

The Reluctant Guide

by Ron Dudderie



A man and his young niece
Bound forever

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This is the free preview. It has not been proofread by a third party, and it does not have the traditional book lay-out. It was found at thereluctantguide.com. You may also enjoy a free audiobook version of the first three chapters.

This story contains elements of incest between a teenage girl and her uncle. The story builds up very slowly, but as of chapter 10 many scenes of an explicitly pornographic nature appear. All done in the best possible taste, of course.

The following keywords apply, some more so than others: Consensual, Romantic, Reluctant, Coercion, Heterosexual, Fiction, Humor, Cuckold, Wife Watching, Revenge, Incest, Uncle, Niece, DomSub, Humiliation, First, Safe Sex, Oral Sex, Masturbation, Petting, Water Sports, Spitting, Exhibitionism, Voyeurism, Foot Fetish.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. Some celebrities are mentioned, merely to add realism to the story. Sue Perkins is a comedy goddess and has done nothing to deserve the jokes made at her expense in this book.

The author does not condone any sort of sex between people of any age for any reason in real life and urges you to practice abstinence until death takes you in its cold, yet merciful embrace. That being said, no person should ever be prosecuted or discriminated for who they love.

To my wife, without whom this book would not have existed.
May she never know it does.

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Table of contents

Chapter 1 - Introduction.....	4
Romford calling.....	6
The Verification Provocation.....	14
Chapter 2 - The FootTime app.....	18
Cabinet meeting.....	21
A Python and an Alien.....	28
Chapter 3 - The road to Torquay.....	32
A short walk on a long pier.....	38
Step into my parlour.....	39
Chapter 4 - Big boys don't cry.....	46
Chapter 5 - Red letter day.....	50
Chapter 6 - You're goin' home in a Torquay Bentley.....	53
Chapter 7 - Spit take.....	57
Chapter 8 - A little girl on high heels.....	60
Chapter 9 - What the doctor ordered.....	65
Chapter 10 - Little lady in red.....	69
Chapter 11 - Duck my dog.....	74
Chapter 12 - Taking the piss.....	82
Chapter 13 - A picture worth a thousand headaches.....	91
Chapter 14 - That's no lady, that's my wife.....	94
Chapter 15 - The empty nest.....	101
Chapter 16 - Here starteth the lesson.....	108
Chapter 17 - Idle hands.....	122
Chapter 18 - Keepin' Lizzy busy.....	127
Chapter 19 - Shock Doc.....	131
Chapter 20 - The tyres they are a-Changin'.....	141
Chapter 21 - What a difference a date makes.....	149
Chapter 22 - Nose in a Brooke.....	155
Chapter 23 - Lead by example.....	160
Chapter 24 - A room with a view.....	169
Chapter 25 - A spouse divided.....	175
Chapter 26 - Data retrieval.....	180
Chapter 27 - Call of Booty.....	189
Chapter 28 - My wife, WiFi, and Raspberry pi.....	200
Chapter 29 - Head for the hills.....	208
Chapter 30 - Love in a cottage.....	215
Chapter 31 - The christening.....	235
Chapter 32 - Watch with Mother.....	249
Chapter 33 - Hotel Shanghai.....	260
Chapter 34 - You said 'knurled'.....	271
Chapter 35 - Call girls.....	278
Chapter 36 - A far, far better thing.....	283
Chapter 37 - Dear Linda, dear Elizabeth.....	287

Chapter 1 - Introduction

Whenever my wife and I are asked: 'So, why no kids?' I have a standard joke.

"Ah well," I'll say, "We just had new carpeting put in, you see."

That would usually make it quite clear to whoever was bold enough to ask the question this was not a suitable topic of conversation. Men aren't asked this question all that often anyway. My wife had to deal with it all the time, but she usually vaguely implied we couldn't have any.

"It's a problem," she'd say ominously. That scared other women off sufficiently.

The truth of the matter was: we didn't want any kids. We didn't want to give up our free time, all that space in our large house, the mad budgets for extended vacations plus our not having to attend swimming lessons or soccer matches. We didn't want our house torn down, our stuff covered in poop and vomit... We wanted to read books, work on our careers, save our money. Is that antisocial? Perhaps, but not more so than having kids when you can't really afford them, or because you got blind drunk and knocked up.

Now, our siblings DID have kids. Of course they did. We were very much in favour of this, because it gave our parents grandchildren and our country future tax payers. Though, given how smart our siblings and their spouses were (if indeed they were married by the time the first kid appeared), we didn't have high hopes for HM Revenue and Customs.

Still, we invested in these kids, as a good aunty and uncle are supposed to do. We got them nice toys, new bikes, took them on occasional outings and we even had sleepovers after we'd moved a bit further away from the central nexus of our family. We could afford an even bigger house after I sold my first company (which sounds very grand but really, it wasn't that big of a deal) and found one in Torquay. The rest of 'them' were still in and around Romford, in their terraced houses, on streets lined with cheap cars. I don't blame people for living in Romford, but I do blame them for believing luxury smart phones are 'free' even though they come with 35 pound monthly subscriptions. It was nice to get away from that stupidity, that shortsightedness.

There was, as always, an exception to the rule. I had one niece I was really rather fond of. Elizabeth was a very happy kid, I don't recall ever seeing her sulking. She was blonde with freckles and a ponytail and she even had a very brief career as a 'model' for a line of kids tricycles. She was on the packaging and in some magazine adverts. If you drew a stick figure of a happy kid, it would look uncannily like Lizzy. She had an older brother, Nigel, who wasn't a bad kid and would someday make an excellent car park attendant, but Lizzy was different. I didn't actually mind Lizzy coming over, when we were still living nearby. She seemed drawn to the peace and quiet of our house and was also interested in my wife's cooking skills. They'd bake cakes together on Sunday, where I was the good natured judge of the final result. That was not a bad job to have. Cake is a bit like sex in that, even when it's not that good, it is still very good.

