

THE SEDUCTION OF AUNT ROSE

Briterotic

Will she be seduced by her nephew?

Incest/Taboo

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Paul had felt a little unsettled for a number of years, ten to be precise. He'd been happy enough, and he was innately cheerful and optimistic, but he couldn't shake the feeling that he ought to be back where he belonged. It was 1978, he was twenty-five and doing well at work. During the past eighteen months he'd left his parents home to live in a small apartment. There had been several young women in his life, and a couple of flings with older ones; one of them well into her forties. The world was at his feet but he felt a pull to return to where he'd been happiest.

Since his family had uprooted and moved to the Midlands a decade ago, he'd had a hankering to get back to the northern county where he was born and raised. He still had family in the north, and his beloved football team would always be in his blood through good times and bad; mostly bad. That's why just over a month ago he'd applied for a job with the northern local authority of his birthplace. The jump in wages was considerable, and his application had been speculative, so he was pleasantly surprised to get an interview. He was even more surprised subsequently when he took a call, from the personnel department of the northern local authority, offering him the job.

Having given himself no chance of landing the job, it had suddenly dawned on him how much he would have to put in place to make it possible to start in one month's time. When he visited his parents that evening to tell them his good news, his mother immediately phoned her sister, his Aunt Rose, to ask whether she could put him up for a few weeks, whilst he found somewhere to live. She said she'd be delighted, she lived with her husband Patrick in a large Victorian detached house with five bedrooms. Her son and his wife had moved to Canada, so she'd said to her sister that it would be nice to have a young man around the house again.

On the way home from his parents, Paul's thoughts lingered on his Aunt Rose. She was his mother's younger sister, and had always been his favourite aunt. But it had gone deeper than that, since he could remember, Aunt Rose had regularly provided the erotic stimulus for his self induced orgasms. He knew that she was six years younger than his mother, so she was twenty years older than him; his adolescent crush on her had developed and deepened over the years.

Later on, after some bedtime reading, he treated himself to a glorious wank, with his Aunt Rose in the starring role. He imagined that she had seduced his younger self on the sofa one afternoon, when she'd been alone and he'd paid her an unexpected visit. In his fantasy she'd been smartly dressed in a twin set, pearls, a straight skirt and heels; just like he'd seen her dressed at family Christmases in the late fifties and early sixties. In those days, she used to look like she'd stepped off the cover of a woman's magazine. The type that was full of recipes, knitting patterns and advice on how to look good for your husband; with a picture of a pretty smiling housewife on the front.

As he pumped his erection with his right hand, he imagined that she had noticed a bulge in his jeans as they sat together on the sofa. She had told him, in a sultry, teasing tone of voice, that as his Aunt, she really felt it was her duty to help relive his swelling. He offered no resistance as she slowly unzipped his fly, and reached inside for his hard cock. He shot his semen onto his chest as he imagined her pushing him down onto his back, lifting her skirt to reveal stockings and suspenders,

slipping off her panties and straddling him. It was a beautiful toe curling orgasm, which peaked as he imagined the sensation of his stiff cock being enveloped by her tight, warm, wet cunt.

Rose replaced the receiver and stood a moment in thought. Her sister had just told her that her nephew had got a new job in the area, and he needed a place to stay for a few weeks, until he could find suitable accommodation. She had readily agreed to him staying as long as he wanted. Since her own son had moved to Canada to start a new life, Rose had felt desperately lonely in the large old house that she occupied with her uncommunicative husband Patrick. What a pleasure it would be to have a friendly sociable young man around the house.

The joy and romance, such as it was, had disappeared from Rose and Patrick's relationship years ago. She tried hard to please him, but he was never anything less than morose, complaining and controlling. She couldn't remember the last time he had taken her anywhere but to garden centres and cheap cafes. They hadn't had a night out in the last decade, not even for a meal in a pub, as had become the fashion in those days.

Patrick was a motor mechanic by trade, an occupation he carried on at home by constantly doing up and selling old cars. When he wasn't covered in oil, he had his hands in the soil, losing himself in their large garden for hours on end. That was it, that was the sum of their marriage now.

Rose had no real friends, he'd made it difficult for her over the years to go out on her own and see people, to the extent that it was easier for her to stay in alone, than face the barrage of questions about where she was going, and what she was doing, followed by his inevitable sulk when she returned home.

Since her son had left home two years ago, Rose's life had been empty. She occasionally saw her older brother and his wife, and she visited her sister, Paul's mother, in the Midlands once in a while, but she had no real life of her own. A part time job two days a week in a local grocer's shop helped ease the boredom. Patrick hadn't objected to her taking the job, because the shop was just across the road from the garage where he worked, so he was able to keep an eye on her.

Rose had few opportunities for physical intimacy, she was, by nature, a tactile woman, but had no outlet for her affection and her need for physical contact. She and Patrick had indulged in sex no more than a handful times in the past five years, and not at all in the last twelve months.

In fact, she couldn't remember the last time she'd had an orgasm, she thought vaguely that it might have been New Year's Eve 1967, when Patrick had dozed off after a failed drunken attempt at fucking her. In a frustrated half drunken state, she had masturbated, while imagining being fucked by her brother in law. The next morning, she felt so ashamed at the thought of the depravity of what she had done, that it had become her one and only self masturbatory experience; the guilt and repression of her religious upbringing had left a lasting impression on her.

She contemplated the memory of that guilt inducing act all those years ago. Sitting in her lounge, pretending to be engrossed in a magazine, while her husband watched football on television, she wondered if it was too late for her to find true love and sexual fulfilment in her life. She thought not, but at least the prospect of her tall, good looking nephew staying with her for a few weeks, gave her something to look forward to. She thought he looked a lot like his father for whom Rose had always had a secret admiration. She thought her sister was a very lucky woman indeed.

Paul worked his required notice of one month, and made preparations to move back up north. He closed the door to his apartment for the last time and reflected on the women that he had entertained in the bedroom. He'd had several one night stands and a couple of relationships lasting a few months.

One of the memories that made his cock twitch most was of his fling with his line manager. She was in her early thirties and married, but they had both thrown themselves into a steamy three month affair when he first moved into the apartment. He still fucked her occasionally, when they took advantage of a long lunch period, or she dropped in for a quick fully clothed fuck on her way home after work; sometimes on the sofa, sometimes from behind as she bent over a table and sometimes as she sat on the kitchen worktop.

Another episode laced with eroticism, was when he was seduced by the headteacher of one of the schools that he had visited as part of his job. The shapely, attractive forty seven year old divorcee, dressed in a smart fitted jacket, straight skirt and heels with an ankle strap, had him hooked from the moment they met and she knew it. They met later for a drink, and he ended up being ridden energetically by the insatiable tigress in her stockings, suspenders and heels.

He bedded her once more a week later, and this time, after she'd ridden him to several orgasms each, she eventually allowed him to get on top, and fuck her until the light of dawn broke through his bedroom curtains. She gave a sultry running commentary while she coaxed him as he lay between her legs.

He laid in bed, still with a huge erection, watching her step into her dress and heels. She instructed him to zip her dress up, so he obliged by standing behind her with his rigid cock pointing skywards. As soon as she swept sensuously out of his apartment, he dived back into bed to relive his desperate desires with a sumptuous self induced orgasm. They didn't meet for sex again, and he found out later that her boyfriend had since returned from a three month trip to the United States.

When Paul arrived at his aunt's house, on the first Sunday in February, she greeted him with a big smile and a warm embrace. As she released her grip she tried to plant a kiss on his cheek, but he turned his head to look at her and her lips landed on his. The kiss was warm and more intimate than she had intended. They broke their embrace and he made embarrassed apologies, whilst Rose laughed it off.

"Come here honey, let's have a look at you. My, you've filled out, you look more like your father every time I see you."

"It's lovely to see you too Auntie Rose, I'm really grateful that you've been able to help me out with somewhere to stay while I get things sorted."

"Oh, nonsense Paul, you're family, you can stay as long as you like, and by the way, call me Rose from now on."

"Okay Rose."

"Come on, I'll put the kettle on, and you can tell me all about your new job."

"Is Uncle Patrick okay with me being here? I mean, I don't want to make things difficult for you... erm, that didn't come out quite as I intended."

"Don't worry, you probably won't see much of him, I certainly don't. As long as his meals are on the table he's happy. He's in his workshop tinkering with another old banger at the moment."

Paul followed Rose into the large kitchen, 'happy' was not a word he associated with his uncle. He sat at the kitchen table watching her fill the kettle and spoon tea into the teapot. She was wearing an old cardigan, skirt and slippers, it made her look tired, old and frumpy, but he could still see the firm figure beneath as she bent over the table to set out for cups and saucers. Somewhere in there, was the dark haired beautiful aunt of his childhood, and he had a longing to see her emerge again from the dull cocoon that she had made for herself.

"So, what will you be doing in your new job?"

