



Erotica Collection

Collection of stories published on Literotica

Contents

A Child is Born.....	6
A Christmas Play	17
A Flight to Hell & Heaven	132
A Lover for Mother	159
A Nursery Affair.....	176
A Paeon of Triumph.....	203
A River Path to Love	234
A Trip to The Country	309
A Walk in the Hills	326
Across The Room.....	340
Adventuring	360
After The Obsequies.....	376
Air Raid	418
An Actor's Life for Me	436
Andrew & His Beloved.....	467
Angela Tells Her Story.....	491
Anita's Friend	515
Anna's Love	536
Athena Goes to a Party	558
Auntie Over the Back Fence	571
Blocked!	587
Celestial Completion.....	663
Conscience Doth Make Cowards of Us	678
Cynthia	707

Down by the River Side.....	714
Down on the Farm.....	728
Elfin Woods	755
Erica's Love.....	773
For The Love of Art	785
For The Love of Michael.....	798
Forlorn Point Love.....	815
Four Is Not A Crowd	858
From Loathing to Love	887
From Torment to Tranquillity	912
Gordon Makes A Baby.....	924
Gran Goes Home	942
Happy Birthday	957
Her Face	966
Homecoming.....	1038
I Have Been Here Before	1061
I Remember the Day	1074
If Only the Dog Could Talk	1107
It Was Only a Game	1114
It's Never too Late	1125
Jenny's Tutorial	1135
Jessica the First.....	1160
Just This Once.....	1176
Life & Art	1185
Life after Death	1244

Life's Big Problems	1272
Little Brother	1298
Martha's Garden	1321
Mirror, Mirror	1340
More Than I Bargained For	1357
Mrs. Grace & I	1365
Mums & Sons	1385
My Birthday Surprise.....	1407
My Country Aunt	1415
My Freedom Day	1439
My Street Boy	1460
Nancy's Story.....	1484
Night Visitor	1522
Nightmare.....	1544
OBS.....	1581
One for the Price of Two	1608
Paradise Island	1653
Pat's Lover.....	1698
Paula's Story	1762
Rhea and Me.....	1778
Rowena Awakes	1808
She Makes Hungry Where She Most Satisfies	1836
Sonia Takes a Stroll	1865
Storm Island	1886
The Ancient Curse	1947

The Beach House	2002
The Bend in the Road.....	2013
The Black Kite	2030
The Board.....	2050
The Boy Across the Street.....	2085
The Boy Next Door.....	2110
The Broken Ankle	2125
The Cabin.....	2214
The Campus Woman	2232
The Car	2253
The Chef's Choice	2286
The Chosen One.....	2341
The Conflux of the Moon Goddess Ch. 1	2371
The Dark Taboo	2407
The Earth Mother.....	2417
The Face in the Window.....	2440
The Family That Plays Together	2452
The Flight of Stella.....	2471
The Grove of Love, Desire & Freed	2488
The Hands.....	2505
The Hard Road of Love	2518
The Heart of a Child.....	2536
The Long Vacation	2580
The Naked Tree.....	2632
The Rape of Corinth.....	2642

The Relief of Troy	2663
The Remaking of Anna Plowright	2770
The River of Love	2802
The Shape in the Mist	2846
The Troika	2869
The Tuesday Volunteers.....	2897
The Woman at Stable Cottages.....	2948
The Zip	3046
There is a Time and Place.....	3060
Transcontinental	3104
Two Bodies, One Soul	3157
When You Walk the Dog.....	3164
When Youth is Past	3174
Working My Passage	3182

A Child is Born

It began at a Christmas party. Rosemary was seventeen and approaching her eighteenth year. She was in her first year at university and, being a highly intelligent girl, was doing extremely well. The biblical words "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more in abundance," were clearly true for Rosemary.

Not only did she have a good brain, but good looks and personality to go with it. She was the sort of person who drives you mad with envy at the many good personal gifts that have been bestowed on them. In addition, her looks were not the pretty passing looks of youth, but the sort that will wear long and well over the coming years.

As I said, it started at a Christmas party. This girl, who had it all before her, got drunk. Normally she did not drink alcohol, but someone had spiked the fruit cup, and this had a devastating effect on Rosemary. The upshot was, Rosemary got pregnant to one of her university lecturers who took her virginity in a back bedroom.

When a few weeks later the fact of pregnancy was definite, her parents were horrified. "You've ruined your life," "We'll be the talk of the neighbourhood," "He'll have to marry you,"

"You'll have to have an abortion," "We'll have it adopted out." So went the litany of parental rebuke.

As it happened the father of the child did offer to marry Rosemary. Not that he was a particularly honourable man, or that he cared much about Rosemary beyond a casual fuck, but too many people had seen him disappear into that back bedroom with her.

Rosemary refused this offer of marital bliss. If she had been sober, he was about the last man she would desire to have sex with, or marry. This was just as well, because some three years after the offer he "Found himself," and set up house with a male student called Walter and, so the story went, "lived happily ever after."

Rosemary was equally adamant about abortion and adoption. She told her despairing parents that she intended to have the child and bring it up herself. This produced further parental wails, the content of which I shall leave to your imagination.

You see, from the moment Rosemary was aware that she carried within her new life, she had an overwhelming feeling of joy. Where other girls in her condition, even some married ones, might mourn their lot, for her, it was a blessing and not a curse. It might be useful to point out here that among her

many other qualities, Rosemary was a very spiritual person, and often had more insights than the preachers she heard Sunday by Sunday, and certainly more than some of the church people who muttered, "The wages of sin."

Thus, from the first moment of realisation, Rosemary felt there was something very special about the child she bore. There was a deep bonding even before the child saw the light of day. The pregnancy went without a hitch; in fact she had never felt better or looked more beautiful than she did during that period. She positively glowed with health and happiness.

The lecturer father kept at a distance, except that he made a very nice allowance to Rosemary that was to be kept up until the child reached its eighteenth year. In the following years he maintained the distance, showing no interest in the girl who's virginity he had taken or the offspring.

Rosemary even rejoiced at the pain of childbirth, seeing it as the sort of pain that always goes with the privilege of bringing forth a new creation. It was a boy child, and when holding him in her arms for the first time, where others saw a red wrinkled creature, she saw the universe encapsulated in this tiny fragment of life.

The bonding already begun in the womb, now continued, and over the coming years was to take on unusual depths and meaning. She returned to the parental home with the child, whom she had named John because, as Rosemary said, "God has been gracious."

At the end of the first year after John's birth, Rosemary found an apartment she could afford, and they moved in. For the first five years of John's life, Rosemary devoted her time and energy to caring for him. She held the view that there would be no artificial accelerated learning. "When he is ready he will learn if the materials are ready to hand for him."

They played together and bathed together. After bathing they would wrestle around the floor naked or hide from each other waiting to be found. There was to be no false modesty between them, for, as Rosemary said, "The human body is too beautiful to be hidden all the time." I hasten to add that this may be true of Rosemary and John, but it may not be a universal truth unfortunately.

John was not to be a child forever stuck before a television set. He was taken out in the pram across woods and fields, and his bare feet allowed to touch the earth. Like his mother, John had a quick intelligence, and speedily came to appreciate the beauty of his world and the creatures that inhabited it.

When the time came for him to go to school, and once she was sure he had settled in well, Rosemary returned to her studies. She was careful to see that this did not interfere with the time she and John spent together. With a more enlightened view of education holding sway, she could pace herself out appropriately.

Sometimes, in the evening and while she read to him, John would reach up and touch her face and say, "Mummy, you are beautiful. I love you." There is no more sincere compliment than that, coming from a child, and Rosemary would have to wipe her eyes and blow her nose, as she replied, "I love you too, my darling." And it was true. This love between mother and son deepened over the years.

If Sigmund Freud was right, and the son perceives the father as a rival for the mother's affection, then John did not have this problem. Rosemary was not without lovers, but they were never flaunted before John. She took great care in her choice of men. She wanted no long-term relationships, and if she suspected a lover was getting too close, the affair was ended. She also guarded against further pregnancies and disease. Having put herself on the pill, she made doubly sure by always insisting on a condom being used.

One of Rosemary's concerns for John was the masculine aspect of his development. Having no role model immediately available, she made shameless use of her father

and two married brothers. Between them John was introduced to those mostly male activities like fishing, fiddling with car engines, doing things "down in the shed," and abusing referees at football matches. Not that these men objected to being used, as John had such a sunny, open and loving disposition, being with him was always a pleasure.

As to herself, Rosemary could never quite understand her reticence to accept an ongoing relationship with a man. Clearly, the problem was not sexual because she had lovers for her gratification. Nor did she lack offers of marriage. Staff and students at the university went after her like a prize which none of them won. Single men in the church she attended tried for her hand, including one Reverent Gentlemen, but all failed.

She told herself and those who enquired, "I'm waiting for the right man to come along," but this did not convince her. Her real reason was partially hidden from her, but it was allowed to surface as, "I don't want anyone coming between John and I." For the time being, she left it at that.

As the years went on Rosemary gained her degree and this in turn led to her becoming a Pharmacist working for a local Chemist on a part time basis. This gave her the extra income that enabled them to move from the apartment to a house.

John did well at school, and apart from the odd moments of woe, enjoyed his life. He and Rosemary continued to be naked in each other's presence, taking showers together and still wrestling around. The house they had acquired included a swimming pool, and one day when John was about thirteen, and he and Rosemary were swimming naked, she noticed the first signs of pubic hair in his groin and an apparent enlargement of his penis. She smiled as she recalled the times she had washed his little sexual organ when he was a baby, and felt a sense of exultation at the thought that he was now moving towards manhood.

She drew no attention to this development, but waited for him to comment if he wished. He did so one evening when they were having their after shower wrestle. "Look, mum, see what's happening to me?" She showed interest, but because she made no big thing about it, John did not go into that shy stage that seems to afflict many young people. As with most of his life up to that point, and thanks to Rosemary's careful nurturing, this most dramatic of physical changes was taken in his stride. He later mentioned that he was producing sperm.

Thanks to the enlightened school John attended and Rosemary's own instruction, John learned about matters sexual, the potential dangers and pleasures. When he started serious dating, Rosemary always made sure there was a supply of condoms placed in the draw of his dressing table. She knew he made use of them because she was the re-

supplier, but again, she never made any comment. If he wanted to talk about it, he would.

It was when he was about fifteen that she noticed for the first time, that he was looking at her intently during their after swim laze by he pool. She also noted an erection. She said nothing, but looking at him, she felt the faint throbbing in her clitoris. Her mind went back to the often asked question, "Why no ongoing relationship?" She thought she knew now.

Their after shower wrestling had now ceased, as his six feet one inch to her five feet six inches, proved a bit overbearing. Instead they would do a few push ups and other exercises, and then lay around on the rug for a while. At least once a week they went out together, perhaps to a restaurant or theatre. At weekends, they would often hike for a few hours over the nearby hills, and always they were happy in each other's company.

Even Rosemary's mother noticed the close bond between them, and commented, "I wish I'd had some of that from your father or your brothers." Interesting comment from one whom had wanted to terminate John's life before it had even begun.

As to their sex lives, neither flaunted their activities before the other. Both knew that there were sexual activities going

on, and these were not really kept secret, especially as Rosemary was the condom re-supplier, and one day John had come across his mother's contraceptive pills.

One unavoidable matter now constantly presented itself to Rosemary. She sexually aroused John, and in turn, he aroused her. She also knew that John was aware of their mutual desire. Even if she did not see John's erections in her presence, their close bonding would have communicated his feelings to her and hers to him. In short, both knew the truth, but at that time, the truth could not set them free.

When John was seventeen and a half, Rosemary dismissed her latest lover and threw away her contraceptive pills. Within a couple of weeks as she went to replenish John's condoms, she saw that none had been used since her last visit to the draw. Two weeks later she looked again and still none had been used. The signal was clear and she knew the time was drawing close.

Now came a period of frustration for both of them. John had to masturbate frequently and Rosemary bought herself a vibrator. They would lie in their beds at night with only a wall between them, trying to relieve themselves of the tensions they felt. It was not very satisfactory.

John's eighteenth birthday arrived and a party was held. It went on until the early hours of the morning with all the usual noise and clatter of these occasions. Rosemary and John slept late, then got up to a mountainous mess. It took them a few hours to get things straight, and when finished they stripped off and plunged into the swimming pool.

Finishing the swim, they sat down on air mattresses beside the pool. After a few minutes, they looked into each other's eyes. Rosemary parted her legs, reached out her hand to John and said, "Yes, darling." He moved over to her and entered.

That poolside entry was the earnest of things to come. That night John went to his mother's bed. Holding her close to him he kissed her, pouring into her all his longing and desire. She, set on fire by him, stroked and kissed his penis, sucking in his precum like a starving woman. His hands and lips found her breasts, the source of his first nourishment, and poured his love over them. Moving to her vagina his tongue entered the sweet place he had entered this world from.

Rosemary had thrown away her contraceptive pills, and as he tried to put on a condom, she stopped him. "No, my love, I shall always take you as you are, and rejoice in what we are given." He poured himself into her.

It is now seven years since that first time of their coming together as lovers. I see them and their three beautiful children frequently. So far, they have one boy and twin girls. Rosemary and John have braved the sneers and accusations of some, and the envy of those who long for a love like theirs. Rosemary looks forward to more children. May God bless them richly.

A Christmas Play

Chapter 1: Seen at the Play.

It was at the school Christmas play I first saw her. Quite what it was that drew my attention to her wasn't clear. She was attractive but no more attractive than a lot of other young mothers present that evening.

She was on the other side of the school drama room from where I was sitting, and I tried to define what it was that made me keep glancing across at her. There was a remoteness, an austere quality combined with an aura of sadness about her. I felt that any attempt to speak to her might meet with a rebuff.

Gina Wallace was sitting next to me and I turned to her and asked, "Who is that woman sitting over there in the red dress?"

Gina looked at me quizzically for a moment, and then grinned. "Fancy her do you, Derek? I wouldn't go near her if I were you. Don't you recognise her, that's Aine Thorogood; her picture was in all the papers three or four years ago."

The name was familiar but I still could not put it in context.

I gave Gina a questioning look and she went on; “You know, she killed her husband with a kitchen knife. At her trial it was said he was a sadomasochist. Led her a hell of a life so they say. Must have got too much for her so she grabbed the knife and stuck it into him. In the end she got off with manslaughter and received a fairly light sentence. She got out about a month ago after serving a couple of years. Good behaviour I suppose.”

I looked across at Aine Thorogood again, asking, “What’s she doing here?”

“Come to see her son, Jamie I expect. He’s playing Joseph, poor little devil. When she went to jail he was only four and her in-laws took him. I’m told they won’t hand him back now. They are claiming she’s an unfit mother and she should have been given life for murdering their dear son. That’s about all I know.”

I’d heard about Jamie because my daughter, Samantha, was playing Mary, and she had informed me she “wuvved” (loved) Jamie because he shared his chocolate with her. I had not made the connection between Jamie and his husband killing mother.

Samantha, or “Sam” as she is generally known, might also be described as a “poor little devil.” Four months before the night of the play Gloria, my wife, had walked out on us. She gave as her reason that she “needed her own space.” Her “own space” proved to be a senior executive in the company she worked for.

One of her colleagues who sympathised with my position told me that the executive had suggested he could advance Gloria’s career if she would, as my informant put it, “Come across.” She duly came across, leaving me to cope with Sam.

Not that Sam was a great burden. She’s a sweet child and much beloved were I am concerned. When Gloria departed the situation remained much the same as it had been from quite soon after her birth, in the sense that little Sam had spent most of her time being looked after by my mother and father, while Gloria and I went to work during the day.

The man that Gloria was now living with had left a wife and three children, but at least she had been a full time mother. I sometimes wondered how she was coping.

Since departing neither Sam nor I had seen anything of Gloria. “So much for a devoted mother,” I often thought, but then, Gloria had not really wanted Sam in the first place. She had been more concerned with her career than child rearing.

I suppose I was the one to blame in that I had wanted us to have a child. So, now I had a child, and was trying to be both father and mother to her.

I was still looking across at Aine when she glanced at me. For a few seconds I was riveted by two large dark eyes. From where I was sitting they gave the impression of being black and conveyed a deep sadness. I looked away as Gina nudged me in the ribs and hissed, "It's starting."

The lights came up on the little stage, and we began to wade our way through a group of five and six year olds presenting their teacher's version of the Christmas story. There was much prompting and pushing onto the stage.

The baby Jesus, a doll, got entangled in Joseph's robe, shepherds dropped crooks and one of the wise men announced he had brought his gift of "Frank's sense," and another that he had brought "Ma." The bringer of gold got it right. At the end we parents clapped heartily as our exultant offspring bowed to us.

As is common on such occasions, the school Principal made a very long and boring speech, praising the children, the teacher, the school and herself, all this while the miniature thespians were still on the stage.

Then it was refreshment time and cuddles for Sam as I told her, "You were wonderful, darling." Then I had to meet Jamie, her stage husband, because "I wuv him daddy."

Jamie proved to be a surprisingly mature six year old who shook hands solemnly with me and said, "Nice to meet you, Mr.Sam." Actually it's "Mack," but clearly Sam was the dominant name for him. The boy had the same large, dark eyes as his mother, and the hint of sadness.

While Sam and Jamie plastered their faces with sponge cake, I looked around for Jamie's mother, but she was nowhere in sight. Eventually a woman approached and said, "We've got to go now, Jamie." She turned out to be the mother of an angel whose wings had wilted during the performance. She had made herself responsible for bringing Jamie and taking him home. She informed me that his grandparents would be coming to see the second performance the following night.

So, while she basked in her fame, I drove a sleepy Sam home as she leaned against me in the car smearing residual sponge cake down the arm of my coat.

"Isn't Jamie nice, daddy?" She sighed rapturously as I put her to bed. "Very nice, darling, I can see why you 'wuv' him."

“Yes,” she sighed again, as she slipped into the exhausted sleep of a stage star, leaving me to meditate on the innocence of children and the purity of their love.

Chapter 2: On my Mind.

Next day I found the image of Aine Thorogood popping into my mind. I was puzzled why this was so. Since there had been no sexual contact with a woman since Gloria left, and very little for some months before she did leave, my interest might have been put down as sexual attraction. Yet as I have already pointed out, she was no more physically attractive than a lot of other women present at the play, and I knew for certain that one or two of those were willing to satisfy my sexual needs if I had wished.

As a loyal supporter of my actress daughter, I attended the second night of the play. The children, having drawn confidence from the success of their previous performance, now flung themselves into the action with hilarious abandonment. Disaster followed disaster, all of which they carried off with grins at the audience and great aplomb.

I looked around for Aine, but she was not there. After the play and an even longer and more boring speech by the

Principal, there was another cake fest. During this I saw Jamie with a couple who looked about sixty years of age.

“That’s Jamie’s grandma and grandpa,” whispered Sam in my ear, “They won’t let him play with anyone.”

Sam might have been exaggerating, but I noted that the couple kept Jamie very close to them, and they seemed to speak to no one else.

Once more I took my little cake encrusted starlet home to be informed again at bedtime that she “Wuved” Jamie, and added, “I wuv you too, daddy.” Then she said, “Jamie hasn’t got a daddy,” and went to sleep.

“Yes, my darling,” I thought, “and you barely have a mummy.” I choked down the emotion that threatened to bring tears, and gave myself a glass of whisky.

During the days that followed the play Aine Thorogood continued to occupy my mind. I went so far as to go to the public library and look up her story in back numbers of the newspapers.

In so far as the media can be believed, Gina's information was about correct. The original charge against Aine had been murder, but somehow this got changed to manslaughter.

Her husband, it seemed, had been an up to the minute Marquis de Sade. The witnesses for the prosecution testified to what a lovely little boy he had been, and such a virtuous teenager, never the less he ended up a depraved monster. The testimony of Aine's doctor told of the physical and emotional damage he had done to her over the five years of their marriage.

The jury found her guilty on the manslaughter charge and added a recommendation for leniency. Even though Gina had said the sentence was lenient, I thought the judge acted rather harshly considering the circumstances, giving her three years imprisonment. She served two years and was then released.

Photographs of her showed the frightened face of a bewildered woman, those large dark eyes of hers filled with apprehension. I know people say, "The law is the law," but I wondered what earthly good it was putting an ill used and frightened woman into prison. More to the point would have been some loving care. The question that arose I suppose was, who would want to love a husband killer?

There was little about her son Jamie. For once the media had the decency not to try and get its readers wallowing in that combination of self-righteousness and useless sentimentality so dear to them. There was in one newspaper a brief mention that the child would be put in the care of his paternal grandparents.

A further and indignant note in one newspaper announced that Aine had refused a large sum of money to tell her life story. "At least there's someone left in this world with some wholesomeness." I thought. "Perhaps not everyone can be bought with money." Then cynically I thought further, "I wonder what would buy her?" then I felt ashamed of my scepticism.

My only excuse for my cynicism is the bitterness I felt over Gloria who, to distort a quote from the bible, had exchanged Sam and I for a "mess of pottage." Perhaps I deserved the treatment Gloria had dished out, but not little Sam.

It may have been foolish, but at first I had told Sam that "Mummy has gone away for a while because of her work." Ironically this was not altogether untrue. But Sam is a bright enough little girl, and after around three weeks of Gloria's absence she said to me, "Mummy doesn't want us any more, does she daddy?"

Sam looked at me dry eyed, while I tried to fight back tears and attempt to justify her mother's absence. When I finished Sam, still staring at me solemn eyed, asked, "You're not going to leave me, are you daddy?"

I think it would be hard to find something more heart wrenching than that for a father, and hugging her to me, I assured her that I would never leave her. She sat on my lap, pressed against me for a long time, saying nothing. Then as if the matter had never been raised she got off my lap and said, "I'm going to find teddy," and went off on her search.

When next day I had dropped Sam off at my parent's house, I told my mother what Sam had said and how she seemed to close the door on the matter, she said, "Derek, she hasn't closed the door, she's just buried her pain. You must be very careful with her." She then added, "And with yourself, darling."

I work as an engineering draughtsman and I would have willingly given up my job to look after Sam, but I had to have money for us to live on. Had it not been for my parents, my plight would have been very difficult indeed.

Chapter 4: An Agnostic Prays.

The play had taken place at the end of the school year so it was Christmas vacation for Sam. She was now in my parent's care more than ever as I had to leave her to go to work. Aine Thorogood gradually faded from my mind. I had not anticipated seeing her again, so when I did see her, and the place in which I saw her, it was, to say the least, a surprise.

On Christmas Eve my parents always had a gathering of family and friends. It was a cheerful but reasonably quiet occasion, and was concluded by our attendance at the local church for a midnight service of Carols and Nine Lessons.

I was something of an agnostic at the time, and went along to the service partly for my parent's sake, and partly because the service is quite beautiful and well done. Sam by special dispensation was allowed to stay up late and come with us.

Arriving at the service a few minutes before it was due to start I was idly looking around the congregation when I saw Aine enter the church. As she walked down the aisle seeking a seat, she spotted Sam and stopped by our pew.

"You're the little girl who played Mary in the school play, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Sam, no doubt wondering who the lady was.

Aine seemed to hesitate for a moment as if wondering if to say more, then went on, "I'm Jamie's mother. Can I sit with you?"

"Yes," replied Sam with some enthusiasm, no doubt delighted to be in the presence of her beloved Jamie's mother.

"Is Jamie coming too?" Sam asked.

"No, he's gone to bed," Aine replied.

Sam sighed her disappointment and taking Sam's hand I said to Aine, "I'm Sam's father...er...Samantha that is... Derek Mack."

Aine paused again, and then said, "Yes, I know. I saw you at the play."

At that moment the organist gave forth with the opening bars of "Once in Royal David's City." The priest, readers and choir entered singing and there was no further talk.

The service begun, I entered into a sort of reverie, contemplating the woman sitting so close to me. A man killer with dark, sad eyes, a mother without her child, and my mind turning to Sam, a child without a mother.

I was jolted back to consciousness of my surroundings. The opening of the service completed, a reader was reading the ancient myth of Adam and Eve, those two of whom it is alleged they brought sin into our world.

What sin? What was the deed done or not done by those two and their tempter the snake? Disobedience? Sex? Murder? Consciousness of being naked? What was that fruit and tree? I had long thought of this story as pure nonsense, but tonight it struck home anew, as if I had never heard it before and it was coming to me afresh.

What was that sin? It was irresponsibility, yes the petty carelessness of everyday, the betrayals and the denial of our accountability. The man betrays the woman: "The woman who you gave to be with me, she gave me fruit of the tree, and I ate." The woman betrays the snake: "The serpent beguiled me, and I ate." Generation after generation, always the same: "It's not my fault, he, she, it, made me do it."

Yes, the petty betrayals of everyday life, the lies and deceptions that carry within them the violence that bursts out with

devastating and murderous force when finally we can no longer bear the burden of what we are and what has been done to us.

The service had moved on into calmer waters as the readers read the ancient promises of a final salvation from our human mire.

The choir and congregation rose to sing the children's hymn, "Away in a Manger." Aine had not risen and the hymn begun, I glanced across at her. Sam had fallen asleep lying across Aine's lap. "My God, I thought, mother and child."

Aine sat still as a statue and I was distressed to see tears running down her cheeks. What was she seeing in her stillness? What pain was tormenting her? Was it the hymn reminding her of the time she gave birth? The absence of her son, or a little girl, not "asleep in the hay," but on her lap?

I looked at her profile through my own emerging tears. In her sorrow I saw a beauty I had not observed before. Her mouth shut tightly against the sounds of her weeping – a mouth that in its fullness promised laughter and love. Her slightly aquiline nose and above it a broad forehead surmounted by luxuriant auburn hair. Above all those eyes, not black as they had seemed at a distance, but dark brown and now swimming with tears.

I looked away, unable to bear the sight of her grief and strangely, the sight of Sam cuddled against her. It was all so agonisingly poignant. I was so choked that I was no longer singing, but at the line, "stay by my side until morning is nigh," I found myself whispering, "stay by her side until morning is nigh." The agnostic offering his prayer for a woman he did not know, but who was in her grief holding his child.

When the hymn ended the priest called the congregation to prayer. It was a prayer that caught up the needs of people, their sorrows and pains. Again I found myself praying to the doubted God, "Give her love and comfort for she has born much."

During the next hymn Aine still sat with Sam in her lap and I could see she was struggling to find her handkerchief as she tried not to disturb the child. I got my own unused handkerchief out and passed it to her. She looked up and gave me a wan smile of thanks.

The remainder of the service passed in a blur until at last the organ roared out, "O Come all ye Faithful." The choir and readers processed out of the church and the priest stood alone to pronounce the benediction. The organ was hurled into a Bach fugue and the congregation began to leave, calling out to each other, "Merry Christmas."

The three of us sat for a while until most of the congregation had left the church, and then I extended my arms to take Sam. Aine carefully gave Sam to me, passed me back my handkerchief and said, "Thank you," rose and walked out of the church.

I didn't want her leave like that, alone and desolate. I tried to catch up with her but encumbered by the still sleeping Sam, I lost sight of her.

My parents were standing chatting with a little group of people, but when my mother saw me she came to me and asked, "Who was that lady holding Sam?" She had been sitting in the pew just behind Aine, and must have seen much of what had passed.

"That's Aine Thorogood," I told her.

Mother looked puzzled for a moment, just as I had on first being told the name, then realisation dawned, "That's the woman who..."

"Yes, that's the women," I said quickly, wanting to cut her off before she said those words, "Killed her husband."

“She looked terribly distressed,” mother said.

“Yes, I wanted to catch up with her when she left at the end of the service, but she was too quick for me.”

Mother stood thinking for a moment, then turned and tapped my father on the shoulder. She whispered something to him and he looked over at me and then nodded to mother.

“She went that way,” mother said. “She was walking, so why don’t you give Sam to dad, and see if you can catch up with her. Invite her to come back to our place for a drink. No one should be on their own Christmas Eve.”

I mentally thanked God for my mother’s compassion – what was I doing thanking God? - and took off at a trot in the direction mother had indicated. I turned the corner of the street and kept going until I reached the next junction.

I looked down each street in turn and could not see her. Thinking there was no point in going further I was about to turn back when in the light of street lamp I saw a flash of white. Aine had been wearing a white linen suit!

I set out at a faster pace and as I drew close I called “Excuse me madam.”

She stopped and turned almost warily, as if expecting something unpleasant to happen.

I came up to her panting and gasped, "My mother said would like you to come and have a drink with us."

"Why?"

"On, she saw how kind you were to Sam and..."

"I can't."

"We really would like you to," I said, I hoped persuasively. "If Sam is still awake I'm sure she'd love to be with Jamie's mother. She says she 'wuv's' Jamie."

"You don't know who I am. You wouldn't want me..."

"I know who you are and we do want you to. If your reason for not coming is what is past and not something else you have to do, then please come, I would like you to."

She stood looking at me for a few moments as if assessing my personal invitation, and then asked, "I won't spoil things for you?"

“You won’t spoil things for any of us,” I replied.

“All right, and thank you, it’s very kind of you.”

Chapter 4: Getting to Know You.

We walked back in the direction of the church where my parents were still waiting, the others having gone on ahead. Sam and I had come in my parent’s car, so taking Sam back from my father, Aine and I got into the back of the car.

Somehow Sam had continued to sleep and once in the car Aine said, “Could I hold her again?” I passed Sam over to her and she drew her close to her breast. “She’s thinking of Jamie,” I thought.

Tomorrow morning there would be gifts. Sam would be laughing as she opened her parcels, and we adults would be delighted with her pleasure. Probably there would be no child for Aine to take pleasure in. I wondered about Gloria. She had sent no gift, not even a note or a card. Would she also miss the joy of a child on Christmas morning? Had Aine sent a gift to Jamie that she would not see him open?

Arriving at the house poor little Sam was handed over once more. I took her straight to bed and Aine, coming up behind me asked: "Could I...could I...I won't get in the way...if I..."

I knew what she wanted, so I said, "Of course. You can help me get her into her nightie."

We went to the room where Sam would be sleeping that night and I undressed the half awake half asleep little thing. Aine was holding the night dress, so I made no move to take it from her, but allowed her to put it on Sam.

I said to Aine, "Just wait here a minute," and I went to the room I would be using and got the small Christmas stocking to put at the foot of Sam's bed. The main gifts would be given out after breakfast in the morning.

When I got back to Sam's room Aine was sitting on the edge of the bed softly stroking Sam's hair. As soon as she was aware of my presence she quickly withdrew her hand saying, "I just wanted to touch her again."

"I know how you feel," I replied, smiling. "She has that effect on a lot of people."

I placed the stocking at the foot of the bed and kissed Sam on the forehead. I saw Aine make a move as if to kiss Sam, but pulled back. I smiled again and said, "I'm sure Sam would love you to, if she was awake to know."

"Thank you." She bent and kissed the child.

As we left the room I said, "By the way, you thanked me in the church." I gave a quiet laugh. "Was that because Sam had fallen asleep on your lap or because I loaned you my handkerchief?"

"Neither, although it was lovely to hold her. I thanked you because I felt you praying for me in church."

That did startle me. How on earth could she know that a near hardened agnostic verging on atheism had so far betrayed himself as to pray? I hadn't the courage to ask at that moment.

The little group of friends and relatives had gathered in the lounge and were chatting and laughing as they sipped on their drinks and ate the little sandwiches mother had made. This would be the difficult moment, I thought. How will they receive Aine?

Thank God for my mother – there I go again, thanking the non-being – she has a beautiful non-patronising way of drawing people in and making them feel welcome. She took over Aine and having ascertained what she would like to drink, I was sent to get it. It must have been a brandy and dry because...well, more of that later.

I returned with the drink plus my own whisky, and was told by mother to go away and make myself pleasant to the company because she and Aine were talking female things. In a minor way I have always been grateful that mother never used that immature phrase, “Girl talk.”

I wandered around talking to various people until they began to make their way home. Eventually there were only my parents, Aine and myself.

“Derek will drive you home, Aine,” mother said.

“Oh no, I can...”

“No you can’t, not at this time in the morning.” Then peremptorily to me, “Derek!”

“Yes of course, mother.”

Aine turned and said to mother and father, "Thank you for inviting me, it's been lovely."

Mother kissed her on the cheek and said, "We've loved having you. Perhaps we shall see more of you in the future."

"I'd like that if..."

The poor woman seemed to be for ever getting cut off before she'd finished a sentence as my father shook her hand and rumbled, "Been delightful to have you, my dear."

I drove Aine home and found that she lived in a rather run down part of the town. She said very little as we drove and tried to persuade me to drop her off at the corner of her street. It seemed clear that she did not want me to see where she lived.

I was not having that, so she gave in and let me drive up to the house where, as I was later to discover, she rented one room.

From first seeing her at the play I had been fascinated by Aine. The fascination initially had not been about sex or lust, or any of those usual things that are supposed to draw a man to a woman. I suppose it was an intense curiosity that had

led me to read the back numbers of the newspapers. Now my feelings had become something else. Perhaps compassion best describes them.

Aine made to get out of the car, but I touched her arm and said, "I'd like to talk for a moment."

"Oh?"

"I don't want to be pushy, Aine, but would you like to join us tomorrow morning, when Sam opens her gifts?"

I knew it was a dangerous question. She would have Jamie in mind and seeing another child's Christmas pleasure might be shattering for her.

It was a relief that she did not refuse outright, but asked, "What about your parents?"

"You heard what my mother said. She never says what she doesn't mean just to be polite. She said she'd like to see you again."

"Thank you Derek, I should like that very much."

"I'll pick you up about nine, then?"

"I shall be ready."

I drove home for some reason singing.

Chapter 5: Mother has a Talk.

Late as it was mother was clearing things away when I arrived and was geared up for a talk.

After enquiring if Aine had got home all right, she went on, "I had quite a long talk with her, Derek. We did not talk about her past, it was mainly about Sam, but I could work out that she has been very, very deeply hurt by life."

"Yes, I know. Look mother, I've invited her here for tomorrow morning, is the okay?"

Mother looked at me long and hard, and then said, "Yes, that's all right, she will be welcome, but there is one thing. I don't know what you have in mind, Derek, but be very gentle with her. I've got the feeling that there's a lovely person inside her wanting to get out, but she's afraid."

“She was very good with Sam, mother.”

“Yes, but that’s because she feels that Sam is safe. Sam doesn’t know about her past, and can accept Aine as she is. We do know, and it’s hard to put that aside. But I tell you this, Derek, I read all the newspaper reports about her arrest and trial and listened to all the media nonsense at the time, but I can read between the lines, and what I read was that this woman has been badly hurt, hurt physically and emotionally.”

“You’ve been hurt yourself, not in the way Aine has been hurt, but you are vulnerable. She’s an attractive woman and if you are thinking of trying to get involved, be careful with her. And if you’re not thinking of getting involved, do nothing to give her the impression that you are. There’s enough pain in the world without adding to it.”

She rose and kissed me on the cheek and said, “Good night, darling, and be careful.”

“Good night, mother, and thank you.”

She smiled and departed for her bed. It was four in the morning and I was nearly asleep standing up, so I staggered off to bed and fell into a dreamless sleep.

Chapter 6: "On Christmas Day in the Morning."

I was awakened by Sam shaking me and saying, "Daddy, look what Father Christmas left me."

She was holding the little Christmas stocking, her mouth already smeared with some chocolate it had contained. In addition there were the usual small things, a doll, whistle and what could have been a Dalmatian dog or a spotted cow, it was rather hard to tell.

It was one of those deeply touching moments when a child is so delighted with such little things. They have not yet learned to demand vastly expensive gifts of their distraught parents with such blackmailing phrases as, "All other girls (or boys) have got..."

I looked at the bedside clock and saw it was eight o'clock. Giving Sam a kiss and getting a taste of her chocolate I said, "I've got to go and get the lady."

“Are you going to get Jamie’s mummy. She put my night dress on last night, didn’t she? Can I come with you to get her, please, daddy?”

“All right, I said, but you’ll have to hurry, I don’t want to be late.”

There was a flurry of showering and breakfasting and two minutes after nine o’clock we were outside Aine’s house. She must have seen us arrive because before I could get to the door she came out and walked to the car.

Sam was jumping up and down on the seat and before Aine had a chance to get into the back of the car Sam called out, “Can I sit on your lap again Mrs. Lady?”

“If you wouldn’t mind,” I said.

She smiled and said, “Of course,” then lifting Sam out of the seat, she sat in the front and placed Sam on her lap.

There are situations where a male and female relationship is in the process of being formed, and where one or both adults have a child. They make an exaggerated fuss of the other’s child. They are trying to convey the impression that they really would make a good substitute mother or father.

The exaggerated attention and affection usually makes it easy to pick that sort of situation, and often the affection does not extend much beyond the first entanglements of the adult pair. With Aine I got no impression that she was pretending to affection she did not really feel. She was what people call “natural” with Sam. She simply listened to her chatter about what she had found in her Christmas stocking and made appropriate comments.

The thought flashed through my mind, “If only Gloria could have...” I put the brakes on that one, recognising the futility of “If only’s.”

As soon as we got back to the house, it was present time. Aine looked embarrassed and I heard her whisper to mother, “I haven’t got anything.”

Mother whispered her reply, “You are here, and that’s enough, my dear.”

I could see that Aine looked puzzled by this response, but began to visibly relax.

We all got our Christmas present from under the tree, including Sam, but her special present from me had been

hidden away. It was her first little two wheeled bicycle and on seeing it she was reduced temporarily to silence. Then she was all over me with thanks and kisses and requests to be taken out and taught to ride it. Then she suddenly paused in her exuberance and whispered to me, "Mrs. Lady hasn't got a present, do think Father Christmas would mind if I gave her the little dog?" We had agreed that it was a dog.

I whispered back, "I think he would be very pleased that you are such a kind little girl."

Sam rushed from the room to return almost immediately with the dog wrapped in what looked like toilet paper. She went to Aine and handing her the ragged parcel said, "I've got a present for you."

Aine hesitated for a moment, and then took the gift and unwrapping it exposed the dog. She stared at it for several seconds, and then holding it to her breast she gasped, "Thank you darling, its lovely."

Her shoulders began to shake, and mother said to father, "Arthur, will you take Sam outside and start teaching her to ride on the garden path?"

Father may not be as sensitive as mother, but he took the situation in and said, "Of course, my dear. Come along, Sam, let's ride."

Aine had been fighting back her tears, but as soon as Sam had left with father, she broke down. I think it was one of the most agonising moments in my life, to witness someone so broken, so open, releasing what must have been the pent up misery of years.

The tears streaming down her face and sobs shaking her body, she looked up at my mother and said, "Oh Mrs.Mack, it hurts so much, so very badly. My heart is broken."

Mother went to her and sitting beside her on the sofa and took her in her arms. She rocked Aine in her arms saying, "Cry my love, cry it all out. You can say it all because you're safe with us."

Out it poured the pain and suffering of her marriage. The imprisonment and her separation from Jamie. People's rejection of her, their suspicion and whispers behind her back. Her loveless existence.

That austere, remote look I had observed on first seeing her had fallen away completely, I saw a human being in all the beauty and ugliness of raw suffering. She was one of life's

little ones hiding in the comfort and protection of my mother's breast. All her strength had gone and she was utterly fragile and defenceless in the face of her own grief, and she hugged the little dog to her.

"A happy Christmas, Saviour of the world," I sneered silently, "You didn't save her, did you?"

I was shocked at what happened next. To this day I don't know if I had a moment of madness, but as clear as if someone was in the room speaking the words, I heard in my head: "No, I didn't save her. You prayed for her so I knew that I could leave it up to you."

Aine had started to calm, and mother looked across at me to ask something and stared at me for a moment, then said, "Derek, are you all right, you've gone as white as sheet."

Poor mother, she must have thought she had another lost soul on her hands, so I pulled myself together and replied, "I'm okay."

Mother stared at me with that suspicious look mothers have when you're a child, and they have asked you if you've opened your bowels that morning and you say 'yes' to escape being given a laxative.

Mother apparently decided to accept my declaration of all rightness and said, "Get Aine a drink, Derek."

I went to the drinks table and remembering Aine's drink of the previous night I poured her a brandy and dry.

Taking the drink to her, I could see that Aine's body was still being shaken by intermittent sobs, and she was shivering.

"Go to the cupboard in the hall," mother ordered, "and you'll find a woollen rug. Bring it here, would you?"

I did as ordered and returned to find Aine stretched out on the sofa, her head on a cushion. Mother took the rug and draped it over Aine saying, "Sleep now for a while, and we can talk more later."

She signalled me to leave the room, and followed me a minute later.

"Well, Derek, you've seen a woman at the end of her resources. We'll let her sleep until lunchtime, and then see what's to be done. Now why don't you go and take over from your father and teach Sam how to ride her bicycle?"

Chapter 7: A Cycling Interlude.

Again I did as instructed, and took Sam out to a nearby park to run up and down the path supporting her as she wobbled along on her first velocipedic adventure.

By lunch time I was exhausted but Sam was exuberantly demonstrating her new found skill of balancing on two wheels. We had achieved this with no more than a grazed knee and a breathless father, and I think both of us were ready to eat.

Aine did not join us for lunch, but mother took her something on a tray.

Sam was rather puzzled by “Mrs. Lady’s” absence, and wondered aloud if Mrs. Lady would come and see her ride in the park that afternoon. Mother told her Mrs. Lady was not feeling very well, and would need to rest, but she might be able to see Sam later.

I was once more denied access to the lounge, and was told to take Sam back to the park to ride her bicycle. Thus a large

part of the afternoon was spent watching Sam gain riding confidence while I sat on a park bench under a tree.

It's amazing how much pleasure a parent can get from their child's delight. Watching Sam and hearing her cries of glee at her success, the afternoon passed quickly. It was not until my father came seeking me that I realised I had been sitting on the bench for nearly two hours.

"Your mother wants you," he said significantly, "I'll stay with Sam for a bit longer."

I hastened to obey the summons and was met by a thoughtful mother.

"Derek, I want you to drive Aine to her house and help her pack some things, and then bring her back here."

"What's happening?" I asked, puzzled.

"Aine will be staying with us for a while," she replied. "She must not go back to that place to be alone, not for the next few days, anyway. We've had a long talk, and if it's all right with Aine I'll tell you about it later. Just go and help her get her things now."

I turned to head for the lounge to get Aine, and mother added, "And Derek, she's in a very delicate state, so no careless remarks or comments. Be sensitive."

"Right."

Chapter 8: The Lady of the House.

Aine looked pale and drained, and although she was not especially short, probably about five feet six or seven, she seemed diminished, smaller.

"I'll take you to collect your things," I said.

In a hoarse, almost inaudible voice she said, "Thank you."

We drove to her house, or rather, her room. It was dim and sparsely furnished, with a single bed, small table and a wardrobe. Aine opened a drawer at the bottom of the wardrobe and began to take out various items of underwear and put them in a suitcase. I noted how worn and tattered some of the garments were.

Opening the wardrobe door she took out the linen suit she had been wearing at the church and one dress. Apart from a top coat there was nothing else in there except a large box wrapped in Christmas paper.

Aine packed a few other items from around the room, including a photograph of a child that I recognised as Jamie.

"That's all," she said.

As we left an aggressive looking woman came out from a room near the front door and stood before us. Addressing Aine she said, "You owe me two weeks rent, when am I going to get it?"

"I'll give it to you as soon as I get my social welfare cheque," Aine whispered.

"Not good enough," the woman said, "I want me bleedin' money now."

"I haven't got the money," protested Aine.

"Then I'd better hang on to yer things," the woman responded belligerently, as she made a grab for the suitcase

I was carrying. "Thought yer could sneak off with yer fancy man without payin' did yer!"

I held fast to the case and asked, "How much is owing?"

"She owes me a hundred and twenty bleedin' dollars, and she ain't pissin' off with you until she's paid up."

I took out my wallet and handed the woman the money saying, "There you are, and Mrs.Thorogood won't be coming back."

"Oh, it's 'Misses Thorogood' is it? We are coming up in the world, ain't we!"

Ignoring the woman I turned to Aine and said, "We'll take the rest of your things now, you're not to come back here."

We returned to the room and collected what was left, which was not very much. As we left the house the woman was waiting by the front door.

"Think she'll make a nice screw do yer? Just wait until yer get a knife in yer ribs one of these nights."

I was about to make some retort, then changed my mind. What was the use? The wretched woman was probably only trying to dump some her own pain on Aine, so why reinforce her troubled mind with a pointless comment?

Aine had been almost totally silent since we had left my parents' home, and she made no response to the women's abuse, in fact she hardly seemed to hear it. I hurried her to the car and we put her belongings in the back. As we clambered into the car the woman shouted out, "An' if I find you've taken any of my things, I'll have the law on yer."

As I drove away with a bowed Aine beside me, I wondered what I was going to do with her, having decided for her that she wasn't going back to that room. Mother had implied a few days for her stay at their house, how would she respond to the idea of a longer period?

Chapter 8: A Sister?

I needn't have worried. My mother, with her seemingly boundless compassion for Aine, simply commented, "She can stay as long as necessary, Derek. We need to bring her back into life. I'm going to put her into the room Sam slept in, so I'll go and help her unpack, then let her sleep again if she want's to."

"It won't take you long to do the unpacking," I said, "She's got very little and most of what she does have looks as it's fit for the rag bag, especially her underwear. Would you mind if I made a contribution and bought her a few things?"

"Good idea," mother said.

"Only thing is, I don't know what...you know...how to..."

"You men really are a useless lot," mother snorted. "All right, I'll check up on her sizes while we unpack, and you and me can go out together to get the things when the shops open on Monday. Now don't go away because I want to talk to you when I've got Aine settled."

"Where's Sam," I asked.

"Out in the park again with your father, on her bicycle."

"Right, I'll go and take over for a while and send dad back. He can give me a call when you want to talk."

"Good."

I retired to the park and was greeted by an exuberant Sam with, "Look what I can do daddy."

She had previously had to stop the bike and get off to turn the thing around. She now demonstrated her ability to turn the bicycle around while still on the move. I had to witness this feat a number of times, offering my praise and admiration.

My father returned to announce that Aine was asleep and mother was ready to talk with me.

"You're getting a bit left out, dad," I remarked.

"Don't worry, she'll reserve her talk with me until we get into bed tonight," he grinned. "By the way, she says it's time for Sam to come in, and I've got to supervise her shower. She really knows how to take over once she's committed, that woman of mine," he laughed.

Mother looked all limbered up for serious talk, but she began by saying, "She's a size fourteen and takes a 38C in bras. I can see what you mean; her stuff is falling to bits. We'll shop on Monday if it's all right with you."

“Fine, but you don’t think she’ll object to us taking over like this?”

“That’s partly what I want to talk to you about, Derek. Let’s go and sit in the lounge.”

Seated, mother started. “Aine and I have had a long talk. She’s been wide open, letting all the misery and pain, all the poison, come out. I don’t need to give you the sordid details, do I?”

“No, I read them for myself.”

“There is something you probably don’t know, Derek, and I don’t know what to make of it. When she came to the church last night it was a sort of farewell. She was going back to her room to turn on the gas fire and kill herself. I can see that she had plenty of reasons for giving up on life, but there was one last straw that broke the camel’s back.”

She paused for a moment seeming to be struggling with her own emotions, then went on in a low voice: “You saw that big box wrapped in Christmas paper?”

“Yes, what’s in it?”

“An electric train set. It was for Jamie. She bought it with money she’d saved out of her social security, but knowing she wouldn’t be allowed to see Jamie, she sent it, and they returned it. No note, nothing, just sent it back. Can you imagine anything crueller you could do to a mother?”

“During the church service she changed her mind about committing suicide, and do you know why?”

“No, why?”

“Because somebody cared enough about her to pray for her, and you know who that was, don’t you?”

“Yes. But I don’t understand how she knew, I mean, I didn’t speak out loud, except during that hymn ‘Away in a Manger’, but I was so quiet she couldn’t have heard.”

“No, she didn’t hear in the accepted way of hearing, she felt.”

“How do you mean, ‘felt’?”

“I tried to get her to explain that, and all she said was it was like a warm feeling, and she knew somebody cared enough

and was praying for her, and she felt the compassion coming from you.”

“I can’t say any more than that, Derek, because she didn’t say any more herself. Perhaps when you were a child I should have warned you about praying for people.”

“Warned me?”

“Yes, I should have told you that praying for people can be risky.”

I was completely lost as to what mother meant and I asked, “How is it risky praying for someone, after all, it’s just words?”

“Yes, that’s what a lot of people think about praying, but that’s not really prayer at all. Real prayer puts us in the position of being responsible to and for the person we pray for.”

I felt a sudden lurch in my stomach. I contemplated telling mother about the voice I had heard, but decided against it. She might think I’d gone crazy, so I remained silent on the matter and merely indicated to her that I’d understood.

Mother went on: "At the moment Aine is right down at the bottom of the pit, emotionally, physically and intellectually. What she needs is a hand stretched out to give her a start in her climb out of that dark place. We can offer that hand."

Mother fell silent, and we both sat meditating on the situation. I began to wonder why we had got our selves involved. With all the pain and suffering in the world, why this one? And what of myself, did I not have pain?

Then the realisation came that since first seeing Aine at the Christmas play, I had hardly thought about my problems with Gloria. I had gradually focused away from my own difficulties, and begun to focus on someone else's situation.

But what about mother, and father for that matter? I found myself cynically asking myself, "What's in it for them." I decided to voice that thought.

"Mother, why are we...why are you going to all this trouble for Aine, when...?"

"When there are so many others? It's simple, Derek. Aine came across our path. I can do very little for the entire world's suffering, but I can do something for this one sufferer. She was there, Derek..."

Mother paused; staring into space, then went on: "No, I'm not telling the complete truth."

"Which is?" I asked.

"Derek, I'm not being the unselfish person I've been trying to tell you I am. There's something in it for me."

I couldn't see what would be "in it" for her, so I asked, "What is in it for you?"

"Something I've always wanted, a daughter. I love you Derek, you know that, but one of the sad things for your father and I is that we never had a girl. When you brought Gloria into our lives I tried to be a mother to her, tried to love her, but she was too independent, too ambitious and quite frankly, too self-important to want anything I had to give. Perhaps it was my fault as much as hers. I never really liked her, and maybe she felt that."

"And you want to take Aine as a daughter?"

Mother gave a wan smile and said, "That's not biologically possible, and in any case she might not want it, but in the

mean time I shall give her the love I would have wanted to give to a daughter in trouble.”

“Do you expect me to be her brother?” I asked, grimacing.

“What you are to Aine will be your decision, but just remember, you were the one who prayed for her.”

Mother suddenly changed the direction of the discussion and said, “Regarding her son Jamie, I shall get your father’s legal brain working on that one, he’s a solicitor so I’m sure he can find out the situation in law.”

“Ah,” I thought, “that will be dad’s bedtime fare tonight.”

“About Monday’s shopping,” mother went on, “pick me up about nine. Would you? Now I’ve got to get on preparing the meal or we’ll all starve.”

She rose and went to the door, and then turned and said, “Well, don’t just sit there, come and help me.”

I followed her to the kitchen to peel and wash things.

Father arrived with a polished Sam. "We'll leave as soon as we've eaten," I said, then hastily added, "I mean, after we've helped clear up. I think Sam should have an early night."

"Don't bother about clearing up; go as soon as we've eaten, your father can help clear up."

Aine joined us for the meal, and although she said very little, she did seem better for her rest. Sam and I left when we had finished amid a flurry of kisses. As I passed Aine at the door she made as if to kiss me, and then drew back. Instead she offered me her hand which I took, but pulled her to me and kissed her on the cheek. It was just a brotherly kiss!

Chapter 9: Brotherly Love?

Putting Sam's bicycle into the back of the car together with her other gifts and mine; we drove home, both of us in thoughtful mood. As we neared the house Sam sighed, "Mrs. Lady didn't see me ride my bicycle, can she see me tomorrow?"

"Not tomorrow, darling, but we are going to grandma's again on Monday; she might be able to see you then."

"Good. I think she's nice, daddy."

"Yes, darling, but she is very tired."

"Why is she tired, has she been working hard?"

"No, I don't think so. There are other things that make people tired."

"Oh. Will she be tired on Monday?"

"I don't know, Sam. We'll have to wait and see."

With Sam tucked up in bed I sat back with a glass of whisky and contemplated the events of the last couple of days. It was all rather confusing. It was I who had brought Aine into our lives, but I wasn't sure why. Connected to that question "why?" and in some ways more important, were my feelings about Aine.

Mother's talk of seeing her as a daughter had been faintly disturbing. If it were pursued by mother and accepted by Aine, I foresaw certain complications arising for me. It would put her much more into the centre of our lives, and did I want a "brother substitute" role? After all, what did we really know about Aine? We knew what the media had splashed around, and had heard people talking about her.

Their views ranged from “She should have been hung,” to my initial questioning of putting her in prison.

I gave up the mental struggle and my mind wandered on to Gloria. Where had she been during Christmas? Had she thought of Sam? Was there any pain for her? With the influence of a second glass of whisky I drifted off to sleep in the armchair and dreamed of pulling a white faced Aine out of a dark pit.

I woke some time later and dragged myself to bed and another dream of Aine, but this time it was...well, I awoke with an erection in the morning.

It was Sunday and Sam was given permission to ride her bicycle up and down on the footpath without oversight from me, but with a stern directive, “Don’t go on to the road.”

I pottered around the house doing odd jobs that had been left over from before Christmas, catching up with the washing and ironing, and preparing meals for Sam and I.

Throughout the day Sam kept raising matters concerning “Mrs. Lady.”

“She’s very pretty isn’t she?” “Why was her face so white?”
“If Jamie is her little boy, why doesn’t he live with her?”
“Will she be tired tomorrow?” “I think Mrs. Lady likes me.
Do you think she likes me, daddy?” “Will mummy come
home one day?”

And so it went on, with that heart wrenching innocent persistence with which a child can seize upon the core of matters, while we adults continue to argue with ourselves or others about the “Ifs and buts”.

Chapter 10: I Go Shopping With Mother.

When Monday morning dawned I felt oddly pleased with myself and wondered why. A bit of psyche prodding allowed me to admit that I was pleased I would see Aine. Further more, I was pleased that mother and I would be out doing something nice for her, or at least, I hoped it would be nice.

Sam and I, together with the beloved bicycle, arrived dead on the appointed time. Knowing mother I wouldn’t dare do anything else.

Aine was looking much better, no doubt because of the rest she had, but also because she found herself in an accepting environment. Mother would have been fussing over her, and father would have been engaged in his rumbling concern.

Father was to take charge of Sam while mother and I went on our errand, but it was Aine who first took charge of her, telling her how pretty she looked and that they would go for a walk.

I didn't think it would be a walk for Sam, as she would no doubt insist on riding her bike.

Mother and I departed, and under mother's instructions we entered the car park of a large store. We seemed to ride up and down a bewildering array of escalators until we finally arrived at a department with a sign, "Ladies Lingerie."

Like many men I hesitated to enter this silken region for fear that people, especially the shop assistants, would get the wrong impression. I hung back, but mother saw my wavering and commanded, "Don't be so silly, Derek, you're the one who is buying." Taking me by the arm she impelled me into department and up to a glass counter.

The place was festooned with a bewildering array of vests, panties, bras, slips and other items of female underwear that

I could not give a name to. Sylph like waxen models with blank faces and nigh impossible figures displayed the items for sale.

Mother took control of an assistant and began the task of choosing the items. Her selection was, shall we say, practical. The sort of thing a girl would wear in the everyday hustle and bustle of life when the gear was not intended for the eyes of another in the more intimate moments.

Starting to feel a little more relaxed in the ambience, I let my eyes rove over the multitude of things for sale. I had no idea there could be such a variety of ladies personal attire.

In the process of looking around my eyes fell upon one particular model wearing what almost did not exist. What there was of the garments consisted of a matching set of panties and bra. They were made of the finest delicate black material; the bra consisting of little more than under lift and the panties seemed to be made of narrow pieces of cloth.

I nudged mother and whispered, "What about something for special occasions," and jerked my head in the direction of the displayed delicacies.

Mother stared at the items for a moment, and then turned her gaze on me. "What 'special occasions' did you have in mind, Derek?"

Realising I had committed a faux pa I tried to amend my words. "I mean something to make her feel really nice."

"Are you sure you don't mean to make someone else feel 'nice'?" She giggled, which is most unusual for mother, then said, "You're right, Derek; something to make her feel pretty, but they'll cost you fortune."

I failed to see how the substantial things mother had chosen, containing far more material than the scant objects I had chosen, could cost less. However, such are the mysterious ways of the female and their attire.

I shrugged and said, "We'll take them."

I had taken scant notice of the things mother had decided on, and had little idea about relative sizes. When mother told the assistant "38C bra, please", and the bra appeared, I had a dazzling vision of what would go inside those near non-existent cups. Something stirred in my nether region.

Our purchases wrapped we began our journey through the maze, and in doing so passed another department selling female clothing. I think both of us were struck by one displayed item. It was a sea green pant suit.

“With her hair colouring she’d look lovely in that,” remarked mother.

“Yes, stunning,” I murmured as I pictured Aine wearing it together with the special panties and bra. “She’s only got that white suit and a couple of rather washed out dresses.”

Mother contemplated for a minute or so, and then said decisively, “I’ll get it for her.”

Twenty minutes later we emerged from the store triumphantly bearing our purchases and headed for home, anticipating the pleasure we would give Aine. Didn’t someone say, “It is better to give than receive”?

Chapter 11: A Delayed Christmas Day.

When we got to the house it was to find Aine, father and Sam absent. “They’ve gone out with Sam and her bicycle,” I commented.

The Christmas tree was still standing in the corner of the lounge, so we decided that the parcels should be put under there, and on Aine's arrival we would announce that they were belated Christmas presents for her.

Then began that impatient excitement that besets the givers of gifts as they await the arrival of the intended recipient. One of us was constantly looking through the window or going to the front gate to see if they were coming.

Eventually mother came rushing in from the front gasping, "They're coming, they're coming."

I draped myself nonchalantly on the sofa, while mother prepared to waylay father in the hall to alert him to what was about to happen. I heard mother say to Aine, "Just go in to the lounge, would you dear?"

Aine came in holding Sam's hand and there was a low murmur in the hall and mother and father entered.

Mother and I had failed to arrange who was to present the gifts, so there was a brief hold up as we each waited for the other to speak. I decided to take the initiative and said, "Aine, we thought as you only had a gift from Sam on

Christmas Day, we'd like you to have a late Christmas Day, so we bought you some presents."

I pointed to the parcels under the tree and Aine, with a look of bewilderment, knelt down to begin opening them.

Mother and I decided that the best should be last, so the everyday things were on top, followed by the delicacies of my choice, and finally the pant suit.

Opening the "every days" Aine was delighted and said, "Oh, lovely, they're just what I need, how did you know?"

She looked at me, and then blushed, realising I had noted her underwear when I helped her pack. She turned away and opened the second parcel and became very still, staring at the panties and bra for a long time. She said nothing and finally opened the last parcel.

It was too late to whisk Sam out of the room this time as we were all taken by surprise.

Aine clutched the suit to her breasts and began to sob helplessly. Through the gasps and gulps could be heard, "No... no... I can't...it's too much...Oh no...Why did you...?"

Sam ran to her and put her arms round her neck and began to kiss Aine's tear soaked cheeks. "Don't cry, Lady ('Misses' had dropped off and 'Lady' had taken on the character of a proper name). Please don't cry you'll look very pretty in it."

Aine held Sam to her as well as the suit, and her sobs began to diminish. I had expected mother to swing into action as she had the first time Aine wept, but instead, she looked at me and whispered, "You prayed for her."

I went to them and engulfed Aine and Sam in my arms. "It's all right Aine, we loved getting them for you. We didn't want to make you unhappy, we just thought..." I stopped speaking. Holding Aine and Sam I felt warmth emanating from them. I had thought we were fulfilling a need in Aine, but suddenly I found that these two were gratifying something in me.

Aine turned her face to me and kissed me on the lips, then still with her arm round Sam, went to my mother, kissed her and did the same to my father.

She stood for a moment looking at us, then very quietly said, "There aren't the words to express what I'm feeling so, thank you."

We all stood silent for a moment, then mother went to Aine and putting her arm round her said, "Let's go to your room and put the things away."

"Can I help, Lady? I can put things away," Sam pleaded.

Aine took her hand and said, "Of course you can." The three of them left the room.

Chapter 12: Father Has a Talk.

Father rumbled wordlessly for a moment, then said, "Feel a bit of a cheat getting a kiss, I haven't done anything.

"Yes you have, dad," I grinned, "You've provided the money for mother to spend."

He laughed then said, "I've got my orders. I've got to look into the business of her son. Not my line of law really, but I can get one of the colleagues to take it up. Can be very tangled this family business. People using kids and property to get back at each other. See what I can do, eh?"

"Yes, mum said she'd get you going on the matter."

He laughed again; "She's always getting me going on something, but what about you?"

"What about me?"

"You know, you and Gloria. Heard anything?"

"Nothing; She could have disappeared off the face of the earth as far as Sam and I are concerned. I could have tried to get in touch with her through the company she works for, but what would be the use. If she doesn't want Sam and me, especially Sam, there's no point in pursuing her."

"Might be a good thing for you that she has gone, but how about the little one?"

"Don't know, dad. The other day she asked if Gloria would be coming home one day, but she mostly doesn't talk about her or ask questions. As mum said, she's probably buried it somewhere deep inside her."

"Yes, a lot of kids do that; can come out later in nasty ways. I've been out with Sam and Aine, as you know. Watching those two, they're as thick as thieves. Got the idea Sam has taken Aine on as a substitute mother, and Aine is compensating for Jamie with Sam. Not sure I like it, but..."

He shrugged and fell silent for a moment, then looking at me intently asked, "What about you, old boy?"

"What about me?"

"We'll, do you mind the two of them getting on so well? What do you feel about Aine? Damned pretty woman, or will be if she gets over all this grief she's been going through."

"You know dad, mum keeps asking the same sort of question. She seems to think I should have some sort of...well...intentions regarding Aine. She even went so far as to warn me about Aine's delicate condition."

Father rumbled loudly, "Ha, not got her pregnant, have you? That's what women used to say years ago when they were pregnant, they were in a 'delicate condition'."

"No dad, I've not got Aine pregnant, in fact I've barely had physical contact with her, and apart from the fact that I haven't touched her, I should think getting pregnant would be the last things she'd need right now."

"Only joking, old son. Of course the girl's in a delicate condition. Been through a hell of a time, but given the

departure of Gloria...well...you know...wouldn't blame you having thoughts, if you see what I mean."

"I see what you mean, dad, but I should think that two people with the problems Aine and I have got are better off apart. We'd probably end up with another problem on top of the one's we've got. And anyway, I'm not considering Aine as a possible partner, sexual or otherwise."

Father gave another rumbling laugh and said, "Pity, the way things are going your mother would love to have her in the family. Wouldn't object myself. Seems a nice enough woman. Probably have a lot to give if she ever gets into her right mind. Look here, old chap, if you need any help over Gloria...you know, legal stuff, just let me know. I could get the right chap on the job to sort things out for you."

"Thanks dad, I'll bear it in mind, but I'm not ready to finalise things in that direction yet. I'll get around to it in the new year."

Chapter 13: The New Year Resolutions.

The Christmas break over, I returned to work. Sam was not returning to school for a few more weeks, and so the daily ritual was, to take Sam to my parents in the morning and pick her up after work in the late afternoon. Father was back in his law office as well, so Sam had a large part of her day with mother and Aine.

It became obvious that Aine was gaining an increasing influence over Sam. Sam's conversation when I picked her up was littered with, "Lady says" this, "Lady says" that. "Lady and I went shopping today. Grandma says Lady is feeling much happier. Lady keeps the little dog on the table beside her bed, I've seen it."

Mother also kept me constantly up to date with the health, welfare and deeds of Aine. Father had got his colleague to look into the matter of Jamie, and theoretically there was no reason why the boy should not join his mother.

"You see, old chap," father said when we were alone, "there was never anything legal about their taking the lad. Aine's parents are both dead, and her brother lives overseas, so the paternal grandparents were an obvious choice. The thing is, though, if Aine made a strong bid at this stage to get him back, or even tried to get access, the grandparents might try and put their custody on a legal footing."

“If the matter came to court, the judge would want to ascertain whether Aine was in a position to take care of the boy properly. That would include her health and mental state, and whether she could provide a proper home for him. There would be all sorts of psychological people and welfare workers poking their noses into Aine’s fitness or otherwise, to have the boy back.”

“I’ve suggested to Aine that we leave the matter over for a while, until she’s more settled. She doesn’t like the idea, but sees the sense of it.”

Mother was next in line with her plotting.

“I think Aine should get some work,” she stated baldly to me. “She needs to get a sense of self worth. The trouble is, she got married to that man rather young, and stopped working when she got pregnant. She’s only got limited skills and I’m afraid her reputation as a husband killer precedes her. I’ve got a solution, though. I’m going to have a chat with your father tonight and see if they can’t find a place for her in their office.”

I wondered how much of this had been discussed with Aine, and what the clients of my father’s law office might think about Aine being employed by them. I decided, however, to say nothing and let the situation develop for a while.

On New Years Eve my parents usually had another gathering of friends and family. During the few days between Christmas and New Year word had got around that Aine now lived in my parent's house. This had given them a little time to get used to the idea, and as seems usual in our family, they accepted Aine as part of the scene.

I had thought that Aine would dress up in her new pant suit for the occasion, but instead she wore one of her old dresses.

She spent a large part of the evening attached to Sam and me. I took this to mean she found security among relative strangers by sticking with the known. Her appearance had improved remarkably in so short a time and she was beginning take on the pretty looks father had predicted.

I had never asked her age, and on first seeing her at the play I had assumed she was about thirty. Now I could see she was somewhat younger than that.

I had tried to convince my parents and myself that I had no interest in Aine but to help her. That I wished to help her was true, but gradually a further dimension had crept in. I was beginning to see her as an attractive and desirable woman. I knew from mother's warnings that to seriously pursue Aine

would be fraught with difficulties, not the least of them sexual, never the less, she occupied my mind increasingly.

It was during our New Year gathering, when for a few minutes I was without the company of Aine and Sam, that mother casually said, "I don't know why you don't take Aine out some time. I know she likes music so why not take her to a concert? Your father and I could look after Sam for the evening."

I tried a minor delaying tactic by pointing out that Aine might not care to go out with me, but mother countered this with, "You won't know unless you ask her, will you? And she needs to start getting out more."

By the end of the New Year gathering I realised that a number of, if not resolutions, at least some intended directions, had been put forward. Attempts to return Jamie to Aine to be put on hold; an attempt to get Aine a job was in the pipeline and I was to take Aine out to a concert.

Perhaps more subtle in its implication and less consciously focussed, was the growing relationship between Sam and Aine. I would have been quite happy about this if I could have been convinced that this was anything other than substitution; Sam using Aine as a mother replacement, and Aine using Sam as a child replacement.

Chapter 14: Dating Aine.

I made no immediate attempt to “date” Aine, but in the days following New Year I began to look out for advertisements announcing concerts. I liked Aine and cared about her and in addition I began to feel excited about the prospect of an evening out with her.

Opportunity came with a concert by the State Symphony orchestra. Picking up Sam after work one evening, and trying to sound casual, I asked Aine if she would like to attend the concert with me. The response was an animated “Yes.”

I suppose I felt sufficiently flattered, as most males do, that a woman has jumped at the chance of going out with me. Of course, I might have looked at it from another perspective, namely, that she was jumping at the chance of going to a concert, the ticket price of which she could have ill afforded out of her social welfare cheque, and the escort was but an adjunct to the main event.

On the evening of the concert it was arranged that I should have my evening meal, shower and change of clothes at my parent’s house. Sam would not have to be taken back and

forth, and further, it was arranged that both of us would sleep the night there.

After the meal Aine and I prepared for our evening out. Showered and changed I waited for her in the lounge with my parents and Sam. When she walked in we were all momentarily silenced. She was wearing the green pants suit and looked absolutely stunning, in addition to which, she seemed to be glowing with pleasure.

Sam was the first to recover and ran to Aine, reaching up to put her arms round her waist saying, "You look ever so pretty, Lady."

My father rumbled, "Sure you wouldn't like change places with me tonight, Derek."

Mother said, "You look lovely, dear."

Aine's face was flushed with pleasure, but her escort could not find his tongue until we were on our way to the car. "I haven't seen you in the suit before."

"I haven't worn it before. I was reserving it for a special occasion."

I laughed, "The orchestra will be flattered."

She said softly, "It isn't for the orchestra, it's for you."

My laughter died as stab of painful pleasure shot through me and my head felt a little dizzy. More importantly, and uncomfortably, I began to get an erection.

I suppose that this was the moment when I realised what I might have realised earlier, I wanted her. It was a sexual drive, but not that alone. As my feelings ran riot in that brief moment, I knew I wanted to love her, however difficult the way ahead might be.

If I tried to describe the concert I would be lying. Throughout the evening my awareness of Aine being close grew ever more intense. It seemed to blot out all else. I did not want music, I wanted only to be with Aine. I longed to be alone with her. I wanted to pour out my feelings for her, but I knew neither was going to be possible, at least on that night.

During the drive home little was said. Aine was never very vocal, and I was too overwhelmed by what I was now feeling about her. Had it been any other woman, I might have attempted to bed her, but I conjectured that any attempt on Aine would be to destroy something that was in its embryonic stage.

The house was in darkness when we arrived, so we both went to our bedrooms. Before parting from her I kissed her softly on the lips and said, "Thank you for coming with me."

"It has been a lovely evening, Derek," she said, and slipped quickly into her room.

That night I had to relieve myself of an overwhelming sexual tension.

Other evenings out followed, and my desire to be with her increased with each occasion. Weeks, then months passed. Aine began work carrying out clerical tasks in my father's office. It was a very junior position and although it paid little, she ceased to be eligible for social welfare money. She continued to live in my parent's house and neither father nor mother seemed concerned about this. It was quite clear that mother had grown to love her dearly and would be hard hit when she did leave.

It was around eight months after first seeing Aine that two critical events took place. The first concerned my relationship with Aine.

I had held back from declaring myself for some time, but finally could not remain silent any longer. I told her quite plainly that I loved her as we sat in the car one evening after our return from attending a theatre.

Her first response, typically spoken in a quiet voice was, "Yes, I've known for some time you loved me."

The calmness with which she seemed to take my declaration had me puzzled. If she had said, "And I love you," or "I don't love you," even "I can never love you," I would have felt grounded on something I could deal with. I suppose I became a bit irritable at her response that left me up in the air, so I said, "Is that all you've got to say?"

"No Derek, it isn't. There are things I've wanted to tell you for a long time, but haven't known how to say them."

"Say them like they are, Aine, but please, don't leave me hanging like this."

"Like they 'were', would be more accurate, Derek. He said he loved me, and I told him I loved him, and he hurt me. Oh, not at first, but when he did start he hurt me so badly I had to have repairs done to me - repairs inside me. He started after Jamie was born. I've never understood why, but he used to say, "If you love me, then you'll let me do anything."

“The doctors almost begged me to tell the police, and I would have left him, but for Jamie. He told me I would never be able to keep Jamie, and I was naïve enough to believe him. It was only when he started on Jamie that I cracked. He was actually going to inflict pain on his own son. That’s when I killed him. I didn’t mean to kill him, I only wanted to frighten him, to stop his mad ideas...but...”

She ceased speaking and we sat in silence. There had been no frills about what she said, no histrionics, just a bare statement of what had happened. I wanted to respond, but didn’t know what to say.

It was Aine who broke the silence. “I know most women would have been having a sexual relationship with you by now given the time we’ve had together. You haven’t once approached me or tried to manipulate me sexually, and you’ll never know how much I’ve loved you for that. If I were to give you advice on our relationship I’d say, don’t bother with me, I’m not worth your effort. But I’m not going to advise you. I’m going to ask you to be patient with me for a while longer.”

I found my own voice; “For as long as it takes, Aine. I love you, and I shan’t back away until you tell me to.” My mother had said that I would have to wait for Aine to come to me, and that, it seemed, was how it had to be.

Chapter 15: Waiting for Aine.

As Aine and I were going out together ever more frequently, I was spending more and more time at my parent's house. In addition to just Aine and me going out together, we would often take Sam with us. I suppose we could be accused of playing a game of happy families, but it was not like that. The inclusion of Sam seemed to be a perfectly natural outcome of our emerging relationship.

Aine spoke no more about the experiences with her husband, but Jamie crept into our conversations more and more. I think one of the fears she had was that Jamie would forget her, and even if he did come back to her, they would be as strangers to each other.

I spoke with my father about the problem, asking if it was not now time for an attempt to be made to get Jamie back. He was doubtful.

"You see, Derek, we want to be sure that Aine is settled. Its fine her living here, and your mother and I are enjoying having her, but it's still not a place of her own. She's doing well at work and the colleague who actually employs her has

just given her a rise, but I think just a bit more time." I had to rest content with that.

One of the problems I was facing was my ever increasing sexual desire for Aine. There had been no other woman since Gloria, and not lacking in virility, and frankly I was badly in need of Aine.

Another factor was her growing attractiveness. She now seemed in excellent health both physically and emotionally, and as she became increasingly relaxed, she spoke out more, and revealed a sharp intelligence. Now, because she was getting more money than she had received on social welfare, she also dressed better. To use my mother's word, she looked "lovely."

Perhaps you might think I would be pleased to have such a striking woman as a companion, but I had my own problems to cope with in that regard. When we went out men would turn to take another look at her. I had in mind Gloria's desertion, and wondered if Aine would eventually make a better deal than a draughtsman.

The culmination came on a day when Aine, Sam and I had gone to the foreshore to watch a small yacht race. The race, from a viewer's point of view, was as exciting as watching

grass grow, but for some males there seemed to be an alternative source of excitement, Aine.

No doubt my own insecurity and sexual frustration played a large part in how I felt, but I overheard a young chap comment to his mates as they passed us, "I wouldn't mind getting on to that and screwing it." "That" being Aine of course."

I felt a murderous anger and jealousy boil up in me, and almost started fight. Unreasonably I wanted to partially blame Aine for attracting such attention, but managed to retain sufficient self-control to see the irrationality of my thoughts. The afternoon was spoilt for me, and I was silent for the rest of the time we were there.

We returned to my parent's house with me still sulking and Aine trying to find out what was wrong. My wretched pride would not allow me to express what I was feeling, that I wanted her all to myself, and hated other men looking at her lustfully.

We were to eat at my parent's place, and then Aine and I were going out to see a film. By the time we were due to go out I had calmed somewhat, and when Aine joined me in the lounge wearing her green "special occasions" suit, I felt completely mollified.

On our return my parents and Sam were already in bed. Aine and I had a drink, and then went to our bedrooms. It had become habitual for us to say goodnight outside the door to her room, and to kiss. These were what you might call, “virtuous kisses,” but mild as they were, they added fuel to the fires of my desire for her. This night she held on to me a little longer than usual before slipping into her room.

I went into my bedroom with a raging erection. I was still carrying the remains of my drink, so I sat on the side of the bed thinking and finishing it off.

The drink gone, I stripped and was about to climb into bed and turn off the light, when there was tap on my door.

I scrambled quickly under the bed covers and called, “Come in.”