My brother Edward and his wife Suzy both had full time jobs and Nigel was a bit of a handful, so over time Lizzy developed the routine of coming to our house after school, where she could do her homework without being disturbed by music or used as a valet by her brother. I worked from home even then, so I'd usually be the one to greet her with a cup of tea. We'd go through her homework together, she'd do the easy stuff and if there was any testing to be done or some new mathematical concept to discover, we'd do it together. She usually had at least a vague idea of what was being asked and explaining it to me

helped a lot. Then my wife would usually get home from her job and take Lizzy home, while I prepped dinner. I can't really cook, but I can chop and weigh with the best of 'em.

When Lizzy was 14, we moved to Torquay. She didn't like that news at all, but she was old enough to handle it. She could stand up to her brother and her mother now worked part-time, so we figured she'd be alright. For a year, we were very busy with the move. The new house, a three storey free standing Victorian manor house (as the estate agent called it, though it wasn't quite the Hearst Castle replica his brochure made it out to be), was in good nick but all the painting and decorating kept me busy for a while.

The gardens around it were quite large, but I made a good deal with a local landscaping company and so, after about a year, I could sit in my office in the attic and overlook my grand estate. At that time I was 42 and only had to work about 2 hours every day to keep things ticking over. My wife couldn't say the same; she trained as a GP, which for our American friends translates to 'a doctor', or General Practitioner. These days she didn't practice family medicine but worked for the NHS as the head of an A&E department, which was what made it so easy for her to move 250 miles and not miss a day of work: they need those people everywhere.

We met because I started a company which produced prosthetics. I sold that one and began a new business, importing medical devices from China. If I could have been bothered to work 8 hours a day on that, I'd probably have been rich. But I have always been someone who has more interesting things to do than work, so I had automated my business as much as possible and basically I got by on 2 hours of sending emails and, very occasionally, visiting a warehouse or a trade show somewhere. My wife and I didn't see each other very often, except for an hour or two in the evenings and on long and ridiculously luxurious vacations. The marriage had worked like this for 15 years so far.

Early January, when Lizzy was about to turn 15, I called my brother and asked her what she'd like.

"An iPad," he said. "I mean, she'd like money to put towards an iPad. She's almost there."

"Lovely. Nice and simple. And how is she doing? With Nigel, I mean?"

"Well, you know... They're like cats and dogs, most of the time. But Nigel is about ready to move out."

I chuckled. Move out on what salary? He'd barely passed his GCSEs and now worked as a waiter, hoping to get into art college. He'd be home for a while, I was sure of that.

"Well, best of luck with that. I'll come over and help him move, if that day ever comes. Give Suzy a kiss, speak to you later."

"Tarah."

Ten minutes later, I'd ordered the latest iPad online and had it inscribed to read: 'To Elizabeth from her secret admirer', which I knew she'd get a kick out of. The thing took a few days to get there, but I knew it had when the phone rang and someone was shouting at me like they'd just won the National Lottery.

"Thank you SOOOO much, it's fantastic, and it has more memory than I thought I could get! I was actually going for the previous model too! You are such a great uncle thank you thank you thank you!" she panted.

"Who is this?" I asked, which dumbfounded her. Two seconds later, I heard her laughing. It wasn't the childlike half-laughter, half-screaming I had gotten used to, though. This was a far more mature sound. Very pleasant, like crystal bells ringing in Christmas.

"Will you thank aunty Linda from me?"

"I will. Get yourself a nice cover for that and turn on 'Find my Ipad', okay? Because you're not getting another."

"I have a lot to learn about this stuff," she sighed. "I had a cheap one for a while, but it was just too slow. Can I call you if I have a question?"

“Any time, pet.”

I always called her pet. It's a distinctly Northern term of endearment and not at all what we'd say in the South. I am not British by birth and so I feel free to use any regional accent I like, though I tend to come back to what is called 'Received Pronunciation' or in other words how BBC newsreaders used to sound. That's how I picked up English as a kid and somehow that was the accent that had hardwired itself into my brain. Add to that some imperfect grammar when I get tired and most anything I say comes across as charming or funny. Lizzy chuckled and rang off.

Two days later, I got an iMessage. Lizzy had guessed I was registered on my private email account.

“Uncle Martin? It's Lizzy!”

I didn't see her message for a few hours, having been to Waitrose for the weekly shop. When I came home she wasn't online when I typed:

“For brevity's sake and because it's getting on my tits, call me Martin.”

No reply.

A few hours later I heard the iMessage sound.

“I have renamed you Secret Admirer.”

“Best make that Secret Admirer1. There's probably going to be a bit of a queue this year.”

“Here's hoping! xxx”

“Bye pet.”

Romford calling

A few days later, I got a FaceTime call. Lizzy was in her bedroom and gave me a broad smile.

“Hi Uncle Martin! This is fantastic! It's like Skype, isn't it?”

I had to find my reading glasses first but sat down in the comfy chair near the window and settled in for a chat.

“It's like Skype for rich people, I'm afraid” I said. “You can only use this to reach people who have iPads and iPhones and Apple computers.”

“Which is exactly nobody around here,” she laughed, adjusting the view so I could see her better.

“Well, you can always install Skype. How have you been, dear?”

“Oh you know... busy with school. Starting Fifth form this year.”