"Oh, managing a welfare service for schools and parents, you know, free school meals, attendance officers, that sort of thing. Not very exciting really."

"I don't believe that for a moment, your mum says you're a senior officer now, an important man."

"Not really, anyway, how are you Rose? Are you still working part time at Smithsons?"

"Yes, it keeps me sane, and gives me a chance to have conversations that I don't normally..."

Rose felt she was in danger of saying too much so she changed tack, "Well it gets me out of the house anyway."

"Are you lonely Rose?"

Paul immediately regretted asking the question, it was too soon and too familiar, but it let her know that he knew she was unhappily married.

"Lonely? No, not really," lied Rose.

They kept the conversation at a less intimate level, Paul eventually excused himself by going upstairs to unpack his things.

The first few days with Rose and Patrick passed by uneventfully. Paul's mind was fully focussed on his new job, so he didn't spend a great deal of time with his aunt and uncle. Most nights, he enjoyed Rose's cooking, thanked her for the meal and retired to his room to look through various notes and reports in an effort to get up to speed in his new role. He did, though, have time to notice the dynamics of Rose and Patrick's relationship. In short, it appeared that Rose was less a wife and more a cook and housekeeper. He hadn't heard Patrick say one tender or loving word to her. She danced around him trying to keep him content in his self absorbed lifestyle, and to avoid doing anything that might lead to him noticing her, in case he started one of his questioning sessions.

"What have you done that for? Why did you buy that? Why do you need to go there? Why do you want to do that?" all in a gruff disapproving tone.

She tried to remain in the background, because if she did anything deemed to be out of the ordinary that drew his attention, he would immediately try to undermine her, and he seemed to enjoy doing it.

Paul was pleased to find that Patrick was wary of him. He was less likely to pick on Rose when Paul was around. He was no longer the little nephew to be ignored or teased, he was a tall, broad

shouldered, calm and confident young man with a well paid job.

On the Thursday night of the first week, Patrick had gone to his weekly darts match at his local pub leaving Paul and Rose alone together. They sat watching something mundane on TV and chatted about family, work and Paul's hopes for his future. Rose was again wearing an old cardigan and skirt with slippers.

Paul looked at her while they were chatting, and tried to imagine her in a sexy dress and high heels. As was his habit, when he wasn't in bed with a woman, he'd masturbated twice a day, every morning and every night, and each time Rose had been the erotic subject of his desires. He tried to pay attention to what she was saying as he now imagined reaching under her dress, over her silky stocking tops and pressing his fingers into the damp panty gusset covering her mound.

"Did Patrick tell you that he's away on a jaunt next week?"

Paul was suddenly roused out of his reverie.

"No, he's said very little to me about anything."

"Yes, he's away from Monday to Thursday with his darts team. They're taking themselves off to the Isle of Man for a few days, there's some tournament that they're involved with, they go most years."

Paul's mind was racing, he'd be alone with Rose for at least three days and nights. Devious thoughts began to form, dare he even begin to hope that he could seduce her into bed with him. The thought both aroused and troubled him. It was one thing masturbating to fantasies of fucking your aunt, but it was something altogether more deviant, depraved and dangerous to do it in reality.

Before he could gather his thoughts, Rose said, "Yes we'll be all alone together, we'll have to do something special to make the most of it."

She said this with an air of innocence that belied the ambiguity of her remark. Almost before the thought had formed in his mind, Paul said, "How about if I take you out to a posh restaurant for a nice meal? It would be a way of saying thank you to you for looking after me. How about it?"

"Well I don't know really, I'm not sure Patrick would..."

"Don't worry about Patrick, I'll tell him I'm taking you to dinner as a thank you for putting up with me. He won't argue with me."

"Oh well yes I suppose, but I've got nothing to wear to a posh restaurant, could we just go to a pub for a meal?"

"Absolutely not, you deserve to be wined and dined in a fine restaurant, don't worry about what to wear, I'll sort that out for you."

"But how? I don't want you buying clothes for me, it wouldn't be right."

"If I can't buy you a nice new outfit as a present in return for what you're doing for me then it's a poor show."

"But what would Patrick think if you bought evening wear for me?"

"Does he ever look inside your wardrobe? Has he any idea what's in there? No, I thought not, this is one thing that we don't need to tell him about."

"My goodness Paul, you're very persuasive but it's all a bit sudden, let me think about it and we'll discuss it again tomorrow."

Just at that moment, Patrick returned from the pub and Rose stretched, yawned said goodnight and retired to bed.

Paul's mind was still in a whirl, the moment he got into bed, with his cock bursting for attention at the thought of seducing Rose, he set off on a long slow masturbation session, bringing himself close to climax then letting his ardour relent before bringing himself to the brink again. This went on for twenty minutes of Rose filled fantasies before he shot warm spunk over his chest and chin in an intense orgasm.

He couldn't immediately drift off to sleep, as was his usual habit after a delicious wank. His mind was still trying to get to grips with the prospect of actually committing incest with his aunt. His head told him that it was forbidden, depraved and disastrous if anyone, particularly his family, found out. His penis told him that it was forbidden, depraved and, therefore, indecently, overwhelmingly erotic and no one would ever find out, they both had too much to lose. After masturbating again, it was under the influence of this lustful, immoral, incestuous craving that he finally fell asleep.

Rose loved having her nephew around, he'd been working late and going to bed early but when he was around, he was attentive and charming, and he brightened her winter evenings. She'd always been fond of him but now she couldn't wait for him to come home from work, so that she could feed him, and actually have a conversation with someone who took an interest in her. At times, she'd started to feel like a giddy girl with Paul, they laughed and joked together after dinner when Patrick was out in his workshop fixing his cars.

She felt better about herself already, in just a few days she'd started to feel that she was ok, that she was someone that could be lively and interesting. She even started to think about making more of an effort with what she was wearing and decided to buy herself some new clothes at the weekend. She knew that Patrick might put her down and ask why she had wasted her money, but she found that she didn't care. This was in part because Patrick had avoided humiliating and bullying her in Paul's presence. She could tell that he was wary of Paul.

Paul had become her knight in shining armour, she wanted him to stay as long as possible. She'd noticed how handsome and well toned he was. She even found herself questioning whether she was physically attracted to him, but she hurriedly put the thought out of her mind, allowing herself to think that, as his aunt, she should be able to admit to herself that he was desirable, but it meant nothing because he was her nephew.

Even so, she'd started to look forward immensely to being in the house alone with Paul when Patrick was away on his darts trip. She'd made a remark to Paul about doing something special to make the most of it but, as the words came out of her mouth, she had no real idea of what she meant. Before she could qualify the remark, Paul had invited her out to dinner to thank her for looking after him. The idea appealed to her enormously, sitting at a table for two, with a good looking young man; but no, surely not, she had nothing suitable to wear.

As she had tried to dampen her own enthusiasm, Paul had offered to buy her an outfit. She was taken aback, what would people think if they knew her nephew was buying evening wear for her? It

felt wrong, but Paul was so persuasive and made it sound quite normal. The idea started to grow on her but she didn't want to do anything she would regret so she'd put Paul off until tomorrow.

She laid in bed next to her snoring husband, contemplating what to say to Paul tomorrow. Should she tell him not to be silly, that she didn't mind looking after him, and she didn't expect to be rewarded for it, he was family after all. On the other hand, why couldn't she enjoy a platonic night out with her nephew, in an expensive restaurant? She'd got an old blue shift dress in the wardrobe that she could use, but no, that would never do, she didn't want to go out looking like the frump that she knew she had become. As she drifted off to sleep, she hadn't resolved the argument with herself. At the same moment, in the adjoining bedroom, Paul had just had a second self induced orgasm and was drifting off to sleep too.

The next morning, Rose got breakfast under way, and was about to time the soft boiled eggs, when she realised that the kitchen clock had stopped. She hurried upstairs for her watch, and as she arrived on the large landing, she noticed that the bathroom door was slightly ajar. She sensed that Paul was in the bathroom so she moved closer so that, through the slight opening, she could see the large mirror on the wall. Her pulse quickened and her pussy clenched as she saw the reflection of Paul's impressive upper body from behind as he towelled himself dry. He turned sideways, but the bottom edge of the mirror stopped just before his penis. Rose darted into her bedroom, shut the door and leant back against it breathing heavily.

"My God, how could I have explained that I was leering at my nephew's naked body?" she whispered to herself, thankful that she hadn't been caught peeping.

Her pulse rate was still high as she left the bedroom, and bumped into Paul in his dressing gown on the landing, "Hi Rose, I'll be down for breakfast in five minutes if that's ok?"

"Er yes, good, yes, no problem," she gabbled as she hurried downstairs.

Patrick came in from the garden where he had been inspecting the state of his cold frames, "You look flushed, what have you been up to?"

"Nothing, I'm just dashing around trying to get breakfast ready."

