

## My Aunt Sharon Part 1

(F 55, M24, voyeurism,)

It all started a week ago on a Saturday. I was out with three mates for a few beers and a curry. Later, we went to several clubs in the city centre and I was well wrecked, not picking up any cum sluts, puking in an alley and shaving to stagger home. It was nearly one in the morning when I reached home. I could see downstairs lights on in the trash quality, council house we existed in. That's my Mum and Dad, me and my two sisters Charlene, she's the adopted black one aged sixteen and Karen, who is fourteen.

I was pissed – so what? As I fumbled for my house keys, I was amazed to find my mother opening the door. Mum looked a wreck, mascara all over her face and a fag hanging from her lip, bottle of vodka swinging from her hand. She was yawning and irritated.

“Fucking ‘ell Mum what you doin’?” I slurred as she pushed me inside, making me slam against the stairs.

“Get in there and shush your gob,” she slurred.

I noticed the bottle of vodka was half empty, as she closed the door behind, tutting at my wonky drunken stagger entering the kitchen and I thought '*she need fuckin’ talk.*'

“I want to talk to you,” she said, leaning against the table. “It’s about Den and our Shar.”

I groaned. I wanted to piss and sleep, hopefully in that order and here she was chatting about her family. My mother has three sisters, two younger than her and Sharon was the oldest aged about fifty-two I think. She was married to Den, a lazy, gambling drunk. They lived in London. Whenever they came to stay with us, she and her husband occupied my room and I slept on the sofa in the front room, because my sisters had their twin beds in their room. It was almost six months since I had last seen Aunty Sharon and as Mum carried on talking, my brain was tuned into her big tits..

I sat on a stool and mother staggered to the sink to dowse her ciggie and then back against the table next to me. “Shar has come and she is ever so upset.” She looked worried. “Den wants to divorce her.”

Although I was drunk, I always like the old girl so Mum’s words had got through to me. I never liked my uncle Den. He had a miserable, gloomy outlook permanently etched on his face and was forever grumbling. There was no rapport between us. I always wondered how Sharon got hitched and married to him, like – they had no kids.

“What? He wants to divorce her after ten years of marriage?” I queried, grabbing a bottle of Stella from the fridge

“Yeah, the bastard,” my mother spat, lighting another Marlboro.

“I suppose he is shagging around as usual?”

“I asked Shar that. But she says that he doesn’t,” replied my mother with a grimace.

“Hah. Don’t fuckin’ believe her, but why does he want to divorce her?”

“He’s said she’s lazy and dirty.”

“He need talk,” I scoffed, knowing their squalid lifestyle – about the same as ours.

“Exactly. When Shar said that, they had a huge slanging match.”

“I never liked the bastard,” I said, nibbling on a piece of stale bread, I was hungry as usual after a lot of beer. “Suppose she fell in love with him? What did she find in him to get married to him?”

“All of us are asking the same question,” said Mum said. “She says that he is drinking more than ever and recently has started beating her. Every day coming home pissed as a fart. He forces her to fuck him. If she objects he hits her. Even last night after they

fucked, he hit her with his belt," said Mum. "I'd like to thrash his cock with his own belt."

I was amazed to hear what had been going on and partly amused when Mum had told me the details. She was obviously furious.

"I'll ask Shar to show you the welts."

"I'll sort the bugger out. Get the boys" I mumbled, thinking it might be nice to see where she had the bruises. Her chubby arse maybe?

"Pete, please.... Don't get involved like last time, you know what happened," my mother added, reminding me of when me and the lads sorted out a neighbour who was thrashing his kids. It was us that went to court and were done.

"Well what are we going to do?" I asked testily.

"I tried to calm her down," she told me. "But she's been crying from the time she arrived."

"You going to back her up about the divorce?"

She frowned, I noticed – because suddenly I was sober. I liked my aunt.

"I'm worried about that too, I mean where will she go and she needs a man, she's frigging useless, you know that."

"I think it would be good to divorce that drunk shit, once and for all, bugger the rest."

"Then what will Charmaine and Gloria say?" asked my mother, mentioning her other sisters.

"Fuck 'em!" I exploded, to her obvious discomfort, she thought I was dissing her sisters. "She'll find a good guy," I suggested.

"Ballocks! She's fifty-four Pete, do you really think any one will want a woman that age, these days with so many young girls just asking to be attached?"

My mother is incredibly sweet but very naïve also. Girls don't want to be attached any more, they want to be shagged and that's what they're good for.

