

Pumpkin Spice

“You’re sure it’s not an imposition?”

“What? Of course not, Megan! Seriously, We barely even use the place any more. You won’t even see us.”

“I don’t know...”

“Come on. You’re my cousin. Daddy is your godfather, for crying out loud. If that’s ever going to mean anything, now’s the time.” She could sense my apprehension even over the phone, and pressed further. “Look, what choice do you have? You can shack up with one of your dirtbag friends and see how long it takes before being surrounded by all that shit triggers a relapse, or you can come out here with us, clean up, and Daddy will take care of you. It’s a no brainer.”

“You’re sure it’s OK with your dad?” Uncle Gene was kind of a hardass. Aunt Kris was really sweet, but Uncle Gene and I tended to butt heads. I’d always been a free spirit, and he was anything but.

“I’ll see if I can’t bring him around. I’m his little Pumpkin, after all.”

“Oh my gosh, he does not still call you that!”

“Better than what he calls you.”

“Well hey there, Nutmeg!” said my Uncle Gene’s voice. Luckily my back was turned so he didn’t see me grimace. I turned around, moving box still in hand.

“Hiya, Uncle Gene,” I answered. “Fancy meeting you here.”

I gave him a moment to look over my tattoos with that trademark Uncle Gene disapprobation. It was good that I’d worn a simple tank top for the move; let him take full stock of it. As much as I was ever going to let him see, anyway. “So, Pumpkin tells me you’re going to be joining that husband of hers in the guest house. Is that right?”

“Joining...? Well, sort of. She sorta said how they were staying in the house these days?”

He arched an eyebrow as if surprised by this statement. “Is that so? Well, I suppose Pumpkin spends a fair bit of time with us, but that Jim of hers, he belongs to the guest house. Once he catches up on his rent, that is.”

“Wait, rent? But, she made it sound like... I, um, don’t have any money right now.”

“You can owe me. After all, you’re family. Frankly, I’ll feel better having you here where I can keep an eye on you.” Before I could get any gratitude out of my mouth, he held up a hand to silence me. “That doesn’t mean this is some kind of hippie dippie rehab center. If you’re going to stay here, I expect you to pull your weight, understand? You find ways to make yourself useful, and we won’t have problems.”

“Yeah. I get that. Thanks, Uncle Gene. I won’t blow it, I promise.”

“We’ll see. You need a hand with your boxes?”

I shrugged. “Just the one box, actually. My hamper’s got all my clothes, and I already moved it in.”

“All right, then. Your Aunt Kris is making dinner for the lot of us, so come on in when you’re ready.”

All I needed to do was set down the one box and I was off to the main house. I stopped to admire my uncle’s garden. I don’t know where he even found flowers like that, but they were beautiful. And the fragrance was positively heady.

Going into my aunt and uncle’s house was like stepping into the past. Back in high school, their daughter and I had been really tight. Tighter than her parents liked, no doubt. She’d always been the sweet, pretty one; I’d been the crazy, sexy one. Then, like the meme says, I hit high school and my B’s became D’s. They’d always thought I was a bad influence, even if they’d never quite said it to my face. Now that I’d almost ruined my life and they were taking me in, I guess they had a perfect right to say whatever they liked.

My nose lead me to the dining room where Aunt Kris was already seated and patiently awaiting the rest of us. She’d been keeping herself in good shape, I had to say, though I supposed it had only been a few years since I’d seen her. After a hug and greeting, I accepted her invitation to join her at the table. It had been so long since I’d had an honest to god home cooked meal that her simple meatloaf and mashed potatoes looked like a holiday feast. I piled the food on my plate, then had to stop myself from stuffing my face as Aunt Kris politely but firmly reminded me to say grace, and then again as my cousin and uncle walked into the room together.

Uncle Gene was adjusting his belt – apparently readying himself to feast – and my cousin... “Holy shit.” I got a sharp look from Uncle Gene, but no more. But frankly, it was the mildest way I could have put it. In naught but an incredibly skimpy crocheted top that did its best to enhance those modest boobs of hers, and a pair of volleyball shorts that barely reached her thighs, she looked a far cry from the demure girl I’d known a couple years ago in high school. And for god’s sake, her camel toe was so obvious! My cousin, however, simply traipsed – practically bounced – over to give me a big hug and a kiss on the cheek that, coupled with her appearance, made me about as uncomfortable as I’d ever been in my life.