After breakfast had finished, and the men had gone to work, Rose sat in the kitchen rationalising in her mind that it was okay to admire her nephew's body. He had a nice body, that was a fact, but she was his aunt, so it meant nothing to her, and just to prove it to herself, she resolved to tell him later that she would agree to going out for a meal with him next week.

On his twenty minute drive to work, Paul started to make plans to seduce his aunt. He knew that he would have to be very careful, and not do anything to alarm her. He had already decided that he would buy a sexy black straight skirt, and raspberry tweed fitted jacket, that he had seen in an expensive women's outfitters in the town where he worked. He would also buy a pair of four inch high, open toed black heels with an ankle strap. These items he would show her this evening, when Patrick was out of the way. He would also find an opportunity to tell Patrick that he was treating Rose to a meal while he was away in the Isle of Man.

The next part of the plan was more delicate. He'd realised that the next Tuesday was Valentine's Day, so he had booked a table for two at the classiest restaurant in a seaside resort on the Yorkshire coast. It was a forty minute drive from Rose's house, so that would give him plenty of intimate time

with her. He would mention Valentine's Day to her in a playful manner, and pretend he hadn't realised, until the person that had answered his call to make the booking had mentioned it to him.

The hardest part of the plan, where he would have to tread very carefully, would be to induce Rose to wear the black bra, camisole, panties, suspender belt and barely black stockings that he also planned to buy for her today. This he realised was where it could all backfire. It would be best to introduce these items on the evening of the meal, when she returned home from work. It would give her little time to think about it, and he would try to persuade her that it was merely a thoughtful gesture, based on the assumption that she rarely got the chance to dress up and feel special, and she should feel special because she was and, after all, she was safe with him because he was her nephew.

Paul didn't work late on Friday afternoon, his lunch time shopping spree had been successful and he arrived back at Rose's just after five o'clock. She was in the kitchen preparing dinner, Patrick was still at work but would be home soon. Rose tried to conceal her excitement when she told Paul that she would go out with him for a meal.

"Paul, I've been thinking about it all day long, and I've decided that it will be okay to go out with you next week. It's not as if there's anything wrong with going for a meal with my nephew, it's all quite innocent, and why should I miss the only chance I've had in donkey's years to get dressed up and enjoy myself?"

"I'm delighted to hear that because I've bought these for you," said Paul as he placed the large flat box containing the skirt and jacket on the kitchen table.

Rose carefully removed the box lid and folded back the packing tissue, she held up the skirt and jacket in turn, "Wow, they're beautiful, so elegant and so expensive, I can't let you spend all this money on me."

"Don't worry, it was in a sale at a bargain price," lied Paul.

"Well you must let me go halves with you, I won't go out with you if you don't".

"Okay, okay, halves it is."

Just as Paul was wondering whether to mention Valentine's Day, the familiar sound of Patrick's work boots echoed in the back porch.

"Quick, take these up to your room," said Rose as she threw the new outfit back into the box.

Paul carried the shopping bags out into the hallway and greeted his uncle. He hadn't had chance to show Rose the shoes.

"Hello Patrick, good day at work?"

"Uh, yeah, passable.

"Rose tells me you're away next week."

"Yeah, I'm off with the darts team for a few days."

"I've invited Rose out for a meal to thank her for looking after me, next Tuesday in fact, I was sure you wouldn't mind."

"What? Mind, oh yes, I mean no, I don't mind. Don't let her drink too much though, she can't take it."

"It won't just be drink that I'll be trying to get inside her," thought Paul.

With that, Paul bounded up the wide staircase and onto the balustrade where his room was located. He put the shopping on top of the wardrobe, and smiled at the thought that Patrick had displayed no curiosity whatsoever about the contents of the shopping bags.

The weekend proved to be slow and frustrating for Paul. On the Saturday morning at breakfast, he told Rose, in front of Patrick, that he had mentioned about taking her out for a meal. Patrick looked like he was going to put Rose down with a spoiling remark, but Paul anticipated him and boldly stated that Patrick had said that he hoped they would enjoy themselves. This was untrue but by not challenging it, Patrick appeared to be complicit in the lie. Rose looked at Patrick in wide eyed wonder, she doubted that he had said what Paul had stated, but she took the opportunity to make him feel uncomfortable for once by thanking him. Patrick grunted, got up and left the table. Rose stretched her hand out to take hold of Paul's hand, and thanked him for bringing some joy back into her life.

"There's plenty more to come, I'll have another little gift for you on Tuesday, so don't ask me about it because I don't want to spoil the surprise, and I've got something for you now that I didn't get the chance to show you last night. Wait here."

Paul made his way upstairs to collect the black high heels. He was pleased with himself, he hadn't planned to reveal the sexy underwear in the form of a gift, but he thought it a subtle move, if he could make Rose feel that it was a present, she might feel ever so slightly obliged to wear the sexy ensemble. He made his way back to the kitchen and opened the shoe box containing the heels.

"My goodness, I've never worn a pair as high as that, they're beautiful, thank you so much but we're going halves on these as well," said Rose as she wondered whether she would be able to walk on such high heels.

"Go and put them back on top of your wardrobe before Patrick sees them."

"So you know where I've put your shopping then?"

Rose's face flushed, "I saw the bags when I went into your room to collect your washing... I'm popping into town this morning to do some shopping of my own. Are you going to the football this afternoon?"

"Yes, I'm looking forward to it, my first trip to the stadium since we moved away ten years ago. I'll be setting off at about one o'clock."

"Okay, I hope they win, I'll see you this evening. Patrick will be in his workshop all day and he'll want to watch 'Match of the Day' later."

"It must be freezing in his workshop?"

"He's got a 'Calor Gas' heater."

"Oh right, all he needs is a small stove and a camp bed and he could live in there."

"He practically already does, I don't know why... no, never mind."

"Go on, what were you going to say?"

"No, I shouldn't burden you with my problems."

"You can burden me any time you like Rose."

Rose turned her face away so that Paul couldn't see the small tear on her cheek. She knew that if she acknowledged the tenderness that he had just shown, she would end up crying onto his shoulder, so she wiped her face and filled the kettle before turning to face him with a cheery smile.

"A cup of tea for my favourite nephew?"

"Let me make it, you need to get ready to go out."

"If only Patrick was so thoughtful and obliging," thought Rose.

The next day, Sunday, dragged for Paul. He knew that Patrick would be setting off early on Monday morning and he couldn't wait for him to go. The weather was unseasonably mild and Patrick spent most of the day in the garden or his workshop. Rose seemed to be on edge; she busied herself with cleaning chores that she wouldn't normally do on a Sunday.

"Are, you okay Rose? You seem a bit preoccupied."

There it was again, that thoughtfulness and concern in his voice.

"No no, I'm fine really," and she proceeded to mop the kitchen floor even though it was already spotless.

In the evening, Patrick had come inside and was watching TV. Paul was in the lounge with him but his thoughts were on his plans to seduce Rose; a goal that had seemed to become more distant throughout the day. He heard the telephone ring in the hallway and Rose went to answer it. Without getting up, Patrick shouted "Who is it?" Rose must have put the receiver down for a moment because, she put her head around the lounge door and said, "It's Joan, and I do wish you wouldn't be so rude shouting like that."

Rose carried on with the call. Paul glanced at Patrick and could see his surprise and discomfort, he wasn't used to Rose standing up to him and being assertive. He couldn't really pick a fight in front of Paul, or whilst Rose was on the phone to Paul's mother, so he muttered something about an early start and went up to bed. When Rose had finished her phone call, she came into the lounge and told Paul that his mum had sent her love.

"I told her that you had settled in nicely and you were a pleasure to have around."

Rose seemed calmer and more relaxed after talking to her sister, as though her world was back on an even keel; her nephew was her nephew and not something she dare not think about.

"Did you tell her that we're going out for a meal together?"

"No, I-I thought it might sound... well, you know?"

"Yes, probably best not to mention it."

There was an awkward silence for a moment as they both contemplated their unspoken collusion.

"I take it Patrick has gone up to bed?"

"Yes, he said something about an early start."

"He's got to be in the town square to get the minibus at 7am," said Rose with a wistful expression on her face.

Paul lay awake at 6.30 on Monday morning. He could hear the sounds of Rose and Patrick moving around the kitchen, accompanied by occasional muffled conversation. He began to stroke his penis whilst imagining Rose in the sexy outfit and underwear that he had bought for her.

He had a picture in his mind of kissing Rose on the sofa, while he slipped his right hand under the hem of her skirt. Still kissing him, she took hold of his wrist with her left hand and tried to prevent him from reaching her pussy. He was too strong and he easily forced his hand up over her stockings, raising the hem of her skirt as he did so. His erection hardened at the thought of her suspender straps and the white flesh above her stocking tops.

