the top of her head. His mind flashed back to that other summer with that other girl, his sister Maggie, pressing her nude body against him. He pulled Tracie in tighter. He couldn't get enough of her skin touching his and then he did it, he rolled her on top of him as he lay on his back, pulled her little body up even with his and kissed her. It wasn't an uncle kiss, it was a hungry kiss like his sister had given him. It was a kiss to pay back teasing him and being so sexy in bed with him. It was a totally forbidden kiss and as soon as he came to his senses he rolled her back on the raft and moved away from her.

"Oh my God. I shouldn't have done that. Tracie, I'm so sorry. We should go back to the cabin."

"Uncle Joe, it was magical. Don't be sorry."

"But it was so wrong."

"No it wasn't. We are family, mom said so. It's okay."

"Well let's go anyway. I need to see where that storm is."

Joe waited until Tracie was in the water and then slipped off the raft. It was a short swim to where they could stand. Tracie's naked body was dripping water as she slowly walked out of the lake and up to where her towel was. Joe's erection had shriveled when he came to his senses and he felt his wet swimsuit dragging at him as he stepped out of the water. They dried in silence with him turning his back on her as he took the dripping wet swimsuit off and wrapped a towel around himself.

"Nice butt" she joked but he didn't respond.

Tracie rejoiced in her major victory. She had gotten Uncle Joe to kiss her when she was naked. It was a huge first step. She originally hoped for just a kiss. Feeling her skin on his was so much better and she set a new goal of going much farther, maybe even all the way. He might be mad now but she knew she could get him to kiss her again.

That night they had an internet message from Maggie. The storm was predicted to be severe. They should button up the cabin and take in any loose furniture. Joe said he would take care of it in the morning, hours before the storm was supposed to hit.

Chapter 6 - The storm

Supper was simple and quiet. Joe moved some loose objects onto the porch and tied them down. He took a ladder that was leaning against the cabin and lay it flat on the ground. In the morning he would bring out the sheets of plywood that he used to close up the cabin for the winter. It was supposed to be a fierce storm. At bedtime he put his foot down and told Tracie she was not sleeping with him, no excuses. He seemed so angry she didn't argue.

The following morning Joe was all business. He put on a swimsuit and swam out to the raft to attach extra ropes to it. He moved the canoe to beside the house and tied it to a tree. The final step was to board up the windows and door on the lake side of the house. That was where the worst winds were supposed to be. By keeping busy he avoided thinking about Tracie. He avoided the awful truth that he wanted to kiss her again. He wanted his sister's daughter just like his sister had wanted him for that brief instant on the raft. Knowing he couldn't let it happen didn't make it any easier.

By lunchtime everything was sealed up tight. Joe even put tubes of absorbent material at the bottom of the door so that wind driven rain wouldn't come in. The wind started to pick up soon after and the cabin became very dark because of the boarded up windows and dark clouds. Joe made Tracie's favorite grilled cheese with the crust cut off and tomato soup and offered to do cleanup. They tried to watch a movie but the wind and rain interfered with the reception. Joe managed to get a text through to Maggie telling her they were okay and everything was battened down for the storm. He told her not to worry if they lost communication for a while after the storm.

He put some music on and told Tracie she could sit with him. The wind was howling and sounded like the devil himself was at the door.

"Why did you stop kissing me?" Tracie asked slightly above a whisper.

"Oh honey, I was so wrong to do that. Please forgive me."

"But I liked it. I want you to kiss me like that."

"No, it was very wrong. For a second I remembered something that happened when I was about your age but I'm a grownup now and can't do things like that with a child."

"Well I liked it and I want more of them before the summer is over." Tracie finally said defiantly.

Joe chuckled to himself. Tracie was a spitfire for sure. It was going to be very hard to resist her until Maggie came back. He had enjoyed every millisecond of the kiss. Even now he could feel his erection growing as he thought about her naked body in his hands. It wasn't just a hug, it was an erotic full body naked hug for her and a bare chest and legs hug for him.

They passed the afternoon playing games and listening to music. At one point she suggested they play strip poker.

"I see you naked every time we swim. There won't be much of a prize for me when I beat you."

"Who says you will beat me?" She asked

"We're not playing strip poker."

Just then the wind shook the house and sheets of rain beat against it. Joe was a little sorry he couldn't see down to the lake but he knew they were safe in the cabin.

"I'm scared Uncle Joe." Tracie said as she leaned in tighter against his body.

"Nothing to be scared of sweetie. Come sit in my lap and I'll protect you."

Joe let her sit across his lap and wrapped his arms around her. Every time the wind would shake the house he would squeeze her tight with his arm around her back and his hand covering her ear and pressing her head to his shoulder. Holding her gave him a sense of peace and strength that he'd never felt before. He would fight to the death to protect Tracie. She filled him with love that seemed to increase with every hug.

Other emotions were raging within him. Emotions that his mind said were wrong but his heart said we're right. Joe could feel it coming but he couldn't stop it. His love for Tracie was becoming more than an uncle's love. Her warmth, her need to be

protected, even her little girl scent was seeping into his brain and driving out the taboos. When the thunder and lightning started she became even more frightened and his protective instincts were magnified.

"I've got you honey." he said as he pulled her in tight. "Nothing to be scared of"

Tracie looked at him with fear in her eyes. She hated thunder and lightning and this was the worst storm she had ever experienced. She looked to her Uncle Joe pleading for comfort and he gave it to her. As much as he knew it was wrong, kissing Tracie felt so right at that moment. He lifted her chin with two fingers and kissed her.

It wasn't the animal kiss from the raft. It was a gentle, slow touching of his lips on hers. It was him saying "I love you" in the nicest way possible. When she moved and wrapped her arm around him he didn't pull away. Instead he let his free hand trace down her neck to her chest and cup her puppy fat breast as he enjoyed another kiss. She gasped at the touch and kissed him harder. He squeezed her breast and let the tip of his tongue explore her lips.

"Tracie, this is so wrong. We need to stop." He panted but he didn't really want to stop. "Your mother will literally kill me if she finds out"

"She won't find out Uncle Joe. Please don't stop."

"Oh Tracie. I don't know. Let's slow down then. We don't need to rush."

Joe kissed her again then pulled her head to rest on his shoulder. His mind was racing with conflicts. He desperately wanted to touch her the way he had touched Maggie. Try as he might, he couldn't resist the need to comfort the frightened little girl in his arms and he gently caressed her body from her neck to her knees, avoiding between her legs for now. The storm raged and his emotions surged as he touched his eight-year-old niece in ways no uncle should. He needed to stop. Everything rational told him to stop but he couldn't. His love for Tracie was turning into a need and when the last of his resistance melted away he stopped and looked at her.

"Are you sure this is what you want? You need to be sure."

Tracie looked at him with wet eyes sparkling with joy. "I'm sure" she said and took his hand and put it between her legs.

Joe's heart raced until it was pounding in his ears. He felt the intense heat from her pussy radiating through two layers of clothing. This was several steps beyond kissing and his whole body trembled with excitement. It felt wrong to just sit there and touch her so he pulled her into a kiss first and as he tasted her on his tongue he slid his hand up and down her abdomen and deep between her legs. He grabbed her butt cheek and pressed his wrist into her pussy then dragged his fingers up and over her vagina.

Tracie started breathing erratically. The flood of feelings coming from her privates kept causing her to hold her breath then let it out in a rush. Uncle Joe was doing it. He was touching the place that ached to be touched. She completely forgot about the storm and surrendered to his touch. Nothing could top these feelings and then something did. Joe slid his hand up and under her shirt. When he cupped her bare breast she thought she might faint. He squeezed, they kissed, he pinched and they kissed more. It didn't matter that he had touched her there lots of times when they were swimming. Those were accidental, innocent touches. This was him purposely massaging her breast to give her pleasure. She wanted to pay him back for everything he was giving her. She tried to reach under her bum to touch him but he stopped her.

"Not now" he whispered. "That can come later. Let's just cuddle for now."

Joe knew he would cum the second she rubbed him and end the erotic high he was on. He had crossed the bridge and now all he could think about was making Tracie feel safe and loved. He certainly loved her but not as an uncle, not since the kiss. He would deal with the guilt in the morning. Right now he had a sexy eight-year-old in his lap yearning to learn how much pleasure was hidden in her body.

A bright flash and huge, almost instantaneous crack of thunder made them both jump.

"Whoa! That was a close one." He said as Tracie whimpered and hid her face.

"It's okay Tracie. It probably wasn't even on our land. I hate to say this but I should have pulled the kill switch for the solar panels before we came inside. I really should go do it."

"Don't leave me!" She pleaded. "What if you get hit by lightning?"

"I'll be fine. It will only take a second."

Disconnecting the solar panels would give him time to think and slow things down. He didn't want the adrenaline to rush him into something he would regret in the morning. Joe got up and opened the front door. Everything was black and he could barely make out sheets of rain pouring off the roof and coming down from the sky. He was going to get soaked. Grabbing a lightweight raincoat and a flashlight he dashed out the door, around to the side of the house and pulled the lever cutting off the house from the panels. The lights would stay on because of the batteries but if there was a close lightening strike it wouldn't fry the thousands of dollars of solar panels on the roof. By the time he reached the house his hair and shorts were dripping wet. He told Tracie he was going to change and headed to the bathroom for a towel.

Another close lightening strike sent Tracie running and she was stopped short when she saw a naked Joe standing in front of the toilet peeing. She had never seen a boy pee and it struck her right away.

"You can pee standing up? She asked a startled Joe. "Lucky"

"Um, yes and what do you mean lucky?"

Joe shook the last drop of pee off before his erection brought him to full hardness again. He noted that they had reached a point where he didn't think he needed to cover up.

"Girls have to sit on the nasty toilet seats in public bathrooms. The ones at school are the worst."

"And who do you think makes the seats so nasty?" Everyone knows woman's bathrooms are much dirtier than men's."

"That's because we try to not touch the seat and the tinkle goes everywhere."

"Now that's something I'd like to see." He said laughing.

Somehow the wild, completely inappropriate passion had been replaced with playful, still inappropriate fun. Tracie agreed, pulled her pants and underwear down and stood as if she was going to sit on the toilet seat. Joe knelt down in front of her and looked between her legs. She squatted down until she was a couple inches above the seat and closed her eyes. It took a few seconds before the first dribble but soon there was a small stream coming from a hidden spot and lots of yellow spray going everywhere. Joe was fascinated both at the closeup view of her vagina but also at the messy process. By the time she finished her whole vulva was dripping with pee.

"Does it spray like that if you sit on the seat?" He asked.

"Not as much." She said as she tried to wipe it all off.

Joe grabbed a washcloth, wet it with warm water and reached between her legs to wash her private area thoroughly.

"What did you do that for?" She asked.

"Just in case. Maybe I'll show you later. Are you hungry? I'm starved."

Joe gave his dick a few wipes with the washcloth and headed to his bedroom. He decided to put on some knit sleep shorts and a bathrobe. The storm was bringing in cooler weather and he wanted something comfortable. Tracie was still dressed in

shorts and shirt. The worst of the storm was winding down and Tracie wasn't as nervous but there were still occasional rumbles of thunder. They both secretly wondered what would be next in their relationship. Things could never go back to the way they were.

Supper was just hot dogs and chips. The internet reception was a little better and they messaged Maggie that they were okay. She said that Aunt Peggy was doing better and she was hoping she could join them in about a week. She said there had been significant flooding and that several dams in the area had reached or were over capacity. She said the Lake Goodness dam was one of them. Joe was glad they couldn't do a live session. He was afraid Maggie would see the guilt on his face.

After supper Joe lit a fire in the fireplace and lit some candles. He wanted to conserve the batteries for the refrigerator even though it could be switched to use propane if needed. The result was a very calming and romantic atmosphere. He knew he couldn't avoid Tracie much longer. He had made the decision to be intimate with her and he couldn't pretend that it never happened. Besides, he wanted, no needed, to do more. His dick had constantly reminded him of how exciting it was to kiss her and it wanted, and he wanted more.

"It's too early for bed. What do you want to do now Tracie?"

"Can we kiss some more?"

"That sounds like a wonderful idea." He said as he sat on the couch and patted his lap. Somehow having her sit on his lap made her seem even more like a little girl and her bum rubbing his already hard dick didn't hurt either.

Joe put some music on and pulled Tracie in close. They had all night and there was no need to rush. He would have loved to take a bath with her but the possibility of a lightning strike was too great. He pictured Maggie finding their dead bodies in the tub together and shuddered. The first kiss was gentle and short. Just a touching of lips to say "I love you". The next few were playful. She slipped her tongue in and out like a snake and he laughed at her playfulness. Things became more passionate when she opened his robe and played with his chest hair.

Joe made the next move, pulling her shirt out of her pants and sliding his hand underneath. Soft, warm skin greeted his hand as he caressed her belly and sides. She kissed him harder when he teased the under side of her breasts. When he cupped one and rubbed the nipple she sucked in a breath and drove her tongue deep into his mouth. She also ground her bum into his rock hard dick. He loved the softness of her breasts. He knew they were mostly baby fat and that they would be replaced by real breast tissue in a few years but for now they were perfect. Judging by Tracie's reactions he figured that the nerve endings that brought pleasure had developed enough for her to appreciate his touch.

The fire blazed and her cheeks became flushed from the heat and continued to kiss and he would alternate between massaging her breast and pressing his wrist against her pussy as he grabbed her bum. Seeing his hand disappear between her legs and feeling the heat on his wrist made his dick so hard it hurt.

"You can undress me" she whispered in his ear.

Joe was more than willing to grant that request and he untucked the back of her shirt and lifted one side then the other as she raised her arms up. More and more of her beautiful body came into view as the shirt covered her face then slipped off with a tug. He tossed it on a chair and immediately cupped a breast and kissed her hard. It didn't matter that he had seen her naked every day for several days. Undressing Tracie was still one of the most erotic things he had ever done. There was no turning back now. He had surrendered to her completely and had to hope she was mature enough to handle it.

"I hope you understand how important it is to keep this secret. In prison the other inmates torture and kill guys who touch kids. I've literally given you my life. That's how much I love you Tracie."

"I know Uncle Joe. I would never tell anyone. Not even Sally, my best friend in the world."

Joe looked at the topless girl and knew what he had to do next. After several minutes of massage her breasts and gently pinching her nipples he started rubbing her soft belly. The lightening still flashed and she still jumped but the anticipation of what was next had her quivering. He moved his hand down to her shorts and unsnapped them. Pulling the zipper down slowly was the latest most exciting thing he had ever done.

She lifted her bum to let him take them off but he shook his head no. He wasn't ready for that step yet. He could pleasure her sitting on his lap with her shorts open. It seemed more sensual that way.

She looked up and kissed him as he slid his hand down between her shorts and panties. Smooth cotton greeted his fingertips while the rough zipper scraped the back of his hand. He felt the intense heat as he cupped her plump vulva and pressed in. Tracie gasped and then sighed as the sexual tension was released by his touch. More than anything she wanted him to touch her there and he was.

Joe started outside her panties to explore her shape and have a slippery surface to rub against. He pushed his hand deep between her legs, forcing the shorts down and opening her up to further exploration. When he slipped a finger under the leg opening he wondered who would cum first, her or him. Tracie kissed him harder and put her hand on top of his.