She seemed to realize it, finally. “Sorry, I was just getting in my workout. Daddy was giving me, um, some pointers.” She giggled.

“Oh.” I wolfed down a couple mouthfuls of meatloaf, then complimented my aunt. “Is Jim not coming?” I realized I’d never met the guy, and I was curious what sort of rushed marriage my cousin had gotten herself into.

My cousin rolled her eyes. “He’s working, as usual.”

“Oh? What’s he do?”

Uncle Gene merely grunted in plain disapproval, so my cousin answered again. “Daddy was nice enough to give him a job in the mailroom at his company, but his debts were already so high he had to beg – ugh – to get a second job as the night janitor.”

“At least he’s working, dear,” pointed out Aunt Kris.

“I guess.”

After spending the evening catching up with my cousin, she indeed went back into the house to sleep in her old room. I woke up the next morning marveling at what a hearty meal and a good night's rest in a real (if meager) bed could do, luxuriating in the fragrance of Uncle Gene's garden wafting in through the open windows. I took a long shower, feeling the grunge of these past months washing away.

When I came out of the bathroom, there was a strange man in the living room. Not only strange in that I didn't know him, but also in that I quickly realized he was clutching my underwear to his nose and vigorously beating off.

That was how I met my cousin's husband.

"Is he normally like that?" I asked her a short while later over coffee in the main house dining room – which she insisted she owed me for the incident. That was damn true.

"Creepy? Stupid? Pathetic? Pretty much," she said, contempt obvious on her face.

"So why did you marry him? Why stay with him?"

She shrugged. "Daddy says a woman stands by her man."

"Yeah, that sounds about like the 50's era bullshit he'd say."

She poked me in the chest. "Hey now, remember that that's *his* guest house you're staying in. You could at least show a little gratitude. Speaking of, why don't we start in the garden?"

"Uh, what?"

She practically chugged the remainder of her cup. "Isn't that always what they do in those rehab places? Make you do outdoor labor until you become one with yourself, or whatever? Come on, trust me – you'll feel better."

"I think that's only on TV."

"Will you just come on!"

I pounded down the rest of my coffee and humored her. Yet as hours passed pruning, weeding, raking and simply losing myself admiring that garden of his, I really did begin to feel better. We only stopped for lunch, and once Jim left, I finally felt comfortable taking his wife's suggestion and changing into something more comfortable. The sun felt good on my skin, I have to say. And when Uncle Gene came home to find the two of us on our hands and knees in our swimsuits, I actually found myself posing for him a little.

After all, it was his house, his garden. The least he deserved for taking me in was a little eye candy. Honestly? Compared to waking up to that pervert jacking it with my panties over his mouth, it felt good to be admired by a *real* man. Even if he was my uncle. By marriage.

Funny how I'd never thought about that distinction before.

“So, Nutmeg, any luck on the job front?” Uncle Gene asked pointedly over dinner a week or so later. As usual, it was only me, him, Aunt Kris, and my pumpkin. I mean my cousin. Jesus, her parents called her that so exclusively I could barely remember her name, felt like.

“Not yet,” I mumbled sheepishly into my aunt’s potato soup.

“Hmm,” was all he said. I knew Uncle Gene. He wasn’t someone who accepted excuses. Once when I was eight or nine years old, my cousin and I hadn’t been able to find the last Easter egg. He’d kept us out there searching for it for over two hours only to discover that the thing had been hidden in a knot in a tree we couldn’t even see from our height.

As for my job search, however, I honestly hadn’t had time! My cousin and Aunt Kris found *endless* ways to spruce things up around the house. An hour or two in the garden. Washing his car (in matching bikinis – their idea). Vacuuming, sweeping, mopping, and hands-on scrubbing every horizontal surface in that house. I’d even taken on painting the guest house, as he’d casually mentioned it needed a fresh coat and it was an excuse to not have to cohabitate with my cousin’s husband, who, frankly, gave me the creeps. He was hard to talk to, I’d found out, always trying to justify his 80+ hour work weeks as “saving up to get something nice.” The poor jerk evidently reasoned he didn’t have a shot with his own wife without some kind of present. God, what a fucking loser.