Aine entered. She was still wearing her green suit and she approached the bed to within about a metre then stood still.

I waited to find out what she wanted, but she simply stood there, her head down, not looking at me. I was about to ask her if she was all right, when she spoke.

Very softly she asked, "Would you undress me, darling?"

I lay on the bed staring at her stupefied, and then she added, "I think it's all right now."

I pushed back the bed covers and swung my legs so as to sit on the edge of the bed. It was one of those situations where I had to be sure she meant what I thought she meant.

"Aine, do you mean you want me to take your clothes off?"

"Yes."

She could not help but see my rampant erection so I stood and went to her asking, "You're quite sure?"

"Yes."

I began to unbutton the suit, taking off the top first to discover she was wearing the flimsy bra I had bought her. I removed it and gazed at what was revealed. I was so moved by the beauty of her breasts I broke out with, "Oh, my love," and bent to kiss her rosy nipples. As I did this she gasped and held me to her. I heard her say, "I do love you, Derek."

I took off her pants to reveal that she was wearing the matching panties and taking these off I saw she had no pubic hair.

As if sensing my observation she said, "He hated it so he made...I had it permanently removed...you don't mind, darling, do you?"

I smiled at her and said, "Of course not," and knelt to kiss her mons. As I did I could see her firmly cleft vaginal lips with a silvery trace of her lubricant already there.

I rose and lifted her on to the bed and she clung close to me and said, "You won't hurt me, will you?"

"No my love, I will never hurt you."

With Gloria sex had been all techniques: vaginal, oral and anal sex had been grist to her sexual mill. With Aine I understood it had to be very different. My mother had warned me, and I heeded that warning. I would do nothing to Aine that was not clearly initiated by her.

I kissed her and for the first time felt her mouth open to receive my tongue. Our lips clung together for a long time, and when I finally broke away, it was to suckle her beautiful nipples.

I had imagined her breasts many times, and as ideal as my fantasy had been, they were beyond anything I had envisaged. Firm and creamy coloured, they were surmounted by rose pink nipples. Had I been less urgent in my desire for her I might have lingered long over her lovely mounds.

My need was too great. I explored her vagina with my fingers, and finding it wet with her lubricant, I parted her legs and came over her, ready to penetrate.

I hesitated: "Darling, I haven't got anything...I mean...you might get pregnant."

"Yes, I know Derek. Would you mind?"

Visions of Gloria arose in my head; her resistance to pregnancy and my pleadings for us to have a child. Now, here was woman who actually did not mind my impregnating her, someone who might actually want to have a child with me. No argument, no fuss, just opening herself for me to fertilise her.

Still I hesitated. "Darling, are you sure?"

“Yes, very sure.”

I entered her and very quickly ejaculated into her, pouring out the frustration of months of holding back from her. She had no orgasm, but when I had stopped pumping into her she said, “Don’t leave me yet.”

I had no desire to leave her, and as I lay upon her she kissed my lips and face saying over and over, “Oh my love... my darling...”

My hands caressed her breasts as I felt a wave of contentment pass over me. I loved her; loved her almost to distraction. It was a love the like of which I had never experience before; a love that was tender and protective, yet passionate and demanding. It was a love that wanted to both give and receive.

My penis, still inside her, began to harden again, and I began to move in and out. Suddenly she clasped me and began to moan, “Oh my darling, my darling, don’t stop...please don’t stop...”

She gave a tremendous upward thrust and cried out, “Deeper...please deeper.”

Her legs wound round me and I put my hands under her buttocks, and thrust in to the last millimetre of my length. I felt the sperm pumping up my shaft, and then it was firing into her as she wept and continued to cry out, "My love... my love."

It was over, our first coupling. I lay inside her for a long time as she climbed down from her climax. She gave out soft whimpering sounds that ended with a sigh of contentment, and we lay, looking into each others eyes, neither of us desiring the inevitable separation of our bodies.

When we did part, Aine said, "I love you very dearly, Derek," then slipped out of the bed and ran from the room. I had wanted her to stay with me for the night so that I might sleep with her in my arms, but Aine had decided otherwise. I was disappointed, but having emptied myself into her, I slept in peace that night.

Chapter 16: The Morning After.

I awoke next morning as if to a new world. It was Saturday and I did not have to go to work. I sang as I showered, and went to a breakfast I hoped to share with Aine. She was already sitting at the table eating, and looked up briefly as I came in, then blushed and looked down at her plate.

I was about to make some affectionate comment when mother entered. She was carrying Aine's pant suit and underwear and she was smiling.

"I'm very happy for you both," she said, "but do be more careful with your clothes, Aine."

In my euphoria on waking I had failed to notice the garments I had removed strewn across the bedroom floor. Mother had started her morning tidying around the house, and found them.

She sat beside Aine and said, "I'm so glad, darling. Was my brute of a son gentle?"

"Very gentle, mother," Aine replied.

It was the first time I had heard Aine call her "mother". It marked how great the bond that had developed between them was.

I wanted to get Aine on her own to speak to her. I wanted to reinforce my devotion to her, but after breakfast mother caught me first in the lounge.

“Derek, was everything all right?”

“Yes mother, it was lovely.”

“Good, I’m so glad for you. I’ve wanted it to happen almost most as much as I imagine you’ve wanted it. I gather from the presence of her clothes in your room she came to you.”

“Yes.”

“You know, Derek, Aine is not like a lot of women and their one night stands. If it went well with you both, she will feel bound to you. It will have been as important as that to her. She overcame her fear to be with you, and that took courage. What I want to ask you, not out of prurient curiosity, but for Aine’s sake, “Was it important to you?”

“Yes mother, very important.”

Mother came to me and kissed me; “I don’t want to see either of you hurt, darling.”

"I don't think you will, Mother."

"Good. I'll keep Sam and father out of your way for a couple of hours. I'll take them shopping. You'll find Aine in the kitchen. Speak to her, Derek."

Mother began to leave the room, but paused at the door, turned and asked, "You've got three bedrooms in your house, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Excellent." She smiled and left me.

The significance of my mother's question about my three bedrooms did not sink in immediately, and putting it aside I made my way to the kitchen and found Aine working at the sink. She must have heard me come in, but she continued working. I went up behind her and put my arms round her.

"You've been very quiet this morning."

She was still and silent for a moment, then she turned in my arms but kept her head turned from me.

“Derek, was I very terrible last night?”

I laughed and said, “You were exquisite, darling, why do you think you were terrible?”

“Coming to you like that, asking you to undress me, and...”

I laughed again. “Darling, I couldn’t come to you. If I thought that was possible it would have been a long time before last night. You understand why I couldn’t approach you?”

“Yes. Then you don’t think I’m a slut? You know...cheap?”

I kissed her and said, “Don’t you ever think of yourself as a slut again.” I gave another laugh and said, “And you’re not cheap. Look at the money I’ve spent on you taking you out.”

She looked at me for a moment as if considering how serious I was about the money, but after I kissed her again, she laughed, “Was I worth it?”

I became serious and responded, “You were worth that and far more, and I’m not just talking about sex. You’ve had a

bad time yourself, but you've brought sunshine to my life, and Sam's. What I want to know is, can we look forward to more sunshine in the future?"

As soon as I said it, I could have kicked myself. Aine had laid herself on the line coming to me the previous night, I was in a sense asking her to do it again. It was for me now to say something about the future by making an offer.

It was at that point mother's three bedroom question sank into my thick head. The implication was I might want to take Aine to live with me, and beyond that, perhaps have Jamie come to us. I made up my mind to speak out, so I led Aine to the rather unromantic kitchen table and we sat.

"Aine, you know about the situation Sam and I are in. I've begun no divorce proceedings but, if you feel we can have a future together I'll set things in motion. Gloria hasn't been near us; she's not even sent a letter or made a telephone call. In a little while I can file for divorce on the grounds of irretrievable breakdown of the marriage."

"Are you asking me if I'll marry you, Derek?"

"I didn't do it very well did I? Let me say it properly. When I've cleared up my marital situation, would you marry me, Aine?"

"You've all been wonderfully kind, you, your father and mother, but just because of last night you don't have to..."

"Stop it, Aine; you know it isn't because we made love. I would have...I've wanted to ask...Damn it, Aine I love you, will you marry me or not?"

"Why can't women answer a simple question with a simple answer," I silently wondered. Then, as if to confound me, Aine said, "Yes."

Surprised at the final clarity of her answer I waded straight on with, "As soon as we are settled I'll get dad moving about Jamie."

Aine made no response to this but sat looking at me speculatively. "Is that it, then?" she asked.

"Is what it?"

"I said 'yes'."

"I know I heard you."

“Aren’t you pleased I said yes?”

“Well of course I’m pleased. What makes you think I might not be?”

“You didn’t kiss me.”

“Let the earth open up and swallow a blundering idiot,” I thought. I ask the woman to marry me while I’m still married to someone else, I propose in the kitchen, and I don’t even kiss her when she says “yes”.

“Darling,” I said contritely, “I think you might consider changing your answer to ‘no’. I mean, you don’t want to be married to a thoughtless clod, do you?”

I kissed her long and passionately, then she said: “Yes, I do want to be married to a ‘thoughtless clod’.”

“Darling, they won’t be back for some time, do you think we could...”

Yes, I did have that in mind.”

We made our way to the bedroom.

Chapter 17: One Door Closes.

If I was superstitious I might suspect that what happened next was provoked by the understanding Aine and I now had. I would have wished Aine to come and live with Sam and me, but cautious as ever, Aine said we should wait at least until the divorce proceedings were set in motion.

As it happened it was just as well Aine did not come to us immediately, because a little over a week after our agreement to ultimately marry, I received a telephone call from Gloria.

Not only was I surprised to hear her voice, but was amazed at her effusive cheerfulness.

“Darling, it’s been such a time. It’s lovely to hear your voice, are you well,” and so on and so on.

The upshot was, she wanted to see me and would be arriving the following evening.

“I’m really looking forward to seeing you darling...and Sam of course.”

There was no question as to whether I wanted to see her or not, and she rang off before I could make any adequate response.

One thing was certain; Gloria would not see Sam until I had found out what she wanted. I saw no point in risking Sam being disturbed once again by her erstwhile mother.

I contacted my mother soon after Gloria was off the phone, and telling her what had happened, asked that she keep Sam for the following evening and night. She immediately saw the point and agreed, and added, “Have a talk to your father darling he might be able to give you some advice.”

Father came on the phone and rumbled, “Coming to see you is she? Well, whatever she wants, don’t agree to anything until you’ve had a chat with my colleague. Never liked that woman, but she’s no fool, so just be careful, and for God’s sake don’t put anything in writing or sign anything.”

“Thanks dad.” I rang off.

Next day I was tense and made errors in my work due to lack of concentration. It was not knowing what Gloria wanted that troubled me, and like most people in those situations, I conjured up the worst possible scenarios.

Arriving home I prepared a meal I couldn't eat and moved restlessly around the house waiting for Gloria's arrival.

The front door bell clanged and I went to it and opened it. Gloria stepped straight in and flung her arms round me.

"Darling, it's been ages. Have you missed? But of course you have."

I disentangled myself from her grasp and said, "Let's go into the lounge to talk."

Seated I looked at her, trying to assess from her appearance what was coming. Gloria was an attractive woman in a buxom sort of way. Large breasted, in fact, with what used to be described as and "Hour glass figure." She had clearly gone to some trouble preparing her self for this visit.

She has long dark hair, and I always used to enjoy seeing her wear it in a single braid over her shoulder. That was how she

had it tonight. Her dress was cut low to reveal an expanse of upper breast, and the hem line exposed more than it covered.

Gloria was looking round the room. "Well, darling, you do seem to have looked after things while I've been gone, so neat and tidy." She gave a stupid giggle, "You really would make a delicious house husband, sweetheart."

"What is it you want, Gloria?"

"Oh, so serious, so solemn, anyone one would think you weren't pleased to see me. And where is my sweet little Samantha, darling?"

"She is stopping with my mother tonight."

Oh, darling, that's not very kind, is it? I was so looking forward to seeing her, but never mind; I can see her another time, perhaps tomorrow."

"Just tell me what you want, Gloria."

"Darling, isn't it obvious? I'm coming back to you."

I was speechless. Whatever I had conjectured about Gloria's visit, this had not been thought of.

"Darling, didn't you hear what I said? I'm coming back to you; back here, to our house. Now tell me how pleased you are."

It was amazing at the apparent self-assurance of this woman. No question about whether or not we should come together again, simply a blank statement that she was coming back. I think it was the utter gall of the woman that paralysed my vocal chords.

"Well, say something, darling."

My voice returned and I asked, "What makes you think I want you back?"

"Oh darling, don't be so pompous, of course you do, you love me. Now tell me how much you've missed me," she gave another giggle, "especially in bed."

Once I had felt bitterness and anger at her desertion of Sam and me. Now, looking at and listening to her, I only felt sickened. It seemed hardly credible that anyone could be so

blind to the anguish she had caused, so arrogant as to believe she could just walk back in.

I decided that the conversation, if that is what it was, had gone far enough. I came out directly with what I thought and felt.

“Gloria, if ever I might have taken you back, it’s all too late now.”

“‘Taken me back’? You take me back! I’m not asking you to take me back. I’m telling you I am coming back.”

She had spoken in anger, but she calmed again, making a visible effort to control herself. “Darling, I realise you might want to punish me a little, but you know in your heart you want me back. It will be just like it was before...better. Come on darling, come over here and kiss me. I might even agree to something more than a kiss if you’re nice to me.”

“I’ve told you Gloria, you’re too late. I don’t want you back and I don’t want you in this house. I don’t know what’s happened to bring you back here, but would you please leave!”

She gave a laugh touched with hysteria. "You don't want me back! God almighty, who do you think you are? Where do you think you'll get someone as good as me? You sniffed around me often enough before, you couldn't keep your hands off me, and now you don't want me back! You must have lost whatever senses you ever had, Derek, since I went away."

She made another effort to control herself again. "Look, sweetheart, it was all a silly mistake. Let's call it an aberration, a marital hiccup. I know I should never have left, but..."

I felt utterly cold as I sat looking at her. "No Gloria, you shouldn't have left, you are quite right, but you did. You left without a thought for me, and worse still, Sam. Well, I can tell you we've made a life without you, and to put it bluntly, it's a much better life."

"You bastard, you self-righteous asshole; I'll take you for everything you've got, and I'll get custody of Sam, you can be sure of that. Courts always give preference to the mother. You'll find out...You don't want me back..." She gave another even more hysterical laugh. "You think..." She stopped in mid sentence and her face contorted even more with fury. "Oh, I see...you've found yourself some stupid slut to stick your prick in. Which gutter did you scrape her out of Romeo?"

“My God, you’ve got a nerve. You stuck a bloody kid in me, very nearly ruining my career, and now you’ve got yourself some tatty tart you think you can dump me. Well, my sanctimonious spouse, you’ve got another think coming to you. I’ll be a millstone round your neck for as long as you live.”

I almost reacted to her vicious and foul remarks, but I was alert enough to realise that this would be just what she wanted. I restrained myself and said, “Gloria, if you’ve said all you came here to say, would you go.”

“What are you going to do, chuck me out? I know you, you wouldn’t lay a violent hand on a lady your too much of a gentleman or too gutless.”

“Gloria, I don’t think you’re doing yourself much good and it would be better if you left. We can perhaps talk through our solicitors if you wish, but for now...”

“Oh, I see. We’re going to hide behind our lawyer daddy, are we? All right, I’ll go, but I shall be back and you’ll be out of here. What do you say to that, asshole?”

Recalling my father's warning to be careful what I said, I made no response.

Gloria stood, and for a moment I thought she would rush at me and tear my face with her nails. She made another mighty effort to control herself, but she was shaking all over, indicating the fury raging within.

"See you in court," she screamed, and left slamming the front door behind her.

Chapter 18: Another Door Opens.

I was shaken. I cared little about the house, but if Gloria should ruin the future I had in mind for Sam, Aine, myself and hopefully Jamie....

It was too late to do anything further that night, so I went to bed, but not to sleep. I tossed and turned until morning, wondering what was ahead.

I rang the office first thing and said I had a domestic crisis. They knew my circumstances and agreed I should take time off to try and sort things out.

I was about to ring father's office to make an appointment to see Mr. Smyth-Anderson, the member of their firm who specialised in "Family Law," when an inspiration came to me. I dialled the work number of my mole inside the offices where Gloria worked. I had not heard from him since he told me about what Gloria hoped for by "coming across" for her executive lover.

When he came on the line and I identified myself, I hardly needed to ask him anything. He was bubbling over to tell me the latest Gloria news.

It came to this: Gloria had moved in with her would be benefactor. All went well for a while but the promised advancement was not forthcoming. Gloria got increasingly, as he put it, "Uppity". "You could have cut the atmosphere between them with knife," he said.

Then a new girl had started work in the office, apparently with more charms than Gloria as far as the gentleman was concerned. In no time at all Gloria was out and the new girl was in, and, it seemed, with the same offer of career advancement that Gloria had received.

It seems that the senior executive had played this game several times before and had frequently shuffled back and forth between his long suffering wife and family and the latest target female in the office.

The Company Board had finally had enough of his office philandering that had caused a number of emotional disruptions in the workplace, so they dumped him. His wife also, having had enough, started divorce proceedings. Gloria had retained her job, but only just.

I spoke next to Mr. Smythe-Anderson my “Family” legal advisor, and made an appointment to see him. Leaning on the special privilege afforded me because he was a colleague of my father’s; I got to see him that morning.

There were three clear areas for discussion: Divorce from Gloria, which could be easily effected after twelve months separation; Property settlement with Gloria; Custody of Sam and visiting access; Retrieval of Jamie from the clutches of his grandparents and his restoration to Aine.

It was a long interview which, had I been paying, which I was not, would have started to run up a very steep bill. Thank God – there I go again – for a solicitor father.

Smythe-Anderson hummed and hawed for a while, obviously trying to sort out which aspect to tackle first. He started with the divorce.

“Ah, hem, er...easily fixed unless you cohabit with her before the twelve months is up. Don't let her back into the house or anything like that. Keep away from her as much as possible.”

I told him I had no intention of cohabiting with Gloria, so he went on to the next aspect.

“Ah, as to property matters; she does have a claim on you and if you decide to remain in the house, the court would no doubt award her a payout from you. Say, around half the value of the property, depending on how the court weighs up what each of you have contributed. The alternative is for you to move out and let her have the place, in which case she would have to pay you.”

I told him my preference was to stay put and he nodded and said, “Have to see what she's got to say, probably through her solicitor by the sound of things.”

“Now, ah, er, as to Samantha.” He stopped and blew his nose, then went on, “Ah, could be... er...er touchy. Sure you want custody?”

I told him I certainly did.

“Well, if Gloria turns nasty and demands custody, could have a bit of fight on our hands. Men and women are supposed to be equal in these matters, but the Family Law Court still tends to favour the woman. Ah, however, ah, given the circumstances, things might work in your favour.”

“As to the question of the son, well, don’t want to er...er dwell on the past but...ah, ah, but it could be touchy, very touchy. However, if the grandparents who have the boy at the moment are denying access, might get a court order to fix that. Actually they have no real legal status in the matter since there was no, as it were, signing over of the boy to them in the first place. Of course, Aine should talk to me, or another solicitor, since you have no real status in the matter at present. I take it you intend to marry Aine?”

“Yes.”

“Could er...could weigh in her favour, married to a man of good character and all that. I take it you do have a good character?”

He gave a chuckle that sound like the opening of door with rusty hinges.

“I suppose so,” I replied.

“Yes, well, ha hum, the lady can see me almost any time she wishes since she works here, but I shall suggest to her we delay the matter until we’ve cleared up the other aspects.”

Poor Aine, it seemed that the restoration of Jamie to her was always being delayed.

“So,” went on Smythe-Anderson, “We, ha hum, let divorce matters run their course, and wait to see what the lady does about property settlement and custody of Sam. As soon as anything happens, let me know.”

I did not have long to wait. A letter on impressive paper from the law firm of “Boot, Boot, Foot and Askew” arrived a few days later. It virtually demanded on Gloria’s behalf that I hand over the entire house and contents, or make a payment equivalent to the value. I was severely shaken by this demand as I had insufficient financial resources to meet the demand.

I took the letter to Smythe-Anderson who hummed and hawed again for a few minutes then said, "They're trying it on. You notice it says nothing about Samantha. No demand for custody, not even a request for visiting access. I could be wrong, but I conjecture she's blackmailing you. Without saying so she's offering that you can keep Samantha if you hand over the property. I er...er shouldn't worry too much as this stage, if I can see the game, so can the court. Leave it with me from now on and I'll deal with matters through her solicitor, on your instructions of course. I'll bet they won't let it come to court."

He gave his rusty chuckle again.

I thanked him and departed, and despite his suggestion not to "worry too much", I worried.

Aine and I now slept together fairly regularly, a double bed having been provided by my mother and placed in Aine's bedroom. I was growing impatient for the time I could take Aine to my home permanently.

Having come to trust that I was not another sadomasochist, Aine was eager for sexual intercourse. She was also increasingly open to the wider aspects of love making, like oral sex and some of the slightly more acrobatic couplings.

With Gloria I had always been aware that we were practicing sexual “techniques”, with Aine our coupling was far more natural and had a depth of meaning I had not experienced with Gloria.

If Aine was eager for sex, I was at times almost beside myself with desire for her. It was inevitable, given our circumstances, that there were many times when we could not be together, but I hungered for her.

It was not for sex alone I wanted her. I loved to be in her presence; to be near her and inhale her sweet woman aroma, to touch and hold her.

Despite her growing boldness in sexual matters, she retained some of her shy manner. Ridiculous though it might seem given what I have just written, there was always something of the warm, tender and yielding virgin about Aine. Every time we coupled it was like a first time when if all has gone well you fulfil each other's long dammed up needs.

Even a couple of day's separation from Aine now found me desperately ejaculating within seconds of entering her. This of course was followed a little later with a much longer coupling in which we could express our love rather than raw lust.

This love and powerful drive for Aine was exacerbated a few days after my visit to Smythe-Anderson when, Aine and I just having finished making love, she announced cautiously, "I'm pregnant darling."

This came as no surprise to either of us since from the very first we had taken no precautions against her being fertilised.

My first response was to kiss her and tell her I loved her and was delighted. Aine somewhat timidly asked, "You don't mind?"

"Of course I don't mind. We both knew it was a possibility right from our first coming together."

I paused and thought for a moment, then asked "Are you happy about it?"

"Yes, now I know it's all right with you."

Yes, it was all right with me, but I did have additional food for thought.

Chapter 19: The Way Ahead.

The fact that Aine was pregnant injected a new urgency into the need to divorce Gloria and get the matters of property and Sam settled. I thought I'd better appraise Smythe-Anderson of the situation so I telephoned for an appointment.

"Ah, oh, yes, I was going to contact you. Got a response from her solicitor, ah, better come in and see me. Today if you like."

When I saw him he had good news for me. Gloria was now willing to settle for a more reasonable sum of money and expressed no desire to have the house or contents. Better still, there was no mention of Sam.

When I voiced my satisfaction with the new situation Smythe-Anderson did his humming and hawing, then went on, "Of course, we could hang out for an even better deal, but I wouldn't advise it. If we did hang out she might bring Samantha into the picture. Even though I suspect she doesn't really want the child, she's a useful pawn in her game. Wonder what happened to what they used to call, 'motherly instinct'? Ah well..."

I told Smythe-Anderson about Aine's pregnancy and he hummed for quite some time over that one.

Yes, well I er...I take it Gloria is unaware of your er...er...liaison with Aine?"

"As far as I know."

"Try and keep it from her. Might give her a bit more ammunition if she found out, especially if she knew that Aine was er...er blooming, ha, ha. Must congratulate her, eh?"

I left feeling somewhat relieved even though the sum asked for by Gloria was beyond anything I possessed at that moment. It meant a remortgaging of the house, damn it, just when the place was nearly paid for!

Things moved with surprising rapidity, given the usual, as the bard put it, "Law's delay."

I persuaded my bank manger into a remortgage, paid out Gloria and shortly after found myself in the family court seeking a divorce. Gloria didn't even bother to show up. I was granted a decree nisi, and unless Gloria lodged an objection it would eventually become absolute.

I was still unable to marry Aine yet, but she finally moved in with me and Sam to our deep satisfaction.

Aine seemed to have cast a spell of love over us; first my mother, then Sam and perhaps to my shame, then me. Even my usually undemonstrative father seemed captivated by her.

Smyth-Anderson had referred to Aine as “blooming”, and that was just what she was doing. She was clearly one of those fortunate women who were at their best when pregnant. Following Smythe-Anderson’s metaphor, Aine seemed to blossom and glow. I don’t think she had ever looked lovelier.

Smythe-Anderson warned me that Gloria could still at any time take action regarding Sam, but as time passed we heard nothing.

The one delay was the matter of Jamie. Smythe-Anderson decided that it was time for Aine to apply for access to him. This had an unexpected outcome. Instead of the grandparents agreeing to access, they virtually handed over Jamie to Aine.

The reason for this has never been made clear. Perhaps they felt they did not want all the problems of a child, and later a

teenager in their latter years; or perhaps they knew that any legal tussle would probably end in Aine's favour. Whatever their reasoning a simple telephone call from them to Smythe-Anderson informed him that Jamie would be delivered to my house...or rather, "our" house...at a date and time nominated by Aine.

This was not a good way to approach the matter, as we had wanted time for Jamie to get to know Aine again, and to adjust to my and Sam's presence in her life, and of course, in his.

We were somewhat comforted when Sam, who had to be told that Jamie was coming to live with us, announced that she had told Jamie, and he was very excited. Sam was of course beside her self at the thought that Jamie whom she "wuvved" would be with us.

On the day of Jamie's arrival we were taken aback by the way in which he was delivered. A car drew up and Jamie got out and stood on the footpath. Suitcases and various boxes and packages followed. Then the car drew away leaving Jamie standing there.

"The bastards, the lousy bastards," I burst out, and Aine ran from the house to Jamie. When she drew near typically of Aine, she hesitated as if afraid of rejection. Jamie stood with

bowed head, but he extended his arms up towards her, and Sam and I who had held back heard him say, "Mummy."

That did it. He was swept up into Aine's arms and there was kissing and weeping. She carried him into the house.

Sam asked, "Why is Lady crying, isn't she happy to see Jamie?"

How to explain the mysterious ways of adults to a child? "Yes, she's very happy darling, that's why she's crying."

"But...?" Sam gave up trying to fathom the inscrutable ways of grown ups, and helped me carry in Jamie's goods and chattels.

Now began that awkward period of Jamie settling in and, I suppose, we resettling in with him. Sam demanded to be allowed to show Jamie his room, and then came unpacking and putting away as Sam escorted Jamie round the house to introduce him to its various corners.

Almost a year before, at the school Christmas play, I had noticed an unexpected maturity in Jamie when he met me. Now there occurred another mark of that maturity.

I had not sought to impose my company on Jamie, but decided to let him come to me in his own time. It was about four hours after his arrival, and as I was doing some work in the garden, he approached me.

“How are you settling in, Jamie?” I asked. “Everything all right?”

“Yes.”

“Do you think you’ll like it here?”

“Yes.”

He stood looking at me for some time, and I felt impelled to find out what he wanted.

“Are you sure everything’s all right, I mean, is there something you want?”

“Yes.”

“What is it?”

"I haven't got a daddy."

"Yes, I know."

"I know why I haven't got a daddy."

"Oh?"

"I used to hear mummy screaming and crying."

"That must have been terrible for you, Jamie."

"I wanted to be bigger so I could stop him hurting mummy."

"I'm sure you did."

"I asked mummy and she says you'll never hurt her, or me."

"No, I'll never hurt you or your mummy."

"Do you love mummy?"

“Yes, I love her very much.”

He paused for another long period, and this time I did not break in on whatever he was thinking. When he did speak I nearly copied Aine and cried.

“I don’t have a daddy, so if I’m good will you be my daddy.”

He had asked this very solemnly and I responded with equal solemnity; “I shall be your daddy even if you are not good.”

“Shall I call you daddy?”

“Is that what you’d like to call me, Jamie?”

“Yes.”

“Then daddy it is.”

He extended a small hand for me to shake. It was the sheer grown upness of his gesture that was as moving as anything that had passed between us. I shook his hand and said, “It’s agreed?”

“Yes, I’ll go and tell mummy.”

He trotted off down the path to the house but stopped and turned back to stand before me again.

“You love Sam don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Will you love me?”

“Yes.”

He looked at me for a moment, smiled, and continued his journey back to the house leaving me choking with emotion.

Chapter 20: Love Came Down at Christmas.

Christmas was nearly upon us and with it another school play. Jamie and Sam did not play such prominent roles this time the former being a Wise Man and the later an Angel. “Mummy” and “Daddy” duly attended the event, and

because the children were marginally older, they might also be said to have improved in their acting skills, marginally.

Gina Wallace was present at the performance and was clearly flustered about seeing Aine and I together. Perhaps she was upset because I hadn't taken her advice at the last performance to stay away from Aine.

The same principal made substantially the same speech as the previous year, and we engaged in the same sort of bun fight after the play, and showered praise upon our little thespians.

The grand finale to our year of love and turmoil came, not through any of the people involved. It came during the service of Carols and Nine Lessons that our family attended once more.

The children's hymn "Away in a Manger" was being sung again and it was during the line that had so affected me the previous year, "Stay by my side until morning is nigh." I glanced at Aine and the two children, and I heard that damned voice in my head again: "I knew I could leave it up to you."

A Flight to Hell & Heaven

Prologue

The aircraft came in from the west, banked, and lined up on the flight path for landing. As it dropped lower and lower, he saw the roofs of suburban houses. There was the whine and thump of the wheels being lowered. They skimmed over the city centre, and then briefly he saw more suburban roofs. The aircraft bumped as it struck the runway and they taxied towards the terminal building.

Bernard

The flight had been hell. Not that the aircraft or pilot were at fault. From that point of view, it had been a perfect trip. It was the hell in his mind that tormented Bernard. He was returning to that which he had fled from four years ago. The torment was made worse by the schism that tore him apart.

In my country, our native animal, the kangaroo, is mostly not seen by day. At night, it is said, vehicle headlights fascinate them. They venture out in to the road, there to be captured by the oncoming beam of light, and are held motionless by their own fascination. In the morning, there is another mangled carcass at the side of the road to be disposed of.

Bernard had his particular fascination, but in his case, unlike the kangaroo, he knew the doom that it held for him. He had run from it, but found no peace.

There are many of us who, imprisoned by fears, bereavements or desires, flee to other geographical locations to escape. It is useless. The things we wish to flee from, to leave behind, run with us, for they are the contents of our own minds.

What is the cure? Well, as Hamlet questions, why should a man bear the burdens of life "When he himself might his quietus make with a bare bodkin?"

The other alternative is to turn and face the demon that haunts us, and force it to a culminating final judgement.

Bernard could claim no special virtue for his return to the place of his anguish. It was the death of his father that forced him to make this journey to hell, and he knew that the epicentre of his torture was awaiting him in the terminal building.

He entered the building through the glass doors, passed along the walkway, and at the end there she stood.

"Oh God," he thought, "why even in grief does she have to look so lovely? Why can she not look ugly and faded? What has to happen to mar her beauty?"

Others passing the same way as Bernard paid no particular attention to the woman standing waiting. If they had given her a glance they would most likely have seen a woman somewhere in her mid forties, a little on the plump side with well cared for dark hair and nice skin. They might have thought, "Not bad," and walked on. As the bard said, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder."

Bernard approached the woman and said, "Hello, mother," and kissed her on the cheek. She put her hand to the side his face, kissed him on the lips and said, "Hello, darling."

In an instant, a sword piercing pain ran through him. Her touch, her kiss, her soft contralto voice, brought back all he had dreaded to face.

It had begun when he had entered puberty. Before that he had always had a special bond with his mother, but that bond had been concerned with food and home and security.

With his change from childhood to manhood, something new entered into that bond. At first, not quite knowing why, he found his developing penis stiffening when he happened to catch a glimpse of her bending in tight shorts, or as she leaned towards him and he could see her unbridled breasts down the top of her garment. He found himself watching her as she moved, to see the sensuous movements of those same breasts.

Thus began his agony of desire. Living in the same house as his mother was like being a prisoner who is dying of thirst, while outside the bars of his prison is a glass of water just out of reach. He heard the orgasmic cries of his mother and the groans of his father as they made love, and he wept from frustration and jealousy. He came to hate his father for possessing the prize he longed for.

On holidays by the sea, his misery was added to when his mother went about in the scantiest of bikinis, and in front of him, his father made suggestive comments to her as his hands caressed her body. He was roused to fury when mother and father went for their "afternoon rest," in their bedroom in the holiday shack.

He was driven to masturbate repeatedly to try to relieve himself of the lustful burden he carried. When he began dating and having sex with girls, as he climaxed, it was always his mother's face he saw. When it was over, it was no

longer his mother's face, and he felt a wave of self-loathing sweep over him.

He had even thought of raping his mother so great was his need for her, but hurled the thought away almost as soon as it was born in his mind. He wanted her lovingly and tenderly, not forcibly and violently.

And so his life went on in her presence beset every moment with the agonising pangs of his loving and carnal longings for her. All the while he sought to hide these feelings from her. If he had an erection in her presence, he would leave the room. She must never know what he felt for her.

He even tried to hate her, to emotionally reject her. He ceased any kissing or touching, and tried to keep physical distance between them. Yet no matter what he did, nothing would assuage his passion.

It was when he was in his early twenties, and about to start out on his career, that he decided that there was only one way he could be rid of his demon. He must leave home and remove himself to another city. Accordingly, he had applied for, and gained, a position far away.

When he announced his impending departure to his mother, she had wept. He had longed to embrace and comfort her,

but he dared not. The feel of her body against his would either torture him with raging desire, or lead him to make moves she would loathe and hate him for.

And so he went to his new city, but it brought him no relief or comfort. Just as when he was at home, his sexual relations with girls had been a miserable failure. There was one woman, and only one woman, who could meet his needs, and she was forbidden to him.

When the call had come to say his father was dead, his first reaction was to try to make excuses for not attending the funeral, but a sense of duty prevailed. And now he stood in the physical presence of his loveliest dreams and worst nightmares.

Janet

She had driven to the airport to meet him with a feeling of apprehension churning inside her. She knew that her all pervading feeling should be one of grief at the loss of her husband, Tom, but she was not a woman to lie to herself, and whatever she felt about Tom's death, those feelings had been overwhelmed by the thought of seeing Bernard.

Bernard had not returned even for a brief visit since the day he left to take up his job in the distant city. She had asked

him to visit many times, especially at Christmas or family festive occasions, but he always had an excuse for not coming.

Janet was not a naive fool. She was fairly sure she knew why Bernard had left home, and why he had not returned for a visit. When she contacted him to tell him of his father's death, and he had agreed to come for the funeral, and perhaps stay for a few days, she had been filled with joy. "Now," she had thought, "we might have the chance to straighten things out between us."

That had been her first thought, but as time for his arrival drew near, the prospect was not so pleasing. It was rather like one of those views that delight the eye at a distance, but when you have toiled your way to it, it proves no more pleasing than the one you have just left.

She had allowed her mind to wander down memory lane. When she had first found out she was pregnant with Bernard, she had been beside herself with happiness. It happened early in her marriage to Tom, and she felt she could look forward to more pregnancies. It was not to be. After Bernard's birth, try as they might, no further offspring resulted.

As time passed and she remained barren, she began to lose interest in her sex life. She focused on Bernard and his baby and childhood needs. Her love for the boy was as absolute as a mother's love can get.

He was the apex of her life, and she often had to deal with a disgruntled Tom, who complained of her lack of interest in their relationship. At such times she made an effort, and to placate him they engaged in sexual intercourse, with her playing a hidden game of "pretend."

It was as Bernard entered puberty that a change, at first subtle, took place in the relationship between Janet and her son. She had observed it first in Bernard's covert glances at her that were not unlike those of young men trying to glimpse a girl's more intimate body parts. "Just curiosity," she thought.

Later she could not fail to notice what was really happening when she saw his erections in her presence, and his hasty departures. Even later she was distressed by his withdrawal from her, his rejection of hugs and kisses, and in addition, she was disturbed by her own reactions.

The sight of his erections and the occasional glimpses she had got of his naked body when he changed at the beach, brought on a throbbing in her clitoris and erection of her

nipples. She often had to cope with a delicious but uncomfortable wetness in her groin, and had to behave as if it was not happening in Bernard or Tom's presence.

At first she tried to fight against these feelings. She was a religious woman, and understood what religion and the law had to say about incest and incestuous feelings, but it did not help. Still they tormented her.

She tried to tell herself that her sexual arousal had its source in a general lack of sexual activity on her part. After years of perfunctory sexual contact with Tom, she made an effort to revive her former very active sex life with him. It failed completely to deal with the main problem in fact it made it worse. If she succeeded in having an orgasm with Tom, it was Bernard's penis she imagined in her. Once she only just stopped herself from crying out, "Oh, Bernard, my love," as she came.

Tom was delighted with the revival of his sex life, and fondled and caressed her, even in Bernard's presence. She understood what this was doing to Bernard, but was helpless to do anything about it.

She had thought of coming out into the open with Bernard but could not face the possibility that he would be disgusted

that his mother should desire him, despite his own desire for her.

Janet tried to dress so as not to torture him, but then changed tack. She wore seductive clothing to try and lure him into making a move. She even thought, "Oh God, please let him rape me," but realised that she was being cowardly and was trying to shift the responsibility onto Bernard.

So when Bernard announced that he would be moving away to a distant city Janet, at war with herself and her irreconcilable emotions, was both relieved and grieved. For days after he left Janet wept in secret. Looking back, she realised that she had grieved far more for Bernard's departure from her presence, than for Tom's death. Terrible though she knew this to be, it was the unavoidable truth about her.

As she stood at the head of the walkway she saw his aircraft taxi to the terminal. She saw him the moment he left the aircraft. Her heart lurched as she took in his tall, upright figure striding towards the entrance of the building. Her decision to meet him coolly fell away from her and on his approach and his peck on her cheek; she flung aside her resolve and touching his face, and kissed him full on the lips.

Bernard

At the touch of her hand on his cheek and the soft pressure of her lips on his, Bernard was overwhelmed by the feelings he had fervently hoped to avoid. The old stirrings of his virility were there as if there had never been a distance of time and space between them.

He tried to steady his voice as he said, "Just got to pick up my suitcase." As they waited for the luggage bay of the aircraft to be unloaded and the contents brought into the terminal, they said little, except those formal things one does say on those occasions, like, "Good flight?" "Oh yes, fine." What they in fact were doing, was to weigh each other up physically."

For Bernard his mother seemed to have changed very little. The beauty he had always perceived in her was still there. "Perhaps she has put on a little more weight. Her breasts a little plumper, her hips a fraction fuller," he thought. But his old desire was there, starting the flare up in his groin even at this moment. "A little tiredness round the eyes and despite her smile, a look of uneasiness. Suppose it is not unexpected with the death of a husband." So his thoughts ran.

They left the terminal building and headed for the car. On the journey to the house little passed between them. Barnard remarked on a few changes – buildings that had been torn

down and replaced. Janet mentioned a few other changes that were not visible on their way.

Bernard's arrival had been in the late afternoon, so the evening meal, already partially prepared by Janet, followed soon after they got to the house. Commonplace remarks about the few alterations in the house, and some explanations about Tom's death from heart failure, occupied the rest of the evening.

Bernard felt the tension between them. Whilst he understood the source of his own tension, he could not really appreciate that which emanated from his mother. They were like two cats sizing each other up before a fight. Janet seemed to welcome him home, and at the same time be nervous about his presence. It was all very bewildering.

He had made no definite arrangements about the length of his stay, and his mother made no enquiry about it. Bernard had in fact taken a fortnight's leave, but his initial intention had been to spend as little time with his mother as he decently could, then be off to some beach resort before he got too sick with sexual frustration. Now, looking at her, he was torn within. The old battle – the desire to feast his eyes on her, and the awful pain of desire for her.

Next day the funeral was held, and with the service and the crowd of people that came back to the house to consume food and drink, there was little chance of contact between Janet and Bernard. When the last of the guests had left, both were too tired to converse. They both went off to their beds.

Janet.

As soon as she had kissed him she half wished she had not. She felt instinctively that even this mild contact had disturbed him, and the throbbing of her clitoris informed her that nothing had changed in her feelings towards him.

As they waited for his luggage she determined that she would seek no further physical contact with him, and would keep conversation down to generalities, and information about Tom's death.

She managed to maintain a distance between them throughout the evening, and did not even enquire how long he was staying. She wanted to do nothing that would commit him to a particular length of time. "He must decide for himself without any pressure from me," she thought. If she had cut herself loose from all restraint, she would have cried out to him, "I love you. I want you. Don't ever leave." She kept this locked away deep inside her.

Despite the fact they were in a house of mourning, and tomorrow they must attend the funeral, that evening she was in an agony of sexual desire for him. She had to force herself to sit still as they talked, so great was her agitation.

The funeral over and the guests departed, she was relieved to find herself utterly weary and glad to go to bed, where she fell into a deep sleep.

When she woke in the morning Janet sensed that today would be crucial for her relationship with her son. Having dutifully attended the funeral, he could now legitimately depart. He might, of course, continue to feel a sense of obligation and stay with her on the grounds of her bereavement.

The thought of bereavement raised the further thought of Tom's death. In times of great crisis or bereavement, it is as if the body produces an anaesthetic to defend us from the worst agonies of loss. During the immediate period after whatever blow has fallen, we can behave in a perfectly calm and rational manner. It is only as this anaesthesia wears off that we begin to feel the pain. Janet was now beginning to feel it.

The pain of bereavement is essentially a selfish though perfectly natural one. The dead person is now beyond the

joys and sufferings of this life. Whoever they were, whatever their achievements, whether young or old, their story is now written and the full stop added. There is nothing we can add or subtract from their story.

It is we who are left behind, whose story is still in process, who suffer loss. It is we who bear the pangs of what "might have been." Those words of love that were never spoken. The kindly deed that will never now be done. "We never did take that holiday together." Those who have grieved will know what I mean.

Janet now began to feel these pains. The business of pre-funeral preparations, and the longed for and dreaded meeting with her son, the realisation that the feelings of sexual love for him were still with her, had covered her loss until this morning. Now it struck home, and found a fragile target.

It came to Janet that she was now alone. Tom was gone from her life, and whatever may have been his faults or failings, he had been her companion. Now, when Bernard left, she would be on her own, with no close relatives living nearby. Desolation swept over her and she dissolved into floods of tears.

In the next room Bernard heard her.

Bernard.

He had woken early and heard the dawn chorus. He lay thinking about the day ahead. Should he stay on and bear the pain of her nearness so he might be of help in her time of loss?

He confessed to himself that he had had no great affection for his father in recent years. He had been too consumed with envy at his father's right to enter his mother's body almost at will. Yet now he was gone and would enter no more. At this thought the thoughts I have outlined above rose to the surface. "Perhaps it could have been different. If only..." But what was the use? Tom was gone now and nothing could turn back the clock.

He was still weighing up whether to go or stay when he heard the sounds of his mother's weeping. At first he hesitated to intervene, but as her sobs grew in volume he got out of bed, put on his dressing gown, and went to her room.

She was laying partially face down her arm lying under her face. He went to her and laid his arm across her shoulders. He said only, "Mother." He voiced no words of false comfort. He simply was present to her. She turned and curled herself into his body and continued to weep as he held her as if she

were a child. As her weeping subsided she began to sob out her feelings of loss and regret in broken words and phrases.

This was the first time in years he had been in intimate physical contact with his mother. It might be anticipated that his sexual need of her would surface in all its power, but not so. He had always loved her as well as lusted for her, and at such a time as this it was his love that prevailed. He wanted only to comfort her and offer her his strength.

As she quietened he said, "You stay here, mother, I shall make breakfast and you can have it in bed. She gave a weak smile and said, "I hate breakfast in bed. You can make it while I have a shower, and then I'll join you."

While he worked in the kitchen Bernard decided what he must do. He saw that to leave now would be selfish and cowardly. If he loved this woman he must be here for her now as she grieved. He would stay for the full two weeks of his leave.

Over breakfast he asked her if it would be all right for him to stay for the fortnight. She started to cry again, sobbing out, "Oh Bernard, would you? I should love that."

So it was settled. During that day and following days there were more tears as Janet came upon particularly personal items that had been Tom's. There were no moves to get rid

of her dead husband's things. They were tidied away for the time being. It is a mistake many grieving people make in getting rid too soon of the dead person's possessions, only to find some months later that they regret the hasty action.

Janet.

She felt her son's love as soon as he touched her. It passed into her almost like a physical entity. She pulled herself against him making the greatest possible physical contact with him. She needed his strength and the comfort of his embrace. She wept on, but now did so with a feeling of security and the dreadful feelings of loneliness and despair gradually lifted from her.

His offer of breakfast in bed had even managed to make her smile. She had always hated breakfast in bed. She did not relish the coming day, but if Bernard were to be there, it would be made the more bearable. But was he to be there? He had not said.

When at breakfast he asked her if he could stay for two weeks she felt a jolt of joy and relief pass through her. She wanted to say, "Stay, my darling, stay for ever," but she dared not, so she answered more mildly.

Throughout the day he stayed near her, helping and comforting as they sorted through Tom's possessions that were to be put away. He spoke little and listened much as she talked of the memories various items evoked.

If she had any doubts about her son's love for her, they were now dispelled. But there was still this sexual thing between them. At this time it was quiescent, but she knew it must emerge again and probably before his stay with her was over. Should they bring it out into the open? But how? In what form?

Bernard.

As the second week of his stay arrived his sexual needs started to make themselves felt once more. The old agony of her nearness and his desire for her began their torment of him. The demon was reasserting itself.

He resorted to the old ploy of withdrawing from Janet, trying not to touch her or be touched. He knew now that his love for her was real and not simply based upon carnal needs, but it was the love of a man for a woman, and no longer that of a son for his mother.

He knew any attempt at denial would be useless. The demon must be faced and if possible be outfaced, but how he did not know.

It is an ancient battle, this struggle between lust and love. Philosophers and priests have argued from the dawn of man's recorded history on this topic, and still the battle rages. To lust for another is to seek to draw value from them to add that value to the self. To love another is to seek to give from the self to add value to the other. When Bernard had comforted his mother he gave of himself to add to her. She had indeed received value, for she said to herself, "I am loved."

Now Bernard, still loving Janet, still wanting to give of himself to her life, also wanted to draw value from her. He wanted to give himself to her, but also wanted to possess her. Very confusing is it not?

There can be only one true way forward in this situation. It must be a free exchange between them. This is no easy matter as most lovers will know, but with mother and son?

Janet.

As the second week of Bernard's stay progressed Janet saw him withdrawing from her. She was hurt and confused, but

at the same time she realised what he was doing and why. She further realised that before he left this matter must be settled between them. If it was not, then they were destined for a lifetime of separation or at best, cold meetings.

Understanding that Bernard was most unlikely to be the one to break the ice, Janet laid her own plans for bringing matters to a head.

The Last Night.

For the final evening of Bernard's stay Janet prepared a special meal and opened a bottle of excellent Shiraz. Apart from expressing his appreciation of the feast, Bernard said very little. He seemed lost somewhere in the depths of himself and very morose.

Janet did nothing to try and break his mood. She was feeling tense and nervous as she contemplated what she knew she must do. What must be done would either bind them together into the future, or tear them apart never to be healed. The risk was there, and it had to be taken.

When they had cleared away they retired to the lounge and Janet sat on the couch while Bernard took the easy chair most distant from her.

Janet began by expressing her appreciation of all that Bernard had done in supporting her through this difficult time. She ended by saying, "Darling, it may be a long time before we see each other again, won't you come and give me a hug?"

Bernard was silent, looking away from her. She waited for some time before speaking again, and then asked, "Is something wrong, darling? Have I done something to upset you?"

At last Bernard spoke. "No mother, it is me that is wrong."

Janet spoke very quietly, knowing that the crisis was upon them. "What is it, darling. Whatever it is, please tell me."

Bernard, matching her quietness, said, "I must tell you something about myself mother, and when I have finished you will probably never want to see me or be near me again." Janet waited in silence. "Mother, for years I have loved you, and wanted you as a man wants the woman he loves."

Janet smiled a gentle smile and said, "I know my darling."

Of all the responses Janet might have made, this was the one least expected by Bernard. Recrimination and rejection he would have understood, but this...? He struggled to respond, not believing what he had heard. "But mother...how...how did you know?"

Janet gave a little laugh and said, "Darling, I am your mother, even if you do want me as a woman. There are some things you cannot hide from me, no matter how hard you try."

"And you don't loathe and hate me?" protested Barnard.

"Had it never occurred to you," asked Janet, "That I might be harbouring similar feelings for you. That I might have been longing for you to be with me as a man with the women he loves?"

For a long time neither of them spoke or moved, the Janet rose saying, "Well, if you won't come to me, I suppose I must come to you." She crossed to where Bernard sat, bent down and kissed him full on the lips.

The barriers came crashing down. The years of sexual frustration surged out as Bernard picked Janet up and carried her back to the couch. He smothered her face with kisses as he caressed her breasts. He moaned, "Oh mother, you don't know, you can't know how I've wanted you." His

hand sought her vagina, but she stopped him. "Not here my love. Take me to bed."

He carried her to the bedroom and tenderly undressed her as she stripped him. His head sank to her breasts and took her nipple into his mouth. His hand went to her vagina and parting the lips he inserted his finger into her. He felt her wetness as she sobbed, "Enter me, darling, please don't make me wait, I've waited so long already."

He entered her as if he would return from whence he came. Janet, so long deprived of his manhood, came to orgasm quickly, and as she did he boiled over into her. They cried out with words of love that had been so long locked away within them, and then came the peace that is the gift of love fulfilled.

During the night they came together three times more before they were sated. Then they talked of the future.

In his joy and love for Janet Bernard wanted her to join him almost immediately in his distant city. Janet, with the wisdom women have, refused this proposal, and put an alternative'

As she lay stroking his face she said, "My love, what we have had tonight is the promise of things to come. Shall we say, a

'deposit' to secure the future. If I were to go with you now, you would not have the whole me. I still have things to come to terms with here.

Bernard cut in, "Then I shall leave my job and come back here..." "No you won't," interrupted Janet. "I shall be with you in only one way."

"How?" pleaded Bernard.

"You will go back to your work, and we shall wait for a year."

"A year," exploded Bernard.

"Yes," Janet went on, " a year. By that time I shall be able to come to you unreservedly and whole. I also want you to be very sure that you still want me."

Bernard made as if to protest, but Janet went on, "Two months before the end of the year I shall send you a letter. The letter will contain only one word, which will be a question. It will ask 'Yes?' If you choose to reply, you are to write either 'Yes,' or 'No.' If it is the first, I shall come to you. If it is the latter, you will never see me again. Do you agree?"

Bernard could tell from the tone of her voice that argument would be useless. He comforted himself with the knowledge that he had waited for her so long without hope of ever having her as a lover, another year whilst painful for him, would in the end bring her to him for good. So he agreed.

He held her in his arms as they slept.

The next morning she saw the aircraft carry him away from her, and she stood weeping. Epilogue.

Two months before the end of the year a letter arrived for Janet in reply to one she had sent. She looked at the single word on the page, folded the letter and put it in her pocket.

Twelve months to the day after Bernard and Janet had parted, an aircraft taxed to the end of the runway. It stood for a few moments, its engines softly whining. Their note changed and they rose to a roar. Brakes were released and the plane went down the runway gathering speed. Its wheels lifted from the ground and as it sped over the suburban roofs and the city centre, they rose and were locked into position. The aircraft banked, still climbing, and turned westward.

In a distant city a young man looked at his watch. He took a final walk around his newly acquired house to see all was in

order. Pausing he took a last to look at the large bed in the main bedroom. He smiled.

He went out to the garage and climbed into the car. He started the engine and backed carefully into the street. Driving to the end of the street he turned left and headed for the main road. Arriving at the junction he smiled as he glanced the right pointing sign, "To the Airport."

He turned right, and sang joyfully as he drove.

A Lover for Mother

A Beginning.

"Oh God, no! Not my best friend!" I had suspected, but now here was the evidence plainly visible. My eyes saw, but they did not want to see what was before them. For a moment, I was frozen with angry shock, and then I fled to my room. But this is to enter the story half way through, so let me begin at the beginning.

The Sacred Assembly

My father was, and possibly still is, a lecturer in sociology. Back in the sixties when I was about ten years old, we used to have Saturday night gatherings of devoted sociology students at our house. They sat or lay around the floor on beanbags and cushions, draping over one another in weary indolence. I was allowed to sit in on these worship sessions and I did so a few times until a combination of boredom and disgust led me to join my mother in another part of the house.

The gathering was made up of young people in their late teens and early twenties. Their garments ranged from North American Indian, through Buddhist monk's habit to something resembling a Mongolian shaman's outfit, plus a

couple of Jesus lookalikes. All were festooned with beads, crosses, Egyptian ankhs and other obscure charms. Their vocabulary seemed to be limited to "Crazy, man," "Wow, man," "Cool, man," and "He really know where it's at, man." The normally masculine noun "man" seemed to lose its male connotation on their lips, and be addressed to both male and female. In addition, there seemed to be a competition to see who could go the longest without washing, especially the hair, which was mostly worn long, lank and greasy.

My father sat in the midst of this assembly, and was the object of their devotion. His garb resembled a picture of an Egyptian pharaoh I had once seen in a book. He would hold forth with sociological platitudes about the world's ills and potential cures to the accompaniment of many "Crazys," "Wows," and "Mans," from the company. When he was not talking there was Indian music that he usually introduced with an elucidation on why a particular wail from a sitar explained the meaning of the universe. While father was talking the worshippers gazed upon him with rapt attention. Once the music started, they went into some sort of meditative ecstasy during which they swayed and moaned.

Having given up attending these gatherings, I joined mother, who would be reading and quietly playing recordings of Bach's music. I brought my own books and read with her. At the sound of the worshipper's departure, mother would shut her book, turn off the recording and hasten to the room now being vacated. I went with her sometimes, and found my

nostrils assailed by the combined stench of cigarettes, pot, unwashed bodies and a particular odour caused by one student who I later learned was called Alistair. Alistair was a youth about nineteen years old. He might have been called pretty if he was a girl, but had a flatulence problem which exploded audibly and constantly.

Mother would fling open doors and windows to try to rid the room of the stench, and inspect the furniture for the latest cigarette burns and other signs of the new society of "love sweet love."

Mother and Father.

Mother and father had been very potent lovers. Back in the fifties, he had got mother pregnant, and as was fashionable in those days, he married her. Their lovemaking continued through most of my childhood, and I know this because they were very vocal love makers. My bedroom was next to theirs, and I often heard his moans and her screams. This worried me at first, but as they always seemed to be in good shape next morning, I assumed all was well. Later I was to learn the meaning of those outcries.

Potent lovers they may have been, but one day when I was eleven my father said he wanted to have a "Man to man talk," with me. For the occasion, he was wearing his Canadian

lumberjack clothes. Without going into endless detail, it came down to this; he was leaving mother and I in order to "find himself." His departure took place next day, and that was the last time I ever saw or heard from him. I did learn, however, that he intended to "find himself" in the anus of the flatulent Alistair who went with him on this voyage of self-discovery.

Alistair apparently found the exploration not to his taste. He parted company with my father after a couple of years, became an accountant, and when his employer died, married his widow. He took over the business and became known as one of the shiftier operators in the profession.

Mother and I.

After my father left, my mother was involved in some legal wrangling and came home one day saying, "We won!" I was not clear what exactly we had won, but we continued in the same house, and seemed to be no worse off financially. Certainly, mother was sufficiently in funds to see me through university.

This brings me back to the point where I began. One afternoon while still at university, the scheduled lecture was cancelled because the flue virus had assailed the lecturer. I made my way home, arriving earlier than I was expected. As

I entered the house, I heard human cries that I recognized from years before.

I shall describe mother more fully shortly, but suffice to say that I never thought of her as a woman who would allow herself to be deprived of adequate emotional fulfillment. Not that I had ever seen or heard any sign of a sexual relationship, but I assumed she was very circumspect, and kept this side of her life away from me.

I confess that curiosity got the better of me. The noises were coming from her bedroom, and were too distinct for the door to be properly shut. I crept along the passage to her door, and sure enough, it was partially open. What I saw on looking in was a sight I wished I had not seen. My naked mother was sitting across a man thumping up and down on him while he groaned and she screamed. My horror was not so much that my mother was having sex, but the fact that she was having it with my best friend, Robert.

Robert and I had been friends from our first day at school, when our anxious mothers left us howling in the care of the teacher. He had spent many hours in our home over the years, as I had in his home. I always thought my mother looked upon him almost as a second son, just as Robert's mother seemed to regard me in that way.

Neither Robert or I were innocent virgins; in fact, we had at one time shared the same girl who was happy to spread her sexual favours widely. But with my mother! To be frank, there had been a worm of suspicion lurking in the recesses of my mind, but like most people faced with something distasteful, I had pushed it aside.

Mother.

It happened like this; one summer day about three months prior to my discovering them in bed, Robert, my mother and I, were lounging beside our swimming pool. Mother had on a bikini – not a particularly provocative one, but enough to display her female charms, and perhaps now is the moment to try and describe those charms.

I do not think anyone would call mother "beautiful" in the generally accepted meaning of that word. "Pretty" would be an even more inadequate description. She is about five foot eight inches tall, and buxom. She has a dark gypsy look about her, with almost black shining hair sometimes worn tied back, but when loose hangs just below her shoulders. Her eyes are almost the colour of her hair, and they glitter with intelligence. Her nose is straight, and longer than fashion dictates, and the mouth might be described as "generous." Her breasts are full, well rounded and firm; her legs long and well formed.

My father had said he left her "to find himself." I thought he must be mad to leave a woman like my mother, but mother is not the sort of woman in whom men "find" themselves, but rather they long to "lose" themselves in her. She has an animal grace that can be seen when she moves and when in repose. I sometimes liken her to a panther in the smoothness of its movement and the beauty of its rest. In mother's presence, you are always aware of the sensual woman. There is nothing calculating about this. What you see is what she is. . As we lay beside the pool on that summer day Robert was next to my mother. I noticed as she spoke with him she kept touching his arm and shoulder sometimes letting her hand linger. Robert's swimming briefs were very brief indeed and I could see that he had a half-formed erection, which, as it continued to grow, he tried to hide by rolling over on his stomach. This did not especially trouble me because I had noticed before that my male friends often showed signs of being attracted to mother. It was a little surprising, though, because, as I have said, I had always thought Robert was my mother's other son, and assumed that Robert also accepted this relationship.

As time for preparing the evening meal drew near, mother complained, "Oh damn, I forgot to get..." and mentioned some item of food I cannot now recall. "Darling," she said to me, "Would you take the car and get me some?" I dutifully went off to the shops to get the said item.

I returned about half an hour later. Mother and Robert had left the pool so I went in search of them. I found them in the kitchen, and as I entered I thought I detected those hasty moves people make when caught in something they want kept hidden. I looked at them for a moment. Mother had her back to the workbench with Robert standing close in front of her. He turned and I saw a suspicious wet patch in the front of his swimming trunks. He gave a croaking sort of laugh and ran from the room shouting, "One more dip before eating."

Observing mother I could see something that glistened dribbling down her inner thighs. "My God," I thought, "He's taken my mother standing up." I tried to dismiss the thought as soon as it arose. Unable or unwilling to confront her I let the moment pass, handed over my purchase, and muttered something about going to change.

Nothing untoward happened in the following weeks as far as I saw, that is, until the moment when I observed them together on her bed. The suspicions I had both harboured and struggled to suppress had found their logical outcome. I was shattered.

Confronting Mother.

I had escaped from the scene into my bedroom. I flung myself down on the bed, my mind in tumult. Anguished thoughts came flooding over me, each one seeming to contradict the other.

"Why Robert?" "Why not? He is an attractive male, so why shouldn't she desire him?"

Why my mother?" "Why not? She's a desirable woman who needs sexual gratification."

"If it was someone else's mother how would you feel?" "Probably amused."

"Why are you feeling so much pain about this?" "I don't know."

"You do know, but haven't the guts to admit it."

And so my thoughts ran on.

I heard Robert depart and then heard the shower running. I pulled myself together and went down to the kitchen. I sat at the table wrapped in my misery and waited to see what

developed. After about fifteen minutes mother appeared at the door.

She stopped short, startled. "Darling, you're home early." "Lecture got cancelled," I muttered. "How long have you been home?" she asked, unable to keep the uneasiness from her voice. "Nearly an hour," I answered, looking directly at her.

I saw a flush spread over her face, but she said, "I'd better get the meal ready." She busied herself in that over fussy way people have when they are trying to cover something up. I rose and said, "I'll take a shower," and left her.

We sat through the meal in silence, hardly eating. We went through the washing up routine still silent. At last, as if a pressure she could no longer contain erupted, she sobbed out, "You know, don't you?" "Yes," I said, "I know and I saw."

She was wedged between the corner of the bench and the sink, as if she was defending herself from physical attack. "Oh God, darling," she cried, "I'm so sorry, so terribly sorry. I wouldn't have had that happen for the world." Her hands covered her face and she sobbed uncontrollably.

"Sorry?" I snarled, "My mother with my best friend. My mother the slut, the whore, the harlot. My mother, who is

willing to be fucked by any man. Shall I get the rest of my friends in and you can fuck them as well! While I think of it, there's quite a few of the guys at university who'd just love to screw you. Perhaps I should issue a general invitation, 'Roll up, roll up, roll up. Byan's mother available to all, free of charge.'"

She turned on me, her face contorted by rage and grief. "How dare you, you bastard, you self righteous prig. How many girls have you fucked, and for that matter how many older women? Who the hell do you think you are, standing in judgement over me? Before you start judging me you'd better make sure your own slate is clean."

We both stood still glaring at each other, our breathing laboured. "If you find your mother so abhorrent, then you can get out of this house as soon as you like," she yelled.

"I think now is as good a time as any," I yelled back. "I'll pack now." I left and went to my room.

My brain burned in utter confusion. Anger, despair and misery roared in my head, and there was a dull pain in my stomach. I had no idea where I was going, but I supposed one of my friends would take me in temporarily.

I put some essentials into a bag, deciding to come back later for the rest of my things, and made for the door. As I passed the open door of the living room I heard mother sobbing as if her heart would break. I stopped and stood listening. The worst of my fury was passing by now, and I knew I had said vile things, perhaps unforgivable things, to mother. I hesitated, unsure what to do. Go without a word, or at least say goodbye? I decided on goodbye.

I entered the living room and saw mother sitting on the couch. She was broken by sobs and looked at me through eyes that could hardly see for tears. She stretched out her hand to me and I took it in mine. "Oh darling, oh darling, oh darling..." she sobbed and gulped over and over again. I had never before seen anyone so utterly broken, least of all mother.

I sat beside her putting my arm round her. "It's all right mother, it's all right. Don't cry anymore, it's all right." Tears were pouring down my face now, and I could hardly choke out my words.

"Don't go, darling, please my love don't go," she wept. I tried to reassure her, "I'm not going mother, it's all right."

We clung to each other until at last, we began to recover from this outburst of emotion, and we could speak coherently.

"Darling," mother jerked out through residual sobs, "There have been men, not many, but some. I kept them away from you. I wasn't going to have your life messed up by a series of live in lovers, or even one for that matter. I was always discreet. Perhaps some women could have gone without sexual relations, but I can't, and can see no good reason why I should. It's only been twice with Robert. Once that day I sent you to the shops. He wanted me so badly, and I have such tender feelings for him, I just let him have me. And today he broke up with his girlfriend and came here to tell you, and he was so badly in need of compassion I gave him the comfort of my body.

"But mother," I protested, "I always thought you saw him as a sort of extra son." "Yes," she said, "that is just the trouble."

This puzzled me. What "trouble" was she referring to? I pressed the matter. "What do you mean, trouble?" She gave me a wan tearful smile. "Can't you work it out, my love?"

I couldn't work it out and said so. "All right," she said, "I'll tell you then you might change your mind about not going. Yes, Robert has been like having another son around, but he's not my real son."

She paused as if hoping I would now see the point without her having to spell it out. I was no help to her. She sighed and went on. "Had it been my real son, I would have wanted to comfort him too, but of course, it would not be possible like that."

She stopped and looked away from me. It took me a few moments to put together what she had said, but at last, my addled brain got it clear. She would have given herself to me as she had to Robert if I had that need and if I were not her real son.

She started to speak again very hesitantly. "My love, I've made it sound very pitying on my part, but there is more to it. It wasn't only compassion for him. You see..." She paused searching for words. "Robert was the substitute for the forbidden son."

We were still in each others arms, and I said to her gently, "Mother, are you saying that you have wanted me that badly? Am I the forbidden son?" "Yes," she whispered weakly.

I was bewildered, my thoughts racing. I had never consciously allowed myself to think of mother as the object of my sexual desire, but unavoidable memories came flooding back. The girls and women, especially the older

women, as I came to orgasm with them, whose face and whose body had I been trying to project on to them? Whose breasts had I fondled and kissed? Whose clitoris had I licked? Whose vagina had I ejaculated into? Even now, I did not want to admit to myself the truth, but it hammered itself into my brain, it was my mother's. Those other girls and women had been substitutes for the "forbidden mother."

I drew mother closer to me and made my confession. "Mother, as I am your 'forbidden son,' so you are my forbidden mother." "Oh God, no," she wept. "No my love, I wouldn't have you go through the torments of longing I have suffered, not you, my darling."

I kissed her gently on the lips and speaking very quietly I said, "Mother, for a long time you have had the courage to admit to yourself, and now to me, your feelings. I have not had the guts to face my feelings as you have, but now its out in the open and we don't have to fear those feeling any more."

"Then you don't hate or loathe me?" she asked plaintively.

I couldn't help but laugh, even if a little tearfully. "In the last hour I think there's been enough of hating and loathing to last us both the rest of our lives. We are talking about love, as well as sexual desire, aren't we?"

"You know I love you, darling," she whispered."

"And I love you, mother, only until this moment I hadn't been able to face the sexual aspect. Now we are free of all those hidden thoughts about each, and I want to tell you plainly, I want you as a woman."

"No, darling," she moaned, "It would be incest. It's forbidden. However much we may want to, we can't." She tried to pull away from me but I held on to her. Strong as she was, I was stronger. We had both confessed our desires, and now one of us must break through the ancient taboo.

I opened the front of her dress to reveal her unsupported breasts and caressed them gently, tenderly squeezing her nipples. She groaned, but said huskily, "No, my darling, no, we mustn't." My lips went to her nipple and she tried to push me away. "You mustn't, oh darling, don't do this to me, please, don't do it." By now, my hand had reached down to touch her vagina that for all her protesting, was wet with longing.

I pulled down her panties and parted her legs. She continued her verbal protests but made little physical resistance. "Oh God, I can't, don't, please I beg of you don't. Not your

mother, please, my love. I can't fight it any more, but please, no..."

I entered her. She wept on, "No, no, no my darling, no." I stopped her mouth with a long deep kiss, and when I broke away she was saying, "Oh yes, my dearest love, yes, don't stop now, don't stop." She screamed as her orgasm struck and I fountained into her.

We lay together for long after we had both climaxed. She kissed and stroked me and spoke words of love and endearment. I let my hands roam over her, exploring her for the first time as her lover, the body that I had needed and longed for.

"Darling," she murmured, "As long as you want me, there will be no one else, I promise."

"My lovely mother," I responded, "This is the reality I have wanted for a long time. There will be no one else for me either."

"Please, take me to bed, my love," she said.

A Nursery Affair

At 11:33 p.m., the Blue Line Coach from the city crawled into the bus terminal at Mount Ellen. It slunk between two other dark and silent coaches, and came to a stop. The driver switched off the engine, which seemed to give a weary sigh as it died at the end of its ten-hour journey

A handful of yawning passengers alighted and stood around waiting for the luggage compartment to be opened. The driver unceremoniously hauled out the various items of luggage, dumping them on the concrete floor of the terminus. The passengers found their own baggage and moved off to waiting cars that had come to pick them up.

Last to alight from the coach was a pretty young woman carrying a tiny baby. She was in her early twenties; she now stood alone, except for the driver, with a large suitcase at her feet.

"Where can I get a taxi?" she asked.

"No taxi's 'ere, lady," the driver replied. "Last one we 'ad gave up. Not enough business."

"How can I get to the Mount Ellen Motel?"

" 'Ave ter walk, lady. Turn right outside the terminal, and its about two kilometres up the road. Gotta go now, the wife'll have me supper waiting." He slammed the luggage compartment door shut, locked it, went to the bus door and locked that, then without another glance at the young woman, he departed.

The she was now alone in the ghostly bus terminal but for the baby, which she now put into a harness so she could carry the child on her back. She seemed to sag with exhaustion, then, as if gathering her last reserve of energy, she picked up the suitcase and exited from the building.

She found herself standing in a street that extended to the left and right of the terminal entrance. It was poorly lit, and a breeze coming in from the nearby country blew pieces of paper and plastic wrapping in little whirlwinds.

She turned in the direction the driver had indicated, and began to drag herself, the baby and the suitcase along the footpath. She had only gone a dozen of so metres when she had to stop and put down the suitcase. A close observer would have seen tears of frustration and exhaustion glistening in her eyes. Making a valiant effort, she lifted the suitcase again and trudged a few more metres, then again had to stop.

The weather had been warm when they left the city, but now, out in the high country and being night, it was cold. She shivered in her unsuitable clothing, but felt unable to summon up the energy to open the suitcase in the dim street light to find something more suitable.

The baby started to whimper, so she sat down on the suitcase and taking the child from the harness, tried to comfort it. It was past the baby's feeding time, but the woman knew she must wait until they reached the motel.

She was outside a house, and suddenly the front door opened and a light shone from the interior. A cheerful voice called out; "I'll see you tomorrow, then. Goodnight." The light disappeared as the house door was shut and footsteps came along the garden path to where the woman sat on the footpath.

She began another painful attempt to walk then a voice behind her said; "Can I help you?"

The woman turned and saw a young man. The woman was far too tired and worn out to bother about being mugged, raped or robbed. So she said, "Oh would you? I really would appreciate it. I'm going to the Mount Ellen Motel"

"That case is far too heavy for you with the baby as well, let me carry it for you."

The young man hefted the suitcase onto his shoulder and proceeded in the direction of the motel. The woman walked a step behind him, struggling to keep up with him.

"Could you slow down, please, I'm so tired I can't..."

"Sorry," said the young man, "I should have realised." He reduced his pace.

Reaching the motel, he entered the reception area and pressed the desk bell. A middle-aged man made his shuffling appearance. "A lady for you, Arthur," the young man said. "And be very nice to her because she's really tired."

"Humph," said Arthur, then asked somewhat grouchily, "Mrs. Janet King?"

"Miss." Replied Janet.

There was a brief pause as both Arthur and the young man took in the baby. Then Arthur said, "I've put you in room

eight. Its got a cot and a high chair, but I don't think you'll be needing the high chair with that little one."

Arthur came round the counter to reluctantly take up the suitcase, but the young man said, "It's okay, Arthur, I'll see her to her room."

With that he seized the suitcase and started off to the room followed by Janet.

Outside the door Janet inserted the key, opened the door and turned to the young man. Fumbling in her pockets, she brought out a couple of two-dollar coins that she proffered. He recoiled slightly, and in a level tone of voice said, "I don't want your money, Miss King. I just like to give a hand."

He turned away to leave but Janet stopped him. "I'm sorry. I just wanted to show how much I appreciated your help. Perhaps we shall meet again some time, Mr. er..."

"Saunders. Derek Saunders," he replied. "If you're stopping in Mount Ellen, we're sure to meet again. The population isn't that big that we'll miss each other." He laughed.

"Well, thank you again, Derek Saunders," said Janet. "I must go in now, the baby is long overdue for her feed."

She went to shut the door but Derek stopped her. "Just a thought. Have you had anything to eat?"

"Not for hours."

"Well, there's nowhere open for you to get anything, and Arthur's probably heading for his bed now, but I live just a couple of minutes up the road, so I'll go home and bring you something back."

Before Janet could say yes or no to this, he was gone.

Tired as she was, feeding the baby was first priority. Sitting down on the edge of the bed Janet undid the front of her waist shirt, opened the maternity bra, and taking out her breast she began to feed the child.

After a few minutes, Derek arrived with the food. Knocking at the door Janet called for him to come in. He entered saying, "Mum and dad were in bed, but I found..." then stood transfixed.

It was clear he had never seen a woman breast feeding a child before, and the beauty of the sight glued him to the spot. He had not previously taken in Janet's appearance, and

even now, he did not observe how attractive she was. He could not take his eyes from the child at the breast.

I...I...b. b. brought you these he stammered," holding out some paper wrapped food. This proved to be a leg of chicken, a slice of bread and cheese and an apple. "If you like, I'll make you a cup of tea or coffee. I know where all the stuff is because I sometimes work for Arthur."

"Tea, please," replied Janet.

While Derek set about tea making, Janet changed the baby to her other breast.

"What's the baby's name?" Asked Derek, longing to look at the breast-feeding, but fearing that Janet might get the wrong impression.

"Sari," replied Janet, as she concentrated on maneuvering her nipple into the baby's mouth. She was not at all concerned that he might want to watch her breastfeeding, as she shared the view that there is beauty in a mother feeding her baby.

"That's a lovely name," Derek commented, silently adding, "And you're a lovely sight feeding her."

The tea made, Derek said, "I'd better go now. Its been nice meeting you and Sari. I expect we shall see each other around if your staying in town."

"I'm taking over the plant nursery. Thank you for your help and the food. I'll keep an eye open for you."

"I'd heard that Ted was leaving the Nursery. About time too, the mess he's got it into. Goodnight."

"Goodnight," said Janet, as she began changing the baby's nappy.

Derek left, and Janet contemplated his information that the nursery was in a mess.

"That rotten swine," she thought. "He must have known the place was run down."

It was a sad chain of events that had led her to arriving in Mount Ellen. She had left school when she was seventeen, and started work in Ellis's Plant Nursery that was the head office and nursery of a chain of such nurseries across the state. A pretty young girl, she had quickly caught the eye of Joe Ellis, owner of the chain. Unusually these days for an

eighteen year old and very attractive girl, she was still a virgin.

She had been flattered by the attentions of the older and rather good-looking man who was her boss. He began by buying her lunch. Flattery and odd gifts followed, but above all, he began to tell her he loved her. This was to strike at Janet's Achilles heel.

Her father an alcoholic, her mother lost in a drug induced haze most of the time, Janet craved love. She had had to battle through, trying to keep herself above her environment, until on leaving high school with no hope of going on to tertiary studies, she got the job at the nursery. To be told by what seemed to her to be a sophisticated man that he loved her, was to conquer her.

He took her virginity, and they began an ongoing sexual relationship that lasted for over two years. It ended quite literally, when she announced to him that she was pregnant. At that point, he suddenly discovered he had an overwhelming devotion to his wife and children.