He cupped her mound and squeezed her pussy before slipping his hand inside her panties. She was slick and warm, he pushed three fingers into her hole and curled the middle one up to massage the roof of her vagina. She gasped, her resistance evaporated and she pulled his wrist into her whilst whispering, "please make me come," into his right ear. With this, he ejaculated strands of semen onto his abdomen and chest then fondled his cock for a while, still enjoying the warm post orgasmic sensations in his groin, and a tingling in his toes.

When he joined Rose for breakfast he found her smiling and looking cheerful.

"How's my Valentine's Day date?" he said in a light hearted manner.

"Cheeky!" she exclaimed, in an equally chirpy tone, "Yes I noticed yesterday that tomorrow is the fourteenth, was it difficult to get a table?"

"I hadn't realised that it was Valentine's Day when I made the booking. From what they said, they're expecting to be full, and I think we got the last table. It's booked for seven thirty so we'll have to set off by a quarter to. What time do you think you can get home from work?"

"I'll slip off a bit earlier, I should be home by five thirty."

"Great, I should be back by about the same time."

"Do you work the same two days every week?"

"Yes, Tuesdays and Thursdays come rain or shine."

"So you're free on Wednesday?"

"Yes, why? Not more surprises?"

"I've taken the day off to look at three places to live, I'd be grateful if you could come with me and give me your thoughts."

"Of course, I'd love to do that, thanks for asking."

Rose was thrilled to have been asked for her opinion, she felt respected for the first time in ages. After Paul had left for work, she sat with a cup of tea thinking about how her life had taken a turn for the better since he had come to stay. She was becoming very fond of him, and she had to admit that she had a bit of a crush on him.

She laughed inwardly at how silly she felt admitting it to herself, at the same time, she was trying to keep a lid on some of the more amorous thoughts racing through her mind. Like the notion that, if he hadn't been her nephew, and she'd been a few years younger, she would have fallen for him in a big way; but he was her nephew, and she shut such thoughts out as soon as they emerged.

Rose felt more relaxed than she had been for a very long time. Patrick was away until Thursday night, she was going to be treated to a lovely night out with Paul tomorrow night, and two days ago, she had been shopping for new clothes to freshen up her appearance.

Paul had made her feel that she could be desirable and attractive again. She was only forty-five, and there was no reason to grow old before her time. She'd always known that Patrick's bark was worse than his bite, but she was beginning to feel that he bullied her because she let him. She had stood up to him on the previous evening, when he had rudely demanded to know who was on the phone, while she was trying to speak to her sister. It was one of his many annoying habits, and she resolved to challenge him in future whenever he was rude to her.

Later, in her bedroom, she changed into a new skirt and blouse and a pair of three inch high heeled shoes. The skirt was of a soft grey material, it hung nicely in folds to just below her knees. She loved the way the material was cut, it followed the rise and fall of her buttocks when she moved. The blouse was red satin with a frilly neckline, she thought it looked sexy unbuttoned to her cleavage. The court shoes were dark grey and, when she tried them on, reminded her what nice legs she'd got.

She looked at herself in the mirror and was pleased with what she saw. She even applied some make up around her eyes and put on red lipstick. Why shouldn't she look smart and attractive at home. If Patrick didn't like it, too bad. She decided that she was doing this for herself, but she couldn't help hoping that Paul would like it and would say something complimentary to her when he came back from work later on; which was exactly what happened.

"Rose, you look lovely, that outfit really suits you, I haven't seen you in heels for a long time, you should dress like that more often."

"Why thank you Paul, I'm glad you noticed, it's nice to be admired and appreciated, I just thought it was high time that I made a bit more of an effort with my appearance."

"I've always admired you..."

They both looked mildly embarrassed as Paul's sentence finished with a pregnant pause. He'd just managed to stop himself from telling his aunt that he'd masturbated to fantasies of fucking her for more years than he could remember.

They spent the evening talking and they flirted a little from time to time. Paul tried hard not to let his obvious lust and desire show, so the flirting was light hearted and friendly. He had no idea whether he would be able to seduce his aunt but, having seen the transformation in her appearance, he was even more intent on trying. He felt a deep forbidden sexual urge to fuck her. The illicit nature of his compulsion made it all the more erotic. He thought fleetingly about what his

family and friends would think if they knew about his dark, depraved desire, but he couldn't stop himself now if he wanted to, and he definitely didn't want to.

Rose, enjoyed the flirting, but shut out all thoughts of it leading to anything. She was satisfied that her nephew was being kind and thoughtful, and that his inducements were platonic. She was pleased that he seemed to like her, to find her attractive even, but he was her nephew. Later, in bed on her own, she spread herself deliciously across the mattress, and allowed herself to feel excited about dressing up and going to a plush restaurant. She knew she would feel a little out of place and nervous, but she was determined to enjoy the experience.

She was pleased to be going out with Paul, he seemed so mature and worldly for his age, and she felt safe with him. She could imagine meeting him for a coffee now and again when he had moved to wherever he would be living. While she was thinking this, her right hand strayed down to her mound and she was surprised to feel a slight tingle in her pussy. She'd done this without realising and, although it was a pleasant sensation, her guilt took over; she turned onto her side and drifted off to sleep.

At the same time, Paul, from whom she was separated by the width of a bedroom wall, was masturbating dreamily, to thoughts of her taking his cock in her mouth, and sucking him to orgasm, while she masturbated herself; him on his back on the kitchen table and her standing, legs apart, in just heels, stockings and suspenders, with her breasts swaying to the momentum created by her bobbing head and rhythmically probing fingers.

Tuesday morning arrived, Paul surprised himself by refraining from his usual morning wank. It was as though he was saving himself for something more rewarding. Rose was working today and had made toast for breakfast. They'd hardly had the chance to speak to each other as they each showered, dressed and devoured the toast. Rose was wearing her new skirt again, with a new plain white blouse. Paul was pleased to see the change in her, it seemed more likely that she'd be open later on to wearing the sexy underwear that he had bought for her. He felt even more encouraged when she kissed him on the cheek, and said that she was looking forward to her present later as she dashed off to work.

Rose had been wondering what the present might be, she hoped it was just a token and nothing expensive. He'd already spent more than enough on her. Perhaps it was a box of chocolates, or flowers, yes flowers, maybe even red roses, it would be just like him to make such a thoughtful gesture so that she felt special. Yes, that would be it, he'd present her with the roses and they'd both laugh, it was Valentine's Day after all. Whatever it was, it would be more exciting than the oven gloves that Patrick had given her for Christmas; unwrapped and with the price tag still attached.

Instead of going home for her lunch hour as was her usual habit, Rose went to the hairdressers. Her perm had just about grown out so she had a wash, cut and blow dry. She caught sight of herself in several shop windows on the way back to her workplace, and liked the natural tousled look of her new hairstyle. She'd had the same perm for the past twelve years, so she felt like a new woman. After a busy afternoon serving customers Rose set off on her short walk home. She was almost unrecognisable, a couple of acquaintances passed her and did a double take before telling her how good she looked.

Paul had a couple of meetings in the afternoon. Whilst driving between them, his thoughts turned to the box of sexy underwear in the boot of his car, and his hopes that Rose might be persuaded to

wear the items it contained. As he pulled into the car park at the venue of his second meeting, his cock had reached its fully engorged size, he had to sit in his car for a few minutes until it had subsided sufficiently for him to join his colleagues.

Paul felt elated and nervous in equal measure on his drive home. He'd been trying to walk the tightrope between enticing Rose, without her realising, to be open to seduction, and ensuring that he didn't alarm her, by clearly signalling his desire to fuck her. He turned into the road where Rose's house was situated, and casually eyed a woman in a knee length coat with nice legs and heeled shoes, walking in the distance. "Mmm," he thought, "she's not bad." As he got closer, the woman turned into Rose's front gate and he realised that it was Rose herself. "Wow," he thought, as he pulled onto the driveway and noticed her new hairstyle.

Rose turned to look at him as he opened the car door, she smiled a warm welcoming smile, he gave her a soft 'wolf whistle.' She laughed and walked on around to the back door. Patrick had never let her have a front door key. Paul opened the boot of his car and took out the lingerie box. He'd had it wrapped in a red ribbon and inside, as well as the underwear, was a single red rose, and a pair of long teardrop polished jet earrings.

Rose was already putting the kettle on to boil when Paul walked into the kitchen with the large shallow box. She had taken her coat off and she looked adorable, and at least ten years younger, with her new clothes and her soft natural hairstyle. She eyed the box a little anxiously.

"I've just followed a tasty bird up the street, and it turned out to be my aunt," smiled Paul.

"Oh, such flattery from such a naughty nephew," she retorted, "but thank you."

Rose looked at the box again, then she looked at Paul.

"What's in the box?"

Paul took a deep breath, "You remember I said I'd got you a present?" She nodded, "Well before you open it, I just want to say that it's meant to make you feel special, after all it is Valentine's Day, and you deserve to look and feel the part, even if you're only going out with your nephew."

