

The **NAUGHTY** Uncle

#100N



THE NAUGHTY UNCLE

Story & Rough Pencils: LH

Inks: Lee Burks

HI! My name is Casey and this story is about my uncle Mark and how I helped him to mend his ways and learn to treat women with more respect - especially younger women like myself.

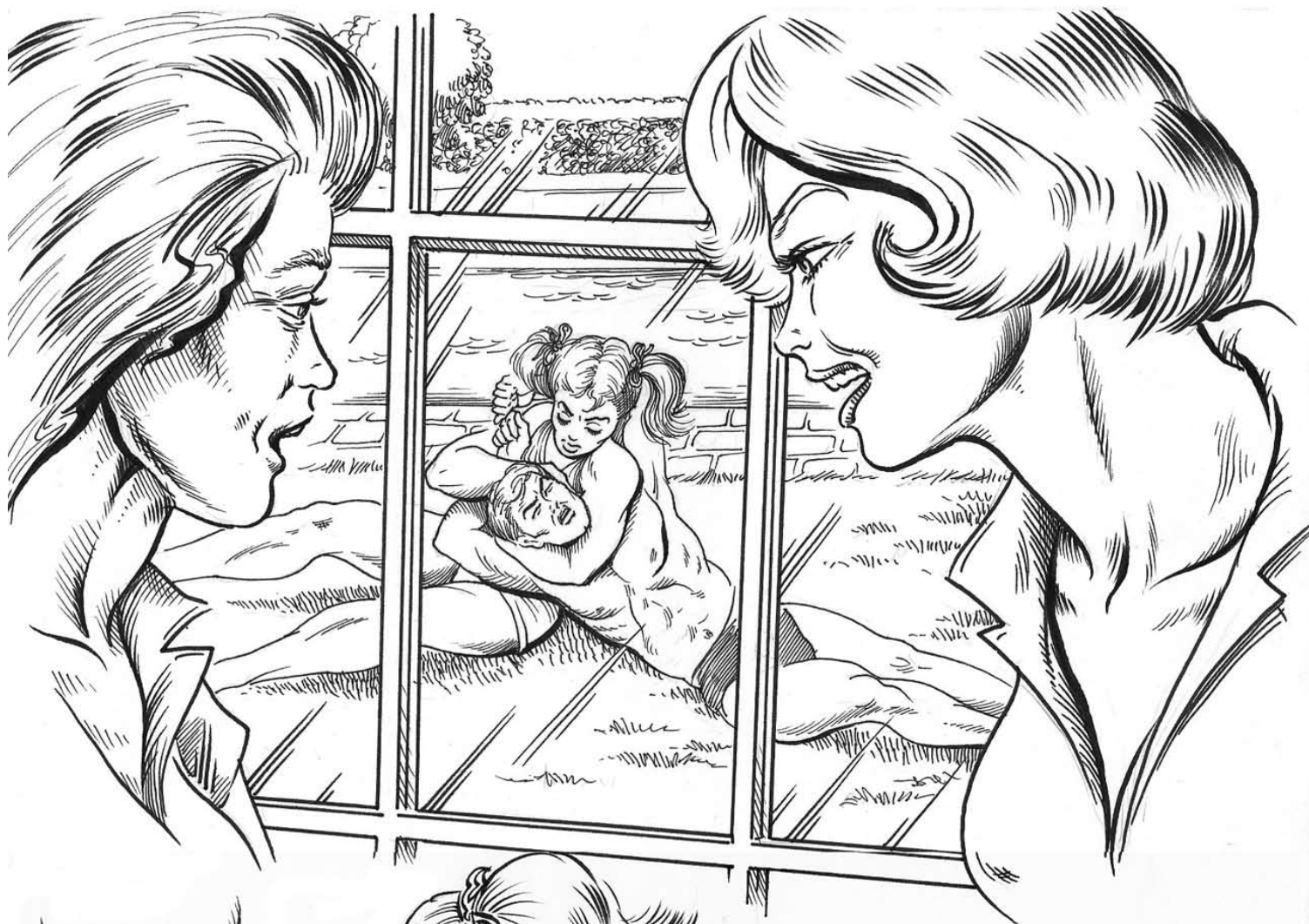
You see, Mark's only 10 years older than me. He's my mom's little brother. He use to treat me like his kid sister and bullied me around when ever he could get away with it. Which really wasn't all that often because he was afraid of my Mom. Seems she bullied HIM when they were younger, but she wasn't going to let him get away with it on me. My Mom's alright.