"He would see her right," was his comment. He offered to pay for an abortion, which Janet roundly refused to countenance. So, Joe had paid her medical bills and other expenses. In addition, and much to his annoyance, he also

had to pay for her accommodation, because on learning she was pregnant, her parents turned her out.

About two months after the baby was born, the less than loving father of the child came forward with what he referred to as, "A long term offer."

Janet lacked knowledge concerning her rights in the situation, and nobody came forward to help and advise her, so she went along with Joe's suggestion.

Many of his nurseries were run on a franchise basis. The nursery at Mount Ellen was being given up by the current franchisee. He would let Janet have the franchise without the usual initial charges, and would expect no return for the first twelve months.

In addition, he gave her, what to Janet seemed a substantial sum of money; "Just to get you started." In fact, it was little more than small change to Joe, so he congratulated himself on getting rid of an embarrassment at little cost.

Janet saw this cash "pay out" for what it was, "Hush money."

Ted, the current franchisee, would also, "See her right," he said. She supposed he meant that Ted would be around for a while to show her the ropes.

Next morning Janet, after she had showered, breakfasted and seen to the baby, slipped Sari into the harness and set off for the nursery.

Following the directions Arthur had given her she arrived at a rather dilapidated looking site, with a peeling painted sign that announced "Ted's Arbor."

Entering the "Arbor," Janet found amid the weed-choked plants, a rusting corrugated iron shed with a notice stating, "Sales and Office." Around the door were poor quality garden statues, birdbaths and other somewhat ugly garden ornaments.

Stepping inside the shed, there were equally poor quality gardening tools, past use-by date packets of seeds, gardening calendars and mysterious containers of fertilisers.

Overseeing this scene, and seated on a high stool behind a counter, sat a pale, sick looking man.

"Ted Willis?" queried Janet.

"S'me," replied the cadaverous man.

"I'm Janet King."

"Ah. The bird...lady that's takin' over from me."

He extended a scrawny hand. Janet took it and felt the cold, moist palm, and shuddered.

"S'pose you'd like to 'ave a look at the place," said Ted with all the enthusiasm of a dead duck. "Bit on the young side for this, ain't yer, baby an all?"

Janet made no reply to this.

The rest of the day was spent inspecting the dilapidated property, examining the stock, and going over the books which looked a lot less optimistic than the ones she had been shown at head office.

A few customers came in looking for plants that mostly Ted did not have. He treated all in egalitarian fashion, which meant a sort of casual rudeness.

By closing time, which for Ted was about 4 p.m., he announced, "I'll be 'ere termorrer, ter show yer the rest of the ropes, then I'm off fer good."

"But I thought you were supposed to be staying around for at least a couple of weeks," protested Janet.

"Na, told the boss months ago when I'd be packin' it in. I finish termorrer."

Janet thought unpleasant thoughts about her erstwhile lover. "He knew all along the state this place is in, and that Ted would not be around to help me. Bastard!"

Getting back to the motel she had a little cry, but then rallied, fed the baby and herself, and determined she would "get that place going or die trying."

Part of the next day was spent making local banking arrangements, familiarising her self with the town centre, and making a start on seeking some longer-term accommodation. An agent who had a furnished cottage on his books that was available on a six months lease provided the latter.

So, the battle with the nursery began. She bought a cot that she installed in the shed, where the baby slept part of the day and a pram with which Janet trundled the baby around the paths as she worked.

Each day Janet ended up exhausted. Not only were their weeds to be eradicated, there was the poor quality stock that she sold off at less than cost prices, and new stock to be bought in. In addition, the fences and watering system were in a ruinous condition.

After a fortnight, it was clear to her that she could not cope on her own. She put an advertisement in the local newspaper, "Seeking young man to work in plant nursery."

Despite the high youth unemployment in the district, she only got six responses. Three were disposed of briskly. To her question, "Do you like plants," she got answers like, "Not much." "Bit sissy ain't they?" "Dunno."

The fourth to arrive was Derek. His previous kindness to Janet gave him an unfair advantage over the following two candidates. All three showed promise, but Derek won the day.

His presence in the nursery began to make a marked difference to the place very quickly. Apart from his general

cheerfulness, Derek only needed to be told or shown something once, and he grasped it. He went out of his way to relieve Janet of the heavy tasks, but always in an unobtrusive way.

She was surprised at his knowledge of plants, until he explained that at high school they had had a teacher who was very keen on the subject of horticulture. He went out of his way to foster any interest the students might show, and even spent his free time in the school gardens with them. Hence, Derek was excited when he saw the advertisement offering work at the nursery, and exhilarated when he got the job.

Derek demonstrated more skills than horticultural ones. He repaired the fences, got the watering system going and made an excellent and courteous salesman. He and Janet began to make real inroads on the work to be done, and they seemed less like employer and employee and more like partners. They planned together, with Janet taking full cognizance of Derek's suggestions.

At the end of the first year, Janet received a notice informing her of the financial return the owner, Joe Ellis, would expect over the next twelve months. The nursery was now in good order, and customers who had been alienated in the past, began to return. After spending a considerable amount of

her original capital ("Hush money"), Janet was beginning to make a small profit.

In the second year of Janet's occupancy, Derek erected a new and spacious sales centre and office with minimum outside help, and even painted a new sign over the front entrance to the nursery that read, "Janet's Plant Place."

Derek had begun work with her at a very low wage, but now Janet was able to offer him a considerable increase. In addition, a course in horticulture on a one day a week basis was being offered in the neighbouring town. Janet paid for Derek to attend this.

A special task Derek undertook was one that Janet did not pay for. With the comment, "Just to get some of the pressure off you," he would take Sari with him in her pram to where he was working. Janet was deeply touched when on several occasions she had overheard Derek talking to Sari as he worked, not caring that his only answers were gurgles and squeals. As time passed there grew up a strong bond of love between Sari and Derek, as Sari came to call him, once she began to speak.

"Strange," thought Janet. "Joe Ellis has never once asked about Sari, or for that matter has not even contacted me

personally. Yet here is a young man who gives more than I ever pay him to do, and even cares for my daughter." She pondered this, weeping a little over some vague feeling that somehow she had failed to gain, or had lost, something she longed for. What it was she was never quite able to focus.

Derek was almost as reticent in talking about his life outside the nursery as Janet was in talking about her past. She knew that he lived at home with his parents, but what he did with his leisure time she did not know, and was too reticent to ask. She had noted that he paid a number of visits to houses round the town, but had no idea why. "Perhaps he's got a lot of girls that he..." She did not want to think of Derek like that. She did not know why, but she pushed the thought away.

One of the reasons why a number of males came to make purchases from the nursery was Janet herself. Their thoughts generally boiled down to this; "Wouldn't mind getting on to that and screwing it." So, Janet had to fend off advances from ardent would-be lovers on a fairly regular basis. On the other hand, female clients seemed to pay particular attention to "That charming young man."

Janet had been deeply hurt by Joe Ellis. It had embittered her to the point that she had determined she would have no further intimate relationships with a man. Her love was

poured out on Sari, and her other energies went to the nursery – or so she told herself.

As the bond between Derek and Sari grew, and with it, Janet's trust in Derek, he started to take Sari out for walks after work, including visits to see his parents. They of course petted Sari as if she were their grandchild, and receiving such love, Sari was growing to be a lovely child.

By the beginning of the third year of her taking over the franchise, the business was thriving. Janet had continued to take out six-month leases on the cottage, but now she made an offer that was accepted, so the cottage was now hers.

In all this Janet had the honesty to acknowledge that much of its success had derived from Derek's work, and she thought it time for another pay rise.

One day after the nursery had closed, Janet and Derek were going over the stock in the office, so Janet took the moment to announce his pay increase.

Derek appeared embarrassed. "Look," he said, "I'd better tell you now. I'm leaving at the end of the month."

Janet was dumbfounded. For a moment, she could say nothing, then burst out, "Why?"

"I just think it's time a moved on. You're well set-up now, and a month should give you time to find someone else, and for me to show him or her the ropes."

"Derek, I don't want anyone else. Have I done something to upset you? Please, tell me."

"It's nothing you've done, I just think its time to go."

Janet felt anger rising. She turned away from Derek saying, "Very well, if that's what you want to do. I'll finish the stock taking, you can go."

Derek left, and there now began a dark time for both of them.

Janet determined that when Derek left, she would try to carry on by her self. This was to somehow punish Derek, but in fact, she was only being spiteful to herself. Another man was hurting her. She felt betrayed. Yet there was something more, something she would not – dare not – acknowledge.

Her manner towards Derek changed from warm companionship to a brisk and business-like attitude. Then one day, while shopping in the town, Janet met Derek's mother. They had conversed on several occasions, usually about Derek whom his mother obviously adored. On this occasion, Mrs.Saunders was clearly upset.

"Did you know Derek's moving out from home?" she asked tearfully.

Janet was once more taken by surprise. "I know he's leaving the nursery, but had no idea he was leaving home. Why is he doing this, Mrs.Saunders?"

"I don't know. He won't talk about it. He's been so happy working at the nursery, it seems absurd for him to just up and leave like this. And what about all those people of his? They do need him, you know."

Janet was mystified by this reply. "What people?" she asked.

"His lame ducks."

Janet was still baffled. "I didn't know he had any ducks."

Mrs.Saunders managed a laugh. "No, no dear. I mean the people he visits. When he was still at school, they came up

with the idea of getting his class to visit housebound people. You know the old or crippled people. He was so wrapped up in it he just carried on after he left school. He loves helping people and they've come to really look forward to his visits. He really does help them, you know."

"I don't doubt that," said Janet, and thought, "Me included."

Her conversation with Mrs.Saunders gave Janet food for further thought. Whilst she had always known what an asset Derek was to her business, she started to concede that without him she might never have been able to make a go of it. Now, as she looked around the nursery, she saw Derek's hand everywhere. " 'He loves helping people,'" thought Janet, recalling his mother's words, "and he has put his love into this place, and Sari," she added, carefully avoiding any personal connection between herself and this love.

She paused in her thinking as she saw Sari toddling down the path towards her. "Oh my God, how is she going to take not seeing her Drek any more?" He's almost like a..." She stopped the thought in its tracks.

As the time for Derek's departure drew near, Janet despaired. She had sought no one to replace him because she just could not envisage someone else in his place. She realised how much she had depended on him, and how...she

crushed that thought too. In fact, there seemed to be a great deal of thought and feeling suppression going on inside Janet just then.

The day of his leaving arrived, Janet closed the gates of the nursery at the end of the day's trading, and coming back to the office she found Derek gathering his personal belongings.

She handed him his last pay cheque, then in a shaking voice asked, "Why are you leaving me, Derek?"

The addition of "me" to leaving was an interesting slip. It was not the nursery Derek was leaving it was Janet.

Whether or not Derek noticed the slip, he simply replied, "I've just got to go."

"Please tell me why. It's not fair of you to just go off like this without giving me any reason."

"I can't." He extended his hand. "Goodbye, and thank you for employing me. I've enjoyed working for you."

They shook hands, and Derek turned and made for the door.

Janet struggled desperately within herself for something to say – something that would stop him. Then she burst out with, "I thought you loved Sari. She loves you."

Derek stopped his back still turned towards her. "Yes, I love Sari. It's as if she was...but she's not."

Janet had played that psychological trick of displacing her own feelings. It is a game we nearly all play at times, using other people or even our pets, to say what we want to say of ourselves, but displace.

What Janet was really saying was not "Sari loves you," true though that was, but, "I love you."

Derek turned at the door and looked straight into Janet's eyes. He repeated very quietly, "Yes, I love Sari, but you see, I love her mother as well, so it's best that I go."

They stood silently staring at each other, and then Derek went on, "So now you know why I'm leaving."

"No I don't," Janet choked out. "How the hell can you say you love us, and then walk off and leave us? Is that how you

love? Are you going to spend the rest of your life leaving people because you love them?"

The bitterness she had felt over Joe Ellis's treatment of her and Sari rose like bile to her throat. Here was another man deserting her. Another man who...but no, it wasn't the same. "Never has he tried to manipulate me with talk of love," thought Janet. "What he's done is to give love." He's never once tried to...Not like Ellis whose hands were forever groping her, who took her to bed at every opportunity. Ellis, who talked of love, then dumped her. Derek only spoke of love when he was leaving her employ. Spoke of love at a time when he could expect no return for his words. No bedtime rewards.

"Dear God, he really does love us."

In a calmer tone Janet said, "So tell me, if you love us, why are you leaving us? And why are you leaving home and the people who need you?"

If Derek was puzzled about how Janet knew about his leaving home and his friends, he said nothing except "I'm going to another state."

He went out through the door and nearly collided with little Sari who was returning from a wander round the nursery

paths. He bent down and kissed her on both cheeks, called back "Goodbye" once more to Janet, and made for the gate.

Janet hesitated for a moment, then hurtled out of the office and grabbed Derek's arm just as he lifted the latch on the gate.

"Goodbye be damned," she yelled. "You say you love me and Sari, and then you say you want to leave! You are damned well not leaving. You can bloody well be responsible for your words, and I'll be responsible for mine. I love you. Now what have you got to say?"

Derek didn't seem to have anything to say, at least, not to Janet.

Janet's pursuit and grabbing of Derek and her yelling Sari had perceived as violent assault. She was now crying. Derek pushed past Janet and picked Sari up, whispering, "It's all right little one, mummy's just upset. She's cross with me, not you."

In his arms Sari calmed down, and Janet went on in a softer tone, "You bet 'mummy's cross' with you. This is the first time you've said you love me. Why the hell didn't you say so before, you stupid man?"

Derek seemed to gather his thoughts, then as if summoning up his courage said, "I said nothing before, and never intended to say anything, because to say those words is to make the most important commitment anyone can undertake. The truth is, I haven't had, and still don't have, anything to offer you. I could not and cannot be responsible for my words."

"Rubbish," snapped Janet. "You've had nothing to 'offer' me? Do you think I haven't seen what you've given me here? Do you think I don't know how you love Sari...how much you want to be... her father?"

"I love Drek," chimed in Sari.

"I know you do, darling," said Janet, as tears began to course down her cheeks. She looked down at the earth and speaking softly said, "I can't make you her father in the way I wish to. I gave that to someone else who doesn't give a damn about Sari and me. As some would say, we're secondhand goods, Derek, but by God, you'll stay or we'll chase you to the ends of the earth. We need your love, and we need someone to give our love to, and you're it, like it or not."

Again, there was a long pause, then Derek said very slowly. "I know about secondhand goods, second hand cars and

clothing, but I have never heard of secondhand love or a secondhand child. I don't want to hear you call yourself or Sari 'secondhand', ever again.

"For God's sake, Derek, stop messing about and ask me to marry you, or go so we can have a good cry," said the already sobbing Janet.

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes, and I'm going to cry in anycase," yelled an exasperated Janet. "Now kiss me and Sari, then let's stop hanging around this gate, and go home. We've got a lot of arrangements to make."

Derek obeyed the command and kissed them, then, with Sari held to him with one arm and Janet embraced with the other he said, "Do you mind if we call in on mum and dad on the way. I'd like to tell them about us. Mind you, I know just what they'll say; 'about time too.'"

"And they're right," said Janet. "While you at it, you'd better tell them not to expect you home tonight. Or better still, if you can do it without upsetting them, tell them you won't be sleeping at their place anymore, but we will visit them quite often. By the way, sometime in the near future, I think we'd better do something about a brother or sister for Sari."

A Paean of Triumph

It was the third movement of the symphony and as I took in the music, I looked at her through half closed eyes. She sat on the couch, her face seeming to reflect the mood the mood of the music.

The first and second movements of the symphony draw the listener ever more deeply into the darkness of the human condition. The pain and suffering, our greed and self-indulgence, then the third movement plunges still deeper, drawing us into the horrors, the torture chamber of the tyrant, concentration camps, the casual carelessness of nature's despoilers, war and its useless destruction. Ever deeper into the dark corners of the subconscious it leads the listener on.

The bass strings sank growling into miasmic gloom. Her enigmatic face, partially shielded by her black hair, melancholy as she absorbed the sombre phrases, sadly reflective and combining with that sadness an odd look of yearning.

I continued to watch her. One would not call her beautiful or pretty. Her looks were something less and something more than that. They were uniquely her own; not to be compared to the standards set by advertisers or television soaps. Her

black hair, dark eyes, bronze complexion and her slender physique gave her a mysterious yet sensuous look.

If an artist wanted a model for an enchantress, she would be ideal. I saw her in that moment as a weaver of spells, the creator of love potions. This she conveyed to me sitting in tranquil sadness, letting the music carve her mood.

Then the fourth and final movement burst forth.

From the brass a paeon of triumph, followed by the strings taking up the theme in a hymn of praise, then the whole orchestra proclaiming the victory of the human spirit over suffering and adversity. Despite all, we shall prevail!

I looked up at her again and the new, victorious mood had taken over. Seeing me looking at her she gave me that beguiling yet ambiguous smile of hers, displaying white even teeth. Within that smile, there was a hint of danger. It made me think of a huntress as she detects her prey. I returned her smile in no way disconcerted by that which others found slightly disturbing about her. I had, after all, known her since birth, she being my mother.

If, as I have said, she might not be described as beautiful, this had not stopped men seeking her, supplicating for her slightest attention, imploring her to join them in everything

from a one night stand to marriage. The story is that on the way back from my father's funeral she had received her first proposition. She had disallowed them all.

To reverse my metaphor of the huntress, I sometimes think it was a sort of animal grace that attracted men to her. Perhaps like the tigress, beautiful in its lissome movements, yet dangerous, she must have presented a challenge to her male admirers, as those who hunt the real tiger pit themselves against it.

From my youthful observations of the male maneuvers around her, it seemed that she was a sexual rampart to be stormed, and before which all fell in the attempt. Yet still the hopefuls came. Her magic drew them to her, only to be sent away disappointed or even angry at being repulsed.

Some women, noting her resistance to men, decided that her sexual orientation was more in their direction. They too were repulsed from sexual fortress Salome, some departing in tears.

Mother seemed to have the sexual allure of the girl whose name she bore, who was rewarded by Herod with the head of John the Baptist for her "Dance of the Seven Veils."

In all the years after my father's death, I never saw any signs of a sexual relationship between mother and a man – or woman for that matter. Men visited our house or were met at social gatherings elsewhere, but none became my stepfather or temporary “uncle.” If there was any sexual relationship, it was kept very concealed from a jealous young boy resentful of any man who might win his beloved mother's affections.

Why mother kept herself so chaste, I knew no better than those who came in pursuit of her. I can recall no signs that she was unfulfilled. She had no difficulty in talking to me about sex, emphasising its beauty and the bond it built between a man and woman. I gathered from the way she spoke, that the sexual relationship with my father must have been a deeply satisfying one.

So, as I approached adulthood, and having my own sexual needs to wrestle with, I puzzled over why a woman, still sexually in her prime, and clearly desirable, had no lover or lovers.

Perhaps it was a case of the “pot calling the kettle black”? Unusual for our times, at eighteen I was still a virgin. I of course knew that most of my university acquaintances, both male and female, engaged in plenty of promiscuous sex.

I didn't seem to lack opportunities, and certainly, I had my sexual needs, but one night stands or scuffles on the back seat of a car did not seem to appeal. Perhaps I was greedy and wanted something more? If some people would like to have said to mother, "Get thee to a nunnery," they might equally have said to me, "Get thee to a monastery."

The symphony was drawing to its triumphal close. It is odd, but this sort of music can have a sexually teasing effect on me, and now I could feel a tingling in my groin. At the end of the work mother rose and came across to where I was sitting. Leaning over me she said, "I shall go to bed now, darling."

As so often before, as she came close I detected her aroma. It is not the aroma of perfume or deodorant, but that of woman, sweet and tantalizing. She kissed me and as she did so the top of her dress fell open slightly to give me a vision of unrestrained breasts, firm and pink nipples, like those of a young girl. Her lips on mine were soft and moist, seeming to engulf mine with tenderness.

"Goodnight, Matthew. Sleep well and dream beautiful dreams." Then she quietly left the room.

Her alchemy worked on me as well. The Sorceress had me under her spell. With my olfactory memory still relishing my

mother's aroma, and the finale of the music exulting in my head, I went to my bed.

In the early stages of sleep, when the guardian of the subconscious begins to relax thoughts and desires repressed during waking hours begin to surface. Among the repressed material are our hidden sexual cravings. On this night as I began to drift off, fantasies of nubile maidens, sweet breasted and willing, floated before me. One feature of these phantom images was that they had no faces until suddenly, and seemingly unbidden, one took on the face of mother.

It had happened before a number of times, and on each occasion, my guardian of the depths startled me awake. I woke now, and as before I began to wonder if I was psychologically sick – a moral idiot to conjure such imagery of my mother.

I fought against sleep for a while fearing I might produce the same fantasy, but after a while drifted off and this time passed into deeper sleep where most times dreams are unremembered upon waking.

Tonight, however, I was not to be granted the mercy of unremembered dreams. Having descended to the depths of sleep, a dream more startling, more vivid than I had ever had

before brought me back to wakefulness, sweating and shaking.

Mother was naked under me, smiling and saying gently, "It's time Matthew." The tip of my penis approached her opening; then, about to enter her, I woke.

I had a fiercely throbbing erection and had to masturbate to relieve the unbearable tension of it, spraying semen over my belly in a great pool. When I finished a wave of self-loathing swept over me. How could I even begin to consider mother in that light? She had never by hint or gesture ever implied a sexual interest in anyone, and certainly not in me.

"Oh God, what sort of an animal am I to desire even in dreams, my own mother?"

I slept poorly for the rest of that night.

Fortunately, I had my university studies to keep me occupied, and for the next week mother and I saw each other only in passing as we went about our work. No more vivid dreams occurred, but I found myself trying to avoid any close contact with mother. It was as if I sensed danger. Perhaps I might in an unguarded moment say or do something that would reveal the thoughts and feelings I strove to repress.

I began something like a process of self-analysis, seeking to understand why I should be experiencing erotic dreams about mother. That I loved her was certain. I refused to escape into denial of my love. Such rejection would be to denigrate all the love and care she had conferred on me from the time I can first remember.

What I wanted to know was how or why my love had started to assume a sexual content. I understood about infantile sexuality, but according to the therapists, it eventually transferred itself to a safe object. Why was this not happening to me? Why did I not accept the suggestions of my girl acquaintances, and bed them?

The answer continued to evade me.

Mother and I had always been very tactile with each other, touching and hugging. I began avoiding this tactility, and mother noticed and was hurt.

I don't think I was a surrogate for my dead father. I am sure her holding and touching was out of genuine affection for me, and mine certainly was for her.

One evening she asked, "Is something wrong, Matthew?"

“No, why?”

“You seem to be avoiding being near me lately. Have I upset you, or do I smell bad?”

I tried to laugh this off saying, “No, you always smell very nice.”

“Then what?”

“I suppose I’ve been a bit immersed in my work lately.”

I could see mother did not believe this, but she pretended to accept it.

It was our first evening together for more than a week after my dream, and we watched a video mother had borrowed from the library. It turned out to be a rather sexually explicit film that had the effect of giving me an erection.

When it was finished mother gave a throaty sort of chuckle and said, “Rather open, don’t you think? I’m off to bed now, darling. Sleep well and have beautiful dreams.”

She bent to kiss me and it was almost a rerun of the week before. Her fragrance, the sight of her breasts, even her words were similar. I gulped "Goodnight," and she left.

I found I was shaking with emotion, so I fled hastily to my bed. I thought I had managed to get myself under control regarding my feelings for mother, but I obviously hadn't.

Happily I had no fantasies during my early sleep, and must have gone into deep slumber fairly quickly. It was then it happened again, but this time the dream did not wake me. This time mother sat astride me saying as she had said in the previous dream, "It's time, Matthew."

The dream did not wake me, but mother did. She was shaking me saying, "Wake up, Matthew, your having a bad dream."

Almost at once, I could feel my semen soaking the sheet under me. I must have ejaculated in my sleep.

Mother sat on the bed asking, "Whatever were you dreaming? You woke me up with your cries. What was it?"

I was still drowsy and partially caught up in my dream, but I managed a lie.

"I don't know."

"Well, whatever it was, it involved me," mother said. "You were calling out my name; "Salome, Salome."

"Oh, was I? How odd!"

"Do you think you can get back to sleep, or shall I get you something to drink?"

"No, I'll be all right."

Mother looked doubtful, but bade me another goodnight, and planting a kiss on my lips, went back to bed.

As soon as I felt it safe to do so, I stripped the bed and tried to remake it with the wet patch of my sperm away from where I lay. I barely slept the rest of the night worrying about the dream and my outcries.

From then on hardly a night passed when I did not dream of having sex with mother. Always she spoke the same words in the dream; "It's time, Matthew." I began to get paranoid about my dreaming, and took to fighting to stay awake. Only

when extreme tiredness overtook me did I sink into slumber and dream my dream.

Some nights, mother had to wake me, and it seemed that I was always calling out her name, "Salome." Mercifully, on most nights, I either did not call out, or at least I did not wake mother, yet morning after morning my sheet had a pool of sperm.

My distress concerning the dreams and a lack of proper sleep began to take its toll. From being a very fit sort of person, I began to look and feel unwell. My studies began to suffer and my grades began to drop. I seemed unable to concentrate properly or settle to anything.

At this point, a faculty social event took place. We were supposed to bring along a partner and having been preoccupied with my problem over mother and dreams, I had failed to ask any of the girls I knew. Not wishing to miss the event, I asked mother to accompany me. The outcome was one that set me on yet another train of thought concerning her.

As far as I knew none of my fellow students had ever met mother, and she asked me to introduce her as Salome, and not mention she was my mother. The consequence of this had a disturbing effect on me.

Mother had on a black dress that was slit to halfway up her thighs and also displayed the tops of her breasts to good effect. The dress was in fact at least a generation out of date since the fashion now is to dress as scrappily as possible for all occasions.

Our arrival was a sensation. Every eye, especially the male eyes, swiveled to focus on mother. I felt embarrassed at this attention, but mother seemed hardly to notice it. I thought that it was because she was about the only elegantly dressed person present that she was being looked at. I was soon disabused.

At one point in the evening mother had wandered off and I found myself surrounded by male students, and was bombarded with questions:

“Who the hell is she?”

“Where did you meet that beauty?”

She’s a stunner, you lucky bugger.”

“Has she got any sisters?”

“How did you get a knockout like her in tow?”

“Let me know when you’re finished with her.”

“Do you and she...you know...?”

Physically I am reasonably formidable although given to peaceful ways, but I think the look in my eye stopped the last speaker in mid sentence, sensing he was treading on forbidden ground.

The girls present were not quite so friendly, apparently resenting that I had brought along someone who put them all in the shade as far as the boys were concerned.

The effect on me was bewildering. I had a mother who could attract young men half her age – my age – and I found myself getting angry and jealous at the attentions they paid her. They all wanted to fetch her food and drink and dance with her. Mother seemed to be enjoying all this, which I further resented. How dare she enjoy their attentions when I wanted...wanted what?

It was a very mixed up and frustrated Matthew who escorted Salome home that night.

Arriving home mother put her arms round me and kissed me; "Thank you, darling, it was a lovely evening. I'm off to bed now, sleep well and have beautiful dreams." Those words again!

I could feel the warmth of her body against mine, alluring – provoking – the sorceress casting her spell – the siren call of unendurable yearning. "Oh God, is she bewitching me?"

That night my dreams of mother were more intense than ever.

For the next fortnight the dream became ever more vivid and I became increasingly debilitated. Then one evening, just after mother and I had finished listening to a piece of music, she said, patting the couch beside her, "Come and sit next to me, Matthew."

When I had sat she took my hand and looked at me with her penetrating eyes. "Something's wrong, isn't it darling? What is it?"

I tried to sidetrack the question and said something about my studies not going too well.

“It’s more than that, isn’t? I can see how pale and restless you’ve become the past weeks...”

I cut in with something about being a bit run down, but it did no good. Mother is too astute to be taken in by that sort of thing.

“It’s those dreams, isn’t, darling. The one’s I’ve had to wake you from. You’ve been getting them every night, haven’t you? Can’t you tell me what they are about?”

I still thought to try to bluff my way out of this, but seeing mother’s intent stare, I decided on the truth.

“Yes, it’s the dreams, but I can’t tell you about them.”

“Why not, darling. Getting them out in the open might help.”

“I can’t tell you, mother.”

“Then I’ll tell you,” she said. “They’re sexual dreams, aren’t they?”

I must have looked startled, because she went on, "Darling, there's nothing odd about my knowing, I see your sheets when I put them in the washing machine, and I know semen stains when I see them."

I was mortified, but having been pushed into a corner, I surrendered saying, "Yes, they're sexual dreams."

"And they're about me, aren't they?"

This really rocked me to the core. How could she know that?

The answer was simple and she, seeing my confusion, gave it to me.

"I know because it's my name you always call out."

I felt my face go red with shame as I stammered out, "Yes, they're about you...I'm so sorry mother...I've tried not to..."

She had been questioning me in a very quiet voice, but now in a whisper I heard her say what sounded like, "At last."

I tried to continue my abject apology but she would not let me.

“Darling, we can’t help our dreams. You might be horrified if you knew some of the things I dream. The real question is, have you been having sexual feelings about me when you’re awake?”

Did she intend to humiliate me completely? To show me what a disgusting wretch I was? I mumbled, “Yes.”

“Thank you for telling me that, my love. You see I knew that as well. I’ve seen your erections at times when you’ve been looking at me. By coming out in the open you’ve made it easier for me.”

“Mother? How is it easier for you?”

I would have thought it would be harder for her, knowing her son had carnal feelings for her.

She had appeared to be her usual calm self, talking quietly, but now there was a glitter of excitement in her eyes as she replied. Being close to her, I could see her pupils dilated and her breathing had become rapid, her breasts rising and falling quickly. Her skin seemed to glow and she was having trouble remaining still.

I had never seen her like this before, my usually controlled mother so agitated.

After a long pause in which we sat staring at each other, she rose and said in a tight voice, "You could ask me how I feel about you. It may surprise you to know, my love, that I have feelings too."

She loosened the top of her skirt and let it fall to the floor, then proceeded to take her panties off. Her lower half now exposed she sat back on the couch and opened her legs to reveal her genitals.

I seemed to be suspended in space, hypnotised by her crevice nestling in its pubic hair. I felt slightly sick with apprehension and there was a singing noise in my ears. I knew that whatever was said or done now, our lives together would be changed forever. We could never again reestablish the sort of bond that had held us from my birth until now. Something new was being born in our relationship, and as with many people, I always feel a sense of loss for what is departing, and uneasiness about what the new will bring.

She tried to speak, but by now, her breathing had become heavily laboured, and she seemed unable to get the words out. She stared at me for a moment longer as if trying to

assess how I was responding to what she had done then she gasped:

If you want me, my love, come into me now.

It was in the open for both of us now. There could be no recriminations except those we leveled at ourselves, and was there any point in that? In perhaps over dramatic terms the thought came to me, "For us, this is the 'Valley of the Shadow.'" The dark chords of the third movement of the symphony began to resound in my head. "What have we said? And in saying it what have we brought upon ourselves? What lies beyond the 'Valley'? 'Green pastures'?"

She found steadier voice at last and spoke very low and rapidly and without inflection, like someone that had rehearsed the words and wanted to get over them as quickly as possible.

"I've wanted you since you came to sexual maturity. I've kept myself for you hoping that one day this would happen. It's been torment at times not being able to speak out, to say "I love you, my darling, I want you." I fought it for such a long time, my love. I told myself it was wrong and hid what I felt from you. I've loved you as a mother, but came to love you as a woman."

She stopped abruptly. I could see she was crying, something I had never seen her do before. She was open to me and her arms extended to receive me. I rose, removed my trousers and underpants and came to her as she lay back on the couch.

Her arms enfolded me and she burrowed against me, murmuring, "You only need to do it with me once. If you don't like it, that's the end. I know you haven't been with a woman before, but I'll teach you my love, I'll show you what to do. I just want to love you, to give to you. There's no harm in showing someone how you love them. I'll make it so beautiful for you, just let me show you, just this once."

I needed no encouragement; I was going out of my mind wanting her but through inexperience did not know how to proceed. She took the initiative. Moving away from me and rising said: "Don't try to do anything this time, darling, just leave it to me."

She got me to stretch out on the couch and sat across me. I tried to see what she was doing as she lowered herself on to my shaft gently and unhurriedly. The tip of my penis pressed against her opening, and for the first time, I felt the moist warmth of a woman.

As she lowered herself and I slid into her, I was overcome with ecstasy. I had not imagined how soft and smooth a woman's vagina could be. Then suddenly I felt my shaft gripped as she flexed her vaginal muscle and then relaxed it again. She began to do this repeatedly causing me to cry out: "Mother, oh mother..."

She began whispering; "You like that darling? I'll show you how much I love you. Just let me love you, make you feel wonderful. I know what you need; I've always known what you need, and mother's going to give it to you because mother loves you so much, my darling. I've waited for you so long."

I seemed to be in some sort of paradise. I lay there as she flexed and relaxed, moving up and down on me. I had no idea how to hold back from an orgasm, so it took little time for me ejaculate. She must have felt it approaching.

"Let it all go, darling. Put it all in me, it'll be so good for you, and I'll love having your beautiful sperm in me. Let it go."

I did just that. Acting out of some primal instinct, I seized her hips, dragging her down onto me, striving for the greatest depth to plant my seed. She united with me in this struggle, crying out:

“Deeper, deeper...give me a baby...I want your baby...please...please...all of it in me...”

The instinctive urge to reproduce the species seized us both. The deep desire of man and woman to have their love union produce – have an outcome – to make the act of sexual coupling transcend itself to encompass another being. In the release from our frustrated desire for each other, we strove for new life.

My seed detonated into her like a bomb exploding. I think I cried out incessantly, “Mother, oh mother!” and she, weeping, “Yes...yes...yes...!”

Finished we lay together, she kissing my face and stroking my body murmuring, “Oh God, what a beautiful being I have made.”

I strove to assemble my thoughts. My first time with a woman and she my mother! She had said that I only needed to be with her once, and if I didn’t like it...There was no turning back, her enchantment was too potent, the magic too strong. We had crossed a frontier to enter a new Eden where all things are new and ingenuous.

I looked at her, dark and inscrutable, “The Woman”, as always mysterious, beautiful and unfathomable to man. She

had woven her spell, and I was vanquished, and I rejoiced, the paeon of triumph resounding in my brain. I surrendered to her, only to feel victorious.

Now she was no longer mother, but Salome, as she had been in my dreams, Salome my love, my mistress.

As these contradictory thoughts, the thoughts that must surely assail all lovers, whirled round in my brain, Salome stirred.

“Come to bed with me darling.”

Those words reassured me that the bonding had been mutual. She too had found fulfilment.

We showered, my manhood rising at her soapy gentle massaging. Entering her bedroom, a shiver ran down my spine. This was where she and father...

I must have looked my thought, for she said, “Yes, this is where you were made, but there are no ghosts, nothing need haunt you. From now on, this is our bed, not just mine. No other man shall enter it, my love, only you.”

I entered.

It was now that my lack of sexual experience became clear to both of us. I didn't know what to do. I looked at the delicious curve of her breasts, and the slight rounding of her belly that served to lead the eye to her mons, and then line of pubic hair running to the cleft of her vulva.

The normally austere Salome seemed to have been transformed into a soft, yielding and thrilling being. She must have perceived my perplexity because she said:

"Kiss me darling, and touch me here."

She moved my hand to her breast and gently squeezed it over her soft flesh. At the same time, she brought her lips to mine, and forcing my lips apart she entered with her tongue, seeking in every corner of my mouth.

I quickly found my own response, and laid her on her back, making my own exploration of her mouth with a growing frenzy.

As we broke from the kiss she said, "Suck my nipples darling."

I obeyed, and heard her whispering words of love interspersed with little gasps of pleasure.

Her hand found my penis and began to stimulate it until she asked, "Would you like to see my vagina?"

Of all the female physical mysteries, this was the one most unknown to me. I had, as it were, some theoretical knowledge of the organ, but had never actually seen one properly. I affirmed that I would like to see.

Salome moved to the edge of the bed, parted and drew up her legs so her feet rested on the bed and said, "Kneel in front of me, sweetheart."

Kneeling on the floor I looked at her cleft which was all I could see, but Salome placed her fingers on either side of it and said, "These are the outer lips," pulling them apart she went on, "These are the inner lips."

I saw what looked like two pink rose petals that Salome proceeded to open saying, "And this is my entrance. You were born through there, and that's where your penis belongs."

Once another penis had poured its seed in there and began the process that brought me into this world and to this moment. The boundless depths of woman!

Salome was speaking again, and as she did so lifted a little hood of skin at the top on her vagina. "This is my clitoris. It's a sort of nerve centre intended for pleasure."

I saw a little nub of flesh.

"Kiss me there, darling."

I needed no second bidding. I found her sexual organ fascinating and looking at it had brought me to new heights of arousal. I wanted to do far more than simply kiss it. I leaned forward to place my lips on the clitoris, and inhaled her fragrance, a fragrance I had faintly experienced most of my life, the aroma I detected whenever I had been close to her. I had no word or phrase for it, but it became known to me as "Woman Perfume."

Breathing in her smell, I almost became frenzied with lust for her. I thrust my tongue against her clitoris, now not only smelling her, but tasting her as well. From her clitoris my tongue searched for and found her opening, thrusting in, longing to consume her.

I heard her little squeals of pleasure and felt her hands behind my head, holding me to her. Then her voice:

“Come into me now, its time, Matthew.”

The words of my dream!

She moved back on to the bed, opening herself to receive me, and guiding me in. The soft, moist warmth, the flexing muscles, then the contradictory broken pleadings of a woman approaching orgasm.

“No, my darling, no, it’s too much...too painful...don’t make me...please don’t make me...please...”

In my inexperience, I began to withdraw, thinking I was hurting her and her pleading changed, rising to almost a scream.

“No, no, don’t leave me, don’t stop...” Her long slender legs wrapped around me, dragging me into her.

I pressed in again and for the first time had the amazing experience of a woman’s orgasm. No words I can write will

ever adequately describe this wondrous event. On this, my first occasion, I found it frightening yet magnificent. The cries of “No” changing to “Yes, yes, yes.” The first vibrations of her whole body growing in intensity until I had to hold her firmly to stay with her. The climax accompanied by wordless screams then weeping. Finally, the slow climb down from the heights with words of passionate love pouring out:

“I love you my darling, I love you, don’t leave me, don’t leave me.”

I took these words in the general sense, thinking she was asking me to go on living with her. Later I was to discover that she meant me to stay inside her while her orgasm calmed towards post coital tranquility.

Because I had already ejaculated into her once, I took a little longer to do so this time. It was towards the end of her orgasm I felt the mounting pressure, and discharged into her.

This seemed to revive her orgasm and she clung to me with arms and legs, now softly moaning, “Deep...deep...Oh my love...”

I thought I would never stop pumping into her, but the end came.

She burrowed into me as she had before, as if she were some frightened little animal sheltering from a predator. She muttered softly as if to herself, but they were words of love for me.

I held her, speaking haltingly my own words of tenderness and desire for her. She was warm and soft against me – somehow different from the loving, but at times austere mother I had known all my life. She was relaxed and looking at her face as it pressed against my chest, it seemed that years had been taken from her. There was a youthful yet serene look about her.

I felt myself grow languid, and just before I passed into what proved to be a dreamless sleep, I heard her speak:

“I waited so long, my darling...”

The days that followed were exhilarating. The paeon of triumph continued. The weather was warm, and I cannot remember us dressing. We moved around naked, rejoicing in each other's bodies, touching, kissing and hastening back to bed to make love once more.

I was so bound up and enraptured with Salome that for a week I did not attend to my studies at all. It was she who eventually called me to account, pointing out that we had plenty of time for love making without my ruining the rest of my life for the sake of sex.

This did not indicate any diminution in our desire for each other, but was recognition, that life is not all about sex.

This was reinforced when towards the middle of the month after we first coupled, Salome was able to announce she thought herself pregnant. Her doctor later confirmed this. What she had pleaded for on our first coming together, had come to be, and we were delighted that our love had born fruit. It did, however, mean that I had added responsibility.

As write Salome is seven months into her pregnancy, and is very well and looking truly lovely. I wonder if we shall be able to repeat the fruition?

A River Path to Love

My name is Linda Prince. At the time of writing I am forty one years of age but the events I shall relate to you began their course six years ago. I am, or was, the wife of Jeff Prince, CEO of a government department and, as I was to discover, philanderer extraordinary.

I have a daughter, Lisa, who was aged fourteen when the events began. After her birth Jeff announced that we didn't need "any more bloody kids", and marched off to join the vasectomy brigade without any discussion between us. I thought it really was so we didn't have any more kids, but really it was to assist with his extramarital love life as I later discovered.

At the point where my story begins I had recently learned of Jeff's sexual activities, and this started the trail that led to us being two people leading separate lives but living in the same house.

I had worked in the same government department as Jeff when he was, as people said, "An up and coming young chap." I was what they called "The Com Girl." That meant that I worked in a room on my own filled with electronic gadgetry such as computers, fax machines and other

equipment that the rest of the department didn't know how to use in those days.

I don't wish to sound big-headed, but a lot of the young and not so young men in the department seemed to find reasons for visiting the Com.Dept., and quite a few surreptitious gropings took place, and were repelled by me. I had a particular goal in mind, namely, Jeff.

We both found reasons for working late one night and he took my virginity on the Com.Dept. floor. It was a rather bloody event and we had a hell of a job to clean the carpet. It may have been that time, or one of the following occasions in the back of his car, when I got pregnant.

Jeff could not leave me alone at that time, and I admit I wanted him pretty badly, so the pregnancy led to marriage.

I continued working to within a month of giving birth, and from then until the proper start of my story I was a stay at home mother.

It was at the point when I learned of Jeff's "bits on the side," and the growing aggression of my teenage daughter, that I took up another job. It was nothing spectacular, just a three day a week part time job receiving classified ads for our city newspaper. It was not for the money I went back to work,

Jeff was at least generous in that respect, but to get out of an environment in which I found no great satisfaction.

We have a path that runs beside the river that flows from the hills, through our city and its suburbs, to empty itself eventually into the sea. It was my custom to walk my dog Arnold along part of the path every morning, starting about seven o'clock. It is here that you meet with many other people jogging, pounding along in a bath of sweat and deodorant and, others strolling or walking their dogs.

It is the dog walkers, more leisurely in their strolls that stop and talk, comparing breeds, commenting about the weather, and so on. Over time the conversation can become more personal when family news and such like, are exchanged.

One couple I got to know quite well were Ken and his wife Delia. They were in their late sixties when I first got to know them, and it was Ken whom I saw most of. This was because we were amongst the most ardent dog walkers, and when everyone else seemed to have taken cover, because the temperature had risen to around forty degrees Celsius, or it was pouring with rain, we would still be out there.

These two had experienced the tragic death from cancer of their daughter. She had left behind a son, twelve years of age at the time of her death. The boy was in the care of the man

she had married eighteen months prior to her death, and now lived about sixty kilometres from the city in a small country town.

Ken and Delia were both troubled by the way the boy was being treated, but as they pointed out, they felt that at their age they could not cope with a teenager, and in any case the stepfather had full legal rights in the matter.

The grandson, Stephen, came to spend a weekend with Ken and Delia once a month to keep him in touch with the rest of the family. This was how I came to meet him. He was fourteen at that time.

I saw Ken coming along the path with his beloved Dalmatian. Ken is tall, well over six feet, and walking with him was a boy who promised to match Ken's height in later years. Coming up to them Ken introduced the boy as his grandson Stephen. We said hello and shook hands.

A brief conversation followed during which Stephen and I surreptitiously looked each other over as newly introduced people do, not wanting to appear as if they are weighing each other up.

Not until some years later did I discover what Stephen had seen when he looked at me, but I do recall something of what

I saw as I examined Stephen. He had clearly inherited some of his grandfather's features, especially the soft brown eyes and the not especially large mouth that had well moulded lips turning up at the corners and always seem ready to smile.

I had seen photographs of the dead mother, and she had been very beautiful indeed, and Stephen seemed to have some of her characteristics including the well shaped nose and golden-brown hair. I also noted that he was not suffering from that teenage plague, the pimple.

The boy, like many teenagers of his age, tended to be rather lanky, but unlike many of them he moved with a sort of flexible grace and stood very upright. I could see he had the making of very handsome man.

He said very little during our conversation, but I could almost feel his eyes on me when he thought I was not looking in his direction. It came across as a very intense examination of my person.

I felt a mixture of amusement and embarrassment at this inspection and if I looked directly at Stephen, his eyes would turn away from me. It was only after we had parted and I was on my way home that I considered his interest more carefully.

My thought was, that many boys like him, in the early stages of puberty, are trying to fathom the female psyche. Often their mothers are the model for them, but Stephen had no mother. Perhaps he was assessing me as a potential model, or perhaps even at fourteen his interest was earthier. I smiled inwardly and let the matter drop from my mind.

Two days later I met with Ken again on my walk. His first words were: You made a big impression the other day, Linda. As soon as we left you Stephen said, "She's a beautiful lady, grandpa."

I laughed and made the rather limp response, "That's very flattering, especially coming from a boy more than half my age. I must say though, he has all the making of a very nice looking man. The girls will be after him."

"I don't know, Linda. He doesn't seem to be very apt socially; he doesn't make friends easily. One of the problems is, he's very intelligent and the other kids at school call him a "swot," and tend to avoid him. His stepfather keeps a tight rein on him, and he has little opportunity for socialising outside school. Delia and I are fairly concerned about him."

"It's a difficult time for kids his age," I commented, trying to be sympathetic.

“Yes, Delia and I have him down here as often as we can, you know, the odd weekends and during the school holidays, but there’s no one around here he can relate to, except a couple of oldies like Delia and me.”

He gave a rueful smile and said he had to be going.

Weeks and months went by and I saw Stephen along the path walking with Ken or Delia, and sometimes walking the dog by himself. When we spotted each other we always stopped for a talk. I would ask the usual boring adult type questions about school, friends, hobbies and so forth. Stephen would respond by asking me about my family and work. I avoided family matters as much as possible not wishing to reveal the wretched state of the home front.

Always as we talked Stephen would look at me intently like a hungry puppy wanting to be fed. I continued to tell myself that he was looking for a mother substitute in an older woman.

At times our conversations would go on for quite a while, especially if it was one of my non-working days, and we would sit on a bench by a bend in the river, sometimes talking and at other times in companionable silence. During

school holidays I saw much more of him when he spent a week or more with his grandparents.

I found myself taking an increasing interest in Stephen, and watched as over time he reached the six feet tall mark when he was sixteen and also the way he filled out. The rather gangly youth had started to disappear and the attractive man he would become began to emerge.

It was towards the end of the year in which both my daughter and Stephen were sixteen that crisis erupted in our household. Jeff and I were now leading almost totally separate lives, except he still expected me to wash and cook for him, and take care of the house.

Our house, in keeping with what Jeff saw as his CEO image, was about twice as big as we needed, with swimming pool, tennis court (mainly unused) and a triple garage. If the house was already far too big for us, it was to become even more so in the sense that Lisa left.

It started with Lisa being brought home by the police having been caught shop stealing. They decided not to charge her, but she had to submit to a lecture by a police sergeant. I accompanied her to this lecture and the sergeant sternly, but not unkindly, outlined what she could expect if she were

caught again in a criminal act. At the end he asked, "Have you understood me, Lisa?"

Lisa had remained silent throughout the talk with her head hung down. To the sergeant's question she responded meekly, "Yes." I found this troubling because Lisa was anything but meek normally.

From the time she was fourteen Lisa had become increasingly irascible and abusive, and the deceitfulness of her meekness in the presence of the sergeant was revealed as soon as we got outside.

"Fucking asshole," she exploded, "I fooled him. Who does he fucking think he is, lecturing me!"

I decided not to risk a scene out in the street, so I waited until I got home before saying anything.

"Lisa, the sergeant was trying to..."

"Don't you fucking start! What do you know anyway? You live your dreary life and want me to be dreary along with you. Well I'm going to live. I'm not saddling myself with some girl fucking shit like dad."

I was shocked at these words, not because of the foul language so much as the revelation that she knew about her father's behaviour with other women. I had done my best to keep it from her, but someone must have told her.

Lisa went to her bedroom and I didn't see her for the rest of the day. At some time she went out and stayed out until the early hours of the morning. Next day I had to go to work so I still saw nothing of her.

When I got home from work there was a note on the kitchen table: "Gone to live with Gig. Don't bother to try and get me back because I've looked up the law and it says at sixteen you can't make me come back."

I was aware of Gig's existence, a tattooed, pot smoking, and pill popping boy of about twenty years of age. He lived on the dole in a single room, and my efforts to get Lisa to drop him had only entrenched her determination to hang on to Gig.

On enquiry I found that Lisa was right. In our State a sixteen year old could not be compelled to return home. Oddly, the social worker whom I spoke to seemed to be very supportive of Lisa leaving home. Without actually putting it into direct words she implied that Lisa must have left home either

because her father had raped her, I was an impossible mother, or both.

Jeff, who had never intended that I should get pregnant in the first place, took the situation with what he called a “philosophic outlook,” and advised me to do the same. I gathered he meant that he was not sorry to see the back of Lisa and had no intention of trying to persuade her to come home.

My own attempt to get her home was to say the least, a miserable failure. I knew where Gig lived and I went to the house which contained the one room he rented. I knocked on the door and it was answered by Gig, stripped to the waist and stinking with a combination of sweat and foul breath. Added to his odorous person there wafted out through the door a combination of pot and the fishy smell of much sex and little washing.

Gig called back into the room, “Yer ma’s here.”

Lisa came and looked over his shoulder. Her complexion was a sort of dirty white and there were sores at the corners of her mouth. She had changed dramatically in appearance over a very short time, but one thing had not changed, her vitriolic tongue.

"Fuck off bitch. I know what you want and I'm not coming home, so piss off."

The door was slammed in my face.

I leaned against the stained and damp wall opposite the door, tears starting, beaten.

I had no one to talk to. Both parents dead, no brothers or sisters, and a husband who couldn't be bothered. I don't think I had ever felt so alone and wretched in my life.

I left the place and in the following days tormented myself wondering where I had gone wrong with Lisa. How did she turn from being a sweet and much loved little girl, into a foul mouthed harriidan?

Jeff had left most of Lisa's upbringing to me, so, I told myself, "It must be your fault, Linda. It was you who went wrong."

Sleepless nights followed as I wrestled with my feelings of guilt, but I could never come up with any solid conclusion as to where I had gone wrong.

There were two things that saved me from complete despair. One was my work. This at least forced me to concentrate on something other than my woes for a while. The other was Stephen.

He was nearly seventeen by then, and I met him on the path as like an automaton I still walked Arnold every morning. Now an aging dog, he ambled along at a snail's pace, so I could not even lose myself in a brisk walk.

Stephen almost immediately detect something was wrong with me.

"What's the trouble, Linda, you look thoroughly depressed."

Had it been Ken or Delia I had met I might have poured my troubles out to them as they were both good listeners. Meeting Stephen I at first felt no inclination to tell him my troubles. It was Stephen's initiative that changed that.

We were near the seat where we had often sat before, and he took my hand and said, "Come and sit down, Linda, you look exhausted."

He led me unresisting to the seat, and still holding my hand he asked, "What's wrong."

As I have written, I had noticed the physical changes in him over the two, nearly three, years that I had known him. What penetrated through my fog of misery at that moment was the change in his voice. From the piping notes of my first hearing him, he now had a deeper, mature and even mellow voice. Strange as it may seem I think it was his voice and the look of concern that made me open up to him.

For the first time I let it all pour out and as I did the tears came. He put his arm round me and I leaned against him. Passing people must have thought it odd, a teenage boy giving solace to a woman of thirty eight. One passing female walker stopped and through my sobs I heard her ask, "Is there anything I can do to help?" I'm not sure what Stephen replied, but she moved on.

When I finally stopped my outpourings and my sobs subsided, we sat, he with his arm still round me and I continuing to lean against him, in silence for a long time.

In opening up to him, I had expressed my feelings of guilt, condemning myself as an inadequate mother. When he spoke, Stephen took up that theme.

"You know," he began, "It's no use going over the past like that. You can't change it and in any case, Lisa's behaviour

doesn't mean that you were a bad mother. There are lots of things – I know kids at school that come from terrific homes. They've got the sort of parents I'd like to have, but they still go wrong, still get into messes. We've had girls at our school who have run away from home, and I used to wonder why."

He paused for a moment and I felt his arm give me a squeeze, then he went on, "There are lots of things that cause kids to get into trouble, not just home things. I mean, look at the images presented on the media; all the "beautiful people," you know, "if you buy this, you'll look like that. And the kids see these things and haven't got the money to buy whatever it is, so they think they can get it by stealing."

"Then there are the kids who think it's smart to take drugs. The adults can warn them but that's the 'oldies' talking, and 'what do they know?' For a lot of the kids it's as if there's a big wonderful world out there, and they've only got to make the break, and they can step into that world."

"Don't blame yourself Linda, there's so many temptations hung up in front of us kids, and a lot fall for it."

I was amazed at his understanding and the comfort he had offered me. How was it that a young man like Stephen could give me what my husband couldn't or wouldn't?

I thanked Stephen rather awkwardly for listening to me and he said very seriously, "Any time, Linda."

I looked up at his face and wondered, did I see love in his eyes?

I fled from that thought. Warm though my feelings were for Stephen, I needed no further complications in my life, whatever form they might take.

I kissed him on the cheek and thanked him again, and said "I must be going."

I had no need to leave him at that moment, but despite my gratitude for his comfort, I felt a sense of danger. Something I did not want to name or acknowledge had stirred in me as I felt his arm round me. By departing when I did I was fleeing from a threat.

Having fled from him, with all the contrariness of a human being, I looked out for Stephen in the days that followed. He did not appear along the path but I met Delia and casually asked how Stephen was.

"Oh, he's gone back home, won't be down here again for another three weeks."

I felt a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. As I walked home I questioned myself why I felt like that. Was it such a disappointment not to be able to see Stephen for three weeks? I might not see him even then if our walking times did not coincide.

I cannot exactly say I was in a fever of anticipation for Stephen's next visit to his grandparents, but my thoughts constantly returned to him and on the weekend his visit was due, I spent extra time along the path, hoping to meet him.

He usually arrived late on a Friday afternoon, and might walk the dog on Saturday morning. Of course, he might be with Ken or Delia and that might constrain our conversation, but just to see him....

I had just about given up and was about to go home when I saw him. I think he spotted me first because he was waving and coming at a half trot towards me. As he drew near I felt my heart beating against my rib cage and I was having difficulty breathing evenly as if I had just been running hard.

Coming up to me he asked, "How have things been going, Linda? I've been thinking about you often."

"No too bad I gasped," my heart pounding even harder.

"Let's sit down and talk he said," and taking my hand he led me to a bench.

Once seated, he did not relinquish my hand, and I had no desire to free myself from his touch. I who, as an adult should have been the stronger, was seeking support from him. I wanted his arm round me again, but could think of no way I could gain that end without seeming brazen.

"Has anything changed?" he asked.

I took this to refer to Lisa, and since I had not heard from or seen her, I could truthfully say that nothing had changed. If, on the other hand, he meant had anything changed in me, then I could with equal honesty say that it had. I played safe and took him to be referring to Lisa.

"No, nothing's changed Stephen. I haven't heard a word from her. I've been wondering about making another attempt to talk to her."

"I know it's hard," he said speaking quietly, "but it might be best if you waited till she came to you."

"If she ever does, Stephen, I dread to think what sort of condition she'll be in."

"I know, Linda. I think it's a bit like alcoholics. I read about it in a magazine. Most of them won't try to do anything to help themselves until they're right down the bottom. You know, sitting in the gutter vomiting blood."

I didn't care for his imagery very much, but I could see the truth of what he was saying.

There was one thought that had occurred to me over and over again, and now I voiced it.

"You know, Stephen, there's one thing that has puzzled me about Lisa and that boyfriend of hers. He stinks and he's what in my teenage years would have been called a 'yob'. I don't understand the attraction, do you?"

Stephen gave a grim laugh. "I'm not sure," he said, "but I think it's to do with freedom."

"Freedom!"

“Yes. A girl sees a bloke who seems to have broken free from all the adult restraints, even broken free of legal restraints. He’s a sort of modern buccaneer, swashbuckling his way through life. He’s leading a rebellious society-defying existence and she loves it. At least, she loves it until the raw reality catches up with her.”

“You told me that this Gig guy is on the dole, and I suppose Linda will be getting some social welfare money by now. If they’ve got a drug habit, their little bit of income won’t go far on the drug market. One of them or both will start stealing – snatching handbags, breaking into people’s houses, things like that, then they will probably end up in jail.”

He paused and I tried to assimilate his awful depiction of what might happen to Lisa. I suppose it was nothing worse than I had thought of for myself, but to have someone else put it into words was confronting.

Stephen, possibly sensing my distress at what he had said, added hastily, “Of course, I hope it doesn’t work out like that and Lisa comes back to you before it goes that far. What does your husband think about it?”

He caught me unawares with his question. I had said nothing to him about the relationship, or rather non-

relationship between Jeff and I, nor had I mentioned Jeff's "philosophic" approach to Lisa's departure. I tried to think up a neutral answer that would give nothing away.

"Oh, he seems to think a bit like you. We have to wait until Lisa makes the move to come back."

Stephen said nothing for a moment, then asked thoughtfully, "You told me about your visit to Lisa, but you didn't say your husband went with you."

"No...well...he was...he was very busy at work," I said lamely.

"Oh, I see."

He didn't pursue the matter any further and our conversation lapsed for a while, yet neither of us seemed to want to move.

I changed the direction of our talk by asking Stephen about himself.

"I was seventeen last week," he grinned, "and I've been having a bit of a think. Next year will be my last year at high

school, and what I'd really like to do is to study veterinary science. Only trouble is, it's a long and expensive course. I know my stepfather won't help out financially so if I do go ahead I'll have to manage on the student allowance."

"Another thing is, I couldn't do the course living where I do now, and I'd have to get closer to the city. I've talked with grandma and grandpa, and they say I could live with them, but I don't think it would work out."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, they've only got a small place. It's big enough for them, but doesn't really have enough room for another one. Besides, they're in their seventies now, and I don't think most people of that age would want a teenager around."

"A very mature teenager," I commented.

He gave a laugh then went on, "Perhaps, but I'll work on it over the next year."

We parted soon after and I felt sorry I had not known it was his birthday recently, I would have liked to get him a birthday gift. I resolved to ask Ken or Delia if they knew what he would like and I could give it to him as a late gift.

It was getting close to the end of the school year and I didn't see anything of Stephen again until his school year did end. I found he was increasingly on my mind, more so as I seemed to be missing seeing him rather badly.

Grateful as I was to Stephen for his listening and his concern about me, he had added one more problem to my life, an aroused sexual hunger.

I began to dream about Stephen and they were not virtuous dreams. Night after night I jerked awake from a dream in which we were together naked, and he was just going to enter me sexually.

I should explain something of what had happened to my sexuality since Jeff and I had ceased to cohabit in the sexual sense.

His interest in me tailed off over time until I felt that he was simply "servicing" me to keep me quiet. I had maintained some contacts with a few people in his department – people I had known when I worked there. It was one of them that informed me of Jeff's philandering with young women, mainly from within the department.

I must have been very naïve because I was utterly shocked. There was an almighty row with Jeff who tried to get me to divulge who it was that had told me of his behaviour. I refused to tell him, and he refused to give an undertaking that his extramarital love life would cease. It was at that point I moved out of the marriage bed and into another room.

I was utterly humiliated, as many women have been on learning about their husbands infidelities. We all have different ways of coping with such a situation. Some women set out to have affairs in the hope of punishing their husband. Over the years I had received plenty of offers to engage in “meaningful relationships,” but I had no interest. Other women head straight for the divorce court. When I knew about Jeff, I could have gone down one of those tracks, but I elected to do otherwise.

I “shut up sexual shop.” I had been so deeply hurt I decided I would not risk exposing myself to the chance of being humiliated again. I claim no virtue for my decision, it was simply a way of protecting myself.

As for divorcing Jeff, there was a definite selfish motive for not doing so. As I have already said, at least Jeff was financially generous and this did not cease with my departure from his bed. Perhaps it was an attempt to assuage

his guilt, I don't really know, but I decided I liked the life style his money provided, and besides, there was still Lisa.

At that time she was still a healthy young girl and displayed none of the hot-tempered abusive behaviour that was to emerge in her teenage years. I tried to keep from her the break that had taken place between Jeff and I. When she questioned me about our sleeping apart, I made vague excuses about not being able to sleep properly when we were together.

So, not to put too fine a point on it, I wanted Jeff's money to keep us in the style to which we had grown accustomed.

Thus my sexual life had been nil for years. I had buried that aspect somewhere deep within, but however deeply one buries it, sex is there like a sleeping giant, a giant Stephen had awakened.

However much I told myself I was being ridiculous, berated myself for thinking lasciviously about a boy years younger than I, the giant continued to stir from sleep and could not be induced to slumber again.

I tried to tell myself it was my mothering instinct. He was the son I had never had and had so desired. I endeavoured to persuade myself it was gratitude to a nice young man who

had listened to and comforted me. All my attempts to convince myself that sex did not enter into the situation failed. From the moment he had held my hand and put his arm round me, the giant had begun wakening.

Try as I might I could not deny the wetness between my legs and the firming of my nipples when I thought of him. I resorted to the practice of masturbating for the first time in an attempt to relieve the sexual tensions. It had no more than a brief temporary affect. I was beginning to frankly lust for Stephen.

My first resolve to combat this lust was not to see Stephen again. It was a resolve quickly broken. During my morning walks with Arnold, now a lumbering old chap, I searched the path for Stephen. To see him and to be with him, however briefly, made my heart sing and it put a spring in my step for the day, only to cast me into a pit of sexual frustration in my lonely bed at night.

Of course, I expressed nothing of all this to Stephen. Apart from his detailed scrutiny of me in earlier days, he had given no hint of a sexual interest in me. I even managed to provide myself with a private hell by imagining him with a girl, making love. It was after all, the most likely scenario, that he would be meeting his sexual needs with someone his own age.

During the school holidays I saw Stephen frequently. He seemed to be spending more time with Ken and Delia, no doubt through a joint effort to keep him away from his ever criticizing stepfather. That gentleman had now taken on another woman who came to him with three children. This left Stephen on the outer even more.

When Stephen and I were alone I kept a tight rein on my feelings, and made sure that conversation was steered into non-threatening channels as far as possible. He continued to ask about Lisa, and since I still had heard nothing, there was little to tell him.

As Christmas day approached I made another attempt to see Lisa. I took a gift for her, but my knocking on the door received no answer from within, but it did get a response from further down the passage.

An ancient grizzled head appeared round the door frame and asked in a querulous voice, "Yer lookin' fer them two?"

"I'm looking for Lisa. I've got something for her."

"Ah, well they ain't been around fer several days. Nothin' unusual in that though. If yer like ter leave what yer want to give 'er with me I'll see she gets it."

I doubted that if I gave it to the woman Lisa would ever see it, but since there seemed no alternative I left it anyway. For all the cranked up joy and hullabaloo around Christmas, for many it is a wretched time of year, as witness the increased suicides and overworked counselling and psychiatric services. Perhaps it is the joy one felt in childhood contrasted with what one has become in later years, that brings about this situation. I do know that for me Christmas had become and even lonelier time, especially since Lisa had entered her teen years.

I received an invitation from Ken and Delia to come and have a drink with them on Christmas Eve. The invitation included Jeff, so I had to make some feeble excuse about his having a work function to attend.

I went myself hoping desperately that Stephen would be there. He wasn't.

I asked about him and Ken said, "He'll be coming down tomorrow."

It was the first time I had been in their house. It was very small, and when I asked where Stephen slept when he was with them, I was shown a room that was referred to as

“Delia’s sewing and computer room.” Stephen’s bed proved to be a sofa that opened out into a bed.

Ken had told me that he and Delia always attended a Christmas Eve service at the local church, and suggested that if I liked to join them I would be welcome. I had not been near a church for years, but decided to go along with them.

It was not a very sophisticated gathering but it was enthusiastic. The service consisted mainly of the uproarious singing of carols, and I found the sincerity of the people, and the welcome I got, rather touching. I said so to Ken and Delia afterwards, and Delia pointed out that there was a more decorous service in the morning and, “Why don’t you come with us?”

Jeff had invited people for the afternoon during which he and I would play the happy couple, but the morning being free I decided to go with Ken and Delia. I was inspired to accept the invitation, less because of religious devotion and more because they told me Stephen would be present.

I woke on Christmas morning filled with anticipation. However wretched the afternoon and evening might be, I would have a lovely morning. I joined Ken and Delia at their house. Stephen was there already. I felt foolishly like an eager young girl and I noticed as we left for the church

Stephen manoeuvred so I was with him in the car, and he was beside me in the church.

I was so aware of his presence that I barely heard a word of the service, and afterwards we went back to Ken and Delia's place for a drink. It was here that Stephen almost reduced me to tears.

He produced a small cardboard box and handing to me said, "I made something for you."

I opened the box, and nestling in tissue paper was a beautiful Celtic cross embedded with red and blue stones and suspended on a silver chain.

"You made this?" I gasped.

Ken chipped in, "A hobby of his. He started when he was about nine and has got better and better."

Delia displayed a ring made in a similar style to the cross.

"But it's beautiful," I said, as I struggled to put the cross round my neck."

“Glad you like it,” Stephen said, his face flushed with pleasure, “Let me put it on for you.”

I thrilled to the touch of his fingers on my neck and felt a ticking sensation in my clitoris. Had it not been for the presence of Ken and Delia I think I would have lost control of myself and tried to seduce Stephen.

I had been so overcome with Stephen’s gift I had not considered that I had come empty handed. I felt embarrassed when the thought did strike me, and I stammered out an apology.

Ken cut across my apology saying, “It’s all right, Linda. You weren’t to know we would invite you here, and any way, it’s sufficient that you are here. In fact, it’d be nice to see you here quite often, wouldn’t it Delia?”

Delia concurred with Ken, and then it occurred to me that the right thing to do would be to invite them to my house some time. I made a mental note to do that, and would make sure it was when Jeff was not around.

I don’t think they had swallowed my story about Jeff being busy with a department activity, and had probably sensed a problem, because “my husband,” never thereafter came into our conversations.

It was now late morning and as usual in Australia, the sun was beating down despite the Christmas cards that still insisted on snow and eighteenth century inns and stage coaches. As Delia and Ken set about preparing lunch, Stephen and I went out to sit under the shade of the veranda.

Out of sight of Delia and Ken, we sat and he took my hand. "I'm afraid we won't be seeing so much of each other in the coming year," he said.

I felt a painful stab shoot through my stomach. "Why not, Stephen?"

"I've got a heavy year of study in front of me. I must do well if I want to get into the College of Veterinary Science."

He had said this in a sad tone of voice, but he brightened again. "If I do start at the college I shall have to come and live in town. Perhaps we could see more of each other then?"

I looked at him, trying to gauge what he meant by "see more of each other." Along the path with our dogs? Or was it more than that? I couldn't discern the content of his words.

I played safe and said, "I'm sorry we won't be meeting very often, but I'll look forward to your coming to live closer."

It was time for me to leave for the afternoon's boring event, so still out of Ken and Delia's sight, I thanked Stephen for his gift, and kissed him on the lips, trying to put the kiss somewhere between a simple thank you and one that promised something more.

Stephen blushed and stammered, "I'm so glad we met all that time ago, Linda."

"So am I, I whispered," and then departed hastily.

The afternoon was just as I expected it to be. The guests were made up largely of Jeff's sycophantic sub-department heads and sub-sub-department heads, and their mainly overblown wives, plus a sprinkling of what I suspected were Jeff's inamoratas. I played the devoted hostess while I listened to talk of "policy," "department budgets," and who was up and who down, who was in and who out.

As far as I was concerned there was only one sparkle of light during the afternoon.

At one point a galleon in full sail bore down upon me, "Darling," she squealed, "What a lovely Celtic cross, where ever did you get it. I simply must have one."

"It was a gift from a friend," I replied.

Jeff was at extreme range across the room, but like most CEO's, he had well attuned ears. I saw his head turn, and he stared across at me. I smiled a sweet vitriolic smile at him, and said to the galleon in a voice that I made sure carried clearly to Jeff, "He made it especially for me."

The galleon puffed out her sails and gusted, "Oh, I see," and turned away to engage in a more interesting discussion concerning "whatever happened to" so and so.

It was not until after the guests had left that Jeff bore down upon me, a frown creasing his forehead.

"Who made that cross for you?"

"A friend."

"I know it was a friend, I heard you tell that awful woman. I want to know what friend."

“Why?”

“Well, I...”

It is a strange phenomenon that husbands can often engage in extra-marital affairs but if they so much as suspect that their wives might be doing the same they get rather offended. I was not submitting to that.

“Jeff, it’s none of your business who my friend might be. You want to have your ‘friends’, as you call them, without my asking anything. The same applies to me. Now, thank me nicely for being so gracious to your boring guests.”

To give him credit, he grinned and said, “They were rather boring, weren’t they? Still, one must keep in touch.”

“Yes,” I thought, “But why oh why do I have to keep in touch as well?”

During the following year I saw a bit more of Stephen than I had expected. He was, however, rather introspective, obviously very concerned with his studies. I made no attempt to break into this, and our talk focussed mainly on his hopes, with occasional queries about Lisa.

One delightful aspect of that year was the development of my relationship with Ken and Delia. I got frequent invitations to “come round for a drink,” and after so many years during which I felt myself to be isolated, I began to enjoy life again. I even got around to having them to my house for a few afternoons.

Their invitation to join them at the Christmas church services had also born fruit. I don’t think they set out to evangelise me, but I did begin to attend the church. I think it was not so much the religion I wanted as the companionship, or is that the same thing?

I felt myself to be “freeing up.” I had surrendered to my feelings about Stephen, and as I did not need to try and deceive myself any longer, to that extent I became liberated.

I made another attempt to see Lisa, but the grizzled head round the door frame informed me that, “They’ve gone, lovey. Been gone for three weeks. Don’t know where, so no use askin’ me.”

I did think of trying to increase my employment to fulltime to try and take some of the slack out of my life, but I was deterred by the thought that I might miss seeing Stephen or having time for him.

It was Stephen who continued to be the focal point of my day to day living. I no longer questioned what he might feel about me. It was enough that I loved him. Yes, I loved. With Jeff I had lusted and mistaken it for love. With Stephen it was a love in which I would be whatever he wanted me to be to him.

This too was freedom. I loved unconditionally.

I don't know where that year went it seemed to pass so quickly. Christmas approached once more and Stephen had sat his last exams. He was spending more time with his grandparents, and we met often on the path.

No word of my love and desire for him had ever escaped my lips. He had not even by implication suggested any sexual attachment to me. What we had might be described as "a deep friendship."

The critical moment came on an excessively hot day. The thermometer had soared to forty degrees Celsius by early morning. Dear old Arnold my dog and walking companion of so many years had gone to the great boneyard in the sky. I now walked alone until such time as I could bring myself to replace him.

As I meandered dogless along the path wishing Arnold was still with me, I saw Stephen approaching with Ken's and Delia's Dalmatian.

As we came up together I asked, "How did it go?"

"Still waiting for the results," he replied. "Hope to God I've get enough marks to get me into the College."

"You will," I said, encouragingly.

We were both sweating in the heat, so I took a bold step. "How about coming back to my place for a drink?"

"Good idea," he gasped, "Lead the way."

We went back to my house, the first time Stephen had seen it. "My God," he expostulated, "I had no idea you lived in place like this!"

"Don't be impressed," I said, "It's what goes on inside it that matters."

He grinned, "Yes, I suppose so."

We sat down with our drinks while the Dalmatian made an olfactory inspection of the room, then apparently finding nothing of special interest, flopped down on the carpet and went to sleep. Seeking a lever to start a conversation I asked a question of Stephen I had never put to him before. "Have you got a girlfriend?"

He looked at me a little strangely for a moment, then said, "No, not really. I've had one or two girls as friends, but nothing serious."

"Not interested at this stage?" I questioned further.

He gave a shrug and said, well, it's not really that it's...it's..."

His voice trailed away and I was tempted to ask, "It's what?" I decided not to pursue the matter and suddenly came up with a bright idea. "Stephen, we're all hot and sweaty, what about a swim?"

"You've got a pool? Terrific...oh...I don't have anything to wear."

"That's all right," I said, "I can find you something. Be back in a minute."

I went to my bedroom and put on my swimming costume. I suppose I should write that it was a minimalist bikini, but it wasn't. It was a backless one piece garment. I went to the cupboard where I kept odds and ends of clothing that were hardly ever used. There were a couple of pairs of Jeff's old swimming shorts. I selected the most respectable looking pair and took them to Stephen.

Seeing me in my swim suit, I heard an intake of breath and saw him trying not to look at me. I showed him where to change and told him to come out to the pool when he was ready.

I left him and went outside and waited for him sitting on the edge of the pool with my feet dangling in the water. I could have hugged myself with delight. For the first time I had Stephen to myself. No Ken or Delia, no passing walkers or cyclists to overlook us. "He's all mine," I thought excitedly.

Stephen came out wearing Jeff's swim shorts that were perhaps a trifle tight on him. They had been purchased in the days before Jeff developed his little paunch, and in any case Jeff was probably a size or two smaller than Stephen.

Thinking about sizes, what I saw outlined against the cloth of the shorts made me a little breathless. I was no expert in

penis sizes, but I have since looked up relative male organ dimensions on the internet, and can now safely say that Jeff's organ was well below average and from what I could see, Stephen's was well, very well, above average.

My own sex organ, fortunately not visible to Stephen, had been lubricating copiously for some time. If there was any tell-tail sign of my condition of sexual arousal, it was my nipples, but I didn't know if Stephen could read the signs of female excitement.

As he drew near I slipped from the edge of the pool into the water and Stephen dived in. We swam and splashed around for a while and ended up wrestling around with each other. As our bodies came into contact I could from time to time feel the pressure of his penis against me, and my readiness would rise to new heights.

We eventually got out of the pool and lay side by side upon two air mattresses under the shade of the wide veranda. What I could physically hide from Stephen, he could not conceal from me. Although he tried to screen his huge erection from me by lying on his stomach, I had seen it before he reached the air mattress. The crown was almost thrusting out of the top of the shorts and the poor boy must have been in a dreadful state.

There now ensued one of those self-conscious moments when one tries to decide on who makes what move. His brief statement about girls who had just been friends, suggested that Stephen was a virgin. My hunger for him was causing me to quiver with tension, and so I summoned up the courage to make the first move. It was a risk because one never knows if they will be rejected, and if that occurs, the relationship may be ruined for ever.

I took the chance and moving over to him I said softly, "Stephen, darling," then I kissed him softly, moving my moistened lips over his but not seeking to enter his mouth with my tongue at that stage.

When I broke from the kiss he gasped, "Linda, oh Linda." I kissed him again, this time probing with my tongue for entry into his mouth. He opened his mouth and as I explored it with my tongue I reached down to caress his penis with my hand.

After touching his shaft through the cloth initially I then untied the cord round the waist and slipped my hand inside. As I touched the crown of his penis I felt him give a slight convulsive movement. I knew I was safe – I would not be rejected.