I just nodded. I was educated 'on the continent' and English isn't even my first language. That's what makes it so adorable when I say things like 'pet'. She realised this.

“You have no idea what that means, do you?”

“Not really. You're fifteen and you're in school, is what I understand.”

Not having kids, I had no real idea of what children did at what age. She tried to explain it to me, but we soon turned to the iPad and its features.

“I have some questions, would you mind helping me out?” she asked, as she was again repositioning the thing, so that it leaned against what I presume was a lamp on her desk. She was now in frame against the rear wall of her room, a kid's room with ridiculously pink wallpaper. Clearly, she was trying to present a good picture.

“You do understand this is not a mirror?” I teased her. She was changing. The pigtails were gone and her face was morphing from an adorable, slightly cartoonish kid into a teenage girl. Fuller lips. A hint of make-up. She was wearing bras now, something my brother had commented on.

“These tiny little pink and black bras are suddenly on the washing line. Next to those big ones Suzy wears. It's weird.”

“I am not aware of your wife's bra size,” I had answered in a dry tone. “And I should prefer

not to be aware of my niece's."

Lizzy looked as if I'd caught her out, but gave me one of those big, broad smiles. "I have to look good for my admirers," she answered, after which I taught her a few things about the iPad, how to configure the iCloud and what the point of it was, how the camera roll worked, stuff like that. It kept us busy for half an hour or so and then we said our goodbyes.

A few days later she called back and caught my wife Linda. They get along fine, but after about five minutes they ran out of stuff to talk about and my wife was on her way out the door anyway. I went upstairs to do some work, by which I mean setting my browser to private and finding new and lewd stuff to jack off to on Pornhub.

Idle hands do indeed do the devil's work and my wife of fifteen years had a busy life in which she saw too many weird and miserable people, plus an awful lot of people with objects in their rectum that should not be there. All in all, our sex life had suffered as a result.

Now I'm not one to beg for sex. I'll suggest it and if the answer is no, then fine. There is a cornucopia of pornography online and it would just have to do. I dropped trousers, sat behind the desk and set the browser to 'private'.

I like to lube up when I do this, so I have a small bottle of Johnson's baby oil in my desk drawer and a big dispenser of paper towels. I was just observing how two lesbian women were interacting with a massive double dildo (for science, you understand) when I got a FaceTime call on my iPad. And because these things are linked, soon afterwards it also popped up on my iMac. It was Lizzy. I got up, tucked myself in, raised my pants, tried to get most of the oil from my hands and answered the call on my desktop.

"Hi Uncle! Did I get you from a far corner of the house?" Lizzy asked.

"Yes you did, but never mind. Always nice to talk to you. Linda's just left."

"Yeah I know. I spoke to her half an hour ago, but I figured you might be home."

The image on screen was well composed this time. Her room was straightened up, she'd turned the lights on so it wasn't as dark as the first time and she sat back from the iPad, which was resting in its cover.

"Is there anything in particular you want to discuss?" I asked, settling in.

"No. Not really. But we used to chat a lot more, when you lived round our way. I kind of miss not dropping in for a cup of tea, if I'm honest."

I smiled.

"Yes, that is a shame. Well, you can always hop on a train," I said, knowing that wasn't what she meant.

"I looked into that," she said earnestly. "That's a hundred pounds. I'd do it, but not for a cup of tea."

Well, obviously not. And it was over five hours by train.

"We'd love to have you over, sweetheart, you know that. It must be every girl's dream to start a weekend with a five hour train journey to visit a middle aged couple who live in the retirement capital of the Nation and have tea with them."

She laughed that Christmas bell laugh of hers. It shook what was on its way to becoming quite a nice bosom.

"Is that how you see it? I am really curious to see what you've done with the place, and I'm sure Torquay isn't that bad. But I wouldn't want to impose."

I didn't want to give her the impression she wasn't welcome. I had no idea what she wanted to do here, but she was family and my favourite so she should never feel she was anything less than welcome. This girl might well be the one to send me to a home one day, when I am old and senile. Best to keep on her good side.

"Well if there is one thing we have it's guest rooms. Well, two really. Plus free wifi and a complimentary continental breakfast. You're welcome to come over, bring a friend if you

like. I'll drive you to wherever you want to go.”

“Really?”

“Sure. Check with me before you book, but you're welcome here at any time.”

Big smile.

“Don't think I won't.”

“I should be very much insulted if you didn't,” I replied, making my already rather posh accent even worse.

After she hung up I found it easy to pick up where I'd left off, but rather than continuing with 'dildo lesbians' I decided to enter 'school girl stripping'. There was a really nice one of a girl in pigtails, in a pink room, giving herself a treat. This one was Brazilian and looked to be about thirty, but it did the trick.

When I had only just finished, there was an iMessage.

“Still there?”

“Yes, pet.”

“Can I ask you something?”

“Sure.”

Typing.

“Why was there a bottle of baby oil on the shelf behind you?”

Oh dear. Busted. Well, honesty is the best policy.

“Well, let's just say that bottle was there BEFORE you called me.”

“So...”

Typing.

“Were you doing what I think you were doing?”

“Least said, soonest mended, I think. Bye pet!”

Smiley face. Heart. XXX.

She called me back the next day, but not before texting.

“Can I call you? You're not busy, are you?”