"Touch me Uncle Joe" she thought. "Make the itch go away"

Joe felt his dick surge when he touched bare skin. He knew it was time to bring her over the top. Pulling his hand up he slid it under the waistband of her panties and felt his second preteen pussy in his life. Tracie's was much more immature than Maggie's had been. Tracie's was completely smooth with no trace of hair and no wrinkled outer lips. The excitement made his heart pound and he tried to will himself to not cum yet. He dipped into her well and brought moisture up to her clit. She responded immediately and as he touched her most intimate place she came with the intensity of the storm outside.

"Uncle Joe! Yes!, yessssssss" was all she could say before she was thrown into a tornado of emotions.

Tracie's eyes slammed shut, her lips pressed together and a combination mewling and humming sound came out as she humped against his hand and her whole body stiffened. Pulses of erotic pleasure emitted from her clit and spun her around like a top. When she thought she couldn't get higher Joe would wiggle his fingers and send her up another level. She shook so violently he was afraid he would drop her. Finally she was able to speak.

"Stop, stop, stop! It's too much. Oh God it's so good but it's too much."

He pulled his hand out of her panties and reached through her legs to hold her by her bum. For the next several minutes she humped against his wrist, giving herself shock after shock until she was exhausted.

Joe let her calm down and kissed her head as her breathing returned to normal. He removed his hand from between her legs and put it on her waist.

"Good?" he asked.

"Ya" she said still gasping for air.

"I'm glad. Love you."

"Love you too."

Another flash of lightning brought another shiver from Tracie. There was no question where she was sleeping that night.

They cuddled like that for the rest of the evening. Tracie topless with her shorts open and Joe shirtless with his bathrobe open. They both knew they had crossed a bridge and burned it behind them. They shared a secret that no one could ever know. A secret bigger than the one he held with Maggie. They texted Maggie again, trying to sound the same although everything had changed. Joe wanted to say that he knew why Maggie had kissed him. Tracie wanted to share the best day of her life with her mother. Neither one could, so they talked about the storm and how afraid Tracie was of the lightening. Maggie told them again to watch the reports about the Lake Goodness dam.

Chapter 7 - Kisses and Warnings

Joe was emotionally drained after the evening they had just had. At bedtime he let Tracie go first and didn't question her turning into his room. He finished in the bathroom and turned out the lights. He was hoping the storm would be over by morning and he could start the day by showering with a certain petite eight-year-old. Tracie had a surprise for him when he climbed under the covers. She was wearing a silky pair of panties and nothing else.

"Won't you be cold?" he asked. "You're always cold."

"Not if you keep me warm." She answered and cuddled up close to him.

There is probably only one feeling close to going to sleep with a half naked preteen in your arms and that would be waking up with one. Sleep had not come easy. Tracie was playful and every time he thought she had settled down she would reach down and stroke his dick.

"Tracie, stop. We need to sleep. We have all summer to play."

What Joe didn't say was that he wasn't ready for the next step because he was afraid he wouldn't be able to stop until he had taken her virginity. That was so much more serious than kissing and touching and he needed her to be sure. There can only be one first time.

"Come on Uncle Joe. You can sleep late tomorrow. Kiss me."

"Tomorrow I have to check the storm damage and then we can kiss all afternoon. We can even take a shower together."

"Or a bath? Can we take a bath together? That would be so sick."

"Sick as in good?"

"Ya"

Joe finally relented and pulled her into his arms for a series of goodnight kisses accompanied by his hand slipping in her panties and bringing on another mind bending orgasm. How he avoided cumming in his sleep shorts was a mystery.

Morning brought a pleasure beyond belief. He woke up to Tracie's hair tickling his nose as it bunched up on her pillow. He woke up to her scent, musky and sweet, from the sweat inducing orgasms and the general little girl smell that drove him wild. A crazy thought crossed his mind. If he could make a candle with Tracie's sexy scent he could sell millions of them on the dark net or dark web, whatever it was. Of course there were a few obstacles including that he had no idea what the dark web actually was or how he would ever duplicate the scent. Maybe he could have lines of young girls ready and bring them to orgasm one by one and milk their pussies of the fluids. He wondered what had become of the respectable fourth grade teacher that he used to be.

Tracie's stirring brought him back to reality. What was making him so happy was not just her scent or her half naked body pressed against him. It was definitely something lower. The little minx had worked his shorts down until his dick and balls were exposed. She had also removed her panties and what he was feeling was her bare bum pressing against the ultra sensitive skin at the base of his dick. She must have stroked him because he had a massive erection nestled between her legs.

Joe gave up trying to say no. Tracie had twisted him around her finger and there was no use trying to stop her even if he wanted to, which he didn't. She seemed to be sleeping but she could be faking that. He pulled himself up tighter to her and reached around to cup her breast. He had only played with her for a minute when she sighed and said.

"Bout time you woke up."

"Good morning Tracie. What have you been up to?"

"Just making you feel good like you did to me. What should I do?"

"Oh honey, you're doing it. Just stay still and enjoy the ride."

This time Joe wouldn't have to worry about waking her up. He could go fishing for lubrication as much as he needed to. Reaching down her front he slipped his finger down her crease dipping into slippery moisture. He found plenty and pushed it between one of her thighs and his dick. He could feel the stuck skin pull away and become slippery. Moving back to the middle he found the tip of his dick and pushed a generous amount of precum down the other side, freeing his dick to move back and forth. When things were still stuck in back he wet his fingers, trying to block out that he was tasting his own precum, and reached in from behind her. Once he was completely unstuck, every slide forward spread more precum and made the sensations better for both of them.

Tracie was waiting patiently while Uncle Joe poked and touched down below. The surge of pleasure when his dick finally slid between her legs and against her pussy was worth the wait. She had woken up early and it seemed to take forever to tug his shorts down on one side then the other. It helped when he rolled over one time but frustrated her efforts when he pulled them up in his sleep. She finally got them down far enough to free his floppy penis. It was fascinating feeling him grow as she lightly touched him until he was hard. The last step was the easiest. She lifted her upper leg, slid backwards and trapped his erection between her legs. It only took an occasional leg squeeze to keep him hard until he woke up and squeezed her breast.

Joe was in erotic heaven. He woke up to his dick between Tracie's legs and her bare top against him. Every movement sent thrills up his spine and he knew he was headed for a massive orgasm. He had only jerked off that one time since he had picked up Maggie and Tracie and he figured he must have a gallon stored up.

"Grab some tissues honey, a lot of them."

Tracie reached up to the nightstand and pulled two tissues out of the box.

"Get more, lots more. Oh God girl, what are you doing to me?"

Joe continued pumping while Tracie pulled four more out of the box. She didn't know what to expect from Uncle Joe. Was he going to pee when he had his big feeling? She would soon find out. Joe pumped faster and faster. He reached down and pressed his dick into her crease, magnifying the feelings by a hundred. Now each push slid his crown like a plow up her crease until it smashed into her clit. Her pussy lips sucked the under side of his dick while his hand pressed against the top edge. It didn't take long.

"Tissues....now...here it comes. Oh fuck Tracie, here it comes!"

Joe let go of his dick to pull her in tight and it straightened out as he shoved it between her legs. The first blast traveled across the bed and onto the floor. Tracie managed to get a wad of tissues in the way for the second blast. When she pressed the tissues against his super sensitive dick it made the third blast as big as the first and made Joe grunt with ecstatic pleasure. His eyes screwed shut. His teeth clenched and his whole body surged with every pulse. It felt like his torso was trying to throw the cum across the room. Over and over he slammed his body into hers. His right hand flattened against her pussy so that he could pull her in tighter as he pushed his dick between her legs over and over. It was without a doubt the strongest, best cum of his life and it was all because of his eight-year-old lover. When he could think again he wondered what he had missed all those years by Maggie pulling away from him after the kiss.

They lay together for several minutes. Tracie looked at the white stuff coating the tissues and decided it wasn't pee. Her hand got coated with the stuff as she folded the tissues into the mess and tossed them into the floor. A quick sniff said there was very little smell and she liked that it was white. She didn't try tasting it. Her pussy and thighs were coated with a variety of unpleasant liquids. She resisted the urge to pee until he shrank and slipped out behind her. When she couldn't wait any longer she turned her head towards him.

"Uncle Joe. I have to pee. Like right now."

"Oh honey, go go. I'll be right behind you."

Joe woke up from his orgasm induced stupor and stumbled to the bathroom as Tracie was wiping.

"We can wash up after breakfast. You better move or I'll pee between your legs."

As much as that sounded like naughty fun, Tracie decided she had enough nasty fluids on her body and slipped off the toilet just in time. Apparently in addition to swimming naked with each other they now used the bathroom together. She would refuse to extend that to pooping.

The cabin was cool so they put clothes on for breakfast. Joe went out and flipped the power back on to charge the batteries. After breakfast Joe wanted to inspect the outside so they put shoes on and headed out the front door. There were large puddles in the driveway and the road leading away from the cabin but nothing the SUV couldn't handle. In back there were four inch deep gouges in the hill where water had flowed down to the lake. The lake had risen at least a foot and the close end of the dock was five feet from the edge of the water. Joe hoped there would still be a little beach left when the water retreated. The canoe was okay and there were no trees down so they headed inside. He would tackle removing the plywood later. There was no rush.

Returning to the cabin Joe checked his messages before preparing that bath he promised Tracie. He was alarmed by the latest one from Maggie. The Lake Goodness dam was in danger of collapsing. She said they needed to pack up and get out of there until it was stabilized and ruled safe.

"Tracie, go wash up quick. We have to leave for a while."

"What happened? You said we could take a bath."

"Your mom said the dam at the end of the lake might fail. We need to get away from the lake for a few days. We can find a motel to stay in."

"One with a bathtub?"

"Yes, now go and pack some clean underwear and clothes for three days. Nothing extra."

Joe went to his room and dressed quickly. He stuffed clothes for a few days in a bag and made sure he had his wallet and car keys. He met Tracie at the door and headed to the car.

"Will the cabin be okay? she asked.

"That depends on how high the water gets. If it's under water it won't matter how strong it is."

Joe couldn't imagine the water getting that high this far from the dam but he could see where a wave could reach them with a lot of force. He drove as fast as he could safely. He didn't want to skid into a tree if he hit one of the many puddles too fast. When he reached the first bridge his worst fear was realized. The storm had washed out the bridge. They were trapped there until the town could put up a temporary bridge or make a new road to a place where they could cross the stream. If things became desperate he would try to drive the SUV through the woods but in spite of the four wheel drive it wasn't meant for off-road trail blazing through the woods. The cabin offered much more protection than the car.

"Looks like we're stuck here for a while. We have plenty of food and if we run out you can catch us some more trout."

"Will we be okay?" Tracie was more scared now than she was during the storm. She thought about every disaster movie she had seen with walls of water crashing through buildings.

"We'll be fine. It will take more than a little water to break that cabin."

Joe was trying to reassure her but he was worried. He didn't know much about the dam. Was it ten feet high or a hundred? Was it a mile to the dam or two and were there low spots that would absorb the water or would it race down the valley right to them. All he could do was keep the boards on the lake side and maybe board up the windows on the front. When they returned to the cabin he did just that then messaged Maggie to let her know their status. He said if the dam broke they might lose communication but try to not worry.

Chapter 8 - When the levee breaks

After lunch Tracie said it was depressing being in the house all boarded up. Joe agreed and said they should take a walk down to the lake. The heat had returned after the storm and Tracie said she wanted to swim a little. He said okay but she needed to stay close to shore in case they needed to make a run for the house. She stripped off her clothes and walked through knee deep water to what was the edge of the land. Another time watching her undress in the sunshine would have given him a thrill but he was focused on the dam. He knew it could be minutes or days before they knew if anything was going to happen.

Joe heard a strange noise coming from the direction of the lake. He walked to the edge of his property where he could just barely see up the lake. The noise sounded like a siren but there wasn't a fire station close enough for it to be that. Looking up the lake he saw the cause before he heard it. There was a line across the lake and trees were falling on both ends of the line. The noise was an alarm from the dam. It had failed. He ran back to the beach screaming.

"Tracie! Get to the house now! The dam has broken."

Tracie was sunning herself on the raft that had been pulled closer to shore by the storm. She couldn't see up the lake from where she was and turned to see Joe running full speed across the property and waving at her to come.

"What did you say Uncle Joe?"

"Get off the raft. Come in now. There's a flood coming. Hurry hurry."

Tracie jumped off the raft and swam as fast as she could toward the shore. Joe's mind was racing as he tried to think of the best way to keep Tracie safe. It didn't help that she was naked and had no protection from flying debris. Why did he let her go swimming? He rushed out to knee deep water and picked her up as soon as he could reach her. Throwing her over his shoulder he sprinted up the hill to the house. The back was still boarded up but he wasn't heading inside anyway. There was no way to predict how high the water might reach. When they got to the house he set her down on her feet and ran to the ladder on the ground. Placing it at about the middle of the porch roof he pulled her over to it.

"Wait for me at the top. Don't go on the roof until I get there"

"What's happening?" She yelled as he sprinted for the side of the house.

"Get up the ladder!" He yelled.

Joe leaped for the solar panel kill switch, cutting power to the house but not stopping the individual panels from generating current. There was no way to do that. By the time he reached the ladder he could hear the distant crashing of the trees. Tracie was waiting at the top of the ladder. Any other time it would have been an erotic sight looking up at her bald pussy winking at him. At that moment all he could think about is protecting her.

Frantically looking around he grabbed a coil of rope and a dirty old tarp. Racing up the ladder he told her to climb between the panels to the top of the roof. He stayed right behind her with a hand on her back.

"Head for the chimney" he shouted over the roar of the water.

They reached the ridge line and followed it to the massive stone chimney. Joe figured it was the strongest structure available. He shook open the tarp and a cloud of dirt and bugs flew out over the roof. Tracie cringed when he wrapped her in the dirt covered

tarp but she was too scared to object. She could sense that they were in real danger and protecting her was his top priority.

Joe sat Tracie down with her back against the chimney on the side facing away from the lake. He said a silent thank you that the chimney was built into the house and not stuck on the end so there was a place for them to sit behind it. He knew that the chimney alone wouldn't provide enough protection. The swirling water would quickly wash them off the roof and smash them onto the ground or into a tree. He uncoiled the rope and looped it around the chimney and across the tarp covering Tracie. There was a lot more rope available so after he tied off the first loop, he knelt in front of her and looped the second and third loops behind his bare back. He tied those off and made one more loop between himself and Tracie. Whatever happened she wasn't getting washed away.

He pulled the rope so tight he couldn't lift up to see over the chimney but when the roar became deafening he pushed her head down and covered her with the tarp and his body as he felt the house shudder.

"Hold your breath" he said as everything went white and the surge of water tore at the ropes and made deep cuts in his back.

Joe screamed in pain but held on to the ropes and protected Tracie from the millions of splinters of wood churned up by the flood waters. The icy cold water from the dam had raced up the roof, tearing at the solar panels and ripping the satellite dish completely off. Most of the energy had dissipated by the time it reached their end of the lake and instead of being submerged under water permanently they had been hit with a massive wave that drained away as fast as it came.

Joe felt the water recede and opened his eyes. His face was pressed against the tarp covering Tracie. When he lifted his head he could see water draining off the front of the roof. He was still bound tight by the ropes and could only move back enough to let Tracie sit up.

"Is it over?" She asked. Her eyes were red from crying. She was sure they were going to die.

"I think so." He replied. "I hope so. A giant wave was no match for this old house."

"Yeah, I guess" she said nervously.