When I came away from the kiss this time, he said, "Linda, I've never been with a girl...I don't know how..."

I interrupted him, "It's all right, my darling, leave it all to me this time."

I slipped off his swim shorts and his manhood reared up like a great tower, the light brown shaft surmounted by a beautiful purple cupola that was glistening with pre-cum.

I was tempted to lick some of the salty emission, but the poor boy was so aroused I could feel his blood infused shaft pulsating under my hand in rhythm with his heart beat. "I must let him come into me quickly this time," I thought, "He won't be able to hold back for long."

I took off my swim suit and on seeing me naked Stephen gave a groan and said, "You're so beautiful, Linda."

"So are you, my love," I responded, and sat across him, the crown of his penis poised over my vaginal opening.

I had only ever had penetration with Jeff, and as I have said, Jeff was considerably smaller than Stephen where penis size was concerned. I decided to lower myself slowly, testing for any pain or discomfort. There was none. I was saturated with

my lubricant and with his pre-cum he slipped into me easily, the only difference from Jeff being the beautiful tight fit and pressure against the walls of my vagina.

With his full length in me I stopped still for a moment, letting him feel what it was like to be deep inside a woman. Resting with him, I thought I could feel the pressure of his crown against my cervix, but again, there was no discomfort.

During all this Stephen had kept his head raised, watching his entry into me, and continuing his soft moans, "Linda, oh Linda."

I think this first time with Stephen was the most wonderful few minutes in my life. I felt such love and tenderness for him, such a desire to give myself to him, to make it a beautiful experience that he would always remember.

I began to move on him and quickly felt the prelude to ejaculation as he began to lift his hips, pushing against my downward movements. Suddenly he gave a tremendous cry and instinctively seized my hips, dragging me down on to him in rhythm with his release of semen into me. I felt the first explosion of his seed thump into me and I put all the power I could into my downward thrusts, striving to get the last millimetre of his length into me.

He was crying out incoherently and I had a sudden vision of all those little sperms striving to reach my egg to fertilise it. Then Stephen gave one great cry of "Oh God, Linda," as he made his last and mightiest thrust of sperm into me. Yes, I thought, the wonderful primal need of the man to impregnate the women, thrusting his seed in deep to fertilise her.

His ejection ended, I felt him relaxing under me. He gave a huge sigh of contentment and whispered, "I do love you, Linda."

I looked down at him, smiling, and responded, "And I love you, very much, my darling."

I remained sitting over him, his slackening manhood still inside. Looking at him I thought, "I want him, I need him. I shall be his lover, his mother, his friend, whatever he wants me to be, and I shall give myself totally to him."

Perhaps that sounds exaggerated, overly emotional, but that was what I thought and felt then, and still do for that matter.

He continued to murmur words of love and devotion to me, and I responded, assuring him of my own depth of feeling for him.

Nothing like this had happened with Jeff, not even during our first couplings when the newness of love and the satisfaction of lust tend to make us more voluble about our feelings. There was something else I had never experienced with Jeff that was taking place with Stephen.

Sitting over him, his penis still in me, I felt a strange sense of unity with him. Again it may sound ridiculous, but I felt at one with him, part of him, and he part of me. I wanted selfishly to possess him.

I felt him hardening and stirring inside me, so I started to move again. After his first ejaculation he would take longer to come this time. For a while I had experienced female orgasm with Jeff, but in time this had faded out together with his own growing lack of interest. Now I felt ripe for a climactic outcome of my union with Stephen.

It came, far off at first like a distant roll of thunder before the lightening strikes. The thunder drew closer and I began to shake and give out little cries of, "Oh, ah, oh, ah, oh, ah." Then a mighty crescendo, the lightening struck home, and for a while I spun into another world, a vibrating world of flashing lights and colour. I heard myself scream at the height of my climax, and then I was moving away from the high point, weeping and telling Stephen "I love you, I love you."

I felt the first heave of his ejaculation and he was grasping my hips again, literally moving me up and down on him. I tried to respond, but I was too overcome by my own exquisite but exhausting experience to be of much help to him.

Then came the burst of his semen and as the first thrust shot into me he gave a cry of exultation. His sperm mingled with that of his first ejaculation and my lubricant. It was running out of me over his groin and down onto the mattress. I had never experienced such an overflowing of male seed before. And once more there came the vision of those sperms competing to be the one that fertilised me.

He gave a final massive thrust, and then once more I felt him relax under me. I had reached the outer limits of my own orgasm so I withdrew from him, dropping down beside him.

“All right, darling?” I asked as I kissed his lips and face.

His hands were exploring my breasts, and he whispered hoarsely, “It was wonderful, Linda, beyond anything I’ve ever thought or imagined.”

“Would you like to stay with me for the rest of the day,” I asked.

“Oh yes...” He paused, “My grandparents, they’ll wonder where I am.”

“Telephone them, darling. Tell them I’ve invited you to lunch and you’ll be staying. Tell them I can feed their dog.”

I gave a laugh and added, “Then we’d better have another swim, we’re in a dreadful mess.” It was true; sperm and lubricant were staining the mattress and it was oozing out of my vagina and down my thighs.

He returned my laugh and went off to telephone. I slipped into the pool and watched the sperm rise from my body to the surface of the water forming wavy glutinous ribbons. Foolishly I wanted to keep it, it was part of him.

Stephen came from his telephone call and leaped into the pool. When he came to the surface I asked, “Everything okay?”

“Fine,” he said, and laughed. “They said it would be good for me to be with some younger company.”

I felt a twinge of pain spear through me. Younger than them, yes, but there was twenty years between Stephen and myself. Would he come to regret his association with what might seem to him, an old woman?

We splashed around for a while and then began our wrestling games. We were naked and quickly Stephen had me against the wall of the pool, his penis slipping into my welcoming vagina.

The buoyancy of the water meant that it was no great effort for him to stand with me having my feet off the floor of the pool. We clung together for a long time, looking into each other's eyes, kissing, his hand exploring my breasts.

Revealing something of my uncertainties I asked him, "Darling, are you happy that we've come together like this?"

"Very happy," he said, smiling at me, then he went on, "You know Linda, I've wanted you from the first time we met."

"When you were fourteen!"

"Yes, I wanted you then. Was that very bad?"

“No, of course not my love, I’m sure many boys of that age have crushes on older women.”

“Mine’s not just a crush, you know,” he said solemnly. “I’ve waited for you all these years. I thought it might never happen, that you wouldn’t want a young fellow like me, but I always hoped.”

As a form of reply, and using the buoyancy of the water, I began to bounce up and down on him until he shot into me again. It was a very peaceful ejaculation this time and rather sweet.

After that I decided we needed nourishment, so we went in to prepare lunch. The Dalmatian cocked one eye open, seemed to see nothing unusual about seeing a naked Stephen and Linda, and promptly went back to sleep, that is, until I produced some food for it, when it came awake with surprising alacrity.

Stephen and I ate, then I suggested we should go to bed for the afternoon. He received this with considerable enthusiasm, especially when I said, “I might be able to teach you a few things.”

“I’m an eager student,” he laughed.

Our sharp sexual hunger had been dealt with before lunch. Now we could enjoy a more leisurely approach to our love making.

We lay on the bed in each other's arms, kissing deeply and long. Stephen's hand once more explored my breasts until I requested, "Suck my nipples, darling."

As I suckled him I demonstrated how he should use his hand, stroking upward from the base of the other breast to finish with a gentle squeeze of the nipple. He was a fast learner, but then, perhaps men have a special instinct about women's breasts.

After a while I moved his hand down to my vagina and tried to teach him how to use his fingers to penetrate my vagina and stimulate my clitoris.

Some women complain about the careless treatment they get from their partners when it comes to this act of love. To some extent I think the women are at fault in this matter. Their men may not understand the structure of the female genitals, and I believe it is for the women to instruct them.

I was determined Stephen would get what might be called, “a thorough grounding” in at least the basics. I sat on the edge of the bed and drew my legs up and apart so my feet rested on the bed. This gave the fullest possible view of my genitals. I said to Stephen, “Come and kneel in front of me, darling, and I’ll show you what a woman’s sex organ looks like.”

He knelt and I touched my mons, pointing out that some women like to be pressed and stroked there, and then went on to my outer lips. I had intended to move them apart myself, but changed my mind and said, “Darling, if you open those lips you can see what’s behind them.”

He obediently and carefully opened them to reveal my inner lips and vaginal opening.

“You see,” I said, “The inner lips are very like those on our mouths. Lot’s of women like to be kissed and licked there.”

He looked up at me gravely and asked, “Do you like to be kissed there?”

“It depends who is on doing the kissing, Stephen.”

“By me?”

“If you want to, my love.”

He leaned forwards and I felt his lips press against the little petals. He did this in a most solemn and almost worshipful fashion, rather like an orthodox believer kissing a sacred icon. He followed my second indication and began to lick me until finally I felt his tongue thrust into my opening. It was time for one more instruction.

I moved his head away and lifted the little hood over my clitoris to reveal the little nub of nerve endings. I began to circle it with my finger and said, “That is a woman’s real pleasure centre, darling. If you would like to do what I’m doing, or lick it with your tongue, you might send me wild with lust for you.”

I was in fact already wild with lust for him, but I suppose a mentor must remain objective, up to a point.

He again solemnly followed my instruction and began first to run his finger gently round my clitoris then commenced licking it.

Now I am of the school of thought that holds that a man in approaching a woman and engaging in the sexual act should

do so with a degree of reverence. A woman, after all, is the potential bearer of new life. It is no wonder in times long ago female fecundity was worshipped.

This is why I think rape is such a heinous crime; it defiles what is essentially sacred. On the other hand, too much reverence for a woman's body by her sexual partner can detract from the supreme pleasures of the act. Therefore, I told myself that I must in future love making with Stephen, modify the reverence and enhance the ravishing. "Still," I thought optimistically, "That can wait for other occasions."

I thought one more lesson was in order, so said, "Darling, come and lay on your back."

I must say, he was a very obedient student and did as bidden.

I began by kissing his lips, then slowly kissed my way down his body. When I reached his penis it was standing up hard, throbbing, its cupola-like head wet with pre-cum.

I began by licking the silvery viscous discharge. Stephen began to moan, "Linda, Linda," so I took the purple crown into my mouth and began to lick and suck.

I felt his ejaculation approaching, and he tried to push me away crying out, "Linda, I can't hold...I'm going to..."

He didn't finish, it was all too late. Had I chosen I could have disengaged from him, but I clung on and as the first semen was impelled up his shaft I felt his hands close over the back of my head as he held me to him.

The first thick warm thud of his sweet young sperm burst into my mouth. I swallowed and then tried to keep pace with his massive discharge. It was more than I could cope with, and it began to run out of the corners of my mouth. I could hear his uninhibited cries with each new explosion, his desperate exclamations of love for me.

As he completed his ejections into my mouth, he, like me earlier, was weeping, but I knew they were tears of joy and fulfilment.

He began to unwind and as one addendum to the lesson I came over him and said, "And now, my love you can taste yourself and I can taste myself."

The aroma and residue of my lubricant were still on his lips and face. I kissed him, thrusting into his mouth some of his own sperm, while I smelt and tasted myself.

I had not had an orgasm, and was in a terrible state of arousal, so taking advantage of my recent lesson, I sat across him and lowered my vagina to his lips saying, "Make me come darling."

He had learned his lesson well, and he began to lick my inner lips, and then moved to my clitoris.

It was my turn to put my hands behind his head and force him to stay with me as I shook with the coming of my orgasm. I felt it as waves of love for him coursing with exquisite pain through my entire body. Once more I was screaming my love and desire for him and ended with weeping for the joy I had in him.

When the last shaking wave had passed away we fell apart.

Now was the time of doubt's return, the moment of apprehension. I, who had set out to teach him, had experienced the act of love with an intensity I had never before known. The question was, would it continue?

Stephen had unleashed in me a passion I had never realised I had. He had, to use my previous metaphor, not only awakened the sleeping giant, but set him rampaging through me. How could I go on now without the deep satisfaction Stephen had given me?

My apprehension was unnecessary. Stephen had put his arms round me so as to hold my breasts in his hands. "Linda, it's not just today is it? There will be more, won't there? I love you and want you, but not just for today."

I felt peace descend upon me. His question had answered mine. I spoke reassuringly to him; "No my dearest love, it is for as long as you want it to be."

He murmured, "Thank you, Linda, my love."

We slept in post coital relaxation.

I awoke with a start. Stephen slumbered on and I looked over at the bedside clock. Within half an hour Jeff would probably be home. I shook Stephen awake and he came to with a groan.

"Darling, you've got to go, my husband will be home soon."

That brought him fully awake quickly and there was a scramble to get him into his clothes.

He collected the Dalmatian who had continued her sleep, and at the front door he asked, "Shall I see you tomorrow, Linda?"

"No darling, I have to work tomorrow, but the next day I'll meet you on the path about eight."

I think we both found it equally hard not to see each other next day, but perhaps we both needed time to digest what had happened between us.

When Stephen had gone I rushed around preparing the evening meal which was late, and Jeff asked why. I muttered something about having an afternoon nap and oversleeping, which was in part true, and Jeff responded, "Humph."

Christmas came and went and in the days that followed Stephen and I came together as often as we could. We were totally besotted with each other and the intervals of not being together became increasingly painful. Another nagging concern was now making itself felt; soon Stephen would be starting his course at the college. This would probably mean less time to be together.

I had continued to occasionally attend the services at the church Ken and Delia had taken me to. It was here that I got

an inspiration for overcoming the problem of being with Stephen.

One morning the minister made an appeal to the congregation for anyone with a spare room to take as a boarder students coming in from the country for tertiary education. "Why not?" I thought. Stephen came from a country town, his grandparents didn't really have room for him and our house seemed full of unused rooms.

I put the matter to Jeff not so much as a question but as a statement. "They're asking at the church for people to take in students from the country, I'll be taking one in."

I did not mention the gender of the student and I saw a light in Jeff's eyes. "He's thinking of some nice nubile girl he might be able to seduce," I thought gleefully. "Won't he get a surprise?"

Jeff played it carefully and said, "Well, so long as she (aha) doesn't get in my way."

That seemed to settle it and at the earliest opportunity I went to see Ken and Delia and put the matter to them.

Their response was interesting; Delia said, "I think that might be a good idea." Ken winked at me and said, "I'm sure it will work out well for both of you."

Stephen was not present so they said they would tell him as soon as he came in, and he would contact me.

It didn't take long. Stephen must have telephoned me as soon as they told him about my suggestion. As his grandparents were nearby he had to be cautious, but I could detect the excitement in his voice. We arranged for him to move in two days later.

He came in the morning and we laid out his stuff in the room he was to occupy (some of the time). It was a spacious room and I had set it up to serve as a study and a bedroom. I had put a double bed in the room, and after lunch we tested it out for carnal gratification. It worked well, but I expected we would do most of our love making in my room.

To my amusement Jeff reacted just as I had expected. I saw the disappointment written all over his face at the sight of the very male Stephen. He shook hands with Stephen and muttered gruffly something about hoping he had settled in all right, then saying, "Got some work to do," he left us.

It was two weeks before the academic year began and between my working hours, Stephen and I couldn't leave each other alone. We touched, kissed hugged and coupled all over the house. By the middle of the second week I blush to admit that my vagina was so sore from the many penetrations, I had to ask Stephen to refrain from entering me for a couple of days. He was a bit depressed about this, but I consoled him with oral sex.

I did not wish Jeff to know at that stage what was happening between Stephen and me, but I suspected he would have to know some time, and he did.

It happened about three weeks after Stephen had begun his course at the college. Our couplings were less frequent by then, our initial craving for each other having calmed a little. It was then that I became aware that I was pregnant. It was no surprise to me since neither of us had taken precautions, and I think subconsciously this was what I had intended from the start. As for Stephen, he had several times said, "I wish we could make a baby together."

I told Stephen and his response was a mixture of delight and concern for me. I reassured him I was a strong girl and was not worried about my ability to carry the child for the full term.

There was also the matter of Jeff. Sooner or later he would have to know, and I decided to make it sooner. I had no doubt that Jeff would want me out of the house, so it was better to make the move in the early stages of my pregnancy than later.

When I did tell him it didn't register at first. It was often like that with him. I would say something to him and he would grunt, without having heard what I had said.

This time it took nearly half a minute to sink in, and then he did a sudden double-take and howled, "Did you say you're pregnant?"

"Yes."

"But you can't be, we don't...who's the father...I want to know..."

He paused in mid verbal flight and I saw realisation dawn.

"My God, you've been fucking with that boy. You've let him stick a bloody kid in you...you...you...slut."

"What does that make you, Jeff," I asked, "An old roué?"

An old quotation came to mind and I spat it out at him; "The most worthless of mankind are not afraid to condemn in others the same disorders they allow themselves; and can readily discover some nice difference of age, character, or station, to justify the partial distinction."

He stayed silent for a while, and then burst out again, "I'm not having you two in this house fucking behind my back, and I'm certainly not having his bastard in the place."

"Good," I said, "I shan't be sorry get out of this edifice to your arrogance."

"You'll get nothing from me," he yelled.

"You think not, Jeff. I should think again. I can get something for all the years of cleaning, washing, cooking and putting up with your philandering."

I turned away, and as I left him he yelled after me, "Not one cent."

He was wrong. I think he must have consulted with one of the department's tame solicitors who probably pointed out that I did have a right to what is called, "A payout."

The offer when it came was better than I expected. In short, it provided Stephen and me with a modest dwelling, with some money left over. Another reason for the rapid collapse in Jeff's resistance became clear within two weeks of Stephen and me moving out. One of Jeff's women moved in.

The revelation having been made to Jeff, there now remained the two significant people in Stephen's life, Ken and Delia. Stephen wanted to tell them about the situation himself, but I said I wanted to do it. It was after all me who had made the initial move to capture Stephen.

I was amazed at their response.

"We guessed what's been going on, love," Delia said. "We can see that there's a problem with the age difference, but Stephen seems so happy, and he needs love. You've given it to him and we accept that."

Touchingly, Stephen asked me to marry him. I refused, telling him that he had to remain free. He didn't like this refusal, but I was adamant.

He was wonderfully tender with me during my pregnancy and was present at the birth when out came Sharon.

It was when Sharon was around six months old when the next twist in events occurred. I received a telephone call from the Drugs and Alcohol Rehabilitation Centre. They had had a real struggle to find me, but I suspect they got to me through Jeff. Lisa was in their care and was asking to see me.

Gig been arrested on a robbery with grievous bodily harm charge. He had been put in jail. Lisa narrowly avoid being arrested herself, but had gone on from one man to the next, and among other things, she had had an abortion.

She had been eventually picked up in a hopeless state wandering the streets. To service her habit she had worked as a prostitute, but had finally been unable to perform even the necessary function of opening her legs to whoever was willing to pay.

I went to see her and barely recognised her. She was gaunt in appearance, pasty faced, and with facial and body sores in the process of healing. She had developed what I can only describe as a “crafty look”, part defensive, part wheedling.

She flung her arms round me and in a voice that seemed to have difficulty forming speech said, “Oh mummy, I’ve missed you so much. Are you going to take me home, mummy?”

She knew nothing of what had happened in my life and I had no intention of telling her at that stage. I pointed out that I couldn't take her home because her treatment wasn't finished. She baulked at this and for a moment seemed about to be her old abusive self, then changed her mind and said, "You will take me home when it is finished, won't you?"

I have to admit that the thought of Lisa entering my now harmonious existence did not appeal. I had to force myself to try and feel a mother's concern for her and said, "We'll see what the doctor's have to say."

I had been asked on arrival to see a Dr. Marks before I left, so I duly presented myself to him. He was a very "no nonsense" type, which I suppose was just as well in that sort of work.

He laid the situation before me quite bluntly.

"As well as her drug habit, Mrs. Prince, Lisa has a venereal disease. We're trying to cure her of both. The venereal problem we are confident can be cleared up, the drug habit is another matter. Lisa has taken a whole array of drugs over time, in fact anything she could get her hands on. We are still trying to assess the damage that has occurred."

“What we need to know is, are you willing to take her back once we’ve done all we can here? From here she can go to a halfway house, beyond that, well, if you won’t take her it’s hard to see what can be done.”

“Before you decide I must warn you that Lisa could quite easily revert to her drug habit, and the activities that might give her the money to feed her habit. In other words, it won’t be easy having her around the place.”

“You don’t have to decide right now, Mrs.Prince. Lisa will be here for some time yet, and then there’s the period in the halfway house. Talk it over with your husband.”

“I can just imagine what Jeff would say,” I thought, but knew I would have to talk with Stephen about the situation.

Stephen took the news with considerable composure considering he had no reason to expect this sort of invasion into our lives.

“She will have to live somewhere, and she is your daughter,” he said. “But how do you think she’ll take our relationship? And what about when she finds out she’s got a half-sister?”

“I shall be visiting her again,” I replied, “I think I may as well tell her then. The sooner the better, don’t you think?”

“Yes, and if you think it’ll be okay, what about if I come with you on the visit after that; as you say, ‘the sooner the better’.”

My next visit to Lisa was a week later. She was showing signs of improvement; her sores had almost cleared up and she even looked as if she had put on some weight.

I first told her that she could come home when her treatment was finished and she had been cleared by the halfway house. She poured out somewhat exaggerated thanks for this information.

I went on to tell her that I had left her father, was living in a different and smaller house, and I had a live in partner. Lisa wanted some details so I gave them to her frankly, including the age difference between Stephen and I. This seemed to activate some of Lisa’s old rude manner.

“Oh, mother’s got her self a toy boy, has she?” She said this in a sort of sing song way, and I clamped down quickly on this.

“No Lisa, I have not got myself a toy boy, I have a lover and we have already had one child and if I dared risk it at my age I’d have another with him. You see, we happen to love each other.”

Her face registered a sneer but she said nothing, so I asked, “Stephen would like to come and see you on my next visit, will that be all right?”

“Suppose so,” she replied sulkily, “I might as well meet my...what is he, my stepfather? Fancy having a stepfather the same age as myself, it sounds positively gruesome.”

We left it at that and it was on the next visit that the shape of things to come emerged, but I did not perceive it at the time.

Stephen and I went together, taking Sharon with us. The effect on Lisa of seeing Stephen was written all over her face. When we were alone for a while she expressed her feelings about him.

“Why didn’t you tell me he’s such a sexy hunk? I thought he’d be some pathetic wimp looking for a mummy, but I could go for him myself. Better watch out, I might steal him from you.”

I told her not to be so silly, but could not help noticing a little twinge of anxiety stab through me. I knew full well the great danger to my relationship with Stephen would be a younger woman.

During the course of the visit when all of us were present Lisa maintained a sort of teasing, even flirtatious, manner with Stephen. Sharon was due for her feed during the visit, so I opened the front of my dress and began to breast feed her.

Stephen had been fascinated by this activity and told me how beautiful he found it, but Lisa made her feelings clear when she exclaimed, "Yuk!"

The elements for the future were written clear; I just didn't complete the reading of them properly.

I picked Lisa up from the halfway hostel and brought her home some weeks later. Her first response was to complain about the size of the house and the smallness of her room. I ignored this but felt it was not a good start to what might have been the re-establishment of our relationship.

From the start her manner towards Stephen was coquettish, touching him and mockingly referring to him as "stepfather".

Stephen told her to stop that and call him Stephen, which she did.

The treatment she had undergone seemed to have worked well. I had been informed that the venereal problem had cleared up, but there might be permanent damage that would prevent her conceiving. I had the feeling that this would not bother Lisa.

She was in fact looking quite attractive but freed from the restraints of the past weeks, her old personality seemed to be reasserting itself, but in the milder form of mockery. In addition, the derisive threat that she might take Stephen from me began to emerge as a reality.

Lisa always seemed to be where Stephen was when he was at home. There was always the coquettish manner and the sly sexual innuendoes. The only place she did not seem to accompany him to was our bed.

Lisa had left school, or more accurately, dropped out, when she was sixteen. Not that it made much difference as she had played truant constantly for at least year before that. Thus she had little to offer educationally speaking, and had never as far as I knew worked; thus she had nothing to commend her to a potential employer.

This became a problem because it meant that she had nothing to do all day except hang around being bored and making a nuisance of her self. I tried to get her to help around the house, but she simply turned up her lip in a sneer and reiterated, "Boring, boring." Her attitude to Sharon was derisive, frequently referring to her as "Mummy's little brat."

The next step was for Stephen and I to find money missing. We had not been accustomed to hiding cash away, and I must admit we had got careless in that respect. Stephen might ask, "I left ten dollars here, have you seen it?" Of course, I hadn't. We both knew where it had gone, but said nothing.

When we took to securing our cash we noticed items from around the house disappeared, including the Celtic Cross Stephen had made me. I confronted Lisa about it, and received a blank stare followed by an abusive denial.

Her sexual advances to Stephen became more blatant. As I have said, it was the coming of a younger woman that I dreaded most in our relationship. That it should be my own daughter was almost more than I could bear.

Despite my insecurity in this matter, I said and did nothing as I saw her advances getting ever more lascivious. I felt that to intervene would be to humiliate myself, and as water must find its own level, so Stephen had to find his in relation to younger women and myself, and do so without restraint from me.

The critical moment came one night in bed when Stephen said to me, "Darling, I think we have to do something about Lisa. We've put up with the stealing because we can't finally prove she did it, but something happened while you were out today. She offered herself to me for sex for a hundred dollars, and when I said 'no', she actually started to bargain, offering herself for seventy five then fifty dollars. It seems obvious to me she's back on drugs and getting desperate for money. How is it going to be for Sharon growing up with that?"

My insecurities finally getting the better of me I asked, "Would you have taken her for no fee, Stephen?"

"You know bloody well I wouldn't, Linda, I value what I've got with you too dearly."

I obviously didn't "know bloody well", but a tremendous wave of relief came over me. What to do about Lisa was

another matter that, like the first time, it resolved itself in tragic manner.

I confronted her about drugs and at first she denied it, but when I pressed her further the old Lisa came out in full flood. "Mind yer own fucking business," etc. etc.

Within two days she was gone. Attempts to trace her through the police and Salvation Army came to nothing. Perhaps one day I shall receive another call from the Drugs and Alcohol people, or perhaps Lisa will disappear into that dark sub-world of wrecked lives.

For a while I engaged in "what might have been," wondering how many other parents had seen the wreck of a child's life. Stephen comforted me in his sage young way, but I suppose what I cannot but help see as my failing of Lisa will be always with me.

But as people are accustomed to say, "Life goes on."

My own life goes on with my baby and Stephen. Looked at from the outside I suppose people see a woman with a young lover, from within I am ambivalent.

Was Stephen a boy who was seeking a mother substitute, and I happened along? Was I a woman who desired a son and Stephen happened along? Was it the craving for love we both experienced or the hunger for sexual fulfilment? Was it all of these?

I still have the dread that one day another, younger woman, will take Stephen from me. He shows no signs of straying yet and he is as sexually ardent with me as he ever was. I love him dearly, and the resolve that I made in the first flush of our sexual relationship is still with me. Come what may, I will be his lover, mother, friend or whatever he wants me to be to him.

A Trip to The Country

I felt his orgasm approaching and held him a little more tightly, speaking words of encouragement: "It's all right, my love. Just let it all go. Put it all into me. I want it all."

Then he was pumping his young seed into me. It was very sweet, and I was swept by tender feelings for him. He was young, about the same age as my oldest son, and so pathetically needy, and I suppose I had felt sad for him as he tried to hide his massive erection. I wanted to satisfy his hunger, to give him that relaxation that comes from putting your sperm into a woman.

I could say, "I don't know how it happened," but I don't want to try to justify or excuse the aftermath and myself for what occurred. When it came down to it, I wanted it to happen.

My name is Dominic. Age forty-five now and was married with three children. Now divorced with two children, both boys, the oldest being eighteen and the youngest sixteen.

One day, when I was still married to Harry, I saw an advertisement in the newspaper. It was a bus company offering one of those day trips to the country.

I had reached the point where I was thoroughly fed up with house cleaning, cooking and generally looking after the needs of three men.

I never seem to go out anywhere nice and interesting. Harry had long since given up taking me anywhere. When he had time off from work, it was spent with his fishing mates, not me. And in case you are wondering, he had given up fucking me long ago. Why I don't know, because I often saw other men looking at me as if they were cats gazing a bowl of milk that they couldn't get at.

So, on seeing the advertisement, I decided to give myself a treat and I booked a seat on the bus.

"Don't know what you want to be bothered with that for," was Harry's comment. "Waste of money if you ask me. A bloody day in the bleedin' country. Ha."

The boys wanted to come with me, but I vetoed that straight away. "This is my day away from you lot," I told them, "I'm certainly not taking you two just to look after your wants."

The day of the trip arrived. I dressed up for the country, or what I thought was dressing up for the country, you know, tweed skirt and cardigan, and set out.

Harry's farewell was something like, "I suppose if you must go, you must." Gerry, my oldest boy gave me a hug saying, "Have a lovely day mum," and pressed a bag of sweets into my hand, "I got you these." My youngest, Simon, gave me a kiss and said, "Enjoy it mum."

Arriving at the bus station I found the tour bus and clambered aboard. It had been necessary to book in advance, and each ticket was numbered to correspond with a seat number. I found my seat, which was by a window, and sat.

Other people began to arrive, and I noticed that they were nearly all in their seventies and even eighties. I gathered that some sort of senior citizens club had booked most of the seats.

About a minute before the tour was due to start the seat beside me was still empty, then, right at the last moment, a figure came running across the bus station, and climbed aboard.

A slightly out of breath young man plonked himself beside me with the comment, "Only just made it."

I looked at him and smiled. I had noted that he was fairly tall, with a pleasant rather than handsome face. He appeared to be about the same age as my oldest son, Gerry. I had a little inside chuckle to myself, "I took this trip to get away from young men, and here I've got one sitting next to me. Oh well, at least I'm not his mum."

The bus began to move out onto the road. What had been the raucous prattle of the senior citizens swelled for a moment to an excited clamor, then fell away as they stared at the high street through which we were travelling that they probably saw three or four times a week.

It took about half an hour for the bus to get out of the suburbs and into something that resembled countryside. It is true that there were hedgerows, but the roadside and hedges were littered with paper, plastic and cardboard containers, presumably thrown from passing vehicles.

I felt a bit sorry for the boy sitting next to me, and wondered why he had come on the trip. He was about eighteen or nineteen and I was the next nearest to his age, which at that time was forty-two.

To try to give him a bit of companionship I said to him, "My name is Dominic," and left it open for him to give me his name.

"I'm Michael," he said.

From then on, we exchanged comments about the countryside we were passing through, although I must admit I had to initiate most of the talk. He seemed a rather shy, reticent young man, but with a sweet sort of manner which started to inspire "tender feelings" in me. The sort of feelings one can have for a loved son when he is a bit down.

Eventually the bus stopped at what passed for a "Tudor" teashop. The bus driver announced that we would stop here for an hour and a half. This seemed an excessive amount of time, but I supposed it was a crafty way of using up time and saving on fuel.

Initially the senior citizens seemed more intent on relieving inefficient bladders than drinking tea. Michael and I had got off the bus together and we both seemed intent on staying with each other, and not having any particular need to join the queue lined up outside the lavatories, we got in our tea order ahead of the crowd.

As I had alighted from the bus, I noticed a path that led to what seemed to be a small wood or coppice. Not being overly impressed with the surroundings, and wanting to get

away for the now swelling chatter of the seniors, I suggested to Michael that we take a walk.

He agreed without demure, and we set out for the wood.

It turned out to be far larger than I had expected, and was in fact part of what remains of a once huge forest.

Michael and I followed the path into the wood. It was a truly lovely day in late spring, and I began to feel the tingle of new life in me, as if in harmony with the budding trees and plants around me.

After a while we came upon the grassy hollow, and I suggested we sit for a while. I lay back on the grass, my hands behind the back of my head.

Our conversation was stilled, and I was aware of Michael looking at me with sad, longing eyes. I saw the swelling lump in his groin, and I seemed to know and accept what must now happen.

He leaned over me and kissed me softly on the lips, at the same time cupping my breast with his hand.

I was so at peace, so in harmony with the throb of life around me, I made no protest or move to stop him. I simply lay there letting waves of pleasure wash over me.

Michael moved the bottom of my skirt so as to reveal my panties, which he gently removed. I parted my legs in tender compliance to his hunger. He came between them and entered me.

Our coupling was amazingly peaceful. No wild passion, no crying out, just a soft tenderness as he moved up and down in me. I can honestly say it was the sweetest, loveliest sexual intercourse I had ever had to that time. On so short an acquaintance, I suppose it would be ridiculous to say we loved each other, yet there was tenderness in what we were doing.

As he planted his young seed in me, I knew with that instinct women seem to have what the outcome would be. I sensed that he had fertilised me. He had begun that process of new life within me, and I wanted it. I wanted to create once more, to have his sweet seed grow inside me. I wanted to have my own springtime.

All had gone ahead without a word being spoken; as if what occurred was inevitable and needed no words. My only

speech had been as he began to ejaculate into me, and these had been words of loving encouragement.

We rose from the grass, and hand in hand wandered in silence back to the bus. Once seated again I lay, uncaring of what the other passengers thought, with my head on Michael's shoulder.

I slept.

In the late afternoon, we arrived back at the bus station. I awoke with a jerk, surprised at my surroundings as people often are when awakened suddenly. Michael was still with me, but after moment when I had fully awakened, he rose. I rose with him and we left the bus.

Outside the bus station we stopped. I put my hand to his cheek and kissed him softly on the lips. "Goodbye," I said.

"Goodbye," he responded, then added, "I shall always remember."

We parted. No exchange of addresses or telephone numbers. No promise to meet again. We simply went our separate ways.

I have never seen nor heard from Michael since, nor he from me. Yet, it was with him that I experienced one of the loveliest reproductive moments of my life.

Of course, the story could not end there. I waited until I was sure of my pregnancy, then faced up to telling Harry.

"I'm pregnant, Harry."

A silence, then a burst of laughter.

"You're joking."

"I'm not joking, Harry, and it would be better if you realised it straight away."

"How the bloody hell can you be pregnant, I haven't touched you for more than two years."

"Then perhaps you bloody should have," I shouted at him, "but since you've asked how I got pregnant, I'll tell you."

I told him about my bus trip and Michael.

Harry was beside himself with anger and weeping.

"You slut, you bloody filthy slut. You can get rid of the little bastard. I'm not supporting some other blokes snotty nosed little shit."

I let him rave for a while, then finally cut in: "I'm not getting rid of the child, as you put it, and if you should think of adoption, forget it. This child is mine, I want it, and I shall keep it. I don't expect you to like it, but that is how it's going to be, Harry. Take it or leave it."

"What about the boys? How are you going to tell them their mother is a whore?"

"I am not a whore, Harry. In all our married life I have had one sexual intercourse with a lovely young man, and that long after you made it clear you don't want me any more. As for the boys, I intend to tell them what I have told you, just as soon as we've finished. There'll be no lies or cover up."

"Well, you can get on with it then. I've got nothing more I want to say to you."

He slammed out of the room and the house.

I called the boys to join me in the lounge, and as I said, I told them what I'd told Harry.

I had expected a very negative reaction from the boys and was flabbergasted when Gerry came to me, kissed me and said, "Mother, I think that was just a beautiful thing you did for that young chap. I wish I could meet a lovely lady like you to have sex with. Although if she was going to have a baby, I think I'd want to stay with her."

Simon, the quieter one of the two, came over and held my hand and said, "I love you mum."

I burst into tears, and had two young men trying to comfort me. It was a bit overwhelming.

For a week or so, in a surly sort of way, Harry seemed to settle into the idea of my having the child. But he couldn't maintain this stance. One day he came home from work and announced he was leaving me.

"I'm not living with the local harlot," he declared.

I could have started a row about that, but I thought it better that he went his way. I could not imagine that there would

be any peace between us in the future, so it was better we parted.

The boys had the choice as to who they lived with, and they both elected to stay with me.

Gerry was eighteen, and could if he wished, go off on his own. Instead he came to me and hugging me said, "I'll take care of you, mum."

Being in that sensitive condition that afflicts many pregnant women, this led to another bout of crying.

Both the boys now became the protectors that men are supposed to be when with pregnant women. So active around the house they became that I had to forcefully inform them I was pregnant, not sick.

A month passed. My pregnancy was medically confirmed. The boys and I settled down into a routine without Harry.

One evening, when Simon had gone to bed, Gerry and I sat talking. He made some comment to the effect that he could not understand how Michael could just disappear from my life, especially having got me pregnant.

"You are a lovely looking woman, mum, and if it was me in Michael's shoes, I'd have been around here knocking on the door."

"Well," I answered, "He doesn't know I'm pregnant. We don't know his circumstances, and to be fair, I didn't give him my address or ask him for his. He was a shy boy, and perhaps he was too afraid of being rejected if he tried to pursue things further."

Gerry came and knelt in front of me.

"I won't leave you, mum, ever."

I gave a little laugh. "Darling, you'll find some girl you'll want to be off with, so you'd better not say you'll never leave me."

I looked at him and noticed he had an erection. On previous occasions when he was with me I thought I had seen him harden, but had not pursued the thought. Now I could not be mistaken. He was already prepared for bed, which meant short pajama bottoms. I could very clearly see his penis pressing the cloth out and a little wet patch appearing just where his penis head could be observed.

Curiously, I had that same feeling of peace I had experienced with Michael. I did not want to resist, and desired only to surrender to Gerry. But the different circumstances indicated that this time I would have to be more active.

I touched his penis through the cloth and said, "You want mother, don't you Gerry?"

He looked at me for a moment, then said, "Yes, I've wanted you for a long time."

I slipped from my chair to join him on the floor, taking off my panties as I did so.

I did what I had done with Michael, and spreading my legs, I said, "Come into me then, darling."

"But mother, the baby..."

I laughed, "It's all right my love, it's a long time before we need worry about that."

Gerry entered me. He was very quiet. It was almost as if he was engaging in some sacred act, worshipping at a holy shrine.

As if he had read my thoughts Gerry spoke softly as he moved within me, "Mother, I adore you."

I spoke to him quietly as he began his orgasm.

"All of it, darling, all of it in mother. Put it in deep."

He thrust hard into me and I put my legs round him to drag him closer. The sweet semen pounded into me.

When he had finished he said, I wish I could make you pregnant, mother."

I smiled. "That will have to wait, my love."

Gerry came to my bed that night.

The morning brought us a problem. What about Simon?

Gerry told me how he and Simon had often discussed their mutual desire for me. I pointed out that Simon, according to the law, was still a bit too young to have sexual intercourse

with me. I offered to talk with him, but had to ask Gerry how he would feel sharing me with Simon.

He said he was sure we could work things out, so I took Simon aside. By now he was over seventeen, which left him still below the right age. I told him what Gerry and I had done, and he seemed pleased. Without putting any pressure on him, I said that if he was prepared to wait a few more months, he could share me with Gerry.

"That's great," he said, and went on, "I can wait."

Gerry now occupied my bed every night, and was my lover in every sense of the word. As time drew on, and my pregnancy became obvious, we had to take more care, until, towards the end, he had to be content with me either masturbating him or giving him oral sex.

Then came the birth. A girl whom we have called Diane.

Having recovered from the birth, Gerry and I resumed our fully-fledged sex life, but now joined by Simon who had become of age.

We had some beautiful times together, and I had the wonderful experience of one boy having anal sex with me and the other vaginal sex simultaneously.

Simon did not in fact long stay my lover. He had not the same devotion to me that Gerry has, and once he met a girl he fell in love with, sex with me ceased.

Perhaps it was just as well, because shortly after I fell pregnant to Gerry, and this way we can at least be sure who the father is.

So far Gerry has kept his word, and is still with me. I am fairly sure that he is a faithful son-lover, and I certainly wish for no other penis in me but his.

My memory of that lovely afternoon with Michael remains, but that is all it is and all I want it to be, a beautiful memory. Gerry has taken seriously the role of father to Diane, and I am sure I can expect the same from him when it comes to his own offspring with me. In addition, he knows how to keep a woman well satisfied, if you know what mean!

A Walk in the Hills

At the top of our street begins a trail that wends its way through the hills for miles. I often take a walk there, and this is what I was doing on the day that my story is concerned with.

My husband, Jim, was away on a fishing trip for a few days, taking our two boys, Jamie and Tony with him. Left alone I decided on a walk along the trail for a few hours. I packed some sandwiches and taking a bottle of water, I set out.

It was a beautiful day with the sun shining but not too hot. The leaves on the trees glittered and wild flowers were out everywhere, and I wondered why more people didn't make use of the trail. In all my walks, I only occasionally met others. It seems that people prefer to use exercise bikes and other equipment, instead of getting out of the house and walking in the fresh air.

I had been walking for about an hour and a half when I had the feeling that I was being watched and followed. I looked round a number of times and saw nobody, but the feeling persisted. I put it down to imagination and in any case was not particularly fearful. I had trained in some martial arts and was very fit, and felt confident I could defend myself if need be.

After a couple of hours and about the point I intended to turn back, I decided on a rest. I sat down on the grass under the shade of a tree, and having eaten my sandwiches, I lay back for a while. I must have dozed off, when I was awakened by a slight sound nearby, I think it was the rustle of a bush.

I thought it might be some small animal, but when I looked up, I saw three boys over 18 years of age standing about ten yards away, looking at me. I was startled, but not scared. I said, "Hello," and the one who seemed the oldest of the three said, "Hi."

Two of them were quite tall and well built, while the third was smaller and looked a little anxious. I got the feeling he might take to his heels and run any moment. All three stood there silent, looking at me.

"Out for a walk?" I asked, in an attempt to break the silence.

"Sort of," replied the one who had said, "Hi."

"It's a good day for it," I continued. He gave a sort of snigger and said, "Yeh, a good day for all sorts of things."

I didn't much care for his manner, but decided to ignore it, and went on, "Going far?"

"Nope," he said, and walked over to me.

There was an air of menace about him, so I said, "Well, I must be on my way." I started to rise, and as I did so he put his hand on my shoulder and pushed me down. I protested loudly at this, "What the hell do you think your doing?"

"You'll find out," he sneered.

I went to rise again, but this time I was ready for him. As his hand reached for my shoulder he was slightly off balance. I grabbed his wrist with both hands, twisted, and as he fell, I kicked out at him and made contact with his shin. He squawked as he went down and rolled away grasping his shin.

I was on my feet in a flash and looking at the other two and said quietly, "There's plenty more where that came from, anybody want some of it?"

They backed off a little, and the small boy said, "Sorry lady, we just wanted to..."

"Shut up, idiot," snarled the boy on the ground."

"I know what you wanted," I snapped, "And how much do you think you'd have enjoyed it if you had got what you think you want?"

I felt myself to be in control of the situation, so decided on a bit of bravado. I sat down again and, pointing to a spot a couple of yards in front of me said, "You three, sit down there."

The boy whose shin I had kicked crawled to where I had pointed, and the other two joined him. Perhaps I should have left them, and I wasn't sure what I wanted to say or do, but I admit I was a bit fascinated by the situation.

Clearly, their intention had been to rape me, but in choosing someone capable of defending herself, they had made a bad error. Once the boy who was clearly the leader had been downed, the other two had no stomach for continuing the attempt. Perhaps they never had really wanted to rape, but didn't understand how they could get a woman without using force. I was starting to feel a bit sorry for them.

They sat there looking thoroughly abashed, so I started off, "So, you were going to rape me!"

"No...well...we...we thought..." mumbled the boy who has said nothing so far.

"I suggest that thinking was what you didn't do," I cut in.

"We didn't want to hurt you," the small boy said, "We just wanted to do it with you."

"And did you think that in raping me you wouldn't hurt me? Unless I gave up without a fight, of course you would hurt me, and as you see, you might have got hurt as well. All three of you might have been able to force me to have sex with you, but the mere fact that you didn't all pitch in at once suggests that raping isn't what you really want to do. And how much satisfaction do you think you would have got? Is that how you want a woman, unwilling, fighting, and you probably ending up in jail?"

"No," said the small boy, "We just wanted to have sex with you because you looked so good."

"How many girls have you had sex with?" I asked. He looked sheepish and muttered, "None." I looked at the boy I had kicked, "And how about you?" He said nothing, and looked down at the ground. "And you?" I asked the last boy.

"I once touched a girls tits," mumbled.

"Oh," I said caustically, " So you're the experienced one are you? I suppose you were the one who was going to show your friends how it's done?" He said nothing. "Did you actually see the girls breasts?"

"No," he said miserably, "It was through her clothes."

I was amazed. In these days of sexual promiscuity when young people seem to have sex from the earliest age with anyone and everyone, I had stumbled across three virgin youths; or rather, they had stumbled across me.

I confess I am no virtuous maiden. I have had sex with a number of men, both before and after my marriage. The extra marital sex has never been serious. I enjoy being generous with my body, and so long as I am safe on the pill, and am sure there is no chance of nasty diseases, I see no harm in a bit of sexual fun. In fact, all the men I had been with were nice, "respectable" men from the Church who were having a holiday from their dreary and unattractive wives.

I had often wondered what it was like for an older woman having sex with younger virgin boys, and here was an opportunity to find out.

I pointed at the breast fumbler and asked, "What's your name?"

"Graham," he replied. I beckoned him, "Come here Graham."

He got up and came to me rather carefully, no doubt wondering what was going to happen. "Sit down," I told him. He sat, and I went on, "Do you really think you'd like to touch a woman's breasts?"

He looked startled. "I suppose so," he mumbled.

"Well now's your chance," I said, "open my shirt." He blinked and did nothing. "What's the matter Graham, afraid? Have I got to do it for you?" I began to unbutton down to the waist and my rather full breasts came tumbling out.

He stared fascinated but made no move to touch me.

"What's the matter?" I jeered "I thought you said you'd like to touch a woman's breasts. Well now's your chance."

He still made no move, so I seized his hand and drew it to my breasts. The other two looked on as if mesmerized.

Graham's hand, once in contact with a breast, quickly became active and started to gently squeeze. I let him play with me for a minute or two, then leaned over so my breast brushed his lips. "Suck my nipple," I whispered, and placed one of them right against his mouth. He took it in and began to suck, starting to get more energetic about it as he went on.

I was starting to be worked up by now, and decided to advance matters. There was little opportunity for refined lovemaking in this situation, and realising I would probably have to take all three of them, I went straight to the point. I was wearing a skirt, so taking off my panties I order Graham to get his jeans off. He was shaking all over, but managed to muddle his way through the task of removing the garment. I ordered him to lie on his back, and sat astride him.

For all his nervousness, he had a very creditable erection. I lowered myself onto it and without further preliminaries let him enter me. He whimpered and cried out as I did this, and guessing that he would come very quickly, I moved up and down on him briskly. He shot into me with loud groans, and waiting until I felt his penis growing flaccid inside me, I withdrew from him and rolled away a little.

I looked at the other two and said, "Well, who's next?"

The boy who had first spoken was clearly in a very excited state by now, and he came straight over to me and began fondling my breasts with great gusto. While he did this I took his hand and placed it against me sex organ, which was soaked with sperm and my juices, and made him work his fingers inside me.

After he had played for a few minutes I lay over on my back, pulled my skirt up high to expose my groin completely, spread my legs wide, and said to him, "You can do the work. Fuck me now."

He needed no second telling. He came between my legs and penetrated. He hammered into me madly, and like Graham, he shot his load quickly.

When he had separated from me, I looked across at the smaller boy. "Well?" I queried. He made no move. I realised he was shy and frightened, so I beckoned to him. He still made no move. The other two began to laugh. "He can't get it up," they crowed.

I turned on them; "Did you two enjoy having me?" I said angrily.

"Well, yes," Graham said.

"In that case," I retorted, "your friend is entitled to enjoy me as well. Now you two, clear off. Go back down the track and wait for me. I want to talk to you." They hesitated, so I snapped, "Go." They went.

Once they were out of sight and hearing, I turned to the remaining boy.

"What's your name," I asked gently. "Roy," he replied. "Come and sit beside me, Roy," I invited. He came slowly across and sat. "Wouldn't you like to have sex with me?" I asked. He didn't reply. "Don't you like me?" I queried.

"Oh yes," he said, "I think you're lovely, but..."

"But?" I echoed. "I want to have you...have you..."

"What?"

"Nicely," he whispered.

My heart melted. I had let the other two have me for a bit of rough fun, but this boy was different. He wanted something more. "Look," I said, "I know I'm a bit of a mess with all that sperm inside me, but you musn't mind. Is it all right if I touch you and make you feel good."

"That's okay," he whispered.

I bent over him and kissed him very tenderly on the lips, running my tongue over them and then entering his mouth. I began to take off his jeans, and once his slack penis was exposed, I began to stroke it. His erection came slowly, but for all his small stature, he presented a very formidable weapon. I took it into my mouth and sucked until I tasted his precum starting.

"Would you like to come inside me now?" I asked.

He looked at me with what I can only describe as adoring eyes. It was deeply touching and he seemed so vulnerable.

He said very quietly, "Yes, please."

"Let me come on top of you, then," I said, and laid him over on his back. I took it very slowly so he could have as much

of me as possible in the circumstances. When he finally came he gave a little gasp and tried to pull himself into me deeper. I worked with him, giving him the best I had.

I stayed with him until I was sure he had subsided fully, and as we came apart he said, "Thank you, that was so beautiful," then he kissed me softly on the lips.

I waited a few minutes, and then said, "Okay, let's go and find these friends of yours." We rose and I took his hand and we walked back down the track.

Graham and the other boy had dutifully waited for us, but seemed a bit apprehensive, probably wondering what I had in mind. What I had in mind surprised them considerably.

"Now," I began, "Can I take it you boys have enjoyed yourselves?"

They nodded, and Roy murmured, "Lovely."

"Well so have I," I went on. "So how about if we do this again some time, only in more comfortable circumstances?"

They stared at me in amazement. "We thought..." began Graham, but I cut in, "I told you before, thinking is just what you don't do. Now suppose we make a time to get together at my house and see how things go."

They had little trouble agreeing with this so day and time were agreed. Fortunately, our house has a side entrance not overlooked by any other property, so they could enter unseen.

Not to drag the story out too long, they duly turned up at the arranged time, and I began to give them some sex lessons they will never forget. Other meetings followed whenever my husband and children were away. Sometimes the boys came together, sometimes only one or two of them.

This went on for the next two years, when Graham, and the other boy, Sid, disappeared from the scene for work reasons. By the time they left me they had studied advanced oral sex, intermediate anal sex, and were adept in shooting their sperm between my breasts, together with other sexual refinements.

Roy has remained in the district, and still calls in frequently. Of the three, I must admit a special liking for Roy. He is still very tender in his lovemaking and after the second or third

time with me, he never left me sexually stranded. In addition, he had a very nice sized penis.

A final point. It has occurred to me that many older women could take on younger men to give them their training in sexual behaviour. I do not suggest that they see it as a duty to be performed, and of course, it is necessary to be very circumspect, but what about it ladies? It could add a new dimension to your life, as well as theirs.

Across The Room

I saw him across the room being greeted by the host. I felt the blood drain from my face. I thought for a moment I was going to faint.

I was attending the exhibition of a third rate painter's work, for which, as a freelance journalist, I was to write a review for a minor local paper. I had got sick of the sugary pink and white creations, and was standing around with a cocktail called, I believe, "A Landmine." It tasted of dishwater and kerosene.

I had been watching the silly posturing and stupid conversations that these pretentious occasions give rise to, laced as they are with "Dears" and "Darlings," when I saw him.

My mind swirled back nearly seven years to a beautiful summer day. At the time, I was the wife of a Housemaster at a middle ranking private school. One of the duties was to entertain to tea once a week, two of the students. They were appallingly boring and formal occasions and I am sure the students, or should I call them victims, liked them no more than I did.

The day in question was during the last but one week before the school broke up for the summer recess. We were to entertain two senior boys, both of whom were leaving to go on to university. One of them was Hartley George, the other boy's name I cannot now recall.

There was an influenza virus going round the school, and the day before the "Tea," my husband, Arthur Greenwith, took to bed, laid low by the dread disease. He suggested that we cancel the tea, but I objected. Hartley had become a particular favourite of mine, and I had observed that he had a strong attachment to me. This often happens in boy's schools, where women are rare, and they are away from the feminine company of mothers and sisters.

Arthur was in no condition to care one way or the other, so I went ahead with the tea. As it turned out, Hartley arrived on his own. The virus had also struck down the other boy. So we ate and drank alone.

Hartley was almost fully-grown at that time, being tall, about six feet, and well built, with an almost gypsy look about him. He had somehow escaped the worst things those private schools do to their victims, and he turned out a gentle and considerate boy with a taste for the arts. His father owned a chain of clothing stores around the country, and on the occasions when he had turned up for parent's days in his

Rolls-Royce, he presented as a loud mouthed, bombastic man. Hartley had also escaped that character trait.

After our tea, I suggested that as it was such a beautiful day, we take a walk through the woods that abutted our back fence. Hartley agreed, so we went out through the gate in our back fence, and strolled through the trees to the stream that flowed some little distance away.

Arriving at the stream, we sat down on a grassy patch and for a while continued our conversation about music. Then at one point in our talk, Hartley took my hand. "You know I love you?" he said.

He followed up these words by leaning over and kissing me gently on the lips and in doing this he released my hand, and I felt his hand cup my breast.

I protested, "Stop this Hartley, I'm a married woman."

He didn't stop, but moved closer to me, still cupping my breast and kissing me. "I want you so badly," he said. "I've wanted you ever since I came to this school. I love you so much."

I pushed him away saying, "And I'm very fond of you, Hartley, but we can't do this."

He said nothing for a moment, then went on, "If you really cared about me, you'd let me do it with you."

Here I must explain the nature of my situation.

My mother had died when I was twelve. My father, with whom I was very close, died when I was eighteen of cancer. I had nursed him through his illness for nearly two years, and when he died I was exhausted and bereft.

He had left me a few investments which, given the strictest economy, I could just about manage on. To try to recover from my exhaustion I went for a week to a seaside boarding house. Here I met Arthur Greenwith. He was some fifteen years older than I was but he seemed to have a sort of solid assurance about him. I suppose this was what drew me to him. With the loss of my father, I was seeking some new anchor in my life, and Arthur seemed to provide that.

To cut a long story short, I ended up marrying him, and on our wedding night I found what a ghastly mistake I had made.

I am not sure whether he is a repressed homosexual or not, but he was quite incapable of getting an erection with me, and his attempt to penetrate, half hearted as it was, was an utter failure. He could not even break through my hymen. This I did long afterwards by using a dildo.

I was bitterly disappointed and quite horrified when Arthur said, "It doesn't really matter, you don't want kids, do you!" It was not a question, but a statement. I did want kids, but his tone encouraged no argument.

I silently wept myself to sleep that night and many nights afterwards.

In time, I discovered what Arthur really wanted. He wanted first, a housekeeper. Then he wanted the respectability of being married. As he worked in a boy's school any hint that a master was homosexual was death to that master. A married man was thought to be safe.

Another thing he wanted was a decorative wife. Someone one who would outmatch the rather frumpy wives of the other masters. Even if I say so myself, I had no difficulty doing that, and this was demonstrated by the way the other masters and the older boys ogled me. I hasten to point out that Hartley had never ogled me. His gaze was a sort of ardent longing.

I acknowledge that I enjoyed this devotion, and reciprocated with an affectionate concern for him. If you condemn this, then put yourself in my place. A young women with an impotent husband having the attention of a handsome, loving young man just a few years younger than she.

Now here I was with this young man pleading with me, and understanding from my own experience what sexual frustration can do to one, my heart went out to him. I admit that his approach had aroused me, and I could feel the wetness growing round my vagina.

I laid back and pulled back the hem of my frock, exposing my panties. "Take my panties off, darling," I whispered.

He paused for a moment, and then reaching up pulled off the garment to expose my sex organ.

"Come into me, sweetheart"

He undid the front of his trousers, came over me, and I guided him into me.

He was very gentle and loving, and, it was my first time with a man apart from Arthur's failed attempt, and I am sure it was his first time with a woman.

He gave little gasps interspersed with declarations of love as he moved up and down in me. I reassured him, "Lovely darling. It's beautiful."

He could not last long, and soon I felt his movements quicken, then he was pumping his seed into me. I thought it would never stop. I even had the rather humorous thought; "He's been saving all his sperm since he came to puberty just for me."

When he had finished, he lay in me for a long time, stroking my face and still declaring his love.

In the end I had to say, "We must go back now, darling, my husband might want something to eat or drink."

He sighed, but removed his penis from me. We tried to straighten ourselves up a bit, then walked hand in hand back to the gate in the fence.

The end of term being upon us, life became a whirl of activity, and that was the last time I saw or heard from him, until this moment at the art exhibition.

He was walking along with a notebook in his hand making brief notes as he came in my direction. I thought I might flee - hide in the ladies room - but finally decided to face the situation.

He was almost upon me before he saw me. He stopped, stared, then said, "It's Mrs.Greenwith, isn't it?"

"Ex Mrs.Greenwith. I'm Tara Ashe now," I said. "Mr.Greenwith and I parted company and got divorced many years ago."

"Oh! How are you?"

The formality seemed ludicrous and we both knew it. Questions were tumbling through my head, and I am sure through Hartley's, but we continued down the safe track. "What are you doing here?" I asked.

"I'm supposed to be reviewing this stuff for one of the Dailies," he replied. "What about you?"

"Well, it seems we are in the same trade," I said, "I'm doing a review for one of the local rags."

The hubbub around us had grown considerably so I half shouted at him, "Look, we can't talk here, and I don't know about you, but I've had enough of this rubbish. Let's go and sit in the park across the street."

He agreed and we strolled to a park bench and sat.

"It's a beautiful day," he said. "Like another beautiful day I can remember."

I didn't fail to get his drift, but decided to ignore it. "What's been happening to you all these years," I asked. "I always thought you'd go into your father's business."

"That's what dad thought too," he smiled. "But I had other ideas. Apart from anything else, I don't think the old man and I could have hit it off for long. He's too dictatorial for me. I went into journalism, you know, the arts side of things. How about you?"

"Oh, I just do a bit of freelancing to pay the rent. It helps top up the bit my father left me."

"Oh."

Silence.

We both wanted to open the one subject most important to us, but we didn't seem to know how.

The sun seemed to go in, and looking up I saw dark clouds approaching.

"It looks as if we are going to get some rain," I said, "My flat is just across the park. If you fancy a cup of coffee and we hurry, we can be there before we get soaked."

We ran together and as we entered the hall doorway, down came the rain.

The block was only two stories high, and my flat was one flight up. It was quite a humble abode, being in keeping with my income. I didn't have much in the way decor, but what I did have was good quality. Hartley looked round appreciatively.

"Very nice," he commented.

I invited him to sit down, and left the room. I went down to my daughter's room where she was playing with the sitter. I paid the sitter and thanked her and she left. I took my little girl's hand and said, "I've got someone I'd like you to meet."

"Is it a nice someone?" she asked.

"You'll find out," I laughed, and took her to where I had left Hartley in the lounge.

As we entered, I noticed that Hartley was sitting in a way that had always been typical of him. He had one leg crossed over the other, with his hands clasped in front of his knees.

"This is Cara," I said.

He looked up and said, "Hello Cara."

Cara, in the open way children have, went to him, placed her hands on his, looked for a moment and said, "You're very pretty."

Instead of the usual adult response of an embarrassed laugh, Hartley smiled and said, "Thank you Cara. I think you are pretty to," as indeed she is.

As I watched the two of them, I suddenly saw Hartley's face drained of blood. He went parchment white. I thought he was going to faint.

I said to Cara, "Darling, mummy will be getting dinner ready soon, but Mr.George and I want to have a talk, would you go and play in your room for a while?"

Cara left and I sat.

I knew exactly what Hartley had seen. There could be no mistake. There was nothing of Arthur's thinning blonde hair and insipid blue eyes. Nor was there any sign of my dark blonde hair and grey green eyes. The dark hair, soft brown eyes and gypsy complexion told the story.

"She's mine, isn't she," he stammered.

I decided to be pedantic. "No Hartley. If she is anyone's, she is ours."

"Well of course, I meant...you never told me, you never let me know, why? Why didn't you tell me? I could have...I would have..."

"I know you would, Hartley, but there were reasons for not telling you."

"What reasons?"

"First, you were very young. You were just launching out into life. I decided that I could handle the situation. Also, I was responsible. Although I am only a few years older than you, on that afternoon I was more or less in my husband's place. I was the one who should have stopped what happened, not you."

"Was that why you and Mr.Greenwith..."

I cut in. "It was the thing that brought to an end what would have ended anyway. Arthur could not possibly have been the father for the simple reason we did not have sex, and you are the only person I have ever had sex with."

"You mean, in all these years...?"

"Yes, in all these years. Now suppose we talk about Cara."

"I could make you an allowance for her..."

"You could, but you won't," I snapped. "My question is, would you like to get to know your daughter?"

He snapped back, "Of course I damn well would."

"All right, don't let's start out with a family quarrel," I laughed.

He laughed with me. "Yes, I would like very much to get to know her."

"How would your wife or girlfriend or whatever, think about it."

"There isn't anyone. Your not the only one who can go without."

"Very well. I'm about the prepare dinner. Would you like to stay and eat with us?"

"I'd love to."

"Then come and make yourself useful in the kitchen and I'll fetch Cara."

That evening began the process of Cara getting to know her father, without her knowing he was her father. I had to be sure I could trust Hartley with her, and whether she wanted to be with him.

Things progressed from Hartley joining us for an occasional meal, to letting him go out with us, then finally allowing Hartley to take her out on his own.

Hartley's loving gentleness had not deserted him and Cara seemed to have inherited it. I could see almost as a visible thing, the love growing between them.

Hartley spent more and more time with us, often staying on long after Cara had been put to bed. One thing that puzzled me was why Hartley never made any sexual overtures to me. Had I become undesirable? Ugly? I confess I checked up on myself In the mirror.

What I saw was quite a presentable thirty year old. Breasts in very good order at 38B, despite the fact that I had breast-fed Cara. Legs looking good but a bit marked with child bearing. No signs of heavy lines on the face, and an almost unused vagina.

I suppose I might have also asked myself why I didn't make any sexual overtures. Hartley certainly didn't repulse me. He was as sexually attractive to me as he had been all those years ago when I succumbed. So why?

At one stage, about three months after I had met Hartley at the exhibition, he began bringing us expensive gifts. I put a stop to this.

"I don't want Cara getting into the habit of expecting these gifts. I want her to look forward to seeing you for your own sake, not for the sake of a gift. And you don't need to buy me gifts. I am delighted just to see you, and to know that you and Cara are happy to be together.

Hartley protested. "All these years you've been the one to pay out for Cara. Now, you won't accept money from me and you won't let me buy gifts. What can I do?"

"Do what you are doing now, give us yourself. That's what we want."

Hartley saw the point, and the gifts, although they didn't stop completely, were relegated to special times like birthdays.

Twelve months passed. Hartley was now part of our lives. Cara was seven years old, and as we were to discover, quite a shrewd observer of the human condition.

One evening Hartley was about to put Cara to bed, when she said, "When are you two going to get married so I can have a proper daddy?"

We were both stunned, but Hartley carried it off with a laugh and said, "We'll see, Cara."

When he returned we were both silent for a long while, then Hartley said, "When am I going to be allowed to be a proper daddy?"

Taking this to be a proposal, I suddenly found that the years of aloneness, the deprivation, the need I had for love, suddenly overwhelmed me. I burst into tears, sobbing as if my heart would break.

Hartley came to me and took me in his arms. "What is it, my love. Did I say something...did I upset you...tell me..."

I howled even louder. In all the years I had never given way, now it all poured out in one great flood, crashing through

the emotional barriers I had erected to defend myself and Cara.

"Hold me, just hold me, you idiot," I jerked out through my sobs. "I love you rotten beautiful bastard. So just hold me tight and don't ever let go, or I'll kill you."

The emotional storm raged on with Hartley holding me and I clinging to him and beating my fists against his chest, my tears soaking his shirt front, my nose streaming, and all the unattractive things that go with copious weeping.

Finally I subsided. I pulled away from Hartley to let him see my ugly tear stained face.

"And now tell me you want to be a 'proper daddy'" to Cara. "Just look at my ugly face and tell me that."

"I want to be a proper daddy to Cara, and in addition, I love your ugly face."

Another storm of weeping.

"All right, be a proper daddy, and have my ugly face."

"Agreed. When?"

"What a lousy way to propose."

"What a lousy way to accept."

We collapsed with laughter, mine being a bit hysterical.

We finally came to ourselves and began to tackle the question, "when?"

It was to be as soon as possible. We had waited for many years, and that of course is what all those years had been about. Hartley confessed there had been a couple of women, but they had come to nothing. As he said, he was unfair to them, because he was always looking for me in them. And my years of abstinence were equivalent. I wanted Hartley, and not a substitute.

One thing you might find quirky among all the many quirky things in our little history. That night we decided that having waited so long without having sex with each other, we would now wait until we were married.

"Let's do it properly next time," Hartley said.

"Do what properly?" I asked.

"Get you pregnant."

"If we can get more like Cara," let's do it often, I told him.

"It will be my pleasure," he retorted.

"Don't be greedy," I said, "I want some of the pleasure to, you know."

We fell into laughter again.

He left and I peeped into Cara. She was still awake.

"You are going to have a proper daddy," I told her.

She put her arms round my neck and said, "Good, I love him just as much as you, you know."

"Out of the mouths of babes..."

Adventuring

When Robin was just one year old, I left my husband, Clive. It had all become too much to bear. His bullying, his attempts at psychological manipulation and control, his fantasy desire to watch me being raped and his contempt for me as a woman, sickened me to the point where I would tolerate it no longer.

In the years that followed, once Robin started school, I returned to the work for which I had trained as a speech therapist. This is well-paid work, and I was able to choose how many hours that I worked. My main focus was always Robin.

I fended off many approaches by men in the years after I left Clive, and as I have been told I am an attractive woman, there was quite a lot of fending off to do. I had my own needs, including my sexual needs, but I wanted no “live in uncles” for Robin, and although when he was still young I had got involved with a few men, it always seemed to end in demands I was not prepared to meet.

So it was that apart from masturbating, I lived a life almost as chaste as a nun’s.

I tried to make up for a lack of a male role model in Robin's life, by doing what we came to call, "Adventuring." If nothing else, this activity kept me very fit.

Our adventuring began when Robin was still quite young. We started by simply going out for walks around where we lived. I would point out the different kinds of trees and birds we saw. We progressed from there to hiking in the hills that skirt our city. When Robin entered his teenage years, we discovered that there was a chain of YHA Hostels across the hills that allowed for over a week of hiking along a trail that spanned the hills.

At one time I was tempted to buy a caravan so as to extend our range, but instead, settled for a tent. From then on, we were off adventuring whenever we both had free time, and weather permitting. In fact, on occasions we miscalculated the weather and managed to get soaked or our tent nearly blown away.

Robin seemed to thrive on our adventures – I think we both did – and he was forever pressing me to undertake yet another one.

To begin with, we shared the same double sleeping bag, but on becoming aware of his sexual maturation, I decided that separate bags were necessary. If the nights were warm, we

would often get into the sleeping bag naked, and there were times when with his closeness to me, I thought I felt what seemed to be an erection that pressed against me.

It was not that I felt any aversion to his sexual arousal, I understood it too well. I hope you can see that at that time, I had not had sexual intercourse for years, and although my renunciation had been voluntary, this did not mean that I no longer desired sexual intimacy, on the contrary.

So, I admit to you that it was as much my reaction to Robin's sexual excitement when in physical contact with me, that led me to sleeping in a separate sleeping bag, and not his erection in itself. The gentle pressure of his manhood against my body had brought about a throbbing in my clitoris and the discharge of vaginal lubricant.

I saw the danger and took the steps I thought necessary, but perhaps those steps should have been more radical. I might have suggested separate tents or even stopped the camping entirely, but I failed to do either. The hiking and the sharing had been too much a part of our lives, and to stop this did not then even cross my mind at the time.

You see Robin and I were very close. We were secure in each other's love. I knew that one day, perhaps when he had to go away for work reasons, or when he got serious with a girl

and married, we should be apart, but in the mean time I treasured every moment with him.

When he was a little boy, he used to sit on my lap and say, "I love you mummy, and when I grow up I'm going to marry you." When he grew older the signs of his love were still there, and looking back now, one could almost say it was a courtship.

Being well remunerated financially, I was able to be liberal as far as his allowance was concerned. When he was at high school, he had a job for a few hours a week. He saved his money and then want to take me out to dinner at an expensive restaurant. I would protest and he would plead. We always ended up going to the restaurant, and often it was a champagne and candle lit dinner. In the following weeks I had to find surreptitious ways to replace the money he had spent.

Even when quite young Robin would become quite annoyed if he saw me speaking in a friendly way to a man. I thought this might wear off as he grew older, but on the contrary, he became even more possessive of me.

I saw all this and even thought I understood it, but failed to see the real danger that lurked underneath. I told myself that his attachment to me stemmed from his insecurity at having

only one parent. He did not even have any living grandparents, and being an only child myself, there was a lack of aunts and uncles. Apart from some friends, we were very much on our own.

As I think back now, I can see what ploys I adopted to mislead myself about what was going on. "It's only a son's love for his mother." Even my recognition of his sexual arousal when in contact with me I wrote off as, "Just a growing up phase he's going through." The truth was, I did not want to acknowledge that it was more than these things.

The crisis came when Robin was two years into his university course. He hoped to follow my example and become a speech therapist. We had even talked of setting up a joint practice when he qualified.

It was the university mid term vacation, and we had decided on a trip to an island off the coast. We drove to the ferry and left the car in the ferry car park. Arriving at the island we set off on a hike to Frenchman's Bay that involved a trek from the north side of the island to its south coast.

It took us three days to reach the bay, camping in our tent on the way. The bay is rarely visited, the only way in, being on foot, so we had the place to ourselves. Looking along the beach in both directions, not a soul could be seen as far as the

eye could see. The weather was superb, and we pitched our tent just behind the bay's beach.

We swam, lazed about on the beach, did some short walks through the bush behind the bay, and tried hand line fishing, with no success.

We had brought supplies to last an estimated three days, so our next move was going to be to the one substantial town on the island, Princess Town.

It was on the second day that "The event," as I have since called it, took place. It was a blazing hot day, and we spent a great deal of time swimming, then lying around in whatever shade we could find. We were scantily clad, which was understandable given the heat and our constant dipping into the sea.

Throughout the day, I noticed Robin staring at me more than usual. I also saw repeated erections, and the sight of these had their effects on me. The throbbing in my clitoris became almost painful, and the thin piece of cloth that passed over my cleft, became soaked with my lubricant discharge. Part of the reason for my frequent flights into the water was to disguise this sign of my arousal. What I could not so easily hide, was the erection of my nipples as they pushed against the thin material of my bikini top.

I was so stimulated that I could barely keep still, which was another reason for my racing into the sea.

I could see that Robin was also very restless, and often lay so I could not see his hardened shaft.

One of the most studied aspects of humanity has been the reason why we do what we do. We might claim that there is no special reason for certain behaviour, but psychology seems to deny this. However we may hide and deny the cause of our action, it is there and capable of discovery.

If therefore, I tell you I do not know why we both went to bed that night, naked, or justify it by saying, "It was the heat of the night," I am sure you would not be deceived.

I suppose we had been lying there on top of our sleeping bags for almost an hour. We were both hopelessly restless, but I had just begun to drift off to sleep, when I was startled awake. I felt my breast being touched – caressed.

It had been so long since I had been touched in that way that for almost a minute I let it continue. It was when I felt Robin lean over me and take a nipple into his mouth, that I made my protest.

“No, darling, no...please, don't do that to me Robin...please. Darling, you must stop. You'll only get me worked up...please...don't...”

The truth was, he didn't need to get me worked up, since I had been in a sexual frenzy most of the day, and like many things we repress, they only return in even more demanding mode. I tried, I really tried, to stop not only Robin, but also myself.

I begged and pleaded, and as he came over me and began to spread my legs, I tried to fight him off. The beautiful and strong body, the physique I had so much admired, his power, was my undoing. I was very fit myself, but I could not match his strength.

Robin began his own pleading; “Don't fight me mother, please...please don't fight me...I love you and want you.”

He forced my leg apart – or did I let him part them? Perhaps I shall never be sure what the answer is to that question. I felt the tip of his penis moving over my cleft, seeking entrance. My vagina felt distended, the lubricant soaking me, and my opening was not difficult for him to find.

As he found my entrance and began to slip into me, I made one last plea.

I knew I was still very fertile, and we had no contraceptives. "Please, please, my love...don't...you'll make me pregnant...you must stop..."

It was too late. Almost as soon as his length was in me, he gave a gasp, and his seed fountained into me with what felt like desperate urgency. His need must have been overwhelming. He poured into me and I surrendered to him, giving myself over to the sensation of his hot young sperm flooding me.

In that moment I no longer cared about incest or impregnation, it was my love, my longing, and yes, my lust for him, that burst through all the barriers that had held it in check for so long. I wanted him as I had never wanted any man before. I would have had a thousand babies with him rather than to never have him in me at all. He was from me and was part of me again. For the first time in many, many years, I felt a complete woman.

With a deep sigh, he ended his discharge into me. He did not withdraw from me, but lay in me; I felt his limbs relax. I was still in a state of tremendous sexual excitement and the mere presence of his shaft in me was enough.

My orgasm approached with sweetly agonising vibrations, until my whole body was shaking and the cries of ecstasy, that I at first tried to stifle, were torn from me. All control departed from me. I clung to Robin, tearing at his back with my nails. I smothered his face with saliva wet kisses, ending in digging my teeth into the base of his neck.

At the time, I was hardly aware of what I was doing. It was only next morning when I saw the wounds I had inflicted that I realised how violent had been my hunger for him.

My screams and cries of love seemed to be coming from someone else. I heard them but they did not seem part of me. Perhaps this was because never in my life had I experienced anything like the sensation my coupling with Robin had produced.

When I had calmed down, Robin withdrew from me, but if I thought that was the end of our love making, I was wrong.

In the dark of the tent I felt rather than saw, him move down my body. I felt his hands under me to raise my buttocks, then they moved to part the outer lips of my sex organ and something probed into the inner lips and beyond.

At first I was unable to identify what it was that was being done to me, then I realised; "It's his tongue in me." He moved from penetrating me to licking my clitoris. The mad whirl began again. He grasped my thighs as I began to shake, holding me firmly to him, and the ecstasy was upon me again.

I writhed, holding his head tight to me, screaming again, and pleading for him never to stop. I would have paid any price, endured any torture so long as I could suffer the dear torment of his flickering tongue.

Again I began to calm, but still he had not finished with me. He kissed his way up my body to finally bring his lips to mine, and open mouthed I tasted his sperm mingled with my own fluids.

Once tasting his seed, I hungered for more. I moved down to his once more erect shaft and took the crown into my mouth. I slid slowly down it at first, soaking it with my saliva, then, feeling him give a sudden heave, I speeded up my movements, and the delicious fluid came rampaging out of him. However much I tried to swallow, he gushed into me too rapidly, and the sticky liquid ran from the corners of my mouth.