I wasn't, as it happened. I was browsing local sites for prostitutes. My wife and I had sex once a month on average and since I think that's pathetic I'd treat myself to an hour with a professional girl once a month as well. I wasn't proud of it and usually the experience did not live up to my expectations, but at least it put me off them for a while. I always took ages to decide, not wanting to end up with a girl from Latvia being pimped out in a caravan. This invariably led me to visits with relatively mature English women who received gentlemen at home and who pre-lubed their ageing pussies before they answered the door, so they could get down to business quicker. I had no idea what brand they used, but all these pussies smelled the same. To me, it was the smell of failure.

“Not busy,” I answered and picked up her call in the living room, where I had been sitting on the couch with a cup of tea. She appeared on screen again and I got my image of her before she got to see me. She was looking out of the corner of her eye, as one does to see if the tiny image of oneself in the corner of the screen shows a presentable image. Then she stuck her finger in the neckline of her shirt and quickly pulled it down, displaying what would one day be actual cleavage. The signal kicked in and now she saw me too.

“Hi uncle Martin!”

“Hi sweetheart. Listen, you're fifteen. You can drop the uncle.”

“Mum says I'm not allowed to.”

I knew that. Suzy was a strict mother. Her kids had to call her mum, my brother 'dad', and always be polite. Calling me 'uncle' was part of that, though I do believe I am referred to as Captain Mainwaring when I am not around. There are worse nicknames, I suppose; I never found out who came up with it, though I suspect my mother had a hand in it...

“Yes I know, but is she there? Then I grant you special dispensation.”

“Okay... Martin. So, I have an iPad question?”

She wanted to know how to make a screenshot. That's fairly easy and I walked her through the procedure. We did a few screenshots and sent them back and forth.

“So if someone makes a screenshot during a FaceTime call, you can tell?”

“Yes. There may be a way around that, but generally speaking I believe that is the case.”

“Okay. So if I show a boy my goodies, I'll know when he takes a screenshot.”

I frowned.

“Are you likely to be showing boys your... goodies?”

She flashed the smile again. And as she did so, it appeared to me that she was moving the iPad a bit, to turn it to the right. But she wasn't letting on.

“Well, no. Not yet, anyway.” She looked down, at her breasts. “Not much to show yet.”

I gave her the obligatory speech, about how boys will ask for nudes nowadays and call her a prude if she doesn't comply. How they WILL share these pictures with friends, even if they swear not to. How it is illegal to do so, quite apart from the fact there will now be nudes of her in circulation. These kids might go to jail for having her on their phones and tablets.

She listened politely and assured me it had just been a joke. Then she changed the subject.

“I was hoping to come over for spring half term. One or two nights?”

I had no idea what spring half term was, or rather when it was. Early February, as it turned out. Two weeks from now.

“You don't intend to go swimming, then?” Torquay is on the seaside, the southern coast of England. It's about as far south as Northern France, at about the same latitude as Boulogne-sur-Mer, if that means anything to you. In a nutshell, it's a relatively mild climate which makes it appealing to the elderly but it isn't exactly Florida. Still, we make do. And who needs alligators, really?

My remark didn't go down well with her.

“I can't tell if you are just making a joke or if you are subtly trying to tell me not to come,” she pouted. “It's okay if you rather I didn't, but I just want to see you. And aunty Linda. And the house. I'll help out, do some cooking if you like. I'm getting quite good at it. Maybe you could use a hand getting that massive garden ready for the summer?”

“No dear, you won't need to do a thing if you're here, that's not what I meant to say. It's just that... There really is NOTHING here for you. Your Aunty works 50 hours a week so it's essentially just me. I potter around the house and the garden doing chores and that is more or less it. There is a cinema, but nothing like a club or...” I petered out.

Did fifteen year olds go to clubs? We used to have these things called 'Cola disco' when I was fifteen, as I recall. Those were horrible affairs. Essentially the girls were trying to learn how to attract and then repel boys. The boys were simply there to see girls move. I'd only ever been twice.

“You won't need to entertain me. I'll bring some homework, my laptop, some books. I'll be fine. I just...”

She looked towards the door of her bedroom, just for a second.

“I could use a break, actually.”

I could certainly see that. Suzy worked part-time but at odd hours and Edward was a maintenance man for the school district. Their vacation budget usually stretched to two weeks in Turkey, in one of those resorts where you get a coloured armband for access to the free buffet. Judging from the pictures they brought back, those seemed like an excellent place to hang yourself.

“Any time, Lizzy. And like I said, feel free to bring a friend if you like.”

That evening my wife and I had a good time on the couch, watching Netflix and eating exciting cheeses. She drinks wine, I stick with beer. She even deigned to open my pants and have a bit of a rummage in there. I returned the favour or at least I tried, but my wife isn't that spontaneous so she moved the proceedings upstairs. I was directed to shower in my own bathroom, she went into hers, we met in the middle (our bedroom), had a whole

thirteen minutes of mediocre sex and that was it. Trust me, given what I'm used to, that was a pretty good evening. Had I known in advance it would never get better than this once we were married, I'd have thrown myself under a bus long ago, but that is another matter.

The next morning at breakfast I told Linda about Lizzy's plan to come and visit. She seemed surprised but had no objections. In fact, she hoped Lizzy was still up for baking cakes. I also mentioned in passing I had been helping her with her iPad and showed her the screenshots, simply because we like our niece. My wife also loves any and all pictures. We can't really go to restaurants anymore, every bloody course ends up on Insta-bloody-gram. The images of Lizzy made her smile.

"She is growing up fast, isn't she."

"Yeah," I said, clearing the dishes. I wasn't going to bring up the new boobs. Why would I?

"Oh dear," my wife said, and laughed out loud.

"What?"

"I... I don't know if I should... Did you see anything in those pictures?"

"Such as?"

I craned my neck to see what I'd missed, but she wouldn't let me.

