

For Paris

The boy did not jump nor flinch when she sat beside him, in fact it was as if he had known she was there all along and when her voice soft and calm broke the silence of the room he replied as calmly as if he were talking about his boats or drawings.

“They are amazing”, he said, his fingers ever so gently running over the smooth patent pants, which lay across his knees. “They are so shiny and smooth”.

“And expensive too.”

“Oh I am sorry”, he exclaimed with honest dismay, raising his fingers from the materials gloss surface.

“No, no darling, I don’t mind”, she whispered, taking his nervously hovering hand and returning his fingers to the garment which she had strategically discarded on her bed just hours before. “That only means they are quality. These are by a company in France called Balmain and I think they were about £2,500 pounds or somewhere around there. Do they feel nice?”

“Yes, they are so soft, so slick, almost like.... wet and warm. Are they plastic?”

“Yes kind of. They are PVC Vinyl”

“Vinyl”, he repeated softly to himself as if rolling the idea about in his young head. “Vinyl. I have seen them about a lot on tele and stuff and....,” he paused, contemplating, daring himself to say what was clearly on his mind, “.....and I think you look really great in them.”

Jane glowed. Oh it was not the first time her young man had complimented her on her dress or appearance, he was always noticing a change of look or hair, even a different shade of polish on her nails, but somehow this little comment, in the quiet of the room felt so much sweeter and more personal.

“Thank you sweetheart, that is very kind of you, thank you.” She said, stroking his arm softly. “Though I did suspect you liked them when you touched my bottom.”

The young man gave a gasp “Oh I am sorry, I did not mean to, it was an accident. I.....”

“No, no darling”, Jane whispered with a soft calming pat of his hand. “It is ok, I don’t mind. I take it as a compliment and you have accidentally touched my bottom so many times I do kind of look forward to it now.”

The young man gave a soft and embarrassed giggle as the moment passed. “What?what are they like to wear?”

Jane took up the pants and turned them before him. “Well darling as I said they are by Balmain so they are really very comfortable and very tight, plus they are unlined so they are very clingy, but that’s the way they should be, I mean you can wear loose PVC but I think it looks odd don’t you? And they do make a funny stretchy sound when you move in them.”

Andy giggled and nodded “Yes I heard it when you crossed your legs: like all sticky.”

Jane turned her body to him, her smile warm and loving. A moment passed, a long silence the only sound the distant hum of the birthday party downstairs. Then, catching his eye she smiled, “Why don’t you try them on? I mean they are only trousers really.”

“Oh no Aunt Jane. I ...I couldn’t they are yours....ladies. That would be...I...no. No thank you. I really don’t want to”,

With his all too swift reply clearly betraying his true feelings, Jane sensed the importance of the moment and so, with a calming breath, changed her tone, her voice lowering, her words crisper: “No Andrew. I want to see you in them.”

Jane felt him jump ever so slightly, his fingers becoming still and after a moment his eyes turned to hers and in their cool green gaze they remained, questioning her words with an innocent sparkle.

Once more Jane shifted, this time a straightening of her back so that, even sat as they were on the edge of her bed, she rose above him. Her eyes narrowed she spoke clearly and slowly: “Put them on for me please.”

Andy did not flinch, nor tremble, his face was still open and warm, but there was something in her tone, something in the way her eyes shone, that gave him a tingle like nothing before. He swallowed. “Yes Aunt Jane,” he submitted.

Her practised cool exterior masking the thrill now flowing through her, Jane watched as her beloved young man obediently stripped to his striped underpants. For a second or two she thought of demanding the removal of his underwear, but this was not the moment. Yes it would come, but not today.

Watching as he drew the glossy vinyl up and about his waist and bottom Jane struggled to suppress a smile and helping hand, his innocent confusion over the reversed feminine style buttons and zip delightfully clear to see. But soon he was within their smooth embrace and standing, beautifully red faced, before her.