This surplus semen served as the next mouth to mouth exchange and soon our faces were soaked with the juices of our loving.

For the moment, we were sated. We were soaked with a mixture of sperm, lubricant, saliva and sweat. We exuded the odour of recent sex, and lay recovering in the heat of the night.

“Let’s go and bathe,” I said.

We rose, and hand in hand made our way in the dark across the beach to the sea. Still holding hands, we entered the cool water, then commenced washing each other, scouring each other’s genitals. Invigorated, and without bothering to dry ourselves, we returned to the tent.

We lay on top of my sleeping bag face to face, trying in the dark to look into each other’s eyes. I moved one leg over him, and drew his penis into me. We lay in this state of exquisite communication, kissing, his hands roaming over my breasts, and reassuring each other of the love, we had for each other.

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It was a very sweet and gentle time. The violence of our frustrated craving for each other having now diminished, it was a time for tenderness. Robin barely moved in me, but constantly told me of the beauty of just being in me. After a

long time, we came together, this time very quietly and sensitively. It was a moment when we were both trying to give expression to our commitment to each other.

After our climax had passed, we still lay together, Robin's penis inside me, our arms about each other.

I began to try to assess what had happened, and what this would mean for the future. Our love had entered upon new territory, and as far as we were concerned, a previously unexplored region. We had crossed over a frontier and our "adventuring" had taken us to where we had no map but our love to guide us.

If this had been a "one night stand," a moment of lust that once satisfied would be no more, then we might have ended it that very night, or at least, after a short period of time. I knew it was more than this. We had entered an Aladdin's Cave of sexual delights, and the stone had rolled back across the entrance to imprison us within.

I felt Robin drift off to sleep, his relaxed manhood still inside me, and I followed his example.

In the morning when I woke, I noticed that we had not moved during the night. Amazingly, Robin was still inside me. I lay still, not wanting to part with him. As he woke, I felt his penis

harden, and fully awake he began to move inside me forcefully. I clung to him, suiting my own rhythm to his.

“He’s going to be a morning person,” I thought. As it turned out, he was a morning, noon and night person. As he said later, “I don’t think I’ll ever be able to get enough of you.”

As with the first time he penetrated me, he came before I did, but unlike all the previous men I had been with, he did not withdraw as soon as he finished. He lay in me, and his mere presence in my tunnel was sufficient to bring me to orgasm. As I climaxed, he stroked me, whispering words of love.

The day after our night and early morning love, we were intending to move on to replenish supplies. As it happened, we had just enough to see us through the day and breakfast the next day, so we decided to stay a little longer in the bay. As Robin said, “This is our Wedding Bay.” Ever after, the bay has ceased to be Frenchman’s Bay, and for us became “Wedding Bay.”

All that day we were either swimming or making love. Robin seemed to be able to produce an endless supply of semen, and after my long sexual drought of many years, I seemed to be trying to catch up. Then, and ever since, I have reciprocated Robin’s feelings in reverse, “I would never be able to get enough of him.”

From fighting myself, and then, however feebly, trying to fend Robin off, I had submitted to him completely. But then, in his way, he also submitted to me. There was nothing we could not do to and with each other. At times, our union was violent, but it only happened that way when we were both desirous that it be so. There seemed to be a spiritual bond between us, each knowing the other's thoughts, feelings and desires, and ever ready to meet them.

I had read of men and women almost becoming one. When apart they were less than their selves; together they were whole beings. Until Robin, I had never come anywhere near that sort of relationship. Now I was almost complete. There was just one more step to go.

That step had in fact already been taken. I waited until I had full medical confirmation, then announced my pregnancy to Robin. I was a little doubtful what his response would be. I need not have doubted. He smiled, kissed me and said, "You won't be able to leave me now, will you?"

I began to protest, "But Robin, I never thought of..."

He laughed. "I know you haven't, any more than I've thought of leaving you. After all, when I graduate we have that partnership to form."

If I had any thought that the partnership was his real motive in the relationship with me, he quickly proved me wrong, when, after kissing me again, he said, "Thank you".

I was not sure what he was thanking me for, and I said so.

"For having a baby with me."

If further proof of his devotion was needed, he gave it to me as he took me to bed, and through what he did with me in bed.

As I write, the youngest of our three children has become old enough for us all to go "Adventuring." Robin and I have decided that a visit to Wedding (sorry I should write Frenchman's) Bay is in order. "It will give us inspiration for the next twelve years," he said, "And a break from the practice."

I agree that we need a break from the practice, but neither of us really requires the sort of "inspiration" Robin had in mind. Every day (and night) is proof of that. To put it another way, life with Robin is always an adventure, including sexual adventuring.

After The Obsequies

It was the day of my father's funeral. The reasons for his death seemed to have been connected with heavy smoking, heavy drinking, and if my mother was to be believed, heavy sexing, mainly with her, but not exclusively so. My father was a believer in sharing his talents.

When the funeral cortege set out from the town, the weather hadn't seemed too bad. By the time we got to the cemetery, which is on a bleak hillside about three kilometres out of the town, the wind had blown up to a howling gale driving sheets of rain before it. The parson was temporarily sheltered by the undertaker's umbrella, but as this blew inside out, he had to bear the soaking along with the rest of us.

My brother, standing next to me, muttered in my ear, "Just the sort of weather to conclude dad's life. He went through it like a storm, and is leaving it in one."

I grunted agreement, but said nothing.

Looking across the grave at my three sisters standing there with their moronic husbands – they'd have to be moronic to marry my sisters – I saw what might have been crocodile tears, but most probably it was the rain. I could almost feel

their tiny brains working out how much longer mum would last before she fell off the twig so they could divide the spoils.

Mum was standing next to my brother. He's the oldest and so I suppose, head of the family now, whatever that means. I'm the youngest of the family.

Looking at mum, a fairly lusty lady – "Beautifully abundant" I think its called – at fifty years of age I reckoned she was good for another twenty-five years at least.

She'd married dad and had my brother when she was only eighteen. She said she got pregnant to dad after a boozy night at the local football club, but rumour has it that she could have got it from anyone of half a dozen blokes that night.

In her day, so I'm told, she was the best looking girl in town. "Could have had her pick of the blokes," they said. She's still a pretty good-looking bird given her age and if you like them buxom.

Me, I'm a bit like dad, I'm not all that fussy as long as they open their legs for me and haven't been eating garlic.

I'd come in from the gas fields up north where I worked as a fitter, to attend the funeral. Hardly any females up there, so it's hard to get a screw. "Might have a look around town for a bit of talent while I'm here," I thought. We get big money up at the fields, and the crumpet usually goes for that.

The parson stopped mumbling and they lowered the coffin – or if you're posh, "casket" – into the grave that was rapidly filling with water. A few more mumbles from the parson and we were on our way out of the rain and into the cars.

We all headed back to the old place and the keg of beer we'd clubbed together to buy.

The blokes sat around the keg in sopping clothes, drinking beer and discussing footy, while the women drank some muck out of bottles and cried, or pretended to. A couple of neighbours had come in to get the food ready while we were getting gale lashed, so we got stuck in.

After a couple of hours we had stuffed and drunk our selves stupid, and a couple of the blokes got arguing over their footy teams and went outside to settle the matter in the street. That broke the party up, not because of the fight as such, but because a nosy bastard across the street had called the police.

One of the arguers spent the night in hospital and the other in jail.

Out of all mums' kids, I'm the only unmarried one, so I'm the one who had to stay with mum. Not that I had anywhere else to go, this being the old family home.

So, they all cleared off, including the parson who was pissed out of his mind. Don't blame the poor bugger, having to put up with some of those mealy mouthed bastards who attend his church, it'd drive Saint Francis to drink.

I'm alone with mum. She's not much used to booze but had got stuck into on this occasion. So she was staggering around trying to clear up some of the ruins of food and bottles we'd been left with, and I'm turning my head this way and that to try and stop seeing double. I took a look at one of the bottles that the women had been drinking out of, and I was just able to see though the alcohol haze it was about three times more potent than the beer we'd been drinking. No wonder mum was weaving around as if she couldn't see what she was doing.

Making a mighty effort to talk straight, I put my arm round mum and said, "Leave it mum, we can fix it in the morning. You get to bed."

She looked at me with bleary soulful eyes. "Yer right, Gav (Gavin), I can hardly shtand up."

I managed to guide her to her bedroom, but at the door, and with amazing firmness given her condition, she stopped and said, "Gotta clean me teesh. Must clean me teesh." She staggered to the other side of the hallway and entered the bathroom.

I decided to leave her to it, and went into the lounge and had a last cigarette. When I finished I decided on a shower, then bed.

I showered and felt a trifle more coherent, but not much. When I finished, I cleaned my teesh (sorry) teeth, and wrapped a towel round my middle. Gawd knows why since there was no one to observe my manly assets, and even if there were someone, they would probably be too pissed to notice.

I made my way toward my old bedroom but on the way, I noticed mum's bedroom door was open, so I thought I'd pop in and see if she was ok. It was a daunting sight that met my eyes. Mum was standing starkers with her clothes dropped all round her, bawling her eyes out.

I wasn't sure how to handle the situation. I didn't want to leave mum standing there weeping. But mum, despite the nightly fucking she used to get from dad, and which could be heard all over the house, had always been modest where us kids were concerned, so I'd never seen her in her underclothes, let alone naked like now.

Mum didn't seem to have noticed me, so I stood there looking at her. She was an interesting sight, because despite the battering she had taken giving birth to five kids, and the fact that dad never lifted a finger around the house, she wasn't in bad nick.

As I said before, she's a buxom lady with plenty of hip and heavy thighs. Her breasts, which in their glory days must have been a remarkable sight (no wonder dad and the other blokes wanted her), were still large. But they now swung pendulously, the nipples big and brown, and from the distance I was standing from her, seemed to have little knobs or pimples over them. I'd seen them like that before on some of the older birds I'd fucked.

"She fed five kids with those, so I suppose they've had a bit of a battering, " I thought.

I decided that retreat was my best option after all, so I was just turning to go when mum spotted me. She seemed completely unperturbed that she was naked in front of me, perhaps she didn't even realise she was naked, and she just stood there wailing.

"Gav, love, what am I going to do? What am I going to do?"

I wasn't sure to what she referred, so I took a punt and said, "The money'll be okay mum. You know dad left you comfortable."

"I know Gav. Ish not that, love. Ish the other."

"The other?"

"You know, Gav,...the...other..."

Light dawned. Had mum been sober she would never have spoken of sex even in general, let alone refer to her couplings with my father.

"D'yer know, Gav, the bugger ushed ter shcrew me every night, even up to a couple of weesh before he shnuffed it?"

I almost admitted to knowing about their copulating habits, but decided to try to circumvent the revelations and said, "Come on mum, let me help you put your nightdress on and get you into bed."

"Never wore a nightie after me honeymoon. Bugger jush tore 'em off, sho wash washte of money."

"All right, but what about getting you to bed?"

I moved towards her and she sort of swayed towards me. I grabbed her and found myself with an armful of mum.

She seemed to tuck herself against me and spoke in a drunken but purring sort of voice.

"Yer look like yer dad, Gav. Shpittin image you are. Come on, give yer old mum a cuddle."

I had little option but to "give my old mum a cuddle." I'm a strong sort of bloke, but like I've indicated, mum's a hefty lady. So, there I was trying to hold her up while she's starting to sort of crawl over me.

"Betcha good with the girlsh, Gav, eh? Got a big one like yer dad?"

She tried to whisper this in what I suppose she thought was a seductive voice, but it sounded like someone being strangled.

Now, I must ask you to forgive me, folks, but I feel I need to make a few explanations, or perhaps they are confessions, before I go on with the action.

I work at the gas field for two weeks straight, then I get a full week off. I admit that I'd neglected mum because I never came home on those weeks off. I went to the city. It wasn't really mum I was avoiding, but the old man. We never got on, always arguing.

When I got my week off, as you can imagine, I was really horny. I went looking for crumpet, but its not as easy as you think to get anything, unless you go to the whores, which I don't like unless I'm really desperate.

Now here comes the confession. If someone like mum was on offer when I had my week off, I'd screw the backside off her. I prefer the older woman anyway, they put a lot more into it, and they have a lot more to put in.

So there you are. And there I was, with my arms full of mum, and her pulling up against me, pressing her breasts and belly to me. Now, even though she is my mum, I started to get a stiff one, and still being a bit sloshed, the old morality wasn't working so well.

Mum felt my stiff pushing against her through the towel, and in her inebriated condition, she let nature have its head, and I felt her hand reach down and start to feel along my shaft through the towel.

"Gawd boy, got a beauty there. Reckon ish bigger than yer dad'sh. Get yer mum inter bed, then."

I struggled her over to the bed and she plonked down on it in a sitting position. I stood before her for a moment, recovering from the battle, and she reached up and ripped the towel off me.

"Thash what the bugger did to me nightiesh." She gave a cackling laugh. "Now I got you ripped off, ain't I?"

"Yes mum. Now I really must go to bed."

"Courshe yer going ter bed. Yer goin ter bed, with yer mum. Wouldn't leave yer old mum in her bere...buriv...her mishery, would yer!"

She had moved back on the bed a little, spreading legs to reveal a thoroughly wet cleft, and was tugging me over her.

"Come on, Gav. Good for ush. Yer not a man till yer'v had yer mum."

Mother or not, she'd got me really going. I had a throbbing cock that wasn't going to rest until it had found a home, and there was one right in front of me. I got between her legs and shoved towards her slit. I felt it enter a warm, wet world. If I thought about it at all, I suppose I would have expected her to be sloppy inside, but she was as tight as a drum round me.

Mum gave a long sigh and muttered, "Thash it Gav. Jush were yer belong, love."

I would like to give you a detailed, blow by blow account of this coupling, but I fear I cannot. I know I shot a fortnight's frustration into mum, but whether she had an orgasm or not I really don't know.

When I finished I must have just rolled off her and went straight to sleep. I assume much the same happened to mum.

I came to in the morning with mum facing me and her arm across me. She was still asleep, and I had a splitting headache. My mouth felt like the bottom of a parrot's cage, and I decided that some aspirin and a glass of water was the thing.

I made a move to get mum's arm off me, but in doing so, I woke her up. She gave an agonised moan as she came to, and looked at me through slitted eyes.

"My God, Gav, I feel terrible."

"Me too, mum. I'm just going to get some aspirin. I'll bring you some."

Suddenly mum seemed wide-awake. Her eyes opened wide and she sat up staring at me.

"Here, what the hell are you doing in my bed?"

I felt a cold knife shoot through my guts. "Here's trouble," I thought.

"Well, you sort of invited me in, mum, don't you remember?"

Her face seemed to contort in an effort to recall the doings of the previous night, then she burst out; "Don't give me that young Gavin" – sure sign she was angry with me when she called me "Gavin" – "As if I'd let my own son get into bed with me."

"But you did mum."

"Gavin, you haven't been mucking about with me, have you?"

"Well..."

I felt rather than saw her hand go down between her legs.

"My God, you have! You've defiled your own mother! You dirty beast! I've a good mind to call the police."

Mum had done three years at high school, so she knew how to use words like "defile," accept, of course, when she was sloshed.

I tried to explain what had happened, but mum was in no mood to listen. She yelled and shrieked abuse at me, and ended up telling me to get out and not show my face in the house again.

Mum can be very formidable when she's riled, so I packed and left.

I spent the rest of my time off in the city, but was so dejected I didn't even go crumpet hunting. I was glad to get back to the gas field and work.

About the middle of the second week of my work period, I got a letter. I recognised the writing as mum's, and not wanting to cop any more wrath I almost didn't open it, but then thought I might as well take the rest of her abuse. She was fairly much to the point, as always, but not to the point I expected. It read:

Dear Gav,

Sorry about the way I bawled you out the other day. I had a terrible hangover. I realised what happened that night, and as we were both drunk, especially me, I understand how it happened.

I don't think now it was really so bad, and I want to say I still love you, so please come home for your next week off and we can talk.

As Always

Your Ever Loving Mum.

The letter seemed reassuring and I ruminated on whether I should go home or not. A worm of doubt still worked away in my brain. Mum had written, "we can talk." What sort of talk was it going to be?

When I was little and mum was pulling a splinter out of me, she used to say, "Now be a brave little soldier." I decided to be a brave soldier, and go home to face the music, whatever it was.

My week off began and I set out in the car for the long drive home. My stomach felt as if it had a thrashing machine churning inside it.

Arriving home things started well. Mum had the front door open as soon as I pulled into the driveway. She came and putting her arms round me, said, "Give your mum a kiss, then."

Now I had avoided kissing mum ever since I was about twelve. It was not that I didn't like kissing her, but I thought it seemed a sissy thing to do. I went to give her a peck on the cheek, but she pulled my face round and gave me a soft wet one on the lips, right out there on the driveway where the neighbours could have seen us.

Mum has very nice full lips, and they should not kiss anyone unless there's going to be something at the end of it, if you know what I mean. This public kiss lingered and her lips moved over mine in a suggestive sort of way.

She broke from the kiss and said, "Come in love, I've got some dinner cooking for us."

We went into the kitchen where most of our family living had been done over the years. I assumed, correctly as it turned out, that the "talk" was not due to take place yet. Food came first, and the only mealtime talk was concerned with the financial woes of my sisters and their husbands, and the fact that my youngest sister, Dotty, had "another one on the way."

"Thank God I'm past having any more," mum said significantly.

I took this to mean she was glad that my one venture into her female private parts could come to nothing, however potent my seed. I can't say I was sorry either.

It was not until after we had cleared away and washed up that the main item on the agenda was opened up. We went into the lounge and sat facing each other in armchairs. Mum opened the subject.

"Gav, I wrote to you I was sorry about the way I spoke to you. I really do mean it. We were both sloshed, me a bit more than you I reckon. These things happen, and it's no use being sorry afterwards. Your not sorry, are you?"

Her voice and manner were very calm, but her question was a twist I hadn't expected. I needed to be careful how I answered it. I felt sure there was a trap in there somewhere. I opted for what I thought was a neutral sort of answer.

"Well, I'm sorry if you're sorry and upset, mum. I mean, I wouldn't want you to feel..." I groped for an appropriate word and remembered the one she had used, "defiled."

She gave a quirky sort of smile and said, "No, I don't feel defiled, Gav." Then she threw another question at me.

"I don't remember anything about it, Gav," she said in a rueful sort of voice. "Was it all right, love. I mean, did you find it unpleasant or anything?"

I sought in the recesses of my memory to recall just how it had been, and at the same time kept in mind, that one wrong word could bring on a real upset with mum. I could see that her female pride was on the line here, and if I said something like, "It was horrible, mum," she'd be really put out. On the other hand, if I said something like, "It was fantastic," she might think I was a pervert. I tried for neutrality again.

"Of course, mum, I was pretty tanked up as well, so I can't really remember clearly what it was like, but I did...you know...I did shoot into you."

"I know," she said, "I was still full of you in the morning. Gav, would you have done that to me if we hadn't been drunk?"

Another one to try to skitter round. "You mean, if you was still you, but not mum?"

"Well, all right, let's say I'm not your mum and you met me, would you like me enough to want to do it with me?"

The reader will remember I have previously touched on this matter, so I gave mum a truthful answer.

"Yes, I would."

A seraphic smile washed over her face. "You mean, if neither of us was drunk and I wasn't your mum, you'd still fancy me?"

"Yes, mum." I thought I'd put a bit of icing on the cake. "After all, you're a good looking woman."

"Do you really think so, Gav?"

"Of course I do."

There was a long pause, as she seemed to contemplate my answers. I waited, wondering what was coming next. I did wonder if we had finished this talk, but I felt there was more coming, and there was.

"Gav, if you would fancy me if I wasn't your mum, wouldn't that mean you still fancy me even though I am your mum? I mean, even if we weren't drunk, like we're not drunk now,

and I'm still your mum, as I am right now, would you still fancy me?"

I still wasn't sure if she was setting up me so she could pounce, so I decided to dive in with a question of my own.

"Mum, if you weren't drunk, and I wasn't your son, would you fancy me?"

I could see she was, what they call, "Hoist by her own petard." She sat staring at me in a disconcerted way. She paused for so long I thought she wasn't going to answer at all. Then finally she said:

"Do you really want the truth, Gav?"

"I asked the question mum, and you and me have always been truthful to each other."

"Yes, that was always the nice thing about you, Gav, not like your sisters or brother."

There was another long pause, then:

"All right, I'll tell you straight, I'd fancy you, son."

Turning her final question to me right round on her I said, "Does that mean that though we aren't drunk, and I am your son, you still fancy me?"

She flushed bright red, then said very quietly in a strangled sort of voice, "Gav, love, I've wanted you for years."

Tears started to roll down her cheeks and sobs shook her. I think that she was humiliated at having been trapped into telling the truth, when she had expected to trap me.

I had always loved mum. I suppose being the last of her children I had been closer than the others had been. Seeing her now, weeping over her confession, the exposure of what must have been deeply suppressed thoughts and feelings, I felt a wave of compassion and love pass through me. I got off my chair and went and knelt in front of her.

She was holding a handkerchief up to her face, in part to wipe away the tears, but also to hide her face from me.

I took her hand and said, "It's all right mum. I understand how you feel. It wasn't a bad thing you said it was lovely. I bet many mums and sons have those sorts of feelings, but never speak about them."

Through her sobs, she began to speak:

"Oh Gav, I'm so lonely. I go to bed at night and its so cold and empty, and I lay awake wanting...don't think I'm awful, Gav, I want a man there with me. I want a man I can give to and who wants to give to me. Can you understand what its like, Gav? All the years I had your dad with me, there was never a night when we didn't do it, except when I had my women's troubles."

"It was then that he went to one of his other women. I didn't really mind so long as he still wanted me. I could have had other men, but I never did Gav. I was happy with one bloke because he could give me everything I needed, and I loved giving to him. And now it all gone, and when I knew what we'd done, I was really angry not because we'd done it, but because we'd done it when we were drunk. Can you understand that, Gav?"

"Yes mum, I can understand that."

Her sobs had subsided, and she had pulled my head to her breast. I told the truth when I said I could fancy a women like her, and mother or not, I was starting to get a stiff one.

"Gav, you never did answer my question."

I knew quite well to what question she referred, and not liking myself for doing it, I pretended I didn't know.

"What question, mum?"

"Could you fancy me even though I am your mum?"

It was clear where we were heading and what the outcome was going to be if I answered truthfully. It was my turn to pause.

My head was still on her breasts and her hand was stroking my face and hair. I could smell her womanly aroma, and my stiff got stiffer and started to throb. I decided to say it as it was:

"Yes, mum, I fancy you."

"O God, boy, then don't make we wait. I'm as hot for you as an Indian curry."

That did it. I tore off her knickers and got out of my trousers and underpants, and there, on the lounge room carpet we went howling and screaming mad. We were like a couple of

scratching, biting cats in a fight. I don't think I'd ever been so frantic for a woman before, and mum was beyond anything I had ever experienced in a female.

She was soaking wet with her lubricant and the second I entered her she seemed to suck me into her. She swallowed me up, gripping me with her vagina as if she'd never let me go again.

She was screaming out, "Fuck me Gav, give it all to me...put it in to me...please..."

I'm yelling back, "I'm going to fuck you to death...I'm going to spear you till you beg for mercy..."

It didn't really work out like that because we only lasted a couple of minutes. I had a load of sperm to get rid of and it wouldn't wait, and she'd been so deprived she was bucking up and down with her orgasm in no time.

We ended up gasping and still holding on to each other, me with my hands under her buttocks and she with her legs wrapped round me.

Gradually we returned to sanity. We were still holding on to each other and looking into each other's eyes. I saw love in

hers. I had seen it before, but never like this. It had always been the love of a mother for her child, but now it was...what was it?

I struggled to interpret what I was seeing as she gazed at me, my penis still inside her, and she spasmodically flexing her vagina round it.

Then of course, the obvious came to me. I was seeing the eyes of a woman looking, not at a child, but a man she loved.

My world seemed to spin around me. It was as if everything in my life had been jarred loose, and was striving to realign. I had never loved a woman in anything but the sense of a son for a mother, but now, as I searched inside myself, I knew I loved this woman. I whose only interest in women had been getting their legs open, now I found myself in love with a woman many years my senior, and she my mother.

Mother was speaking softly to me.

"All right, sweetheart? Was it all right? Did you like...enjoy me?"

"It was beautiful, mum. Didn't last long enough, though."

"We can fix that, darling."

I made an attempt at humour. "And we weren't even drunk."

"No, so I'll always be able to remember this time, won't I, darling?"

Without knowing quite why, I responded, "And all the other times."

"Are there going to be 'other times,' Gav?"

"If you want them."

"Of course I do."

These were words of promise and commitment. They should not have sat well with me, as commitment to women had never been my strong point. Yet now I felt somehow comforted. It was as if I had come home, not in the sense of coming back to the house, but coming to this woman.

A whole galaxy of thoughts and emotions were racing around inside me, so I was glad when mum suddenly turned practical...down to earth.

"Sweetheart, I think its time we let each other go and perhaps had a shower. We can get around to more talk...and other things, after."

Unwillingly I withdrew from her; again, a change from my usual wish to get out and depart when I'd finished with a woman. We proceeded to shower together, and having at least temporarily had my sexual needs satisfied, again I was able to consider mum's naked body with some degree of objectivity.

As I have said, she is buxom but not fat – perhaps generous and curvaceous best describes her. There are the marks of childbearing on her thighs and abdomen. Her hair, once almost black, now streaked with gray. She has dark brown, deep set eyes that give expression to her thoughts very easily. The plumpness of her face has tended to keep wrinkles at bay, and she has a tilt tip nose. It is her mouth that most attracts, it is wide with soft full lips. I made a note to remember that her mouth should have special attention paid to it.

It was her breasts that I found slightly unattractive. I have tried to describe them before, but it was only at a distance and through an alcohol-induced haze, that I had observed them then. They hang down, but not in the flat, flaccid

manner that I had seen with some of the older women I had been with.

Mum's breasts seemed to still have some substance to them. One would still be able to fondle them and derive some satisfaction in doing so. The nipples were as I have described them before, brown and having little bubbles over them.

"They've done some hard work in their time," I thought. "Nourishing five kids, including me. They're entitled to show some wear and tear. I bet dad had some fun with them."

As I washed her vagina, trying to remove the residue of my love juice, I made a further note to explore that region, in great detail, especially with the aid of my tongue. Mother permitting, of course!

That was a point! I had to find out what she liked and disliked. How far would she let me go with her?

To sum up things as I saw them then, I can honestly tell you that I had often had my fantasy of the ideal woman. I suppose everyone one has their fantasy of their ideal man or woman. You can read many of those fantasies in erotic stories or see them in sexy pictures. But I'm realist enough to know that the ideal fantasy is just that, a fantasy.

I had, in the shower, a flesh and blood woman. She was real, not a flight of fancy. She wanted me and, I believed, really loved me. On the other side – the me side – I had discovered for once in my selfish life, I was in love. I wanted this woman like I'd never wanted a woman before, and much to my amazement, I wanted to give to her. The fact that she was my mother – sorry if that offends – seemed to be irrelevant.

I had been lost in reflection, and came to as mum, drying my genitals, was saying:

"Let's go to bed and have a talk, love."

I agreed that talk was in order, but hoped it would be more than that.

We climbed into mum's big double bed, and had the not altogether welcome thought that it had once been mum's and dad's double bed.

Mum snuggled up to me, and I put an arm round her. I could have started the journey to our next coupling right then, but decided that for the moment a talk was more important.

Mum started things off.

"Gav, you do believe that I really want you, don't you?"

"Yes, mum."

"You know I love you?"

"Yes."

"Tell me truthfully, darling, how do you feel about that?"

"I can't properly say, mum. I mean, I'm confused. I know it's happened between us, but how do I become my own mother's lover?"

"Gav, love is a funny sort of thing. It doesn't always fit into the pattern we are told is right and proper. It can just happen with the last person we thought it would happen with."

"I know. Mum. It's just that there's been such a...a sudden...er...sudden change in the way we are with each other."

"Look, sweetheart, I don't want you doing anything with me that's going to mess you up. I really do love you, and you don't mess up people you love."

"I don't want to mess you up either, mum."

"It's all right, love, you won't do that, I promise you. Now suppose...just suppose, instead of staying in the city when you get your week off, you come here...home. Would you do that? I mean, could you come home and be happy about it."

"I think so, mum."

"I'd be able to give you what a young chap needs, and be happy doing it, I can promise you that. I won't hold anything back from you and there won't be any other blokes while you're away."

Things were getting heavy. Mum was talking commitment and faithfulness as if we were married. This only added to the confusion I felt over the new way we were relating with each other. I wasn't sure that I wanted us to be tied together so closely.

Mum seemed to understand my dilemma, and she went on to say: "I don't want to tie you down, Gav. You're young and will probably want to marry and have kids one day. All I'm saying is, let's see if we can make a go of it."

Marrying and having kids was something that had never appealed to me, and as I thought more about mum's idea of seeing if we could "make a go of it," the more it began to look good. There'd be no binding marriage, so no problems if we wanted to bust up any time. She couldn't have babies any more, so there'd be no whining little buggers running round the place. Above all, I wouldn't have to go women hunting every time I go my week off. It would all be waiting for me here at home.

Of course, so far we'd only had sex once when we were drunk and a quickie on the lounge floor carpet. There'd been no foreplay, and in a long-term sexual relationship, it's the sex games couples play that are vital.

Mum had said she could give me what I needed, but that was a skeleton that required some flesh on it.

I know all this sounds utterly selfish, but no doubt, mum had weighed me up in a similar way. She had been married to one bloke for over thirty-two years, and perhaps she wanted to feel free in a relationship. What's more, she would get a

reliable supply of sex, even if it were only one week in every three.

There was one other thing, something I have already written about, and which must be chunked into the equation, "Love." In relation to sex, for me love had never been a factor up until now. Now, having seen that love look in mum's eyes, and experiencing some strange feelings about her myself, I knew it was there in the sexual aspect of our changed relationship.

Perhaps I can best express it by saying that I had found a woman I wanted to have sex with, and wanted to go on having sex with. This had not happened to me before, and I could always have gone on quite happily from one woman to the next. Now it was this particular woman I wanted.

As we lay together in bed mum was pressing her body against me. I think that was a hint that it was time we ended the talking. She felt warm and soft, just like a woman should, and this helped me make up my mind.

"All right mum, let's do it. I'll be home every week off in future."

Her first response to this was to cock her leg over my thigh and say, "All right, you young stud, let's start finding out about each other."

She brought her mouth down to mine, so I got my hands behind the back of her head and held her into me for a long, mouth exploring kiss. Her lips were soft and wet, and her tongue battled with mine for penetration.

While this was going on I let a hand wander down to her breasts, and drawing one up from its base, it didn't seem so flabby as I thought it would.

I decided that further action on her breasts was the thing, so breaking from our kiss I went down to suck on her nipples. They are, as I have said, large and a little knobby, and at that moment, they stood out very erect. They were, without doubt, the largest nipples I had ever tasted. I think an extra dimension was added because I knew I had once sucked them as a baby, and in fact, mum was moaning out, "Suck me like you did when you were little, sweetheart."

While the suckling was in process, my hand was exploring farther down caressing her mound, then passing on to slip a finger into her opening. I was pleased to feel how wet she was.

I went back to kissing her mouth, and mum's hand had found my pride and joy, and was gently massaging it to very considerable effect. I had to exercise a lot of self-control not

to penetrate her right then, but I had one other thing I wanted to do to her at this time.

I coaxed her to the edge of the bed, and getting her with her feet up on the bed and legs wide; I knelt in front of her and began exploring her genitals.

It must be clear I was preparing to engage in oral sex with her. I had given women oral sex many times before, but there was something I had never done.

When I was about seventeen an older bloke, talking about women's genitals, said to me, "Don't ever look at it, boy, it a horrible sight." I had always taken his advice, and shut my eyes when indulging in oral sex.

Now, with mother I wanted to look, to explore. Perhaps it was the fascinating thought that it was through this passage that I had made my way into the world. It was as if there was something sacred about mum's vulva. It was a place to approach with reverence.

I parted her outer lips with my fingers, and for the first time looked upon a woman's inner lips. Far from seeming "horrible" to me, they looked like beautiful pink rose petals. I next opened these inner lips and saw the entrance to her

vagina. "The gateway to heaven leading to the tunnel of love," I thought rather poetically.

Such was my awe for what I was looking at, it was with great gentleness I slowly inserted a finger into her. As I did this, she gave a soft little whimper and said, "Oh God, I love you so much, Gav."

I next lifted the hood that protected her clitoris. Again, I had never actually looked at this little nub before. Now I was surprised to find it larger than I thought; like small penis.

I said nothing, but mum must have divined my thoughts because she said, "It's bigger than most, Gav. Lick it, sweetheart."

I licked over and round the little hill of pleasure, tasting her fluids; it seemed sweeter than others I had tasted.

Mum was starting to cry out loudly now, begging me, "Don't stop, darling...don't stop...please don't..."

Her words suddenly were cut off. I felt her starting to shudder, and had to hold on to her thighs to retain contact with her clitoris.

Her cries had become incomprehensible, sounding like, "Mmmm, nah, nah, ha, ma, ma." Suddenly she gave a great shriek and her whole body heaved, then began to shake with violent vibrations.

Her hands were behind my head, and she was dragging me to her. I heard her sobbing and weeping, and her lubricant came flooding out of her.

I had never experienced such a furious, intense orgasm in a woman before. It was as if a tempest was raging through her. The cries and frantic movements reached a climax, then gradually diminished. Her vocalization became comprehensible again, and she was moaning, "I love you Gav, I love you."

I had reached the point where I could hold back from her no longer. I pulled her back into the middle of the bed. Her legs were wide apart and drawn up, ready to receive me, although as it turned out, "take possession of me" would better describe what happened.

She was saturated with fluid, and I started to slip easily into her tunnel when her legs wrapped round me. Then the walls of her vagina seemed to suck me in.

It was my turn to howl and cry out, though what exactly I said, if I said anything comprehensible at all, I have never been able to tell. I do know that I wanted to express love and lust and passion for her.

Mum was working with me, suiting the rhythm of her gripping and releasing my penis with my movements. She was crying out again, "Fuck me, Gav... fuck me... Sperm in me, darling... Put it in... sweetheart."

I had reached my own explosive moment, when I felt her start to shake again, and within seconds, I was hammering my semen into her and she was screaming and crying again, her whole body jarring and jolting.

We seemed to be in the grip of something savage, almost brutal. Primitive forces seemed to be at work between us. Despite the impossibility of my fertilising her, and my own lack of desire for children, in that wild and ecstatic coupling there seemed to be the primeval desire to reproduce the species. I did not seem so much to empty myself into her, as have the juices sucked out of me by her. She seemed to be determined to have the last drop.

The climax passed, we came down from the heights to a peaceful post-coital plain. Mum still murmuring her love for

me, and I was striving to find the words to describe the joy and fulfillment of our climatic moment.

I had never experienced such a deeply satisfying sexual intercourse, and I felt none of the regret or guilt that had so often followed my sexual contacts with other women. Such doubts that I had about the future of our relationship were now dispelled. As mother had said, she could give me everything I needed.

I might spice my story by telling that we came together three or four more times that night, but it would not be true. We slept wrapped in each other's arms.

In the following days we continued our voyage of discovery, a voyage that never seems to end. It is most often mother who takes the lead. Despite my many women there were things I had not experienced.

For example, on the third day of our love making, mother was sitting across me. She lowered herself onto my erect shaft and I anticipated vaginal penetration. But something was different. Penetration seemed a little more difficult, the sensation once I had entered was of a tighter hold. I looked up and saw that I was not in her vagina at all. Mum had selected anal penetration.

At first, it felt a trifle harsh, but as my own pre-cum began to lubricate, it grew smoother, and the tighter tunnel added zest to this coupling.

After a minute or so, mum reached down and took my hand. She drew it to her vagina, and placing one of my fingers on her clitoris said, "Stimulate me there, darling."

I began to move my finger round the little mound, and mum moved towards one of her explosive orgasms.

We seemed fortunate in that most times our orgasms synchronised, although at times I managed to delay my own, so as to be with her longer as she slowly came down from her climax.

Six months into our sexual relationship began our hunger for each other had not diminished. When I arrived home for my week's leave, our first act was to engage in one of our howling, screaming cat-fight couplings on the lounge carpet.

I ripped off so many of mum's underclothes that she now met me on arrival home clad only in a housecoat. "Like father like son," she said, referring to my father's early propensity for tearing off her nightdresses.

It was at about the six month mark, that mum proposed a big change in our relationship.

One night after a particularly wild coupling, and we lay embracing and trying to recover, she said, "Gav, why don't you stay home all the time? You've earned good money at the gas fields and you've saved, why not get work locally? The power industry is expanding here all the time, you could get work with them."

The idea had its attractions for me. My single room at the gas field hostel, and the canteen food, was a bit less than desirable. The isolation for two weeks at a stretch was beginning to pall. On the other hand, would constantly living with mum work out? Would our sex life descend into a dull routine?

I told mum I would come to live at home all the time and work locally, but in my head I said, "You can always go back to the gas field, they're always looking for fitters."

One problem that did arise by my living permanently at home, were my brothers and sisters. Mum got visits from them and the grandchildren occasionally. She usually managed to work it so that it was while I was away from home. Now it would be more difficult, and if they suspected what mum and I got up to, there would be hell to pay.

Our way out of it was for me to play the permanently bachelor son, being looked after by his loving mother.

It's more than twelve months now since mum and I started to be lovers. So far, I have no reason to complain. Sexually mum is a source of constant pleasure, and her cooking is a whole lot better than canteen food.

Who knows, I might have more to add to our story in the future?

Air Raid

Plymouth

It was the year 1940 and I was on seven days leave from my company of the Royal Engineers. The company had been building defences along the Cornish coast against the anticipated German invasion across the English Channel.

I was on my way to London to spend my leave with my sister, and as the train approached Plymouth, I had my first sight of what bombing could do. When the company had been entrained down to Cornwall, we could barely see the city because high buildings had blocked the view on either side of the track. Now I was able to see right across the city.

From our position in a Cornish village some forty miles from Plymouth we had watched the city being bombed night after night, but had no idea of the extent of the damage. Now, as the train slowly approached the main station through the suburbs, I saw first the broken windows of houses, then tiles blown off roofs, then steadily increasing damage.

The train pulled into the station – what was left of it. As it stood there, I could see right across a city centre that was one great mountain of rubble. Plymouth had almost ceased to exist.

London

The train steamed out of Plymouth and sped across the beautiful English countryside. Leaving behind the ruined city, I could hardly believe there was a war on as we passed by quiet villages and green fields. It was only as we drew near to London that signs of devastation once more appeared.

Perhaps for those who have no memory of those days, and there are fewer and fewer of us now who are alive to recall them, I should explain the situation.

The Germans, after the Battle for France, had occupied the whole French coastline facing Britain. At the nearest point, they were only twenty-two miles from the English coast, between Calais and Dover. The German strategy was to invade Britain, but to achieve this they had to gain control of the English Channel.

The British Army had lost most of its equipment in France, and was in disarray. The Royal Navy, still a powerful weapon, was capable of disrupting any attempt to bring an army across the Channel, provided that it had adequate air cover. This air cover depended upon the Royal Airforce.

The Germans knew that to successfully invade they must knock the Royal Airforce, or R.A.F., out of the sky. The R.A.F. had six hundred and fifty fighter planes to oppose two thousand six hundred German fighters and bombers.

For two months, an air battle raged over southern England. Eventually the German Air Force, or Luftwaffe, sustained such unacceptable losses that it withdrew from daylight attacks, and concentrated on night bombing. Had German strategists but known it, the R.A.F. was within one week of total collapse from lack of pilots.

As the train approached London one of the last daylight air battles raged overhead.

London is a vast city and the bomb damage was not so obvious as the train steamed into Paddington Station. In those days of relatively small bombs (500 pounds), it took a great deal of bombing to make a marked effect on such a large city. Never the less, as I left the station I could see damage, and also see the vapour trails of aircraft weaving overhead, and hear the chattering of their machine guns, as they locked in battle,

I took the underground train to the suburb where my sister lived. When I emerged from the underground station all was

quiet. People were going about their business as usual, and if the fight was still going on, it was elsewhere.

As I walked to my sister's house, I saw a few bombed houses, but nothing like the damage to Plymouth or even inner London. I suppose it is relative. If a random bomb in a suburb kills you, it is just as definite as if you lived near an inner city prime target.

I arrived at my sister's house and knocked at the door. My sister, Rachel, came to the door looking apprehensive. In those days, a knock at the door might mean a telegram telling you that a loved one was dead or missing.

Seeing me, she flung open her arms and cried "Ralph, darling, what are you doing here?" I had not had time to inform her I was coming to invade her home. Such were the times.

Our parents were both dead, and so the only close relatives we had were each other. Rachel was two years older than I, but we had always been very close. I think we had far fewer brother and sister fights than most.

I explained that I wanted to spend my leave with her and she made me very welcome, installing me in what she called "The spare bedroom." It had a single bed, wardrobe and

small table, and after the Spartan furnishing provided for lieutenants in the army, I felt I was about to wallow in luxury.

Rachel's husband, George, was absent from home. He had volunteered for one of the most dangerous wartime jobs, namely, the "Merchant Navy." As the Battle of the Atlantic move towards its climax, the U-boat attacks on merchant shipping meant the loss of thousands of merchant seamen. So, Rachel lived in daily dread of receiving one of those ominous telegrams.

Food and other items like clothing were strictly rationed, but Rachel, like so many women in those days, managed to produce a very passable meal. We sat and talked over our news. What I had been doing. How hard it was to get the few "off ration" food items. How Aunt Flo was coping with the air raids.

It was summer time and this meant long hours of daylight. It did not start to get dark until around 10 p.m. I think we went off to bed about 10-30, and I went to sleep almost instantly. At around 11 p.m. I was jerked awake by the rising and falling note of the air raid siren just at the bottom of the street. It was a night raid.

None of the places where I had been stationed had been subject to air raids, so I was curious to see what developed. I put on my dressing gown and went down stairs and opening the front door, stood in what was called "The Porch." This was part of the main structure of the house, and served as shelter for anyone who called when it was raining.

I was not sure what to expect. Rachel had said the bombers usually passed over without dropping any bombs, on their way to more industrial targets and the port facilities along the Thames. If bombs were dropped on their suburb, it was probably from an aircraft that had lost its way and was jettisoning its load.

All was quiet for about ten minutes, and then I heard the growl of approaching aircraft. Searchlights weaved across the sky in what seemed like a random hunt for the bombers. There was a battery of 3.7 anti-aircraft guns on the side of a low hill about a quarter of a mile away. As the bombers drew closer, I heard the shouted orders to the gun crews, and the responses, "On target." "On target."

At that time these heavy anti-aircraft guns were of little use when the target could not be seen. It was not until later in the war, and they were linked to radar, that they could be a real menace to raiding aircraft. In addition, Britain had no effective night fighter planes in 1940, so the bomber's targets were virtually at their mercy.

Suddenly one of the searchlights picked up a bomber in its beam. Within seconds, a dozen other searchlights had zeroed in on the victim. Another few seconds and all hell broke loose. Every ant-aircraft gun within range opened up on this target, producing what was called, "A box barrage."

I could see the aircraft diving and weaving like a small moth, desperately trying to escape from its light cone of entrapment. From the nearby gun battery I heard the order yelled, "Fire." There was a blinding flash of white light followed by an earsplitting roar that shook the ground, as the battery fired as one. Firing continued as each gun was reloaded, I believe at the rate of thirteen rounds a minute if hand loaded, or seventeen if automatic loading was installed.

The noise was deafening, and I could see the flash of shells as they exploded round the bomber. Although I knew the deadly purpose of the bomber, I recall thinking, "Poor devils, they haven't got a chance." Nor had they, because I saw one wing of the plane disintegrate and the aircraft began its downward plunge.

I learned a few days later that two of the bomber crew managed to bail out before it crashed. The plane finally smashed into a row of houses about a mile from where I stood, still with its full bomb load on board. The row of

houses was demolished and serious damage was done to surrounding buildings. Thirty people were killed plus the crew that had not got out, and about one hundred injured.

So much for the sanity of war!

The guns went silent again and the drone of aircraft diminished into the distance. At first, and by contrast with what had just been happening, everything seemed deathly quiet. Then I heard pings and cracks and bangs. It was the shrapnel from the shells expended in the assault on the bomber returning to earth. For several minutes, it fell like rain, each metallic particle capable of killing or seriously injuring, if it struck flesh.

I decided that the excitement was over, at least for the time being, and so made my way upstairs to bed.

As I got to the top of the stairs I heard Rachel's voice calling out, "Ralph, Ralph." I went to her bedroom door, opened it and stuck my head round. "What is it, darling?" I asked. "Ralph, I'm so frightened, " she quavered. I entered the room a little and saw Rachel apparently huddled into a fetal position under the bedclothes.

"Its all right, darling," I said. "I think its over for a while." Resorting to that English cure for all aches, pains, tragedies

and fears, I asked, "Shall I make a cup of tea?" "Yes please," she whispered.

I went to the kitchen and made the brew, then carried two steaming cups upstairs. I entered her room, handed her a cup, and sat on the edge of the bed.

As Rachel drank the tea, she seemed to relax, and began to talk. "I do get so scared at all that noise. I think its partly because I'm alone so much. It is much worse when there's no one sharing it with you. If I could just hold on to George I'm sure I would not be so frightened."

I understood what she meant. The world of film and story may depict the lone hero soldier mowing down the foe with an array of weaponry never yet seen in reality. In the real world of soldiering, it is companionship, the ability to stand together that counts. Among other things, it is the presence of others in the situation that helps inspire courage.

As we spoke the sound of aircraft engines approached. "Another wave coming in," I said. "Yes," she whispered hoarsely. I could see the tension growing in her. "Hold my hand," she pleaded. I took her hand and felt it shaking in my grasp.

Anti-Aircraft fire began again, but in a desultory manner. It seemed they had no visible target this time. The local battery opened up, and Rachel almost flung herself against me, burying her face against my chest. I put my arms round her and held her tight.

The noise of aircraft and gunfire faded into the distance. They had passed over without dropping bombs, heading for fatter marks. I went to rise in order to leave Rachel, but she clung on to me pleading, "Stay with me tonight, Ralph, please, please stay with me."

I was not sure how to respond to this plea. I hesitated, knowing I should go, but Rachel moved the edge of the bed covers aside as if to admit me, and said again, "Please." I got in beside her.

She lay facing me, holding my hand. I had turned the light on when we drank our tea, and it had remained on when I got into the bed. Rachel lay with eyes closed, and I thought she was asleep. I heard the sound of more bombers approaching and they seemed to be coming in much lower. Guns opened up again, and this time the wump, wump of Bofors guns was added.

For those not familiar with this weapon, it is a rapid-fire gun of 1.57 ins. calibre, used against low level aircraft (up to 8000

ft.). They are often on a mobile mounting and are pulled by a unit resembling that used by a semi-trailer.

I heard a heavy vehicle roaring along the street and pull up almost outside our house. It was a mobile Bofors that was much in use at the time because of the shortage of guns. The idea was to try to race the gun to an appropriate position for firing.

It wump wumped for a few minutes, and then took off again for another location.

Whether the bombers had mistaken their target, or had been deliberately misled by the defences (many tricks were used to lure the enemy aircraft to the wrong place), I don't know, but bombs started to fall. I heard one "stick" of bombs begin exploding some distance away and as each successive bomb reached the ground, they got nearer.

The last bomb exploded in the next street with an enormous roar followed by the sound of descending debris a few seconds later. I waited for the next bomb to hit, but it was the end of the stick.

Rachel had dug herself into me tighter and tighter as this cacophony of guns and bombs reached its climax. The whole

house was shaking, and I must admit I was trying to bury myself in Rachel.

Then it was tailing off, the bombers droning into the distance followed by firing from new guns coming into range as our battery fell silent. I heard the sound of fire engines and the calls of the Civil Defence people as they began a search of the ruins for anyone still alive, or to retrieve bodies.

Rachel began to relax, but instead of moving away from me, she remained almost glued to me. Her lower abdomen was pressed against mine, and she began to rotate her hips, stirring up my manhood. "Make love with me," she whispered. "It might be my last time."

It is a strange thing, but many people have reported that in times of life threatening danger, they have wanted to make love. I would have thought that the opposite reaction would have prevailed and perhaps it often does, but not for everyone.

Thinking about it, I suspect it might be associated with the creative act, that sexual intercourse essentially is. With death threatening, we want to perpetuate life. We may put up contraceptive barriers to prevent pregnancy, but the essential drive for fertilisation is still there. As I have written elsewhere, at the time of ejaculation the man seeks to drive

himself as deep as possible into the woman, and many women cry out, "Deeper, deeper." Surely, the reason is to give all those little sperms the best chance of fulfilling their function?

Rachel and I had never had any sexual contact, fond as we were of each other. I knew that such contact was and is far more frequent than is generally admitted, and such cases as are exposed tend to be only those where violence has been involved. The many loving sexual relationships between brother and sister obviously don't make interesting news, and in any case, officialdom would not want them out in the open.

Rachel had lifted her night -dress up to her waist, and now she sought to undo the cord of my pajamas. My penis was fully erect, and once she had undone me she placed one leg over me as we lay face to face and pulled herself onto my erection and I sank into her.

She was soft and warm inside and I could feel her female fluids over my penis. She murmured words of love and desire constantly, and for the first time I learned that she had wanted me for years, but had not dared to make a move.

When we had climaxed Rachel fell into a peaceful sleep and I must soon have followed. If any more raiders approached our area that night, I heard nothing.

Towards dawn, the steady note of the siren sounding the all clear woke me. Rachel still had her arms round me and she too was awakened. Without a word she took my penis and began to stimulate me. Once I was erect she sat across me and inserted my manhood into her, and moving up and down on me she cried out and wept. Afterwards we slept for another hour or so.

Once you have started this sort of relationship, especially with someone you love, it is extremely difficult and usually very painful, to stop. For the rest of my leave, Rachel and I came together sexually night after night and often during the day. Looking back, and despite the constant air raids, I account it the happiest, most satisfying time of my life.

When the time came for me to rejoin my unit, we promised each other that my next leave would be with her, and if George were at sea, we would continue our lovemaking. It did not work out as we hoped.

North Africa and Italy.

On returning to my unit, I was told that we were to undergo a special training programme. We entrained for London and there we were transferred to another train going north. Arriving at our destination, we finally found out what this training involved. We were to learn how to lay and defuse land mines.

I shall not bore you with details of the training, but at the end of the course, we were told we were on the move and were issued with tropical kit. No word was said about our destination, but it was easy to guess. It had to be North Africa.

Before we left I had a letter from Rachel saying that George had come home briefly about three weeks after I had finished my leave, and that she was pregnant. She added nothing further, leaving me to draw my own conclusions. As all our outward mail was censored, I could not ask any obvious questions, not wanting the censor to see such intimate things.

For those not familiar with the course of the 2nd World War, a few words on the situation in 1941 and beyond is in order.

Britain, having no foothold on the European continent, had only very limited options when it came to fighting a land war. One such option was North Africa, and in particular,

Libya. Germany's Italian allies occupied this, and the Italians launched an attack against Egypt that was being occupied by the British.

The Italians apparently expected an easy victory, but being poorly armed, and the Italian troops not having particularly high morale, they were driven back by a force about a quarter the size of the Italian army.

At first, it looked as if the British forces would overrun most of North Africa, but Germany sent a small force to the aid of the Italians, and they were led by one of their most effective generals, Erwin Rommel.

The British army was flung back right to the border of Egypt. A defensive battle was fought, and the German/Italian advance held, but the situation was precarious. The enemy was within an hour or two travelling time from Cairo and the vital Suez Canal.

The British forces were reinforced and re-equipped with weapons that could match the excellent German equipment.

The outcome was a battle fought at El Alamein between the British 8th Army and the German/Italian forces that gave the victory to the 8th Army. The pursuit of the vanquished across North Africa began with the final outcome being the

taking of the whole of that region by British and American forces.

From North Africa, an invasion of Sicily was launched followed by a landing on mainland Italy. The battle for Italy began well, but was soon brought to a stalemate by fierce German resistance and mountainous terrain. At the end of the war in 1945, the whole of Italy had still not been taken.

Rachel had written to me about the birth of her baby, a boy, announcing that he was to be called, Ralph. He had arrived two or three weeks prematurely, but all was well. Again, I was left to draw my own conclusions.

It was while I was with the 8th Army in Italy that I was called one day in 1944 to my Commanders office. He asked me to sit down. "I'm afraid I have some bad news for you, " he began. "I've just had message from HQ. I have to tell you that your sister and nephew are both dead. Their house was hit by a flying bomb and both were killed instantly."

So, it was that a mindless weapon, launched from the French coast, had found my sister and "nephew." George who had passed the war in the most dangerous of occupations, and I who had been with the 8th Army since 1941, both survived the war.

The obvious question that haunted my mind, and has continued with me into old age, would never be answered.

So much for "heroic" wars.

An Actor's Life for Me

An actor, that's what I'd always wanted to be. We'll, perhaps not quite always. In childhood, I had run the usual gamut of engine driver, fireman, policeman and soldier, but at fifteen, I had my first taste of audience applause, and that was it. I was lost to all sane society.

In high school productions of plays and musicals I basked in the plaudits of my admiring fans – well, mostly mum, dad and my grandparents. I knew I was destined to make it to the top on the stage, in films, or in any branch of the entertainment industry you cared to name.

After high school and a job in the local supermarket replenishing stock on the shelves, I became the pride of the local Amateur Dramatic Society. Any role that I wanted I got, but looking back to that time I now know it was because they could never get any young men to audition, except me.

Aged twenty I left behind the "little town blues" and the admonitions of my parents, and headed for the big city to meet my histrionic predestination.

I had saved a huge sum of money from my labours in the supermarket, that in fact lasted about two weeks once I arrived in the metropolis. It covered the rent security I had

to put down for one miserable room, and allowed me to eat for a fortnight.

I had little idea how one went about entering the world of professional acting, except that I had heard you needed an agent. I got to work with the telephone directory looking up theatrical agents. There were several listed, and so I began the rounds. What I didn't know was that these agents wanted a "deposit," before they would put you on their books. I afterwards learned that once the deposit was paid, and your name was on their books, the chance of ever hearing from them again was negligible.

Thus, by the end of one week, with the "massive" savings now seriously depleted, I was in trouble. It was rammed home to me in the lonely city, that I had to get some means of sustenance. But what skills did I have to offer, apart from restocking shelves and the untapped star quality of my acting?

Alas, restocking supermarket shelves did not seem to stand very high in the "Help Wanted" advertisements. One blurb did catch my attention. It was some company calling themselves, "The House of Marguerite." They wanted an "Intelligent and presentable young man to work in our Forwarding Department."

"Intelligent"? Well, more or less. "Presentable"? Most definitely. No other qualifications being asked for, I felt I could safely assume the job was mine. I rang the number on the advert, and was treated to a foreign sounding female voice. I was to present myself the following morning at their "establishment, nine thirty sharp."

Next morning I arrived at the appointed time dressed in what I hoped was a "presentable" manner and impeccably shaved.

The exterior of the building was something of a disappointment, its façade presenting itself in soot stained brick. Inside it was even less inspiring, and I had to climb two flights of creaking wooden stair before arriving at a door marked, "The House of Marguerite."

On entering, I found myself to be in a large room, the walls of which were made up largely of mirrors. Very distracting to see one's self in images apparently disappearing into infinity. However, there was an air of sophistication present. Around the room on tables was what looked like large portfolios. Being apparently alone I was about to examine one of these, when a mirror swung open, and a beady eyed little goblin entered.

The goblin stared at me for a moment then said in a creaking voice, " 'Arper, ain't it?"

"Er...yes. Raymond Harper."

"Ah! I'm 'Arfur (Arthur) Buggs. This way, 'Arper."

I was signaled to pass through the door he had just entered by, and found myself in a heavily chromium plated office. Behind a chrome and glass desk sat a woman of considerable presence.

She seemed to be somewhere between thirty and forty-years of age, and had a glittering cataract of blonde hair, "Compliments of her hairdresser," I thought. Her face was long and thin, with a slightly beaky nose over a wide sensual mouth. Her eyes, a sort of piercing green, were made up in the style one sees in pictures of aristocratic females in ancient Egypt, very black.

Seen as a whole I must say she looked pretty handsome, but I couldn't quite work out why.

The goblin indicated that I should approach the desk and its occupant, and as I did so the woman stopped looking at the

paper she was pretending to read, glanced up at me, and rose.

As women go, she was rather awe-inspiring. About five feet ten tall, long slender neck, around 38b bras I conjectured, and from what I could see, long, slender legs. She was dressed in a shiny red dress that in my ignorance I thought was pure silk. I later found out it was a cheap artificial silk, and I advise you ladies not to buy it because it will not hold its shape for long.

The neckline and the hem of the dress seemed to be having a race to see which of them could reach her waist first. Much breast and leg was definitely exposed. My actual thought was "Is she on the outside of that dress trying to get in, or the inside trying to get out?"

Before I could contemplate this question further the goblin, who had entered behind me, croaked, "This is 'Arper, Madame. 'Arper, this is Madame Marguerite."

Madame flowed round the desk towards me with heavily ringed hand extended.

"Welcome to our establishment, Mr.'Arpeer." I detected an attempt at a phony French accent.

Her hand closed over mine in an attempt at sincerity, but only succeeded in causing me pain from the bristling array of spiky rings.

She smiled at me with what I suppose was intended to be a benign smile, but gave the distinct impression of a hawk that had just spotted its prey.

"Please be seated, Meester 'Arpeer. You have already met my partner, Meester Buggs?" Her voice was very melodious.

"Yes, Madame."

"Excellent, most excellent. And you would like to join our establishment, Meester 'Arpeer?" I was now seated, and she loomed over me wafting little puffs of perfume with every movement she made.

Trying to look like a keen candidate for the office, whatever it was, I sat up straight and replied, "Yes, Madame."

"Ah, is he not a pretty young man, Meester Buggs?"

"Humph."

"Do you not think he would suit us most admirably?"

"Humph."

I had expected some of that self-important but quite pointless cross-questioning that most prospective employers like to indulge in. It does nothing to help select the right person for employment, but it does help the employer's self-esteem.

The Buggs "Humph" appeared to settle the matter. I was amazed at the ease with which I had gained the post.

My amazement was somewhat diminished, or perhaps I should say, it took a different turn, when the matter of my duties and salary were discussed.

I had been rather taken with the environment, and pictured myself being very svelte and elegant, greeting customers in the mirror room with grace and ease. From this dazzling height I came crashing down when the salary was announced. It proved to be about sufficient to provide a mouse with cheese for one day in seven.

Before actually being told about my tasks, I was informed concerning the status of the House of Marguerite.

"We are importeurs of fine cloth and fabric," said Madame. "We sell only to the most respected tailoring and dress making companies. Is that not correct. Meester Buggs?"

"Humph."

"Your task will be in the preparation of the cloth and its distribution. By the way, is not your name Raymon?"

"Yes, Madame, Raymond." I stressed the D, but to no effect.

"I think while working here, you shall be 'Our Meester Raymon'. Do you not agree, Meester Buggs?"

"Humph."

"Now I will show you your room. This way, Raymon."

There was a second door in the room and she opened it and invited me to step inside. My illusion now finally collapsed. I entered a dingy windowless room lined with shelves containing bolts of cloth. Down the centre of the room ran a

large table with measurements marked along the edge, and a large pair of shears lying on it.

To cut a long story short, my job was to receive orders for cloth, cut the length required, parcel it up and get it to the customer.

Buggs abandoned his "Humph," and croaked, "And not a millimetre more than they order."

Without asking me whether I would take the job, I was told to arrive at 8.30 a.m. Monday morning. Thus began my career as a cutter and dispatcher. My acting career seemed to be disappearing over the horizon, but when hunger looms and rent is demanded, needs must.

In the following weeks no word came from either of the two theatrical agents I had handed over money to. I worked in my unpleasant room cutting and parceling cloth, sometimes giving extra length to spite Buggs. I soon came to understand that "Fine cloth and fabric" were misnomers for "Rubbish."

Occasionally I was in the mirror room when a customer was present. If so, I was introduced as, "Our Meester Raymon." A few times, I was invited to join the gathering in a glass of cheap sweet champagne.

From what I saw of the customers they consisted of shabby looking little men who should have been selling "Feelthy Postcards" at docksides in the days of the ocean liners, or tough looking women who seemed best suited to mud-wrestling.

The artificial sophistication of the mirror room soon failed to impress me any longer, and the elegance of Madame was shaken for me when I overheard a squabble between her and Buggs. Her line was something like, "You're a tight fisted little bastard," and his riposte was, "And you a conniving bitch." I'm afraid the "French accent," disappeared with the rest of my fantasies.

My job was very boring, but I still had stars in my eyes, and expected any day that one of my agents would ring to let me know I had the leading role in something or the other. The job gave me some sort of income, and when after a month I was told I had "geeven satisfaction," and my pay was to be increased, I decided to hang on for a while longer.

Madame announced the increase in the presence of "Meester Buggs," saying, "He deserves it, does he not, Meester Buggs?"

"Humph."

The increase would allow my imaginary mouse to have cheese for two days out of seven, instead of one.

As time went on and my dreams of thespian fame faded, Madame seemed to spend more time with me in the stock room. She was always lively but never asked personal questions. Her presence helped relieve the boredom, and I started to look forward to her intrusions into my grotty empire.

The reasons for her presence were obscure. She might make a few notes, and ask me questions she already knew the answer to, like, "Did that delivery to so and so get off?" I must say, I got to like her.

The House of Marguerite opened five and a half days per week, the half day being Saturday. One Friday night Madame asked, "Raymon, could you possibly work tomorrow afternoon? I wish to stock take and of course, you will be recompensed accordingly."

Not averse to a bit of extra money, I agreed, having nothing else to do. Cut off from friends and family, and with insufficient money to go out to meet people, mine was a lonely existence.

When at midday on Saturday the "House" closed for business, a take-away Chinese meal was brought in for Madame and I, Meester Buggs having departed. The meal over we went into the stock room and began work.

Madame was clad, unusually for her, in skirt and shirt, rather than one of the artificial silk creations she usually sported. "Dressed to do some real work," I thought.

For two hours we pulled out and counted bales of cloth and measured odd lengths. I did the pulling out and measuring while Madame followed me with clipboard and pencil. Then Madame called a halt.

"Time for a leetle relaxation, Raymon, eh? Be a good boy and get a botteel of champagne from zee ree refrigerator. One of zee botteels on zee top shelf, if you please."

I did as I was commanded, noting that the bottles on "zee top shelf" contained much better quality champagne than that served up to the clients.

"What a good boy you are, Raymon, so willing, so kind and 'elpful."

She poured the wine and for twenty minutes, we drank until the bottle was empty. Madame discoursed on the need for relaxation and pleasure. By the end of the bottle, we were slurring our speech slightly, I had to concentrate so as not to seem drunk, and Madame's French accent showed signs of wear.

Viewing the empty bottle, Madame said, "One more, I think...theenk," and I was sent to fetch it.

The bottle opened and drinking recommenced, Madame began to increasingly forget her French accent, and started to get cosy.

"I like you Raymond – the D was now added – I like you very much. But I do wonder what a bright boy like you is doing in a dead end job like this. I can think of some much better things you could be doing."

She had moved to stand close to me.

Her hand touched my face: "You are a very good looking boy, and I've got quite fond of you. Do you like me?"

"Er...yes Madame."

"What about Marguerite while we are outside regular business hours, eh?"

"Certainly Mad...Marguerite."

"Do you like me a lot, Raymond?"

"Yes."

"Do you think I look nice?"

"I think you're a very attractive woman."

She had moved to half lean and half sit on the table. She held out her hand to me and said, "Come here, Raymond."

I took her hand and she pulled me towards her. She spoke in a low, husky voice:

"I think we should be very nice to each other, don't you?"

"Er...yes."

She pulled me closer to her. She had pulled up her skirt and parted her legs. I glanced down and saw she wore no panties and her slit, denuded of pubic hair, gleamed wetly.

She unbuttoned her shirt, and her breast came tumbling out, their flesh smooth ivory in colour, with pink nipples surrounded by light brown aureoles.

She reached down and unzipped my flies, then exposed my penis. She began to stroke it, saying, "You are a big boy, aren't you, darling?"

She pulled the crown of my shaft hard up against her slit and said, "I think you know what to do."

I had said almost nothing during this scene, but I pressed into her and suddenly I found my voice; "Oh my God, my God." Her vagina had gripped my penis as if in a vice.

"Do you like that, darling?" she asked.

"Oh God, yes...yes."

"Good, good. Now careful, darling, I come very quickly and often."

I longed to fondle her breasts and suck her nipples, but the situation proved too urgent for both of us. My hands behind her buttocks I began to move in and out of her. She was very warm and moist, and she continued to grip my shaft spasmodically.

Suddenly she began to cry out, "Darling, darling...Oh my darling boy..." Then she began to shudder and heave her body as if she was fighting to get me in deeper.

"Yes, my darling, yes...oh yes... Oh...oh...oh." Then a long drawn out "Aaah," followed by, "Oh my love...my love..."

At that moment my own crisis arrived and I was shooting sperm into her like repeated cannon fire, with her continuing the struggle, wanting to get my seed in deep.

We had finished, yet we had not. I stood, my penis still in her, my hands starting to roam over her beautiful breasts. I was not a stranger to sexual intercourse, but for all the awkwardness of the position we had adopted, I had just had an experience like no other. No girl or woman I had been with had made me feel as Marguerite did.

I think it is one of the features of such an experience, that the sheer beauty of it brings a note of apprehension. "Shall I be allowed to experience this again? Is this a once only coupling? Will she want me again?" Marguerite gave me the answer.

She was softly kissing my face, brushing over it with her lips as if they were butterfly wings.

"Did you like that, darling? Do you like me a lot more now? Do you want to do it with me again?"

"Oh, yes, as often as you like."

She laughed. "Careful, Raymond, I'm a very passionate woman. You might regret those words."

Fortunately, I have what might be called a "rapid recovery rate" when it comes to sex. I endeavoured to prove it by taking her twice more that afternoon, but a bit more comfortably with her laying on the table for one session, and I for another. She seemed well satisfied by the end of the afternoon, but no further stocktaking was done.

In the following weeks we regularly engaged in "Stocktaking", as we came to call it. After Buggs had left the

premises at the end of the day, Marguerite and I would engage in "giving each other pleasure."

During our stocktaking adventures, I underwent a change of name. From Raymon, I had gone on to Raymond and from there to Ray. I think Marguerite found it more convenient during stocktaking to call out "Ray," rather than "Raymond."

At the same time, it was revealed to me that "Marguerite" was not her real name, which was "Margaret." Again, for stocktaking convenience, this was reduced to "Maggie."

I was having a wonderful time. Going to work had never been such fun, and it certainly beat working at the supermarket, when the only sex was a very hurried screw with a checkout girl during her tea break in the back of the storeroom.

To the accompaniment of many Buggs' "Humphs," I got further pay increases. This enabled me to consider more salubrious living quarters, and this in turn led to a very pleasant change in my lifestyle.

One evening, after our stocktaking pleasure, I casually mentioned my intention of moving. Maggie became thoughtful, then said, "Ray, how would you like to move in with me?"

This set me thinking. It was one thing to have a pleasant time with one's boss at work; it could be another thing altogether, living with her. My view was that I served as her bit of fun, and she mine. During working hours, she was still "Madame", and I was "Our Meester Raymon." To be with her as a live-in lover, was very different.

I suppose I was afraid of being tied down; be too much at her disposal. However intimate we might have become, she was still the boss, except that Buggs was also my boss, and I had the suspicion that he was Maggie's boss as well.

Maggie seemed to understand my dilemma, and said, "Look, darling, I promise I wont ask any more of you than I do now. I wont be your boss outside working hours. I've been on the receiving end of that myself; I wouldn't impose it on you. I would like to have you living with me, so why not think about it and let me know?"

I thought about it, and saw that it would have many advantages. I assumed that I would not be asked to pay rent, and also I would have the body of a woman I liked and enjoyed readily available. If she kept her word, and didn't try to boss me around outside working hours, how could I lose?

What callous, self-centred creatures we humans can be! In weighing up what I might get out of moving in with Maggie, not once did I consider what I might give to her. If I thought about it at all, I assumed that her sole motive for having me live with her was so that her "Toy Boy" could fuck her on demand, just as I thought only of rent reduction and fucking her.

I told her I would like to move in with her, and she kissed me very lovingly and said, "That's wonderful, darling."

I moved in with Maggie and found that sex life can be very much more comfortable in a big double bed, than on the stock room table. Another advantage was that we did not need to hang around until after work and Buggs had gone, to get on with the sex. We simply went straight home.

In this new environment, Maggie and I drew much closer. We talked more freely with each other, and when I first saw her denuded of all her makeup, I was amazed at how much younger and prettier she looked. I told her so, and asked why she dressed and made up the way she did at work.

Maggie laughed, and in giving her reasons, I learned something of her life prior to my meeting her.

We were in bed together, and she said, "Darling, in our sort of business and especially my job of selling, the clients expect

it. They want something exotic, so I try to give it to them. I learned two important things right at the start of my working life."

"I got a clerical job with a television station as soon as I left high school. The first thing I learned was, they were very pretentious, and if you wanted to make your way in that business, you had to go along with their arty-crafty ways."

"They wanted their employees, especially the women, to look a bit arty and exotic. So I dressed and made up to meld in with their requirements.

The second thing I learned was, giving sexual favours to climb the promotional ladder can end up counter productive. I admit I tried it, but I soon found that if a station executive promised you a higher position if you'd open your legs for him, that higher position often didn't come my way after the 'night of love'. It's better to let them think you'll give it to them. As long as they live in hope, you have some control over the situation."

"I did quite well at the television station – ended up in sales selling advertising time. Got to know a lot of people and learned how to give the public what it wants, or at least, what it thinks it wants. So that's why the awful clothes and the glaring makeup."

When she had mentioned using sex to gain promotion, I had felt a stab of pain shoot through my stomach. To my surprise, I was jealous. I began weakly, "Maggie, about the sex...you wouldn't...I mean..."

"No, I damned well wouldn't," she snapped. "I told you I learned that lesson. And as you seem concerned, there's no one else."

I had put my big foot in it, and had to work a bit harder at the love making that night to placate her.

I had hugged my fading hopes of becoming a great star close to my chest, but the growing intimacy with Maggie invited confidences, so when for the tenth time she asked me why I had accepted such a boring, underpaid job, I told her.

"Wanted to be an actor, but it's so hard to get in, and I needed money."

"Darling," she burst out, "Why didn't you tell me before, you silly boy? I know people who can help. Would you leave it to me?"

"Well, yes, if you can do something..."

"Of course I can. I'm really rather cross with you for not telling me before. I think I shall have to punish you."

She pretended to think for a moment then; "I shall make you give me lots of oral sex tonight."

"Some punishment," I thought, and went straight at it.

Now began a round of attendance at plays, concerts, musicals and visits to television stations. I shook innumerable hands and wondered at the many men that Maggie had dangling "in hope." The outcome was an audition for a part in a television soap.

Maggie tried to reassure me just prior to the audition.

"Darling, you don't have to be able to act. All they want are pretty young people who can relax and be themselves in front of a camera. You're pretty and I make sure you are always kept relaxed, so that only leaves it for you to be yourself."

I was not sure I liked this low estimation of my thespian capabilities, but as I got the role, I left it at that, especially when they told me the salary.

That night I had a warning from Maggie:

"Ray, you are going to be involved with a pretentious arty world of illusion. You are going to meet a lot of very pretty girls, and there will be empty headed female soap addicts writing to you and telephoning you, with all sorts of propositions. There will be all sorts of temptations, especially sexual ones. If you decide to give in to them, don't expect me to stay around."

She was right about the temptations. Once started in the awful soap called, "Neighbourhood Lust," I could have bedded twenty different girls each day ranging in age from fifteen to fifty. I got letters that almost burnt a hole in the table, that gave me ages, vital statistics, photographs and descriptions of what I could do to them – or they to me.

The television station showing the soap was always on the look out for some publicity gimmick, and so magazines carried stories about me, suggesting this or that romantic involvement. One magazine went so far as to claim it could hear wedding bells. I was supposed to be marrying one of the girls in the show!

While all this was going on, Maggie and Buggs decided that they had got all they could out of The House of Marguerite, so the business was terminated.

Maggie came out with a nice profit, and proceeded to engage in a variety of businesses that came and went, such as cookware, makeup for the mature woman, fashions for the well-endowed older lady.

Her little enterprises came and went with such rapidity I could hardly keep up with them, but Maggie always seemed to know just the right time to start something and when to get out. When she did get out it was always at a substantial profit. I suspect it was tip offs from her "hopeful" men that put her on the right track.

The soap actor has a shelf life of about two years. At that point, he or she is usually phased out of the serial. Unfortunately their face has become so well-known as a particular character, it is rarely possible to appear in another soap. Also, it is then that you discover, as Maggie had said, that you are not really an actor. What was I to do?

I was at the point of mulling over my future, when Maggie dropped her bombshell.

It was one Sunday morning at breakfast when Maggie rocked me. Uncharacteristically she looked down at her plate and said, "Ray, I have to tell you something."

My stomach jolted. She was finishing with me – but how could that be when we had made such passionate love last night?

"I've done something very wicked, Ray."

"She's having it off with another guy."

"I've deceived you, Ray."

"It is another guy, I'll kill him, I'll kill them both."

"I don't know how to tell you, darling."

"'Darling'? Why darling if she's off with another bloke?"

She was still staring at her plate, and impatiently I broke out, "Maggie, for God's sake, just tell me what it is and get it over with."

"Darling, six months ago I stopped taking the pill, and I'm going to have a baby."

She looked up at me quickly, then returned to staring at her plate, her head bent as if waiting for the storm.

"If she stopped taking the pill she must have known she might get pregnant, so she must have wanted to get pregnant."

I puzzled this thought for a minute, now doing my share of plate staring.

"Maggie, you do want the baby, don't you?"

That brought her head up. "Of course I want the baby, idiot, why do you think I stopped taking the pill?"

"Why didn't you tell me you'd stopped?"

"Because I thought you would object...you might start using a condom or stop having sex with me or leave me."

"Is she crying? No, impossible! Maggie never cries...My God, she is crying."

I bounded round the table to her, kneeling beside her.

"Don't cry Maggie. If you want the baby, you should be happy."

"Do you want it?"

"Of course I want it, its mine, isn't it?"

"Raymond," (whenever she used my full name I knew I was in serious trouble) "You bastard, you rotten bastard. If that's what you think of me, you can..."

"Maggie, Maggie darling, it was a rhetorical question. All I meant was, of course I want it because it's mine...ours."

"Oh." (Long pause) "You do want it then?"

"I've just said so."

"Why do you want it?"

I couldn't understand where she was heading with her "why" question, but I tried to answer.

"I told you before, I want it because it's ours."

"What about me?"

This was a Maggie I had never known before. What had happened to the in-charge lady, the direct speech woman? I felt desperate.

"Maggie...darling...what is it you want me to say?"