"Look, they're in my camera roll so they will be on my machine upstairs too. What's so funny?"

My wife then pointed out something on the shelf behind Lizzy. It was a smallish purple vibrator, stood on its end. I hadn't seen the bloody thing or if I had, I probably figured it was a side view of a toy or a photo frame or something like that. But yeah, those don't have arched tips, do they?

"I wonder if Suzy knows? It's on display for everyone to see!" said my wife, amused. It's always funny if it's not your own daughter.

"Well maybe it isn't what we think it is. Frankly I'm amazed you spotted it, we last got you one in 2002 and if memory serves, we found it three years later in a dusty drawer, damaged by a leaky battery."

Such was the state of our love live. My wife didn't wear out vibrators, hers just crumbled into dust. I can only recall two instances of us using it and both were my idea. My wife even feels lube is for porn stars. A gob of spit will do just as well, as far as she's concerned.

"Perhaps not. Maybe you should give her a subtle hint when she calls again. Just in case."

"What? You want ME to ask my fifteen year old niece about her dildo? Do me a lemon, this is a job for girls. You tell her."

"God, don't be such a prude. You know she adores you. Fifteen year olds, they're different from how we were. She'll know what a vibrator is and if it isn't one you'll have a laugh and if it is one... Well, we're not her parents. Just don't send her a new one with an engraved message. Whahahaha!"

My wife thought she was terribly funny. I often agreed. But unlike her, I understood the dildo on the shelf wasn't an accident. It was a message.

Lizzy and I occasionally exchanged written messages on the iPad, mostly during the day. I always found it a pleasant surprise to read something nice from her when I picked up my iPad.

"It's pissing down over here, how about there?"

"Still dry. And mind your manners, young lady."

"Martin, did you see that thing on Channel Four last night?"

"I did. Loved it. Was thinking of texting you to tell you to watch."

"I was, but you can always message me. Heart. XXX."

"Hi. Quick question. Is it legal to kill your brother?"

"No. But I have a tarpaulin and a shovel in my car. I can be there in 5 hours if you need me. Wear gloves."

"LOL. Heart. XXX."

"Scored an A in maths today!"

"Very proud of you. Knew all those hours in kitchen would pay off."

"Might become an engineer one day, LOL"

"You should."

"Dad says I can't. What should I do about that?"

"Become an engineer."

"OMG I love you! You are so right!"

"Martin, FaceTime?"

"Sure. 5 mins."

"Cleaning up? :)"

I didn't respond to that particular remark. When she called, she found me at my desk, sans bottle in the background. She was, as always, in her room. The purple thing, whatever it was, was on the shelf again.

"Sorry Martin, was that going too far?" she started.

"No dear. But I have been meaning to talk to you. Your darling AUNTY, who USES my IPAD, saw the screenshots of our chat a while back."

"Yes?" she said. I thought she blushed. I also thought there were 2 more buttons opened on her blouse than was technically necessary.

"That thing behind you. Please tell me its a sideways picture frame? Or a My First Sony Electric toothbrush?"

"A what?" she giggled. The My First Sony line had been discontinued long before she was born. But she didn't have to turn around to see what I meant.

"Because if it wasn't, it looks suspiciously like one of those things that doctors used to cure hysteria in women in the 20th century." Might as well teach them something while you're being a stern substitute parent, I always say.

"I... Okay... it is a toy. Sort of."

Was she stifling a giggle?

"Right. And it is on display in your room, for everyone to see?"

"Um... Well... No. Not all the time. It is usually in a drawer under my bed. But I figured... I caught you out with that bottle the other day. And I didn't want you to feel embarrassed. We all do it, don't we? So I thought, I'll show him mine."

"Yes... oh dear God, where to begin... It's not quite the same, for a start. And second, I gave you enough credit for being a grown up not to be bothered by that incident so you needn't have worried."

She seemed pleased with that. Getting the credit for being mature, I assumed.

"You'd be a really cool dad," she said, picking up the iPad from her desk. Then she got up to lie on her bed, apparently balancing the iPad against her thighs. She seemed to be settling in for a long and intimate chat. I admit I didn't mind her company. It seemed as if she had changed even more. Her voice was a bit lower now. Not exactly husky, but with a hoarseness in it that I presumed to come from vocal cords that found themselves in a body that was growing by millimetres every day.

"It's very easy being a cool grown-up when it's not actually your daughter with a sex toy. Where did you GET that thing, anyway?"

"Amsterdam. School trip."

"You mean you set out to buy one?"

"Well, yes. I can't exactly have one delivered to the house, can I? But in Amsterdam I just

walked into one of those shops. A very nice lady told me all about them, said I should start off small.”

“Really. When you were fourteen a lady in Amsterdam sold you a dildo,” I said, sarcastically.

“Fourteen is the age of consent there.”

“Bloody isn't. Fourteen year olds can mess about with other fourteen year olds, if it is consensual. That doesn't mean they can buy dildos. How were you even allowed into the shop?”

“I look older,” she protested, seeming to find it all quite funny.

“You do not. Trust me. Certainly not last year. That can't have started more than a few months ago.”

“What can't?” she said, clearly enjoying the conversation. She leaned against the pillow and I could just tell she was pulling down her shirt just out of shot, to form a cleavage again.

“THIS,” I said, miming breasts. “Those weren't there when we were over for Christmas dinner. You looked like an ironing board leaning against a wall.”

She laughed.

“Well they sold me one. And Alice Heartly too. She looks much older than she is, I think they figured she'd get one for me anyway and I might as well hear the advice they give you first hand. Like using lubrication when you start. Or, if that's not available, Johnson's baby oil...”

