

Ravaging Riley

Crimson Rose

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The smell of lilac brought a smile to Riley's face as she drove down the long driveway of her aunt and uncle's farm. It had been many years since she last paid them a visit, but she could see the riding trails as fresh in her mind as if she had just traversed them yesterday. She pictured the huge horseshoe shaped building with barn on one side, stables on the other and a combination maintenance and storage facility tying them together, and the memories came pouring back. It was in that very maintenance building where she had her first cigarette at the age of eleven. And where she was subsequently caught, scolded and swore an oath to never touch them again.

More than a hundred yards behind and to the right of the two-story farmhouse stood the grain silo where she nearly lost her virginity to Tucker Williams – the cutest boy in the eighth grade. *I've done a lot of stupid shit on this farm*, she thought as she recalled her Aunt Erica appearing out of nowhere like a ghost as she and Tucker experimented with kissing and groping and in an instance they were a dozen feet apart as he was rolling across the floor like an unwieldy bowling ball. *Aunt Erica to the rescue again*, she sighed.

Pulling next to Uncle Drew's ancient pickup truck, she shook her head and laughed at the absurdity of the more than thirty year old vehicle still managing to see some use. Getting out of her car, she ran her fingers gently along the side of the bed, remembering the many bumpy rides she took in the back as it bounced down the road on the way to market. *So many memories*.

The front door opened before she even stepped foot on the porch and she stared up at the 6'5", 300 pound ruggedly handsome man that was Uncle Drew. Barrel chest and tree trunk arms aside, he was a gentle giant and without speaking a word, she leapt onto the porch and into his arms as she had done every visit for as long as she could remember.

"It's good to see you too, Pumpkin. You got any bags to carry in, or are you really starting fresh?"

"Mom and dad tossed me out and I left before I could pack so I have nothing but the clothes on my back until I can get settled in and find some work. They also had my emergency credit card deactivated so all I have is three hundred bucks in the bank."

"Who are you... oh, hello Riley," Aunt Erica said from behind the screen door. "You big lug, why didn't you tell me she was here?"

"She just got here like two minutes ago. Is the room ready?"

"Of course it's ready. Can I get you anything to eat or drink, sweetie?"

"A cold glass of your sun tea would be amazing right now if you've got any made."

"You know it. Have a seat and I'll bring it out."

"Thanks Aunt Erica. For everything. Both of you. If you hadn't agreed to let me move here until I get on my feet I don't know what I would have done."

"Think nothing of it," Drew said. "Your family and we take care of our own. Despite my sister being a self-centered bitch," he added speaking of Riley's mother, a woman he had not been able to stand since they were teens. "We have a place all set up for you out back. You remember the small pool house?"

"Yeah, but didn't you have that torn down when you filled the pool in?"

"Filled the pool in? Where did you hear that non-sense?"

"Mom told me you had it filled in years ago because you were sick of all the neighbor kids using it all the time."

“Yeah, that sounds like something Lori would say. No, we never had it filled in, and we never got sick of people using it. In fact, we’ve greatly expanded it and when you called last month asking to stay we knew the old pool house was the perfect place. We got some people together and renovated the shit out of it just for you.”

“You didn’t have to do that Uncle Drew.”

“Of course we did,” Erica said as she pushed the screen door open with one hand while balancing a tray of tea on the other. “You’re a grown woman now and you need your own space.”

“My old room would have been fine, really.”

“Non-sense. I’m sure you don’t want us hearing you in the middle of the night when you bring a boy home, and we sure don’t want you hearing us.”

“Aunt Erica!”

“Oh, don’t give me that Aunt Erica bullshit. You’re an attractive young woman and I’m sure you’re beating boys off with a stick. Or is it beating off boy’s sticks?” Erica grinned to her niece’s embarrassment. “Or are you into girls? It’s been so long since we’ve sat and talked I don’t even know.”

“I’m bisexual, but I’ve never had the courage to date girls because of how mom would have reacted if she ever found out. Hell, you’re the first family members I’ve even told.”

“Well, you’ll get no judgements here,” Drew said. “You are free to date whomever you like.”

“Except for Tucker Williams,” Riley giggled, giving her aunt a wink.