Anyway, when I started growing like a weed after my 12th birthday, uncle Mark started to have his hands full when he tried to tussle me to the ground. By 13 I was his equal at wrestling. I remember wrestling with uncle when he had just started college at my granny's house. He still lived at home then, and Mom and granny got a good laugh at our struggles. For even then, I usually won. So, Mom no longer had to come to my rescue. She told me she was real proud of me for being able to hold my own with uncle Mark, but later told me wrestling was unladylike with boys my own age. She knew I was the terror of my school's co-ed gym period. But I think she was secretly proud of the fact that I could beat nearly every boy at my school.

In our family, the women were always stronger than the men. It frustrated uncle to no end that I, a teenage girl could best him and pin him flat to the ground like a common school boy.

And then to have his big sister rub it in about all the times she'd done the same thing to him when they were younger. Boy, would he howl!

Uncle Mark was kinda a bookish type of guy, I guess, but back then he was a good head taller than me and out-weighed me by about 25 pounds. Still I could take him. He even seemed to enjoy the close contact with me, even though he usually wound up on his back with me on top of him pinning him helpless beneath me. It was a great feeling to pin a boy down beneath you, and know he can't even get up unless you let him. I kinda wondered what uncle was getting out of it.



WELL LITTLE BROTHER...
LOOKS LIKE CASEY CAN
HANDLE YOU JUST LIKE
I USED TO ! HA HA !

But when I started high school, Uncle Mark went away to State College and our rough-house struggles became a thing of the past. I was dating boys regularly now, but I still was wrestling with them whenever they got too horny and tried to come-on like macho-man or something. I was active in sports - a star sprinter on the Junior Varsity track team. I also wanted to stay with gymnastics, but was getting too tall for it. At age 18 I stood 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighed a solidly muscled 160 pounds. My body was really well shaped. So well shaped, in fact, that I was told I should take up body-building. I enjoyed working out with the weights and started to see results quickly. The guys at the weight room said I had the perfect genetics for it (I don't know, what do you think?).





When uncle Mark was home from college during breaks, he'd spend an awful lot of time at our house. He didn't have a girlfriend. I was 18 now, and I began to notice his behavior around me was similar to some of the leering old man teachers at school. When I'd catch him staring at me he'd get flustered and start scolding me about my dress being too short or something lame like that. While all the time oggling my legs. It was then that it finally began to dawn on me that uncle was a regular PERVERT!



He really seemed fixated on my legs. Which I admit are two of my best male attracting features. One day, just to tease him, I put on a skirt I hadn't worn in over a year because it had become way too short. I awaited his outburst about skirt length but it didn't come. Then as I went about my daily chores I kept having the feeling I was being watched. When I bent over to tuck in a corner of the bed I was making up I heard a muffled gasp from the hall.

My suspicions were confirmed, uncle didn't blow up about my short skirt because he wanted to take advantage of the sexy views of my legs as he spied on me!



I turned around to face him, but he would not show himself. Probably had to run off to the bathroom and clean himself!

I decided not to tell my mother about any of this. I figured if he tried anything physical I could easily handle him myself. Besides, I was curious about why guys did this peeping-tom stuff. I also wanted to see just how far uncle would go in getting his 'private' peeks at his sexy niece.



ARE YOU BEING
NAUGHTY AGAIN
UNCLE??

I soon found he was going even further with his voyeurism than even I was comfortable with. The last straw came when he 'accidentally' walked in on me in the shower at Granny's house one morning.

At first this business of a voyeuristic uncle was kinda fun. I'd even felt amused by his fumbling about trying to get a better view at all my charms. But now it was getting down right disgusting.



That morning only uncle and I were at granny's house and as I dried myself off I decided it was time to teach uncle a similar lesson to the one's I'd dished out to my overly anxious boy friends from time to time.

I dressed in a loose, scanty halter-top I used when I worked out, and a very short terry-cloth skirt I hadn't been able to fit in since I was a sophomore. I then, took a walk by uncle real slow and sexy-like in the family room. I was close enough to almost feel his temperature rise as his eyes roved all over my voluptuous young body - especially my bouncy, no-bra chest. I still had quite a rack even after all my weight lifting and dieting for body-building contest!

ONE TOUCH was all I needed and I swung into action. A back handed blow - more powerful than I'd initially wanted it to be. His glasses flew across the room. Blood trickled from his nose, and once he saw it his temperature again rose. But this time it wasn't caused by the closeness of my body. He was mad.