Rose began slowly to untie the ribbon, then she opened the lid. Their pulses quickened as she revealed the sexy black underwear. Neither of them spoke for the next fifteen seconds or so. Rose picked up the red rose and placed it carefully on the table. Then she removed the lacy black camisole, and held it in her outstretched arms. She put it down and picked up the bra, black silk panties and four strap suspender belt, Paul could see her breasts heaving beneath her white blouse. With the panties and suspender belt now in her right hand, she picked up the pack of seven denier barely black stockings with her left hand.

Time seemed to stand still for Paul. He tried to read the conflicting expressions on Rose's face. She finally made eye contact, and looked troubled, faintly thrilled and embarrassed all at once. A firmness entered her voice.

"I'm sorry Paul I can't wear these tonight, it wouldn't be right; I'm your aunt, not your girlfriend."

"I'm sorry Rose, I just thought it would make you feel special; like you should have felt on Valentine's Night every year for goodness knows how long."

"Steady, I'm not that old."

"Sorry, I didn't mean..."

"It's okay, I'm just teasing."

"Well I hoped you'd liked the red rose, and there's something in that little box that I hope will always remind you of me."

Rose opened the box containing the earrings, "Oh my goodness, they're beautiful."

She came around to Paul's side of the table and kissed him on the cheek.

"Thank you Paul, I mean it, you've gone to so much trouble for me tonight, and I want you to know that I appreciate it. If I was your girlfriend, I'd definitely wear the stockings for you."

Paul's cock twitched and Rose's cheeks turned scarlet as she realised that she might have been a little too brazen.

"Look at the time," she said, relieved to be able to change the subject.

"We'll have to leave in an hour, it's a good job I don't need to wash my hair. Do you mind if I use the bathroom first?"

"No of course not, I'll only need twenty minutes or so."

Rose gathered up her rose and earrings, and started to walk out of the kitchen. Then she stopped, turned back, and picked up the box of lingerie.

"We'd better not leave these lying around," she said as she made her way upstairs.

Paul sat at the kitchen table feeling a little deflated. He wasn't looking forward to taking the lingerie back to the shop. His aunt would probably leave it in his room, somewhere out of sight. He was fairly sure now that his plan to seduce her was doomed to failure, so he resigned himself to being a gracious escort, by enjoying the evening and her company.

Rose had showered and was sitting at her dressing table applying her make up. Her new outfit was on clothes hangers behind the bedroom door. She was taking particular trouble with her eye liner and eye shadow, toning it in to match her blue eyes. She rouged her cheeks to give them more colour, and applied bright red lipstick, then she painted her nails bright red.

Satisfied with her efforts and delighted with her hair, she sat blowing on her nails until they were sufficiently dry, then she took off her dressing gown, and picked up her best white bra and panty set. She paused for a moment and looked at the pair of tan coloured tights lying on the bed, then she looked at the lingerie box; it wouldn't hurt just to try them on surely.

She still had a few minutes to spare so she threw the white underwear onto the bed and slipped on the black silk panties. Next, she put on the bra and camisole and admired its lacy neckline, she thought that it would have been perfect to wear under the new fitted jacket. Feeling slightly aroused, she fixed the suspender belt around her waist, and watched herself in the dressing table mirror as she encased her legs in the beautiful fine stockings, and clipped them to the suspenders.

She couldn't resist stepping into the new four inch high heels, and turning to the full length mirror to look at herself. She was surprised to feel a tingle in her pussy as she looked, almost in shock, at the very sexy woman looking back at her.

Rose ran her hands down her torso and legs and felt euphoric. She looked at her new pencil skirt and jacket hanging behind the door, she looked at the uninspiring tights and white underwear on her bed, she looked back at the sexy woman in the mirror with her scarlet lips and nails; she was his aunt, not his girlfriend.

Paul had showered and changed into his best suit of dark-blue, and a clean shirt and tie. He looked tall and handsome, with his fair hair, blue eyes and a confident bearing as he stood in the hallway waiting for Rose. Just as he was about to call up to ask if she was ready, Rose appeared on the landing. She took Paul's breath away as she slowly and daintily descended the staircase in her high heels, with her right hand holding onto the bannister all the way down.

She looked stunning in the straight black skirt, and raspberry tweed fitted jacket, with a thin black leather belt perfectly emphasising her narrow waist. As she approached the foot of the stairs, it dawned on him that she was wearing the lacy camisole under the jacket. Then he looked closely at her hosiery, and saw the tell tale signs of the reinforced heels and toes of the seven denier stockings.

Paul was bowled over, his cock started to swell, he composed himself sufficiently to tell Rose that she looked magnificent. She'd seen him drink her in as she descended the stairs, she felt certain that he'd realised that she was wearing the sexy lingerie that he'd bought for her, but neither of them broached the subject. He took her right hand in his right hand and kissed it, before leading her out to his car. Rose felt admired, alive and just a little aroused, a thought that she quickly put down to the occasion, rather than the company, after all, she was his aunt, not his girlfriend.

They set off for the restaurant, it was mild and cloudy and the road was glistening wet, the street lights reflected off the surface as they drove through the outskirts of the town. Once they were under way along the B-road heading in the direction of the seaside town that was their destination, Rose broke the tense silence.

"I'm quite hungry actually so I'm really looking forward to this. But I feel a little nervous and out of my depth, do you know much about food and wine?"

"Enough, you'll be fine, you certainly look like you belong in a classy restaurant."

"I'm so grateful to you, it's thanks to you really, a week ago I'd have thought you were mad if you'd said I'd be dressed like this on my way to posh restaurant."

"I'm pleased to be able to treat you like this, you've been good enough to open your home to me, and you look after me so well."

"It's a pleasure Paul. My hands are cold, it must be a bit cooler up here on the wolds."

"I'll turn the heating up for you, in the meantime, my hands are warm," he said this as he took hold of her hands in his large left hand, she let her enclosed hands fall to her lap and the back of his hand came to rest on a suspender clip; if he needed confirmation, this was it.

Blood surged into his cock as it expanded up along the angle between his thigh and abdomen. He felt elated, his plans for seduction were back on track. He reluctantly removed his hand to take hold of the gear stick as they came to a junction with the A-road that would take them to their destination.

Rose knew that her nephew's hand had rested on her suspender clip for several minutes, she knew it shouldn't be there but she couldn't bring herself to remove it, it was just his hand resting on her thigh, whilst he warmed her hands for her; she was his aunt, not his girlfriend.

Paul was able to park in the street not too far from the restaurant. He walked around the car and opened the door for his aunt. She pulled herself out of the car seat onto the pavement as elegantly as she could in four inch heels, but Paul caught a glimpse of stocking top that sent a tingle down his spine to his penis. Inside the entrance lobby they were greeted by a senior waiter.

"Good evening sir, madam, do you have a reservation?"

"Yes, a table for two in the name of Watson"

"Excellent, please come this way."

They followed the waiter to a nicely situated table, where they had a good view of the other diners, and through the windows onto the illuminated seafront. The restaurant was festooned with red roses, the guests were of varying ages, but they were all well turned out. Paul thought that many of the women were glamorous, but none of them outshone Rose.

The waiter explained the menu and left them to ponder.

"Would you like to have some drinks while you wait for your order to be taken?"

"Yes, champagne please."

Paul had already glanced at the wine list.

"A bottle of the Bollinger will do nicely."

"Yes sir, right away, will that be for both of you?"

"Yes, for my companion as well."

Rose was pleased that Paul had referred to her as his companion, it was ambiguous enough to cover a range of possibilities, and it avoided her being restricted to the status of aunt, which might seem odd on Valentine's Night. In reality, although she was forty five, she could easily have passed for late thirties, and Paul had the maturity and confidence of a man ten years his senior. He noticed that she'd turned a few heads as she had made her way past the other diners, she seemed relaxed now and was growing into the role of the loved and admired 'companion.'

Rose watched the champagne being poured, then she lifted her glass and clinked it against Paul's glass as he made a toast.

"To all lovers everywhere."

Rose took a sip from her glass, "Oh wow that's nice, delicious actually, I feel wonderful, I'm really enjoying this."

"You look wonderful. Here's to you and may your deepest desires come true."

Rose's cheeks flushed as she took another sip of champagne, then another.

"The bubbles go up your nose."

"You'll get used to it, champagne suits you."

"Oh I don't know about that, you're not trying to get me drunk are you?"

"Would that be to my advantage?"

"Oh stop it, you are very naughty sometimes, completely incorrigible."

Rose took a few more mouthfuls of champagne and Paul refilled her glass.

"You are trying to get me drunk aren't you."

"You're the one doing the drinking darling, I'm driving so it's water for me from now on. Still, it's great to see you so happy and uninhibited."