"There'll be some guy that fancies her Mum."

I wrapped my arm round Mum's shoulders and cuddled her close. My mother weakly smiled up at me, appreciating the fact I had listened. I don't do that much.

"I love my big sister. I want her to be happy," she sobbed, stubbing the cigarette out and swigging the vodka.

"She'll be happy getting a divorce then she can start over," I assured her.

What did I know, I just wanted to go to bed.

"She's going to stay here for a while," she said. "I've put the girls in your big bed, they're OK, so you are in one of their's OK?"

"What? You're fuckin' joking Mum. I can't do that!" I argued without too much resistance.

I was gobsmacked that she would suggest that. But I didn't object too loudly. I loved to be with Sharon, she was such fun, but sharing a room with her, whilst sort of sexy, she was thirty years older than me – But I might see her tits.

"Mum, she won't be very happy with no privacy," I said.

"Well, the room is big enough and your dad has strung up a sheet like a divider, It'll be all right for a start" she said. "Try it for size. I have told her and she said it was OK. She sleeps very deeply."

Her grey blue eyes pleaded and she pecked my cheek. That was rare, she was desperate. I was worried, but interested.

"What did the girls say?" I asked.

"Your Dad and I talked about the problem with them," she said. "He suggested this arrangement in the first place. He joked that you were a lucky bugger and I told him off. Then he said 'Shar is old when compared to you,' and I thumped him.

"He would say that, he's a joker, but I don't know," I pondered, mind full of billowing white knockers.

"Look, she is depressed, feels miserable and dejected. When you go upstairs now, you'll find out for yourself unless she's asleep. Be quiet eh? You've sobered up a bit."

“What am I supposed to do?” I asked my mother, who shrugged.

“Be normal, let her have some space but chat if she wants to. She confides in you. Remember how you helped her with that computer programme, when she had stumbled on that naughty web site and asked you get rid of it before *he* found out.”

“Yeah OK, it wasn’t bad anyway,” I muttered. “I need a piss.”

“Good lad. Take it easy. We’ll sort out the detail with the girls and your things tomorrow. I’ve got to have a piss as well and go to bed, thankfully the old man will be crashed out by now. Couldn’t face his beery breath and hands fumbling around tonight,” she chuckled.”

Mum smiled for the first time since I had come in and although I was knackered and so was she, plus being plainly exhausted on top of her concern, she still had the sense of a sneaky joke between us. She waddled off upstairs. The bottle was empty. I waited for the loo to flush, then followed her upstairs and had a piss, hearing the loud raucous sound of Dad’s snoring over my splashing and nearly made a mistake of stumbling into my bedroom. Suddenly things in my mind started to whirr as my hand rested on the handle to my room. Hmm! Interesting.

I had to switch on the light of my sister’s bedroom, it was pitch black and whilst I knew what was in there, it’s not the same as your own space. Aunty Sharon was sleeping on the bed nearest to the door and I tried to tiptoe past her. She woke up; squinted, recognized me and grinned

“Hi, Peter, I’m sorry about this,” she gestured to the makeshift screen between the twin beds. “Took the nearest one – knackered, you know.”

“Yeah OK. Bit of a surprise that’s all. Sorry about the light Aunt Sharon. Not used to it in here. Couldn’t see a thing. Bit pissed too. When did you get here?” I asked.

“Earlier, what, about er.. . eight - after you had gone to the pub with your mates. Sorry for the imposition, but your Mum said you wouldn’t mind,” she answered, rubbing her eyes and sitting up.

She was wide awake now. Regardless of the mess her thick black hair was in, she looked horny and sexy and I gulped seeing her huge tits sway under her loose tee shirt she used for a nightie. I could see her nipples sticking out through the cotton. I sat on the end of ‘my’ bed and took off my trainers.

“It’s OK, we can make it work. Has Uncle Den come with you?” I asked as if I was not aware of her predicament.

“No - the bastard,” she snarled.

Her eyes swelled with tears. She started crying. I felt sorry for her and stepped over taking the opportunity. I cuddled her - she was so warm and smelled of some cheap exotic perfume. She placed her head on my shoulders and sobbed, while I tried to see down the neck of her shirt. Her lower half was still under the covers, but I spied a pair of black knickers and a bra draped over the back of a chair.

“Oh, Peter, he wants to divorce me. What am I going to do?”

“You’ll be OK. Better off without the fucker,” I crudely assured her.

I stroked her shoulders and down her fleshy back and she gave a little shiver and seemed to snuggle closer as I tried to work out how I could get the covers to slide down her thighs. Just then my mother peeped into the room.