"Can you untie me?" He asked. The ropes had slipped and were holding his arms at his side.

"You mean you can't move?" She asked with a wicked smile on her face. Later they would blame it on the adrenaline but at that moment she had him where she wanted him ...helpless.

"Tracie, don't fool around. We need to figure out how to get down and find a way to tell your mom we're okay."

"That can wait a minute."

Tracie pulled the tarp off her shoulders and pushed it down past her waist.

"Tracie stop fooling around and untie me. The ropes are digging into me."

"Kiss me first."

"What?....No! Stop this and untie me or you're in big trouble."

"One kiss, a real one, and I'll untie you."

Joe was getting angry. He had just saved her life and she was repaying him with stupid tricks. He was not going to give in to an eight-year-old. He had given her lots

of kisses and more during the storm. It was just crazy to ask for more on top of the roof and tied to the chimney. He was determined to hold his ground until he felt her hand reach down and go exploring. Joe struggled against the ropes causing immense pain in his back as Tracie reached between his legs and started rubbing his dick. He didn't want it to grow. It was insane that she would do this after what just happened but she was and there was no way he could stop his dick from growing as she sent pleasure signals to his brain and overloaded his logic.

"Tracie stop. No means No remember." He said but it was no use.

Tracie had decided that she might have died without Joe's quick thinking and she wanted to repay him even if he didn't want it. She knew that deep, down inside Uncle Joe wanted to kiss her. She just needed to give him an excuse.

"One kiss Uncle. Just one real kiss. I'll know if your faking."

Joe sighed and surrendered. It was just a kiss and he had to do something to get her to untie him.

"Okay. One kiss then you untie me. I don't recommend you try this method on anyone else. You could end up with a jail sentence."

Joe tried to bend down to her but the ropes held him tight. Tracie saw the problem and lifted up even with him. She put both hands behind his neck, closed her eyes and leaned in. His lips were stiff when they first touched hers and she was about to say he was faking when he breathed out through his nose and relaxed his lips. His lips seemed to melt and she could feel the passion build in him. He moved his head to press against her and sucked her lower lip into his mouth. He returned to kissing her and licked her lips with his tongue.

Tracie was swept away with emotion. Uncle Joe was kissing her again like she was his girlfriend. She didn't know there were so many different ways to express love by touching lips together. It seemed natural that she remove a hand from his neck and find his hard dick again. He sucked in a breath when she first touched it and when she reached inside his shorts to find it he exploded. Her hand was covered in cum as she held him. She didn't know about stroking yet so he humped against her hand as he

shot his load. He might have fallen off the roof if the ropes weren't holding him and he broke the kiss and put his head on her small shoulder as he spurt shot after shot of cum into his shorts.

"What am I going to do with you?" He finally asked.

"Love me." She answered quietly.

"You need to untie me before I can do that."

It took Tracie several minutes to untie the water soaked knots. When Joe was finally free and she saw his back she gasped. His back was crisscrossed with deep red marks from the ropes and his whole back was covered in scratches.

"How do we get down?" She asked.

"Good question. I have an idea."

He made a harness out of the tarp and wrapped it around her under her arms then wrapped the rope over the tarp and brought her to the edge of the front porch which was lower than the back. It was easy then to lower Tracie to the ground and pull back the rope. Then he tied the full length to the chimney and used it to lower himself down until he could stand on the porch railing. The front of the house was full of puddles and the SUV had been moved a few feet but seemed to be intact.

When they walked around the back they were surprised that it wasn't worse. Everything was wet of course and several trees were down or leaning over. Water was still dripping off the roof where half of the solar panels had been ripped from their mounts. The raft was upside down near the house and the canoe was smashed. The house didn't seem to have any damage other than the solar panels.

"She's a tough old cabin, isn't she." He said to a shivering, still naked Tracie.

The magnitude of what happened finally hit Tracie and she broke down in big sobs.

"You saved me!" She said between sobs. "You saved my life."

Joe hugged her then picked her up like a baby.

"Let's get you inside and get you cleaned up."

Chapter 9 - After the flood

He carried her into the cabin and straight to the bathroom. When he put her down and turned to turn the water on she saw the deep red marks from the ropes. He had endured that to protect her. The shower was quiet and gentle. He washed her lovingly with no hint of sex. She carefully washed his back and pulled a few splinters out. She insisted on putting antiseptic cream on every spot that had bled then put sunburn cream on the remaining red spots. When they finished he told her he needed to get dressed and try to fix the satellite dish so that they could tell her mother that they were alright.

Tracie wasn't about to leave his side. She dressed quickly and followed him out. The ladder had floated away so he pulled the car up next to the porch and used it to get to the porch roof. He gave Tracie strict orders to stay on the ground. Moving carefully he worked around the solar panels to the end of the roof where the satellite dish had been. Tracie followed him from the ground and told him the dish was on the ground but the wire was still attached. He sent down the rope that was still on the chimney and she tied it on the dish so that he could raise it back up. The bolts connecting it to the bracket had snapped but he was able to use a piece of the rope to tie the dish in place. He only needed it to work for a few minutes.

Dropping off the roof to the car he made his way to the ground after leaving a good size dent in the car roof. It was a small price to pay. The house had enough battery power that he didn't need to close the switch to the solar panels. He could deal with

them later. Moving inside with Tracie close behind he opened his laptop and saw the sign that he was hoping for. The wifi was working. He typed a quick note telling Maggie that they were both safe and they could wait until the bridge was repaired. Other people would need help more than them. They didn't need to be rescued. To reassure Maggie he took a selfie of him and Tracie and sent it to Maggie. It took ten minutes to upload but eventually he received the confirmation that it had been sent.

Tracie grabbed the laptop and wrote. "Mom, make him show you his back."

"What about your back Joe?" Maggie replied.

"Nothing, don't worry about it."

"Well now I will worry. Let Tracie take a picture and send it to me."

Joe turned to Tracie. "You are a trouble maker. What if she decides to come take care of me. That will be the end of us playing you know."

"She should know what you did to save me. Pull your shirt up and turn around."

Tracie snapped a picture of his back crisscrossed with red marks with the laptop camera. She sent it to Maggie while Joe was tucking his shirt in.

"Oh you shouldn't have done that. It looks worse than it is."

When it uploaded Joe sent a message saying it wasn't that bad and he would be good as new in a couple days. He explained in a short message about climbing on the roof and tying Tracie to the chimney. He left out the part about what she did to him after.

Maggie said she didn't know how she could get to him but she would if he needed her. Joe reassured her that everything was under control and they didn't need to talk about rescues for at least a couple weeks.

"When I have to start catching squirrels with my bare hands then we can talk."

Tracie cringed at that message until he said it was a joke and they said goodbye to Maggie.

Joe was exhausted from the strain of the day but he had one more job to do. After loading up with tools and a box of lag bolts he went back on the roof and put the solar panels that had moved back in their original locations. He would have to seal a lot of holes before the next rainstorm but after an hour of work the panels were all arranged and seemed to all be still connected. He would have to write the company and praise them for their quality construction. The panels were designed to withstand a hurricane but not a dam failure.

Joe held his breath as he restored the connection between the panels and the house. Moving back he didn't see any sparks or signs of smoke coming from the roof. Inside the indicator said that the batteries were charging and the house had power. The stress finally hit Joe and he told Tracie he had to rest. He collapsed on the couch with Tracie facing him and covered them both with a light blanket. He was creating a cocoon to shield them from the outside world for a while. The last thing he remembered was her warm body against his and the feeling of her hair on his neck and chin.

It was dark when Joe woke to the best feeling a human could have. He was sandwiched between the back of the couch and a warm cuddly girl. They had been through a lot and now they had days, maybe weeks to enjoy each other with no interruptions. The small bridge would not be a high priority for an area devastated by the flood.

Tracie was sleeping soundly. He loved the way her snores were like a cat's meow. He pulled her close and drifted back to sleep for a while. He woke to the feeling of small lips touching his.

"Hi" she said smiling. "So I guess we're stuck here, huh?"

"Yup. Just you and me. Got any ideas?" He was playing along with her game.

"You could kiss me."

"I think I will" he said as he moved his head the short distance needed to touch her lips to his.

They kissed and cuddled in their little cocoon until his erection demanded more. Silently he sat up, removed his shirt and then hers, and lay back down beside her. More kisses followed enhanced by his hands on her breasts and her struggling with his pants. By the time he pushed his pants down and kicked them across the room they were giggling. They became a little more serious when he pulled her's off but laughed again when he blew a loud raspberry on her belly button.

"Come here you." He said as he pulled her on top of him.

He only slightly noticed the sting from his back as it pressed against the leather couch. When they continued kissing he put both hands in her panties and massaged her bottom.

"Did I tell you that you have a sexy ass?"

"Uncle Joe! You said a bad word." she laughed.

"Excuse me miss, I mean you have a sexy bottom."

He continued to massage her bottom while they kissed then pushed her panties down as far as he could reach. She got the hint and slid off of him to push them down the rest of the way. She tossed them at his face and he inhaled her scent as she pulled his briefs off and tossed them in the direction of the kitchen. When she climbed back on

top of him her pussy lips spread on each side of his dick like a hotdog bun holding the hotdog.

Tracie felt the hard dick below her and knew what she wanted to do. She didn't know how though. Looking into his eyes she said.

"What do I do?"

He knew immediately and said "are you absolutely sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"Then lift up and put the tip against your hole. Go very slow and don't hurt yourself. It should stretch open if you're patient. When I squirt inside you I might say some bad words. You might even say some. It's okay. It's called passion. Are you really sure?"

"I'm sure. I get in trouble when I say crap when I mess up a picture. Where's my hole?"

Joe smiled at her innocence, slipped his hand between them, and traced from her clit down to her tiny opening. He couldn't imagine him fitting inside. He could barely get his finger in.

"Right here. Maybe you should start with my finger first."

"Okay but then we do it for real. Promise?"

Joe smiled. She was asking him to promise he would stick his very hard dick way up inside her tight vagina. He was already straining to keep from shoving it in her.

"I promise. Now lower yourself down slow. It might hurt and there might be some blood."

"Oh I already know about that. It happened when my friend Sally pushed a thick marker up inside me. Wow were we scared."

Joe's dick pulsed and he fought back the urge to cum just thinking about Tracie and another girl putting things in each other's pussies. He would have to keep reminding Tracie to never tell Sally anything about them.

"Okay....That was an interesting piece of news. Maybe you can tell me all about it some other time. Now lower down until you're sitting on my hand."

Joe wiggled his middle finger to spread her natural lubricant and felt her sink down until his palm was against her body. He fought another urge to cum and told her to lift up and sit down a few times.

"Mmmmm. This is nice Uncle Joe but when do we do it for real?"

"Just one more thing. Lift up and let me try my thumb."

Tracie lifted off him and he put his thumb at the hole. He tried to get the angle right as she sat down again and took him inside her.

"Whoa, I can feel that. It's bigger." Tracie was thoroughly enjoying her lesson in sex.

Joe wiggled his thumb, causing more comments from Tracie then told her to lift higher. He aimed his dick at her hole but she moved too fast and he slipped back and up her butt crack.

"Slowly Tracie, slowly."

On the second attempt he didn't quite hit the hole and she bent his dick painfully. On the third try he held his dick just below the crown and wiped it back and forth until he felt it catch at her opening. Taking a deep breath he held steady and waited.

"Okay, now. Lower down slow. Don't hurt yourself."

Tracie bent her legs and squatted over Joe's erection. It looked so much bigger than the marker or even his thumb but she could have died on the roof without ever feeling a man inside her and she was determined to correct that right now. She let her weight apply pressure. Nothing happened. She pushed until she winced in pain and he told her to stop.

"You can't force it. Come cuddle with me and we'll get you ready."

Joe pulled her down into a hug and lifted her head up for a kiss. She was becoming a very good kisser under his teaching and she soon melted into his body. Joe played with her bum and even tickled her bum hole then rubbed her thighs and up to her pussy. After several strokes he reached under her and pressed a finger flat into her crease. When he found her clit he wiggled his finger side to side sending sparks through her body. Tracie became very aroused and started kissing him harder and breathing heavier. She started grinding against his hand and he pressed up to get her to raise up a few inches. When she leaned forward he reached for his dick and lifted it up against her hole. On her next backward grind he caught and slipped half of the crown inside her.

Tracie's eyes went wide and a huge smile broke out on her face. She looked down and part of Uncle Joe's dick had disappeared inside her. She kissed him again and pushed back. Joe felt something he never could have imagined in his prior life. Nothing could remotely compare with the tightness and the heat and slipperiness of an eight-year-old's vagina. Joes hands were all over Tracie, feeling her ass, cupping the side of her breasts and all over her back. When he was half way in he encouraged her to sit up and let her weight finish the job. When her bum touched his abdomen he held up his finger to wait and closed his eyes for a few seconds. He was right in the edge of cuming and needed to back away for her enjoyment.

"Oh Tracie, this is incredible. Come lay on me again and let's finish together. I'm so close."

Tracie's insides were on fire. She had taken all of Uncle Joe inside and his dick was touching places she didn't know she had. They were places up inside her that rang bells and set off fireworks every time he twitched. She decided to lay her cheek on his chest and let him lead. Whatever he was going to do next would be wonderful. She was sure of that and he didn't disappoint. Joe curled his hips down and moved her up with his hands on her waist until his crown was almost out of her. Her vagina felt empty and she could almost hear it say "come back, fill me up again". Then it happened. Joe knew he only had a few pumps before he would explode so he made them good ones. He slid fully into her, pressing his hips up and pushing her back. As soon as he bottomed out he reversed, pulled out and pressed in again. By the third time he had set up a rhythm and Tracie was in another world completely engulfed in non-stop stimulations coming from her lower regions. Every movement, every time he hit the end of her vagina or scraped her G-spot or pushed his abdomen into her clit sent her higher. On thrust number five he exploded.

Joe felt it first, slammed into her and held himself there. He put both hands on her bum and pulled her down, sinking his dick in until it hit the back of her vagina.

Oh Geeze Tracie, here it comes. Oh FUCK ME!"

The first spurt was huge, probably the biggest ever. He was fucking his beautiful eight-year-old niece and that knowledge created greater pressure to force his seed into her, to do what his body was programmed to do and inject his sperm into her body. It didn't matter that she was too young to use it. He was fulfilling his primal need to mate and it forced him to back off three inches and thrust in again when the second blast raced up the tube lined with all those nerve endings. The stimulation was so intense it was almost painful as the third, fourth, fifth and more spurts of cum filled her small vagina to overflowing.

Tracie had missed the signs at first. Her orgasm had started just before Joe slammed into her. She felt her whole body tense, especially her vagina muscles that started to milk Joe's dick even before his first blast. Everything went white as she grit her teeth and her eyes slammed shut. She tried to press him deeper but he was already pulling her body tight against his. She felt the waves of pleasure flow up from her vagina and over her body. Her fingers and toes curled and she trembled all over as she felt him

fill her with the hot sex liquid. Now she knew why people liked sex so much. She loved it and wanted it every day for the rest of her life. When she could breathe somewhat normally she lifted her head enough to say.

"Oh crap that is good. When can we do it again?"

Joe couldn't help laughing and he laughed so hard he slipped out of her, causing a river of cum to flow out of Tracie and down to the leather couch. He hugged her tight and said.

"Ha ha, I love you. You'll have to let me recover but we've got the rest of the summer to play. That is unless they fix the bridge and your mom shows up. She can never know. You understand that, right?"