She stared at me, hoping to get a rise out of me.

“It just so happens your Aunty gave birth to a lovely little...” I began, pretending to be serious.

“Bullshit!” she cackled, which made the iPad slip off her lap. She repositioned it between her legs but now she didn't bend her knees. This meant I had a very close up view of her grey legging as it outlined her vulva. In other words, I saw a camel toe. I said nothing and just frowned. I even folded my arms.

“What?” she laughed.

“Really?” I said. “This is the angle you're going for?”

Only now did she seem to realise what she was showing me. This was a genuine mistake and the apology was entirely believable.

“I am so very sorry, I didn't... I couldn't see myself, I'm in the bottom left corner and I could only see the top of the screen. Really I...”

“Don't worry about it. For future reference, you can reposition yourself to any corner, just drag and drop. Try it.”

She did.

“I did not know that. Good to know. Let me try this,” she said. Now she put the iPad on the foot of the bed. The view was decent but I mainly saw the soles of her feet, while she was in the far distance. They were lovely feet, though. One foot was crossed over an ankle. Before I'd realised what I'd done I pressed the home button and the on/off switch, to make a screenshot.

“Did you just take a picture?” she asked. Quick thinking was in order.

“Yes. I wanted to send it to you, so you know what this looks like.”

“It's just my feet,” she said.

“Do you know it is a grave insult to show the soles of your feet in the Arab world?” I said sternly.

“This isn't the Arab world, Allahu Akhbar,” she answered. Then she reached for the iPad and put it back on her thighs.

“I'll send you the image,” I said. I may or may not have sounded somewhat strained.

“I know what my feet look like,” was her calm answer. She seemed... amused.

“And anyway, in the Western world some men have a foot fetish,” she continued, conversationally. Tell me about it. I am one of those men. It's a bloody curse to have this preference and the only person who knew about it was my wife. And I was pretty sure she'd

forgotten about it. Fifteen years of wearing hospital sneakers doesn't do much for your feet and I'd gone off them years ago. Which was something of a relief to her I'm sure, because she just thought it tickled when I nuzzled her feet. And not in a pleasant way.

Apart from her, the only person who could conceivably know was my own brother, seeing as how when I was younger and didn't really know what was happening or how to hide it, I had a little school notebook with torn out pictures of barefoot women. Just stuff I'd find in women's magazines, on leaflets and in catalogues. Bare feet show up surprisingly often in print, in perfectly respectable publications. Imagine a world with pictures of cute, pink vaginas everywhere. It's like that to me.

Edward found the notebook one day, had asked me why in heavens name I had pictures of THAT, and that was when I had learned this was not an okay thing to have. I swore him to secrecy and since he was all of six years old, he promptly forgot about it and has never brought it up since. But it was entirely possible he had at one point in his life remembered and understood what that had been about. And telling embarrassing stories about his older, richer, funnier, more successful brother was exactly what he loved more than anything in this world.

As I considered all this, apparently I briefly zoned out of the conversation.

"Hello?" Lizzy said, in a tone which indicated this wasn't the first time she'd asked.

"Ah there you are, the video link went down for a few seconds," I said. "Bloody wifi."

"Oh right. Anyway, so aunty Linda uses this iPad too?"

She was referring to my opening remark, where I indeed intended to convey to her that this might be the case.

"Shall I teach you how to lock it?" she suggested.

"I am well aware of how it locks," I grumbled. "Actually, I showed her your pictures, you know what she's like with pictures. But I hadn't seen that thing, or I wouldn't have. And put it away, what if your parents walk in?"

"What if they do? You stared at it for a while and never saw a thing. I read somewhere that human vision is based on movement. Unless that thing buzzes, chances are they'll never see it."

"That's dinosaurs, not parents. Dinosaurs had vision based on movement. And your aunt spotted it after only a few seconds."

"Perhaps she recognized it. Does she have vibrator?" She tried to make it sound like a casual question, like I was some sort of idiot.

"That's... really not something you can ask a family member. Not unless there is a persistent buzzing sound in the house even after the electricity has been shut off. And even then you wait 24 hours to see if it stops. Look Lizzy, I get that you're at an age where you want to talk about sex and all that, but I am your uncle. You should discuss this with your parents or... the school nurse, I don't know. Not with a 42 year old uncle who's alone in the house. Nothing good can come from that. So put that thing back in it's drawer, okay? I have a pond to scoop out, I'm sure you have maths homework. Bye pet!"

And with that, I disconnected.

Not ten seconds later, there was an iMessage.

"Are you angry with me?"

"No Lizzy, of course not."

Typing. For a long time. Finally:

"I would really like to hear it from you. FaceTime?"

I called her back. She'd been crying. That was a bit of a shock to me. Lizzy never cried. Years ago, I saw her trip and fall down five steps on the stairs, smash a plant and bang her head on the table where we kept our phone. She was shaky, but she didn't cry. She just wanted to sit near me and together we checked if she'd broken or sprained anything, and to

see if there were bruises. This happened while my wife a fully trained emergency room doctor, was right there. But Lizzy didn't care. She just wanted to sit next to me and after we'd watched a repeat of *The Vicar of Dibley* for a while, she finally stopped shaking and that was it. But now she was crying, deeply upset. I assured her I was not angry or upset. I just didn't want to have that conversation with her.

"But... You're the one I feel comfortable with. My mum... she's always so strict about everything. And dad is... well, he's a dad."

"I'm not even a dad, you know. I own a dog and I used to have a turtle called Frederick and he's dead now. And the dog isn't feeling too good either."