"I can't tell you because if I do you might say it because you know I want you to say it."

"Maggie, I love you very much, but if you don't..."

"That's it!"

"What's it?"

"What you just said, that's what I couldn't ask you to say."

"What?"

"I love you very much."

"Ah."

"If I'd asked you to say you loved me then you'd not be able to say it voluntarily, of your own free will, but you did. By the way, I love you very much too."

"Oh."

"Ray!"

"Yes?"

"Will you marry me?"

"What!"

"Will you..."

"It's all right, I heard."

"Well?"

"Er...yes."

"Oh good, darling. It would have been so embarrassing if you'd said 'no'. You see, I've already started the preliminary arrangements."

"You what?"

"Take me to bed, darling."

We headed for the bedroom, and as we went:

"Oh, darling, seeing that you're sort of unemployed, I've heard about a very nice little business opportunity, and if we became business partners we could..."

"Oh my God, Madame's back in charge again..."

Andrew & His Beloved

I had just finished drying myself after showering and was about to clean my teeth. Tooth brush poised I looked into the mirror over the hand basin. I was nonplussed. I thought for a moment I was hallucinating. She was standing leaning against the bathroom door clad only in her panties and bra.

I turned from the mirror to confront the reality, if such there was. She was there in all her fleshly reality. Hers was the body I had lusted after for years. The girls I had been with were shadowy substitutes for her, vehicles for my fantasies even as I fucked them.

I let myself take in her physical reality: her luxuriant dark brown hair cascading over her bare shoulders; heart shaped face with green eyes and slightly curved nose over a wide mouth with full lips.

Her breasts had always enraptured me. I had never seen them naked, but they had always seemed a little too large for her lithe body. Even now, they were covered, but only just, by a bra that was little more than under lift, exposing her almost to the nipples. The nipples themselves, pressing against the diaphanous cloth of the bra, were large, almost the size of acorns, and appeared to be light brown in colour.

My eyes followed the contour of her belly that led tantalizingly to the top of her legs, where the thin cloth of her panties sank into her cleft, then down to her strong thighs and well shaped calves.

God, how I wanted her! She stood there smiling at me in all her sensual splendour, a woman who for me radiated sexual seductiveness, an erotic enchantress. Why, oh why did she have to be the forbidden woman, my mother?

My penis had been partially erect from the warmth and relaxation of the shower, but in the presence of her all but naked body, it had stiffened to its fully aroused size.

She moved towards me. My throat seemed to swell up, but I tried to speak, "Mother, I..." She stopped me with her hand across my mouth.

"Don't be afraid, darling, the waiting is over. No more holding back."

With those words she took hold of my penis in her soft, gentle hand and began to massage it. She turned her face up to me, reaching up so her lips met mine, mouth open, tongue searching. I felt her body pressing close to mine, her breasts strong and firm.

She broke from the kiss and bent to remove her panties. As they dropped to the floor she said, "Now darling, take me now baby."

I was bewildered. The corporeal fact was there, her body pressed to mine, my manhood ready to find its goal, but I was stunned. Never over all the years of my maddening desire for her had I ever thought my longing would come to fruition.

She seemed to know my thoughts now, as she always had seemed to know them. In fact, that was one of the mysterious elements in our relationship. We seemed to know each others thoughts and feelings. At times it was almost as if we lived within each other. I know that this closeness between mother and I used to infuriate my father. It was as if he was shut out from a world occupied by mother and I alone.

From the time of my earliest memories of mother, it had been the same. We loved deeply. When I entered my years of puberty, our love took on an erotic dimension that had not been consciously present before. We both knew of the others feelings, and knew that the other knew. I think my father suspected the existence of these feelings between us.

Over the years of my adolescence, the frustration level had been increasingly hard to bear. To be so frequently in each other's presence in the intimate environment of the home, was at times agonising torture. I relieved myself by masturbating and with the girls I fucked, but always my desire, my true love, was the forbidden woman.

How mother coped, I still do not know. Perhaps she masturbated or had lovers that I knew nothing of. It was certainly not with my father. They had not slept in the same room for some years, and I knew something of his affairs with other women.

He had money and a superficial charm that would attract women, and he made full use of this power. Loving and lusting for mother as I did, it was beyond me why he did not have this desire for her. Perhaps it was because of the close bond between mother and I. I have known him to say sarcastically, "Why don't you two set up on your own?"

Now, invited by mother to enter fearlessly into the relationship I had hungered for, I was hesitating. She spoke words of tender encouragement.

"It's all right, darling. Nothing to be afraid of. We have waited long enough for each other. I'm ready for you my

love – burning for you. I know how much you want me – always known my love – so have me now.”

She was standing now against the wall and began to try to climb up me so I could enter her. The bewildering haze that had clouded my thoughts began to disperse, and putting my hands under her buttocks I lifted her up and then let my shaft slip into her.

Her arms round my neck, clinging to me and kissing, with each break from the kiss she spoke very quietly and gently, her voice reflecting her love for me.

“Darling, oh darling...how lovely... my sweet boy...so long...we’ve waited so long...we’ll make each other so happy...I need you so much, my love...oh, baby...oh...oh...don’t stop now...oh darling...ah...ah...Ooh.”

Her whole body began to shake and give rhythmical jerks as she came to her climax. My own orgasm came just as she passed the critical moment, and I came into her like an erupting volcano. We clung to each other, she weeping, her legs wrapped round me, and I groaning with ecstasy, I

The after shocks of her orgasm went on for a long time, and between her sobs, she continued to speak.

“Darling... lovely... lovely...my gorgeous Andrew, I knew it would be wonderful with you.

I was suffering from that post-coital fragility that comes after a deeply satisfying orgasm, and could hardly continue to support her body. Eventually she unwound her legs from me and stood once more.

She began to wash my penis at the hand basin, then cleansed her own sex organ.

Putting on her panties again she said, “We have to talk, darling.”

Taking my hand she led me first to her bedroom where she put on a thin house coat, then taking me to my own room, she indicated that I should put on something. I selected my dressing gown.

We went to the lounge room and settled down on the sofa, she snuggled up against me, I with my arms about her. Her female fragrance almost got the better of me, and I started to get another erection, but mother was intent on a serious conversation.

“Darling, shall we say, that was a first installment of what could be between us? A sort of down payment to establish a contract between us? A promise of things to come.”

I took her meaning well enough, but could not see how things could develop between us.

“What about father...” I began.

“I shall be leaving your father,” mother answered. “I don’t need to spell out to you why – leaving me unsatisfied – his women – you know about that. And you don’t need to feel guilty. I shall leave him whether we are together as lovers or not. I’ve had enough.”

“That’s another thing, our relationship. We have never talked about its full meaning. We have both known but never spoken of it. It is as if we have always been destined for each other. As if the facts of incest, age difference, social disapproval are of no moment. I have fed you at my breasts, nurtured you, loved you and when you entered puberty, began to sexually desire you. Now we are at the crossroads. I have by my action today indicated my choice of the way forward. You must also choose.”

She had set out the situation very clearly. She wanted me as her lover-son. Did I want her as my lover-mother? I knew

that the two elements – lover and mother/son, would be present in our relationship if I decided to become her ongoing lover. The two would never be separated. She would always be my mother and I her son, not only in the physical sense, but emotionally as well. Did I want this?

In a self-centred way, I could see advantages. I sensed that we would be free and sexually open to each other. There would be no holding back; our bodies would be completely available to each other. I would receive not only a lover's lust, but a mother's love as well. A potent sexual mixture I suspected.

The most unworthy but present thought was; "If it doesn't work out, there will be no messy divorce to worry about. I can just end the relationship and leave if necessary."

On the other side of the coin, there had been the long agony of desiring her and never thinking I could have her. Having now, as it were, tasted her, it seemed impossible to go on without our being lovers. The torment would be redoubled.

She waited patiently for my response, and finally I said, "I can't go on without you now, mother. It was too beautiful with you just now. I must have you. But father..."

“He’s not here, is he my love? And he won’t be here for another four weeks.”

She was right. He was off on one of his lecture and seminar tours, telling the great business conglomerates how they might dip their hands into the public purse. He began his working life with the public service, rose to be an economic advisor, then went into private practice as a consultant. He had made heaps of money.

Mother had drawn away from me to strip off her few garments, saying, “I can see how it is, darling. Let me comfort you.” She lay back in the corner of the sofa, her feet on the seat, legs wide open, to give me a full view of her vagina. It was plump, very neatly cleft and looked luscious.

In that moment, as so often since, I felt as if I could have eaten her. My penis was erect and throbbing, ready to penetrate her, but my desire to thrust my tongue into her was overwhelming. I knelt before her, opening the outer lips to expose the sweet rose-like inner lips. They were pink and inviting. I gently pulled them apart to reveal her opening and slid my tongue into her.

I heard her soft cries and little whimpers, and felt her squirming with pleasure. I transferred my attention to her

clitoris, lifting the little hood, and applying my tongue to the small nerve centre nub.

Now her cries increased and her movements more eruptive. I had to hold on tightly to her thighs to remain in contact with her clitoris, and suddenly she gave a mighty heave that was accompanied by an earsplitting shriek, followed by howling sobs. Her whole body was shaking and she began to repeat over and over, "Oh God, oh God, oh God..."

As I felt her pass the climax of her orgasm, I entered her with my penis. She was soaking wet and very warm. I felt her grip me with her vaginal muscle as if she would drag me into her and never let me go. I was past any holding back. My semen came pouring out with great explosive force I thought would never stop.

I was moaning my own repeated words now; "I love you...I love you...I love you..."

Mother, now calmer was stroking my face and hair saying, "I know, darling, I know..."

As we both came to post-orgasmic peace, we relaxed, my shaft still lying inside her as it slackened. We held each other, still whispering words of love and commitment to each other.

For the moment, we were at peace.

I think I was about to doze off, when mother said, “Andrew, I think its time for bed.”

This woke me up rather quickly. I had not thought about where we went to from here. Was I to take to mother’s large bed, or retreat to my own? Trust mother to answer the unspoken question. “You will be sleeping in my bed from now on, and nobody else’s. I’ve had enough of your father and his women, so if I ever find that you are being unfaithful, we shall be finished”

We went to the bathroom for a shower. One of the most admirable things about mother was her insistence on hygiene, especially genital hygiene. She had always seemed sweet and fresh and I had never known her to use perfume or deodorant, yet she always had a tantalizing womanly fragrance about her that drove me mad with lust for her.

After showering together, with my penis rising to its full power yet again, we retired to her bed. Before anything else, I received a warning from her.

“Darling, I’m the sort of lady who comes very quickly and often. I shall want a lot of you, and if you can’t manage an erection at any time, I shall want you to do other things for me.”

At that moment, with another throbbing erection, I felt as if I could handle anything she might demand of me, and I told her so.

She laughed and said, “We’ll see, my sweet.”

With those words, she came over me and with open mouth and thrusting tongue, she began to kiss me. From my mouth, she worked her way down my body until she reached my shaft, standing up like a great tower.

Her lips closed over the crown of my penis, her hand gently caressing my testicles.

At first she sucked and licked slowly and softly, then she intensified her stimulation, taking more and more of my shaft into her mouth and moving up and down on it ever more rapidly. I had received oral sex from a woman before, but never anything as wonderful as this.

I had been holding back, thinking she would not want my semen in her mouth, but she broke off for a moment to say, "Come darling, let me have it."

That was the signal. I discharge into her mouth with streams of my love juice. I felt her struggling to swallow it, and not completely succeeding, it began to run out of the corners of her mouth. I finished and, with a sort of wild abandonment, she brought her mouth once more to mine and deep kissing me put some of my sperm into my mouth.

There was something wild – untamed – about this exchange of semen that sent me almost frantic. I flung her over on her back and almost tore her legs apart and once more thrust my tongue into her.

She was saturated, and I licked her lubricant, then came over her and kissed her so she received her own liquid. We exchanged bodily fluids by mouth, and somehow it seemed that we had in so doing finally sealed our contract.

There was something of extreme intimacy in our act. It was as if we now knew what we needed from each other and what would be demanded. Yet, the demand was like one that we might make of ourselves. It was as if we were now one – a unity – and whatever was asked would be freely given.

When some equanimity began to return, mother laughed and said, "I did try to warn you, my love."

There now followed further cleansings and then a return to the bed.

It had crossed my mind that we had engaged in sufficient sex for one day, but I was wrong.

So occupied had I been with other parts of mother's anatomy, and she with mine, I had sadly neglected the one feature that had always fascinated me, her breasts.

Not being so urgent in my sexual needs for the moment, I now turned my attention to those two beautiful glands. They were large and firm, and the nipples were as I thought they might be, light brown and about the size of an acorn. They were certainly the largest nipples I had ever seen.

The nipples standing out firmly, I tentatively took one into my mouth. Even more than the piquancy of mother's vagina, her nipples tasted of femaleness. The first place of nourishment when once out of the womb, it is small wonder that even back in pre-historic times, the breast was the source of adoration and worship. To this very day, men are still drawn to this source of life.

Mother held my head against her breast as if I was a child she was feeding. I heard her sighing and gasping with happiness.

Again, there was that sense of union between us. We were two sides of one being, like different sides of one coin. There was a love between us that I had never imagined could exist.

I lingered for a long time over her breasts, touching and fondling, until mother said, "Put your sperm between them, darling."

I sat across her and she folded her breasts over my shaft. I moved back and forth between their soft, warm embrace until I once more shot a stream of sperm.

Mother's upper body was now well doused with my discharge. This meant another trip for her to the bathroom. As for me, I had reached the end of my sexual capabilities for the time being, and went off to sleep before she returned to the bed. Whether or not she would have demanded more from me I shall never know, but at least she did not wake me.

The first sight to greet me in the morning was of mother, still naked, standing by the bed with cups of tea.

“Wake up darling, time to get to work.”

I was about to protest that being a student, I had no work in the sense of employment, and in any case, it was Saturday, when the obvious struck me. My mother would have been fully aware of both these facts.

Enlightenment came when mother, having got back into bed, and when we had finished our tea, I learned what she meant by “work.”

Fortunately I am a morning person and usually wake with an erection. It needed very little encouragement from mother, who began massaging my penis, to have me ready for the great entry.

There was very little preamble to my entering mother, and much to my amazement, she had three orgasms before I once more fired my semen into her. I was to learn that mother was also a morning person, and liked nothing better than to start the day with a sexual intercourse.

I was beginning to get an inkling of what it was going to mean to be mother's lover.

The morning intercourse was a gentle affair and long lasting. I held off for at least half an hour, which seemed to gratify both of us. If this was "work," then mother could count on me to labour at it mightily.

We eventually managed to get out of bed and take in some much-needed nourishment. In addition, I got another lecture from mother.

There was no doubt in either of us regarding our joint future. I think we both felt that we could not live our lives apart from now on. There was this curious sense of unity we had in an almost mystical manner. It had been present before we began having sex, but the sexual encounters had reinforced it powerfully.

What had to be considered was what happened when father came home. We had a few weeks of freedom before he arrived, but needed to decide how we proceeded once he did.

Mother's decision was that at the time of his arrival we should cease our sexual encounters. She would announce to him that their marriage was at an end. Then there would

have to be negotiations regarding settlements. If father decided to take it through the courts things could go on for a long time, but mother thought he would settle out of court.

Mother had some money of her own, and had no intention of staying in the somewhat ugly mansion father had insisted on buying once he started to make pots of money. She would purchase a smaller and more comfortable place of her own. Given a reasonable space of time, I could “decide” to go and live with her, and our sex lives could resume. At some point father would probably realise what our relationship was, but mother wanted to delay the day of his enlightenment for as long as possible.

Regarding the time gap in our sexual contact, mother was most uncompromising.

“Andrew,” she said, “Whatever happened in the past is in the past for both of us, but from now on, I shall be totally faithful to you, and I expect the same from you.”

I concurred with this.

Breakfast and the lecture over, mother suggested a shower, walk and then back to bed. This day stays forever in my memory as “Anus Day.” It was my first introduction to this form of intercourse. I have a strong suspicion that it was not

mother's first time because if it was she had a remarkable understanding of the way to go about it.

Her preferred position does not include a bed. She likes to bend over a table with feet apart of the floor, with me standing behind her to enter.

The first time she instructed me how to take lubricant from her vagina and smear is over and into her anus, and to do that same with my precum. This done, I press the crown of my penis against her anus, and with a steady pressure slide into her.

On the first occasion I think it must have been some time since mother had had a penis in her back passage, and it had closed up a bit. She instructed me when to push and when to stop when she felt pain. Once I got my full length in her all seemed well, and I could take her in the same manner as with vaginal sex.

I must admit anal sex is not my preferred way of making love, but we use it about once a week just for a change.

If I have any first preferences they would be, giving mother her orgasms using oral sex, which delights her and works me up to a fine pitch, and ejaculating into her vagina for my own orgasm, and this usually includes yet another orgasm for mother.

I should point out that on this, our first full day together as lovers, we did not spend all the time having sex. We lay holding each other, simply enjoying the physical contact, and tried to find the words to express our love for each other, as lovers often do.

My studies had to go on, so often I could not spend all day with mother. She insisted on her “Morning Wakener” as she called it, and a sexual intercourse was priority when I returned from the university.

When I first realised just how demanding mother would be sexually speaking, I had a little worm of doubt that I could meet her needs. From the odd things she said I believe she also doubted my ability to keep going as long as her. These doubts began to fade as I found that to service a woman as lovely as mother was no hardship and the profound love I was experiencing for her and from her made making love with her a joy. Only very occasionally have I had to resort to the dildo that mother asks me to use when I can no longer get an erection.

The weeks before father returned seemed to fly by. I seemed to be in paradise, but when he did come home, it was a case of “Paradise Lost,” at least for a while.

The eruptions when mother told him she was leaving could be heard all over the house. I don't think he was concerned that mother would not be around any more, it was a matter of his injured pride that did not allow for anyone walking out on him.

Once he had settled down a bit he was at least wise enough not to go to law over the settlement. It is my opinion that mother agreed to take a lot less than she could have got, but as she said to me, "It's worth it just to get away from him and that house."

Mother acted quickly to get herself a house, and a couple of days before she departed for good, my father deigned to address me on the subject of who I wished to live with. His manner made it clear he did not want to have me around. "I suppose you will want to go and live with your mother? She's leaving in a couple of days, perhaps you'd like to go at the same time!"

This, of course, suited mother and I completely. I had thought I might need to wait some time before announcing I would go and live with mother, but he had given me the perfect opportunity to go immediately. It also suited father because a few days after my departure he had a woman living with him.

Up until his return mother and I had been coming together sexually two or three times a day, with lots of touching and hugging in between. Since his return, we had agreed to stop this until we were once more on our own. It was an enormous sexual deprivation for both of us.

Once we moved into the new house, we resumed our sexual activity. Mother's demands for sexual gratification of all sorts was unending, but I managed to meet her needs most of the time. At least she seemed to be content with me.

It appeared that we would go on like this for the rest of our lives, but after about twelve months mother introduced another element into our relationship.

One evening she said unexpectedly, "Darling, how would you like to make a baby with me?"

I was disconcerted. Living with mother and being her lover was one thing, having a baby with her was another. I had not considered this aspect of sexual activity at all. I was some naïve about women's reproductive capacity, but I think I had assumed that mother was past the time when she could get pregnant. What I did not know at the time was, that she had put herself on the contraceptive pill a few weeks before the time she came to me in the bathroom. She had planned the whole thing in advance, and was in fact still fertile.

If we had a baby my ties with mother would become firmer. I could not so easily walk out of the relationship. Also, my father and other people might begin to realise the sort of relationship mother and I had.

Mother, once more reading my thoughts said, "It wouldn't have to be known it was yours. I could be having sex with anyone, but if we are going to stay together, I think you should at least once make a baby."

The words, "At least," sounded ominous. Did that mean we would have more than one baby? The knot would be tied even tighter!

Again, mother discerned my thoughts.

"Darling, I shall never force you to stay with me. I only ask for faithfulness for as long as you are with me as a lover."

We discussed the matter for at least a couple of hours, going round and round in verbal circles, until I finally concluded that mother dearly wanted to have a baby with me, and I agreed.

From that day, she went off the pill and we began our baby making sex life in earnest.

I have to say that it did add a new dimension to our sexual activity. I found that there is nothing more beautiful in sex than when two people who love each other set out to deliberately have a baby. They are drawn into the great creative process that ends with another life appearing on this earth.

It is difficult to say exactly when conception takes place – when one tiny spermatozoa sets in motion the whole process – but from the time we began trying to reproduce and throughout her pregnancy, mother never looked lovelier.

It took a few weeks before mother announced she was pregnant, and now, three years later we have our little Paul. Mother is pregnant with what I suppose will be our last child, and we are keeping our fingers crossed for a girl.

For those who are interested, I have no intention of leaving mother or our children.

Angela Tells Her Story

Prologue.

To begin with, I should like to point out that the "Ang" in "Angela" is pronounced like the ang in angle, and not "Anj." She was of European origin and liked her name to be pronounced in the manner of her country. Angela was not her real name, but she still had problems getting people to pronounce her real one in the way she preferred.

Angela told me her story, or at least part of her story, when she was seventy-six and I was living with her. She asked me to write it down, and when I said I would like to make it public, she gave me permission, provided I used pseudonyms and I was not too specific with geographical names and places. She died at eighty-two, and I have waited until now to release this little summary account of what she told me.

A Brief Angelic Description.

As I have indicated, Angela was of European origin, and came from one of those parts of that continent where children are brought up fairly sternly. She was tall and handsome, with the most glorious blonde hair I have ever seen. Not the thin frizzy type of hair, but thick, strong hair,

worn at shoulder length, and it shone and swung as she walked. She had intense blue eyes set in a slightly elongated heart shaped face. She had a manner some thought a little austere and it sometimes put people off from approaching her, but as I shall relate, this manner only masked a very compassionate and loving person.

Until the end of her life her back was ramrod straight and even with the pain she suffered in her last few years, she walked and sat with elegant grace. She was a very cultured woman, having wide academic and practical interests, and for any one whom was capable of intelligent conversation, a delight to be with.

I had known Angela for decades, and so some of the details of the following story are in fact drawn from my own experiences with, and observations of, this graceful lady. Never the less, what I shall now relate in the first person are essentially her words and details.

As Angela Told It.

I was born and brought up in a European country. My family was financially very well off, and they sent me to the best schools, and finally to university. My going to university had nothing to do with a future profession or career. Quite a few

girls in those days used the university education as a sort of finishing school.

It was anticipated that I would marry, as they said then, "Well." By that, they meant I would marry into a rich family that would be seeking an equally rich, well-educated and cultured girl as a wife for a son. In addition, the preferred girl would be reasonably good looking, strictly brought up, a virgin and religious. As to the good looks, I leave others to judge, but I qualified in most of the other departments, at least, I did until my third and final year at university.

One of the subjects I was studying brought me into the orbit of a young lecturer, for whom all those who are supposed to know about these things predicted a brilliant academic career. As well as his academic brilliance, he had a scintillating, exuberant personality. To be in his presence was to fall under the spell of his charm and to be inspired by him.

He was twenty-eight and unmarried when I first knew him, and rumour had it that many of the female students had given way to his persuasiveness, and lost their virginity to him as a result. How he did not get into trouble with university authorities, I do not know. I did hear one story that claimed the father of one girl had challenged him to a duel, but if it ever happened, he obviously survived it, and I never saw anything that looked like a scar on him.

He was not especially good looking, not ugly you understand, but it was his vitality and charisma that bewitched. That is how I came to be - to use a phrase common at the time - "Ruined." To put it another way, I was distinctly devalued in the marriage market.

As my final university year progressed I found myself called frequently to meetings with the Herr Doctor, or "Carl," as I later came to call him. The first meeting with him was for a perfectly legitimate review of some work I had submitted to him. Following meetings seemed to be needless, and he was hard put to give them any substance. Whatever the vague reason given for the meeting, we always ended up on a personal note, most times with me talking about myself.

No doubt, I could have challenged these calls into his presence, but the truth is, I did not want to, especially as it made the other girls so envious. Looking back, I can see I was caught like a fly in his spider web. I was about to be devoured, and I loved it.

His first physical contact with me was via a rather old fashioned kissing of my hand as we said goodbye. At following meetings, he progressed to my cheek, and finally my lips. At that point, I was completely undone. A somewhat painful and undignified splitting of my hymen

took place with me bent over his office desk. Unromantic, was it not?

The story was that once the girl's hymen fell victim to his manly endeavour, he lost all further interest. This did not happen to me. I continued to get summonses to attend him and now there was no further pretence that he had any other reason than to continue an ever more ardent sexual relationship.

I admit it was not one sided. We could not leave each other alone. We progressed from his office to his apartment. We made further progress when instead of an evening together I stayed all night. The finale came when he claimed he could not live without me, and would I marry him? "Yes, yes, yes."

My family was broken hearted. I, who was destined to marry the son of a rich industrialist or businessman, had elected to form a union with a lowly academic. They stormed, pleaded, threatened and cajoled. I was unbending. Of course, I did not inform them of my now unmaidenly condition, and when they finally concluded that they could not dissuade me, they reconciled themselves to the inevitable.

"After all, he is prominent in the Church, and he does have a promising future," pronounced my father. And from my mother, "He is very charming." So went the litany, and I

sometimes thought that my mother, if she had the offer, would have jumped into bed with Carl.

We married and settled into Carl's apartment. The promise of a brilliant academic future began to be fulfilled. Shortly after our marriage, Carl was offered a professorial position in a prominent university. We moved, and then began his rise to international fame.

As I discovered, Carl had an encyclopedic mind. His knowledge of subjects far beyond his own specialisation was enormous. There are people who have that sort of mind, but can do little with it but regurgitate facts. Carl had the gift of being able to bring his vast knowledge and insight into a synthesis.

It was this ability to bring together and make sense of disparate material for which he became renown. At this time he began the publication of his works that went on right up until his death. In addition, as the years went by he was called upon to address public gatherings, engage in radio and later television interviews, to attend seminars, and lecture all over the world.

Then an event took place that threatened to destroy this brilliant career. Our country had been in political ferment for a number of years, and as a result, an oppressive dictatorship

came to power. Carl held political views abhorrent to the new order, and he was dismissed from his university post, and we escaped over the border, probably just ahead of being arrested.

For a few weeks, Carl was out in the wilderness, but then there was the offer of a position at an overseas university. He took it, and it was from this base that his fame began to spread.

At the personal level our marriage continued much the same as before we married. Our sex life continued enthusiastically. I was deeply in love with Carl, and I thought he was with me. We burned for each other.

There are those who hold the view that someone like Paul, the genius academic, has little or no interest in matters sexual, unless to subject them to microscopic and dispassionate study. I cannot claim to have a wide experience of such males, other than Carl, but such as I have, and from general observation, I say this view is wrong.

People like Carl have enormous energy, and this spills over into their sexuality. If anything, they are far more active sexually than less gifted people. There were times when Carl sought me out three, and even four times a day, for sex. And if he did not seek me, I sought him. When Carl started to

make extended trips to lecture in distant places, he would take me with him, on the grounds that he could not manage without me sexually.

This continued until we had been about two years in our new country. It was then Carl began to show less and less interest in me. At first, I put this down to familiarity. I assumed that this is what happened to most couples after they had been together for some time.

My own ardour had not diminished, and this of course made for a very painful emotional situation for me. I was still deeply in love with Carl and a great admirer of his work, so in an attempt to absorb some of my sexual energy I threw myself into supporting him in any way I could.

Having had a university education myself, I did prove useful to Carl in arranging his notes and editing his writings. It was immensely satisfying work, but then a new factor entered into the situation. Carl began to suggest that perhaps I would rather not come on the trips with him. "It will be a bit of a bore for you, and I shall be all right."

He got ever more pressing with his suggestions that I should not accompany him, and even went to the length of piling work on me saying, "This has got to be done urgently. Please stay behind so you can have it ready when I get back."

This did not please me, but I thought nothing ill of it until I made the first discovery.

Carl was off on a month's overseas lecture tour, leaving me at home. As part of my self-imposed tasks, I was trying to clear up his as usual chaotic desk. Beneath a pile of papers, I came upon a sheet of pink notepaper. This was not the sort of paper one normally finds on an academic desk, so it aroused my curiosity. I began to read it.

What I read almost caused me to collapse. It was a love letter from a girl, who later proved to be one of his students. I do not weep easily, but I sat at the desk and the tears rolled down my cheeks. I was utterly dumbfounded. My Carl, who had wanted me so badly he had married me, was now getting his satisfactions elsewhere.

All sorts of thoughts whirled through my mind. "How long had this been going on?" "Had he taken her on the tour with him?" "Were there others?" This last thought led me on to another train of thought. I am not normally a sneaky sort of person, but in my desperate and unhappy state, I was capable of anything, and I recalled his private draw.

There was one draw in his desk Carl always kept locked, and he made a point of carrying the key with him. I had asked

him about this draw, but only got some mumbled answer about special research.

The lock was in fact quite a commonplace one, so I got every key in the house and tried them out on it. Eventually I clicked it open with a wardrobe key. What I found was what I now suspected I would find. It was filled with packets of love letters from, and poems to, a host of girls. Carl had gone back to his old ways before I met him.

When he returned I waited for him to go into his study and make discovery of my search. I had not relocked the drawer, and had not replaced the letters and poems. He gave me the perfunctory kiss that was now his habit and went into the study with his brief case.

I stood in the hallway opposite his study door. It took some time for him to emerge. He was surprised to see me standing there but his surprise did nothing to diminish his obvious fury.

"Someone has broken into my desk and stolen papers," he roared. I took my hand from behind my back with the papers in it. I dropped them at his feet. He looked at them without attempting to pick them up. "You?" he choked out. "Yes, me," I said icily.

He said nothing for a moment, and I maintained silence. Then he began, "How dare you, how dare you break into my private drawer, you sly bitch. You underhanded cow. Who gave you the right to pry into my desk? You have the morals of a nasty little housemaid...."

I let him rant and rave. The self-control and discipline of my childhood and youth reasserted itself. The self-respect I had forsaken that day long ago when I bent over Carl's desk, now returned to me. As I looked at him, his face contorted with fury, his shouted insults and oaths, the old appeal died. The charm and persuasiveness that had won many other girls and me was gone. I let him go on until he could hear himself and thus reach the point of feeling ridiculous. He spluttered into silence.

I walked away saying, "I shall make some coffee."

He followed me into the kitchen and sat as I started the coffee making. "Well, haven't you got anything to say," he snarled. "What is it you want me to say, Carl," I said quietly. "Should I say you have betrayed me? Should I say you have the moral maturity of an infant? No, that would be to slur the infant."

He cut in, but this time he spoke quietly in his "reasonable" voice, his wise professorial voice. "Darling," I looked up sharply at this superfluous endearment. He hesitated for a

moment and then went on. "We are not living in the Dark Ages. Sexual mores have changed. We have the open marriage today. We are both free to engage in sexual relationships outside our marriage bond. We have excellent contraceptive methods, we don't have to fear unwanted pregnancies outside marriage."

And so he went on, mouthing the contemporary nonsense about sexual morality. He explained at some length about the sexual habits of certain animals, to prove that multiple sexual partners is okay. I could not resist the retort, "I hear that swans mate for life. So what? We are human beings and have our own standards."

As he went on and on I felt a mixture of contempt and pity for him. Here was a man of immense intellectual ability talking pathetic rubbish.

In the end, it all boiled down to what I was going to do. He had reason to fear my actions, because if I spoke out, he might well be ruined in his special academic field. He need not have worried about that. Those bodies concerned with maintaining his "spotless" reputation did find out about his sexual behaviour, and having a strong self-interest in his international reputation, went to great lengths to cover up, repeatedly.

I had had time to consider what my attitude would be and how I should act. There was both an unselfish and selfish motive in my decision.

On the unselfish side, I believed very strongly in Carl's work. He was having a profound influence both inside his specialty and beyond it. To many that read his works and heard his lectures, he was giving new insights and hope. There were also many, especially academic rivals, who would seek any chance to tear him down.

There was greatness in Carl, and I thought of the definition of great tragedies like those of William Shakespeare, "The downfall of a great man because of one fatal flaw in his character."

I recalled talking to one of Carl's colleagues, a Church Historian, at a social gathering. We had got around to discussing the flaws in some of the "Giants" of the Church. He said, "It always seems a pity to me that the Church goes to such great lengths to cover up those flaws. After all, the real miracle is that God can use this flawed material to achieve his ends. And who is not flawed anyway?"

I thought of the great people of power who for all their moral shortcomings had still achieved worthwhile things. I thought, "If someone points to a grand truth, does it cease to be the

truth because he has his penis in a vagina he is not supposed to have it in?"

My conclusion was that I could not bring Carl down because he engaged in acts of sexual infidelity.

On the selfish side, I thought of my position. If I broke with Carl, I had no financial worries. My parents had endowed me well when I got married. As my father said, "You'd better have some money of your own if you're going to marry an academic." In fact, Carl was doing very well with his salary and the income from his books, broadcasts and public appearances. But at least I did not need to stay with him for monetary reasons.

My reasons for doing what I did really stemmed from three factors. First, I did not want to openly admit I had made a bad error of judgement. Second, my position as Carl's wife gave me social contacts I might not have apart from him. Third, I had been enjoying the editing work I did for Carl, and saw myself as doing the same work for others. Being close to the university put me in an excellent position to get that work. In other words, I was too comfortable to want to disturb the situation.

Sitting opposite Carl at the kitchen table, I calmly, and probably coldly, told him what my intentions were. "I shall

stay here as you wife. I shall run your house, entertain your colleagues and students, and continue to help with your work. On the other hand, I shall never again sleep with you; I shall not even occupy the same bedroom as you. I shall not interfere with what you do; you shall not interfere with what I do. If that is clear, and you agree, that is how it will be as far as I am concerned. If not..."

I saw the look of relief pass over his face. I had presented him with a situation that suited his purpose, and he accepted readily.

So the years passed by and Carl and I never again had sexual relations. He had his girls, even brought them to the house and his bedroom. I remained cold and indifferent, playing the game of wife, and developing my own pattern of life.

I suppose to be fair to Carl, he was essentially no different from many other men and women who take – perhaps even need – many sexual partners. They become bored with one partner. If this is a weakness in their character the perhaps they deserve sympathy, but I was a one man woman, and could not accept Carl's sexual behaviour and continue a sex life with him.

I could have taken lovers of my own. I saw enough sly eyes weighing up my sensual possibilities, but I remained aloof. The wound had gone too deep.

It was Carl's custom to twice a week have meetings with his most outstanding students. These gatherings took place in our house, and it was part of my function to provide food and drink. I usually sat in on these occasions to listen to their discussions around obscure and difficult matters, and participated if I felt I had a point to make. I suppose these brilliant students had really come to "sit at the feet of the master."

There was one particular student, Mark, whom Carl declared to be the most outstanding he had ever had. The only trouble was, Mark was the most painfully shy young man I had ever met. His contributions at the discussions were few, but when he did speak, he always cut right through to the important aspect, showing profound insights. When he had made his point he seemed to disappear through the floor in mist of bashfulness.

He was a lovely young man, tall, slim, and with a very gentle manner. I found out that he came from a very poor family, and had got to university on his own merits. Carl thought Mark should eventually take his place among the next generation of outstanding thinkers, but his reticence would make it difficult for him.

One of the most touching things about Mark as far as I was concerned, was a sort of dog-like devotion to me. When I was about to go and get the food and drink, he was there to help me. When it came to clearing up, he was there. In fact, during those evening sessions, wherever I was, Mark was there, looking at me with his soft brown eyes.

One evening I had been annoyed by one of the students who had carelessly let a cigarette butt burn a hole in the carpet. When I went to the kitchen I was still irritable and when Mark followed me in I turned on him and snapped, "For heaven's sake, Mark, either take me to bed or stop following me."

As soon as I said it, I felt terrible. I am not naïve, and was fully aware that Mark's constant tracking of me had a sexual content. I knew he would never give overt expression to his feelings, but my underlying and repressed sexual needs had given rise to an expression of annoyance in a way I would never normally have dreamed of.

I looked at him with the intention of apologising, and saw him standing there as if I had whipped him. "Mark," I said, "I am dreadfully sorry, I should not have talked to you like that." He turned as if to leave the kitchen saying, "No, it's me who should be sorry for being a nuisance."

I put my hand on his arm and said, "You're not a nuisance, Mark. I love having you help me." "It's just that I used to help my mother," he murmured. My heart bled for him. A lonely shy young man seeking the company of an older woman so he might give expression to his need to help and care.

I took a giant risk. I took his hand and said, "Come with me." I took him to my bedroom and kissed him as lovingly as I knew how. As I pressed my lower abdomen against him, I could feel his hard, urgent manhood pressing into me.

My guess was that he was a virgin, and events proved me right. I told him to undress and took my own clothes off. When I was naked before him, he looked at me and in a hushed voice said, "I knew you would be beautiful."

He was so shy I knew it would be my role to make all the moves. I also understood that his first time with a woman would be brief. I drew him over to the bed, and not expecting any foreplay, I parted my legs to open myself for him, saying, "Come down between my legs."

He came over me awkwardly, but I reached for his penis and drew its head against my opening. "Push into me," I whispered. As he entered me, he cried out, "Oh, it's so wonderful." I began to move with a rhythm and told him, "Work with me." He came quickly.

I had only ever been with Carl before, and was only used to his fierce, urgent thrusting into me. Mark, this hesitant young man, for all his inexperience, gave me the sweetest and gentlest sexual encounter I had ever experienced. When he had finished, he gave me another delight. He said very quietly, "Thank you, I've wanted you so badly."

I had repressed my sexual needs for a very long time, now they were out in the open again, and if Mark wanted me, I was going to be his. He had much to learn, and I had much to teach. Academic studies are not always the most important things in life.

I began by taking him to my bedroom whenever the evening meetings took place. Mark, of course, was anxious about Carl discovering us, so I was forced to explain the marital situation. Once Mark was reassured on this score, and when Carl was away on his ever more frequent lecture tours, Mark spent the nights with me.

My sexual needs had resurfaced with Mark. Very quickly, he learned the finer points of oral and anal sex and the pleasures that can be gained from breasts and a woman's handling of his penis. Yet, I was not able to be completely open to him. I had been so profoundly hurt I was not willing or able to

commit myself to Mark. Put simply, I could not say, "I love you, Mark." I supposed I was just using him for personal gratification.

I was now inherently suspicious of men's motives, and in any case, Mark had never actually said he loved me. He had rejoiced in my body and was always thankful, even grateful, for the sexual delights we had in each other, but he had never said a word about love. I supposed I could not expect it with the wide gap in our ages. Such a young man could hardly wish to use words of commitment with someone years his senior. Even if he had, I was not sure I would have believe him.

It was after we had been lovers for about eight months that the dramatic change occurred. One night, when we had just finished our orgasms and I was laying in Mark's arms, he whispered in my ear, "I love you Angela, I love you very much."

Just at the very moment of climactic climb down, when, let us face it, men are least inclined to speak of love, he said the words. The very words I had promised myself I would not believe again when spoken by a man, broke through. His sincerity was so clear to me I could resist no longer.

The mighty dam wall that I had built to contain my passion, my longing for love came crashing down and its waters poured over me. I was loved!

I felt the first gasping, gulping catching for air that is preliminary to the storm of sobs that follow. Mark felt the coming storm and said, "I'm sorry I didn't mean to..." While I could still speak I cried out to him, "Hold me, my love, just hold me, please." I curled my body against his, and wept.

All the pain, the loneliness of my loveless existence came flooding out of me with incoherent words and cries. I gave vent to the self-pity that I had always renounced. I raged and cursed as giant sobs drawn from deep within shook my entire body. Every misery and woe was exposed. I hardly knew what I said. I just let it all flow out of me.

Mark held me tight as I physically writhed with emotional torment. The tables were turned as he held my agonised body and soul like a father holding a terrified child. I thought I felt his hand stroking my face and hair, but could not be sure I was so lost in the weeping, wailing gale of my emotions.

I have never known how long I went on for, but eventually I subsided, exhausted by my outpourings. I lay limply in

Mark's arms, still racked with the aftermath of my sobs, and one thought rose to the surface of my mind. "I am loved."

Still held by Mark, I slept.

When I woke in the morning Mark was still holding me as he slept. I gently eased myself out of his arms, and leaving him to sleep, I got out of bed. I felt as if I had been washed clean inside and out. It was as if I had entered upon a calm and beautiful New World. The words, "I am loved," resounded in my head, and I sang as I showered and prepared breakfast.

I heard Mark showering and knew he would soon be joining me. A cloud passed over the joy I was feeling. How would he respond to the events of the night? Would a post-coital declaration of love die with the morning?

He entered and came straight to me and put his arms round me. "I am sorry you got up," he said, "I wanted to wake with you still in my arms." My doubts were answered.

In the following years Mark and I remained faithful lovers. I also remained faithful to my contract with Carl. There were great temptations to break with him and leave him to deal with the problems this would give him, but I did not. Mark

pleaded many times for me to divorce Carl and marry him. Perhaps you think me foolish for not doing so? So be it.

There was a sadness that followed me through the years. I was never able to say to Mark, "I love you." Can you understand that, or do you think it rather odd? I could hardly understand it myself. I could only think it was fear that stopped me saying it, because I knew inside myself, I did indeed love Mark.

There came a time when Mark needed to go overseas to complete his studies. This seemed to mean a long separation for us, then I struck on the idea of visiting my brothers and sister and other relatives in my country of origin. This would mean that I would be quite near to Mark and we would be able to be together from time to time. Thus, the separation was not so long and painful as we anticipated.

When Mark returned he took up an appointment at a university some distance from where I lived, but still within driving distance. Carl had long known about our liaison and made no comments when I announced that I would be away for a few days.

Carl died when he was seventy filled with worldly fame and honours. His books still sell in great numbers, and I am the

financial beneficiary of this. Mark and I talked about marriage, but decided it was too late for that.

My relationship with Mark went on from year to year. In earlier days, I had thought Mark would marry and have a family, but to the best of my knowledge, no other woman ever came into his life.

By the time I entered my sixties the storms of sexual desire had past, but we still found our greatest happiness in each other's company. Sex still happened, but it was less frequent, it lasted longer, and in many ways, it was sweeter. The urgency is no longer there, and you come to appreciate the union for its own sake. At times, Mark would lay inside me unmoving for long periods as we talked and held each other.

And now I have said what I wanted to say, and that being so, I shall cease.

Epilogue.

Two days before she died, Mark sat at Angela's bedside. She was very weak and at one point, she beckoned Mark, as if asking him to bend down for her to speak. He put his ear near her lips and she said, "I love you Mark, I have always loved you." Tears came into Mark's eyes. Angela said no more. I know, because I was there. You see my name is Mark.

Anita's Friend

Having finished her shopping Anita decided on a cup of coffee before she made for home. Struggling along the high street with her plastic bags of purchases she arrived at her favourite café and entered. After giving her order, she looked around in the hope of seeing someone she knew, but there was no one.

The truth was, Anita was a lonely woman. At forty-nine, her two daughters lived far away, and her husband had died from a heart attack, so Anita was lonely. The friends that she and Sid had had seemed to have dropped away from her since Sid's death, as if being on her own, she no longer fitted into the couple's pattern of life.

Sid had left her well off, and she had no need to seek employment, so she tried to fill in her days with voluntary and church work. This helped fill the void, but what she really wanted was someone to be intimate with, someone to go to the theatre and concerts with. Someone who would...She set that thought aside as too painful to hope for.

Finishing her coffee Anita rose and picked up her bags. As she did this the contents of one of them fell out, spilling across the floor. As she bent to pick up her goods, a young man came across and asked, "Can I help?"

Anita looked up and saw a boy in his late teens, tall, and if not exceptionally good-looking, he had a pleasant, jovial face. She seemed to vaguely know him from somewhere, but couldn't remember where.

"Thank you," Anita responded, and together they gathered the scattered things and put them back in the bag.

The young man lifted the bag, testing its weight. "Hey." He said, "This stuff is heavy, would you like me to give you a hand?"

Trusting her instinct that he wouldn't try to mug her, Anita thanked him and pointed out that her car was parked up the top of the high street. Together they lugged her goods to the car.

Out of politeness, Anita asked if she could give the boy a lift to his car.

"I don't have a car," he replied, "I was just going to catch the bus home."

Anita asked where he lived, and it turned out his house was only two streets away from Anita's, so she offered him a lift

home. He accepted gratefully, and then she remembered where she had seen him before. He had occasionally walked down her street, probably on his way to the bus stop.

The trip home took about fifteen minutes, and in that time she learnt that the boy's name was Douglas ("Just call me Doug"), he was studying Engineering at what the locals still referred to as "The Institute," although these days it has a much longer and grander name. She further learned that he had come in to town that day in a last effort to acquire a book. It was a novel by a nineteenth century author, and had been long out of print. The local library had been unable to get a copy for him, so he had decided to give up the effort.

Surprised that this youth had an interest in such a work, and recalling that she had a copy on her shelves inherited as part of her father's rather extensive collection of books, she cogitated whether or not to offer Doug a loan of the book.

As they approached Doug's house, she said, "Look, I've got a copy of the book you want. If you promise faithfully to return it, I let you borrow it."

"Doug's eyes lit up with pleasure. "I'll promise anything," he laughed.

So, they continued on past Doug's house to Anita's. She invited him in, and while she searched for the book, Doug scanned her collection rather enviously. "You've got a wonderful library," he commented.

"A lot of it is from my father, but my late husband was quite a reader, and I, of course."

She found the book and handing it to him, and not quite knowing why, asked, "Would you like a cup of tea or coffee?"

Doug hesitated for a moment, then said, "Yes thanks. Tea please."

Doug stayed for half an hour, then promising once again to return the book, he excused himself and departed. That seemed to conclude the brief encounter. Anita thought he would probably return the book, and that would be that.

Over the following few days Anita found her thoughts returning to her meeting with Doug. "A very pleasant boy," she decided. "It would have been nice to have had a son like him," she thought nostalgically. "But the rotten devil would probably have gone off like his sisters anyway."

On the fourth day after their meeting, Doug came to return the book. He waxed enthusiastic about it, and Anita, pleased to have given so much pleasure, said, "If you'd like to borrow anything else, you're very welcome."

Doug took this up, and after another cup of tea in Anita's kitchen, he went homewards carrying two of her books. This set a pattern going wherein Doug returned and then borrowed more books, and supped more tea at Anita's kitchen table.

One day he arrived when Anita had a recording on. He listened for a moment, then said, "Vaughan Williams, isn't it?"

"Yes," Anita replied, "his sixth symphony." Doug sat silent, listening, while Anita went into her tea making routine. Doug had once more surprised her by what she believed was a taste contrary to the musical preferences of youth. Conversations between them grew ever more expansive, each finding out what they liked, and in the process learning something of each other's lives.

Anita discovered that Doug was twenty years old, and came from a distant city. He had come to their town because "The Institute" had an excellent reputation as a centre of engineering studies. The course was for five years, and Doug

was in his second year. An option for postgraduate work for the more successful students was available, and Doug was working his way towards this.

She further found out that Doug was what the family Doug lived with called, "A paying guest."

The more Anita saw of Doug, the more she wanted to see him. Thoughts like, "The son I've always wanted" kept occurring to her. She tried to suppress the thoughts that came to her in the night as she struggled to relieve her sexual tensions. "I've got a maternal interest in him, that's all," she thought.

So, the weeks went by with Doug dropping in two or three times a week, and tending to stay just a little longer each time. On a few occasions, Anita invited him to have lunch with her, and once they had dinner together. Knowing he had no car, she sometimes gave him a lift when using a bus would have been difficult. This extended to become occasional trips out into the country and lunch at a pub. Two or three times they went to a concert together, and once to the theatre.

Anita knew that Doug had very little money and probably could not have afforded these entertainments, so she did the paying. She had to save Doug's pride and avoid to be seen as

a woman buying herself a "Toy Boy." To do this, she got Doug to carry out odd jobs around her house and garden as a sort of repayment.

Anita continued to tell herself that her relationship with Doug was maternal, and indeed, they did seem to be like a loving mother and son. On the other hand, there lurked in the deep recesses of Anita's mind the thought that there are mothers who, when their son's enter puberty, have sensual thoughts about them. The sight of their young bodies, growing genitals and their struggles to cope with the overwhelming physical desire for a woman which often brings on emotional disturbances, can lead the mother to help relieve her beloved son.

Sometimes Anita felt she ought to sever the relationship between them, but to have such a lovely young man as her friend, and to share things important to her with him, was more than she could surrender. So, the relationship continued to grow, but with Anita having no real idea how Doug viewed it except that he seemed to enjoy being with her. She might have opened the subject with him but she feared where this might lead.

Summer came, and Anita, a keen gardener, spent more and more time in the garden. Her back garden was surrounded with a high brush fence, obscuring most of the garden from the neighbours' sight. Some afternoons, when the weather

was suitable, Anita indulged herself by lying naked out under an old tree on the sun lounger,

One afternoon, as she lay dozing, she heard the noise of the side gate being opened. At first she could not imagine who would enter by that route, then she recalled that she had told Doug that she often spent time working in the back garden, and if he got no response at the front door, to come round the back.

Before she could reach for the light housecoat she kept handy, Doug came into view. Seeing her, he stood stock-still, embarrassed, then stammered, "Sorry."

Anita had risen and seized the housecoat, but not before Doug had seen her nude body. Not being the sort of person who panics, or pretends to panic, in these situations, Anita said as she put the coat on, "It's all right, darling. No harm done."

Anita realised immediately that she had called him "Darling." Whether Doug had noticed she was not sure. It had just come out of her as if it had been there all along waiting to be spoken. Once covered she looked at Doug still rooted to the spot, and noticed a growing lump in his groin. To cover the situation she said, "Let's go in and have some tea."

Doug had come to return some books and had brought a recording he thought she might like to hear.

Anita suggested that if he had the time they might hear it together, if not now, then on some other occasion. They had shared each other's music before, and this had given Anita a great deal of pleasure. For Doug it had the advantage that, as the people he lived with did not like his sort of music, he was very restricted in when he could play it. Anita seemed happy to join him in this pleasure almost any time.

Doug was unable to stop long on this occasion, so they made an arrangement for a couple of days hence. Anita went on to ask Doug if he would like to come to dinner, and they could make an evening of it. He was happy to agree.

When he had gone Anita finally gave way to what was troubling her. Setting aside all the thoughts of "Just a motherly interest," Doug's erection at the sight of her body forced her to face the truth of her own feelings.

She acknowledged that her friendship with Doug was a bit of a peculiarity. A twenty year old boy and a nearly fifty year old woman? The idea that this boy, despite the erection she had observed, could actually want her sexually seemed ridiculous.

She tried to fight down the thought, but then found herself standing naked before her mirror, assessing herself. "Bit plump round the hips. Legs always good, still not bad, but marked with childbirth, as were her still large but slightly drooping breasts. The nipples still looked good, though, standing out pink and firm. Hair short, well styled, not dyed had streaks of grey, and there were lines round her eyes and at the corners of her mouth. Still had all her own teeth – nice and white..." She stopped.

She hastily dressed thinking, "You silly old woman. As if a nice boy like him who could get plenty of young girls, would look twice at someone like you. Fool!"

For the next two days, her thoughts went wild. Now she admitted to herself those times when she had felt her vagina getting wet in his presence and how his face was before her as she masturbated at night. Then turning on herself in a desperate attempt to deny that this was the case. At times she rejoiced in the sensual love she felt for Doug, then she would be reduced to tears of self-loathing.

Anita prepared for their dinner with extra care. Her instinct told her that this would be the time when the subject of their relationship would be aired. As she was older, and presumably, the more mature, she felt she would have to be the one to initiate this. Apart from anything else, she knew

she could no longer restrain herself. The matter would have to be brought out in the open.

She set the table with great care, finally placing two candles holders with candles on it. She got out two bottles of red wine. The second one was in reserve in case she needed some alcoholic inspiration to get her through what she want to say.

She decided not to wear anything that particularly emphasised whatever sexual charms she might have, settling for a simple long dress.

When Doug arrived he gave her a kiss on the cheek – a little intimacy that had grown up between them recently, but somehow it was not the silly formality so many people practiced. The kiss always lingered just a bit longer than the formality demanded.

Doug had turned up in jeans and shirt, and on looking at Anita he said, "That's a lovely dress. If I'd known, I'd have dressed up myself."

Anita managed a little laugh and commented, "I am not 'dressed up', and you look perfectly all right."

When they went into the dining room and saw the table setting, Doug was again surprised. "Hey," he said, "Is this a special occasion?"

"It might be," Anita commented briefly.

Doug looked mystified but Anita failed to amplify so he did not pursue the matter, rather deciding to await events.

During the meal there seemed to be some unease between them, or as Anita put it to herself, "There's something in the air."

It was only towards the end of the meal when best part of one bottle of wine had been drunk, that they began to loosen up. They began to expand on what sort of a day they had had, and what tomorrow might bring. Then the talk turned to the music they proposed listening to and this went on to discussion of other works by the composer and comparisons with other composers. In short, the topics were kept safe.

After they had cleared away, they retired to the lounge to hear the music. Doug set the recording going, and Anita, who was seated on the sofa, patted the seat beside her, indicating for him to come and sit next to her. Normally they sat in separate armchairs, and the physical nearness of Doug began to have its effects on Anita. She felt the wetness of her

vagina, and soon the insides of her upper thighs were soaked.

They had opened the second bottle of wine and both were now slightly inebriated and bold. Doug's arm gradually crept along the top of the sofa to stretch over Anita's shoulders. They sat in silence like this for half an hour until the music finished. Doug made no move to remove the recording from the machine; instead, he bent over Anita and very tenderly kissed her on the lips.

Anita was somehow not surprised. She had observed the growing lump in Doug's jeans. She now said and did something that as soon as it was out, shocked her to the core. This despite her slightly intoxicated condition.

She reached out and began to stroke Doug's erection through the cloth of his jeans, saying as she did so, "Darling, just let mother love you."

With that action and those words, she knew she had laid the whole future of their relationship on the line. She had now presented herself to him as desiring to be both a mother and a lover in his life. She awaited Doug's response.

He said nothing for a few moments, no doubt he was also shocked at the turn things had taken, then he said, "Anita, you wouldn't let me...?"

Anita stood and said to him, "Unzip my dress, darling."

In what seemed to be almost a dreamlike state Doug rose and unzipped the dress. Anita shrugged it from her shoulders so it fell at her feet. It was then seen that she was entirely naked underneath.

Doug stood staring at her, and Anita stepped to him and unzipped his jeans. She pushed them to his feet as his long hard penis sprang up. As she began to take off his shirt she said, "Step out of your jeans, darling, I want to love you." He obeyed.

She maneuvered him to the sofa and got him to lie down. Sitting astride him Anita brought the opening to her vagina over the head of his penis, then lowered herself onto him.

As he entered her warm moist, depths, Doug seemed to come out of his dream state. Perhaps the alcohol he had consumed had initially given what was happening, an air of fantasy, but now its reality struck home. He cried out.

"Oh my God, Anita, O God. I want you so much..."

"I know, darling. Just leave it to me. Let me love you."

Anita thrust down onto him until his whole length was in her, then she slowly drew back to bring the head to the inner lips of her vagina, and thrust down again.

Doug cried with ecstatic joy with each thrust. Groans of delight were interspersed with half formed sentences of love and desire until, with a long drawn out howl, he climaxed, spurting his seed into Anita.

Anita, feeling the approach of his climax, released her own held back orgasm with a mighty convulsion of her body, and thrashed up and down screaming and weeping with exultation.

When it was over, they clung together, each whispering their love. Doug was astounded by what had happened, for as he said, "I've wanted to do this with you almost from the first time I met you. I never believed you would allow it, so rather than lose you altogether, I settled for what I thought you would allow, our friendship.

"Well now, my love, you have my friendship and this," responded Anita. "And you may have this as often as you wish."

With those words, Doug received the most precious gift he had ever had, the right of entry into a woman's body.

Anita released his penis from her soft beauty and sitting beside her Doug began to kiss her. Anita said, "Let's take a shower and go to bed."

Doug was temporarily sexually relaxed but still somewhat dazed by what had happened. If Anita had been sure that Doug would not want her because of the huge age difference, Doug had been victim to similar problems. However attractive he found her, he felt a little in awe of her maturity. Thus he had made no sexual approach, and although he might wish for it, he expected no approach from Anita.

Now, not only having been approached by her, he had been given a pledge of more to come and as often as he wanted her. He hardly knew how to respond to such generous love.

As he reflected on the situation, he realised that Anita had given a clue to their bond at the opening of their lovemaking. "Darling, just let mother love you," Anita had said.

Certainly, Anita had thought maternally about Doug for some time, but Doug had given no thought to the concept of a mother-son relationship. But now he understood. Now he saw that a successful relationship between two people so widely separated by age was for Anita to be the generous tender mother and he the loving caring son.

Neither of them would have considered marriage. Anita was well past childbearing, so there could be no babies. How long they would be together neither of them could say, but if Doug was to be the son, then one day the son would leave home. In the meantime, Doug would give and take all he could in this relationship.

Anita too was having her thoughts. Like Doug, she was temporarily released from immediate sexual stress, and could consider with some degree of sanity. She recalled that she had used the word "Mother." "Well," she thought, "Having used the word, so I shall live up to it. I shall be the warmest giving mother he could wish for."

After showering together, they climbed into her double bed and Doug again began kissing her and gently caressing her breasts.

From the very beginning, Anita noticed a marked difference between Doug's love making, and that which she had experienced with Sid. Sid had been fierce, even rough in his approach and penetration. One of his favourite sex games was to tie her down, then torment her with a large dildo.

By contrast, Doug was gentle. In his touching and penetration of her, she could feel the love that was present, as against Sid's lust. She had enjoyed Sid's ferocity, but felt that she was going to enjoy Doug's loving tenderness even more.

His hands on her breasts were almost like the touch of butterfly wings, softy brushing. He squeezed her nipples with the gentlest of pinches. His kisses seemed to drop upon her lips and breasts like the petals of flowers, and when his tongue entered her vagina and began to flick against her clitoris, she went almost insane with desire.

He seemed to love her whole body, and transmitted the message; "I want every part of you."

Anita responded aloud, " Whatever you want of me, is yours."

Doug rose from her vagina, and as he kissed her lips and softy explored her mouth with his tongue, he slid his length into her.

Anita was being tortured with the sweetest torments she had ever known. Her whole body seemed to respond to his loving. In the anguish of her hunger for him her fingernails raked down his back. Doug did not flinch, but continued to press ever deeper into her.

His hands were under her buttocks, and her legs came up to wrap round him.

They were now both at the extreme edge of sexual arousal. Doug felt Anita's powerful vaginal muscle gripping his manhood as if she would never let him go again. Both wanted to speak their love, but could find no superlatives to describe what they were feeling, and resorted to cries, screams and moans."

Anita had held back her orgasm so as to prolong the torture, but finally it took over and she could no longer restrain it. She gave a deafening shriek and then subsided into cries and sobs as the climax racked her whole body.

Doug too had reached the point where he could no longer hold back. He rammed his penis into Anita, and then pumped his seed into her in rhythm with his ejaculation.

All this was a new experience of love for both of them. Never had they known such powerful feelings of love and lust, and that upon which they had fed had only enhanced their appetite for more.

Anita begged Doug to stay the night with her, and nothing but main force would have drawn him away from her at that time. The people he lived with paid little attention to his coming and going, so he and Anita settled into a night of love and passion.

By dawn, their carnal energies were temporarily spent. They slept, but Doug lay curled against Anita's back with his now slack penis still inserted into her vagina.

When later that day they came to themselves again, there was much to discuss. The result of the discussion, briefly stated, was, that as soon as he decently could Doug would leave his present lodgings, and move in with Anita, to become her "lodger."

A month later Doug was installed in Anita's house, and was the nightly sharer of her bed.

Anita took seriously her role as mother-lover, and whilst virtually giving her body to him on demand – which she was

happy to do - she kept a motherly eye on his other activities, such as his studies.

She took the view that, as Doug need never now be plagued with unrequited sexual desire, he would be able to focus on his studies without that distraction. Once their early libidinous storms had calmed a little, this proved to be the case. Doug's results improved continuously and at present, he is very likely to achieve his goal of a post-graduate grant. Perhaps other mothers might be willing to give some thought to the idea that their son's study problems may well spring from sexual frustration, and that they could relieve this tension.

Mostly Anita and Doug go out together, including attendance at church, and if a few eyebrows are raised, no one has any certain proof that Doug moans into Anita most days, and that Anita is frequently wet in anticipation of his loving entry into her.

Both of them have discussed and accepted that their time together will one day come to an end. In the meantime, they love and care for each other, accepting what each day brings to their relationship.

Anna's Love

Prologue

Tears of pride streamed down Anna's cheeks as she sat in the Great Hall of the University, watching her son Michael receive his degree.

Her thoughts ran back over the years, the struggle it had been. She had provided an excellent home. He had gone to the best schools. She had bought his first car. He had even accompanied her weekly to the rather pretentious church she attended. Michael had wanted for nothing. It all might have been otherwise.

She was a young teenager when she became pregnant to the choirmaster of the local church. Her puritan parents had all but thrown her out of the house, and the choirmaster's violation somehow was hushed up and overlooked.

Anna had been forced to enter what was called "A Girl's Shelter," run by the local Council. Here she mingled with other girls destined to become single parents.

She had refused to give her baby up for adoption, and for a few years, she had lived in a series of institutions and cheap

lodgings. Then when she was in the vale of dark despair things changed for her. The outcome of that change culminated for her in this day in the University Great Hall.

Her one thought now was that she could begin to relax, to reduce and finally cease her efforts on Michael's behalf.

Horror.

Michael climbed the rather squalid stairs to the flat. He felt rather disappointed as he had thought it would be rather attractive and alluring, like he'd seen in films and videos.

A group of his friends had decided to help him celebrate his graduation. They had found an advertisement for "Zena's Garden of Love, " and made a booking for him. Now, as he approached the door to the flat, there was no sign of any garden, and he began to have serious doubts about there being any love.

He rang the bell, and a voice from a speaker asked, "Who is it?" He gave his name; there was a click, and the door opened slightly. He pushed it fully open and walked in.

What he saw did not inspire either confidence or arouse sexual appetite.

It was a sparsely furnished room dominated by a large bed. It was clean in a carbolic, antiseptic sort of way, and it was clearly set up for one purpose only.

From a side room came the sound of running water and a muffled voice called out, "Make yourself at home, darling, I'll be with you in a moment. Get your clothes off if you like."

Michael, not at all sure he wanted to go through with this "treat," Began to slowly undress. A voice behind him said, "Hello darling, I'm Zena."

Michael turned and froze. Before him stood a woman, wearing black stockings held up by a suspender belt, and black lace panties and bra.

"Oh my God, Michael!"

Michael could barely speak, but stammered out, "Mu...mu...moth..."

The woman had turned a ghastly grey, and Michael felt the blood drain from his face. Bile rose up into his throat, choking him.

They stood facing each other, paralysed by horror.

Michael broke the stalemate with cry, and clasping the clothes he had taken off he turned and fled down the stairs. Reaching the street below, he leaned against a wall and vomited as if he would never stop.

Zena, or more accurately, Anna, stood for a few moments, numbed. Then she fell to the floor in a dead faint.

Despair.

How she got home that night Anna never afterwards could tell. She moved in a world of unreality – the world of nightmares. All these years she had hidden from her son how she got the money to provide for him, and now, by sheer evil chance, he had seen.

She dreaded what might await her, but knew it had to be faced sometime. On arriving at the house, she entered the living room, and there, painted on one wall with red paint were words a foot high, "My mother is a filthy whore."

Michael had gone. He had packed a few clothes and left the house.

In the coming days he did not return and Anna received no news of his whereabouts. With each day, she sank into deeper and darker despair.

What she had done, she had done for him. She had born the humiliation, the invasion of her body, and suffered the inadequate, desperate and sometimes brutal clients. Now she ceased her work as a prostitute. Money was no longer a problem for as well as providing for Michael, she had put money by. She is a good looking woman and had had no trouble maintaining a regular clientele. Not being one of the drug needy prostitutes, she had saved, and now those savings were giving her a good return.

But money was not enough. What she had done was for love – for love of Michael. He had been her reason, virtually her reason for living. Now that reason had gone, probably never to return. What was there to go on living for? She was in "The valley of the shadow."

For almost a year, she struggled on, living from day to day, hoping against all hope to hear from Michael. There was nothing.

Life or Death?

It was sheer chance that a neighbour came knocking at Anna's back door. She had brought some plants in a pot that she thought Anna might like for her garden. It was the neighbour who smelt the gas.

Anna was all but dead by the time the ambulance and paramedics arrived. They and the hospital staff fought to save her, and even when the effects of the gas had seemingly been overcome, Anna seemed to get no better.

Her doctor's concluded that she had lost the will to live, and called in the psychiatrist and hospital chaplain. Anna made a whispered confession, and stated she wanted to die.

One thing was clear, Michael was the key to Anna's recovery.

Efforts were made to trace him, and it was finally the Salvation Army Missing Persons Department that found him.

He had moved to another town where he was working for the Council in the Engineering Department.

The Salvation Army Officer who went to meet Michael told him his mother was very likely to die, and that even if she

did make a recovery, the chances were she would make another suicide attempt.

Michael had already begun to regret his hasty condemnation of his mother and agreed to go and see her. When he saw her in hospital, he was almost overwhelmed with compassion for her. She had wasted away, and was surviving almost solely on a drip. Her voice was no more than a hoarse whisper, and there was no sign of the once attractive and vital mother he had known.

"O God," he thought, "Is this what I've done to her?"

She was asleep when he first arrived, so he sat by her bed. After a while Anna opened her eyes. She did not trust what she saw. I'm still asleep and dreaming she thought, but when Michael took her hand, and she felt his warmth and strength, she knew she was awake.

"Michael?" she asked.

"Yes mother," he said.

Anna closed her eyes again, and Michael, frightened, cried out, "Please don't die, mother."

Anna's eyes opened again and she whispered, "I love you Michael."

"I love you mother," don't leave me.

Recovery.

It was those few words that began the road back for Anna. Getting compassionate leave from his work Michael spent hours with her. At the end of a fortnight, Michael had to return to work. Anna's doctor told him that she was now recovering at a very satisfactory rate, and could probably be released from hospital quite soon. The problem was, she should not be left to live alone. "Is there anyone who could be there with Anna?" the doctor asked.

This was difficult, as Michael was living in a distant town, and there were no relatives that could be called upon to help. After much talk and negotiation with Anna, it was settled that for the time being she would not return to her own house, but live with Michael in his rather small flat.

As the day for her departure from hospital approached, Anna's psychiatrist spoke with Michael.

"She's been traumatised," he said. "The confrontation with you, and the exposure of what she had been doing for years, was a terrible shock. You'll find that she will want to talk about it, probably telling the same stories over and over again. Let her do that. What she needs now, is love, care and someone who will listen to her and accept her."

So it was that Anna and Michael lived together again. The psychiatrist was right, Anna did reiterate the same stories over and over. Not only the night Michael had arrived at her sordid little room, but she spoke also of the men she had had, how they used her, some abusing and hurting her, how all her sex life had been loveless. She wept often.

Michael had his own problems. As he listened to Anna he thought how even if she had not been his real mother, the woman he had gone to could have been someone's mother, someone's sister or daughter. Perhaps once she had been held in someone's arms and they had said, "What a lovely baby."

Michael had gone to that room just as loveless as all those other men had. He had gone there because some friends had bought her for half an hour or an hour. He felt the guilt of this.

Anna was to stay with Michael for a few weeks. The few weeks extended into months, then a year. By then, Anna was well on the way to recovery. She still saw the psychiatrist weekly, but it was Michael's care of her that really worked. They had always loved each other, and now, after their terrible rupture in their relationship, each felt their love restored.

Anna had improved in health so far as to now be helpful around the flat, and so content were they with each other's company, it was decided that Anna should sell her house and Michael his flat, and they would buy a house in the town where Michael worked.

As her health improved Anna's good looks were restored. Men turned to look at her as she walked down the street. Once they moved to the new neighbourhood, some thought that Michael and Anna were husband and wife. She was in fact only fifteen years older than Michael, and as Michael looked very mature for his age, it was an easy mistake to make.

They took to going out to entertainment with each other and this to some extent consoled Michael for the absence of women in his life. For a year, he had been so busy with his work and caring for Anna, that he had lost sight of his female acquaintances. This had severely curtailed what had been a

very active sex life, and he had resorted to masturbation to relieve the frustrations he felt.

As Anna continued to improve Michael began to think of resuming some of his past sexual contacts, but found that most of them had now married or found other lovers. He thought he might seek new women, but when it came down to it, he could not be bothered. What he saw was that he was going to use women in not so different a way as those men his mother once served. He felt sick at this thought.

Relapse

Anna, having broken away from her work as a prostitute, had resolved she would never again have sexual contact with a man, or a woman for that matter. The men she serviced, and never once had an orgasm with, had often sickened her. Now with a return of good physical and emotional health, she felt almost for the first time in her life, an equally healthy sex drive.

This had first come to her attention whilst watching a video with Michael. He always selected their television viewing material with care, avoiding anything that might contain acts of prostitution. The video in question did, however, have a scene of loving sexual intercourse in it.

When this scene was over, Anna noticed that Michael had a rather large bulge in the crotch of his trousers. She knew what this meant, but was disconcerted when she felt a throbbing in her clitoris and wetness in her groin.

She told herself not to be a fool. Hadn't she had enough of sex, and to feel aroused by her own son? Was she going to become a whore again and an incestuous whore to make things worse?

During the following days and weeks she found herself constantly having to fight down her sexual feelings, and the situation began to cause her to regress.

Her psychiatrist was puzzled. He had been about to end her visits to him, but now she showed all the signs of a growing depression.

He asked Michael to come and see him, and explained that he was unable to understand why Anna's emotional health was deteriorating. Was there something happening in her life that Michael knew of, that might be causing this?

Michael had no idea of his mother's sexual desire for him, so could give no help. Arriving home from this visit to the psychiatrist, he found his mother's bags packed. She was

standing in the hallway weeping, awaiting the arrival of a taxi she had ordered.

"What the hell is going on, mother?" He asked angrily.

"I've got to go. I can't stay here any longer," she wept.

"Why? Why?" Protested a bewildered Michael. "Have I done something - said something to upset you?"

"No, no, darling. It's me, not you. I'm no good..."

"What are you talking about," pleaded Michael. "Tell me what it is."

"I can't darling. I can't."

"Why not? Just tell me and we can do something about it, but please, don't just go."

"I can't tell you because I don't want you to hate me again."

"Mother, we are past all that, just tell me."

"I can't."

"Please mother, don't go. I need you."

The taxi had arrived and Michael continued his pleading for Anna to stay. Finally he took over the situation and said, "You're not going until you've told me what the trouble is," and with that he paid the taxi driver for his trouble and dismissed him.

There now erupted a furious argument with Anna saying he had no right to take over like that, and Michael saying she was not leaving until she had told him what was wrong. It ended with Anna resuming her crying, but this time as if her heart would break.

Michael took her arm, led her into the living room and sat her down. Kneeling in front of her he asked quietly, "What is it mother? Nothing can be so bad that you can't tell me."

"There are some things too bad to tell, darling, so just let me go."

"I won't," said Michael. "I love you, and I can't just let you go – perhaps walk out of my life. That's what I did to you when perhaps you needed me. I won't let you do it."

All right, my love," said Anna. "If you must know, I love you, but I love you like a woman loves a man who is not her son."

There was a long pause. They looked into each other's eyes, searching for they knew not what. Then Anna spoke.

"It was that night we watched that video with the beautiful love scene. I saw what happened to you, and for the first time in my life, I wanted a man to have me with love, but the man I wanted was you. Now let me go."

Love

Anna rose and Michael rose with her. "Who did you think I wanted when you saw my erection? If you saw that, couldn't you understand it was you I wanted? I've been nearly out of my mind fighting my feelings for you. I've always loved you as a son, but now something has been added. I want you as a woman. I want to come to your bed and be your lover. If I could I would make you my wife."

Anna nearly fell insensible. From what seemed a long way off she heard her self say, "Oh Michael."

She felt herself being lifted in his arms and being carried to her bed. As the mist in her head cleared, she saw Michael seated beside her on the edge of the bed. He was stroking her face and hair and speaking. She could not make out the words, but she knew they were utterances of love. She lay, basking in his tenderness.

When Anna finally came fully to herself again, Michael was not speaking of love, but being very practical.

"I'll make a cup of tea for you, and then you must rest," he was saying.

He left her for a while to return with a cup of tea. Anna was desperately trying to put in order what had passed between them, but she could only frame three words, "He loves me."

She drank the tea and Michael helped her undress down to her panties and bra, then covering her with the bedclothes said, "Sleep now. We can talk later." Then he left.

Anna, exhausted by the emotional crisis they had passed through, drifted off with the words, "He loves me as a woman," repeating themselves over and over in her mind. She dreamed of Michael making love with her, but just as he was about to penetrate her, she woke

Michael was sitting by her, and seeing her awake he said, "I've prepared some food if you're hungry."

Anna was hungry, but not for that sort of food. Her hunger was for love. Her ignited sensual appetite was burning for Michael, but she did not know how to go on. She had all her prostitute's tricks that she had used with her clients, but these would not do for the real love she was craving for now. She decided to stall.

"Not just now, dearest. Let's just talk."

Looking at Michael, she saw once again that bulge in his groin, and felt a renewed and urgent surge of love and tenderness flow through her. Summoning her courage, she touched his penis and said, "Just give me love, my sweet."

Michael moved to remove her bra, revealing her full rounded breasts with their erect nipples. Anna brought his head to her breasts and holding a breast in her hand, inserted its nipple into his mouth. He caressed it with his lips and tongue.

Anna felt the waves of love and passion flow over her. She was loved, and she felt beautiful, as she never had before. In the past during sex, she had felt only ugly and dirty.

Michael removed her panties, but before Anna opened her legs to receive him she said, "Darling, please don't be rough with me. I've been hurt so much."

Michael kissed her very softly and said, "I shall be very gentle."

He seemed to slip into her, and her gasp was one of real passion. In a sense she was still a virgin, in that this was the first time she was being penetrated by love. She murmured as Michael moved up and down in her.

"Darling, I love you so much. Oh my love."

Even his ejaculation was without violence. He gasped, and she felt his semen spurt into her, and the thought flashed through her mind, "Oh God, let him fertilise me."

Afterwards they lay side by side, Anna's hands roaming over his body. She felt at peace and full of warmth as she anticipated their next coupling. "That was beautiful, my love, just wonderful," she said.

Michael turned to her and kissed each breast in turn. "You are lovely," he said, "I want you for ever."

They showered together then ate. After clearing up, and without any discussion, they returned to the bed.

In all the years of having sex as a prostitute, there was one act Anna had denied her clients. She had never allowed them to give her oral sex. So, when during their love making Michael parted her legs and thrust his tongue into her vagina, this new experience brought forth a scream of ecstasy from Anna. This outcry was nothing, however, to what followed.

Anna had never had an orgasm, but now she was destined to experience that delicious torment for the first time. She did not know this, and so was disconcerted as she felt its approach.