“Dear lord, I forgot all about that. You were an experimental young thing weren’t you? But now that you’re a grown woman you don’t have to worry about me butting into your business. Sexual or otherwise.

“Not to change the subject, okay, to completely change the subject,” Drew said, seeing the look of unease on his niece’s face at all the talk about sex “It seems Riley was booted out and headed our way with only the clothes on her back and little money in the bank.”

“Well that just won’t do will it? After you get settled in I’ll take you shopping for everything you’ll need.”

“That’s not necessary Aunt Erica. I can get a few things with what I have in the bank.”

“Don’t give me that crap, young lady. I haven’t taken you shopping in years so it’ll be just like old times.”

“In old times I wasn’t a broke ass bum,” Riley sighed.

“And you’re not a broke ass bum now. You’re a beautiful, intelligent young woman with a promising future ahead of you. Are you still planning on attending college in the fall?”

“That’s the plan unless I somehow manage to land my dream job before then.”

“And that would be?”

“I want to be a porn star,” Riley joked. “My mother always said I had a big mouth so I figured I might as well put it to use.”

“Not what I’d call a dream job, but hey, who am I to judge?” her uncle shrugged.

“That’s it? You’re not going to fly off the wall yelling and telling me what a waste of air I am? That was a joke, by the way. My dream job is to be CEO of my own company.”

“Nothing wrong with doing porn to make ends meet,” Erica said. “Want in on a little secret? You know how I was a dancer in my younger days? Well, I got my start as the exotic kind.”

“You mean you were a stripper!?”

“Absolutely. It got me interested in other forms of dance that I incorporated into my routines and I made a killing at it.”

“Honestly, it was your aunt shaking her sexy behind up on stage that saw us through the early, difficult years of running this farm.”

“I still give your uncle a show now and then, but I’m too old to go bouncing around a pole.”

“HA! You’re what, forty-two going on twenty-five?” Riley laughed. Thanks to years of dancing and working on a farm, the petite brunette was still in remarkable shape and had curves in all the right places.

“No need to butter me up now, sweetie. You know, I still have a few friends in the business and if you’re interested I can teach you a few of the old routines and maybe get you an interview.”

“Are you serious? You think I should be a stripper?”

“I think you should do whatever it takes to meet your goals in life and if shaking that tight little ass of yours for the enjoyment of horny old men willing to toss money your way then you’d be a fool to turn it away without at least considering it.”

“She’s right,” Uncle Drew said. “I don’t want to sound like a perv or anything, but you’re hotter than hell Riley. Blonde hair, blue eyes and a killer body? You’d be rolling in the money in no time.”

“Nope, that wasn’t pervy at all,” Riley blushed. “Honestly, I don’t know the first thing about dancing. Hell, I stepped on my date’s feet a dozen times at prom and I’m pretty sure I broke at least two of his toes in the process.”

“No worries dear. I can teach you to be as graceful as a ballerina if you’re willing to put in the practice.”

“I don’t know. How would that look on me resume?”

“Who cares? You’re goal in life is to own your own company, right?”

“Yes, but…”

“No buts. If you’re going to make it in life you need to stop second-guessing yourself and seize the bull by the horns, so to speak. We never thought we’d make it as farmers, but look at us now. It took a lot of hard work, but we’re retired in our forties and enjoying life while the workers take care of things around here. I’m not your mother…”

“Thank god!” Drew huffed.

“Anyways, I’m not your mother and I’m not going to hold your hand and tell you everything is going to be okay. You’re going to fall, but as long as you have the guts to stand back up you can, and will achieve any dream you set for yourself. Now, do you want to learn some moves, or are you going to sit there looking miserable all your life?”

“I..alright, teach me some moves. I’ll give it a try if you really think I can do it.”

“It doesn’t matter what I think. The only thing that matters is whether or not you believe in yourself enough to make it happen. Now, how about we take Riley to see her new place?”

“Sounds good to me.” Getting up last so as to not show his raging hard-on to his niece, Drew followed close behind, his eyes locked on her perfect ass as it swayed invitingly side to side. Wondering if she takes it in the back door, he felt his cock growing even harder and it was all he could do to keep his hands to himself as they walked around the house.