Jokes didn't help. Maybe it wasn't funny because I don't really own a dog. Well, I can borrow a dog when I need one, from Mrs. Pemberton down the road.

"It's just... I feel so weird. Everything changes. Look at this!" She pointed at her chest.

"These came from nowhere! There was nothing there in November! And... boys are starting to look at me now and I'm supposed to wear a bra and know about lipstick... I mean..."

I leaned back in my chair. I saw myself rubbing my forehead, which I apparently do when I am out of ideas.

"You have friends, don't you?"

"Yes. Kids. Like me. One of them said you can get pregnant if a boy rubs his semen on your bottom. I mean, really. She actually believed that." She sounded indignant.

"Was that the American girl?" I asked. She nodded.

"They don't count. These people believe that making teenagers sign a piece of paper saying they won't have sex until marriage will solve teenage pregnancy. Any other friends? That Alice?"

Yes, by all means, recommend a chat with the girl that went dildo shopping with her in Amsterdam.

"Oh hang on, maybe not her... School nurse?"

"I don't think those exist, you know," she said, getting over her tears. "Maybe like in the seventies, but not now."

"A teacher?"

"Oh yes, teachers. They love that, giving sex ed. Did you know they can only do it in pairs now? And we have to bring a signed permission form from home, just to hear where babies come from?"

I laughed. You had to, really. What an age to be a kid, where you carried a phone with you that gave you unlimited access to hardcore porn, where boys in your class demanded that girls send them nudes and start the ball rolling with a dickpic on Snapchat, but where adults needed supervision and waivers to tell teens about the facts of life.

"Okay, so how about when you're here you and me and aunt Linda sit down and anything you want clearing up, we'll talk about. How does that sound?"

Horrible. To me at least. But my wife is a medical professional who routinely removes candles from peoples arses, she'd probably be well equipped to handle this. I could just sit there and nod. Or maybe I could sit in another room and nod.

She considered it.

"Won't that be... embarrassing?"

"Perhaps. But this is no picnic either, is it?" I put on a brave face and got a smile back.

"Okay. So I am definitely coming over then. Spring half term. Okay?"

"Looking forward to it. Bye, pet!"

I hung up. She texted me a heart and three X's.

The Verification Provocation

I will admit to a minor porn addiction. It comes from boredom, really. And from having a wife who is always either too tired or too upset with humanity in general to be in the mood. That's why we had these long vacation trips, so that we could recharge and reconnect with each other again. Not that the sex became any better, but at least there was more of it.

One of my favourite sites was Reddit, a forum where anyone could start a discussion on anything. I didn't often contribute, but I did follow a few so called 'subreddits', where people posted pornography in specific categories. I liked /r/ButtsandBareFeet, /r/GroupOfNudeGirls and /r/jilling in particular, but all in all I subscribed to about 20 subreddits and whenever I logged on there was a fresh stream of carefully curated porn for me. Anything bad simply never made it to the top of those lists.

One subreddit I had followed for a while was the infamous /r/gonewild, where women who were in some need of attention for their bodies would post selfies, more often than not made in the bathroom mirror, or occasionally a changing room in a clothes store.

You're way ahead of me on this, aren't you?

Yes indeed, about a week after our last chat, after which she'd gone rather quiet, a new user on /r/gonewild posted her so called verification post. You see, to prevent people from posting porn they found on the web and getting credit for it, you could only post images to /r/gonewild as a verified user. This involved posing for several nude pictures holding up a piece of paper with your username on it. The moderators would check if this wasn't photoshopped, if this was genuine and new. If it was, you were given an accolade and could start posting nudes. Some women just posted their own tits, as reflected in bathroom mirrors. Others stared into the camera stuffing whatever came to hand up their butthole. It varied, so to speak. I'd actually gone off this subreddit because most pictures were poorly made. Selfies are hard enough, nude selfies in bathrooms are almost impossible. But although I hardly ever clicked on the thumbnails, new posts would show up when I checked the latest postings. I got really good at scanning thumbnails. Really very good. I suppose I was triggered by two things: a very pink background and a username: /u/RomfordBabe. It was a verification post. Obviously I clicked on it, although I let go of my dick just to be prudent. It was quite clear, to me at least, who was posing nude here. /u/Romfordbabe was just a torso, essentially. Two relatively small breasts, a body that hadn't matured all that much so far, a wisp of blonde hair, the teddybear my wife and I had given her at birth, the decorative picture frame she'd gotten for her 10th birthday because she wanted to have some pop star looking at her from her nightstand, that wallpaper... The dildo wasn't there. I was almost relieved. And I knew it was her room because I'd seen it from the very angles she was using now. The iPad shot from her waist up, that was the angle when she had her knees bent. The camel toe from between her knees. Her feet, much better framed this time, but with her head bent backwards so you could see her face. She didn't show anything else, at least for now.

I saved the pictures. I just had to. If this came back to haunt me, I'd need proof. I saved the entire page as well. There were 25 comments so far. There were some complaints that her tits were too small. Some demanded to see her vagina. Others felt there was something wrong here, given the childlike room and the immature body. Some morons complained she had a boyish body.

'Probably some sissy tucking his dick between his legs,' they said. Come on now, those were actual breasts! Tiny breasts for now, but very real. Lovely nipples.

I thought about it all for a while. If it was just this, just a young girl giving her new body a test drive, trying to find out what men thought of her... Was it that bad? But from what I knew of Reddit, some men would start hounding her soon enough. Show us more. Show us your pussy! Show us your clit! Show us your face! Bend over!