“Everything OK?” she whispered.

“Yesshhh,” Aunty Sharon, sniffled.

“She’ll be OK,” I added.

Annoyingly – because I wanted to explore Aunty’s vulnerability, Mum sat beside her big sister who was finding solace by clinging on to me. Trying to fondle Sharon’s back, my mother’s hand clashed with mine and she withdrew quickly. Sharon raised her head and looked at her younger sister who tried to look softly but blearily at her.

“Thank you, sis. You’re very understanding.”

She hugged my mother and kissed both her cheeks. Sharon then turned to me,

“Like to try and sleep a bit if you don’t mind.”

My mother left and we remained hugging each other for a while. My aunt looked pathetic with tears streaming down her face. I attempted to kiss her cheeks, with no objection and gently lapped her salty tears, realising I was getting a stiffy. After a while we released each other, I could sense she felt embarrassed.

“Peter, I’m sorry for being in your room,” she said.

“No problem Aunty Shar, It’s not mine anyway, but it’ll do,” I chuckled. “Any thing I can do to help.”

“Thanks dearie, you’re sweet and I expect you’re shagged out eh? Now go to bed,” she murmured, tidying the creases of her shirt, by pulling it tight across her magnificent chest.

I nearly came on the spot as I stood up, seeing her boobs taut and looming large with huge pointy nipples that pointed downwards. I watched her adjust the covers and slide into them and slunk behind the dividing sheet. I turned on a small bedside lamp and switched off the bright main light.

Was it best to get naked as usual, I wondered and decided not apart from shirt and jeans as I slid into Charlene’s pit. I revelled in the perfumed odours and decided to search the sheets next morning to see if there were any pubic hairs left from my black sister’s cunt. Thinking about the intimacy of sleeping in a hot teenager’s bed and the fact I had a middle aged hot woman, already snoring gently, only two feet away was extremely horny and I stroked my hard on for a while. I was so horny and I wriggled down the bed to sniff the sheets where Char’s crotch would have been, but there was little to smell. Then I remembered my aunt’s undies on the chair and I could see them, beyond the end of the sheet.

She was zissing regularly, so I sneaked out of the far side and went on hands and knees to the chair, quickly grabbing her underwear and back to bed. I checked out the brassiere. It was from Primark and was a 44FF, fuck that’s big I chuckled to myself, sniffing the big lace topped cups and getting the same whiff of perfume as on her body.

The knickers were large, also Primark, a pair of size 14s, but partly frilly and looked like they were high cut. Opening them out, I found a couple of pubes which I extracted from the lace they were curled into, putting them on the table. They were very close to a pale stain on the crusty black gusset and I sniffed it. God! It was so strong. I licked it getting a sort of bitter taste, then rubbed it on my dick, letting some of the prelube seep onto the cotton gusset.

As I wanked, with them, I wondered about adding them to my collection, then reasoned that she would surely miss them, but there could be possibilities the longer Sharon stayed with us. Then I started to worry about my collection and my sisters, but no they wouldn’t find their own dirty panties collected over the years, I had hidden them in my room very well. The beers hadn’t managed to droop my erection and soon I was coming into a tissue from the table, great gloops of my cum pooling until I teased the last drop out of my knob. I thought it might be too obvious to cum in her knickers as it wouldn’t dry out by the morning, after all it was gone two already. Relaxed, I played with Shar’s undies for a while and examined the two pubes, seeing how long they were, about two inches, then I crawled back round and put the garments back on the chair, dumped the tissue in a bin and went to sleep.

Waking in the morning, to the sound of her snoring, brought me back to the situation, the very interesting situation. Here I was a randy unemployed twenty four year old, sniffing round an old woman’s underwear. There it was on the chair, a cheap black bra and knickers, plainly visible as it was Sunday morning and gone nine o’clock, the sunlight streaming through the cheap curtains. I glanced round my sister’s room, knowing it intimately in a way, due to the two tiny cameras I had concealed in the wall, between their room and mine.

I could hear Charlene and Karen next door now, giggling – probably at the mess in my domain. They would know how to use my computer but not get at all its secrets and I grinned inwardly at the new ones it would soon have. Those two stupid cows didn’t know

they were famous all over the world with many admirers craving videos and stills of their intimate moments. Suddenly I had a new product to launch. A sexy mature woman, something I had never captured before. Big market out there, not creating money – I wish it were, it would relieve my permanent poverty, but it would increase my stature in the murky world of amateur internet voyeurism. Yes, even my Mum could be seen by some as sexy I suppose, but apart from me not seeing her that way, I had just thought it, sort of out of bounds.