"Yes Uncle Joe. I understand. It's sad though. I don't think mom gets any sex and you're so good at it. You could make her feel real good like you do me."

Joe smiled at that one. It was true that part of his brain could see him finishing what Maggie started on that raft but he had to block that out. Incest was right up there with child molesting as one of the worst crimes you could commit. Tracie was so innocent in some ways that she couldn't see how bad that was.

"Well that's not going to happen so let's just enjoy our time together. How about another kiss?"

They kissed until hunger and the need to pee forced them off the couch. They had a light supper, a quick shower and collapsed in Joe's bed. There would be no playing that night. They were both drained.

Joe woke to a feeling that he was getting very addicted to and a feeling he knew he would lose at the end of the summer. It was the feeling of Tracie cuddled up against him in bed. So much had happened in such a short time but he had accepted his new life and had a few weeks to enjoy it. He knew it was going to be difficult to be around girls Tracie's age when he returned to work as a fourth grade teacher. His relationship with Tracie was different and he would never consider doing anything to one of his students.

He needed to assess their situation and the first order of business was the roof. After a quick but sexy shower with Tracie, where he had to keep reminding her of the limited hot water, they had pancakes for breakfast and he gathered up tools and supplies for the work ahead. He needed to replace the broken bolts for the satellite dish and seal the holes where the solar panels were ripped off the roof. The work went quickly in spite of Tracie removing pieces of clothing and asking if he was done one at a time until she was naked.

After a quick lunch of tuna sandwiches where he used up the last of the bread he suggested that they try fishing again. The rain had probably flooded the stream but he didn't think the wave from the dam would have gotten that far. He had to make a new path up higher because part of the original path was under a foot of water. They eventually found the waterfall, as beautiful as ever and moved back down stream to where they had caught the fish before. There were signs of the height the water had reached all along the shore from the rain but the stream looked pretty much back to normal and they cast their lines at the edge of the bend in the stream.

Tracie was the first to get a bite and after much excited screaming and jumping up and down she maneuvered it close enough for Joe to scoop it up in the net. It was big enough for supper for one of them. Joe was next, catching a smaller but respectable trout. They caught four in all with Tracie's being the biggest, something she reminded him of every fifteen minutes.

The heat had returned and Joe suggested a swim at the waterfall. He had something special in mind and after stripping off their clothes and playing in the water he pulled her behind the waterfall and looked in her eyes.

"Little different from the last time, huh? He shouted over the rushing water."

"I wanted you to kiss me so bad and you didn't."

"You mean like this?" He said as he pulled her into a deep kiss. She wrapped her legs around him as they kissed.

Joe broke the kiss, smiled and said. "Or did you mean like this?"

As he said it he reached down and positioned his dick at her opening. As soon as she felt him there she lowered herself down until he was fully inside her. When they kissed again she was lifting herself up and dropping down on his dick, giving both of them immense pleasure. Joe was in Heaven and feeling playfull. With his dick still inside Tracie he moved them under the waterfall and let the water beat on them. Then he moved to the quiet deeper water and used the buoyancy to float Tracie as he pumped his dick into her over and over. The amount of sex they were having was giving him lots of staying power.

When Tracie couldn't stand being on the edge anymore, she reached down, made a fork with her fingers and slipped them on either side of his dick. When she squeezed them together in a scissor move he grunted and filled her with his cum. His orgasm was so powerful he had to move to a shallow section and sit down before he collapsed and drowned. He stayed inside Tracie as he used his fingers to give her the same pleasure and slipped out of her when her orgasm squeezed his softening dick. As he hugged her tight he wished the town would never fix the bridge.

Joe insisted that Tracie get dressed, reminding her of the scratches she got returning to the cabin from the last fishing trip. They gathered up the cooler and fishing gear and headed back. They found a message from Maggie waiting for them. The town didn't know when they could fix the bridge since it only led to Joe and Maggie's cabin. She was considering hiring a boat to come get them. Joe said that he wasn't leaving his car here and that they were fine.

"What's going on with you two?" She texted back immediately. They had messaged her when she was online. Joe started a long back and forth conversation with her.

"Nothing is going on. The disaster is over and we will be fine until the bridge is fixed.

"Bad idea. What if they don't fix it? You and Tracie can't stay there all year. You both have school in a few weeks and what would you do for food?"

"Tracie says we can live on Trout Almondine. LOL"

"Joe, be serious. I miss my daughter."

"I miss my sister. I want the summer that you turned twelve back."

As soon as he hit send on the message he was sorry. Did he just hint that he was kissing Tracie the way Maggie kissed him. There was a pause in her answer.

"That was a special summer. I WOULD like Tracie to experience what I did, maybe without the awkward moments. Joe, take good care of my baby."

"I think surviving a dam failure classifies as taking very good care of her."

"I saw the picture of your back. There's no one I would trust more to protect her. I was thinking of something else though. Something from that summer. Never mind, just be safe. I miss you both."

"Sometimes I wish I had a time machine." He sent, wondering if she would get the hint.

Joe and Tracie said their goodbyes and he sent a selfie with Tracie to Maggie, showing that they were both okay. He didn't notice that his hand was on her breast as he pulled her in close for the selfie.

"Okay sweetie, I'll get supper going. You pick a movie and see if it will download by the time supper is over."

They had found that they couldn't stream a movie but given enough time they could download it and play it from Joe's laptop to the TV. Tracie seemed to be able to find movies about young girls having love affairs with boys or older men. Some of them were foreign films with poorly dubbed English or subtitles.

When they had cleaned their plates Tracie told him that supper was amazing. The trout had been cooked to perfection and they ate the last of the green beans and half of the potatoes. The SUV might have to make its own trail through the woods to civilization if the food ran out. They still had a couple weeks worth if they stretched it.

Before they cleared the table Tracie moved to his lap and gave him a kiss.

"Whoa fish breath. You better go brush your teeth." He said laughing.

"And what do you think yours smells like?" She asked him as she tickled his sides.

"Like Tracie boob!" He exclaimed as he lifted her shirt and sucked on her breast.

"Eww. Now I'll have fish boob. We both need to clean up."

She helped him do the dishes then beat him to the bathroom where she just started peeing when he arrived.

"A little privacy sir." She joked. It had become normal for them to watch each other pee."

"Excuse me miss. Will it be bath or shower tonight miss?"

Tracie smiled as she wiped and said in her best fake British accent.

"I think it will be a bath tonight Jeeves. Do stay so that you can wash my back will you?"

"Of course miss, and your front too?"

"Of course." Tracie said as she broke character and bent over laughing.

Joe turned the water on and moved in front of the toilet.

"A little privacy please."

"Now Jeeves. You know I have to help you aim."

Tracie stood beside Joe and reached around to take his dick from his hands. He tried to relax and managed to get the flow started before his erection cut off the flow. Tracie had great fun pretending it was a fire hose and spraying circles around the toilet bowl. When she missed and sprayed the back of the seat he said.

"You're cleaning that."

She waited until he finished then stroked him until he was fully hard. She thought it was like a magic wand. Just a touch could inflate it and make it ready to give her magic feelings.

Joe shut the water off when it was a couple inches deep. Hot water used propane and they were limited on that. He handed Tracie her toothbrush and made a big production out of brushing his teeth while watching her. When they both rinsed he gave her a quick kiss and pronounced her no longer fish breath.

The bath was relaxing and good for his back. Most of the rope lines were fading but he was still stiff at times. He wished they could fill the tub to the brim and soak. Maybe he could figure out a way to heat water in the fireplace. They had plenty of wood.

Tracie settled in front of him and moved up until his dick was squeezed between his abdomen and her bum. He didn't think he could cum again without a lot of work so he wrapped his arms around Tracie and let his fingers roam. Her breasts felt even more sensual when a layer of soapy water made them slippery. Her soft belly received a thorough washing and he caressed from the top of her mound up to her neck and back several times.

Joe soaped up his hands again and slid them down her belly and along her leg creases to her thighs. He could feel the heat from her pussy but didn't touch it as he drew his thumbs up her leg creases and then covered her triangle with both hands, still not touching her vulva. Tracie's breathing was getting heavier and she kept humping up when his hands would be near her pussy.

"Uncle Joe!"

"Yes sweetie? What do you want me to do?"

"Touch me Uncle Joe. Touch me and put your fingers in me. Please."

Joe slid both hands down the middle of her abdomen and right over her pussy. His left stayed at her clit and his right pressed her crease open and dipped his middle finger into her up to his palm. Tracie went off like a nuclear bomb. Her bum lifted six inches off the tub and she made a sound like the dam warning siren. It was sort of a long drawn out "eeeeeeee".

He pressed his palm to her abdomen, keeping his middle finger deep inside, and pressing her G spot when he wasn't being bounced around by her thrashing. Joe smiled as his little lover obviously had one of her biggest orgasms. He would have to remember that a little foreplay teasing could have a huge effect on her.

Tracie endured the rush of feelings until she thought she would go insane. She thought holding her hand over Joe's would help like holding herself when she had to pee but that just put more pressure on her clit and scrambled her brain even more. She finally had to push him away before her whole body exploded and splattered all over the bathroom.

Joe moved his hand to her belly and felt the spasms rock her body as her orgasm ran its course. She sure could have big ones. All the movement was having an effect on him. He didn't want to cum but she had rubbed him with her bum so much he was rock hard. He decided to try something new and moved her closer so that his dick settled between her butt cheeks and he could slide his dick across her rosebud and up her crack. The feeling was great and he liked the naughty feeling of rubbing her bum hole with his dick.

Tracie was coming down from her high when she felt Uncle Joe's dick sliding behind her. He was tickling where she pooped and it felt strange but nice. She figured it was clean because they were in the tub. As he continued to move she leaned back and rested her head on his chest. Her clit was still too sensitive to rub so she just relaxed and let Joe use her body any way he wanted.

Joe was thoroughly enjoying the feelings but he didn't think he was close to cuming and the water had turned cold. He gave Tracie some final touches all over and asked her to roll over for a kiss. She was more than happy to agree and while they kissed he rubbed the soap on her bum and started playing with her anus.

"Is this okay?" He asked as he pressed on her anal opening and rubbed it.

"It feels funny but it doesn't hurt. Isn't it dirty?"

"Well....naughty maybe but naughty can be fun. Sometimes sex can be messy but that's okay. We're washable."

He played with her bum until he could press his finger inside. Once he was satisfied that it didn't hurt he pulled his finger out, gave her bum a tap and said it was time to get out.

"Maybe we can check that out another time."

After drying each other thoroughly he did something that was becoming a tradition. He bent down, let her put her arms around his neck, and picked her up. He found carrying her like that with one arm under her knees and the other behind her back emphasized her little girl status and made what they did more exciting.

The movie had downloaded and Joe cuddled behind Tracie as they watched. He wasn't a bit interested in the plot but he did like watching the young girl undress completely to try to impress an older boy. If it wasn't so dangerous he thought he could really enjoy child porn as long as the children were just photographed and not forced into things by adults. He wondered if he should take some dirty pictures of Tracie but decided that was a really stupid idea.

They went to bed after the movie with just some goodnight kisses. Joe had something special planned for the morning. A fantasy he had waited a lot of years to fulfill.

Chapter 11 - At long last

The following morning Joe woke up first for a change. He thought Tracie must be getting used to sleeping with him. He had big plans for the day so he slipped out of bed and headed for the bathroom. Tracie was still sleeping when he put the coffee on and mixed today's batch of powdered milk. It wasn't the best but it had to do until they could get to a store. Tracie came into the kitchen rubbing her eyes sleepily.

"Why didn't you wake me?"

"Because you look like an Angel when you're sleeping."

Joe watched as Tracie went through the motions of getting her cereal and milk but he could tell she was half asleep. Unless she is planning some naughty play, Tracie is not a morning person.

"What are we doing today?" She asked as she sipped her half coffee, half milk combination.

"First order of business is getting the raft turned over and anchored. We may not have a beach but we can still enjoy the water."

The dam failure had raised the lake up several feet. The fifty feet of land from the house to the lake had been reduced to twenty feet. The raft was upside down half in the water. The raft was the central part of Joe's plan for the day so he needed it upright and floating. After breakfast he and Tracie dressed and headed out the back door towards the lake. He tried just flipping it but it was a little too heavy . He could get it waist high but no higher.

"Let's try something else." he told Tracie.

He took another length of rope from a storage box and tied it to the middle of the long side of the raft. He threw the other end over a branch and had Tracie take it and stand far enough away so that if it flipped she wouldn't get hit. The next time he lifted it he had her pull with all her weight and it added just enough extra upward force for him to be able to raise it up on the edge and push it over with a crash. The half in the water floated a little and using a long board he was able to inch it forward until it was floating.

"Success!" He yelled as he hugged Tracie and spun her around.

"Let's see if we can find the anchor."

Joe started stripping off his clothes right there in the yard. When he was naked he waded in the water looking for the two cement blocks chained together.

"Watch your feet. There might be roots or other junk that can hurt."

Tracie wasn't sure about walking on the flooded ground. She liked the feel of sand under her feet more than pine needles and roots. Joe followed the anchor chain and found it was still attached to one of the blocks. He was able to pick the block up and drag the raft out to deep water. When it was about chest deep he dropped the block and shortened the chain. He would add another chain or rope another day.

"Come on Tracie. The water's clear out here."

Tracie undressed quickly and walked out to where it was deep enough to swim. It felt good to be out in the sunshine and swimming with Uncle Joe. All the sex stuff was awesome but it was fun to just be a kid again too. Of course being a kid back home didn't include swimming naked with your relatives. She planned to beg her mom to let her be naked in their back yard. What she really wanted was to get Sally to join her.

Joe met her a few feet from the raft and gave her a quick hug. She went for a kiss but he picked her up, and tossed her into the air. She came down with a big splash and sank under water. When she came up she splashed him several times with both hands until he surrendered. They played like that for a while, uncle and niece, not lovers. When Tracie started getting cold he lifted her onto the raft and joined her.

"Let's lay here a while and warm up." he suggested.

When she tried to cuddle up to him he stopped her.

"Do something for me please. Close your eyes and let me just look at you. Keep them closed until I kiss you. Can you do that for me?"

"Okay, I guess. You're not gonna tickle me are you?"

"No, nothing like that. Just trust me."

Tracie did like he asked and lay on her side facing him but not close enough to touch him. Joe laid down beside her and was transported back to that day with Maggie. Just like before, Tracie wasn't a niece, she was a beautiful sexy naked girl.

"Keep your eyes closed and pretend you're sleeping." He whispered.

He reached out and placed his fingers on her breast. She gasped at the contact but immediately relaxed and kept her eyes closed. Next he turned his hand and paced it on her abdomen, just below her waist. Soft warm skin stimulated his fingertips and jogged his memory. She was so beautiful and so available. He pressed in lightly and let his fingers tell him where he was. He felt her leg creases and moving down felt the skin rise like a hill overlooking a magic place. Sliding his hand down farther his fingers rode up the hill and down the slope with the dividing line down the middle. Cupping her whole pussy he closed his eyes and saw his sister moving forward to kiss him. He leaned in and kissed her.

Tracie thought it was a game at first. She was afraid he would tickle her any minute. When he touched all the right places she relaxed and waited for the kiss. They had never done anything in such an exposed place. It made everything much more exciting. When he finally kissed her she opened her eyes and saw that Uncle Joe's were still closed. She moved over until their bodies touched and pushed her leg between his. When he put his hand on her bum and pulled her against his leg it started a fire down below. She decided outdoor kissing was fun.