At least he had some money coming in, however, which was more than I could say for myself. Since I had no savings, this had really been my only option for a living situation short of, as Uncle Gene so tactfully put it, “slumming with my hoodlum friends.” I knew what would happen if I went back to that scene, and I wanted to stay clean. So here I was, employing what limited assets were at my disposal to stay afloat. But if working nearly full-time as his maid/landscaper wasn’t cutting it...

That evening, my cousin was taking advantage of the pleasant weather to get the lawn mowed and my aunt was in the kitchen doing the dishes. With my uncle relaxing on the couch taking in the evening news (periodically muttering a disparaging “people these days...”) I took some initiative.

“Did you change after supper?” he asked, looking at me out of the corner of his eye as I nestled in beside him.

I had. I’d shed the t-shirt and shorts I’d been working in all day and exchanged them for a sun dress I’d borrowed from my cousin. On her, it was a pretty, flattering garment, breezy and flowing. On my more curvaceous figure, it was hard to breathe in the thing without my boobs popping out of the plunging neckline, and it was so snug on my hips that it rode up a good deal when I sat down.

“I didn’t want to get anything dirty with my work clothes is all.” I crossed my legs. My calf casually brushed against his. His only response was to unfold his newspaper and begin reading while the TV continued its airing of the nightly news, a double dose of current events.

I tried to ignore the news anchors spouting stories about a recent shooting, a missing child, and yet another piece on national politics, and did my best to ease Uncle Gene’s tension. I

knew the state of the world got to him, and after all, he was keeping a roof over my head all day and deserved some R&R. Nothing seemed to help though. Not rubbing my leg on his; not casually squooshing my boobs together with my biceps; not even my hand idly stroking his thigh during the commercials. He didn't seem to mind, sure, but I wanted some kind of reaction that told me I was helping.

"Do you... nevermind, sorry." I shut up almost as soon as I'd begun talking, letting the anchorwoman resume discussing the devastation wrought by the recent hurricane.

Uncle Gene lowered his paper, though didn't actually set it down. "What's on your mind, Nutmeg?"

"I... I was wondering if..." I swallowed. This was so awkward.

"Come on, out with it." His hands occupied by his newspaper, he prompted me with an impatient nod.

"I was wondering if you think I have nice breasts."

He arched an eyebrow. "Is that really something you should be asking me?"

I wilted. "Sorry! Sorry, I just--"

"I haven't even seen the darn things," he clarified.

Oh!

Right before he could return his attention to the paper, I acted. With fingers fumbling in their haste, I raced down the buttons as quickly as I could, and when I had them off down to my waist, peeled the bodice down. Seeing the middling interest on my uncle's stern face, I unclasped and shed my bra, too.

I twisted to face him, squirming side to side both in nervousness and, I admit, a little excitement. My boobs bobbed from side to side as I fidgeted. "Those are some mighty fine tits you got there, Nutmeg," he said at last, and I broke out in relieved smiles.

"Thanks, Uncle Gene! Would..." Could I really...? Yes. I had to. I owed him! "Would you like to... play with them? I know Aunt Kris didn't make you any dessert tonight..."

He raised his arms, and I darted into his lap, straddling him and thrusting my tits into his mouth. (Not a word I liked, but he'd called them tits, after all, so I ought to as well while under his roof.) He sure seemed to enjoy them. He lowered the paper down behind me and sucked on my nipples like they were made of candy.

"Looks like you could pass the nutmeg challenge," I joked.

He stopped sucking on me only long enough to ask, a bit irritably, "Eh? What's that?"

"Oh, something the kids... but with cinnamon... you know, nevermind." I shut up and let the man enjoy himself, and he seemed to appreciate my knowing when to stop running my mouth, something he'd often lectured me about as a child.