I needed to charge the camera I used in the bathroom, that was my first positive thought for the day. Aunty's length of stay needed to be determined, to get the maximum exposure to my video library. I had taken a little break from capturing the two girls, getting a bit stale with them undressing and dressing, changing tampons, pissing, shaving their legs and cunts, waiting for something different like one of them having a boyfriend in the room and shagging him. I reckoned that would be someway off, knowing Dad and Mum's attitude. Broad minded and low life we were, but they still held something dear and some guy fucking either one of their daughters in the house was a no no. I lived in hope of one of them smuggling a guy in.

Reaching over, I grabbed the dividing sheet and moved it. I could see my aunt's bare back where she had tossed and turned in the bed and the covers had slipped down and her shirt had ridden up. I slid off the bed and crawled towards her, listening to her steady breathing, I carefully lifted the cover and slid it further and was delighted to see her rump was bare and exposing the top of her arse crack. It would have made a great closeup shot, but I didn't have a camera, so I put my face as close as possible and sniffed, getting the same perfume.

The sheet hid me as I dressed in my gear from last night and left her in peace and I had a wash and shave before my sisters commandeered the bathroom for ever and an age. They were still in my room, so I went downstairs and found Mum and Dad having some tea.

We were all a bit bleary, but my head was working already on the plan. Dad went off to the allotment, I was due to play football for our club team and Mum was going to her regular house cleaning job even on a Sunday. I read the Mirror and the Sun sports pages, then the girls came downstairs wearing dressing gowns. I wasn't interested in the glimpses of thigh and cleavage, whatever the colour, just wanting to get to my lair.

“Slept with Aunty then?” sneered Charlene.

“Filthy bugger,” added Karen.

“Piss off,” I retorted and went up to my room.

I ignored the mess and went straight to the computer. I entered my secret domain and powered up the cameras, to find my auntie was still in bed. Only one camera gave me a view, Dad's bright idea of a divider blocked the other, but I reckoned I would see most things. Keeping an eye on the screen, I scanned the rumpled state of my bed and spotting a sliver of pink on the floor, I nipped over to see what it was, grabbed the tiny sliver of material and returned to my chair. Auntie was still sparked out, so I unravelled what I knew to be a thong and examined the gusset. There was no stain or pubes but boy! Did it smell good. Could have been either one of the girls, because both of them wear the same size knickers. Although I had done it many times before, the heightened anticipation of Aunty, made it so good sniffing and licking that gusset while I waited for my prize.

I remembered what my sisters were wearing downstairs and guessed they wouldn't be wearing bras, so I scanned further, having checked the screen and on the chest of drawers where I keep my shirts and stuff was a black bra. I picked that up and saw it was a Matalan 36C and that told me it was Karen's thong as it was on the same side of the bed. Charlene is a 32B. Sure enough on the other side, on the floor was a white thong and bra – again both from Matalan. I hit gold on this find, as my black, adopted, small titted but chubby sister had deposited a sizeable stain and one curly black pube. The other thing, was that they were both naked under their dressing gowns – nice to peep on in the kitchen

given the chance, but I had more important things to do, including charging the camera for the bathroom. I did this.

I licked and sucked both of my sister's thongs, willing Aunt Sharon to wake up and show me her assets. There was a rumble of feet on the stairs and I just had time to replace the undies before there was a knock and then without waiting Karen waltzed in. I changed the screen, swiftly.

"We left our knickers here," she said curtly and went round, collecting the wisps of garments, while I ignored her, checking emails or so she thought and shouting. "Fucking knock and wait next time you stupid cow!".

She left without reply and I locked the door, returning to the computer to see Aunt Sharon sitting up and rubbing her eyes, then scratching her head, gazing around then lifting the sheet to see if I was there. I zoomed in just as she swung her legs out and stood. Her tee shirt fell round her hips, concealing her crotch, but she stretched giving me a great rear view of her lower buttocks. I licked my lips in anticipation, then I sent a text to our football captain saying I couldn't play.

I was recording anyway, but to see it happen live, knowing she was just through the wall behind the computer was something else. Sharon wandered round the room, looking at the girl's makeup and cheap bling on the two cupboards. Nosily she opened the wardrobes and put back some of the stuff that fell out, then she gathered up her underwear, that I had sniffed and fondled last night, plus a towel and left the room.

To be continued