Paul realised he needed to take care, he didn't want her drunk, but he did want her uninhibited. Rose basked in a warm champagne glow, her nephew had just called her darling and she had loved the endearment. He was looking after her well; but she reminded herself that, she was his aunt, not his girlfriend.

They ordered their starters and main courses. Their conversation flowed and they laughed and enjoyed each other's company. The champagne and his gentle flirting made Rose feel exhilarated, she felt desirable, she glanced around at the other diners and felt, for the first time in her life, that she could have any man in the room. She laughed inwardly at the thought, and realised that she was probably a little tipsy. She'd had two glasses of champagne and Paul was just pouring the remaining half glass for her. The main course arrived and she lined her stomach with delicious pasta and sauce, it helped her feel a little less woozy.

Paul caught the attention of an attractive waitress, "A glass of the chianti for my companion please and a sparkling water for me."

Rose looked intently at the waitress.

"Yes sir, right away."

"Oh Paul please don't order me any more drinks after this, I'll be anybody's if I'm not careful."

"My plan is working then."

"Oh stop it, I'm your aunt don't forget," laughed Rose.

As they finished the main course and waited for the sweet menu, Rose had all but finished her wine, and was in a more somber mood. She started to tell Paul things about Patrick, and her marriage, that left him feeling what a waste her twenty seven years of 'wedded bliss' had been. She reached over and put her left hand on his right hand. It felt normal and natural, their fingers entwined.

"I only wish I'd met someone like you when I was eighteen, instead of getting pregnant by the first man I'd gone out with."

"He never does anything for me, he doesn't excite me. Sex, when it used to happen, was about his gratification, he never bothered to make me... you know, if I ever did it was because I was thinking of someone or something else... oh I'm sorry, I've had a bit too much to drink and I'm embarrassing you now."

"No you're not, you could never embarrass me. Please tell me more, I'm interested," said Paul, in the hope that talking about sex would make her even more uninhibited, and help his cause.

She squeezed his hand, "I know how good an orgasm can be, so I know what I've been missing," she paused as she seemed to gather herself for a revelation.

Paul's erection grew again at the prospect of his aunt telling him the details of a fling, or an affair with another man.

"Have you been with someone else?"

"I've never told a living soul what I'm about to tell you, please don't ever repeat it to anyone. You must promise."

"Your secret will be safe with me."

Rose knew that alcohol had influenced her decision to reveal her secret, but somehow, she found it easy to unburden herself to her understanding and empathetic nephew. Paul was intrigued and highly aroused, he'd begun to feel that his aunt was there for the taking, but he was still wary of frightening her off by mistiming his approach. She removed her hand and began to speak in even softer tones.

"I was a girl guide, well a 'ranger' actually, you know, the older guides troupe?"

"Yes, my mum was a ranger."

"I started as she left."

"I know, I've seen the photos in my mum's album, you were a very sexy ranger I might add."

"I'm being serious," she pleaded, "My troop had gone on a camping event somewhere in West Yorkshire. There were four of us to a tent and it turned out that I had to share with three girls from another troop, I think they were from Sheffield. They were quite unkind to me, treated me as an outsider. On the last night, one of the girls, Mandy her name was, had smuggled a bottle of Bacardi into the tent. They were all swigging from the bottle and Mandy was definitely the ring leader. I didn't get a look in, they'd realised I was naive and unworldly, but I wanted so much to fit in and behave badly so I asked if I could have a drink."

"Go on."

"Well this Mandy gave me a look like I was nothing, then she suddenly said, 'let's find out if our Rose is a lesbian,' I'd heard the word used as an insult, but didn't really know what it meant. The other girls laughed, but Mandy didn't, she told them to hold me down. I struggled but they were stronger than me and they pinned me down easily. Mandy lifted my skirt, and as I struggled, I could see that my panties and woolly stockings were exposed. She pulled my panties down to my knees, the other two girls were having so little trouble keeping me pinned down, that they kept on taking swigs from the bottle."

Paul's cock was at full stretch, he listened attentively but he couldn't help feeling hugely aroused.

"Mandy started to touch me, you know, down below. The other girls were laughing but she looked deadly serious. I struggled at first, but it started to feel nice, I was surprised to feel a wetness

between my legs and I stopped resisting, my body just seemed to relax. One of the other girls said, 'look at her, she loves it,' I felt myself getting wetter and Mandy pushed her fingers inside me."

Rose took a breath and looked down at the napkin that she was folding and refolding between her fingers.

"It was incredible, I realise now that I was starting to come but, at the time, I didn't know what was happening to me. I started to buck and writhe as she used her fingers on me, I was making too much noise because Mandy suddenly said, 'shut her up,' and one of the girls placed a hand over my mouth."

Paul could picture the young Rose, panties around her knees, pelvis arched upwards and Mandy's thrusting fingers inside her cunt. An image that would pervade his self induced orgasms forever more.

"I came uncontrollably, it lasted for ages, it was my first orgasm and the best I've ever had by miles. We all went home the next day, but no one said a word about it until we were getting on the buses, then Mandy walked by and pressed a piece of paper into my hand. It was a phone number, of course I never used it, I felt too ashamed. I didn't even want to touch myself down there, my mother had drummed it into me how dirty it was to touch yourself."

"Fuck me Rose, that's incredible, how do you feel about it all now?"

"Oh it's what it is, it's a very long time ago, I'm not scarred by it or anything like that, I'd just love to have an orgasm like that again."

Paul's cock twitched again, she would if he had his way.

"It was that pretty waitress that brought it to mind, she's the image of Mandy all of those years ago."

He watched his aunt slowly eat her dessert and then ordered coffees. They talked about anything but sex as they had a refill of coffee and Paul eventually asked for the bill. The coffee helped Rose sober up enough to realise that she had probably crossed the line by describing her orgasm to her nephew. When she'd finished her story, he'd looked flushed and aroused and she wondered if he'd had an erection, a thought she immediately tried to shut out of her mind; she was his aunt, not his girlfriend.

Rose still felt mildly intoxicated, it was a nice feeling. She'd had the best time she'd ever had, she loved the experience of the posh restaurant, and had come to feel quite at home. Paul had been good company, funny, intelligent, interesting, confident and understanding. It was half past ten, but she didn't want the night to end.

"Let's not go home yet, take me up to the North Cliff and lets look at that lovely view of the town at night."

"Your wish is my command."

He followed her shapely backside as she sway elegantly out of the restaurant on her heels. It was much colder outside than when they'd arrived, a cold front had moved in from the East, and there was a distinct chill in the air. He put his arm around her as they walked the short distance to the car, she leant into him willingly. He opened the passenger door, and held her left hand in his right as she slid elegantly into the seat.

He put the heater on full blast as they drove the mile or so up to the top of the North Cliff. When they got to the deserted car park, he opened her door and helped her out of her seat, she deliberately flashed a glimpse of stocking top whilst she looked at his face. He had no idea it was deliberate as he fixed his eyes on her legs and was caught admiring them. She smiled inwardly and wondered if his cock might stiffen at the sight.

They walked the short distance to the fence guarding the top of the cliffs, and looked down onto the beautifully lit town. It looked a picture with its sea front lights reflecting in the rolling sea. She shivered and folded her arms, so he removed his jacket and placed it around her shoulders. She instinctively leant back into him and, he put his arms around her and pulled her further in, until his swollen cock was just pressing into her buttocks. It was a big risk he thought, but she didn't try to move away.

"Are you warm enough now?"

"Oh yes, are you?"

"I'm fine, it's beautiful isn't it?"

"Yes, thank you so much Paul for going to so much trouble to make this evening special for me. I hope you didn't mind me telling you my deepest darkest secrets. It felt good to unburden myself and I trust you completely."

He placed his right cheek against the left side of her head and whispered into her ear, "To be honest, I was incredibly turned on,"

"I thought you were you naughty man."

They cuddled together in silence for several minutes, Paul's erect cock found the cleavage between her buttocks where it nestled pleasantly. His jacket kept Rose warm but, in just his shirtsleeves, he began to feel the cold, "It's not getting any warmer out here, shall we take a leisurely drive home in a nice warm car?"

"Yes, let's."

He didn't really want to let her move away from him, neither of them had dared acknowledge the fully blown erection pressing into her. Rose knew she had crossed the line with her nephew again but she put it down to men being easily aroused. He opened the car door for her again and helped her into the seat. This time she preserved her modesty and resolved to do nothing else to arouse him. It would be straight home to bed, she'd been quite inappropriate with him, it had been fun while it lasted but now it had to stop; she was his aunt, not his girlfriend.

As they ascended the steep hill back up onto the wolds, it began to snow, lightly at first then much more heavily.

"Oh God, I hope we make it home, I don't want to have to spend the night in the car."

"Don't worry, we'll be okay, I'll get you home safe and sound."