Fighting mad. Just what I wanted. My old school yard calm set in as uncle flew off out of control trying to get tough with the toughest 18 year old girl in town! A big mistake, but one I wanted him to make. His return slap was so slow I could have read the page while waiting for it. My counter move was so fast uncle was flying through the air before he even realized he was trying to slap his niece.



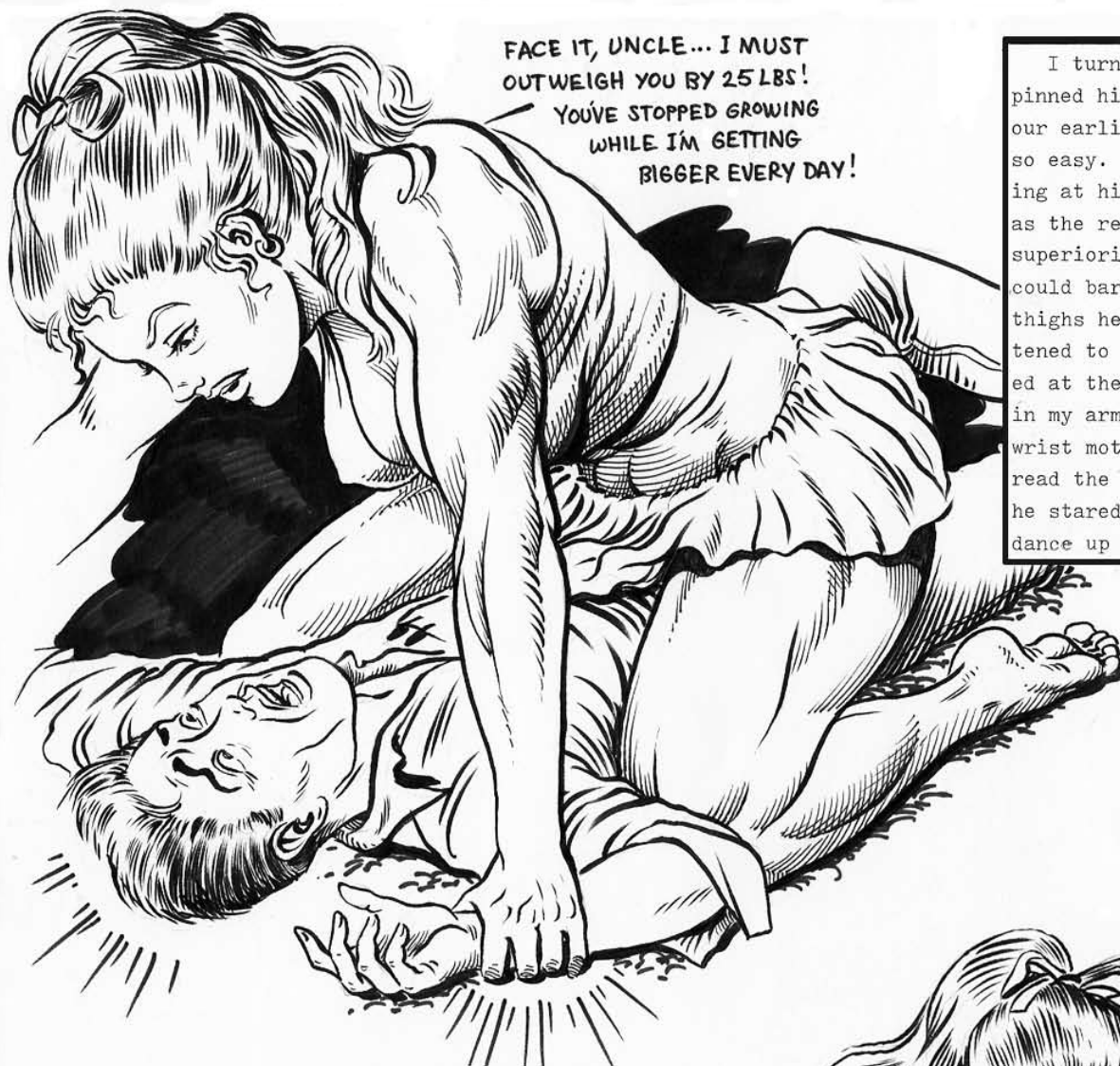
A niece 10 years his junior, but years ahead of him in fight experience, let alone raw courage & strength!





