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Auntie Val

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Story title: Auntie Val

AUNTIE VAL

by

Anonymous

Like a lot of English lads, my introduction to what lay below a woman's clothes came through the good photography of Mayfair magazine, a very popular British men's magazine and, in my view, a British rival to Playboy. Mayfair sourced photographs from some of the best British photographers of the day, and had some of the prettiest British girls at their (naked) best. Some of the biggest names in British modelling appeared on its pages: Jane Warner, Kirsten Imrie, Sam Johnson and others. The magazine - which was in a similar format to Playboy contained a number of well-written stories and feature articles in each issue, as well as the photosets that us lads looked at it for - was owned and edited for twenty-four of its twenty-five years by Kenneth Bound. However, in early 1991, he accepted an offer from the 'King of Porn,' Paul Raymond, and Mayfair was sold to the Paul Raymond organisation, appearing under his imprint from Volume 26, number 2. Soon after, the magazine started a slide towards the same 'meat-market' style which characterise the rest of the Paul Raymond stable. The articles and the erotic fiction disappeared in favour of a photo on almost every page, and writing that was designed not to tax the lowest common denominator.

One of the most erotic pieces of writing I can remember reading appeared in Mayfair's Volume 16, number 6 (by deduction, the June 1982 edition). This took the form of a letter to the editor. Whether or not the story is a true one, or whether it was written in the Mayfair editorial office, I've always got a rise from it and I'd like to share it with you now. This is what it said:

"I have been intrigued by some of the recent letters in your columns about readers' adolescent experiences with older women.

When I was a boy it was always a treat when Auntie Val came to stay. She brought a breath of the great world to our small-town existence. She always wore makeup and much smarter clothes than my mother could ever afford, and I remember the strange, sweet smell of her perfume.

She hadn't been for four or five years when she came to stay one summer. I was about 15, very shy, gauche, wholly without experience, and with a correspondingly ravenous curiosity about women.

One wet Sunday afternoon my mother was watching TV and Auntie Val and I were sharing the table. She was writing letters and I was doing my homework, or pretending to. I'd already dropped my pencil and picked it up, to have a sly look at her legs. Then, chin on fist, I glanced from time to time under lowered lids as she bent over her letter. Her blouse opened a good deal further down than anything my mother ever wore, and the inner swell of both breasts was clearly detectable.

She started a new page on her letter pad, but wrote only one sentence, then silently turned it round for me to read: 'What are you looking at, naughty boy?' I blushed scarlet, and looked involuntarily across at my mother. She was absorbed by the film. Auntie Val was writing again: 'Would you like a proper look, and nothing said to your mother?' I couldn't believe my eyes. She looked up casually and I nodded and licked my lips. She told me, via the pad, to go upstairs and wait in her room.

I went upstairs and sat on her bed in a state of high excitement. Twenty minutes passed and my excitement waned. I decided it was a joke and she was having me on. I was just about to go when I heard her.

'Well, well, what a bold young man you are. Do you always spend your time looking down ladies' cleavages? What would your mother say?' I started to stammer out a reply, but she said, 'Never mind. I was going to change anyway, and if you want to watch you're welcome. But bold young men have roving hands, so I think I'll be on the safe side.'

Then she brought out a red ribbon, tied my hands behind my back, then calmly unfastened the top of my trousers. I asked what she was doing, and she told me, 'I'm taking your trousers down, young man, and your underpants too. There's no need to be coy – you want to look at me, so I'm going to look at you. Besides, you'll be less mobile with this little lot round your ankles.' My penis stirred and swelled.

Looking demurely down she began to unfasten her blouse buttons, one by one and very deliberately. When she'd undone the last one she opened the blouse wide and looked up at me. She wore a white bra of some silky material, with flowers embroidered here and there and lace edging. The lace ran in a deep wide V from the shoulder-straps down to a front fastening, leaving each breast half-uncovered. She slipped the blouse off her shoulders and said, 'Look at the little birdies in their nests,' as she momentarily pulled back the lace on each cup to let me catch a glimpse of the nipples. Only a glimpse, then she turned to the wardrobe and took out a green dress which she threw onto the bed.

Then, asking if I was ready for scene two, she unzipped her skirt at the back and dropped it to her feet. I stared, fascinated, at her stocking tops. The colour contrast between her white thighs and the dark grey band at the top of each stocking hypnotised me. My eyes followed the taut white ribbons of her suspenders until they disappeared under the lace trimming of her knickers, which were white and embroidered to match her bra.

'They're called French knickers because they're cut high and wide at the leg,' she said as she dropped me a little curtsey. I saw why they were cut wide when she sat at the dressing-table and leaned forward to examine her makeup in the mirror. The lace seemed to slide up and back until the whole beautiful extent of her haunch, from stocking top to buttock, lay bare before my avid eyes. The suspender belt had lifted the hem of her knickers in a way that had me breathing faster and pulling at my fastened hands.

Satisfied with her face, she stood up, smoothed her stockings and slowly tightened each suspender, then stretched each leg, sensuously like a cat. She looked at me and said, thoughtfully, 'If you're a very good boy and ask me nicely I may take my knickers off for you. Would you like that?' I croaked a feeble yes, but she made me say, 'Please, Auntie Val, will you take your knickers down?' I was crimson with shame and lust.

Briskly she dropped her knickers and stepped out of them, catching the high heel of her shoe as she did so. She nearly lost her balance and at the sudden movement I saw the long suspenders tense and tighten over the swell of her haunch and down between belly and thighs. I tensed and tightened too, staring dry-mouthed at the bush of blonde hair framed in the white gothic arch of her suspender belt.

She made no attempt to cover up, but stood for a moment holding the knickers up to her face like a veil, her eyes peeping slyly at me. Then she stepped forward with an exaggerated swing of the hips and came so close that her belly almost touched my taut and swollen member. Delicately she hooked the knickers over it and left them hanging there. She said, 'There's a little present for you. And now the show's over.'

She turned and picked up the green dress from the bed. Stretching up her arms she put it over her head, with a little wiggle of her bare bottom for my benefit, and smoothed it over her hips with both hands. 'Aren't I naughty going downstairs with no pants on? You won't tell your mother, will you?' I couldn't speak. Nothing existed except my desperate, pulsating erection.

'Time to let you go, but oh dear, aren't you straining at the leash! What a state you're in,' she said. She squatted down to get a good eye-level view of my frustrated penis as the dangling knickers twitched in sympathy. 'Shall I?' she mused, fingering the material, 'Yes, why not?' And she triggered me off with a sharp tug.

For one agonising moment she waited, grinning as I gasped and writhed. Then she pulled the knot of the ribbon undone. My hands flew to my crotch. Knees bent, eyes closed, buttocks thrusting helplessly, I pumped and pumped in my new-found manhood.

Through the hoarseness of my own panting I heard Auntie Val say sweetly, 'Don't be late for tea, dear,' as she closed the door behind her.

(Name and address withheld)

What a lucky young chap you were. All we ever got from our aunties was a pair of socks at Christmas and an occasional bar of chocolate."