He reached over and placed his left hand on her right thigh, and pushed a finger, and the soft material of her skirt, underneath a suspender strap. She thought about moving his hand away, but she couldn't make herself do it. She gave a deep sigh, her resolve evaporated, and she began to feel even more aroused than she had fifteen minutes ago in the car park. The sexual tension was

palpable. Paul removed his hand to change gear then rested it on her stocking clad right knee. She felt her pussy clenching, and knew that she must stop things going any further. She put her right hand on top of his hand intending to remove it, but again she couldn't go through with it. He took this as encouragement, and moved his hand up her thigh, until he could feel the welt of her stockings, her knees parted slightly.

Paul's heart was racing, he had never been so aroused. His left hand was on her stocking top, he could see her lovely knees and thighs where he had made her skirt ride up. Surely now he had her where he wanted her, just a couple more inches and he would take possession of her pussy, to his great delight, she'd showed no signs of trying to stop him, in fact, her legs had opened a little wider. It felt very, very wrong that he was about to feel his aunt's pussy, and he loved the dirty forbidden feeling.

Rose could feel her heart thumping in her chest, this wasn't supposed to happen. She'd resolved to take responsibility, to stop letting the attentions of a sexy, desirable young man appeal to her vanity; how had she let it get this far? His hand was between her legs, she felt them opening slightly as though she had no control over them. Her pussy was screaming out to her, "let him touch you, you know you want him to." But her head was warning her, "don't let this happen, you've his aunt, not his girlfriend for God's sake, it's wrong, it's depraved, it's illegal.

Just as her head started to lose out to her pussy, and Paul was about to caress her mound, a deer suddenly appeared in the headlights, framed by thick snowflakes. Fortunately, he was driving slowly because of the conditions, and he had time to swerve onto a low grass bank.

"Fuck, where did that come from?" he said with both hands by now on the wheel.

"Oh God, that was a lucky escape," said Rose, as much in reference to her virtue as to the deer's life.

Paul reversed off the grass bank, no damage had been done, at least not to the car. His planned seduction lay in tatters though, and neither of them uttered a word for the rest of the journey.

It was just gone midnight as they approached the house. "It was a lovely evening, thanks again, I feel exhausted now so it's straight to bed for me, we've got house hunting to do tomorrow," said Rose.

Paul felt deflated, he pulled his car onto the driveway into several inches of snow. It had been snowing in the town for the past three hours, and a drift had built up along the side and the back of the house. Paul walked around the front of the car and peered at the six inch deep drift that they would have to negotiate to get to the back door. He opened the passenger door, Rose carefully kept her legs together as she swivelled in the seat and stepped into the snow in her high heels.

"I think it's best if I carry you from here, the snow's quite deep around this corner of the house."

"Don't worry, I'll manage... Oh!" she exclaimed as she took two steps and her feet were buried in the snowdrift, "Okay, I give in, please carry me, I promise not to be so ungrateful in future when my nephew offers make life easier for me.

He picked her up in his strong arms like she weighed nothing at all. She put her left arm around his neck and felt the rigid muscles along his left shoulder. They arrived at the outer back door, she fumbled for the keys in her clutch bag as he easily held her aloft. They laughed as he tipped her forwards, so that she could reach the keyhole. She turned the handle, and the door opened into the

back porch, he put her down carefully, and she stood poised with the key to the inner door; in her four inch heels, she was only three inches smaller than him.

He stamped his feet to shake the snow from his shoes then bent down graciously to brush the snow from her heeled feet. She stood over him, he looked up at her, their eyes were locked together but neither of them spoke, the arousal in his eyes was only matched by her own. She felt all of the defences and battlements, that she had been building against him in the last twenty minutes, starting to crumble away to nothing. He saw a faint ray of hope and decided to risk all one last time.

She watched him raise himself up, he stood in front of her, his head moved toward hers, she closed her eyes as he kissed her, gently at first and then gradually more ardently; their tongues explored each other's mouths. The sweet taste of her divine mouth was like nectar to a hungry bee. He pulled her body into his and pressed his erection into her mound.

"Mmm, mmmm yes," she breathed.

She'd never been kissed like this, her resistance had flown, she finally admitted to herself that she had been building to this moment for the past five days. She surrendered completely, the extra erotic thrill she got from knowing that it was both wrong, and forbidden, travelled all the way down her spine to her pussy, and her juices seeped into her panties. By now, Paul's fingers were pressing into her pussy lips through her skirt, and she'd begun to feel the bulge of his shaft through his trousers.

"It's so hard, like rock, I didn't know that was possible."

"It's yours, every inch of it."

"How many inches are we talking about?"

"Seven and a half."

"My God! Let's get inside where it's warmer," she turned on a light but nothing happened, "Oh no, there must be a power cut. Never mind, I've got candles and there's a made up fire that we can light in the lounge."

"It must have just happened, the street lights were on when we came back."

They hurried through the chilly hallway into the lounge. Rose took a match from a container on the mantelpiece and struck it, she gazed at Paul's reflection in the mirror, then bent to set light to the newspaper and kindling. She groped around in a sideboard drawer and found two candles, which she placed, and lit, in candleholders on the mantelpiece. They sat together on the sofa for warmth while the fire got going, Rose on his left. Within minutes the coals were well alight, warmth began to radiate from the fireplace.

"Kiss me again."

She sank back into the sofa and he kissed her tenderly, whilst caressing her thighs with his right hand. She put her left hand around the back of his neck, and kissed him hard. He looked down at her thighs and placed his right hand on her right knee. She parted her legs, his hand moved slowly up over her stockings, he broke their kiss and looked down again to watch salaciously as he raised the hem of her skirt over the welt of her stockings, a suspender clip came into view, then came bare creamy white flesh. Her legs opened wider to reveal a suspender strap on each thigh, pulling taut

against her stocking tops, the hem of her skirt was now stretched tightly across the top of her thighs and his cock spasmed at the site of her damp silky panty gusset.

They kissed hungrily again and he cupped her wet mound through her panties, and stroked her perineum with his finger tips, she moaned her pleasure into his mouth.

"Mmmm, mmmm, mmm yes, mmm, oh, mmmm."

He slipped his fingers inside the gusset of her panties and ran their tips around her clitoris, then massaged her cunt lips. Her legs opened even wider and she raised her pelvis off the seat, her feet, firmly planted in four inch high heels, braced her lower half, and she sank down to lie on her back, with just her head resting against the back cushion. Paul massaged her and teased her for several minutes, slowly easing off from time to time to keep her on the brink of an orgasm.

"Please don't make me come yet, I want to come with you inside me."

"I promise you that you'll come more than once tonight."

The fire had started to warm the room, he removed his jacket and tie and knelt between her open legs.

"I bet the girl guides didn't teach you this move."

He bent forwards and kissed the flesh at the top of her thighs, then he slowly nuzzled his nose and mouth into her bush, and smelled the heady scent of her cunt. His lips started to kiss her cunt lips, then he ran his tongue around her clit. She gasped, he could tell she was more than ready to come. Still kissing her clit and vulva, he slipped his long middle finger into her wet hole and curled it onto the roof of her vagina. He began to massage around where he thought her sweet spot might be, she screamed, lurched upwards then proceeded to thrust her pelvis in time with the movement of his fingers. He just managed to keep his mouth in contact with her wet cunt as he stepped up the pace, she moaned loudly and bucked several times more, before grasping the back of his head, and forcing it harder against her vulva. She was fucking his face as she came, it was a gloriously long orgasm that left her elated, and surprised that she was ready for more.

It was warm now in front of the fire, so he removed her jacket. They kissed again and he circled her nipples with the tips of his fingers. She loved the sensation, her nipples set rock hard and showed clearly through the material of her camisole, she reached for the belt and zip of his trousers. She stopped kissing him and bent over his groin trying to release his hard cock from its confines. She took off his shoes and socks, pulled his trousers off, then peeled his briefs down to allow his large cock to spring up into her face. Now it was her turn to give satisfaction, but she was nervous.

"I've never done this before, please go easy on me."

"Don't worry, you'll know what to do instinctively. It's most sensitive around the glans at the top."

She stood up and removed her skirt and panties, now she looked even more glorious in her camisole, suspenders, stockings and heels, with her dangling earrings reflecting the fire light. She knelt in front of him and spread his legs, first she caressed his balls with her right hand then she gripped the top of his penis with her left hand and masturbated him until he started to breathe heavily. When she judged that he was fully aroused, and building toward an orgasm, she covered his cock with her warm mouth. Her head bobbed up and down rhythmically as she masturbated the base of his cock with her right hand, now her left hand cupped his balls and he grunted and

moaned, his breathing becoming faster. She knew she had him at her mercy now, she loved the thought of repaying him for teasing her. She felt her nephew's large cock filling her mouth and getting even harder. She toyed with him, bringing him close to coming, then cooling his ardour by lifting her mouth away, squeezing the base of his cock and smiling at his obvious desperation to come.