Joe was living a fantasy. He knew he was with Tracie but in his mind it was Maggie. He wondered if she ever felt the same. As he kissed Tracie he rolled her onto her back and moved over her. They had experienced some amazing sex in a short time but this would be lovemaking and making up for years of waiting. He nudged her legs apart and she pulled them up and out with the flexibility of a gymnast. Her vagina opened for him and waited for him to fill it. When he entered her it was smooth and sensual. She was still extremely tight but her body opened for him and there was no pain, just mind blowing pleasure.

Tracie looked at the love in his eyes and smiled. She sensed that she shouldn't talk. Uncle Joe was loving her in his special way and she let the thrills increase as he slipped deeper and deeper into her.

"You feel so good inside me." she sighed.

"You're so beautiful. I love being inside you. Lets not hurry."

He didn't hurry. He slowly moved in and out of her, stopping to kiss her or touch her breasts, and keeping himself close to the edge but not too close. When Tracie became impatient she would reach down and feel him sliding into her or move higher and rub her clit as she felt his dick push her abdomen up from inside. She had several orgasms during the twenty to thirty minutes that he was inside her. Each time Joe would stop moving and enjoy her vagina squeezing his dick as she trembled through a new orgasm. Each time he resisted cuming and let her fly to a distant Galaxy and back.

"Uncle Joe!" She finally said. "What are you doing to me? I'm floating. Are you gonna squirt your stuff in me soon?"

"Pretty soon honey, pretty soon."

Joe lifted himself on straight arms and started pumping in and out of her preteen body. She seemed so tiny beneath him but so beautiful and delicate. As he pumped with long deep strokes his emotions rose higher and higher. All the years of wondering and waiting were finally over. He was here, on the raft, finishing what he started when he was ten and just learning the pleasures his body could give

Tracie could feel the difference. Uncle Joe was going to squirt. He was going to fill her insides with that wonderful hot liquid that made her feel like a grown woman. His kisses became stronger and his thrusts deeper. He was touching his abdomen to hers with every thrust and filling her insides with fireballs. She wrapped her legs around him and kicked his bottom with her heels. On the second kick she felt it happen. He slammed into her and stayed there. He let more of his weight press on her and lifted his head up. As the first amount of cum raced up his shaft he grit his teeth then opened his mouth and screamed.

"Aaaggggh. Fuck. MAGGIE!"

The cum blasted into Tracie with more force than she had ever felt. She knew Uncle Joe was having a good one but why did he scream her mom's name. Was he wishing she was her mom? It was very confusing but her orgasm had started and she closed her eyes and let it wash over her. Uncle Joe was pumping more and more stuff into her. She loved the feeling. She loved feeling the sun on her face and seeing the blue sky while he filled her insides with his big dick and that magic liquid. Maybe she had heard it wrong but it sounded like he had shouted Maggie. There was plenty of time to ask him later.

Joe was spent. Actually living the fantasy that he had spent so many years wondering about had drained him completely. He wasn't even aware he had called Maggie's name. Not until he had rolled Tracie on top of him and cuddled her until he slipped out in a pool of cum and she asked him.

"Did you call my mom's name?"

"What? When?" he was surprised by the question

"When you squirted. You yelled Maggie. Did you do it with my mom?"

"No, of course not. Oh Tracie, I'm sorry. Let me explain."

"Do you want to do it with my mom instead of me?"

"No. I love you. Let me explain. When I was ten and your mom was twelve she fell asleep and I touched her where I shouldn't have. She must have thought she was dreaming because when she woke up she grabbed me and kissed me and touched me back. It was all over in a minute and she told me to never talk about it. I've always had a fantasy about making love to a beautiful girl on this raft and you are the beautiful girl I got to do it with. I was making love to you not your mom."

Joe hoped she believed him and deep down he hoped it was true. He didn't know what to do with the possibility that he wanted to sleep with his sister. He knew that one reason he never married was because subconsciously he compared every woman he dated with Maggie and they all fell short. They still had three weeks left. Maybe it was time to get Maggie here.

He wrapped Tracie in his arms and hugged her. There was no doubt he loved Tracie and wanted to continue what they were doing. The only question was should Maggie be included. Finding out could permanently end his relationship with Maggie and Tracie and probably land him in jail.

"Tracie, I'm sorry. I should have told you what I was doing. We could have made it a game. Did you like doing it on the raft?"

Tracie looked up and a smile crept across her face.

"Hee Hee, it was really naughty doing it out here, wasn't it?"

"Naughty but fun."

Joe continued.

"I need to tell you something. I think I would like your mom to join in the fun but I'm afraid if we ask her she will have me arrested and never let me see you again."

"Uncle Joe. We can't let that happen. I'll die if I can't kiss you and feel you inside me."

"I know sweetie but the summer is almost over and you know we have to stop when we leave the cabin. Maybe we can have another week alone and then ask your mother to come. She can get a boat ride or a ride to the bridge where we could pick her up."

Tracie reluctantly agreed that in one week if the bridge was still down they would find a way for Maggie to join them. Joe squeezed her butt and played with her bum hole as they cuddled on the raft.

"Uncle Joe, let me up. I need to pee."

"So pee" Joe said smiling. "We have to rinse off the raft anyway after our little fun so adding a little pee won't hurt it."

"You want me to pee on you? That's so dirty."

"Poop would be dirty. Pee is just naughty. I don't actually want you to pee on me, I just don't want to stop hugging you so if you have to pee then pee."

"Okay, here it comes."

Tracie giggled as she relaxed her lower body and felt the first dribble flow out and run between her body and Joe's. Joe's dick stirred when he felt the hot liquid run down his body and across his anus. It was a totally new experience and one that he found very erotic. Before she finished he lifted her hips up so that he could see the stream and aim it on his dick. Tracie was giggling like crazy as she washed his lower region with her urine. The smell was strong and she wrinkled her nose and laid back on top of him.

"Daddy, I went peepee". She said then dissolved in a fit of giggles.

The word "Daddy" tugged at Joe's heart. He wished he really was Tracie's father. Coming back to the present he tapped Tracie's bottom.

"You naughty girl. You did peepee on me. You get a spanking."

The love taps he gave her would never qualify as a spanking since each light tap was followed by groping and massaging her bum cheeks. He finally lifted her chin, said "I love you so much" and kissed her gently.

"Now how about some lunch. I'm so hungry I could eat a niece."

He pretended to bite her neck and it tickled so much she wiggled free and jumped into the lake. He tipped the raft back and forth until the entire surface was rinsed then followed Tracie to the cabin, picking up their clothes on the way.

Chapter 12 - One more week of fun

After lunch Joe suggested that they get dressed and drive to the bridge to see if any work had started on it. He didn't want any surprise visitors showing up to tell him it was fixed as he slid his dick into his niece in plain sight.

They found that the remains of the old bridge had been cleared away but nothing had been done about a replacement. They would have to be careful. A prefabricated bridge could be dropped on the supports in one day and there was a good chance someone would drive to the cabin to let them know it was usable once it was repaired. Maggie might even be the first one over the bridge. From now on all sex related fun would be done inside the cabin with the doors locked or someplace remote like the waterfall.

Their food supply was getting low so Joe suggested some lake fishing for a change. There were some tasty big mouth bass in the lake if they could catch them. This time they undressed on the back porch and Joe carried the gear out to the raft. He wished they had the canoe but it was beyond repair. Joe was hoping Tracie would be as lucky at lake fishing as she was at trout fishing but after half an hour they hadn't felt even a nibble. What he did feel was Tracie playing with his dick when she got bored.

"Tracie, cut it out! We're supposed to be fishing." He laughed

"I am fishing Uncle Joe. I caught a big one."

As she said it she gave his dick a squeeze and he groaned.

"At this rate we'll starve. Let go a minute and let me try casting out farther."

Joe stood up and swung his rod as hard as he could. The lure sailed across the water and landed way past where they had been trying before. He was slowly reeling in his line when he felt it. Something big hit the lure. He slowed his winding and wiggled the rod a little and felt it again. With a quick snap he hooked it and the fight was on. Tracie saw the fishing rod bend and yelled.

"You caught a whale! Bring him in, bring him in."

"Get the net ready" he yelled back as he worked the fish closer and closer.

When the fish broke the surface Joe couldn't believe it.

"Holy crap! That thing is huge. Get him Tracie."

Joe reeled the fish in until it was beside the raft and Tracie scooped the net under it. It was so heavy he had to help her lift it out of the water. He had caught a twenty-one inch large mouth bass that weighed over four pounds. There would be a delicious supper that night. He decided that was all they needed so they headed back to the cabin. Tracie didn't know why he asked her to get dressed but she had learned when Uncle Joe asked her to do something it usually ended up being a lot of naughty fun.

Joe put the fish in the refrigerator and washed his hands. He suggested they cuddle on the couch for a while. It was a hot late July day and the cabin was cooler than outside. He made sure to lock the doors and brought Tracie over to the couch.

"I want to show you how special you are to me. Come give me a kiss."

She sat across his lap in his favorite position with his left arm supporting her back and his right hand between her legs pressed up against her pussy. They traded tongue kisses and he gently sucked on her lower lip then returned to a full kiss moving his lips against hers in a way that she could feel his hunger for her. When she was breathing heavy he gently lowered her to the couch and sat at her hips.

He leaned in and kissed her neck. She giggled when he tickled her with his tongue and pushed him lower. Joe lifted her shirt up and off in one move then let her do the same with his. The whole reason for getting dressed was the fun of undressing each other. Joe kissed and licked his way down to the prize he was seeking. When his mouth closed over her breast, she arched her back and sucked in a breath like a vacuum. A flood of pleasure rushed out from her nipple. She had learned it could be the source of so many good feelings and she pulled his head in tighter as he gently scraped her nipple across his teeth then ran circles around it with his tongue.

Joe had decided to give Tracie a masters course in sex education. He reached over to her other breast and when that one was tingling with delight he moved down to her belly. Tracie didn't like her stomach. She hated how it sagged into a fold at her waist. She had seen lots of girls in bikinis who were smooth from their neck to the top of their bikini bottoms. Tracie wasn't like them. Joe was very glad that she wasn't. To him her belly was a sexy pillow that you put your cheek on to enjoy the softness. He kissed several lines across her belly from below her breasts to just above her waist.

"I love your belly. Can I sleep here?" He asked as he lay his cheek on it again."

"No silly, I'm not a pillow" she laughed but she actually would love to have him sleep with her every night.

Joe sat up and looked at the topless girl lit by the afternoon sunlight. His hands trembled as he unsnapped her shorts and slowly pulled down the zipper. Was there any sound more erotic than the sound of a girl's zipper being pulled down? He touched the waistband of her shorts at her hips and slipped his fingers between the shorts and her panties. On cue, Tracie lifted her bum and he pulled the shorts down while she held the panties in place. After removing his shorts , both pairs joined the growing pile of clothes on the floor.

Tracie was dizzy with excitement. Uncle Joe didn't just rip her clothes off and put his thing in her. He was gentle and sexy and made her feel all tingly inside. When he pulled her panties down just a little and started kissing her belly she wondered what he was doing. He had never kissed her down there where she peed but they had just come in from the lake so it was probably clean.

Joe desperately wanted to feel his lips on her bald pussy and taste her sex. He remembered Laura, the older neighbor girl when he was growing up. She got him to kiss her pussy on a dare when he was seven and she was nine. It was only for a second but he still remembered how the skin was soft and shaped like two fat lips turned sideways. Tracie had not started puberty and her vulva was just as smooth and appealing.

She lifted her bum anticipating that he would take her panties off but he only pulled them down in back. It felt naughty to know that the waistband was below her bum cheeks and her whole bare bum was touching the couch. On top, Joe pulled the panties down another bit until they just barely covered her crease. Smooth skin flowed into a triangle that defined one of the most sensitive and forbidden areas of her body. She received another thrill when he kissed and licked the forbidden triangle, lingering just above the keyhole beginning of her crease. Joe tasted her salty skin and breathed in her aroused scent as he felt the heat from her pussy so close to his face. He loved every inch of her and would punch anyone who called her fat. She was perfect to him.

Tracie ached to have him touch her pussy. If he didn't do it soon she would put her own hand down there. When he finally pulled her panties down and off she smiled at him. The times he had seen her swimming naked meant nothing. He was seeing her as a naked sexy girl and not as a niece or a little kid. She held her breath as he looked at her with fire in his eyes.

"You are so beautiful." he said and he meant it.

To Joe, Tracie was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Of course she was the only eight-year-old he had seen naked besides his sister but that didn't matter. She was beautiful and it was time to show her more of the secrets her body held. He moved down the couch and spread her legs. She felt very exposed as he moved up between her legs and touched her inner thighs. She trembled when he put his thumbs on either side of her crease and gently peeled her open. When he leaned down she closed her eyes and gasped as his lips touched her most sensitive private place and she felt his

tongue moisten from her hole up to her magic button. She couldn't believe he would lick there but as the feelings increased she was very glad he did.

Joe was about to taste his first preteen vagina. He had no idea how he changed from the shy, proper uncle to the preteen pussy eating pervert that he was now. Tracie had cast a spell on him that he couldn't break. When he first touched her with his tongue she didn't disappoint. Silky skin, impossibly smooth and delicate, greeted his tongue as he pressed into her crease and lubricated the area. When he pressed into the entrance to her vagina he received his biggest reward. Liquid sex was the only way to describe it. There was a salty taste of course but much more. Lumped under the term "arousal fluid" it was both lubricant and aphrodisiac. The taste and scent went straight to his brain and pumped even more blood to his already straining dick. He pressed deeper, seeking more of the magic liquid and giving more pleasure to its source.

Tracie was already flying but went from the ground floor to the penthouse in emotions when Uncle Joe pushed his tongue inside her. All the nerve endings around her opening fired giving her monumental amounts of stimulation and developing a need for more. She put both hands on his head and pressed him against herself, urging him to go deeper. Joe knew what she wanted but he had a surprise that she didn't know about. He moved up her crease to her slit and sucked the whole area into his mouth. When his tongue found her button she lit up like one of the lightening bolts the other night and had another massive orgasm, several orders of magnitude bigger than anything she had done with her fingers.

She moaned, she screamed, she bit her lower lip and made groaning sounds as the tsunami of pleasure washed over her. Joe put both hands under her bum to keep his face pressed against her pussy. When she begged him to stop so that she could breathe he stopped licking her clit but pressed his tongue back in her hole. Tracie panted like a dog on a hot day as he lay there with his tongue inside her. To keep her from going completely insane he didn't move his tongue, he just left it inside her, enjoying the drip of girl juices hitting it. It didn't bother him that some of the saltiness was his cum left over from the raft.

Joe wasn't finished. To let Tracie catch her breath he slipped between her and the couch and cuddled her to his body. She trembled in his arms as multiple aftershocks hit her body. When her breathing returned to normal he kissed her gently and cuddled her as she closed her eyes and melted into his embrace. After holding her for a few minutes he turned her to face away from him and spooned up close to her. When he wrapped an arm around her and cupped her breast she put her hand on his and drifted in and out of sleep.

Joe was too excited to sleep but he was patient and let Tracie fully recover from her orgasm. He woke her in a very unusual way, by spreading sunburn lotion on her butt crack and pressing his finger into her anus.

"What are you doing back there?" She asked as she woke up completely.