Her first instinct was to stop what was happening to her, so she cried out to Michael, "Stop, please stop, darling, I can't...can't...you'll hurt me, no...no..."

Michael knew his business, however, and did not stop. Instead he held Anna's thighs firmly and thrust his tongue more urgently against her clitoris.

As the ferocious orgasmic wave struck, Anna gave an immense shriek then her whole body writhed in torment. She now cried out, "Oh yes...yes...don't stop...kill me but don't stop..."

As the climax passed, she continued to shake as little waves of sweet agony passed through her.

"What have you done to me Michael? What have you done?"

As Michael penetrated her he simply said, "I have loved you."

Her certainly had and he certainly was loving her. Anna was elated. She felt she could go on with Michael inside her forever. Her son was ravishing her and she was overwhelmed. She no longer cared whether he was rough, even if he caused pain; she just wanted him to be one with her. She wanted to suck him into her and never let him go.

Michael too, beside himself with lust for Anna, felt the power of their love. He didn't want to ejaculate into her. He didn't want their union to end. He was part of her and she of him.

He fought to hold back his moment of eruption, but in the end it came. He shot into her like a volcano exploding, hearing Anna crying out, "All of it in me, darling, all of it, deeper...deeper...oh please...deeper."

He lay inside her long after he had fired his semen into her and after his withdrawal they slept.

What Anna had hoped for the very first time they came together, came to be. In all her time as a prostitute, she had always insisted on the client wearing a condom. This hopefully, would protect her from pregnancy and disease. One of those little spermatozoa of Michael's had found its way to Anna's egg, and the wondrous process of new life and birth began.

When this was confirmed by her doctor Anna was elated. This was the product of love.

When Anna told Michael he was quiet, and she feared he was displeased with her news. Eventually she asked him, "Aren't you just a little pleased we are going to have a baby?"

He said nothing, but smiling he picked her up in his arms and carried her to the bedroom. After stripping her, he took off his own clothes. Then he kissed her on the mouth, then on the breasts, and finally on her vagina.

"I love you and honour your body. I shall protect you and whatever children we shall have, and be faithful to you until death."

Anna was astounded. She lay frozen for a moment, then curling herself into Michael's body she burst into tears. Through her sobs she cried out, "Hold me, darling, just hold me."

When she calmed down she began to stroke Michael's face and she said, "And I will love you, and be faithful until death." Then she howled again until Michael, caressing of her body, aroused her sexual desire, and they loved.

And so Michael found the love he desired, and Anna gained the love she never expected to receive.

For those who wish to know, their third child is on the way at the present time. As one might say, "Their love has born much fruit."

Athena Goes to a Party

Martin had been invited to a twenty-first birthday party. On the morning of the party day, Susan, his girlfriend, had rung to say she was in bed with influenza, and would be unable to accompany him. This was a nuisance because all the others would be paired off, and he would be on his own.

He talked the situation over with his mother, Athena, saying he had a good mind not to go. He could send his birthday gift and make his excuses.

Athena said it would be a pity for him not to go as he had been looking forward to it so much. Would Susan mind if he could get another girl to go with him?

Martin pointed out that all the girls he knew were already going to the party with their boyfriends, and in any case, Susan probably would mind.

Athena took on a thoughtful manner, then asked, "Would you take me?"

Martin was somewhat startled by this suggestion. After all, what boy wanted to take his mother to a party, especially the sort of party this was likely to be? Not wishing to hurt his

mother's feelings, he equivocated saying, "I don't think you would like it. It'll be too noisy for you, and there'll only be young people there."

Athena became a little coy, and taking his hand said, "Oh, go on, take me. I'll make myself look especially nice for you."

Martin still doubted the wisdom and went on, "I don't think..."

"Oh, please, Martin," Athena cut in. "Your father hates parties and I haven't been to one in years. He's away for a couple of days, so please, let me go with you."

His mother's pleading voice decided Martin, however reluctantly, and he said, "Oh, all right. We need to be there about 8-30 p.m."

"Thank you, darling. I promise I won't let you down, and I won't interfere with whatever you want to do while we are there."

Around 6 p.m. Athena began her preparations. Martin heard her showering, and this was followed by a long period of shower room occupancy. He wanted to use the shower

himself, but it was not until around 7-15 p.m. that Athena emerged. She went to her bedroom and shut the door.

Martin took his shower and then climbed into the rather casual party clothes that are now fashionable.

At 8 p.m., he stood waiting for his mother in the lounge, gazing idly out of the window. Suddenly his mother's voice said, "Will I do." He turned and stood stock still, gazing in disbelief at this strange woman.

It took him a few seconds to realise that he was looking at his mother.

I suppose that most sons do not really take in properly or appreciate their mother's appearance. She is "just mother," and is as she is. Her beauty or otherwise is of little importance, as it is food and comfort that the young brutes want from mother.

Martin saw his mother now, as if for the first time. He had heard people say of her that "she looks ten years younger than her age." At that moment it meant forty looking like thirty. Martin would not have agreed. She looked twenty-five.

She was dressed in a style a little out of date for the contemporary party. She wore a tight fitting cherry red long dress split up to mid thigh on one side, and the thigh it revealed looked particularly interesting.

The neckline had from its inception never approached her neck. It was cut to expose her breasts almost to the nipples, and displayed a deeply indented cleavage that gave some idea of the full breasts it separated. If she was wearing a bra, it certainly not visible, and may I add, in Athena's case, such a garment was unnecessary. The fit of the dress was such that if she was wearing panties, they should have showed through. They did not show through.

Her almost black hair had been split at the back of her head and brought to hang in two soft plaits either side of her face and reaching down to just below her shoulders. She had used a little eye makeup to bring out the lustre in her dark brown eyes and just a touch of lipstick. As he stood gazing at her, Martin smelt the faintest whiff of roses.

Martin finally recovered, and stammered, "M...mother..."

"Will I do?" repeated Athena. Martin let out with, "Mother, you are absolutely..." he groped for the right words and came out with, "stunningly beautiful."

"Coming from a son who didn't really want to be seen with me, I take that as a supreme compliment," laughed Athena. "Shall we go?"

They drove to the party with Martin at the wheel. He felt that he was taking a beautiful and sophisticated woman to some grand occasion. He wondered what the others would make of her. He supposed he would have to introduce her as his mother, especially as quite a few present at the party would know her anyway. But he would have liked to present her as some mystery woman, with the implication they were lovers.

On arrival at the party, there was something of a sensation. The young men kept their eyes glued on Athena, and the young women who were supposed to be their partners for the evening, seeing this adhesion, were somewhat put out.

It is often the case that a woman, arriving at a party with her escort, and finding herself the centre of male attention, is inclined to try to dispose of the official escort. Athena was no different from the rest of her gender in this regard, and so, seeing she was, as it were, a honey pot to bees, she said mildly to Martin, "You go and circulate, darling, I'll be fine."

Now for a moment let us consider twenty-first birthday parties or any other party where youth predominates. Rarely

are they used as philosophical debating chambers to discuss the meaning of the universe and the existence of God. True, there may be acts of creation, but they are of the earthly sort. In short, one of the most predominant objectives of youth on these occasions, is to end the evening in a little friendly conviviality with a member of the opposite sex, or, if your taste inclines that way, a member of the same sex.

Martin would normally have expected his beloved Susan to be his partner in post-party coitus, but for this night, the fair one was beyond his reach. His mother he did not consider suitable for such eventualities, and so, being invited by mother to circulate, he hastened to comply.

His hope was that some suitable maiden had arrived at the party unescorted. Knowing he must take his mother home at the end of the celebrations, he added a further hope that such maiden as he found might join him in one of the bedrooms, of which there seemed to be quite a few, before he needed to leave the party

His hunt was in vain. The females proved to belong in one of two categories. First, those who were escorted and whose swains had remained faithful to their charge. Second, those who had arrived escorted, but had been deserted by their erstwhile heroes who had fled to Athena's side. This latter category where far too incensed to be concerned with

Martin's requirements, especially as he had brought the honey pot to the party to tempt their escorts.

So, the lachrymose Martin wandered disconsolately with desire in his heart and an ache in his groin.

Throughout his circulation, Martin occasionally saw his mother, who seemed to be getting a little tipsy, engaged in earnest if slightly giggly conversation with various groups of young men. As the night progressed, this group seemed to devolve down to three particular young men who were paying her close attention.

At one stage, it occurred to Martin that he had not seen his mother for some time, and wondering where she had got to, decided to go in search of her. Himself a little woozy, he was wandering along a passageway and, about to pass a door, heard some laughter from within.

He decided to take a look, and upon peering in was greeted by an interesting sight. A girl was laying face down on a bed; her dress pulled up, feet down on the floor and thus displaying a glistening female sex organ.

Also present were three young men, one of who was in the process of restoring his nether garments, while another, with

erect penis was about to enter the spread girl. Martin decided to stay and watch proceedings.

The youth entered the gateway to paradise, and after two or three minutes added to the male fluids already present in the cavity of joy, while the girl made sweet and receptive moans. Martin, while watching this procedure, had added to his already frustrated desires.

The third young man, who Martin now expected to take his place behind the girl, indicated her female loveliness to Martin and whispered, "I've had my turn." Taking this to be an invitation, Martin undid what was necessary and promptly entered the waiting haven.

Being urgent in his need, he came quickly, and as he finished his eyes lit upon the cherry red dress the girl had half flung over her head. "My God," Martin thought, "I've just taken my own mother."

With this realisation, he fled the room. Fortunately his mother had not looked at who was entering her from behind, and so was not to know that her own son had enjoyed her.

Martin's mother returned to the main arena shortly after Martin fled. She looked a little disheveled, and very happy.

It was now 3 a.m. in the morning, and Martin decided it was time to leave the party. His mother agreed and they drove home. On the way Athena was fulsome in her praise of the party, and thanked him over and over again for taking her. "I haven't enjoyed myself like that for years," she said. Martin made no comment.

Arriving home Athena clung to Martin and said, "Don't go to bed yet, darling, I want to have a shower, and then I've got something to talk to you about."

Martin was both puzzled and apprehensive. Had his mother seen him after all? Had she identified him as one of her temporary lovers? He waited Athena's return with a cold lump in the pit of his stomach.

When she came back, she had changed into what probably passed for a nightdress, what there was of it. If her party dress had revealed much, her new garment covered even less, and Martin was hypnotised by the movement of her breasts through the flimsy material.

Athena invited Martin to sit beside her on the couch and asked, "What would you and Susan be doing now if she'd gone with you to the party?" As she said this she slipped one leg over him and sat across his lap facing him.

Martin was hard put to know how to answer her, partly because it was a rhetorical question. She knew exactly what he and Susan did after a party, and at any other time they found it convenient, and partly because he was very aware of his mother's rather lovely breasts close to his face. He just mumbled, "Make love."

Athena rose, took Martin's hand and said, "Well come on darling, we might as well finish the evening properly. Let's go to bed." Martin stumbled after her.

Despite his earlier entry into Athena, Martin was not certain how one went about having full-blooded sex with one's mother. Athena had no such problem about sex with her son. She teased him unmercifully.

Trying for the direct approach, Martin attempted to enter Athena without preamble, only to find her legs locked firmly together. "No you don't, young man," said Athena. "Kiss mother." With that she pushed him over on his back and gluing her open mouth to his, she explored the inner sanctum of his mouth with her tongue.

Martin came to the conclusion that this was rather pleasurable and that mother did this somewhat better than Susan did. He returned the tongue exploration, which

elicited muffled cries from Athena who shortly decided Martin should pay attention to her breasts.

Freeing herself from the kisses, she placed a nipple against Martin's mouth. Martin had no doubts about what was to be done with this pink delight, and was beginning to realise that his mother's body was as desirable, if not more so, than any he had so far experienced.

Sucking on her nipple and at the same time trying to get her whole breast into his mouth – very difficult because Athena is well endowed in that respect – Athena began to command him to bite her. Martin bit, Athena screamed and ordered, "Harder, darling, bite me harder." Martin obeyed and Athena continued her screams while pulling Martin's head tightly to her.

Athena's hand found Martin's erection. His organ was somewhat larger than she had anticipated, and she thought, "It feels like that big one the boy at the party put into me." With this thought she almost unlocked her legs to let Martin enter her, but managed to restrain herself so as to continue the preliminary games.

Giving Martin another shove onto his back, she pounced upon his swollen manhood and returned the biting

compliment much to Martin's delight and considerable agony.

At last opening her legs, she brought her vagina up to his mouth and allowed him to taste her female fluids and smell her woman smell as his tongue found and licked her clitoris.

Martin had reached the point where he decided the time had come to assert himself. He flung Athena on to her back. She made no resistance, opening her legs to receive him. He struck home and went in deep. Athena had the brief thought, "If only his father's was as big as Martin's." After that she thought no further thoughts, being rather lost in waves of ecstasy that vibrated through her as Martin built up to his climax.

When Martin detonated into Athena, she joined him with rapturous cries to match his groans of delicious anguish.

When, some considerable time after dawn, they rose from the bed, a number of problems faced them.

First, how was it possible after the night they had just enjoyed, to continue into the future without frequent repeats of the same? Second, when Athena's husband returned, how could she hide her bruised nipples from him?

A third problem, and one not altogether obvious to the new found lovers at the time, was Susan. This arose when Susan began to notice that Martin was not so sexually demanding with her, and when they did come together she was curious to know where the scratch and bite marks on him came from.

The outcomes were mixed. Martin and Athena joined in joyful sexual union as often as possible. Athena feigning sickness and non-availability on her husband's return temporarily overcame the bruised nipple problem. All future violent assaults on her nipples and other body parts had to await the times when her husband would be away for some time, and the bruises gone before he returned.

Sadly, Susan concluded that Martin was enjoying some female body other than her own, which of course he was, and parted company from him.

It was because he had taken his mother to a party that Martin found in her a sexual partner he could not resist. His one concern was that if he took her to another party she would give a repeat performance of the first with some of the young men. It was enough to know he had to share Athena with his father, his possessiveness could not allow for others.

This gnawed away at him until he finally had to talk to Athena about it. Her first response was to take him to bed and make sure he was thoroughly consoled. Her second response was to assure him that having broken through with him (after all the time he had kept her waiting) she would not be looking elsewhere.

They have been to other parties together when father is away. Urgent young men have beset Athena. As far as I know, she has not surrendered to their pleas. She is now only available to Martin, except, of course, when father needs to be served.

Auntie Over the Back Fence

I think I was about seven years old when we moved into "The Lane," as we called it. The houses in The Lane had only just been built but over our back fence were some houses that had been up for a couple of years.

Immediately behind our back fence lived a young couple who had only recently got married. My mother began to talk to the young wife over the fence, whose name she discovered was Tessa. Their relationship grew into a friendship, and I got to call Tessa "Aunt Tessa," even though she wasn't my aunt.

I thought Auntie Tessa was beautiful, and in my child-like way, I often told her so. She would smile and say, "And I think you're lovely too."

Over the years, our contact with Tessa and "Uncle Fred" blossomed, and we were always "popping" in and out of each other's houses. I was certainly a regular visitor at Aunt Tessa's. There was always some little treat awaiting me at Aunt Tessa's place, a piece of cake, some sweets, or something like that.

Some time towards the end of my last year in primary school Uncle Fred left Aunt Tessa and took up with an eighteen year old girl. I never saw him again, but Tessa stayed on in her house, alone.

My parents did what they could to ease her loneliness, and eventually Tessa overcame the depression she had suffered from after Fred first left, and began to go out, and with the passing of more time she seemed to really enjoy her life again.

There came a time when great media emphasis was focused on house "break-ins" and burglaries. Everyone got very anxious about this, and began to take extra precautions when they went out.

It was at this time that Tessa approached my mother to see if she would allow me to house sit when she went out in the evening. The presence of someone in the house was considered to be a good burglar deterrent. For this service, I would be paid a few dollars.

I was very eager to take up this task as I was at 18 when any addition to my allowance was welcome, and I could easily do my studying in Tessa's house. Mother made no objection to the arrangement, and so I began the task of house-sitting.

In terms of time, it amounted to a couple of nights a week and occasionally, a third night. What Tessa went out to I wasn't clear about, but she was still a relatively young woman – say in her early thirties, so I suppose she went out to enjoy whatever it is that young women enjoy.

One night while I was still working on an essay, Tessa arrived home a little earlier than usual. I started to get my things together to leave, but she said, "Stay a bit, Thorin, and have a talk."

As it was still early I agreed, and Tessa said something like, "I'll just go and slip on something more comfortable. Shan't be long."

She disappeared in the direction of the bedroom, so I sat down to wait for her. After a minute or so, I heard her calling my name, and asking me to come to the bedroom. Entering the bedroom, I saw Tessa standing, and apparently trying to undo the zip at the back of her dress.

"The zip has got stuck, Thorin, be a dear and see if you can undo it for me."

I wrestled with the zip for a few moments, and finally, in a rush, it came down.

Tessa seemed to give a shrug of her shoulders and the dress slid down her body to fall at her feet on the floor. She stood before me clad only in bra and panties.

I had been brought up in a household where such matters as sex and human bodies were never discussed. Certainly, I had never seen so much of a female body as I was seeing now, except the girls in bikinis at the beach, but the closeness of Tessa was somehow different.

I was very innocent and naïve at that time, never having had any sort of sexual relationship with a girl, although I had learned how to relieve my sexual tensions by masturbating. My best friend Jamie had told me about that when I was about fourteen.

Now, standing before a near nude Tessa and smelling what I later learned was her female aroma I was utterly confounded and embarrassed.

Tessa could no doubt see my unease, and she could also see the visible effect she was having on me, because my penis started to grow and stiffen. She gave a little laugh and said in a low, soothing sort of voice, "We've grown up to be quite a big boy haven't we? While you're here, undo the hooks at the back of my bra, will you."

She turned her back on me, and with shaking fingers, I struggled to undo the hooks. They came apart, and Tessa, who had been holding her hands over the well-filled cups, let go, and the bra joined the dress on the floor.

Tessa turned back to me and her breast were very close. She said in that soft alluring voice, "Yes, darling, you really are a big boy now, aren't you? I think Auntie had better find out what you're made of."

She pressed her body close to me and kissed me very softly on the lips. As she did this, her hands sought the belt at my waist and undid it so my trousers slipped down to join her dress and bra.

I was shaking all over and my mouth and throat had gone dry. I had no idea what to do, but finally, almost unable to breath, I managed to pant out, "Aunt, I've never done...I mean, I don't know..."

"I know, darling," she smiled. "I'll teach you. Just do as I say and I'll make you very happy."

She took off her panties, and I stood staring. I had seen pictures of female breasts, but I had never seen a picture of female genitals. I was transfixed by the sight of that triangle of pubic hair that partially hides the cleft beneath.

Tessa removed my shirt, then pulled herself against me. Her large soft breasts were against my chest, and I felt her lower abdomen rotating against me. "Nice, darling?" she asked.

Confused, dazed, yet almost beside myself at the feel of her female body against mine, I just managed to mutter, "Yes." Somehow, nothing in my previous life had prepared me for this. I had of course fantasized about girls and being with them naked, but the reality was something different. I found the sensation of a woman's body against mine both beautiful and frightening. I was still shaking.

Tessa took my hand and said, "Come and lie down with Auntie and she'll make you feel so much better. You'd like that, wouldn't you."

I was too overcome with a combination of agitation and sexual arousal to reply. But she didn't need any reply, and she led me to her bed and rather firmly laid me down.

I was on my back, and Tessa came over me, one leg over mine, and started to kiss me, at first very gently, then with increasing vigour, opening my mouth with her tongue and thrusting in.

I was now in a hell of a state. Confused, scared, intimidated and at the same time very sexually aroused, with a penis that was throbbing like it never had before, and discharging little drops of liquid. Part of me wanted to run away, but at the same time, I wanted to experience Tessa. Fortunately, it was she who was in command.

Tessa seemed to understand how I was feeling, and said, "Don't be frightened, darling. I'll show you what to do, and you're going to feel so wonderful."

As she said this she came to sit right across me and began to brush or massage her vagina over my body, leaving a trail of moisture which I later learned was the fluid women produce

when they are aroused sexually. Gradually she worked her way up to my mouth so her sex organ was close to me lips. She reached down and opened the lips of her vagina so I could see its entrance.

"Lick me there, darling," she said in a seductive voice, and then lowered herself so that she was pressing against my mouth.

Now, for the first time in my life, I smelt that alluring female vaginal fragrance and, pushing my tongue inside her and tasting her fluid, I was nearly driven mad with lust for her. At that moment, I would have done anything she asked of me. Here was I, a sexually inexperienced boy, in the hands of an experienced, loving and dominating woman.

As I gave her what I later learned was oral sex, I heard her say, "Perhaps one day, I'll show you how we can do this to each other at the same time."

She stayed pressing herself against my mouth for some time, and seemed to lose some of the control as she whimpered and made little cries. Then she pulled away from me and said, "Your turn, my sweet."

Her lips came over the head of my penis, and I felt her starting to suck. I looked down to see this wonder that was

happening to me, and the sight of my organ in her mouth gave me another explosion in my head. She sucked and nibbled my entire length, and when she finished she asked, "Did you like auntie doing that?"

I sort of gurgled a "Yes."

She sat astride me again, but this time she brought her sexual organ against the head of my penis. For a moment, she stayed with it just inside the outer lips, her hand holding it in position but moving it round her opening. Then suddenly she thrust downward. I gave a gasp, then cried out. The sensuous warmth and moisture, the vice like grip of her vaginal muscle, was beyond any pleasure, any delight I had ever experienced before.

I couldn't keep still, and tried to force myself ever deeper into her.

Above the tumult of my carnal desires, I heard Tessa asking, "Is that good, darling? Do you want me?"

Now I answered in full cry. "Oh yes, Tessa, oh yes. Don't stop, please don't stop."

She began thrashing up and down on me calling out, "Fuck me you little bastard, fuck me until you can't stand up, until you kill me."

Then her loud noise ceased and Tessa was whispering to me, "Just let it all go, darling. Put it all into auntie. You'll feel so satisfied."

I felt my orgasm approaching, starting as if it was along way off but coming closer and closer. Then it was upon me, and I pumped the first spurt of sperm into her almost howling with the joy of it. I felt each spurt, each pumping thrust, until I seemed to empty myself of sperm, and then I began to relax.

"Wasn't that beautiful, my love?" Tessa asked very tenderly.

"Oh yes, yes, yes," I managed to moan.

She moved off from me and lay down. "You were very sweet, my love, and I found out what you're made of, and I like it," she said, and kissed me softly on the lips.

We lay with our arms about each other for some time, but then Tessa said, "It's time to go, my love. But would you like to do this with me again another time?"

"Yes please," I said fervently.

"Good," she said. "Because you're going to fuck auntie whenever she wants to be fucked, and that's quite a lot. I think auntie will be needing a great deal of house sitting in future."

Indeed she did. From then on, I was at her house three or more times a week and auntie did not go out. We were in bed together. She was doing the teaching and I the learning. After my nervous beginning, I went ahead fast.

In the coming weeks and months Tessa and I – she was now Tessa rather than auntie – enjoyed each other immensely. There was, however, one quite serious problem that arose. I did not at the time know how to put it into words, but what it amounted to was this; I fell in love with Tessa.

In my innocence at the time, I believed that such a thing could not happen when the age difference seemed so great. Despite this, I felt as if I wanted to be with Tessa increasingly. After we had sexual intercourse, even when we had it two or three times in one evening, it became harder and harder to leave her. I wanted to sleep the night with her, to get up in the morning with her, to go out with her.

I tried to speak with Tessa about my feelings. We were lying side by side in bed, and she looked sad.

"I know, my sweet. It's one of the things that can happen when you love like we've loved. I know you love me, and I love you, but there is a limit to our relationship."

I looked at her and saw she was crying. It seemed to me at that moment our situation was heartbreaking.

When I was apart from her, I yearned to be with her. When I was with her, I didn't want to be separated. I wanted every part of her. Even the anal sex which she taught me, and I had been doubtful about at first, became part of the sweet love felt for her.

Sometimes life does seem to be kind. Life was kind and generous now. One night my father came home from work and announced he had been offered a promotion. The trouble was, it meant selling up and moving to a distant town.

My mother was very excited at the thought of a move, but then said, "But what about Thorin? He can't afford to move

at this time, in the middle of his final year. It could mess him up completely.

I suppose I had got a bit wily, but I saw an opportunity and grabbed it. At the first opportunity, I was over the back fence and talking with Tessa. My idea was that if she were agreeable I would suggest to my parents that they go ahead with the move, and I would stay behind living with Tessa.

This must have been a testing moment for Tessa. I did not really appreciate it at the time, but she could now choose between having me living with her, or probably losing me completely. Did she really want anything more than a boy she could call on to make love with her when she chose?

Tessa jumped at the chance of us being together, so I hurled myself back over the fence and put the proposition to my parents.

They demurred for a while but finally relented, and my mother went off to discuss matters with Tessa.

My parents sold our house and left for the new town. I moved in with Tessa, and there began what has proved to be the most fulfilling relationship that I could have hoped for. As time passed, I came to understand something of the

nature of a real love relationship between a man and a woman.

Thoughts of the future began to haunt me. Could I stay with Tessa permanently or would I have to go some time? Would she want me to stay? How could I tell my parents if I decided not to rejoin them? These questions were settled rather abruptly.

One night Tessa said, "I'm going to have a baby."

After a few moments during which I digested this news, I took the plunge. "When shall we get married?" I asked.

"Married!" Tessa exploded. "Don't be silly, we can't get married."

"Why not?" I asked, feigning innocence.

"Because I'm nearly fourteen years older than you, and it would cause a hell of a scandal with the neighbours and your parents."

"Is that what you care about, the scandal?"

"No it isn't. I'm thinking of you as well. It could ruin your life, marrying me."

"It could make my life as well," I retorted. "I'm gong to tell you something now that I have never said clearly enough to you before. I love you. I love you very much. I'm glad you are pregnant because it might give me a better chance to get you to marry me."

Tessa was weeping now. "Oh Thorin, do you think I don't want to marry you. I've ached for you so often and dreaded the day we would have to separate. But I always knew we could never get married."

When we had begun, our love making it had always been Tessa who was in control. Now I decided I would take control.

"All right. Tell me right now and to my face that you don't love me and don't want me, and that's the end of it. But if you can't say that, we get married and give this child a resident father. Okay?"

She heaved a huge sobbing sigh. "We get married, then."

My parents of course, kicked up a hell of a fuss, but they recovered, and now, with one grandchild and another on the way, they have completely come to terms with Tessa and I being married.

As for Tessa and I. Well, all I can say is, I feel sorry for all you guys who are not married to someone like Tessa, and get in bed what I get with her.

There is one thing that continues to puzzle me. If Uncle Fred used to get what I get with Tessa, whatever possessed him to leave her? He must be mad.

Blocked!

Prologue.

"Damn writer's block! Damn it to hell!"

I sat before my lap top in the large dining room waiting for inspiration. There was nothing. A hundred times, or so it seemed, I had begun to tap in words, and then deleted them.

"Rubbish, all bloody rubbish," I silently wailed. "I'll never be able to write another story, ever."

Chapter 1. The Mountain Hideaway.

It had started weeks before, this confounded inability to string two words together in an intelligible manner, sod it. I had ranted and raved as I'd paced the floor of the flat, until my flatmate, Ivor, said, "For God's sake Chris, going on like this is getting you nowhere, and to be frank, I'm getting sick of it. You've become impossible to live with, I feel like clearing out for good."

That stopped me in my tracks. Ivor was an easy guy to live with except his girlfriends sometimes got a bit noisy when

they made love. In addition, he was a good cook and I needed him to help meet the rent.

Ivor went on, "Look Chris, why don't you get away for a while. I've heard about other writers who when they can't write go away somewhere on their own for a while. It seems that the change and seclusion often gets them going again. Why not try it, there's nothing to hold you here?"

He was right about "nothing to hold me". Financially I managed on the miserable pittance I got from my publisher for my work. I was with a small publishing company called "Eros and Cupid." They specialised, as they claimed, in works "Erotic and Exotic." Ms. Eros was a sort of female-male and Mr.Cupid a male-female.

I had several works published by them and recently Mr. Cupid had said to me as he adjusted a pink tulle bow in his hair: "Christopher darling, we've been getting a little slack lately, haven't we? We've not been working as we should, sweetie, and Ms. Eros and I don't much care for that my love. We haven't written a great novel, have we precious? I mean, my darling, we haven't exactly written a rival to Tolstoy's 'War and Peace'. Thus we cannot rest on our laurels, can we? So, my treasure, we expect something from you very soon or we may have to consider your place on our books. If you need a little help, we can provide a suitable amanuensis should you so desire; the cost of course, coming out of your

royalties" (they liked to use words like that instead of fee or percentage).

I thanked him very humbly for the offer of secretarial assistance at my own cost, and said I would let him know if I needed that sort of help. Mr. Cupid gave a final tug at his bow and dismissed me with the parting words, "Remember my sweet, something very soon." I left with my metaphorical tail between my legs knowing that if anything could help raise my writer's block to new heights of paralysis, that interview had done it.

Another factor in the situation was that my most recent girlfriend had decided she preferred the assistant manager of a department store to an impecunious writer. Hence there was no current sexual attachment to hold me back from seeking distant solitude.

"I think I know just the place for you," Ivor said enthusiastically.

He was obviously eager to send me on my way with my wretched unpredictable outbursts. On the other hand, it might have been that he wanted to hold a sex orgy in the flat, and knew I wouldn't agree because the last time we had one so many things got broken. I hasten to add that I don't mean

hymens got broken because there weren't any to break, the ex-maidens all being, as it were, well seasoned.

"All right", I said, "tell me about this restorative place."

"You'll love it", he said. "It's up in the mountains, a fantastic house built by some eccentric old gold fossicker called 'Jarvis Bleeby' who struck it rich back in the nineteenth century and built himself an imitation English Manor House. It's miles from anywhere and is looked after by an old lady called Mrs. McIntosh. The place is used sometimes by people wanting to 'get away from it all', or companies when they want to get their executives isolated so they can brain wash them."

"I couldn't afford anything like that," I complained.

"How do you know", Ivor retorted. "You haven't even tried asking, and it's winter and therefore the 'off season'. Look, I know Mrs. McIntosh through my mother; I'll telephone her and ask, if you like."

"Mrs. McIntosh? I queried, "So the place went out of the Bleeby family".

"Oh, the isolation drove old Bleeby mad and he cut his throat."

"What! You want me to go up there and commit suicide?"

"Don't be so damned silly, Chris," Ivor replied crossly. "The old boy spent all his money building the place so he was near broke when it was finished. He wasn't married and couldn't afford servants, so he was up there in that great house on his own. He still fossicked but never had another lucky find; he just found enough gold to keep himself alive."

"His body wasn't discovered for more than two months. About once a month he used to ride his horse, the only companion he had, into Wingalila Creek for supplies. When he didn't turn up at the store one month they were a bit puzzled. When it got to two months the local cop thought he'd better go up and see if the old guy was okay. That's when his body was found. It had been partly eaten by rats."

"Hey, I'm not going to a place like that," I objected vociferously.

"For God's sake, Chris, it happened nearly a hundred and twenty years ago. What are you afraid of, the old guy's ghost? Mrs. McIntosh lives up there by herself during the off season. She hires in help when the season is on, but apart from that, well...anyway why is a great lump of muscle like you scared?"

"I'm not scared. " I mumbled, but I must admit I thought it sounded eerie.

"Look Chris, just let me ring the old girl and find out if she'll take you. If she says its okay, go up there, and if you don't like it after a couple of days you can leave."

"Oh all right," I agreed reluctantly, hoping the Mrs. McIntosh would say 'no'.

Damn it, she said "yes". So, two days later I was heading for "Mountain Hideaway" in my ancient and battered Volkswagen.

Mrs. McIntosh had made it clear to Ivor that I would get three meals a day, bed linen and a "clean-up" as she put it, three times a week. "All else to be supplied by self."

It took me five hours to get to the place including a brief stop at Wingalila Creek for a pie. The house was about another hour's drive along a winding dirt road. I'd almost decided that I'd missed the place when I saw a large sign, "Mountain Hideaway Conference Centre and Retreat."

A narrow track led up a long gully, and there, nestling against a hill at the end of the gulley was the house, an ugly sort of place that looked as if it was a mixture of Georgian and late Victorian architecture. In fact I doubt if an architect had a hand in designing the place. Really I think it must have been Bleeby's demented concept of what an English Country Manor looked like.

I got out of the car and cautiously approached the huge front door. There was a lion headed bell pull that I tugged on to produce the sound of cathedral bells clanging somewhere in the depths of the Hideaway.

Chapter 2. Mrs. McIntosh

After a considerable wait I heard through the thick doors the rattling of chains being removed and locks being turned. Finally the door creaked open to reveal a woman of considerable stature in, I guessed, her mid sixties.

"Mr. Dennis?" she asked with a hint of suspicion in her voice.

"Er...yes. Mrs. McIntosh?"

"Yers. Gotcha room ready. Come in."

I walked into a huge hallway with a ceiling that seemed somewhere up in the clouds and was guided up the stairs by a silent Mrs. McIntosh to a slightly less huge but still very big bedroom with an impressive four poster bed.

"I've put yer in 'ere," she said. "Yerv got the use of the small dinin' room and usual offices. I'll show yer where they are and yer bring yer own stuff in. Breakfast at eight, lunch at twelve noon and dinner at six thirty, Two 'undred dollars down na an a 'undred a week. Orl right?"

I signified my acceptance of the laconic terms and paid up. I was then shown the "usual offices" and the "small" dining room. Actually the dining room could easily have accommodated three large families with room to spare.

Being winter and cold up in the mountains I noted that the massive fireplace was laid ready to be lit with a supply of, not so much logs as tree trunks, stacked on either side.

"More logs out the back if yer want 'em. Get 'em yerself an id'll cost yer extra. Orl right?"

Again I signified that I understood and accepted the terms.

"Leave yer na. Yerv missed lunch so next meal is dinner. Orl right?"

I said it was orl, I mean, all right, even though it wasn't because my Wingalila Creek pie had hardly served to satisfy the empty space within.

"By the way, as most of our guests want ter know, I'll tell yer. This is the room were old Bleeby done 'iself in, over there at the table. 'E was sittin' in that chair." She pointed to a throne like seat. "Some reckon they can still see the blood stain on the table. Can't see it meself. Orl right?"

Mrs. McIntosh moved off with stately tread leaving a depressed Chris contemplating with little enthusiasm the coming days.

I took a look at the table and failed to see any sign of a residual bloodstain, then decided how to arrange myself.

The dining room seemed the best place to work in. Apart from the main table that was of a size to seat about twenty people, there was another smaller table that would serve to put my lap top on. I looked around and found, to my surprise, a fairly liberal supply of power points, so I lugged what was to be my work table nearer the fireplace, and went out to get my gear from the car.

Having dispersed the gear suitably around the bedroom, dining room and "usual offices", I lit the fire, and I must say it did lend a more cheerful aspect to the room.

There was no desk lamp, so I heaved a standard lamp over to the work table. I looked up and saw suspended from the distant ceiling a massive chandelier. "That will give plenty of light," I thought, and pressed a wall switch by the door. The result was disappointing. Had it been fully armed the chandelier would have been wonderful. Sadly it was but a shade of its former self, having had about seventy-five percent of the bulbs removed, and what remained of low wattage.

I think I must have started to become inured to the situation, because I gave a mental shrug and thought, "Can't have it all, I suppose."

I set up the lap top together with its cheap printer and a pile of paper.

Having got that far, I fell into a lethargy that decided there would be no attempt to work that day. Instead I took a look around the rest of the mausoleum and found it impressive in size but hideous in appearance.

I strolled outside and tucked the car away in what must have been stables long ago. I then had a look around the grounds.

Unexpectedly the surrounds were quite well cared for. Being winter the flower beds were not at their best, but a little imagination helped visualise them in summer. The mountain forest pressed close up against the grounds as if threatening that one day it would come storming in to recapture its lost territory.

By the time I had finished my wander around it was approaching six-thirty, and having calculated that it would not be wise to keep Mrs. McIntosh waiting, I retired to the dining room.

Mrs. McIntosh entered promptly at six thirty bearing a tray, and announced economically; "Yer dinner," and departed.

I looked at the contents of the tray to find three plates. One contained soup, the next a couple of chops and vegetables, and finally a plate containing a sticky mess covered with a yellow substance that I took to be a pudding disguised with custard.

Having all three dishes delivered at once indicated that speedy eating was required if I was to have anything approaching a hot meal. I munched and swallowed at speed,

and if the food was not especially appetizing at least it filled an inner void.

Finishing the meal I considered what I should do for the rest of the evening. As far as I could see there was no television set or even a radio. Fortunately I had brought with me a small radio, and retrieving it from the bedroom I settled in front of the fire in the dining room and roamed the radio dial for something interesting to listen to.

I quickly discovered that the surrounding mountains did nasty things to radio waves and when I did find a programme that sounded okay; it crackled, hissed and faded in and out. The only station that came through clearly was one that seemed to consist mainly of advertisements, interspersed by an announcer who sounded like a demented parrot who screeched at the listener, "This is a great, great song". All the songs he presented were "Great, great songs," sung by "Great, great" singers," whom for the most part I had never heard of.

After half an hour of the parrot chatter I surrendered and turned the radio off.

Having noted in the cavernous hallway an ancient telephone, I decided to telephone Ivor to abuse him. I got through to him, told him what I thought about his choice of

a retreat, and heard in the background the shrill squeaks of female laughter and chatter.

Ivor, clearly intent on my not returning to the flat in the very near future, was placatory.

"Stick it out, old boy. Just give it a few days trial. You might get to like it."

I told him what he might attempt to do to himself, realising that in fact shortly it was what he would be doing to others, and slammed down the hand piece.

I even considered going in search of Mrs. McIntosh for company, which indicates the desperation I was experiencing due to lack of companionship and entertainment. On second thoughts I decided against Mrs. McIntosh. She seemed to hibernate somewhere in the distant depths of the house, and recalling her terse manner, concluded that conversation with her, would be less than enthralling.

With that thought I decided for bed, a book and if possible, sleep.

Ensconced in the four poster, I went to sleep sooner than I anticipated and slept soundly.

Chapter 3. Came the Dawn.

I awoke to a pleasant winter morning and the distant sound of magpies warbling in the dawn sunlight. I even felt in a slightly cheerful mode in contrast to my previous nights despair.

The cheerful mode was modified a little when, on entering the dining room for breakfast, I discovered that Mrs. McIntosh had already set out my meal. It consisted of a box of cornflakes, a small jug of milk and bowl of sugar, plus what I assumed to be coffee in a mug that was in turn encased in a container that was supposed to keep it warm.

I drank the coffee first while it still retained some semblance of heat, and then filled myself up with cornflakes.

That over I decided on a brief walk round the grounds before attempting work. Half an hour poking into outhouses, sheds, stables and trying to view the house from various angles to see if it had any worthwhile architectural features added nothing to my previous aesthetic decisions about the place. It was simply ugly.

I returned to the dining room and noted that the fireplace had been cleaned and the fire re-laid. "Ah, there is some service around here," I rejoiced, but decided the day was too warm to light the fire.

I settled before the lap top and waited for inspiration. Nothing! I tried making a start pattering in words that when I read back made no sense. All that day I battered my brain to find a plot, a theme, anything. I typed and deleted over and over again until I was in an even more despairing mood than the previous evening.

At the point of hurling the lap top against the wall, I decided that I would hide my misery in bed. In contrast to the previous night I slept fitfully and awoke miserably to a dawn that revealed the temperature had fallen during the night, and the bedroom was freezing. Wrapped in my dressing gown I peered out of the window to see a grey dawn and a lowering sky.

Chapter 4. An Unexpected Arrival

I hastened my morning ablutions so as to be in time for the arrival of breakfast and therefore coffee still with some residual warmth left in it.

I was in the dining room when Mrs. McIntosh arrived bearing the tray.

"Breakfast. Id'll snow before long." She left with her customary stately tread.

I swallowed the already lukewarm coffee and ate the cardboard-like cornflakes. Being a student of cereal packets and sauce bottles I noted that one plateful of the packet's contents would sustain me for hours and ensure regular opening of my bowels.

The dreary aspect through the dining room window and the fact that the McIntosh predicted snow was falling, failed to tempt me into a morning stroll, so I set match to fire and attempted to work.

It was at mid-morning when I finally exploded with my "Writer's block" wail. I was in the slough of despond, the mire of misery. I saw myself as never writing again, and having to spend the rest of my life as a fettler in a foundry or some such inspiring task.

I lusted for a mid-morning cup of tea, but feared the terse Mrs. McIntosh's disapproval of such conspicuous consumption.

Then I rallied my scattered forces, what was left of them, and decided on one more assault upon the castle "Block".

"Something sexy to open with," I thought. "It'll catch the eye and interest of the prurient."

I sat myself once more before the lap top and commenced:

"The young, lovely and unsullied Wendy lay upon the bed naked. I let my eyes traverse her beautifully body. The long blonde hair spread like a fan over the pillow; her splendid dark blue eyes, with their look of ineffable pleading; the pert nose and full sensuous lips with the tip of her tongue protruding slightly between them; the long neck with a full throat and soft round shoulders above the milk white swelling breasts with their pink nipples. A wedge of blonde pubic hair descended from her mons to the neat tight cleft between her long luscious legs that now parted to entice me to enter her virginal womanhood."

"'Dear God', I thought, 'the most beautiful female in the whole world', if only she was real."

There was a tinkling silvery laugh right beside my left ear and a soft melodious voice said, "That's a bit of an exaggeration darling."

I stopped typing and whipped my head round, my nose almost colliding with a face peering over my shoulder. My eyes were at such close range to the face I could not take in the features properly, but the voice went on; "I grant you I'm very attractive, but 'the most beautiful female in the whole world!' I think you'd better tone that down a bit, Christopher."

The face stopped looking over my shoulder and withdrew a little distance from me. I could now see that its owner was a young female.

In a state close to shock I spluttered out, "Who the hell are you; where did you come from?"

Another silvery laugh; "Christopher, that's not very kind. You just created me and you don't know me?"

I was unable to absorb what she was saying properly so in my bewildered fashion I said, "I thought I was the only one in the house, except for Mrs. McIntosh. Who are you?"

"There was only you and Mrs. McIntosh until you made me. Look at me Christopher and see if you can recognise me."

I stared at the figure before me, and I must admit she was worth staring at. Long blonde hair, dark blue eyes, pert nose and...my God, Wendy!" The girl whose details were on the lap top screen right in front of me was standing before me!

"I'm going mad," I said out loud. "It's this place, this bloody awful house and its lousy food; it's getting to me."

"Well of course, darling, it is dreadful place but after all, you can change it."

"I'm hallucinating", I wailed, "it's all the stress I've been under. Go away whatever you are; I don't want to see you."

"You are a very unkind person, Christopher," the apparition said, looking as if it was going to cry. "You wanted me to be real, and now you're telling me to go away. Well there are plenty of other authors who will be happy to have me around, so if you don't want my company, just press the delete button and we'll both be happy."

Following her precept I let my finger hover over the delete button.

"If you press that button I shall never come to you again, never ever. By the way, you forgot to select the text you want to delete."

I withdrew my finger from the button and flopped back in my seat staring at the...it...her... It was the Wendy of my creation, not naked however, but dressed rather tastefully in a warm slack suit, her blonde hair falling down her neck in a cascade that fanned out over her shoulders.

"I wrote you naked on a bed," I admonished her. "You're dressed."

"Well yes, darling, but that opening paragraph was really a teeny bit brash, don't you think? It's my contention that even the most gross of our readers like a bit of a lead up; you know, the lustful looks and groping hands, the slow undressing of me by whoever the man is. Incidentally, you haven't said who he is. Can I make up my own sex partner?"

"Yes...no...please, I've been having a bad time of it lately, so just tell me this is all some weird sort of joke and you are a real person."

"I'm as real as you want me to be and as solid as you can write me," she answered with another laugh. "If you don't

believe who and what I am, then as I told you, just delete me and I'll never bother you again."

"No!" I almost screamed. "This is insane. I'm getting out of here right now."

I made for the door and I heard her laugh again; "You can't leave my darling Christopher. No until you've ..."

"Oh can't I," I yelled, "Just you watch me."

I turned to exit through the door, and there was no door. My brain did a few somersaults and I made a desperate effort to find the door, believing I must have been mistaken as to its location. There was just no door and, looking around, no windows either. In fact there was nothing except a room with a large double bed and the table with my lap top on it.

"Oh God", I moaned, "What the hell is going on?"

The apparition was sitting on the edge of the bed looking at me with smiling concern.

"Christopher, why don't you calm down? It's obvious to me you've never had this experience before, no wonder you're such a poor writer."

That got under my skin properly; "I'm not a poor writer. I've had several novels published."

"I know sweetie, but whom with? That grotty Eros and Cupid. You don't think that makes you a Hawthorne or Dostoevsky, do you?"

"Well, no, but..."

"There's no 'Well, no, but' about it, my darling. Part of your problem is that your characters are never real. You haven't visualised them clearly. That's where I can help you."

"How?"

"That's better Christopher, now we can get somewhere. It's really quite simple. You started to write about me, Wendy, not very well, but you were trying. Then you wanted me to be real, so here I am."

"But the room, it's all changed."

"Of course it has you silly boy, you haven't written the room in properly. All you had was a bed with me on it naked and some unnamed and undescribed fellow staring down at me. If you want more, you have to write it. See, you've been left your little computer, so why not make a start. Of course, if you don't want to go ahead, as I told you, you only have to press the delete button – don't forget to select the text – and it will all be as it was before I appeared."

"You mean I can create my own room?"

"Of course; and your own characters and situations and I can help you. I've worked with a lot of authors and many of them became quite famous. You've heard of George Eliot, Charles Dickens, J.B. Priestley and Jane Austen, haven't you?"

"You mean you've actually..."

"Of course I have. I even did a stint with Shakespeare once. I missed out on Balzac; young Eugenie gave him quite a bit of help though, lucky girl."

"This is crazy...impossible."

"Is it? Did you or did you not start to write about me?"

"Yes."

"Did you or did you not wish me to be real?"

"Well, I suppose so."

"Am I or am I not here?"

"I suppose you're here."

"At last he sees it," she said with a sigh. "Now, my dear man, make up your mind. Do you want me to stay here and help you write or do you want to delete me?"

"I don't know."

"Heaven help me, he doesn't know. I can't delete myself, its one of the things we are not allowed to do. Only the author can do that. But I can give you suggestions on where you're story ought to go and its characters. Now come on Christopher either let me help you or get rid of me. I mean, it's so easy for you these days. At one time if an author wanted to get rid of a character they had to scratch lines out with a pen, or work away with those awful pieces of rubber.

Do you know some authors have had to throw whole pages away, even chapters. A lot of people don't know this, but when I was working with Emily Bronte she had to throw away nearly a whole book once and start again. All you've got to do is give a few clicks and press a button. Anyway, I'm getting sick of this hanging around so make up your mind."

"I'll be very sorry if you delete me, of course. Lots of male authors have fallen in love with me, even female authors, but most of them were so unattractive. Just think of bald old Shakespeare. I never could understand what his wife saw in him."

"The authors fall in love with you?"

"Of course, that's the important part of it. What's the use of an author writing about a beautiful sexy woman if he doesn't fancy her himself. How is he going to write convincingly?"

"So I'm supposed to fall in love with you?"

"I hope so. I mean, when I saw what a sexy hunk you are I thought, "It'll be nice to have a really seductive author for a change."

"Do you fall in love with the authors?"

"Sometimes, if they're sexy enough, but it can get a bit awkward you see."

"Awkward?"

She failed to respond to my question and said, "Well, do we work or not?"

My mother's old saw, "Nothing ventured nothing gained", came to mind. "All right, help me."

Chapter 5. Notes for a Melodrama.

"Praise be!" She exclaimed; "The boy has decided at last. Right, get to the computer."

"Now I suggest that we work on the location first. I think we couldn't do better than the one you were in. Mysterious forest clad mountain, old mansion – of course we can spark it up a bit, make it a remote mountain luxury hotel and improve the architecture and furnishing."

"And the service," I added.

"That's it, your getting the idea. We can have a proper hotel staff who waits to do our every bidding, but who are also very discreet. I know several characters we can call on for that. But let's get the place in order first."

"Well, we've got a bedroom."

"And a pretty uninteresting one it is too. All it's got is a bed. I suggest we scrub the bedroom for the time being, we can get back to it later. Let's begin with the delightfully quaint old entrance hall with its reception desk and wonderful pictures and sculptures by old masters. Now delete everything you've written so far except my name. For goodness sake don't delete my name or I'm gone like a puff of smoke."

I deleted and began to type in the opening scene in the entrance hall. As I did this the hall began to form around us with Wendy constantly making suggestions: "No, the Degas on that wall and the Rodin statue over there...no, no, no, darling, not that one. This is supposed be an erotic story, we want "The Kiss."

"What about the walls?"

"That sexy red colour I think."

I wrote in, "The walls were sexy red."

"My God, no," she exclaimed when we saw the result, "It looks too like a brothel. It's supposed to be an upmarket hotel not a sleazy whore house. Try "Cherry Red."

I typed it in and the result was somewhat more desirable. It still had the right hint of the erotic without being too blatant.

"It's still not quite right," Wendy said, contemplating. "Its paint and I think we want wallpaper, perhaps...perhaps with silver fleur-de-lis."

I typed.

"Mmm, wonderful darling. Now let's have a male receptionist clad in a morning suit with a carnation in his buttonhole...Oh excellent; now for my entrance. I've come meet my lover the famous athlete er...what shall we call him?"

"Spud Collins," I suggested off the top of my head.

Her lip curled. "Really Christopher, you are utterly hopeless. We need a romantic name, not someone called after a Potato".

"Well what do you suggest?" I retorted, somewhat miffed.

"What about Steel Wolf".

"Doesn't sound very romantic to me."

"That's because you're not a woman. To me it suggests someone strong and predatory; a man a girl would want to sacrifice her virginity for, and that's why I've come to the hotel, to offer him my maidenhood. I shall surrender my lovely body to his passionate embraces."

"If you say so. What next?"

"I go up to the reception desk; the receptionist who has seen me enter is transfixed by my beauty. He can barely speak as I give him my name. I am calling myself Mrs. Wendy Wolf and I ask if Mr. Wolf has arrived yet. He stammers out, "Yes madam, you are in the honeymoon suite. I shall ring for the porter to bring in your things from the Rolls Royce; meanwhile the boy will show you to your suite". He snaps his fingers, 'Boy'".

"I say Wendy, your laying it on a bit thick aren't you?"

"I'm only just getting started so just keep typing. As I cross the entrance hall following the boy I am suddenly frozen with horror. 'He' is here."

"Who?"

"Him".

"Who's him?"

"The incredibly wealthy, smooth, suave and sophisticated Duke of Rutshire".

"Why the horror?"

"He lusts for my gorgeous body. He has offered me wealth and status in the highest society. He says he will divorce his wife and marry me, but if I refuse he will kill me then himself."

"But he's old and ugly?"

"No, no, Christopher, he is young and handsome, women adore him, and it's his wife who is old and ugly. She's a wealthy American widow whom he married for her money. Are you getting all this down."

"I'm trying, I'm trying," I protest.

His sees me, and his black eyes flash with sensuous hunger for me. His wife is suspicious and drags him from the hall".

"Why don't you have him instead of this Wolf fellow?"

"Oh, you men can never understand. Steel is a virgin like me and I want his pure sweet adoration. Together we shall fly to a paradise of spiritual love".

"I'd go for the title and the money myself...unless...unless the Duke's wife takes the money with her if they get divorced."

"No, Christopher. That was all tied up when they got married. She handed the lot over to him."

"Go on, she wouldn't be so stupid."

"Christopher, this is a story. It's the struggle between good and evil, lust and love, power and purity. That old film director got it right...Cecil somebody...he said what you needed was a mix of violence, sex and religion. That's what people want. Virtue must triumph in the end, but before that you've got to have lots of blood, people being hacked to pieces, virgins violated, religious leaders thrown to the lions."

"In a mountain hotel?"

"Christopher, are you totally dense? I'm talking about broad principles, not specifics. Now can we get on with the story?"

"All right, so what happens next?"

"She goes to the honeymoon suite where her lover is waiting for her. She is shaking with apprehension, but the sight of Steel steadies her. His tall lithe figure – he's six feet two...no, make that six feet four – overwhelms her and she is soon ensconced in his arms, her vagina wet with lubricant her nipples hardening as he kisses her passionately".

"She pleads with him, 'Take me now my darling, I am all yours'. He tenderly unbares her..."

"Unbares?"

"All right, if you want to be so unartistic, strips her. He lays her gently on the bed – this is where your original opening comes in – then unba...strips him self. He stands beside the bed, gazing rapturously at her lovely body – that's me of course – his eyes take in her hair, her eyes, lips, neck, breasts and other sexual accoutrements. You can fill in the details you've used them often enough in your other stories".

"His manhood has risen like a splendid tower dripping etc."

"Hold on I can't keep up with you and your making me get horny."

"Just concentrate on the typing. She begs him to enter her. He says he doesn't want to cause her pain. She says she will rejoice in the pain of their love. Her legs are spread wide and he comes between them. He is about to thrust into her when the door bursts open. It's the Duke. He has a revolver and he cries out, "If I cannot have you no other shall."

"Bit melodramatic isn't it?"

"Look, Christopher, I'm trying to help."

"But Wendy, its all bits and pieces, I mean, things don't connect up."

"I'm not going to do the whole job for you, darling. You are supposed to be writer, I'm only a character in your story and I'm putting up with a lot. Just look at the bedroom, its right back where you started with just a bed. No nice dressing table or carpet. It's a honey moon suite, where are the cupids and hearts? Where is the champagne cooling in the ice bucket? I've even sacrificed a nice bit of lead up to the main event; you're going to have to put that in."

"Quite right to," said another voice – male this time.

"Do stay out of it Steel," Wendy said, and when I whipped round there the long streak was standing, stark naked like Wendy, his great shaft sticking up.

"No I won't stay out of it Wendy", he yelped, "This happens too often. I never get to make real love with you and always at the crucial moment some Duke or Earl or multimillionaire comes in waving a pistol and shoots one or both of us."

"Huh, you should complain Wolf, the only penetration I get with her is penetrating looks, and I'm the one who has to give them." It was the Duke, still waving his pistol about.

"Shut up you two," yelled Wendy. "If you don't I'll get Christopher to delete you."

"Don't bother, I'm out of here," snarled Steel. "I've had enough of these stories. I'm going to go for stories about men washed up on desert islands where there are no women."

"I'm with you, Wolf," the Duke muttered, putting away his revolver.

"You ain't goin' nowhere."

It was the woman I had seen with the Duke in the hall. She is holding a nasty looking semi-automatic pistol.

"Nobody double-crosses the great granddaughter of Edgar J. Wagonhooker the Third."

With that she let loose with her pistol putting one bullet into the ceiling then one in the floor, but finding her target with the next two bullets.

Steel crumples and falls neatly to the floor. The Duke staggers back a couple of paces, pulls out his revolver and

fires at his wife. She gives a shriek and falls lifeless, followed by the Duke who expires almost immediately.

Naked Wendy stood surveying the scene for a moment, then said, "Very good. You've got the nice outline of a story there."

"But the bodies!" I exclaimed.

"What bodies?"

I looked around, and they were gone as if they had never been. "You mean...?"

"It's just a story, darling."

I focused on the nude Wendy. My penis was hard as steel – why did I have to put it like that? - It was ready for a penetrating scene.

"Wendy, you're wonderful, beautiful."

"I am as you made me, Christopher but I'm glad you like me."

"Like you! I'm in love with you. I want you like I've never wanted any girl before."

"Don't darling," she said softly. "You see I'm..."

"I don't care what you are, I want you, now."

I went towards her with my arms outstretched to encircle...nothing.

Chapter 6. A Fresh Arrival.

A voice penetrated my consciousness: "Yer lunch."

I jerked awake. I had fallen asleep over the computer.

"And there's someone ter see yer."

"See me?"

"Yers. Show 'em in shall I."

My brain was still foggy with sleep and the scenes it had brought me.

"I suppose so."

"Right. Eat yer lunch while it's 'ot."

"Who the hell would come up here to see me," I thought, as I looked at the unappealing bowl of soup.

The door opened and I looked round, and froze. A slender figure was approaching me, hand extended.

"Wendy Wolf," she announced, "from Eros and Cupid."

"Wendy?" I almost yelled.

"Yes, Wendy, and I'm not deaf."

Her hand was small but firm as I held it in mine. I thought I was about to pass out. She was the Wendy of my...what...? Dream...? Hallucination...?

"Are you all right," she asked, "You've gone very pale."

"Just give me a moment," I pleaded, "I think I've had a very strange dream."

"You think you have?"

"Yes, sorry." I took a swig of the washing up water that passed for coffee and I think it was the sheer unpleasantness of the draught that revived me a little.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Wolf?"

"Miss, and call me Wendy. I'm here for two reasons. The really nasty one is that Mr. Cupid sends his compliments and says if your story isn't in over the next fortnight, you needn't bother."

"Ah! And the other reason?"

"Mr. Cupid said you might want someone to type your manuscript, and that you'd pay me."

"Did he? Did he also tell you I haven't got enough money to pay you?"

"No, the lousy little bastard didn't. So I've come all this way just to deliver his message!"

"I'm afraid so."

"Have you written anything?"

"Oh yes, I've written thousands of words over and over again and deleted them."

"Ah, writer's block?"

She glanced over at the computer.

"You may have deleted thousands of words, but you've got a whole lot on the computer; look, you're up to page twenty."

"That's impossible; I haven't been able to get past the first paragraph for weeks."

I looked at the screen and she was right. At the bottom left of the screen was the page number, twenty.

My world seemed to spin again and I heard her voice as if down a long tunnel; "Mind if I take a look?"

"Help your self," I gasped.

I plonked myself in a chair and tried to recover while Wendy scrolled back and started to read.

Silence ensued, and as I recovered I began to focus on her straight back and long blonde hair, as she sat neatly in front of the machine. I moved to another chair to get her in profile, and sure enough, it was my Wendy. The nose, lips, neck and brea...

"She gave a gasp; "You've used my name, 'Wendy', and you've got me na..."

"Have I?"

"You're very complimentary," she said, turning her head to smile at me.

I noticed the colour of her eyes for the first time, dark blue.

"It's me all right, except I don't think I'm the most beautiful girl in the...that's just what she says here..."

She read on.

"This isn't a proper story, it's as if you've been making notes. Is that what you've been doing, just making an outline?"

"I suppose I must have been," I muttered.

She continued reading then gave another gasp; "You've even used my other name, Wolf. How did you know my name?"

"I didn't, it just...er...came to me."

"Odd!"

"Yes, isn't it."

She read to the end of what I had written, if I did write it, and said, "You've got the elements of a decent story here. I mean, obviously you haven't finished it and there are a lot of corny bits, but it could be good."

"Could it?"

"It just sort of comes to a stop. What happens after the shootings?"

"I haven't er...worked that out yet."

"Christopher...I may call you Christopher?"

"That's what you've been calling me all along. That and darling."

"I have not."

I considered for a moment; "Well, perhaps not, but call me darl...I mean...Christopher by all means."

"Thank you. Now, Christopher, shall I take a chance on you?"

"Chance?"

"You've got very little time to get a story in to Eros and Cupid and I think you need help."

"You're right about that."

"Your typing is terrible and you haven't run the spell and grammar checker yet."

"Well, it all happened so quickly."

"What did?"

"Wendy giving me...I mean...dashing the outline down."

She looked at me speculatively for a moment, then went on; "Suppose I stay and help you. You can dictate the story and I can type it. I'm very fast."

"I told you, I can't afford you."

"I'm not a prostitute Christopher; I'm not demanding cash up front and a condom. All I'm saying is I'm prepared to take a chance on you and your story. If we come up with something really good and it gets published, you can pay me then."

"That's very generous of you, but Eros and Cupid don't pay much and..."

"I know that, but I do freelance work for several publishers, and much better ones than Eros and Cupid. If the story is really good I might be able to use a bit of influence, you know, be persuasive."

"No!" I yelped, "I don't want you to...you know."

"I do know and I don't, and I think it's insulting of you to even think such a thing. I've a good mind to leave right now."

"No please, don't go, Wendy. I apologise. Just put it down to the bad company I usually keep."

"All right, Christopher, I accept your apology. Now, I shall need to arrange for a room, and by the way, you haven't eaten your lunch."

"Would you?" I asked.

Wendy looked at the soup and pulled a face. "Ugh, is this what you've been getting to eat?"

"Yes."

"Hmm, well I got to arrange for a room..."

"Wendy, you don't want to stop here, it's awful."

"Perhaps if we are stopping here together it will be less awful."

She had a point, and after the briefest consideration I decided that having such an attractive girl around would brighten up my life considerably.

"I'll see Mrs. McIntosh," Wendy said, and as if we had called up the devil the lady made her entrance.

She looked at the bowl of soup and grunted; "'Aven't eaten yer soup."

Wendy cut in; "Mrs. McIntosh, I shall be staying here to work with Mr. Dennis. I shall require room. We shall be working rather long and odd hours, so we shall require breakfast at nine o'clock, lunch at one and dinner I think at seven."

Mrs. McIntosh looked stunned; "But..."

"I shall discuss menus with you the day before and perhaps you will be good enough to provide us with an electric jug

or kettle and the means for making tea and coffee, and... Oh yes, make sure fuel for the fire is brought in before we run out. I shall probably think of other things, but I'll come and see you shortly to discuss terms."

Mrs. McIntosh seemed to go into a sort of daze and muttered, "Yes Miss," and began to leave the room. Did I notice a bit of a stagger in that stately tread?"

"Oh, just one other thing while I think of it, Mrs. McIntosh," Wendy called after her. "I do prefer a bath to a shower, so I shall require some large soft bath towels please."

Mrs. McIntosh continued her now less than stately tread.

I slumped back in my chair, amazed. The "Take it or leave it" Mrs. McIntosh humbled.

"Well, that's settled," said Wendy with a seraphic smile, "Now, our working arrangements; I think it best if we work late and rise late in the morning. After breakfast an hour's walk – I think I saw a track going into the forest as I drove in – then work until lunch. After lunch we can discuss where we've got to so far, and then carry on. Does that sound all right?"

"Er...yes, I suppose so."

"Don't sound so enthusiastic, Christopher, you might burst a blood vessel."

"Sorry, it's just that I'm not used to being so orderly."

"I can imagine," she replied. "Well, we're about to change all that. Now just let me go over the notes again and put them in some sort of order, then we can go ahead. Go and have a nap or a walk for an hour."

Christopher Dennis also humbled. I chose the nap.

Chapter 7. I Begin Again.

From that moment onward a number of things became obvious. First, when I returned to the dining room Wendy had tidied up the notes and there were printed sheets for my inspection. Second, the cuisine improved far beyond my expectations. Third, Mrs. McIntosh addressed us as "Sir" and "Miss". Fourth, there was always plenty of fuel for the fire to hand. Fifth, the story began to flow and I worked at a speed I had never experienced before.

I had thought it would be delightful to work with such a lovely companion as Wendy, but this brought its own problems.

To explain: I had seen and copulated with girls I thought attractive before. The trouble was, after a while they looked less attractive than my sexual craving had made them in the first place. I began to notice things like a wart on the back of the neck, blackheads round the nose, pimples on the forehead; things like that. With Wendy no such disillusion occurred. If anything she seemed to get lovelier.

So you no doubt see my problem. Deprived of sexual gratification yet in the presence of a very desirable specimen of the female gender, I got more and more frustrated. With most other females, and given the situation, I would no doubt have made a direct sexual approach. With Wendy I got the impression that such an approach would not only be unsuccessful, but might lead to her departure.

One day as I - I should say "we" - developed the story from the rough notes Wendy stopped typing and laughed.

"You know, Christopher", she said, "This is almost my story."

I felt a bit threatened by this comment as I had to admit to myself that she was having a big hand in writing it;

constantly throwing up ideas when I got stuck, suggesting rephrasing, and generally helping me along.

"If you want to have your name along with mine on the cover, I suppose you're entitled," I said, not very nicely.

"No, no, I didn't mean that," she said in a placatory manner; "I meant what is happening to the Wendy in the story is a bit like something that happened to me."

"Oh, in what way?"

She gave another laugh; "I had two men in love with me once. Not a Duke or an athlete though."

I felt a pang of jealousy spear through me. "What were they then?"

She sat back in her chair and looked into space for a moment, then went on in a dreamy sort of voice; "One was a successful publisher I was working for. He promised me a heaven on earth if I would let him be my lover. The other one was an arrogant young salesman who thought he was irresistible to woman."

The pang of jealousy got even more painful. "Which one did you choose, or did you take them both?"

She turned to look at me, anger flaring in her eyes, and said very slowly and deliberately; "If you really want to know, I told the publisher to stick with his wife and four kids, and the salesman to bugger off. He was so far up himself it's a wonder he didn't disappear up his own fundamental orifice. The publisher stuck with his wife and the salesman joined the navy. And here's something I'd like you to know, I'm bloody angry with you, Christopher. You were quite right about the bad company you've been keeping, but now I'm asking you very nicely not to include me among that company. Have I made myself clear?"

I was mortified and tried to make amends, but only succeeding in making it worse.

"I'm sorry," I said contritely, "It's just that the girls I've known would've, you know... would've..."

"Yes, I'm sure they would, Christopher. I'm not a bloody fool. I know quite well you'd like me to be the Wendy in the book so that you could stand by the bed looking down at my 'lovely and unsullied body'. My God that's a corny line, we'd better revise that. Well, I'm not the Wendy in the story, neither am I one of your girl friends. The only man who will

look at me lying naked on a bed is one who can see something more in me than a sex organ, and has some respect for what he sees. In other words, someone who will value me for more than my cunt, if I must put it crudely; get my point?"

"Yes, Wendy. I really am sorry."

For once I really was sorry. I silently excused myself by acknowledging that the only other woman I had knowingly met who took the same stand as Wendy was my mother, but as much as I loved her, I had done the usual teenage thing and rebelled against her principles. Being fronted by a girl about the same age as my self still holding the old values was somewhat unexpected and awe-inspiring.

"All right, Christopher, just so long as we understand each other. So let's get on, shall we?"

"Yes, Wendy," the humiliated self muttered.

For the next half hour I managed to not think of Wendy as a sexual being and focused on her skills as a typist and an editor, because that was what she was doing, editing the story as we went along.

Her constant proximity, however, took its toll. I found it nigh on impossible to not feel sexually drawn to her, despite my acknowledgement of her other many qualities.

Had Wendy continued to treat me coldly after our confrontation, it might have made things easier. The trouble was, she did not seem to be able to hold a grudge and quickly returned to her warm and friendly, if dominating, self.

At one stage I tried a little ploy. There are some people I love to hate. People who have looks, intelligence, physical prowess and sparkling personalities; what I think of as "people who've got the lot." I tried putting Wendy into that category. It didn't work. She had "the lot," or almost, but my trying to dislike her only made things worse. It made me concentrate on all the good things about her, and she became even more desirable.

To counter this, I tried to focus on what I felt were negative things about her. All I could come up with was her tendency to dominate. Even this didn't work because I realised that her dominating manner was leading me to write better than I ever had before.

I finally gave up and allowed myself to bask in her presence and put up with the sexual frustration.

Chapter 8. A Monetary Crisis.

At the end of two weeks the novel was still not finished despite the mighty effort we had made. My time to get the work to Eros and Cupid had run out, and to add to my woes, my money had run out with it.

One evening I had to tell Wendy that I couldn't stay at Mountain Hideaway after the end of the week. She nodded but said nothing.

Two days later she said that we would have to cancel the morning walk and work because she had something to do in Wingalila Creek. Without saying anything further she went to her car and set out for Wingalila.

She was gone for three hours and I tried to make some progress on the computer, but having got so used to Wendy being there, I got little further ahead.

When she returned Wendy announced baldly; "I've just given Mrs. McIntosh our board money for the coming week. If we need to I can manage another two weeks after that."

Humiliation heaped on humiliation. "But you can't Wendy! I won't let you pay for me; and anyway, where did you get the money?"

"I made a few telephone calls to people who owe me money for work I've done for them. Asked them to forward the money to the Wingalila Creek Post Office; three of them came up with the goods; I'll catch up with the others when I get back to town," she said with a glint in her eyes.

"But I won't be able to repay you," I protested.

"I'm not really a gambler," she answered, "but I'm gambling on you and this novel. You can repay me when you're back in funds."

I was overwhelmed and said, "I don't know what to say, Wendy."

"Try 'Thank you'," she said, smiling.

I wanted to hug and kiss her, but having been given my warning I restrained myself and said, "It was a lovely and generous thing for you to do, thank you."

We continued the work, but now at a more leisurely pace. We could forget about Eros and Cupid since my deadline with them had passed. It was now a case of coming up with the best possible work to try and lure another publisher.

Now if you will excuse me, I must sidetrack.

Chapter 9. What is this Thing Called Love?

As you may have worked out for yourself, my previous experiences with women, apart from my mother, had been of a somewhat superficial nature. I might, for example, mutter something about loving them when I got horny over some girl, but when I'd had my wicked way with her I usually felt a slight revulsion.

I'd used the word love in some of my previous stories, but the context was about as superficial as my use of the word in real life. In short, I hadn't really known what it was to be "in love" as opposed to being "in lust." Love, I thought, belonged to the realm of stupid people's castles in the air. It was a feeling or state that did not really exist.

To my horror I was now starting to feel what I can now only describe as "love" for Wendy.

Of course, I tried to persuade myself it was only lust and the sexual deprivation I was feeling, but whatever way I described it, the condition was serious. I couldn't eat or sleep properly. I wanted to constantly be in Wendy's company. To be apart from her even for half an hour was misery.

I'm a fairly hefty sort of bloke, but when I started to feel as pale and wan as a flower sniffing poet, I got really worried.

Chapter 10. The End in Sight.

Wendy noticed the changes in me and commented; "Christopher, you're not eating properly and looking rather pallid, aren't you feeling well?"

"Just a slight touch of cancer," I replied feebly, trying to make a sick joke.

"Are we going ahead with the book too fast, is that it?"

"No...no...I'll be okay."

"I'll have a word with Mrs. McIntosh," she said; "See if we can do something about your diet."

"No, no, it's okay."

Never the less she did see Mrs. McIntosh, and next day items like calves foot jelly came onto the menu. It didn't help.

Dear God, here I was, trapped at last by the thing I didn't think existed. I was deeply in love with Wendy, overwhelmed, besotted; a helpless gibbering idiot. I was drifting around like a desolate wraith.

How we managed to finish the novel I have never been sure, but as we drew towards its conclusion a new debilitating terror weighed down upon me; Wendy and I would part company.

When the last paragraph had been typed and all had been saved to floppy discs and also printed, I tried to give some expression of how I was feeling, but in a roundabout way.

"I'm deeply grateful to you for your wonderful help, Wendy," I began. "If only I could afford to employ you all the time...we make such a great team."

"Yes," she said quietly, "I've had a number of authors say the same thing."

The spear of jealousy was more agonising than ever.

"They've been in...I mean...they've appreciated you as much as I have?"

"Yes, although I've never been in a situation like this before, semi-isolated and with a deadline that we failed to meet."

Her mention of isolation brought me to the realisation that I had hardly noticed being isolated with Wendy around, and even the house had not seemed so ugly. It was as if her presence brought a touch of grace to everything around her.

As it had to, the hour of departure arrived.

Mrs. McIntosh, a transformed woman, told us we had been wonderful guests and hoped to have the pleasure of our custom again. We packed up and loaded our cars. Wendy had promised to try and arrange interviews for me with various publishers and she would telephone me about arrangements.

I promised to pay her the first moment I got some money that in fact would be the miserly sums Eros and Cupid would still have to dribble out to me for my past work.

As we prepared to get into our cars Wendy kissed me on the cheek and said, "It's been fun, Christopher."

I watched her get into the car, start the engine, and begin to move off.

The demon in me came roaring to the surface and I yelled, "I love you Wendy."

Her car jerked to a halt. The driver's side window was partially open, and now it was opened fully. Wendy looked out at me for a full half minute, and then said, "I heard that Christopher. I'll be in touch." She drove away.

Our cars had been drawn up near the front door of the house and Mrs. McIntosh had been standing on the steps to see us off, or to make sure we didn't get away with the silver.

In a return to her laconic mood she said, "Marry 'er. Best thing that'll ever 'appen to yer."

She turned and disappeared into the house.

Chapter 11. Back at the Flat.

I got into the Volks a thoroughly mixed up Christopher and began the journey back to the city.

"Marriage!" I thought, "Not bloody likely; that went out with the dinosaurs. A 'relationship', yes, by all means, then if the fire died down I could...but then, so could she. My God, supposing I still...and she...?"

To quote from something I can't remember, "I'll think about that tomorrow."

Getting back to the flat Ivor was still at work. I saw no visible signs of damage around the place and nothing seemed to be missing. There were several letters waiting for me, including a couple of miserable cheques from Eros and Cupid. There was also a letter from them which I shall quote verbatim:

Sweetheart,

Dear Eros and I have decided that we need to terminate your contract with us. Don't go to law, darling, until you read the very fine print at the bottom of your copy.

As much as we have treasured your presence among us, I must point out that we depend just a teeny bit on literary

turnover if you see what I mean. Your turnover of late has been less than satisfactory.

So, Sweetie, it's a sad goodbye.

We are constrained to continue to pay you royalties on the sale of your works, but I am sure that will soon tail off.

May we wish you an absolutely fabulosa future, but I fear our wish will be in vain.

Farewell my Treasure.

Lucretius Cupid.

"Bastards," I thought, but realised there was nothing I could do. Either Wendy could come up with the goods, or an unskilled future seemed to lie ahead.

The bank was still open so I paid in the cheques and drew out the lousy bit of cash that was available to me.

"Better see Social Services tomorrow," I thought, "Declare myself to be unemployed; probably unemployable as well," I thought gloomily.

As so often happens in such situations, when you're strapped for money more people than ever seem to be creditors.

"When Ivor got home the first thing he said was, "You owe me your share of three weeks rent." I stumped up and counted what was left. "Couldn't even buy a packet of arsenic to kill myself with," I concluded.

Ivor, having got the money, became very matey and asked how I had enjoyed my stay at Mountain Hideaway.

I was in no mood to be nice to him, so I told him to "piss off." He shrugged and pissed off to his room.

Following his example I crept to my room and flopped down on the bed. I had one printed copy of my novel so for about the hundredth time I started to reread it. I failed to get past the first couple of pages because I drifted off to sleep.

I dreamed but this time when I awoke I knew it had been a dream. No apparitional Wendy, but a dream Wendy who stood before me saying, "You see darling, I said it would be good." The only trouble was I couldn't work out which of the Wendy's it was.

"Who bloody cares," I thought, and then the nasty thought of how much money I owed the real Wendy came to mind. I felt sick. How the hell was I ever going to repay her?

I did some adding up, and with what she had given Mrs. McIntosh and the money I owed her for her work it came to about eight hundred dollars.