Now of course they did not fit, she was 5’10” in bare feet and he only a teenager but even so, as Jane guided him to turn before her, the smooth vinyl pants instantly looked right on him, their deep liquid shine highlighting the blossoming shape of his legs and bottom to perfection. She looked up at him, her eyes as cool as she could pretend, her head tilted. “Yes Child, they look nice. I knew they would”.

“Thank you”.

“And what do they feel like on?”

“Soft and warm and smooth and sticky”

“Do you like them?”

A moments pause, not in uncertainty, far from it he loved them, but in contemplation of what he was about to admit. He nodded. “Yes Aunty, I like them very much.”

“Good.” She straightened her spine elegantly drawing herself up where she sat to dominate his slight teenage beside her, he was instantly bathed in her perfume, bewitched and transfixed. Gently she stroked a finger down his red blushed cheek and under his chin, tinting his face up to hers. She smiled. “Because in two years, I will take you to Paris and I shall buy you a pair of your very own..... and your first pair of Louboutins to match.”

Andy gave a soft laugh. “Nice offer Aunty, but I don’t have the legs for them like you”.

Jane smiled and stroked the floppy fringe from his face, “That is very sweet of you Andrew, but you do have the legs for them and with the right heel you will look amazing.

Now

Andy’s smile flickered, the look in his Aunts green eyes was loving and fun but also clearly earnest. “You....you mean it?”

“I do my darling”, she shifted on the bed now, easing her toned body to face him. Her hands still wrapped with his. “Do you remember that rainy bank holiday, when we played with my make-up and you looked so pretty and how you enjoyed all the fuss of it all and how you were to scared to try my heels and how we forgot the time and had to rush to get you all cleaned up before your Mum and Dad came for you”. She paused now, almost as if uncertain of her own actions, nervous, she felt nervous. “Well...I would like you to come to Paris with me, so we can play like that all summer”.

His hands still enfolded in his Aunts, the young man eased back ever so slightly, a whirl of surprise fluttering in his stomach. Yes he remembered that day, it had been fun and yes, secretly he had still dreamed of the fun they had together and of how he looked after his Aunts touch, but..but he was a boy, he liked football and bikes and stuff.

“You mean...dressing up? And ...things?”

“Things?” Jane smiled “By that I take it you mean Make up? Yes of course, I mean you looked so pretty that day and as for dressing up, no I was imagining something more than just playing dress up. I don’t feel that I am dressing up whenever I wake up in the morning, I consider I am just dressing. Do you understand? Andrew, I want you to be that pretty all the time”

The boy shifted, Jane knew he understood but his clear unease prevented any admission.

“You mean.....you want me to be girl?”

Jane smiled, it was funny, she had planned this moment, these words, hoping to use them, but never imagining she would ever get to. She stroked a polished finger across his hand and taking it in hers placed it deliberately on her vinyl smooth leg.

“No darling, you are a boy and I love you, I love my nephew more than anything, but I want you to be pretty for me. I want you to be beautiful”

“I can’t”. He gasped, as if the idea of being beautiful had struck him like a bolt of lightning, his face flushed and his fingers trembled against his Aunts polished thigh. “I can’t I amI am a boy....no sorry please”

Jane did not flinch, in another time the refusal of her invitation would have been taken as a surprise slap in the face, after all he had never refused his beloved Aunt anything ever before, the word no almost unimaginable. However, she could see the look in his eyes, the confusion her idea had placed in her nephews young mind, she knew him so well and she honestly understood his response and her loving heart fluttered with regret at inflicting such emotion on him.....he was scared.

However the die was cast, she knew the moment could not be erased and so, without acknowledging her nephews fears, she took control and coolly replied.

“Too late darling, It is all arranged, your Mum and Dad think you spending Summer in Paris with your Aunt Jane is a super idea”.

Then, seeing the wide eyed look of shock and understanding spreading across his face, she leant forward and placed her lips to the corner of his, their special kiss and with a whisper added, “Don’t look so worried darling, Aunty knows best”.