"Getting ready for your next sex education lesson."

"Back there?"

"Yup"

That was all he said. Tracie shrugged her shoulders and put her head back down on her arm. Whatever Uncle Joe was planning would probably be good, naughty as hell, but good. Joe massaged her butt cheeks and continued to return to her rosebud, stretching and lubricating it. His dick was at full attention although it had only been a couple hours since the raft. When he was able to slip his thumb inside her he adjusted his position and lined his dick up with her bottom. Her eyes widened when she felt his dick push up against her.

"Will it fit? You're pretty big."

"Thank you for the compliment and yes it will fit. Push out a little like you are pooping then relax."

Tracie thought it was weird but it did feel kind of nice when he put his finger in there so she pushed and relaxed just as Joe pushed and he slipped inside her. It had been a painful entry for him but there was so much lubrication and he had stretched her enough that it was over quick. She was still gripping his shaft with an iron grip but the big bulbous crown was inside her.

"You okay?" he asked

"Yeah. It's really weird but feels nice too."

"Just wait." he said as he cleaned his hand with a towel he had put close by. He made sure to do it where Tracie could see him.

After his fingers were clean he put some more lotion on his fingers and cupped her pussy. She twitched at the feeling if the slippery fingers touching her and at the same time felt Joe's dick slip deeper and deeper inside her. When she felt his abdomen touch her bum she knew she had taken all of him inside her.

"Oh wow. I can feel you in there. This is so weird."

"Good weird or bad weird?"

"Oh good weird. Definitely good weird."

To emphasize the point she squeezed her bum cheeks together and wiggled her bum a little. Joe jumped on that one and he wondered who was pleasuring who. To return the favor he pulled back until he was almost out then pressed forward until he felt skin on skin again.

"Whoa! Do that again." she told him as she put her hand on top of his over her pussy.

Joe got the hint and started moving his slippery hand up and down and in circles over her clit. He figured she would be too sensitive for touching it directly but the whole area was sensitive and combined with what was happening in back should give her another good orgasm. He was hoping he had built up enough cum for her to feel it.

Tracie was loving all the new things Uncle Joe was teaching her. She tried to block out the realization that it would all end when her mother arrived and when the summer

was over and they would have to pretend all this never happened. She could worry about that next week because Uncle Joe had started pumping in and out of her bum and rubbing her pussy much faster and her head was spinning. Why did her bum feel so good and why didn't she know about this earlier. This was something she could do with Sally. Actually the kitty licking was something they could try too. She just couldn't tell Sally where she learned it.

Back behind Tracie, Joe was building toward another climax. He alternated between closing his eyes and picturing his dick sliding up Tracie's buttery colon and looking at his dick disappearing inside her bum. He hoped she wouldn't be sore because he didn't want to slow down and he didn't want to be gentle. Now that he tried anal he was sold on the extreme tightness and the stimulation he was getting from pressing his dick into her back door. Of course there was also the extreme dirtiness of pushing his dick up someone's bum, especially when the bum belonged to an eight-year-old niece.

When their orgasms hit it was a wonder they managed to stay on the couch. Joe felt the first blast coming and shoved his dick as far up Tracie as he could. At the same time he pulled her in with his hand flat on her pussy. As the first blast entered her body his dick pushed outward and she felt him pressing against her vagina from the inside. Knowing he was pumping his stuff in her bum set Tracie off and she moaned as her pussy erupted with those amazing feelings again.

Joe didn't need to worry about having enough cum. He placed at least five good spurts inside Tracie then stayed hard inside her as they both shook through mutual aftershocks for at least fifteen minutes, maybe more. Joe stuffed the towel between them to protect the couch as much as possible. He was very grateful that it was leather and not fabric. He closed his eyes when he heard Tracie's steady breathing and they both enjoyed a special afternoon nap.

Joe woke up with his stomach growling. He carried Tracie to the bathroom and they took a quick shower together, spending extra time washing his dick and her bum. Supper was fresh water bass cooked to perfection with canned corn and instant potatoes. They texted Maggie and told her about the bridge. Joe told her that if the bridge wasn't fixed by the next week that she should see if she could get a ride to the town side of the bridge and they would meet her on their side and she could wade across. Maggie thought that was a great idea but didn't want to wait. She said that she would try to meet them at noon in two days.

"Well sweetie, tomorrow might be our last day alone. What do you want to do?"

Tracie wanted to stay in bed with Uncle Joe inside her all day but she settled for the waterfall then the raft then another night in his bed. Joe thought it was an excellent way to end their time alone and he hoped she wouldn't be too red when Maggie arrived. He still had no idea how he was going to tell Maggie how he felt or what her reaction would be.

They kissed deeply behind the waterfall then he sat her on a rock outcropping and slid into for the first time that day. He bounced her on his dick until they were both ready then stepped into the waterfall and let the falling water beat on them where they were joined together. The effect was like a giant vibrator and their screams were drowned out by the roar of the waterfall as he pumped his seed into her. They caught a couple trout before returning to the cabin for some couch cuddling and lunch. After lunch it was bass fishing, swimming and dozing on the dock before he climbed on top of her and filled her tunnel with more of his seed as she looked at the blue sky above her. This time he cried out "Tracie!" as he blasted into her.

Joe pulled the last steak out of the freezer and they had a nice meal and settled on the couch. Joe found an uncut version of the movie Pretty Baby, a story of a young girl raised in a brothel with lots of nude scenes of the 12 year old girl and her adult lover. As they watched the action he reached for the lotion and finished the movie with his dick firmly settled in her bum. They were both worn out from all the sex and after washing up they cuddled naked in his bed, possibly for the last time.

Chapter 13 - Maggie's return

Joe checked in with Maggie first thing in the morning. She had arranged for a boat to take her across the lake to the cabin. If the bridge wasn't repaired by the end of the summer she could message the owner to come get them. Joe asked her if she could get some food since they were down to canned goods and fish. She said that it was all taken care of and to remember to wear clothes when the boat arrived. The owner had a twelve year old son who would be with them.

Joe and Tracie had the same wicked idea. When the boat approached Joe and Tracie waded out to meet it. Tracie pretended to stumble and soaked her white thin T-shirt,

making it transparent. She was also wearing thin nylon panties that almost disappeared when wet. Maggie scowled at them and loudly proclaimed that she had brought the missing bathing suit bag. She didn't say that it was loaded with food, not clothing.

Joe and Tracie accepted all the bags from Maggie and put them on the ground. Maggie gave the man a generous tip and Tracie stood on the shore facing the boy and waved to him. She was sure he would jack off to the sight for many years to come because her wet clothes showed him everything. When they were out of sight Maggie turned to Joe and Tracie.

"You two rascals. Tracie, you sure showed that boy your charms. Where is my shy daughter? Never mind, come give me a hug. I missed you so much!"

Maggie squeezed the breath out of Tracie. She had been so worried about her that only a hug would prove that she was okay. She released Tracie and moved to Joe.

"You saved my little girl little brother. You done good"

She hugged him tight and went to kiss his cheek but he turned and kissed her very quickly full on the lips.

"Oh, are we kissing like that now?" She asked with a surprised look.

"Why not. We're family and I missed you too."

Joe had taken the first step and she didn't push him away. He picked Tracie up so that she could put one arm around him and one around Maggie.

"We missed you mom." She said then hugged her and kissed her mother on the lips quickly."

"Well I missed you both a whole lot. You've had quite the adventures."

"We did and Uncle Joe saved me from the giant wave!"

Tracie leaned over and kissed Joe in front of her mother.

"Well" Maggie said. "You two have really become kissy while I was gone."

"You said we are family mom and he did save my life. You should thank Uncle Joe like I did."

Maggie blushed bright red then leaned in to give Joe a light kiss. She felt unusual kissing her brother in front of her daughter but something about the kiss was warm and familiar.

"Well, let's get this food inside. There's ice cream in there."

"ICE CREAM!" Both Joe and Tracie screamed.

Tracie rambled on about everything that had happened since Maggie had gone, leaving out the sexy parts of course. She told her about catching the trout and going back to the waterfall and the big thunder and lightening storm and the dam breaking and Uncle Joe tying her to the chimney. She changed the ending to tickling him when he was tied up. Finally she told Maggie about the Trout Almondine and about getting the raft back in the water..

"Well, like I said, you two have had a lot of adventures. Let's hope the next couple weeks are a little quieter."

"Yes, please " Joe added laughing.

"Tracie, I'm glad you got over your shyness about swimming. I used the swim bag for the groceries and left the swimsuits home."

"Oh no problem mom. I may never wear a swimsuit again."

"Really?" Maggie replied. You better not plan on swimming at any public beaches or pools."

"You know what I mean mom, when we're here."

"Oh, okay. Help me put the rest of the food away. When they were done Maggie approached Joe in the kitchen."

"How can I ever thank you Joe? You saved Tracie's life."

Before he could say anything Maggie leaned in and gave him another kiss on the lips. It was quick and chaste but it was a kiss. Joe pulled her to the side away from Tracie.

"Maggie, I've been thinking a lot about that summer when you were twelve. I know I was a dumb kid and way out of line but "

"I told you I never wanted to talk about that." She snapped

"That was when you were twelve. I just want to know."

"Figure it out Joe. I'm not going to say it."

Maggie turned and headed into the living room where Tracie was flipping channels full of static.

"How do you watch that?" She asked.

"We usually download a movie and stream it from Uncle Joe's laptop."

"You had a good time with Uncle Joe didn't you?"

"Mom, he's the best. He didn't just save my life. He is funny and he talks in his sleep and he taught me how to fish."

"He talks in his sleep? I thought you agreed to sleep in your own bed."

"You weren't here for the big storm that shook the cabin or the flood. There's no way I'm sleeping alone and don't try to make me. He has a big bed. You should join us. Then you can be safe too."

"Tracie, don't be silly. I'm not sleeping in the same bed as my little brother."

"He loves you mom, as much as he loves me. You should love him back."

"I know sweetie. How about another hug. I've missed you so much."

Tracie climbed on her mother's lap with her knees on either side of her legs and gave her a kiss on the lips

"Since when did you become so kissy?"

"Don't you like it? I saw you kiss Uncle Joe. Doesn't he kiss good?"

Maggie was embarrassed. She did like kissing Joe, much more than she should have. She even liked kissing Tracie.

Just then Joe walked in and sat next to Maggie. He took her hand in his hand leaned back. Tracie moved from her mother's lap to Joe's. He put his hands on her waist and smiled.

"So, what have you ladies been talking about."

Tracie jumped in before Maggie could speak.

"About kissing and how we're family and families kiss and how you have that big bed and there is enough room for all three of us and then you could both hug me and make me feel safe."

Maggie shrugged her shoulders in surrender.

"Actually that's not such a crazy idea. The roof got pretty damaged on the side your bedrooms are on. Tracie was so scared after the flood there was no way she was sleeping in her room and I haven't checked the other room for leaks."

"You need to check it before we talk about me sleeping in the same bed as my brother."

"What's the matter sis, afraid I'll hear how loud you snore?"

"No, are you afraid I'll hear who you talk about in your sleep?"

"Oh he talks about you mom. He calls your name a lot." Tracie added. Both Joe and Maggie were silent for a minute.

"Who's up for a swim?" Joe finally said to change the subject. "Last one on the raft is a rotten egg."

Joe pulled his shirt off and threw it at Maggie. He left his shorts by the door and his briefs on the porch. Maggie struggled to get out of her bra as Tracie stripped in front of her. She waited for her mother to undress then took her hand and headed for the door. They were surprised to find Joe standing by the porch waiting for them. He took Tracie's other hand and the three of them ran to the lake screaming and laughing. He touched the raft a few inches ahead of Maggie with Tracie close behind. They played and had races and Joe and Maggie tossed Tracie between them until all three were tired and cold. They climbed on the raft to warm up in the sun just like Joe and Maggie had done for years when they were young. Tracie was on the edge facing the house and turned her back to Maggie who was in the middle facing Joe. Joe was on the lake side and after laying on his back for a while turned to face a sleepy Maggie.

Tracie fell asleep first, the hot August sun doing its magic. Maggie felt her eyes closing as she looked at her naked brother smiling at her. She wasn't the least bit embarrassed that she was naked too. When her eyelids became too heavy she drifted off to a sweet afternoon nap. She wished she could tell him how she really felt, that he was the one she loved and she hated that society kept them apart. Maggie had never forgotten that time on the raft. She wanted Joe to kiss her that day but when he did her emotions overwhelmed her and she had attacked him like a crazed animal. The powerful feelings had scared her and she pushed him away as soon as he felt him cum. Now as she drifted off to sleep she wished she hadn't.

Joe followed and let the gently rocking raft lull him to sleep. He woke first and opened his eyes to the site of his beautiful naked sister in front of him. She was sleeping soundly and had a slight smile on her face. Joe studied Maggie's sunlit body as he lay there. Her breasts were full but still firm and much bigger than the twelve year old breast he had touched when they were kids. Unlike that time, she had a well trimmed bush on her abdomen. "She must wear skimpy bikinis to be trimmed that much" he thought and just picturing that made his dick rise.

The temptation was too great and he had to know if there was any chance she would let him continue with Tracie and hopefully join them. Taking a breath and holding it he reached out and put his hand on his sister's breast. The skin was warm and soft and oh so forbidden. His dick twitched at the touch. She was his sister but she was a woman and someone he loved deeply. What did she mean by "figure it out?" He wished she had explained. Did she want him to kiss Tracie like he had kissed her?

Joe turned his hand down and moved it over her abdomen. If he touched her there she would either respond or strangle him in front of Tracie. He took the chance and placed his hand flat on her abdomen with his fingers curling down and over her pussy lips. It was so different from Tracie's smooth vagina but just as sensual. Maggie breathed in deep and he froze but she didn't open her eyes. He inched closer and pressed two fingers into the wet folds of her outer lips. The skin seemed to flow around his fingers like liquid as he pressed deeper. Sliding up he found her clit, firm and sticking out, looking for stimulation. He moved closer and touched his lips to hers.

Maggie had been dreaming about Joe and started to wake up when he first touched her breast. At first she thought it was still the dream but when she felt his hand on her vagina she knew it was Joe's hand and that it was real.. She also knew how wrong it was but her body screamed for her to let him touch her, let him finish what he started when she was twelve.

When she felt his lips on hers she couldn't hold back any longer. Maggie put her hand on the back of his neck and pulled him into a tongue filled wet kiss. Letting go of his neck she reached down and stroked his dick as he pinched her clit and rubbed circles around the whole wet area. They came together with him spurting on her belly and the raft and her shaking violently as he plunged his fingers into her hole. It had been six long years since a man had touched her. She kissed him madly, wildly as her orgasm rocked her.

"Joe, we can't, we shouldn't, it's so wrong." She moaned while continuing to kiss him.

"We have to. I figured it out. You want this as much as I do." He said back between kisses.

"I've always wanted it since you touched me right here that summer."

"Hey, make room for me!" Tracie said as she slipped between them. She turned and kissed Joe on the mouth then turned and did the same to Maggie."

"She's her mother's daughter Maggie. I've fallen for her as much as for you. We belong together."

"This is a lot to take in." Maggie finally said.

"That's okay mom, we have lots of time." Tracie said then pushed Maggie on her back and climbed on top of her for more kisses.

"Doesn't Uncle Joe kiss good mom. He does lots of other good stuff too."

"I think your mother has heard enough. Lets let her absorb it all and just cuddle for now."