I didn't want to send her a message, because that would reveal my username and she'd be able to browse my history. I kept myself anonymous, but I'd made some very popular comments (mainly taking down people who belittled the models in the porn subreddits) and I had written some candid replies to people asking the world at large if this or that in

their sex life was as it should be. I didn't want to nuke that account, so all I could do was report the images to the moderators as being of an underage minor. From there, it was out of my hands. Three hours later, the thread was deleted and the account was suspended. Sure, she'd be able to create a new one but I could only hope she would take the warning to heart. Then I went to Imgur.com, where the images were hosted. Same deal: the pictures were history in ten minutes flat. I examined the EXIF data. The iPad had dutifully recorded where the images were taken, via the GPS-coordinates. Yup, that was my brother's house...

It occurred to me she might have posted more. Her account had been suspended, but that just meant she had no access. I could easily find her posting history. She had commented on one mundane subject, something to do with expensive concert tickets in the UK. Flawless grammar. But another post was in a subreddit called /r/teenagers, where she chipped in on a (rather unlikely) story of a girl claiming to be in love with her teacher and having to wait until she left school to do anything about it. Sounded like a guy trying to get his jollies by pretending to be a girl to me, but she hadn't spotted that. Her reply was: "I love an older guy too. But he is family. That makes it worse. I can't graduate from being family." That had gained her 12 karma points. The reply below that, directed at her, was simply: "/r/incest."

How nice of /u/schoolsub. It had netted him 40 karma points. Such helpful people on Reddit. But sure enough, she had been browsing /r/incest too. Mostly she left short, one word replies. Often I had no idea why the discussion would appeal to her. She left a 'wow!' in a thread about 'accidental incest stories', where a guy admitted he'd masturbated to his nieces underwear he'd found in the washing hamper. There was a 'holy shit!' in response to a girl (or someone claiming to be one) telling us how she'd seen her dad's dick when he was in the shower and how it made her wet. And that was it. The only other comment she'd left was a: 'How can you tell?' in a discussion about how foot fetishes work, where someone said: 'I can always spot a dude who's into feet.' He didn't give her an explanation though. I archived it all, saved it to a secured drive and spent the next few hours wondering what a responsible uncle was supposed to do here. My options were, it seemed to me, as follows:

1. Shun her. Never see her again outside a family setting. No visits to this house, for starters. She'd probably find trouble elsewhere, but it would not find me. I've never met Rolf Harris in my life and I'd very much prefer to keep it that way, especially considering his current address.
2. Tell her parents. My brother and his wife were no intellectual behemoths, but they'd probably be able to handle a sexually curious girl. Plus, they'd be on the lookout for future signs. Drawbacks: my favourite niece would never trust me again. In fact, she'd probably be mortally embarrassed every time she saw me. Let's call this plan B.
3. Confront her. She'd be here for a while and just thinking about someone is not a crime. I like to tell myself I've gained at least some wisdom in the past 22 years or so (I was an idiot until about age 20), so I should be able to guide a smart young girl towards Harlequin novels and that Twilight muck to keep her amused and masturbating solo until she was an adult. Slightly more risk here, but if it worked out well I had less of a chance of spending my demented twilight years in the easyJet Basic Care Unit of the Aldershot Home For The Bewildered.

Option 3 it was.

'Half term spring break winters end bonus yuletide' or whatever it was, was a week from

now. Lizzy had booked a ticket by train for a very reasonable rate. A rate so reasonable it was likely she'd booked far earlier than she let on. She didn't bring a friend, even though Linda actually called her to confirm that would be okay.

"Well, it seems like she's happy to just hang around your grumpy old ass all day," my wife said, when she put down the phone. I gave her a grim smile.

"Oh, I never asked. The dildo thing?"

I'd thought about this. And for some reason I lied. Just a bit, to make my niece seem just that little bit less of a sex fiend.

"Yeah. We had a chat. Turns out it is a candy container in a... shall we say novelty shape. She was trying to get a rise out of me. The thing has M&M's in it. Well, not originally. It's not official merchandising, I mean."

"Really?" laughed my wife. "Does Suzy know she has it?"

"I don't think so because... well it has none of the mechanics but it does look like one. I got the idea she was keeping it in reserve, so to speak. I don't think it's any of our business, really."

"I agree. Let's hope she doesn't bring it here. Although it might help alleviate the boredom."

"I would hope that she doesn't. But it might be that she wants to come over to talk about growing up and all it entails with some adults who are not her parents. You know what an uptight prude Suzy is. And my brother can only explain things in terms of soccer or cricket."

My wife considered this for a moment, as she put the kettle on.

"You may be right. Maybe that thing was a way to see if her uncle was up for a chat."

"Could be. Anyway, we may have to brace ourselves for some interesting dinner conversation. Are you up for that?"

"Yeah sure. I know she's menstruating so it's probably not about that, but she is a bit of a late bloomer so maybe I can put her mind at ease. Or she might ask you."

"Well I am certainly an expert on the female teenage body. That's why I had such a happy childhood and grew up to be a man with a cheery disposition," I said, as I took two cups from the cupboard.

"Oh come ON!" said my wife. "You and her are thick as thieves. If she has a question about willies, don't go all Mr. Darcy on her, will you? Just tell her what's what. And all teenagers have the same fears. Is this going to be big enough? When will I be old enough to do this or that. You didn't have to drive her to tennis lessons or pay for her tuition, the least you can contribute to her upbringing is being a reliable adult she can turn to for advice."

"Yes dear. You're right dear. As ever, dear."

If my wife were a piano, I'd be Artur Schnabel. He didn't enjoy fucking his piano all that much either.

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