

Aunty Barbara

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My Life with aunty barbara

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This story is a work of my imagination and is fictitious. When I was nearly 18 and a year into my apprenticeship as a carpenter, things at home were not great. I was desperate to leave home but did not earn enough to rent anywhere decent. While I was out one night I bumped into Emma, the daughter of my Aunty Barbara. During our conversation she told me that her mum had an annexe she wanted to rent out. I hadn't seen Aunty Barbara for a couple of years as there had been some sort of scandal about her. I think that my uncle had found her in bed with another woman, my dad had taken sides with his brother and she was not welcome in our house any more. I always got on really well with Aunty Barbara and was keen to see this annexe before someone else got it. So I asked Emma to take me round so that I could have a look at it. As Aunty Barbara showed me around I knew that I wanted it! It was a self contained flat, built above a double garage, small but it would suit me perfectly. We returned to her kitchen and sat down for a cup of tea and I came to a deal with Aunty Barbara. I would help with the garden and decorating around the place in return for a smaller rent. Of course I jumped at it and arranged to move in at the weekend. My parents didn't like this and stated that they would not be visiting me whilst I was living there, that was fine with me. The weeks went by and I got the garden under control and did the annexe up. Life was great! I got on so well with Aunty Barbara that she told me one day to just call her Barbara. She used to cook meals for me and I used to spend a couple of nights a week in the house with her. We would watch television, chat etc and we got quite close. One weekend she was working nights (she was a nurse) so I decided to invite a few mates around for a few beers. Unfortunately word went around that I was having a party and loads of people turned up and it got very loud. I was into motorbikes back then and I sort of forgot myself and got into it, getting very drunk, as did a lot of the others. Barbara returned from work just after 8 the next morning, and was immediately met by angry neighbours complaining about the noise that had been going on all night. I was woken up by Barbara, received a telling off like I had never had before then told that I had to leave. I was gutted and tried to apologise, promising that it would never happen again. I found myself offering to do anything to make it right. There was a long silence then she said "Anything at all?" I replied. "Yes." "Ok!" she said "I want to spank you." I was shocked as it was the last thing that I expected her to say. I just stood there stunned and silent as she pulled a chair into the middle of the room and looked at me. "Your choice," she said "jeans down and bend over the chair or

start packing.” Undoing my jeans I bent over the chair, I still couldn’t believe that this was happening. Barbara started to spank me straight away, about a dozen good hard slaps, and then she pulled my pants down. I suddenly felt very aroused and started to have some feelings I’d never had before, and I could feel my legs shaking with my nervousness. She spanked me again on my bare buttocks and then ran her hands down my thighs and up to my cock and balls. I thought that I was going to cum there and then as I was very inexperienced sexually, only having had one brief girlfriend. She told me to pull my jeans back up and then told me that things were about to change between us. If I wanted to leave I could still pack my stuff up, if not I was to go and apologise to the neighbours. Then I had to pick up all the beer cans while she had a shower and I was to be in her kitchen in half an hour. Doing as I was told I couldn’t stop thinking about what had happened. I had never felt the need or desire to masturbate so much in my life but by the time I had picked up all of the rubbish and apologised to the neighbours the half hour had long gone. I quickly rushed to the back door, knocked and walked in. “You’re late,” she said “I thought you had decided to leave.” “No,” I replied “I love living here.” She was stood at the other side of the worktop and had made two cups of tea. As she walked around with them I could see that she had showered and then only put her cardigan back on. It was a long soft navy blue one that she wore as part of her uniform, and it covered most of her and looked so sexy. I became even more aroused as I drank my tea, then Barbara told me that she had needs and fantasies that needed fulfilling. If I was to stay I was going to help her with that. She went on to tell me that she had changed her mind and I was now to call her Aunty Barbara again. As I agreed with everything she said, she then suggested that I got showered and cleaned up to get rid of the smell of sweat and stale beer. Taking hold of my hand she led me to her bathroom, and then she told me to strip as she turned the shower on. I hoped that she was going to get in with me but she didn’t; instead she leaned against the wall with her hands in her cardigan pockets and watched and instructed me. I was so aroused with her being there that it was almost unbearable; when she told me to pull my foreskin back to wash it properly I thought I was going to cum. When I had finished she took a towel and dried me, as she did so I could see that her nipples were hard and poking through the soft wool of her cardigan. When she had finished rubbing me down she said “Well what do you say?” “Thank you.” I replied. “Thank you what?” “Thank you Aunty Barbara.” It was the first time I had called her Aunty Barbara in that sort of situation and I felt a bit silly but I could see how it had turned her on. She took my hand again and led me into her bedroom, then sat on the edge of the bed and patted her lap. I knew what was going to happen again and I bent over her lap. She stroked and fondled me telling me how nice it was to touch a nice fresh clean body, and then she gave me at least 20 spanks, making my butt feel warm. As I stood up I had leaked some cum onto her legs, I tried to apologise but she just smiled and ran her finger through it. Taking my cock with the other hand she then ran her wet finger around the tip and over the slit teasing me, I couldn’t help myself and gave out a whimper. This seemed to excite her and she teased me some more and began to gently rub my shaft. I knew that I couldn’t hold back and started to twitch. Aunty Barbara knew that I was about to cum and pulled a tissue from beside the bed, catching it all as she pumped it all out of me. “Well,” she said “I need to get my sleep and I doubt you had very much last night, so you can warm the bed up for me.” I got into

bed and she left the room for some reason, returning a few minutes later. She sat on the edge of the bed and unbuttoned her cardigan, exposing her breasts. As she leaned forward she put one to my mouth. "Suckle for Aunty," she whispered. As I sucked on each nipple in turn I was aware that her hand was between her own legs rubbing herself. We carried on in this way until she had cum herself - this was another first for me- then she climbed into bed and cuddled up next to me, soon we were both asleep.