Maggie wrapped her arms around Tracie as Joe pressed up against her side and put his hand on Tracie's bum.

"It's a lot to take in." Maggie finally said. "What exactly have you two been doing? You know she's only eight, right?"

"We can talk about that later." Joe said as he looked at Tracie.

They lay there enjoying each other's company and the gentle rocking of the raft until Joe said he had to go make supper. Maggie cuddled with Tracie for a while longer.

"Tracie, are you okay with everything that's happened? Uncle Joe didn't talk you into doing things did he?"

"Oh no mom, it was all my idea. He wouldn't even kiss me at first but I wore him down."

"You did huh? Poor guy didn't have a chance." Maggie said laughing.

"You understand the rest of the world can never know about this. It has to be a secret with the three of us. What else did you and Uncle Joe do?"

"I think he should tell you. I promise it was nothing bad. He loves us both a lot"

"Okay honey. Let's cuddle some more then see what he's cooking."

Maggie and Tracie had fun rocking the raft until one edge dipped in the water, sending a wave across it to wash away Joe's cum and Maggie's fluids. They returned to the cabin to dry off and found Joe dressed and cooking a feast.

"Dinner will be ready in an hour. No nuddies at the table please."

They both laughed and hugged their naked bodies to him on both sides.

"How come you got dressed so fast Uncle Joe?"

"Hot grease....very bad for delicate body parts."

Tracie and Maggie laughed and headed to the bathroom to get cleaned up. They both showed up dressed in their finest summer clothes, Maggie even had a sundress that showed a lot of bare skin. The trout was delicious, the side dishes cooked to perfection and the ice cream dessert was a big hit. Joe explained that Tracie had been through a lot for an eight-year-old and it would be good for her to sleep with both of them. He promised to keep his hands to himself. Maggie only put up a small resistance then joined them in Joe's bed, Joe on one side, Tracie in the middle and Maggie on the other side. Something Aunt Peggy said was bothering her and she would have to get Joe alone to talk to him about it.

Chapter 14 - Maggie's news

Maggie woke up first the next morning. She looked at her beautiful daughter sleeping like an Angel with Joe spooning her and wrapping her in his protective arm. Whatever had happened with them and whatever Joe might have done with Tracie, she knew it was done out of love. She knew Joe would never hurt either of them. She placed her hand softly on Tracie's cheek and then on Joe's. He woke up to Tracie snuggled up against him and Maggie smiling at him. There would be no fooling around with Maggie there, at least not yet. He did lean over and kiss Tracie on the cheek and get a quick morning kiss from Maggie but then she slipped out of bed and he woke Tracie with more kisses and a hand on her belly.

"Don't forget your mom's here. We have to be good until we're sure she will be okay with it." He whispered.

"But I like being bad." She whispered back.

"I know honey, so do I. We'll figure something out."

Breakfast was a feast. Maggie had brought real milk and bacon, two luxuries they hadn't had in days. She didn't think eggs would survive the trip but she brought some frozen scrambled eggs that were just like fresh ones when cooked.

They decided to visit the waterfall again. Tracie wanted to catch more trout and she wanted Uncle Joe to take her mom behind the waterfall. Maggie sat on the bank and watched as Tracie pulled in three good sized fish. She loved how Joe was so attentive to Tracie. She could see the love there. When they reached the waterfall they all undressed slowly. Maggie told Tracie that she needed to talk to Uncle Joe for a minute and to stay in sight. Tracie floated on her back, showing her bald pussy to the sky before turning and swimming across the small pool formed by the waterfall. Maggie asked Joe to sit next to her.

"Joe, when I first got to Aunt Peggy's she was on some pretty strong pain medicine. She slept most of the time but one time when she woke up she asked how little Joey was and said that she was at your adoption hearing when our parents took you home. Joe, we need to take a DNA test. You might be adopted."

"Wow sis. Nothing like dropping a bombshell on me. So my parents might not be my parents?"

"You are so thick sometimes. It means you might not be my biological brother. "

Joe thought for a minute and said. "Then it's not incest if I kiss you."

"Well legally it might be but not biologically."

"Come with me"

Joe stood up and took Maggie's hand. He led her straight to the waterfall.

"Tracie! Stay out of the deep water for a while. Okay?"

"Okay Uncle Joe. What's up?"

"I'll explain later."

Joe pulled Maggie through the waterfall and into the space behind it. Over the roar of the water he yelled.

"I love you!"

"I love you too" she replied. "Why are we here?"

"So we can do this!"

He shouted then pulled her into a kiss. His hands roamed her body and settled on her bottom as he drove his tongue into her mouth and kissed like he wanted to chew her up. Maggie pulled her body tight to him and felt his erection poke her. She reached down to stroke it but he picked her up and sat her on the same rock that Tracie had sat on. She gasped when she felt him penetrate her but didn't push him away. The dream she had since he touched her the first time in the raft was being fulfilled. Her vagina had burned with desire that day and she came very close to pulling him on top and pushing his ten-year-old dick inside her. The desire was so strong she panicked and pushed him away that time. She would never push him away again.

Joe moved slowly, pressing in and withdrawing, making every movement a sensual firestorm. His lips never left Maggie's and his climax built as she raked her fingers through his hair then grabbed his butt and pulled herself into him with each thrust. Maggie closed her eyes and let Joe's dick take her away to a sensual heaven where the feelings inside her were only matched by the roar of the waterfall. She wrapped her legs around him, inviting him to go deeper, press harder into her hungry tunnel. Her head was spinning as she felt herself getting closer. She didn't even think about birth control. If he gave her a baby she would welcome it. All she could think about was feeling his dick driving harder and deeper into her.

What pushed them both over the edge was little hands, Tracie's hands, hugging Joe from behind and pressing down between Joe's body and her mother's. Tracie had slipped through the waterfall and delighted at the sight of Uncle Joe having sex with her mother. It meant they would be a family and hopefully her mother would share him with her. She touched her mother where Joe was entering her and heard the

scream clearly over the roar of the water. Pressing her cheek to his back she felt Uncle Joe's dick swell and throb. He was putting his stuff inside her mother and it made her pussy tingle.

Joe felt Tracie behind him as his orgasm approached. Feeling her hand on his dick lit his fuse and he screamed into Maggie's ear as he blasted the first shot of cum into his sister. Only making love to Tracie could compare and although it was very different, making love to Maggie was equally thrilling. His body twitched and thrust as it tried to throw his seed deep inside Maggie. He lost count of the number of pulses. It had to be at least ten but it could have been twenty. Over and over he would feel the surge and shove his dick up into his sister. She had screamed when Tracie touched her clit and then thrown her head back with her mouth open in a second long silent scream of ecstasy. She wasn't even aware that it was Tracie's hand that set her off until she took a breath and felt little fingers rubbing her clit.

Tracie had never been happier. Uncle Joe was giving her mom what he gave her. She was sure that everything would be okay from now on. When they both calmed down a little Joe picked her up and balanced her on his hip. She leaned in and gave him a huge kiss then turned to do the same to her mother.

"Are you okay with this?" Maggie shouted over the roar of the water.

"Yes, as long as you share him." Tracie shouted back and the two adults laughed and kissed her.

They moved through the falling water and collapsed on the grassy bank. Joe and Maggie put Tracie between them and gently caressed her naked body.

"I hope we're doing the right thing." Maggie said to Joe.

"How can it be wrong to love Tracie like we do?"

"She said I have to share you."

"Yea Uncle Joe, it's my turn now."

Joe looked at Maggie who smiled and nodded yes. He moved into the water then up between Tracie's legs.

"She really likes this." He said smiling.

"What girl wouldn't" Maggie responded.

As Joe licked his way up Tracie's legs Maggie gently caressed her daughter's breasts and kissed her. Joe kissed skin cooled by the stream and felt the heat of an aroused pussy. When he reached her upper thighs Tracie pulled her knees up and spread them out to the side. He saw moisture as her crease peeled open and invited him to taste her. Joe didn't hesitate and quickly drove his tongue deep into her hole, tasting the magic liquid that drove him so crazy. Maggie slid down and put her arm under Tracie's neck for support. She saw the pleasure on Tracie's face and kissed her gently.

"He's really good at that isn't he?" She asked Tracie.

"Oh God yes." Tracie said and they both laughed. Joe slipped his hand under Tracie's bum and got a reaction.

"Ooo, that's nice" Tracie said as she lifted up to give him access.

Maggie laughed and put her free arm across Tracie's smooth body. Joe concentrated on giving Tracie as much pleasure as her mother had given him. He wondered how he would ever keep them both satisfied. After tasting her nectar he licked up to her growing clit and took most of her vulva into his mouth. Tracie sucked in a breath as he probed the flesh with his tongue and finally found her button. He decided that staying there would give Tracie more direct stimulation than she had ever received so he sucked and licked and squeezed the entire area with his lips. Under her bum he found her rosebud and started to work a finger into her. When he felt her push out he

twisted his finger and felt it slip inside her colon. One more scrape of her clit across his tongue and she peaked.

Maggie watched fascinated as Tracie stiffened, raised her hips up, taking Joe with her, and let out her combination mewling and humming noise. Joe pressed his finger fully into her and held on for the ride. Tracie bucked and trembled and pressed Joe's head to her body as the waves of pleasure rocked her. Maggie was caught up in the emotions and squeezed Tracie's breast as she pressed her body against her. Tracie turned and kissed her mother then opened her mouth in a silent scream as more jolts of pleasure shot through her.

"Oh crap Uncle Joe! Don't stop."

"Um...language little girl" Maggie said laughing.

"Uncle Joe said....he said....we can say bad words during sex." She panted between twitches caused by Joe's tongue.

Maggie laughed and kissed her daughter.

"Oh crap. Oh crap. Oh crap Uncle Joe, you gotta stop."

Joe started to lift off of Tracie but Maggie reached down and pressed on his head.

"Few more seconds Joe. Take her beyond what she thinks she can take."

Joe kept licking and teasing Tracie's clit as she screamed that it was too much and she couldn't take it any more. Tracie went higher than she thought possible and when her whole body started trembling Maggie let go of his head and rolled Tracie on her side facing her. As Maggie pulled Tracie into her breast she told Joe to get behind Tracie and sandwich her between them. The two adults hugged her tight as Tracie's world spun around and her hyperventilating almost made her pass out.

"Ssshhh sweetie. Relax and enjoy it." Maggie whispered as Tracie continued to shake. Maggie was amazed at the intensity of Tracie's orgasm but she knew most women don't push through the initial feeling that it's too intense to reach the level that Tracie had reached. She was a little afraid of the revenge that Tracie might exact when it was her saying "enough"

Joe had learned a lot that he didn't know about his sister. She had an intense sexuality hidden under the school teacher exterior. He realized that Maggie had wanted him to make love to her for years and that she was okay with including Tracie in their loving. The real test would come the first time he penetrated Tracie.

They cuddled and talked for a long time at the edge of the waterfall. Joe and Maggie reminded Tracie that she had to keep their family secret. She couldn't even tell her best friend Sally although Maggie wondered if Sally would enjoy some of Joe's talents. She had caught glimpses of Tracie and Sally exploring each other's bodies and wondered if it was more than natural curiosity. They dressed, only to avoid being scratched by the bushes, and returned to the cabin with the string of fish. After having lunch on the back porch Joe announced that they had worn him out and he needed a nap. They left a string of clothes from the doorway to his bedroom and this time Maggie spooned Tracie and hugged her from behind as Joe kissed her. After all the activity at the waterfall it didn't take long for the three of them to be sleeping soundly.

Chapter 15 - Visitors

Maggie was the first to wake up. She felt Tracie's body warm and soft against her and kissed the top of her head. Tracie woke up to the feeling of her mother's hand on her breast. She rolled over with her eyes closed and cuddled into Maggie's body. Maggie moved close to her ear and whispered.

"I know you don't want to tell me what you and Uncle Joe have been doing but have you been doing things to make him feel good too? It hasn't all been him making you feel good has it?"

"Well kinda." Tracie said. "I did rub him and he rubs himself against me. Is that what you mean?"

"No, I wanted to know if you sucked him yet?" She whispered.

"What's sucked?" Tracie replied confused.

"When you lick him down there and put him in your mouth. Men love it."

"Wow. Is it okay to do that? Isn't it dirty? Will I get sick?"

"It's perfectly safe. You don't have to swallow the white stuff but it won't hurt you if you do. Just make sure you cover your teeth with your lips. He's really sensitive down there."

"Wow. He makes me feel so good I want to do something he will really like."

Oh honey, I guarantee he will like it. Just be ready to move when he is about to shoot his white stuff."

Tracie moved down the bed until her head was even with Joe's dick. He was on his side facing her and his dick was soft and drooping down toward the bed. Tracie tentatively took it in her hand and faced the tip up toward his belly. Then she licked from his scrotum all the way up to the tip. She thought she felt it get thicker so she did it again. Maggie tapped her on the shoulder and motioned for her to lick around the tip. His dick was still soft and didn't have a strong taste. There was a little muskiness scent but nothing bad. She wet the entire crown with her tongue and licked him like an ice cream cone. By the time his whole tip was wet he had grown and hardened to the instrument of pleasure that she loved to have inside her.

Joe was sound asleep when he started dreaming of water. At first it was water he was floating in but as he gradually woke up the wet feeling became concentrated in his

lower regions. As Tracie's saliva dried it cooled his tip, waking him from his deep sleep. Joe expected to see Tracie or Maggie's back when he opened his eyes. He thought one of them had slipped his dick into their pussy. It was a shock when he saw Maggie smiling at him and then saw her look down. Following her gaze he saw the top of Tracie's head at his groin. She was licking circles around his dick and trying to get him inside her mouth. The feeling was incredible.

Joe silently mouthed "OMG" and Maggie smiled at him. Joe had never asked Tracie to give him that unique pleasure. Of course he wasn't complaining since she had offered her pussy and her butt hole for his enjoyment but this was different. This was 'lay there and let it happen' pleasure. He knew he wouldn't last long and he reached down and stroked Tracie's hair. She looked up at him smiling.

"Good morning Uncle. Am I doing it right?"

"You are doing just great. I'm really close though. You know what's going to happen."

"Yea, the white stuff comes out. I don't think I want it in my mouth."

"I'll take care of that Tracie." Maggie said as she slid down the bed even with Joe's throbbing dick.

Tracie went back to licking and surrounded the whole tip with her lips as if it was the top of a soft serve ice cream cone. When her tongue licked the sensitive underside of his dick he groaned and pulled back. Maggie motioned for Tracie to move and she dove in to swallow Joe just as the first spurt raced up his shaft. She hadn't tasted cum since Tracie's father had died and feeling it flood her mouth made her pussy tingle. Tracie watched fascinated as her mother wrapped her hand around Joe's dick and sucked her cheeks in. She could see him hump up as each amount of cum was transferred from his balls to Maggie's mouth with a huge amount of pleasure given to Joe in the process. When he calmed down enough to breathe he looked at Maggie licking the last few drips from his softening dick.

"Holy fuck ladies. That was incredible. You two can wake me up every time."

"Uncle Joe, language." laughed Maggie.

"Mom, uncle Joe said bad words were allowed when doing sexy things."

"I guess he's right but only when it's just us"

Maggie had swallowed most of the cum but kissed Tracie to let her taste the residual salty liquid. Tracie decided it wasn't horrible but not something she would seek out. Joe pulled her up for a kiss first then Maggie as they all enjoyed a lazy afternoon in Joe's bed. Tracie was the first to say she needed to pee, followed by Maggie.