"Daddy? Oh, you guys are busy," said my cousin as she came into the room.

I froze for a moment, but thankfully with the newspaper behind me, she'd only be able to see the top of my head and my knees where they were split around her daddy's lap. That was a

relief. He squeezed my tits to the middle, freeing up his mouth. “It’s all right. What’s up, Pumpkin?”

“I was thinking of turning in early, and wondered if you could tuck me in, that’s all. It’s OK.” Neither of us missed the pout in her tone, though. Here I was trying my damndest to repay my debt to Uncle Gene, and she had to go competing for his attention!

“Why don’t you get ready for bed, and I’ll be there in a few, all right?”

She squealed gleefully. “Thanks, Daddy!”

He gave me a look as if to say, *that daughter of mine, right?* and got right back to flicking my nipple with his tongue like he was mad at it.

Aunt Kris was a lucky woman. I told her so – coyly avoiding saying what occasioned the comment – when I went to help her finish up the dishes, after Uncle Gene was done with me. And after I finished playing with myself on the couch, squeezing my nipples harder than I ever had before in my life. I laughed to myself as I heard my cousin’s husband steal into the kitchen, meekly asking if there were any leftovers from dinner before he headed back to work. My aunt told him they were for Gene’s lunch the next day, but said there were some saltines and bottled water in the pantry, if he was desperate. I couldn’t believe they let him leech off of them like that when he was still behind on his rent.

We were both in back in the living room, me on my phone and her at her crocheting – I’d learned she’d been the one who’d made that slutty little top my cousin liked to wear, which I thought was really cool of her – when Uncle Gene returned, red-faced, from tucking in my cousin. She must’ve been getting his blood pressure up over something, brat that she could be at times. Not that I didn’t love her. He turned the TV back on, and the three of us whiled away the rest of the evening like that.

As I excused myself to the guest house for the night, I upgraded my uncle’s usual goodnight kiss on the cheek for one on the lips; he signaled he was done with a pat on my bottom, under my dress. “You take your time with that job search, Nutmeg,” he said. “I want you to find yourself the right fit.”

“So you just... for money...?” I asked my cousin over coffee that Saturday morning in the living room of our guest house. She’d actually stayed in here overnight the night before, something she rarely did. But Jim had been pulling an all-nighter, and had only returned home in time to make the two of us coffee in an effort to excuse his absence. Not that I’d minded it in the least.

She shrugged. “I mean, it’s that or rely on my shiftless deadbeat husband to provide for me.”

He frowned at us from the kitchen, where he was despondently making a fresh pot with red-rimmed eyes. “I’m trying, babe.”

She ignored him and went right on. “It keeps Daddy happy, and since he’s my real provider, that’s a big priority. Heck, even if dickless over there catches up on rent, this guest house is still Daddy’s, not his. We’re only here by his good graces, same as you.”

I processed this. My cousin was so frank about it all that my initial incredulity felt like an overreaction. So she was doing sexual favors... for her *dad*. I had, too, after all. For my uncle, that is. Not technically my daddy, even if he felt like he was sometimes. After the tit feast the other night, I’d given him a handjob each of the next two nights while he read-watched the news. It relaxed me as much as it did him, something to focus on other than the dreary happenings of the world.

Actually putting his dick in me, though...? That was...

I mean, it was hot, yeah. Super hot. But it was also, probably, from a certain point of view, technically... wrong? I mean, I guess it was. For her, anyway. For me, it was more weird than wrong. He was, after all, not actually my blood relative. He’d helped raise me, sure, but getting raw-dogged by my uncle would be no different from any other guy I’d been with. Except it’d be hotter, I bet. *Way* hotter.

And besides, I owed him.

Suddenly I realized my cousin was watching me with a little smirk on her face. “You got awful quiet. Whatcha thinkin’...?”

“Nothing.” I went to take a sip but realized my cup was empty. “Are we getting those refills today, Jim? Jesus fucking Christ, can’t even provide coffee for your wife,” I grumbled.

It was ironic, really, when I thought about it. I finally invited Uncle Gene to fuck me as a way to soften him up for an ask for a little money. Money which I intended to use to get some new clothes. Some sexier clothes. For him. So he'd want to fuck me more. So I could stay here. So he could take care of me. Which would include fucking me.