She did this several times, he'd been in charge all evening, now she wanted to show how easily she could dominate.

"Rose, for God's sake finish me off."

"You need to learn your place nephew, it's Auntie Rose to you and you forgot the magic word."

He felt like the eighteen year old of his masturbation fantasies, completely under her power and unable to resist her.

"Please make me come Auntie Rose."

"That's better," she said in sultry tones as she took him in her mouth again and sucked him to an overwhelming orgasm.

He pumped his warm spunk into the back of her throat in several strands. As she released his cock from her mouth, a long strand of his semen hung between the tip of his cock and her lips. She sucked it up lavishly and cleaned the head of his cock with her tongue.

Paul was proud of his ability to stay hard for several minutes after an orgasm but this time, he surpassed himself. There was no sign whatsoever of his erection diminishing, so he had Rose lay on her back on the rug in front of the fire, and he opened her legs and sank his cock into her very wet hole. As his cock forced her cunt walls open, she gasped and pleaded with him to start slowly. He could feel her hole rippling and stretching, she struggled to take his whole length. It pushed up against her cervix. He fucked her in front of the fire, slowly and rhythmically. Her movements matched his perfectly, they were like two people in one body, undulating and gyrating in perfect synchronisation.

After fifteen minutes he began to feel that he could come again, his cock stiffened even more and he quickened the pace. She went with him, clinging to his muscular shoulders and gyrating her pelvis to match his lunging, driving cock. He increased the tempo even further by shafting her harder, she responded by wrapping her high heeled, stocking clad legs around his waist, and hung on for all she was worth; his powerful frame was more than she could handle now and she allowed herself to be fucked vigorously. Arousal built inside her pussy, pleasure swept through her groin in waves, the sensation of his large cock rippling her cunt walls took her closer to orgasm. She squeezed her nipples and a growl started deep inside her throat.

Paul could feel semen surging out of his balls, into the base of his cock, it started to seep along his urethra. He knew Rose was close to coming, the growl escaped her throat.

"Oh fffffuckk, I'm commmming, Ohhhh, fffuck me you bastardddd, fffuck meeeee."

"Yessss, fffuck yesss, argggghhh, argggghhh, aarrggggghhhhh."

They came together in a cacophony squeals and groans then clung to one another, sweating and almost delirious with pleasure. Paul continued to move slowly inside Rose, he could still feel sweet

little post orgasmic waves riding over his groin and penis. Rose felt faint orgasmic aftershocks popping away inside her.

"Take me up to bed and make incestuous love to me again Nephew."

"It will be my pleasure Aunt."

It was a quarter past one in the morning, they took the candles with them. The bedroom was cold, the incestuous lovers wasted no time getting beneath the sheets and huddling together for warmth.

"Paul we can't go back now can we?"

"What do you mean?"

"There's no going back and I don't know how we go forward."

"Let's enjoy the moment and deal with what all of this means later, it doesn't have to end if we're careful."

"Well my ruin of a marriage is done for, I see that clearly now."

"Don't do anything rash, I'll support you whatever you decide to do but give yourself time to think."

"Oh I've thought about it for years but now I see clearly that there's no future in it."

Paul reached down and spread her cunt lips, she quickly became wet. He circled her clit slowly, then slipped his middle finger inside her and found her g-spot again. Rose moaned sensuously and reached for his cock, it was solid again and ready to penetrate her one last time. She rolled onto her back and pulled his cock into her hole. He sank his seven and a half inches slowly into her hungry cunt, and started to shaft her with a steady slow rhythm. He took hold of her right hand in his left and, to her surprise, placed it on her clitoris. Without breaking his stroke, he lifted his abdomen slightly to make room for her hand. She massaged herself as he fucked her. She threw her head back and within less than two minutes, she was coming loudly and erotically as he kissed her throat. Her orgasm triggered his, he came slowly and sensuously, coating her cunt walls again in his warm fluid.

He laid with his cock inside her for several minutes and then slowly pulled it out.

"Do you have to take it out? it's so big and perfect, I want it inside me always," she said sleepily. A moment later she drifted off, her last conscious thought was that: she was his aunt, she was his girlfriend.

Rose was first to awake, it was eight forty, she made tea and brought it up to the bedroom. Power had been restored and the central heating was working again. Paul stirred as she came through the door with two mugs of steaming tea. Thirty minutes later, the tea stood stone cold on the bedside tables, and Rose's vagina tingled with pleasurable post orgasmic sensations.

"We'd better get moving, what time is the first viewing today?"

"Not till eleven thirty, we've got plenty of time, and I want to get in the bath with you first."

They got into a warm bath together, the feeling of warm wet skin against skin was exquisite. She lay back against his chest and he lavished soapy attention on her breasts. Her nipples grew and set rock hard; he loved the feel of them between his fingers. She moaned her appreciation and felt for his erect shaft as it nestled into the small of her back. She gripped it hard and ran her hand up and down it several times, he felt for her pussy and squeezed and pressed it with his strong fingers.

"Oh God, let's get back into bed," she murmured into his left ear.

The both stood up and soaped each other intimately, then rinsed each other's bodies with a flannel and got out of the bath. As they dried each other with towels, his erect cock swayed to and fro.

"Mmmm, I like a man to show me proper respect," she said as she took hold of his shaft and led him by it into the bedroom.

He gave her a long, sensuous licking. His tongue slipped over her sweet and salty vulva. He probed inside her cunt lips and sucked her clit, then forced his tongue into her hole. She came as he probed her g-spot with his fingers, circled her vulva with his tongue and took hold of her right hand with his left hand, and entwined his fingers with hers so that they touched her clitoris together. Her juices flowed out of her cunt as she came and he lapped up and swallowed her warm musky fluid.

It was a twenty minute drive to the town where he worked and where he had arranged to view three properties.

"I really appreciate you asking me to come along," said Rose.

He looked at her in the seat next to him and squeezed her thigh, then left his hand on her suspender clip, as was fast becoming his habit. She'd dug out an old unused pair of tan stockings that had been left in their packaging at the bottom of a drawer for at least fifteen years.

"I didn't think I'd ever wear these, I don't know why I kept them," she said as Paul had watched her put them on earlier.

"I hope you'll always wear stocking from now on."

"Do you know, I think I will, I feel so sexy and available to you when I've got them on. I've always thought that tights were a bit of a passion killer."

The first two places they looked at were nice enough but didn't fit the bill. The last one was a decent sized terraced house with a picturesque outlook. The rent was within Paul's budget and it was partly furnished. The overweight, perspiring estate agent said he had another urgent appointment, and trusted them enough to lock up and take the key back to his office when they had finished.

"So what do you think Rose?"

"It's lovely, you should take it, it's just the sort of place I'll need to get when I tell Patrick it's over."

"How will you support yourself?"

"We'll split the proceeds from selling the house, it's worth a fortune and there's no mortgage on it, I'll find a full time job and that should be enough to live comfortably. I've resolved to do it after you

move out."

"You've thought it all through then."

"Mostly, but we need to talk about us. Like I said last night, there's no going back and we can't go forward like a normal couple. Imagine it, 'my name's Rose, and this is my partner Paul, who's also my nephew by the way.' You said last night that you'd support me whatever I did, what did you mean exactly?"

"I've fallen for you big time Rose, and I can't lose you now. If you feel the same, we can work something out, not 'normal' as you say but we can still see a lot of each other in private, especially if we both have our own places. Maybe it can't last forever, who knows, but we can enjoy it while it does, and I can fill your incestuous pussy whenever you want me to."

"Perfect, I want you to put your incestuous cock inside me now Nephew."

Paul's penis stiffened in seconds, he manoeuvred Rose back against the wall of the bedroom that they were in, and reached down to raise the hem of her skirt up around her waist. She sighed, and kissed him, pushing her tongue into his mouth. With her stockings and suspenders on show, her pussy clenched vigorously, and her panties were soon soaked. Paul lifted her gorgeous stocking clad left leg, so that it dangled at right angles. She was wearing her new four inch heels and was just the right height to be penetrated by him against the wall.

Rose unzipped his trousers and pulled his rock hard cock into her cunt, he helped smooth its entry by reaching under her left leg, pulling her panty gusset to one side and opening her hole with his fingers. Once inside, he fucked her hard, thrusting into her wet cunt, she urged him on, she wanted to feel the full length of his solid shaft driving into her, and pinning her against the wall.

"Fuck me, fuck me hard, fuck your Aunt with your incestuous cock," she demanded breathlessly. It was too much for him and he shot his load into her, and groaned with pleasure.

They slid down the wall, still in their embrace, she pushed him onto his back, straddled him and rode him to a wild, juddering orgasm as she pinned his arms to the carpet.

A Rose had bloomed and its musky scent had become like a drug to Paul, he lay there spent. She'd invited him to take her then, she had taken him.

She was his aunt, she was his lover.