They took a swim before supper and another one at sunset. Joe decided he would be very comfortable as a nudist since he hadn't worn clothes since they returned from the waterfall. He was also aware that he hadn't been inside Tracie since Maggie had arrived. That needed to be corrected. After the swim he suggested that they sit on the back porch until it the sun went down and the air cooled. He sat with Tracie on his lap and Maggie in a chair beside them. Tracie cuddled up to him and put his hand between her legs. Maggie watched as her brother caressed her daughter's vagina and gently kissed her.

"I think it's time for me to give Tracie some love. Do you want to join us or stay here."

"If it's okay with Tracie I'd like to be there."

"Tracie smiled and nodded her head yes. Joe picked his niece up like she was a toddler and carried her to the couch. Maggie followed and turned on a lamp that gave their naked bodies a warm glow. She sat across from the couch with a hand between her legs as her brother laid her daughter on the couch and moved over her. He seemed so huge compared to little Tracie but she saw how gentle he was and how every move was made with Tracie's comfort in mind.

Joe lay between Tracie's legs and leaned in for the first of many kisses. Tracie held his head as they kissed and spread her legs as wide as possible. When he wiped precum

along her crease she sucked in a breath and Maggie moved her chair closer. When he found Tracie's hole and pressed forward Maggie reached out and squeezed Tracie's hand. She watched the love Joe was showering Tracie with and could almost feel his dick sliding into Tracie's tight passage.

"Oh Uncle Joe! That's so good. Mom, can you see? I can fit all of him inside."

Maggie had tears of joy in her eyes. "Yes honey, I can see. He loves you very much."

Joe felt like he should bang the side of his head to make sure he wasn't dreaming. He was sinking his dick into Tracie while Maggie looked on and encouraged them. He couldn't imagine a more erotic scene and the sensation went straight to his dick.

"Tracie I'm not going to last much longer. This is just so sexy."

"Maybe I can help." Maggie said many she reached down to the top of Tracie's slit. "Lift up a little Joe" she added.

Maggie wanted to bring Tracie to the edge without touching Joe because she knew one extra touch would send him flying. She slipped her middle finger over the top of Tracie's mound and down onto her clit. Slippery moisture greeted her finger and it let her play with Tracie's super sensitive button without causing discomfort.

"Oh mom! Yes.... Right there...right THERE!"

Joe felt Tracie clamp on his dick with her vagina and let her send him flying with her. He pulled back against the tight muscles and pressed fully into her, trapping Maggie's hand between their bodies. Tracie closed her eyes and grit her teeth as her moan filled the room.

"Mmmmmmm". (Pant, pant, gasp for air.) "mmmmmmmmmm yea, oh yes, oh yes" (more panting like a dog) "mommmmmmyyyy. Oh god, oh god. Uncle Joe do it! Squirt in meeeeeeee"

"Oh baby!" Maggie exclaimed as she felt Tracie's muscles tighten and heard her scream.

She leaned over and kissed Tracie then tucked her nose by Tracie's ear as Joe kissed her and flooded her vagina with cum. He had forgotten how tight Tracie was compared to Maggie and he held his abdomen against Tracie's as his cum flowed around his dick and leaked out of her. Their mutual orgasms exhausted both of them and Joe collapsed on the inside of the couch with Tracie in the middle and Maggie squeezing in on the edge.

If the couch was bigger they probably would have slept there but since Maggie was falling off she convinced them to move to Joe's bed where they fell asleep cuddling Tracie between them. The rest of the week was a whirlwind of sexual activity. Joe only had so much stamina so he resorted to using his fingers and tongue to keep one or both of his ladies satisfied. One of his favorite activities was to take Tracie from behind, either in her vagina or rectum while Tracie licked her mother to orgasm. The first time he reversed the roles and took Maggie in her bum she came so strong she almost bit Tracie's pussy. Joe decided it must be a family trait to like their anus stimulated and even let Tracie put her finger in his as he fucked her mother. None of them wanted the summer to end.

Monday morning of the last week they were sleeping late when there was a pounding on the front door. Throwing on a pair of shorts Joe opened the door and found a man from the highway department standing there.

"Hi there." He said while looking at Joe's bare feet and bare chest. "Just want to let you know the bridge is fixed. The state sent in a prefab section and we bolted it in this morning. It should be good as new."

Joe thanked him and closed the door. In a way he was sad. It had been nice being cut off from the outside world and not having to worry about someone seeing him push his dick into his eight-year-old niece or his sister on the raft.

Joe put the coffee on and told Maggie and Tracie the news. They would be able to drive home but they needed to be careful that they didn't have unexpected visitors.

They had just come in from swimming and were relaxing on lounge chairs by the lake when they heard the sound of an outboard motor. Joe and Maggie wrapped up in towels and told Tracie she needed to cover up too. As the boat came around the entrance to their cove they saw it was being driven by a shirtless boy and he was alone.

"Tracie, It looks like you have company. Be careful what you say to him."

Joe got up and stood by the shore.

"Hi. Before you get out you should know we are nudists. We never get company here so we don't wear swimsuits. It might not be appropriate for you to visit if that bothers you. You and your father gave my sister a ride here didn't you"

"Hello sir. Yes that was us and my friends and me do the same thing when no one is around. I'm Jake."

Jake figured it was a small lie since he wanted to skinny dip with some of the girls he knew but wasn't brave enough to ask them. When Tracie had faced him with almost transparent clothes he knew he had to get the courage to come meet her.

"Well hello Jake. I'm Joe and this is my sister Maggie and her daughter Tracie. I'm guessing you came to see Tracie."

"Yes sir, to talk I mean, and maybe swim or something."

Tracie stood up and wrapped her towel around herself but not before giving Jake a good look. Joe took the rope at the front of the boat and tied it off.

"Well if you want to swim one of us needs to stay and be lifeguard. When you come in from swimming we can go inside if Tracie wants us to."

"I don't have a swimsuit." Tracie said smiling. "If you wanna swim you need to take yours off"

Joe moved over near Jake

"Jake. There is no pressure for you to do that but if you do you can't tell anyone. Some people would say we shouldn't let you take your clothes off and we could get in trouble."

"Oh I understand that sir. Me and my friends swim like that all the time and our parents don't know it. There are both boys and girls there too. I would never tell anyone."

"Okay, I'll go put a swimsuit on and be lifeguard while you swim. I expect you to be a gentleman Jake. If a girl says no it means no."

"Uncle Joe he knows." Tracie said impatiently. "Just go put your suit on so we can swim." No boy had ever come calling for her until now.

Joe laughed and followed Maggie into the house.

"I hope this is a good idea." Maggie said. "He could tell all his friends to come here to see the naked people."

"We're leaving in a couple days. They'll be fine. She might make this a summer he will never forget."

Back at the lake Tracie was holding on to her towel.

"Well, are we gonna swim? I'm not gonna give you a free show so you can blab to your friends."

"I wouldn't do that. " Jake said as he pushed his swimsuit off and placed it in the boat. He had a four inch stiffie sticking straight up. "Can we go in the water now?"

Tracie smiled and dropped her towel. There was a slight blush on her cheeks as she walked past him into the water.

"We can't go in deep until my Uncle comes back." She said as he followed her out to waist deep water.

"I'm here, I'm here." Joe said as he grabbed a chair and sat next to the edge of the water. "Just stay in sight okay?"

"Race you to the raft " Tracie said as she took off. For the next twenty minutes they played like any normal kids. Except for the times when a bare bum would break the surface you would never know they were naked. When they finally became tired Tracie climbed on the raft and laid down with her back to Joe. Jake laid down beside her with his back to the lake. A sweet memory flooded Joe's mind and he stood up and called to Tracie.

"If you're going to stay on the raft for a while I'm going to clean up some of these branches around the yard. Call me when you want to swim again."

"Okay Uncle Joe, thank you." Tracie yelled back. She knew her uncle was giving her privacy and encouraging her to make a memory Jake would never forget.

"Is he looking?" She asked Jake

Jake looked over her body and saw Joe facing the cabin.

"No, he isn't. I'm glad you let me swim with you Tracie. You're really pretty."

Tracie liked that he was looking at her face when he said it and not at her bare body.

"Come closer." She said quietly.

When he did she moved over and pressed her lips to his. He wasn't Uncle Joe but she liked how excited he got when she kissed him. He got a lot more excited when she put his hand on her breast and reached down to wrap her hand around his dick.

"Oh fuck, I mean crap, I mean frick. Won't we get in trouble?" He stammered.

"Not if we're quiet. Uncle Joe did the same thing when he was my age. That's why he isn't looking."

"Can we kiss again?" Jake asked after making sure Joe wasn't watching.

"Sure but put your hand down here."

Tracie took his hand off her breast and put it on her pussy. She felt a thrill from his touch and from the excitement of having a strange boy touch her right out in the open. She liked Jake. He was polite and didn't try to grab her in the water.

Jake touched his first pussy and it made his dick throb. When he leaned in for another kiss he felt Tracie's tongue lick his lips. Things were moving much faster than he expected and he inched closer until her breasts were touching his chest and his leg was between hers. Tracie kissed him hard, sucking his lower lip and pressing her lips to his like Uncle Joe had taught her. She reached down, took his middle finger and pressed into the folds of her vagina.

"Play with it but don't be rough, okay?" She whispered

"Okay" was all he could say between breaths. He had never been this excited. His heart was pounding in his ears and his dick was so big it hurt. He let his finger get wet and slippery down there and started moving it up and down and back and forth surrounded by the smoothest skin he had ever felt. He might have held on longer but when he flicked Tracie's clit one too many times she grabbed his dick, pumped it as fast as she could and blasted into orbit as she felt him cover her hand and abdomen with his boy cum.

Tracie didn't want to scream so she kissed him through her orgasm and humped against his leg as the two preteens rocked the raft and sent each other into orgasm land. When she became too sensitive she pulled his hand out from between them and put it around her waist.

"Wow" he finally said. "That was amazing."

"Yea" was all she said then giggled and kissed him again.

Jake was shocked when she pulled her hand up and licked some of the cum off. It didn't smell as strong as Uncle Joe's and didn't have much taste.

"Um, sorry I made a mess. Couldn't really help it."

"I'm glad I made you feel good. You sure made me feel awesome." Tracie said and kissed him again. "We need to tell my Uncle we're coming in then rock the raft to wash it off."

Jake's face was bright red when he stood beside Tracie and started to rock the raft.

"Uncle Joe, we're coming in." She yelled and Joe said okay and walked down to the shore.

"Watch her Jake. She's sneaky." He said as Tracie moved behind Jake and pushed him into the water.

He came up smiling as she jumped in and started swimming for shore. Joe waited until they were standing then told them to drip dry and he would get some lemonade. Tracie took his hand and led him to a lounge chair with a thick cushion. They lay side by side until Joe brought out two drinks for them. He stood over Jake with a serious look.

"Jake, you seem like a nice guy and I think Tracie likes you a lot. If we see your friends coming around looking for the naked girl then we'll know right away that you didn't respect Tracie and you shot your mouth off for a couple minutes of fame. You won't be welcome back here if that happens."

"I would never do that!" He said emphatically. "My dad thinks I'm fishing and I would never tell anyone about Tracie."

"Well if that's true we will probably be back here next summer. There's a waterfall I think Tracie might want to show you."

"Thanks Uncle Joe"

"Oh one more thing. Please put your life jacket on when you leave. We don't want you drowning on the way home."

"Yes sir. Thank you sir. I'll be careful and I'll remember what you said."

Joe went back in the house where Maggie had been watching.

"Was that the most romantic thing you've ever seen? That boy will remember Tracie forever. Did you see what she did. I got horny just thinking about it. How much time do we have?"

"Enough time" he said as he pushed her into the couch.

Joe was inside her in five seconds and filling her with cum five minutes later. Tracie cuddled with Jake and let him kiss her breasts then her lips until it was time for him to go. He untied the boat and kissed Tracie one last time before putting on his swimsuit and life jacket. Fifty years later he would tell his great grandchildren about the girl at the lake cabin who gave him his first kiss but he would leave out most of the details.

Chapter 16 - Home

The rest of the week was a blur of swimming, sex and sun bathing. They were sad when Joe screwed the last piece of plywood over the front door. Every door and window had been covered with plywood and each panel had a No Trespassing sign on it. They had cleaned out the refrigerator and remaining food, drained the water lines and shut off the propane and solar panels. The solar panel kill switch was off and padlocked. The house would stay dormant through the winter and be ready for another summer of fun.

"Now what Joe?" Maggie asked as they drove away from the cabin.

"I'm not sure. We can't go back to the way things were. First we need DNA tests to prove I'm adopted. We can talk to Aunt Peggy and see if I can find my biological parents last name. I was thinking Maggie, how would you like to rent out your basement to me, at least as far as the neighbors were concerned. I could pay to have a

shower added to the bathroom with what I will save in rent. Long term we should think about moving to a different state. Our state is getting to be no place to raise a girl and I could go to court and change my name so no one would know we were legally siblings."

Tracie leaned forward from the back seat.

"Are you going to marry my mom Uncle Joe?"

"Well I need to ask her first and she needs to say yes but that's what I'm hoping."

"Gee, real romantic proposal there Joe. I'll think about it." Maggie turned and winked at Tracie.

"So would you be Uncle Dad?"

Joe and Maggie laughed. "Dad would be wonderful but if that's too much then Joe will do."

Tracie thought a minute. "No, my dad would want us to be a family. Dad sounds better than Joe."

Maggie's eyes were wet with emotion after hearing Tracie say that. Tracie slept or texted her friends most of the way home and it was late when they arrived at Maggie's house. She invited Joe to stay over instead of going to his empty apartment. It was too late for Tracie to call any of her friends so they all crashed in Maggie's bed. Before falling asleep Maggie said they needed to add buying a king size bed to their to do list.

Monday morning Joe and Maggie ordered DNA test kits from the three biggest Genealogy companies and found a private lab that did paternity and other DNA tests. They wanted to make sure that Joe was really adopted. Instead of fixing up the

basement Joe and Maggie went job and house hunting in other states. Although they would miss the year round warm weather, they settled in the Northeast closer to the cabin and where no one would know they were siblings. All of the DNA tests proved that Joe and Maggie were not genetically related and there was no danger in them having children.

Joe was able to find out the last name of his biological parents and he changed his name to match it. He and Maggie were married in a small civil ceremony with Tracie as maid-of-honor. They were sad that they couldn't invite Aunt Peggy or any of their other relatives. They had to cut off almost all communication with their family to avoid being reported to the police. Incest, including with adopted siblings, was still illegal and no school system would employ someone accused of it.

They made a new life for themselves and in a couple years Tracie was thrilled to have a baby sister and slightly less thrilled at having a baby brother a year later. They spent many wonderful summers at the cabin and for a long time Tracie listened for the sound of Jake's boat but he never visited again. She continued to enjoy Joe's bed until her teens when she gradually spent more time with kids her age and only sought the comfort of Joe's dick when she needed some extra love. Maggie and Joe had found true love in each other and had a long happy life together. When they passed away the cabin was left to Tracie and her brother and sister but she bought them out and took sole ownership of the cabin. She continues the tradition of no swimsuits allowed at the cabin to this day and if you ever stumble upon their property you may hear the laughter of a naked parent and child, or two naked children, coming from behind the waterfall.

The end

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