Sort of dizzying, almost, if I thought about it too hard, so I tried not to.

However, it was not that simple. A real man like Uncle Gene wasn't the sort to trade pussy for lodging in some kind of transactional way. My cunt couldn't buy rent here; it could only buy his love and forbearance. I couldn't merely swing by twice a week and spread my legs – though I happily would have – and expect to have my debt vanish. The debt wasn't going anywhere. All I could do was show Uncle Gene how much I loved him, to remind him how much he loved me in return. So long as I did that, his little Nutmeg had a place in his cupboard.

(That's how Aunt Kris put it, anyway, when she was helping me clean out a stray blob of her husband's jizz from my hair.)

However, I learned my first time out that, much as I might wish otherwise, my pussy was no match for Pumpkin's. My cousin's. Whatever. Once I'd seen that slutty tattoo of hers – a naked girl that was obviously her clutching a tiny pumpkin over her cunt – bouncing in time with his thrusts, it was impossible to think of her as anything but. When she'd finished, he'd fished his wallet out of the rear pocket of his discarded slacks and fished out a crisp \$50 bill and slipped it to his gleefully grateful daughter.

My own pussy had netted a mere \$20. And a reminder that his garage could use some paint, too, next time I found myself another idle day. It would barely be enough for a new pair of panties to wear to dinner tomorrow – and not enough for anything cute to wear over them.

I needed to carve out a niche for myself, and there was only one way to do it. Sure, Pumpkin had legs for days, hair like she was starring in a shampoo commercial, her freckle-free face and, of course, the home field advantage of being Uncle Gene's daughter. But when topless push came to naked shove, I had an easy three cup sizes on her, and from the way he'd spent his entire evening blowjob from his daughter staring at Aunt Kris's rack while she worked on her crocheting, he had to be a tit man. So the next time I got up the nerve to coax a few bucks out of him, I got a fresh tat of my own – a photoreal picture of me standing naked in a salt shaker on the side of my tummy – and adopted a new tactic.

He was working in the garage, waxing his Mercedes – perhaps the only thing he loved as much as that cat of his – when I sauntered in. I was wearing ultra-short pink spandex shorts and my favorite tank top. It was stretched over my tits like it was painted on, and was the one that showed my nipples most clearly. Nothing special, really; I'd been doing chores around the house, and that's what I wore for it these days. My way of paying what I owed.

“Hey, Uncle Gene.” There was so much smoke in my voice I had to double check to make sure there were no oily rags.

He glanced back at me, then again when he saw how well my tank top was showcasing my tits. I don't think he even saw my smile. “Afternoon, Nutmeg. What're you up to?”

“Nothin’ much. Can I give you a hand?”

He turned back to his task. “Sure – mind handing me a rag?”

“No prob!”

Uncle Gene didn’t seem to notice right away that the “rag” I handed him was, in fact, my shirt, but as he buffed the silvery hood of his car, he finally paused and frowned at the unexpected oddity. “You might want to shut the garage door if you’re going to prance around as God made you, Nutmeg.”

“Right, sorry.” I hit the button, then skipped over to the car and sat down – gently – on the hood, leaning back to make sure my bare tits were in his peripherals. He kept right on polishing that car, though as he got near to my perch, he went right around me, then playfully took my hips in his hands and used my ass to rub at the spot underneath me. He was so strong! I giggled as he manhandled me, but it gave way to an only slightly exaggerated rapturous sigh as he took one of my nipples into his mouth.

“I feel like I’m not being very helpful,” I teased as he feasted on my tits.

Uncle Gene pulled back. “I suppose that’s true. Here,” he said, laying out my sodden tank top on the front of the hood behind me. I wasn’t sure what to do, but a firm hand on my chest pushed me on my back on top of it. He then seized my shorts in a powerful grip and slid me a ways down until I was mostly over open air, only my shoulders supported by the car. This was going to be a thigh workout, for sure.