I was on him in an instant, controlling all his futile struggles. Turning all his moves against him. Uncle's face soon took on a shocked speechless look as it began to dawn on him that this wasn't the little girl he use to rough-house with 5 years ago he was up against. This was a full sized teenage woman with more muscle size and mass than he'd ever see on his skinny bag-o-bones body. In fact, it was kinda disappointing the ease with which I could handle him. I'd gotten better struggles out of some of the neighborhood kids.





FACE IT, UNCLE... I MUST
OUTWEIGH YOU BY 25 LBS!
YOU'VE STOPPED GROWING
WHILE I'M GETTING
BIGGER EVERY DAY!

I turned him over & pinned him like I use to in our earlier fights. It was so easy. But I enjoyed looking at his pale shocked face as the reality of my obvious superiority struck home. He could barely budge me as my thighs held him firmly flattened to the floor. He looked at the muscles rippling in my arms as they held his wrist motionless. I could read the fear in his face as he stared at the muscles dance up and down.



IN FACT...
YOU'RE A
REGULAR
WIMP!!



But uncle did surprise me a bit as he gave me one good bridge to try & get me off. I automatically countered with pressure from my big, muscular thighs. He was then quickly reduced to a hurt and scared little boy.

I have to admit, the power of my legs is pretty damn awesome. I've sent guys home with cracked ribs after some date fights. I can't help it if I'm so strong. I really love being on top all the way. And pinning a frustrated boy or man beneath my big legs is my idea of a good time! Of course I'm not against sex, but it's always on my terms, and my pleasure comes first! A girl has to be careful these days.




While I enjoyed the feeling of uncle being helpless beneath me I was suddenly brought back into focus as to where we were by the sound of the doorbell ringing. I don't know if uncle wanted to scream out for help or not. I really doubt he'd want to be seen pinned helpless beneath his 18 year old niece.

UH-OH...
SOMEONE'S
AT THE
DOOR

MAYBE IF
WE'RE
REAL QUIET,
THEY'LL GO
AWAY!

But for safety's sake I didn't take any chances. Besides this gave uncle the chance for a real close-up look at the big thighs he'd been trying to get a better look at all week long.





STILL
AWAKE?

I may have been giving him too close & too long of a look as I noticed him go limp beneath me. I opened up to let him breath again and he slowly started coming back to life. I don't think he really passed out. I was impatient with him to get back awake so I could start telling him what I expected of him as my latest vanquished male. A little trick I'd used before came in handy here. Never fails as long as the guy isn't completely unconscious.



GOOD!
STAY THAT
WAY!!!

Anyway, I wanted uncle fully awake for the show too. It was a hot day and my little exercise session had almost made me sweat. It sure had made uncle sweat. I peeled off my top, but it seemed uncle was too bushed to really fully enjoy the sight. I did manage to give him my new servitude lecture before stripping so he wouldn't be too distracted.

I'M GOING FOR A
DIP TO RINSE OFF
YOUR SWEAT!
HANG THOSE
UP FOR ME
UNCLE
DEAR...



Granny's swimming pool looked real inviting through the patio doors. So, I told uncle to take care of my things and await further orders by the picnic table, then I dove in for a few laps

After getting out, I layed on the picnic table to dry off in the sun and work on my tan. I told uncle to sit quietly on the bench. He was now more recovered from our brief fight as I could see him trying to get a good side view of my still bare boobs.

Eventually he asked me if I would like a massage after all the hard work of beating him up. It really hadn't taken much effort, but I always enjoyed a good rub-down.

But it seemed uncle still hadn't completely learned his proper place as his hands began rubbing more than just my upper thighs.



I gave him just enough rope and like all the other dumb males I'd known, he'd hung himself. Almost literally too. I clamped my track-trained legs tight on his foolish head and watched as he struggled in vain to pry himself free. A truly hopeless quest.



YOU DIRTY OLD
S.O.B.!!



All he eventually managed to do was get both his head and neck trapped between my well-educated inner-thigh muscles. And as his struggles wained I watched his tongue protrude further & further from his gagging mouth. I must admit it did give me ideas for future fun with ol' uncle Marky. But business first. I concentrated more fully on the task at hand as uncle's struggles became more & more pathetic as I squeezed him out there by the picnic table. My legs had gotten to the point that it took more concentration not to squeeze too hard and cause serious damage to a guy than to just squeeze as much as I wanted, their muscles were just too big & strong now.

It was getting close to lunchtime as I left uncle laying there in the grass to recover. I had to meet Mom & Granny for lunch at the mall. I'd have to think up some excuse why uncle Mark couldn't make it. "Beaten unconscious by his muscular niece" just wouldn't cut it.



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