Then he was lowering his jeans, throwing one leg over my topless body, and fucking my big fat tits with a vengeance. The only thing for me to do was to hold on for dear life, both hands gripping a ridge at the front of the hood and my toes curled to grip the concrete. I was a warm, soft doll, nothing but a set of tits for fucking mounted on the hood of his Mercedes, almost like the car itself had finally opened up her blouse and invited him to fuck her.

“Hiya Daddy!” came a voice from the door. “Oh, I didn’t mean to interrupt. Here, I’ll work on the waxing while she keeps up the wanking.” She giggled at her own joke, bouncing over to join us, grabbing the cloth Uncle Gene had been wiping with before I’d distracted him. My cousin bent deep over the hood to take charge of his cleaning, her face right near mine. Pumpkin’s eyes sparkled at me, the challenge plain on her face. After a couple minutes of pretending to wipe down the car, she reached back behind her and while I couldn’t see it from my angle, I had no doubt she was sliding off her shorts. Panties too, no doubt. I loved my cousin, but she could be such a greedy bitch sometimes!

“You know, Daddy, you might want to lubricate a little. I wouldn’t want you to get chafed or anything. My pussy’s good and wet for you, if you want...” She smirked at me playfully.

“Maybe in a bit, Pumpkin. Your cousin and I were just waxing the car. Isn’t that right, Nutmeg?”

I bent my chin down, and Uncle Gene obliged me by holding himself at full thrusting depth so I could swirl my tongue around the purple dome of his cock. “That’s right,” I said proudly as he resumed tit-fucking me.

“But I wanna help!” she whined.

“You just wanna be a cock hog!” I accused.

“Titty skank!”

“Butt slut!”

“Bimbo bitch!”

“Jim’s wife!”

“*Girls.*” A moment later came a squeak; her eyes went wide with surprise and delight, and I could only assume he’d shoved a finger or two in that elastic cunt she was always flaunting. But then followed undisguised disappointment at his withdrawal.

“Pumpkin, why don’t you check out the undercarriage, see what you can clean up down there, all right? I got the top covered.”

“Sure, Daddy!” she said. With the situation now resolved, the moment of tension ended as swiftly as it had begun. I blew her a kiss and she shot me a sly wink. Pumpkin slipped down to her knees between my wide-spread legs, but not before she whispered in my ear, “I am so glad you’re here now.”

My cousin had to work to get my shorts down; I needed a wide stance to keep my balance, after all. But then she was lapping at my pussy like it was her father’s cock, and from there, the three of us applied our various frictions to cocks and tits and pussies and, of course, Uncle Gene’s Mercedes.

I don’t know how long Jim stood in the doorway watching us, but he didn’t make a sound until after his father-in-law’s daughter had finished licking up Uncle Gene’s cum off my tits and sharing it with me in a lengthy kiss. “Uh, honey? Sorry to interrupt, Mr. Clemons. But it’s our six-month anniversary, and, um, you said if I could scrounge up money for a nice evening out...”

As my uncle re-fastened his belt, I settled in between my cousin’s legs where she’d settled on the hood. She played with my tits and I stroked her thighs, both of us playing the vixen role for our host. “Nice evening out doesn’t mean Applebee’s, Jim,” she said disdainfully.

He fished a wad of cash out of his pocket. “No! I’ve been saving up for over a month! I got us reservations at that French place you said you wanted to try, and—”

Uncle Gene snatched the money out of his son-in-law’s outstretched hand. Jim didn’t even try to resist him – not that he could have if he wanted to. My uncle flipped through the bills, tallying them up in his head. “This should get you almost caught up on rent, Jimbo. But until you are, I don’t want you lurking around the guest house, bothering Nutmeg.”

I beamed at him. He was so generous! “Am... am I just supposed to sleep in my car?”

“*My car,*” my cousin corrected. “And try not to let the neighbors see, OK? I’d be humiliated.”

Pumpkin and I sidled up alongside Uncle Gene, one of us under each arm, a proprietary hand resting on our boobs. I couldn't help but smirk at him as we went by. I hadn't had to pay a nickel – but as I pressed my tit into my uncle's grip, I knew that being his little Nutmeg meant I'd never have to.