When later Ivor and I came face to face I got all placatory and apologised for my behaviour, and then asked if he could lend me a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars?" he queried, a bit like Shylock in 'The Merchant of Venice'. "A thousand dollars, well, we have been spending up big, haven't we? Didn't you know there isn't that much money in the whole world?"

He didn't even offer me the pound of flesh option.

Next day I signed on with Social Services and was asked all sorts of impertinent questions by a girl who looked about fifteen years old, and this was followed by much form filling in. Finally I was told I would be informed by post if my application for the government's munificence was accepted or not.

"How long will that take?" I asked.

"Just as long as it takes, Mr. Dennis," I was not politely informed.

A State whipped cur, I left with my tail between my legs.

I began looking at advertisement for jobs vacant. I was enthralled to find that there were many openings. Had I been a brain surgeon, atomic physicist or designer of weapons of mass destruction, I could have been placed immediately in work. On the other hand, there were wonderful openings for washers up in restaurants, house sitters and cleaners. I tried to weigh up which among this plenitude of opportunities I would apply for.

No word came from Wendy, and although I had her address and telephone number, I could not bring myself to contact her. To do so might mean exposure of my dire financial situation and further degradation.

A few nights after my arrival back in the flat Ivor had one of his orgies. This consisted of a couple of male friends, a lot of food and booze, and an abundance of willing wenches. Despite the entreaties of one or two of the girls, I failed to discover any enthusiasm for their free and easy virtue, and amazed myself by shutting myself in the bedroom and

failing to answer drunken pleas to, "come and fuck me, darling." I always thought we had an oversupply of females to males on these occasions.

Chapter 12.A Wolf at the Door.

Sunday I took my wretched self out for a walk and didn't return for two hours. Ivor had just risen from his bed of pain and groaned, "Some bloody bird has been ringing you; woke me up; says her name is Wendy Bear or Tiger of something."

"Wolf?" I yelped, springing back to life.

"Yes, that's it, 'Fox'. Says your to telephone her as soon as you get in if not before."

I had no thought for what she might want, I simply rejoiced in knowing I would hear her voice. I pressed in the numbers and waited. Brrr brrr, brrr brrr...

"Wendy Wolf."

"Wendy," I nearly added darling. "Christopher here."

Cool and business like: "Ah, Christopher, be at (she gave an address) by nine thirty tomorrow. I shall be there to meet you. You have an interview with Mr. Cashman of Cashman, Cashman, Cashman and Sobers. They are publishers. Mr. Cashman has had a look at your novel and he's interested. I'll see you in the morning, goodbye."

Oh the joys of heaven, I had heard her voice and such a voice! It was a voice to be contemplated, meditated upon and if possible consumed. Above all, I would see her tomorrow, my lovely Wendy; Oh there is a God after all! I even felt friendly towards Ivor I was so happy, and that despite the fact several ornaments had been smashed during his orgy.

I slept hardly at all that night. Visions of Wendy, wonderful, sweet and delectable Wendy, the love of my life! I would see her on the morrow.

I woke feeling like a worm that had been out in the sun too long. The thought struck me, not only would I be seeing my beloved, I should also be seeing Mr. Cashman of... whatever it was. My magnum opus would be shaken, skinned, turned inside out and despised.

I looked at the clock. My God, eight thirty and I had to be there by nine thirty. I hurtled from the bed, passed through

a perfunctory shower, grabbed a slice of bread and butter and chewing on it sent the Volks rattling down the street.

I arrived at an imposing old building in the heart of town. It was one of those places that made you expect to see a Dickens or Thackeray character emerge from its portals.

Nine twenty nine and there she was. Clad in a green dress and looking absolutely...absolutely...words failed me.

"Ah, Christopher, just in time; Mr. Cashman likes punctuality, come along."

A somewhat detached greeting I thought, given the restless hours I had spent reflecting on her image in recent weeks.

We passed through the doors and into a cool mahogany panelled reception area. I expected to be greeted by a Uriah Heep at the desk, but instead there was an extremely attractive girl.

"Miss Wolf and Mr. Dennis to see Mr. Cashman," Wendy announced.

The girl looked at a list then said, "Ah yes, Mr. Jacob Cashman. I'll let him know you're here. She pressed a button and after a pause said something into a small communicator. There was a squawk in reply and the girl said, "Very good, Mr. Cashman." She looked up at us and said, "You are to go right in."

Wendy obviously knew the way because she led me down a short passage, knocked on the door and entered.

I had half expected an ancient and sinister looking Semite, and although Semite he was, the tall dark haired man who rose to greet us was not more than thirty years of age, and handsome.

He shook hands with Wendy saying, "Wendy, my dear, how nice to see you."

I was then introduced and we shook hands. "Welcome, Mr. Dennis, please sit down."

We sat and Mr. Cashman drew a manuscript in front of him. I recognised it as mine. He sat considering it for a moment then said; "Wendy tells me she has been working with you on this novel. She always seems to know how to pick the best."

As an opening gambit from a publisher this came as a bit of a shock. I was about to garble some response when he went on:

"I've had two of my staff read your work, Mr. Dennis and have looked it over myself. It...er...it..."

"Here it comes," I thought.

"It has some very fine qualities, Mr. Dennis."

"Really?" I croaked.

"Yes. I think it has a great deal of promise and I would like to publish it...you're not committed to any other publisher, are you?"

"No, he isn't," Wendy butted in.

"Excellent. Would you be happy for us to publish?"

I got in before Wendy, "Yes, certainly..."

"Yes he would," said Wendy, too late this time.

"You do understand, Mr. Dennis, we cannot offer you a great deal this time?"

"Oh God," I thought, "Eros and Cupid all over again."

"I've had a contract drawn up for you to look at and, if you agree, sign. I've got to have a word with one of my partners, so I'll leave you to read it over, I'll be back shortly."

He rose and left us alone.

To my utter surprise Wendy rose and flung her arms round me. "Oh darling, I'm so pleased for you. You don't need to read the whole contract. I know their contracts and there are no nasty small print bits. Just look here."

She pointed to one section and I read. Then I read again, then again. Ivor had said there wasn't that much money in the world; there was; there was more, much more.

The room span in coloured whorls and Wendy went on:

"Darling, I knew, I knew all along it was a wonderful novel. I wanted to tell you so, but was afraid that you might be shattered if it got rejected."

Just as the word "Darling" registered Mr. Cashman reappeared.

"Well, what do you think? Would you like to sign?"

I was still disorientated and Wendy got in first.

"Yes, he would."

"You have noted that the contract gives us an option on your future work?"

"Yes, he's noted that."

"Good. Then congratulations, Mr. Dennis...Oh, I should have congratulated you before; very remiss of me."

"What for?"

He looked puzzled for a moment and I saw Wendy signalling with her hands, but she was too late.

"On your forthcoming marriage to Wendy; I must say I envy you such a lovely bride. I think I can safely say we all love Wendy, and you're the lucky man who snared her." He laughed.

I think I must have been sitting there with a moronic glaze over my face. I know Wendy said something to Mr. Cashman and I heard him laugh and apologise.

He rose to bid us farewell saying that he would be in touch when I needed to see the proofs, but I didn't really take it in. We shook hands again then he said, "By the way, some authors like to dedicate their work; would you like to do that?"

I partially came to. "Er...yes." "To whom?"

"Wendy Wolf."

"We'll leave you to write the dedication then."

"Yes."

"Goodbye for now, then."

"Goodbye."

I staggered out on shaking legs followed by Wendy.

"You look a little overcome, darling. Let's go and get a cup of coffee somewhere."

"Could we make that a whisky?"

"Yes, so long as it doesn't become a habit."

We went to a nearby pub and after getting our drinks we ensconced ourselves behind a corner table. Wendy hastened straight in:

"Darling, about your next book, I've been thinking..."

"Hold it right there! What was all that about marriage?"

"Well yes, I did mean to tell you at the right time. I'm sorry Mr. Cashman let it slip out. I told the girl at reception the other day and she must have passed it on."

"But I haven't even asked you to marry me."

"No, but I did think you wanted to. You did yell out that you loved me when I was leaving Mountain Hideaway. You did, didn't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Don't you know for certain?"

"Yes I did say I loved you."

"Oh darling, I'm so pleased for us."

She rose and came round the table and planted her lips squarely on mine.

A couple of old codgers at the bar turned round to have a look. One of them called out, "Go on sonny give her a good one, lucky young sod. If I was forty years younger you

wouldn't have a chance." They turned back to their drinks cackling.

I pulled away from the kiss and said, "Wendy, you're always taking over. You always try to dominate me."

"I know darling, but it's for your own good, and you won't always find me dominating I promise. I do know how to be yielding; you'll find out. Now I've told my parents we shall be coming to see them next weekend; I do like to do these things properly. Then I'll have to meet your parents...and..."

I stopped her with a kiss.

Six months later we were married.

On the first night of our marriage the young, lovely and unsullied Wendy lay upon the bed naked. I let my eyes traverse her beautifully body. The long blonde hair spread like a fan over the pillow; her splendid..."

Celestial Completion

Introduction

A lady of eighty years told me this story.

“I was working as a nurse in a hospital. One day I turned a corner in a corridor, and standing there was a young man in pajamas and dressing gown. I had never seen him before, but his nurse told me he had been very ill, in fact, near death. He had made a remarkable recovery and was now just starting to walk around.”

I stood looking at him and he at me. What I can only describe as an electric current seemed to pass between us. In that instant, we both knew. Within two weeks were engaged, and in a month married. We were together for fifty-five years. Now he has left this earth, and I must wait in patience until the time I rejoin him.”

Thinking about what that lady told me gave rise to the following story.

The Story

I knew I was ill, very ill, yet I felt no pain or discomfort. There had been pain, terrible pain, but now, nothing. I felt hands touch me, and voices a long way off.

What sounded like male voice said, "He's in a coma."

A female voice responded, "Is he in pain?"

"No, he can't see, hear or feel anything."

"How long?"

"Another day or two at most. Just check that drip, there's nothing more we can do now."

They were, of course, wrong about my not hearing. I heard, but the words had no impact. I knew they applied to me, yet it was as if they were talking about someone else.

I knew that those who had been speaking had left my room. I was alone.

I felt suspended but found it hard to define how I was suspended. Between reality and unreality? Heaven and earth? Being and non-being? Time and eternity?

A black whole opened and I fell into it. Nothing. No time, no space. Oblivion.

Suddenly I was awake, eyes wide open, all my faculties sharper than I had ever experienced before. I was still in my hospital room, but it was radiant with light. Someone was with me. I struggled to see who it was, but could see no one.

“Do not struggle my love,” a voice said. It was a female voice, soft and mellow. It seemed to come from both within me and yet outside me.

“I have come to complete the union you have longed for.”

A misty shape formed beside my bed. I could not see who or what it was at first, then slowly it resolved itself into a woman, yet none that I knew or had experienced in life. She was naked and beautiful – very beautiful. She was all the fantasies I had ever had of women, yet beyond all of them in her loveliness. Light seemed to emanate from her, giving lustre to her whole body.

Despite her words, “Do not struggle my love,” I strove to fit what I was seeing into the categories I had learned throughout my life. She seemed a spiritual being, yet had a

solidity that did not fit into my concept of spiritual. The spiritual was insubstantial, having no reality beyond human self-delusion.

She gave a gentle laugh, "You will know when it is right for you to know. I have come to you to give you a foretaste of what awaits you."

I became aware that, although I was still in my hospital bed, I was no longer covered by sheets and blankets, but lying naked. I also became aware of, and in earthly fashion was embarrassed by, an erection. I wanted to hide it from the woman's sight, but she spoke again.

"No, now you must let go. You must let me start the union that has awaited you all your life."

With that she moved, or perhaps floated, over me. In terrestrial terms, I would have said that she now slid my penis into her vagina, but I felt no sensation, no feeling of warmth or moisture, yet an indefinable stimulation there was. Perhaps a tingling sensation best describes it.

The thought entered my mind; "This is nothing compared to the fleshy reality of the sexual intercourse I have experienced with so many women."

Then a convulsion. I felt my penis grasped with a vice like grip that I had never experienced before. Women had flexed their vaginal muscle round my penis on many occasions, but their grasp had been a flabby attempt compared to what I was now experiencing.

It was electrifying. It was not one flesh stimulating another. It was a melding in which two became one. It was total fulfillment, a completion of the self. There was no orgasm as I had experienced before, yet the satisfaction was perfect. It was a flawless consummation.

The figure moved away from me, yet I felt she was still with me, locked in total union.

“That begins what you will soon experience in all its fullness,” she said. “We shall meet again very soon.”

She slowly faded away, and for a moment, I knew I was in my hospital room, once more covered by sheet and blanket. Then the great darkness again, and a distant voice, “He’s going.” I was falling through long dark tunnel with in the distance a light. As I drew closer the light became a figure...the figure of the woman in my room...the woman with whom I had become one. Her hand stretched out to me.

“Welcome Kenton. I said I would see you soon. You know my name of course?”

“Raven,” I replied, then wondered how I had come up with such a name.

“You’re wondering how you knew my name? I’ll tell you Kenton. You have known it since your birth, because I have always been the one destined for you. Actually I was called raven because of my black hair.”

Although she was the same woman who had come to my room, she had changed in a way I at first could not identify. Then it hit me; she was now a solid, fleshly reality, rather than the ethereal figure I had previously encountered.

“Yes,” she laughed, “I’m solid reality now. You see, you were supposed to have met me in your terrestrial life, but I was killed in a car accident before that could happen. The union that should have happened during your lifetime could not take place, so in such circumstances, special permission is granted for us to unite with ourselves as death approaches.”

I was confused. What did she mean by, “unite with our selves”?

Raven seemed to know my questions before I asked them.

“Darling, there are many things you have yet to understand. You are in new dimension, and the things you have been used to like time and space, are of little concern to us here. But let me try and explain about being united with ourselves.”

“One of your earth people got it partly right. He said that each human being had two gender aspects within them, one female, the other, male. The physical male still has within him a female aspect, and the female a male aspect.”

“As I said, this is only part of the truth. You see, in earthly terms, and even quite unconsciously, each person goes in search of their other half. The female seeks the male part of herself and the male the female part. It is here that the sentimentalists are partially correct when they talk of ‘marriages made in heaven.’ Sadly, few people seem to find their other half on earth. It is only here that they achieve final union.”

I thought I understood, and said, “You mean people meet the members of their family that have died here?”

“No, no, darling. Someone The One sent some time ago disposed of that piece of rubbish. He tried to make the point that here things, family relationships, friendships, are very different. Here you meet the other half of yourself, and if in earthly life you met and united with that other half, then that remains true for eternity. If you don't meet your other half in earthly life, then that half awaits you here, just I was waiting for you.”

Her speaking of “The One” puzzled me. “Do you mean, God, I asked?”

She gave her delicious laugh. “Well, yes, except that so many names have been used, and so many ideas about the reality behind the names have been expounded. “God’, “The All Being,” “He Who Is,” “Creator,” and so on. Here we just use “The One.” It cuts out all gender arguments and expresses what it is intended to express, the Being who is all things and is in all things. Just as you and I are now one, however separate we may seem, so we are all part of The One, even if most times we seem separated.”

“By the way, darling, I don’t want to rush you, but we do have a little assignment to fulfil.”

“What assignment?”

“We have to make a baby. A boy I think.”

“What!” I was not averse to the idea of making a baby with Raven, in fact, an eternity of baby making with her would not be too long, but baby making in...in what? Heaven? And it did seem sudden.

“Yes, I know, my love. It’s all very puzzling at first, but I’ll try to explain.”

“Terrestrial people imagine that by means of the sexual act, or, these days, with test tubes, they make a baby. They are allowed that illusion because it helps to keep their little egos happy. The fact is, we make the baby here, and then transfer it to terrestrials. Their copulating only sets in motion the process at their level.”

“You know, my sweet, some of their ancients nearly got it right. In some cultures girls, when they reached sexual maturity, had to serve a term as a temple prostitute. In some places women had to go on serving in this role periodically for their entire period of fertility.”

“What they thought was, that the sexual activity in the temple encouraged the gods to do their bit. It would stimulate the gods to engage in copulating with each other, thus providing a good harvest, or give many children,

usually sons I am sorry to say. Of course, the very opposite is really true. Our sexual activity here is what stimulates terrestrials to sexual activity and the production of harvests and other things.”

“Now if you don’t mind, my love, we’d better get down to some copulating of our own.”

I had become aware of other people...beings...coming and going around us, most of them in pairs – male and female. There were a few alone, looking very unhappy.

“Raven, I suppose all those couples are people who have found their other half?”

“Yes, darling. Now come along, we have work to do...”

“But who are those on their own? They look rather miserable.”

“Ah, yes, very sad. They are the ones who, when they were terrestrials, actually met their other half, but renounced them.”

“Why did they do that?”

"Many reasons, my darling. Money, power, spiritual blindness...many reasons. Now darling, please, no more talk and more action."

"But where...we can't do it here, with all these people coming and going."

She laughed again. "Of course we can. Its been going on all round us as we've talked. If you want to you can see it, and if not, you don't see it. There's not the same worry here about coupling in publicly."

"But how do we do it. I mean, will it be like it was in the hospital room?"

"No, darling, it doesn't have to be. We can have what you would have called on earth, a perfectly normal act of love making – by the way; the only sex here is derived from love. What we experienced before was the act of total spiritual union that now exists between us. The physical was there, but only secondarily. We can have that again whenever we want to. It confirms our oneness. This time we can enjoy each other in the physical sense with the spiritual present in second place. By the way," she laughed again, "Sometimes the physical can become so intense that the spiritual takes over so total fulfillment is achieved."

Oddly, I noticed her nakedness for the first time since I “arrived” (?). Then I noticed my own nakedness. Her beauty now was no longer the ethereal form of the hospital, but a solid, sensuous reality. I felt powerful stirrings in my groin and a desire for her beyond anything that I had known with other women. I looked around for a bed of some other convenient place to lay her. There appeared to be nowhere. We seemed suspended in space.

“Where can we do...?”

“Yes, I thought that was coming. My dearest love, here there is no up or down, no sideways, only ‘Is.’

“What do I do?”

“My dearest Kenton, I have suffered long watching you try to find me with an endless succession of women. You knew what to do with them, so why not with me. Don’t you like my body...my breasts? They were made just for you to enjoy, just as you were made for me to enjoy. Have you noticed your penis?”

I looked, and was amazed to see that it was considerably larger than it had once been.

“You see, my darling, in a way I have made it as I want it, just as you have made my body as you want it. What’s more, even though we now have eternity before us, we shall never tire of each other. We are now our true self, one, and now exist as we were meant to.”

I tentatively reached out to touch her breast. It was firm and warm, with nipples erect.

“You see, my darling,” she whispered, “a real woman. You can do to me whatever you wish, and I to you. We may speak of love to each other, and you will want to, more than ever before.”

She leaned into me, kissing me softly and tenderly...I heard voices a long way off. At first I couldn’t distinguish the words, then slowly, very slowly, I felt myself drawn back up the long dark tunnel and had passed through to Raven. I cried out in anguish:

“Raven my love, my being....”

The voices became distinct.

“Well I’m damned, nurse, he’s pulling through. It’s a miracle, a bloody miracle.”

I struggled to open my eyes, and at first, I could see only light, then a figure leaning over me.

“You gave us quite a fright, young fellow. Still, you’ll mend nicely now. Be in to see you in another hour. Nurse, adjust that drip will you?”

“Yes, doctor.”

I looked to where I heard the voice and saw a nurse standing at the foot of my bed. I knew that voice. She came to the side of the bed to adjust the drip. I saw long black hair...the face, the figure...it was Raven. Then I saw her name badge, “Samantha.” I felt my heart plummet.

“Samantha!” I murmured in the pain of my disappointment.

She leaned over me so I could see her face clearly.

“Actually, they call me Raven, because of my black hair. Sleep now and get better. We have much to talk about and do together when you are well, my love.”

She kissed me very softly and tenderly.

I slept in deep tranquility.

Conscience Doth Make Cowards of Us

To Incest Web Site.

My mother is young and attractive and I have wanted her ever since I reached puberty. I am sure she also wants me but neither of us will make the move to initiate sexual intercourse between us. What can I do to overcome this impasse?

N

From Incest Web Site.

To N.

Your mother is probably still bound by anti-incest sexual mores. She may desire you a great deal, but cannot break through to freedom from conscience. If you wish to engage in sexual intercourse with her, and are sure she really does desire you, then you may need to be forceful. In this way, she can tell herself that you raped her and she is therefore not guilty. If you please her she will soon come around, and may eventually even initiate sexual intimacy with you.

I found the paper in a chest of drawers in Norton's old bedroom. It was tucked right at the back of a drawer and was probably long forgotten. He must have taken it off the Internet and typed it onto one sheet. I stood looking down at it in my hand.

But this is to get a long way ahead of my story.

My name is Sarah Briggs. As I write this I am forty years of age, but the events I wish to relate took place some years ago.

It was in the early years at high school when, as the result of some sexual experimentation with one of the senior boys, I got pregnant. He was a beautiful young man and I was said to be a very attractive girl. I think we were in love.

Once my pregnancy was revealed, he was sent away to a Boys Private School to finish his education, and we never saw each other again. I was offered an abortion or alternatively, adoption of the child when it was born.

My parents were fairly enlightened people, and after careful discussion, left the choice to me. My choice was to have the baby and keep it. After the birth of the baby, Norton, and a period of breastfeeding, I returned to high school for a while.

My mother took care of Norton but instead of the “big sister” fiction often used in these situations, I was always acknowledged as his mother and within my time and maturity limitations, I always sought to behave like a mother towards him.

I did not stay at high school until the final year, but went to what was called, “A Business College”, for one year. Here I was taught the skills of office work at, I might add, great expense to my parents, who fortunately could afford it.

Graduates from this college were very much in demand, and on leaving I quickly got a job in the office of a local woolen mill.

It was a privately owned family company and I was constantly in the presence of the boss, Alfred Passmore, the son of the man who had established the company.

Alfred was about forty-two years of age when I first met him. He was good looking, dynamic, and was a divorcee who had a daughter about my own age who lived with her mother. I was infatuated with him, and he made no secret of his lust for me.

We were very soon sexually involved with each other and when we decided to get married, my parents were very doubtful about his suitability. Apart from the wide age gap, they found him very pretentious and demanding, but I being still very young, saw these aspects of him as those of a strong free spirited male. I was determined to marry him.

I had hidden nothing from Alfred about my past sexual behaviour and pregnancy, but he was so enraptured, he agreed to accept Norton along with me. Norton was six years old at the time of our wedding.

Despite the wide age difference between Alfred and I, everything went wonderfully well for the first six months of our marriage. I suppose this is often the case, especially with girls, who like me are infatuated with their newly acquired partner.

Despite my being hot for Alfred, I did notice that in our love making, he did not so much ask me to do things for and to him, but commanded, "Do this to me." They were things that I would have happily done, but just wished he would ask instead of ordering. However, this was passed over in the first flush of our sex life.

Then something was revealed that put a maggot of doubt into my mind.

I had looked forward to having children with Alfred, and after six months had past, and as far as I knew we used no contraceptives, I had not got pregnant. Since Alfred was pumping his sperm into me almost every night, I began to worry that there might be something wrong with me, or with him.

Since I had got pregnant with my previous lover after only a couple of sexual intercourse's, I had assumed that there was nothing wrong with me in that department. Without saying anything to Alfred, I had a medical check up to find out if anything was amiss, and was told I was perfectly able to get pregnant.

Finally, I put the matter to Alfred, and he laughed. Where I had been completely open and honest with him, he had not paid me the same compliment.

"My dear girl, I had a vasectomy years ago. Don't want any more little brats running round the place, do we? Got one already, haven't we?" referring of course, to Norton. "Makes sure you behave yourself as well." He gave another laugh.

I was very hurt that he had not told me about his vasectomy, and the attitude he took to children. Most of all, I was hurt by the implication that I might be sexually unfaithful.

For six months, I had done for Alfred in bed whatever he wanted. I had denied him nothing, and now he was suggesting I needed something to keep me faithful to him. I was angry and disappointed.

As with many of these situations, the full impact does not take place immediately, but that little maggot of doubt works away in the mind almost unacknowledged. Things that one engaged in with pleasure start to become disagreeable.

For example, I had quite enjoyed giving Alfred oral sex, even though he did not do the same for me, but now I began to find it distasteful. His desire for anal sex with me, once happily agreed to, now became an unpleasant chore.

The change within the relationship is hardly noticed at first, but it works away inside.

Alfred did not seem to discern any change in my feelings. He was still infatuated with me, and I must add, I think with him self. He did not seem to notice, for example, how, although I still sucked his penis and swallowed his semen, I did it as what I now thought of as a “duty,” along with other things that he wanted me to do.

So our marriage trundled along with me being the “dutiful wife.”

Eight years into my marriage, my father died. He had been a dear man and a loving father, and I was distraught. I sought comfort from Alfred, and all I got was the remark, “Oh well, dear girl, these things happen. Did he leave you anything?”

When, another two years later my mother died, Alfred’s sole concern was how much I had inherited. He was furious when he discovered that it had been legally tied up in such a way that he could not get his hands on it. The interest was for my sole use, and while he might persuade me to hand over some of that to him, he could not get at the capital.

I had grown in maturity over the preceding years, and still wanted to make our marriage work, but it seemed to have become an affair of expedience. I looked after his home and he earned the money running his woolen mill.

One feature of our married life was Alfred’s frequent absences. These had of necessity always occurred, but two four years into our marriage they started to become more frequent, and they lasted longer.

“Be away for a couple of weeks on business,” he would announce, and leave the next day. On his return I would receive what I called “My token ‘hello’ sexual intercourse.”

I naturally wondered what had happened to the ardour of his early days with me. It might be expected to diminish after a while, but not to the extent of a “quickie” when he got back from a “business trip” and nothing thereafter until another return.

I tried to convince myself that as Alfred was now in his fifties, his libido had diminished, but from what I read and the comments of friends, it seemed that this was not the case with most men.

Then belatedly in our marriage, a thought occurred to me. I had never forgotten his early questioning of my fidelity. If his having had a vasectomy seemed to guarantee my sexual fidelity, the very opposite could apply to him. He could very safely go spreading his seed around without consequences, at least as far as pregnancies were concerned.

From the time of his deception over the vasectomy, my own sexual drive for Alfred had gradually diminished, but my sexual hunger had not waned. If anything, the absence of sexual gratification with Alfred had increased my craving for sensual contact. In addition, I still yearned for children.

I took to masturbating frequently, but while this gave some temporary relief to my sexual tensions, I nearly always ended up crying for want of what I thought of as “the real thing.”

I thought of putting myself on the contraceptive pill and having affairs, but that monster, the conscience, arose to point an accusing finger at me. Alfred had married me knowing of my past, and accepted Norton along with me. I felt I owed him fidelity for that, if for no other reason, and so I went on with my aching need.

Although Alfred had accepted Norton, it had been a nominal acceptance. He was not unkind to him, but generally ignored him. Norton was now sixteen, and as I now paid for his education out of the interest payments from the investment left by my parents, Alfred had no cause for complaint on that score.

Norton had grown up to look very like his real father, handsome and athletic. Early every morning he would dive into our swimming pool. Watching him, I delighted in his beautiful body and young manhood with its early morning erection I could see pressing against his thin swimming briefs. I thought, “My God, some lucky woman is going to enjoy her self with him.”

Looking at him, I often felt a lurch in my stomach and a faint throbbing in my clitoris. Conscience reared up, and I struggled to suppress my emotions, earnestly trying to deny what I was thinking and feeling.

Part of the difficulty was, that the age difference between Alfred and I was more than the difference between Norton and I. Since Norton received no affection from Alfred, and I was beginning to feel less and less involved in Alfred's life, Norton and I sought the warmth we needed in each other.

There had been love between us from the start. This appears to be innate to mothers and their sons. As the so-called "experts" tell us, there is a special bond between mothers and sons. That love or bond between Norton and I had increased over the years, but I could not, or would not, acknowledge the possibilities that lay within that bond.

A still young and passionate woman, unsatisfied by her husband, living constantly and often alone, apart from the presence of a virile young man, even though her son, was a precarious situation.

Remembering the circumstances of his conception, as he entered puberty, I counseled Norton on sexual behaviour as best I could, telling him to be sure the girl had protection or

that he used a condom. I felt something of a hypocrite because as I warned him against getting a girl pregnant, I could feel no regret that I had conceived him.

I had not followed up my earlier suspicions about Alfred, his vasectomy and the “business trips.” One day, however, a neighbour was relating to me how she had met up with Alfred in a restaurant entertaining his “cousin.”

“Very attractive girl, isn’t she?” the innocent neighbour went on.

As far as I knew, Alfred had no cousin in that town, and he wasn’t supposed to be there anyway.

I can’t say I was shattered. The information merely confirmed what I already suspected. When Alfred returned, and was about to give me my token “hello” in bed that night, I drew back from him and said, “Don’t you think you’d better save it for your ‘cousin’?”

He moved to his side of the bed and said, “So the bitch told you!”

“Yes, she told me.”

“What are you going to do about it?”

“I don’t know.”

“Come on, Sarah, there’s nothing to it. It gets lonely out there on the road.”

“You weren’t supposed to be in that town.”

“I just made a diversion after a tip off that there might be some business to pick up.”

I didn’t believe him.

He moved over to me again and began fondling my breasts. I tried to push him away, but this seemed to make him all the more insistent. His finger explored my vagina, and as I was so often in a state of semi-arousal, he could feel my wetness.

“Come on, I know you want it.”

I don’t know if it was because I couldn’t be bothered to struggle, or because I thought, “Even this is better than nothing,” I laid back and let him have me. When he finished,

I hastened to the bathroom to wash his sperm out of me. I felt a sense of disgust at the lack of my self-respect, that I would let him touch me, let alone have sex with me.

From that time on I lived in the house as a matter of convenience, and any sexual relationship with Alfred really did become a “token” event. I was not proud of myself, knowing that I should get out of the situation, but I seemed to have no energy to make the move.

Such love and affection as I did receive, came from Norton. This too began to trouble me. If he was kissing me goodbye he pulled me close, and I could feel his hard manhood pressing against me. Sometimes he would sit beside me in the evening on the sofa watching television when Alfred was not at home, and he would put his arm round me. I would rest my head on his shoulder and I could feel him quivering and see his erection.

So many times, I felt him watching me, as I watched him. Longing, desiring, yet not daring. I began to ache for him and I now had no doubt that he hungered for me. We were both in torment, torturing each other by merely being present to each other.

The throbbing of my clitoris and the wetness between my legs warned me constantly of my precarious position with

Norton. As I masturbated, my fantasy was now always of Norton entering me, of putting his hot young sperm into me.

Conscience scowled at me and I quailed before it. I could not permit my son to have sex with me, yet my thought was, "If only he would rape me."

This of course, was the coward's way out. If he took me by force, the blame could not be laid at my door. Conscience made sure I knew what I was doing. "You want him to take you by force so you can avoid any responsibility!"

I was caught between my conscience and my hunger for my son. This conflict only added to my already depressed state. I decided to fend Norton off, to have as little physical contact with him as possible. I tried not to look at his body and his young hard penis, but like so much that we repress, it only comes back with redoubled force. It is like a boiler with the fire still raging beneath it and the safety valve jammed, something has to finally give way, so the boiler explodes.

Norton must have realised that something was very wrong with me because he kept asking about my health and well being. As I tried to avoid contact with him, so he would approach and put his arms round me, and I could not bring myself to push him away.

The boiler was near to exploding.

The crisis came early one morning when Alfred was away. It had been a hot night, and it was an even hotter morning. I decided to join Norton for a swim. I put on my bikini and together we dived into the pool.

We swam and splashed around for about fifteen minutes, then got out of the pool to dry our selves in the sun on loungers at the poolside. I lay down, but Norton did not move to his lounge, instead he bent over and kissed me. His tongue probed at my lips and I responded, opening my mouth for him to enter.

His hand came to my breasts and began to fondle them through the top of my bikini.

I was captivated by what he was doing to me, and even at this stage I was lubricating. I was succumbing without a struggle. Then my wretched conscience loomed over me, and I began fending him off.

“No Norton, no. You musn’t, not with your mother. Please darling, stop... stop before its too late...Don’t do this to me...please...”

He didn't stop. He had my top off and his hands stroked my naked breasts, then as I tried to fight him off he tore down my bikini bottom and was over me. The very athleticism I had loved in him now turned against me. He was much too strong for me.

He kept saying, "Don't fight me mother, please. I don't want to hurt you. I love you and I know you love and want me, so please, don't fight me."

He had forced my legs apart and had come between them with his body, his beautiful manhood already probing for my entrance.

"Darling... don't... please don't... you'll make me pregnant...please don't do this to me..."

My pleading achieved nothing. He was determined to have me, no doubt being prepared to pay the price if I charged him with rape. He wanted me as badly as that!

He entered me. I was ready for him, my vagina soaked with my fluid. It was as if I took a whip to conscience and cowardice, and drove them yelping like thrashed curs, out of me. My craving for Norton swamped all else. The boiler had finally exploded.

He thrust his entire length into me and I surrendered. He was crying out, "I love you, I love you," over and over again.

I heard a voice saying, "Take me, take me my darling. Make me have you. Don't...please don't stop...all of you, give me all of you."

His shaft was tight against the walls of my vagina and I began to rhythmically clench and release him with my vaginal muscle. With each clasp, he groaned aloud.

I was with him, feeling every movement of his beautiful lance in me, thrusting as if he would strike to my heart, yet I was somehow outside myself. It was as if I was both the viewer and the viewed at the same time. I saw two people loving and being loved, and knew that it was Norton and I. It was an experience I had never had with Alfred or Norton's father.

Then suddenly I was no longer a viewer. I became totally engrossed in my union with Norton. I felt his approaching orgasm as he speeded up his movement within me. I no longer clenched him with my vagina, but opened myself to him. My legs were round him to pull him in deeper. His hands were under my buttocks as he struggled to get the last millimetre into me.

His groans had increased in volume, and I felt myself beginning to shake and I was pleading with him again, "Please, darling, don't make me...its torture...please no...oh no."

Then my orgasm was upon me, taking possession of me, its impact jarring me from head to foot. My pleading changed.

"Don't stop, darling, please don't stop...fuck me to death...I want to die with you...all of it...fertilise me...please...my darling..."

I was weeping, as his sperm seemed to blow up in me like a long suppressed volcano finally exploding with a violent pulsing rhythm that I thought would never stop.

I had never felt such waves of love pass through me, or such unity with a lover. In the fever of our mutual climax, I felt as if Norton and I were no longer two persons, but one. He had come from my body, and now he had returned.

As someone has said, "In the midst of the ecstatic moment of sexual union, there lurks the tragedy of separation." However long a couple may make their sexual union last, it

must inevitably end. At least the physical union must end with withdrawal, even if their spiritual communion goes on.

As the zenith of our mutual climax passed, we lay, still physically united. As many women experience, I continued to have the after-tremors of my orgasm. Many men do not seem to realise how cruel they are to withdraw from the woman as soon as they have ejaculated. It leaves the woman still experiencing what together they have brought about, and she feels deserted, even betrayed.

Norton stayed with me, his penis contracting inside me. His first concern was my weeping that still continued.

“Oh mother, have I hurt you?”

“No, no, my love, I’m crying with happiness.”

It took the poor boy some time to understand that.

Norton seemed to have a wonderful sensitivity to my needs. Apart from the fact that he did not seem to want to separate from me at all, he appeared to instinctively know when I was ready for his withdrawal.

It is at this point, when the couple separates, that the testing point of their relationship and what they have just done

together emerges. More with men and than with women, so I understand, there can be a feeling of rejection and disgust. It is the moment, as it is said, that the man “wants to get his pants on and run.”

I knew my own feelings that were those of overwhelming love and gratitude for what we had done.

Norton sat on the edge of the lounge, looking at me as if he would consume me completely with his eyes.

“Mother, I’m sorry I had to take you by force, but...”

I interrupted him. “But it might never have happened otherwise?”

“Yes.”

“It’s all right, my love, I’m glad of your courage. I’ve wanted to have you for years, but could never summon the nerve to approach you.”

His sperm was trickling out of me onto the lounge, so I clamped my hand over my cleft to hold it in. It was not for the sake of the lounge I did this, but because I wanted to

have something of him inside me still. I had initially protested that he might make me pregnant, and on that basis, I should have been trying to get his sperm out of me. I have heard that sperm can remain active inside a woman for some time so if pregnancy was my fear...?

Norton was gently caressing my breasts, and looking up at him, I gave a little laugh.

“Yes, darling, that’s where I gave you your first nourishment.”

He said, “You have nourished me for another hunger, now, my lovely mother.” He touched my breast again and said, “I knew you’d be beautiful.” He had never seen my breasts naked until now.

He leaned over me and took a nipple into his mouth, suckling very tenderly.

I lay with him at my breast, stroking his hair and murmuring my love for him.

I had never experienced a more exquisite moment in all my life. Our coupling and its aftermath ranked with his birth as supreme moments in my life.

Now, I not only loved my son, I was "in love with him." I loved him not only as a mother, but loved and desired him as a man...as my lover.

His hands began exploring my body, touching me as if I was a priceless art object. He kept saying, "You are so lovely."

I was taking in his body with my eyes, the beauty of its muscularity, the sensitivity of his mouth, and those eyes, his father's eyes, so brown and tender. I was on the sweet rack of love, longing to be stretched – to feel the exquisite agony of loving deeply and unconditionally.

His penis was slack between his legs, so I reached out to touch it, and almost immediately, it began to stiffen.

I broke off the wonderful moment saying, "Another swim, Norton," and I flung myself into the pool. He followed.

His sperm flowed out of me, soon to be replaced. With Norton standing in the pool, I wrapped my legs round him, and I let myself slowly slide down him until his penis entered me. The water buoyed me up, and I moved on him, both of us gasping with passion. I had often had a fantasy of

being taken in water like this, now it was with someone I adored more than anyone in my whole life.

He shot into me. I had no orgasm, but his mere presence inside me was enough.

When he had finished we still clung together, and he said, "I shall never leave you, mother."

I think I knew that, and certainly, I was determined. My thought was "No other woman shall have him now. He is mine until death."

That night I took him to my bed. During that night, I had my first experience of receiving instead of just giving, oral sex.

Norton began by kissing my lips, but then gradually explored my body with his kisses. He finally parted my legs and put his hands under my hips, raising my vagina, then pressing his lips to it.

I thought this was all there would be, a kiss, but then I felt his fingers part the outer lips to expose my inner lips. I felt his tongue enter me softly probing, striving to enter deeply.

I gave a little scream and putting my hands behind his head, I pulled him in tightly to me. After a while he freed himself from my grasp, and I felt him lift the little hood over my clitoris, then his tongue was swirling round it.

I think I went somewhere out into space. I was beside myself, and my little scream became a very loud one, tailing off into a wail of ecstasy.

I was holding his head to me again, and once more, the shaking began. He clung to my thighs, forcing me against his mouth. I heard myself shrieking, "Don't stop, don't stop..."

The orgasmic wave burst over me, plunging me into its depths, unresisting and helpless in its grasp. Loved and loving, I was an offering to the goddess of love.

The climactic moment passed, I began to surface. Norton was moving over me, his penis searching for my opening. I reached down with my hand and guided him in. I was physically sated by my orgasm, so I lay, relaxed, stroking his body and face, speaking of my love for him.

He came into me with almost the urgency of the first time. When it was over, we lay in each other's arms, his now slack penis still lying against my cleft.

We slept in the peace of passion temporarily fulfilled.

I knew this would not stop now. The bond that had always been between us was now reinforced, confirmed, by our couplings. What had once come out from my body, had returned to it.

All of this was a reality, but the dawn brought with it other realities.

What was now to happen with what was left of my relationship with Alfred? Even token sex with him was now out of the question. A clean break with him? Try to remain whilst refusing him his “conjugal rights”?

The coward in me reasserted its self. I would wait and see.

Norton was appalled. “How can you stay with him after what we have had. You don’t love him. You’re little more than his housekeeper, now. You can’t let him touch you after what we have had.”

“Be patient, my love,” I said, trying to placate him. “There are practical matters that have to be dealt with before I can

just walk out, and I promise you that there will be no sexual contact with him.”

The argument went on for some time, but finally he accepted the situation, knowing that we could come together frequently as Alfred was of on “business” more than ever now.

The first overcoming of my cowardice was when Alfred got back from his trip.

“Alfred, I shan’t be sleeping with you any more.”

My place in his life was clearly shown when he simply shrugged his shoulders and said, “Suit yourself.” My female ego would have liked him to make some protest, but there was none.

Norton and I continued our sexual activity, and we were in danger of settling down comfortably in what was otherwise a rather unsatisfactory situation. Had Norton been some man I had brought into the house I might not have bothered to hide it from Alfred, but Norton, my son!

The preachers tell us, "The wages of sin is death." Well, the wages of unprotected sex, is pregnancy. Thus, I received my wages.

This was the turning point.

When I told Alfred that I was pregnant, he sneered. "Thought you might be a bit of a slut. Fits in with having your bastard. Well, that finishes it."

And so it did. He did not even ask me who the father was. Not that I would have told him anyway.

Is it not strange that men like Alfred can see no harm in the "playing the field," sexually speaking, but if their wife takes a lover, they are "a slut"?

I had not told Norton of my condition. I wanted to get the revelation to Alfred over first.

When I did tell him he did not seemed surprised or troubled.

"After what we've been doing, it's hardly surprising, is it. How do you feel about it, mother?"

I had wanted to get my question in first, to find out how Norton felt about it. After all, it was yet another test of our relationship. Would he now decide to flee?

Having failed to ask first, I answered as carefully as I could, and turned the question around.

"There are two people plus one involved, Norton, one cannot yet express an opinion. How do you feel about it?"

"Bloody wonderful," he said. "Only trouble is, at this stage I don't see how I can support a wife...I mean...you and a child."

I laughed. "If that's all that's worrying you, there's no problem. You know very well your grandparents left me well provided for."

"Yes, but a man should support..."

"Don't be so nineteenth century, Norton," I laughed. "There'll be plenty of time for you to satisfy your male ego. After all, if I have my way, you'll have more than one child to support in the future."

When the dust of divorce settled, I retained the house after doing what they call “paying out” Alfred. Norton and I continued to live there, together with Alice, when she arrived, followed by Robert and Sally.

For those interested, in his mid fifties, Alfred married a nineteen-year-old girl. I hope she can make a better go of it than I did.

Norton and I have lost nothing of the love that we experienced the day he “raped” me. If, however, you might be questioning not only the incestuous nature of our loving, but also the age gap, then I quote Norton. “Alfred was more than twenty years older than you when you married him. There’s only fifteen years between us.”

I stood with the Internet paper in my hand. I gave thanks that he had put his question. Without that and the response, we might never have come together.

Cynthia

Written in Loving Memory of a Generous Lady

* * * * *

A warning to the reader. If you are looking for huge cocks, long shapely legs, full swelling bosoms, mountainous climaxes and the like, do not read on.

It began at a twenty first-birthday party back in the 1950s. I was about twenty-one or twenty-two at the time, and had just finished my apprenticeship as a plumber. I was living in one of the many country towns that, at that time in my country, were growing due to rapid industrial expansion. Our town was situated over the largest coal seams in the world, stretching down a valley fifty miles long and averaging about 30 miles wide. The seams went beyond the valley out into the sea, and the coal was only an average of fifty feet below the surface.

The coal is very low-grade brown coal, but the latest technology had allowed it to be used, and so, in addition to the open cut mines, power stations, gas plants and paper mills were being built. I was working as a plumber for the State Electricity Commission.

I attended a church in the town along with quite a few other young people, and one of these, a girl called Gaylene Flynn, was having her "twenty-first." She was the daughter of Cynthia Flynn, a widow of indeterminate age, but I suppose somewhere between forty-five and fifty. Who Mr. Flynn had been no one seemed to know, and we had long given up asking. And so it was that I arrived at the Flynn house about 8 p.m. one Saturday night.

I was not a great partygoer, and was feeling somewhat depressed because I had just lost my girl friend, Edna, to one, Arthur Cracknell. Arthur was a rough, tough labourer about my own age. A few months after my loss to Arthur he got Edna pregnant, married her, and in the following years presented her with seven more pregnancies. Perhaps to my shame, I must admit to a certain amount of satisfaction as I learned that not long after marriage Edna was also presented with a beating up every Saturday night by a drunken husband. Those were the days when divorce was not easy to come by, and there were no "Single Parent" pensions then.

I would sometimes see Edna in the town, round shouldered, lank haired, wearily pushing her latest squalling and smelly offspring in a decaying pram, looking at least twenty years older than she was. Not that this was unusual with girls in our town. Edna had been proclaimed as one of the "Town's Beauties," but as one lady said to me, "In this town a girl leaves school when she's fifteen, has her hair permed, her teeth out, gets pregnant and gets married." Contraception

not being what it is now, pre-marital pregnancies were the common lot of most girls, followed by marriage, unless the father was able to escape the district in time.

Enough of Edna (I had a lucky escape there), and back to the party. There were about a dozen other young people already present, plus Mrs.Flynn. Over the next hour or so more arrived to swell the ranks to about thirty and the noise increased to something resembling half a dozen foundries going full blast. Having handed over my obligatory present to Gaylene and made appropriate birthday noises, I wandered around chatting here and there. Popular music of the period started and added to the already cacophonous row. At one stage, I found myself sitting next to Mrs.Flynn ("Just call me Cynthia" [not her real name]). We started to talk about this and that – what did I do, where did I live, had I got a girl friend – you know the sort of thing.

Now let me tell you a bit about the Widow Cynthia Flynn. She was about five feet two inches tall, a sort of non-descript neither fat or thin, light brown hair, of indeterminate breast size, but not large and as her dress went well below the knees her legs were not very visible, but I wouldn't say they were long and sexy. She was the sort of woman who, if a young chap like me passed her in the town, he wouldn't offer her a second glance. The thought, conscious or unconscious, would go something like this, "Another ordinary looking bird on the wrong side of forty-five," and she would be wiped from the memory banks.

That is the negative side of Cynthia, but on closer inspection, and I was very close as we sat on the couch talking, I was able to observe one feature which sent hot shivers running down your spine, to collide in my penis and make quite a stir. That feature was her eyes. They managed to combine a slumberous with a predatory look. Once turned on you, those eyes sucked you into her (more about this aspect later) and there consumed you. In addition as she talked, she had a way of delicately touching your arm and sometimes your thighs with her hands.

As I have clearly indicated, in general circumstances I would in no way be sexually attracted to her, but as she looked, consumed and touched, manhood made itself felt. In those days, male clothes were much looser than now and it did hide embarrassing projections to some extent, but this lady knew her business, and as became obvious, she could read the signs. She suddenly rose, took my hand, and said, "Darling, we can't talk properly in here, let's go somewhere quieter." Without waiting for me to answer or agree, she simply led me out of the room, down a passage leading to the back of the house, opened a door, and we were in a bedroom.

She sat on the bed with me standing just in front of her and reached out to touch my penis through the cloth. Looking at me with those devastating eyes, she purred, "Darling, I think

we had better do something about this." She undid the buttons (no zips in those days) of my trousers, and with that she pulled herself right onto the bed, pulled up her dress and opened her legs. She had no knickers on.

Up to that moment, my experience had been a bit of girl fumbling, and the occasional penetration of an unwilling vagina. The problem as I have already indicated, was fear of pregnancy. The most common form of contraception was withdrawal at the critical moment, and this didn't always work because precum has enough enthusiastic little sperms to do the job anyway. In any case, this method could leave the participants even more frustrated, because just when nature commanded, "Get in deep to give those little sperms the best chance, " you had to get out in a hurry.

So it was that I was not only surprised by the immediate visibility of Cythia's sexual organ, but, even more surprised when she said, "Put it all into me, darling." I made no hesitation in complying. You see, as I warned you at the beginning, no great physical details or fantastic foreplay, just a guy with an erection and a woman with a willing body.

But if you think this sounds very ordinary, then you are wrong. On entering Cynthia I experienced a sensation I had never had before or since, not even with my lovely wife. As her eyes sucked you into her, so her vagina did the same for the penis. She was warm, soft and wet, and the walls of her

vagina clung round the penis, tugging you into her deeper and deeper. When I came, which was very quickly, it was virtually at her command. She drew the sperm out of me.

When I vacated her, she commented, "Lovely, darling. Gaylene's always out on Tuesday and Friday nights," nothing more. We got off the bed straightened ourselves up, and rejoined the party. She went off to talk to other people, and I was somewhat put out when I noticed that during the rest of the evening, she went in the direction of the bedroom with three or four other young chaps. Still, I had something to do on Tuesday and Fridays nights now.

That first time with Cynthia turned out to be a sort of first installment of things to come. You may be pleased to know that we went through all the ramifications of sexual contact – you know – kissing, oral and anal sex, sitting, and standing – the whole lot. I should point out that her kissing was like none I had or have experienced. As with her eyes and vagina, it was not so much the open-mouthed tongue thrusting type, but again, a sucking sensation. It was as if she wanted to devour you.

The odd thing was, that apart from the invitation which she nearly always made, "Put it all into me, darling," she rarely initiated the foreplay. If I wanted to liken her to anything, she was like an indulgent mother trying to please her child, and was pleased herself when she succeeded. I never knew

her to have an orgasm. It was as if she desired and enjoyed the sheer pleasure of taking you into her.

What she did on the other nights of the week I did not try to find out. I did know that Gaylene was out nearly every night of the week, so...?

Looking back over fifty years, I think that Cynthia's great satisfaction was in giving pleasure and release to young men. I wonder how many pre-marital pregnancies did not take place because she was such a kindly giver.

I got married some five years after I first had sex with Cynthia, and my wife wasn't pregnant. Cynthia has long gone to another life, and I shall soon follow her. So, thank you Cynthia. Over all the years, I have thought of you gratefully and lovingly. Thank you for being so generous with your body. God bless you.

Down by the River Side

He gave a gasp as he pumped the last of his semen into me, then with a cry of "Oh Cassie," he relaxed. We lay buried in the sweet smelling grass just above the sandbank by the bend in the river. I stroked his hair and face as he lay on me, his shaft still in me, slowly slackening.

It had been sweet, almost bittersweet. It had been thirty years before when I had lost my virginity to Matt on this very spot. It was here that Matt had made me pregnant for the first time, and here were the Parson had married us. This spot by the river had been almost sacred to Matt and I, the place where we loved and where we engaged in our favourite pass time of fishing.

Now all these years on, I had opened myself to young Drew, welcoming his young manhood into me. Had I betrayed Matt, especially as Drew and I had used the old place where Matt and I had loved? No, Matt wasn't like that. He would have said, "You go ahead, old girl, enjoy it. Don't go mourning me forever."

Matt had died nearly three years before, and quite inadvertently, Drew was the last person he spoke to. Knowing he was dying he said to Drew, "Take care of the Misses for me, young Drew." Drew had replied, "I will."

Within five minutes, Matt was dead. Now I wondered whether the instruction to "take care of the Misses," included what we had just been engaged in.

Of course, it was something you might expect him to have said to our three children, but over the years they had drawn away from us, following their professions, starting their own families in distant cities. Young Drew, on the other hand, had grown close to us.

As I have said, Matt and I enjoyed fishing. That's how we met, when for the first time I borrowed my father's fishing rod and went down to the river. It was an unusual thing for a girl to do in those days, and I had no idea how to go about fishing. On that first occasion, I met Matt on the sandbar.

He was tall and handsome, and I asked him, "Could you tell me how to put these things together?"

He laughed and set up my rod and reel for me, then showed me how to bait the hook. I think I fell for him right then.

After that, we met frequently on the sandbar, and from fishing we graduated to making love. Contraception in those days wasn't what it is now, so I got pregnant fairly quickly, and we got married. All our married life Matt was a

wonderful, caring lover. When he died, I was devastated for months after.

Young Drew, as we called him, came into our lives through fishing. I think he must have been ten or eleven when he turned up one day while Matt and I were fishing. Someone had bought him a cheap rod and reel for his birthday, and like me in the beginning, he didn't know where to start. Matt and I set him going, and thereafter we met up constantly on the sandbar with our tackle.

Drew became a constant factor in our lives, "Our fishing son," as Matt had called him. A bond of friendship grew up between us, or perhaps it should be, "A bond of love."

Not only did Drew join us fishing, he was a constant visitor to our home, and seemed to worship Matt. When the time came for Drew to leave high school, Matt helped get Drew an apprenticeship.

Matt worked at the nearby dry dock, where the ferries that crossed the river at various places, were brought in to be serviced and updated. So, Drew began his apprenticeship working alongside Matt.

When Matt died from an unexpected heart attack, Drew was almost as devastated as I was. In the months after we had

scattered Matt's ashes into the river at the sandbar, it was Drew who was my main comfort.

I had never bothered to analyse my feelings for Drew. From our first meeting with him, he had grown into our lives. While Matt was alive, it was he that Drew seemed to relate to more than me. After Matt's death the bond between Drew and I seemed to intensify. Perhaps it was our shared grief and the consolation I received from him. He would put his arms round me, saying nothing, just holding me.

Before Matt's death there had been few physical signs of affection between Drew and I. An occasional peck on the cheek was the limit of our physical contact. After Matt's death the pecks gradually became kisses on the lips, but it never occurred to me that there was anything sexual in this. It was just a dear young friend being kind.

How could it have been otherwise? I am nearly thirty years older than Drew is, and I am not going to pretend that I looked other than my age. Three children had changed my breasts from their youthful firmness, with pink up pointed nipples, to slackness and large brown nipples. My thighs bore the marks of childbirth, as did my belly. More obvious to the world were the lines round my eyes and across my forehead. Why would a young fellow, even a loving one like Drew, want a woman like me?

Having written this, I realise that I have given myself away. However deeply I may have repressed the thought, the mere fact that I had considered my physical self in this way, suggests that there was a sexual element in my relationship with Drew.

Perhaps this is something that is true for all of us. Deny it as we will, when we meet a member of the opposite sex, whatever the disparities between us, we weigh each other up as sexual beings. We may immediately reject the possibility of sexual contact, but the thought has been there, however briefly.

As far as I know, I had never indicated any sexual interest in Drew, so it was, to say the least, a surprise – even a shock – when he made his approach to me.

It began with what seemed like an innocent enough question:

"Cassie, do you still miss Matt?"

"Yes, but not as much as I used to."

"Did it take long before the pain started to ease?"

"You should know, you helped me through it."

"Yes, I tried. What is it you miss most about him?"

"Oh, I suppose his just being there; his kindness and cheerfulness."

"Nothing else?"

"What do you mean, 'Nothing else'?"

"Well, you know...I mean...you're not that old...and you loved him, didn't you?"

I could have gone on pretending I didn't understand what Drew was getting at, but it was a lovely, warm and languorous afternoon, the fishing was poor and I was laying back on the sand, relaxed. So, perhaps foolishly, I took up his question in just the way I knew he meant it.

"You mean sex?"

"Er...yes. Do you miss it?"

"Yes."

"Much?"

"Sometimes like hell."

He was sitting beside me as I lay, eyes half closed. He leant over and kissed me very softly. As he did so his tongue flicked across my lips, and his hand cupped my breast.

"Would you let me, Cassie?"

Again, I could have pretended I didn't know what he was getting at, but I had enjoyed his kiss and his touching my breast, so I said the most obvious thing:

"Don't be silly, darling, I'm years older than you are."

He persisted: "Please, would you let me?"

There had been no sex since Matt' death, and while some women seem able to shut up shop, I can't. Masturbation was my only release, but now, with Drew's hand gently touching my breast through the cloth of my shirt, I was being aroused.

He became more importune: "Please Cassie, I want you so badly...you've no idea how much..."

He was unbuttoning my shirt and I did nothing to stop him. He reached round my back and released my bras, so my breasts flopped out.

"That'll put him off me," I thought.

Instead he raised one breast with his hand and took my nipple into his mouth. His other hand went up inside my skirt, feeling for my sexual organ. His fingers squeezed past the cloth of my pants to begin gently probing my opening.

This was almost the decisive point. I either stopped him now, or let him go ahead. I wanted him badly. His moves had roused me almost in a flash, and I was so hungry for sexual intimacy, I had no will to resist. Coupling with a lovely, ardent young man, was a temptation I could not dismiss.

I said, "Not here, darling, it's too exposed. Come up onto the bank, in the grass."

We went up into the tall, sweet smelling grass to almost the spot where Matt had first taken me. I took off my panties and

raising my skirt, lay down and spread my legs to receive him.

He took off his jeans and underpants, and coming between my legs, gently entered me.

"Gentle" is the word that describes our first union. Drew seemed to want to lose himself in me, and said repeatedly, "Oh Cassie, Cassie, I love you."

I simply reveled in his tender loving, holding him and moving with him. I felt like a mother seeking to give her child pleasure. I wanted him to enjoy me, to be fulfilled in me, to plant his young seed in me as Matt had so long ago. At the time when most women have given up hope of sexual intercourse, I was having what might be my last moment of sensual love.

Now I lay with him still in my arms. I had not had an orgasm, but I did not mind. The loving contact with him had been enough at that time. I had not spoken since he first entered me, but now I asked: "Feel better now, my love?"

"Oh God, Cassie, yes. It was wonderful. Can we, again...?"

"Come and have a meal with me this evening, darling."

"Oh, yes."

He came that evening. I did nothing special with myself. He would see me as I really am, marked by the years and life. If he found me undesirable, so be it. It was to be as I am that he must accept or reject. Rejection would not be easy to take, but better now than later was my thought.

We ate very little, both of us eager to renew our sexual interaction. I led him to the bedroom with the great double bed on which Matt and I had loved so many times. I stripped and stood before him. He was just finishing undressing, and he looked up. I was anxious for his response.

His eyes scanned me from top to toe for a moment, then, with no sign of distaste he put his arms round me, drawing me close to press his belly against me. I began to rotate my hips against him, and even this mild stimulation seemed to drive him mad.

He almost flung me onto the edge of the bed crying, "Cassie, Cassie." I felt my legs pulled open and his head was between them, his tongue frantically probing my vagina.

Already aroused, I put my hands behind his head, forcing him closer, making him stay with me. His tongue found my clitoris and I began to cry out, my voice rising to a scream as I felt my orgasm approaching.

I was calling out all those contradictory messages that women use at such a time, one moment begging him to stop, the next pleading with him to go on forever. Orgasmic shock waves hammered me and I was lost in a world of agony and gratification.

The climax passed and I was still vibrating with the after effects. I somehow got Drew on to the bed, and sat across him, his beautiful spear thrusting deep into me as I bore down on him. I heard someone howling and weeping, then realised it was me.

He added his cries to mine, groaning out my name constantly, until I felt the first burst of his semen into me. We struggled together, fighting to force his sperm ever deeper into me. I wanted his seed, wanted it to fertilise me, to give me a child – a child I was now well past being able to have.

His ejaculation came to an end, and with his shaft still in me I leaned towards him so that he could suckle my breast. He took my nipple like a child seeking nourishment, neither wanting to withdraw his penis from me, or release my

nipple. He had discharged into me twice that day, yet still he hungered for me.

He clung to me and I to him, and for the first time since our loving by the river, I wanted to speak.

"That was lovely, darling, but why me, a woman more than twice your age?"

"Cassie, believe me, I've wanted you ever since I began to have sexual feelings. I used to be so envious of Matt, having you to himself."

"But Drew, you and Matt were such friends!"

"I know. I tried to hide what I felt for you, tried to be with him more than you, but all the time I wanted you so badly. I felt guilty sometimes, but we can't help our feelings, can we?"

"No my love, we can't, and I'm amazed that you have hidden yours for so many years, even after Matt's death. But you haven't answered my question, why a woman my age?"

"Don't be angry with me, Cassie, but it was because you looked...looked...looked so..."

He struggled to find the word he wanted.

"You looked so...so comfortable. I always thought you looked as if you'd be warm and soft inside, and I was right. You feel...welcoming and somehow safe to be with like this."

I understood what he meant. It was the desire that many young men feel these days for the older woman. He, at the height of his sexual virility, and she perhaps lacking sexual fulfillment and past her prime where looks were concerned, this could be a potent combination.

I smiled and said, "Well, my darling, you were very welcome today, and will be gladly received in the future."

"You mean, we can go on making love like this, always?"

I smiled again. "Darling, there are many ways of making love, and you shall have them all in time."

I was not deceived. His one little word, "Always," might well be utterly sincere at that moment, especially as I could feel

him getting another erection, but I knew it could not last forever. A year? Two years? Perhaps more perhaps less. I was willing to settle for whatever I could get from him, and in return I would love and comfort him, teach him the full pleasures of a woman's body, until he must leave me.

I turned to him and took his penis into my hand and began to fondle it, saying, "Yes, my love, for as long as you wish."

Down on the Farm

The light aircraft had bumped and reared all the way from "The Hill." Now, as it touched down on the runway of the family cattle station, I felt a tremendous weariness engulf me.

I had begun with the flight from Paris to London to say goodbye to a few old friends. From there, I had taken the interminable flight to Sydney. An internal flight had taken me to "The Hill," and a light aircraft had taken me home.

I had been in Paris for the past two years studying at an art school, and had soaked up the life of that sophisticated city. I was returning to an outback cattle station that was in danger of financial collapse. My father had become a hopeless alcoholic, and it was my mother who had struggled to keep things going.

Mother, or Leah, is a well educated and a cultured lady. She had married the tall, handsome man that had been my father, who seemed to embody the romance of the outback. The clear skies at night, hot dry days, wide-open spaces and the freedom.

When she married, cattle had been an important part of the national economy, but not long after their importance began

to decline. In addition, mother had not taken into account the loneliness, the isolation and lack of contact with other women. Her love of music and literature were not common features of the pastoralist's life, and even the radio and television were subject to poor reception, or none at all.

No one told mother that the "romance of the outback" included long droughts, dry dams and dust storms.

Mother could have chosen from a large number of men who desired her. She elected to marry the dashing boy from the bush. All went well for as long as the "in love" sexual attraction remained, but once she became pregnant with me, my father's interest declined. In the following years he took to drinking increasingly, and nearly brought the business to financial ruin. It was mother's efforts that had kept things going.

It had been mother who had persuaded, or perhaps bullied is a better term, my father into letting me pursue my interest in art. His attitude had been, "I couldn't care less what the bloody poofta does."

There was still some money in the family at that time, so I was allowed to go in pursuit of my longed for career as an artist. Now, with collapse imminent and no more money, I had been called back to help salvage the situation.

I clambered out of the aircraft and looked around. Almost as far as the eye could see there was nothing but salt and blue bush, but in the far distance, seeming to hang on the horizon, there was a line of blue-grey hills. Our cattle station extended to those hills and beyond.

Citizens of the U.S.A. boast about the size of things in Texas. What most of them don't know is, that one cattle station here can be as big, even bigger, than Texas, and that we have many such cattle stations.

Mother was there to meet me in the station pick-up. She looked tired, and was dressed in jeans and a shirt. She almost fell into my arms, saying, "Darling, I'm so glad you've come home," and then burst into tears, burying her self against me.

Holding her, I was nonplussed. My strong mother, who had always been my support, seemed suddenly to be the dependent child.

We went, or rather, I led her, to the pickup. She was still crying, so I took the wheel and drove the three or four kilometres to the station house.

The station house is a large, five-bedroom place, and as if it were a small hamlet, there were a dozen other, not as big houses, once used by the senior and permanent station hands. This had included the station accountant and foreman. With the decline of the business most of these people had now gone.

Little was said on the brief drive to the home, but looking at the passing scene, it was obvious that things were run down. Cattle gates were sagging on their hinges, fences were in a poor state of repair, and if this were the case so close to home, what was it like further out in the bush?

The station itself had a dilapidated appearance. Where once the houses had been tidy and painted, they now looked disreputable and peeling. It was as if nobody cared any longer.

We pulled up in front of the station house in a cloud of dust. Amos, the Aboriginal foreman and his wife Bathsheba were there to greet us.

I kissed Bathsheba on the cheek and as Amos and I shook hands, and he said, "Thank the Good lord you've come back. The place is in a terrible state."

"I'll settle in, Amos, and we can talk tomorrow," I replied, and followed mother into the house.

I wanted something to eat and a rest, but she said, "You'd better see your father."

I had wondered why he had not appeared so far. I was about to find out.

Mother went on, "He spends his time in the family room now. I think you'd better prepare yourself for a shock."

She was right about the shock. When I had last seen my father two years ago, he had been drinking heavily. When the door opened on the family room the scene was one I could hardly believe.

In the midst of filth and chaos sat what I took to be an old man. There were spirit bottles all over the place, some empty, other partially filled and a crate of full bottles. The room stank and not a single item of furniture seemed to be in one piece.

Blood shot eyes stared at me blankly from a ravaged face, but without recognition. "Hello dad," I said. There was no

response. I extended my hand to him, but there was no reaction.

Mother touched my arm. "Come away, darling. He doesn't know you."

The door closed on the wretched scene, and I turned to mother, "What the hell's been going on? How did he get in this state?"

"After you left," mother replied, "he drank more and more. We tried to keep him and the room clean, but he became violent, so we gave up trying. After a time, he stopped the violence, but his memory seemed to go. He didn't recognise Amos or Bathsheba, and in the end he failed to recognise me."

"But shouldn't he be in hospital or a nursing home?" I asked.

"He's been in hospital at The Hill three times. After the last time, the doctor said that if he didn't stop drinking the next time would be the last. Sorry you had to see him as soon as you got here, but I thought it best to get it over with."

I ate the meal that Bathsheba had prepared, then announced that I would like to go to bed for a couple of hours and catch up on lost sleep.

My old room was ready for me, but sleep was hard to come by. The whole wretched situation was going round and round in my head. Eventually I dropped off, and I must have slept for nearly three hours.

I woke wondering where I was for a few seconds, then rose, showered, dressed and went in search of mother. She was preparing the evening meal. She began to talk about the situation, and this went on through the meal and into the evening. I had yet to look at the station accounts, but what I heard from mother gave me no comfort.

We were heavily in debt to the bank that was threatening to foreclose. Amos had been trying to keep things going, but with a dwindling work force, machinery and equipment running down, a drought that had reduced feed and water for the cattle and poor market prices, he had been unable to cope. Even if all other aspects improved, we would still be hamstrung for money to pay the wages of the workers we would need.

At the end of her recitation of all these woes, mother cried again. I hugged her, trying to comfort, and said optimistic things I did not really believe, and she knew I didn't.

"Its all so hopeless, Roger. I've tried, I've really tried, but I don't think I'm really a bush woman. Amos has been wonderful, but he'll have to move on soon because we won't be able to pay him."

"Look," I said, "Give me a few days to look at the accounts and the general condition of the place, then we'll decide what to do. We might still make a go of it, after all, it was prosperous place once, before father... or if not, we walk away and let the bank have it."

With that it was decided it was time for bed, so saying good night I went to my room and lay wakeful for the next two hours worrying about things, until finally sleeping.

The following day was one of unrelieved gloom until a single little ray of hope appeared. The accounts showed without doubt we were without funds, but I was unable to determine how many head of cattle we still had. It was Amos who brought in the spark of hope.

I had outlined to him the situation, and had suggested he look around for other employment, when he said, "Look,

boss, lets give it one more go. I've not been able to tackle the whole place, but I have kept the north west paddock going. I've been keeping my ears open about beef prices, and they're on the up again. Not much, but its better than it was. If I could muster in the north west paddock and bring them in, then we might make enough to get things on the go again."

"But you can't do it on your own, Amos," I said gloomily, "and there's no money to pay hands."

"I got an idea about that, boss," he said, "I reckon I can get enough blokes to do the job on spec."

"What do you mean."

"Well, offer a bit more than the going rate if they'll wait for their money until after you've sold."

"Do you think they would?"

"I reckon I can work it."

I didn't need to think long about it. It was that or leave the place, so I said, "Have a go, Amos."

"Right. It'd be a months work to muster the whole lot and get them in, but if I don't get too fussy, I can get a decent muster in here in a couple of weeks. I'll leave the breeders anyway, and we can clean up the others later. What you need is something to get you going quickly. The only thing is, the stockyard needs some repairs, and you'll have to get the buyers up here. If you can work on the yards and the buyers, leave the rest to me."

So we got to work on this last ditch attempt. How Amos recruited his men I'll never know, but within days they were off, with Amos and Bathsheba (the cook) going ahead in the Land Rover to set up a base camp, and the rest following on with the horses for the mustering. That left mother and I alone, except for father.

In the following week I worked on the stockyard and contacted buyers. There was a big order for low-grade beef in from overseas, so I got quite a number of interested takers.

One hot afternoon I took a break from the stockyard repairs, and was trying to tidy and organise the office. I was dressed only in shorts and was bare footed. I had a question to ask mother about one of the accounts, so I went in search of her.

Anticipating that she would be in the kitchen I started in that direction, and then became aware of a strange intense

human squealing sound. It sounded like a reiterated "Eha, eha, eha...", very high pitched.

I set about tracing where the noise was coming from, and it led to mother's bedroom. The door was ajar, and thinking she might be in pain, I started to open the door, then stopped, staring in astonishment.

My barefooted approach had obviously not been heard by mother. What I saw through the narrow opening of the door was mother lying on her back in bed, naked. With one hand, she was fondling a plump breast, and the other hand was moving in the area of her genitals. I did not immediately understand what was happening, and then I saw that in her hand was an implement that she was thrusting in and out of her vagina. I had never seen a dildo before this, but I knew what it was.

At the moment of my realisation the sounds mother was making changed. In a deeper, more contralto voice she was crying out, "Oh, oh, oh," Then there was a long drawn out "Aaaah," and she began to sob.

All this must have taken only a matter of half a minute, but at the time, it felt longer. I seemed to see it as if I was suspended in time as I stared, bewildered yet fascinated.

Suddenly snapping to, I realised I was looking at an intensely private activity. I quietly pulled the door closed and fled back to the office.

It had never occurred to me that seeing a person engaged in masturbating could change your perspective of them quite dramatically. Obviously I knew that mother had engaged in sexual intercourse. How else would I have appeared on earth? Yet, somehow I had never thought of mother as a sexual being. To see her engaged, not in sexual intercourse, but relieving her sexual tensions with a dildo, was quite shocking, even though I had to masturbate from time to time.

The woman whom I had seen, as a sexless, passionless being – almost a goddess – now had to be accounted as a normal human being, having the same needs and desires, the same passions and torments as the rest of us.

As we pass through the stages of our lives, there are many events that seem to mark turning points. This brief sighting of mother in the act of masturbating meant that I now had to see her not only as "The Mother," but also as "The Woman." Looking back, I think this was the moment when I finally became an adult.

If matters had rested at my seeing mother, I would not have been so disconcerted as I was. You see, the sight of mother

had given me an erection. Even more unsettling was the fact that this arousal had a definite objective in view. It was not one of my Parisian girl friends, but mother.

The sight of her hand on the breast, its fullness and the light brown nipple, the rapid sliding of the dildo in and out of her tunnel, had in the instant of seeing burned itself into my brain. It now remained there, branded into my sensual memory. I wanted it to be my hand fondling her breast, my lips on hers, my tongue in her vagina, my penis penetrating her, my sperm fertilising her. I wanted to breath in her sweet female fragrance, to feel her body pressed to mine, to speak and hear the words of love and passion lovers communicate in the act of sex.

The suddenness of the transformation in my perception of mother was breathtaking. In a matter of minutes, she had become the object of my sexual desire, where previously I had never consciously had such a thought.

I was trying to mentally process this change. Why now? Was it simply the fact that I had seen her naked and performing a sexual act? Looked at objectively, mother was and is a very attractive woman. At forty four, and even given the hard time she had been having in recent years, she still retained charm, and what I can only describe as allure. I am tempted to use the word "seductiveness," but that was present for me only after my sight of her in the bedroom.

In the midst of all this reflection, I had hoped that my sexual agitation might cool down, but it didn't, it got worse. My penis was hard and dripping pre-cum. I had to slip off to my bedroom and relieve myself by hand.

The temporary relaxation the ejaculation gave me brought more sobering thoughts to mind. I was contemplating incest. The dark tide of the ancient taboo swept over me. Mother is the forbidden woman. And however much I might desire her; it did not follow that mother would allow me to have her. There had never been any indication from her that suggested a sexual attachment to me.

Even if she had not been my mother – had she been simply a woman I desired – the age difference might make the whole thing ridiculous. Twenty years is a wide gap, even if the older person has retained their looks and the younger is very mature.

Even with these sombre thoughts, within half an hour I had another mother inspired erection. I retired once more to relieve myself, knowing that these new feelings were going to be a problem with their desired object being so close.

A further change in the direction of things took place when my mother came bursting into the office a few days later saying, "Your father, he's vomiting blood."

We called in the Flying Doctor Service, and father was flown to hospital at The Hill, accompanied by mother. From there, he was taken by helicopter to the Royal Hospital in the capital. Mother returned to the station, and our finances were such that she had to borrow money from friends in The Hill to get a flight home.

On arrival, she was exhausted. She had wanted to go on with father to the city hospital, but given the crisis at home she thought it better to return here until we had found out how we stood after the sale.

"I must get back to him as soon as we know what going to happen she said." Despite everything, it seemed that something of the old love for him still remained, or was it just her honouring the vows she had taken, "in sickness and in health"? I have never asked her about this, but felt a twinge of envy that my father could still retain at least her care.

In fact, she never did see my father again. As the doctor had predicted, his next visit to the hospital would be his last. He

died the day after we had the cattle sale. Our only remaining act for him was to attend his funeral.

In the meantime, Amos was as good as his word. He brought a mob in by the end of a fortnight. I had done what I could to repair the stockyards, and the buyers arrived two days later.

Amos was full of optimism. "There's a whole heap more cattle out there than I thought," he crowed. "I haven't been able to keep up with the numbers, but there's still good water draining down from the hills and the feed's pretty good. If we can keep going after this lot, we could start to get things straight. I reckon some of the other paddocks might be doing better than I hoped, as well."

With that hope in our hearts, we went out on the sale day to listen to the auctioneer and note the prices paid. We did better than I hoped. We sold the lot, and very quickly the stock transports were loading up and on their way.

We paid off the auctioneer and the hands that had worked in the muster. I took the pick-up on the long drive to The Hill and paid something off what we owed the bank. The bank manager suddenly became very affable.

We had by then received news of father's death, and now having some ready money it was decided that mother and I, together with Amos and Bathsheba, would fly south to the capital for the funeral.

Mother did not weep in my presence, but was very silent. Once she began a sentence, "When I think what could have been...", but her words trailed off.

Returning to the station we began preparing for another sale, when, as if to add to our returning fortunes, it rained. It rained solidly for three days, holding up our preparations, but it brought with it one of the miracles of the outback.

Sweeping over the vast arid plain like sunlight when a cloud passes over it, a mass of flowers. Like a huge carpet it stretched as far as the eye could see and beyond. Seeds that had lain dormant throughout the time of drought sprang into life, presenting us with a riot of colour.

As the earth began to dry Amos and his men set off for another muster and I began preparations for the next sale.

Mother had kept her virtual silence but one evening, as we sat listening to some of her recorded music, she began to speak.

She spoke of meeting my father, of her fascination with him. Of the joy, they had in each other at first, then his gradual moving away from her emotionally. She talked of what she called her "deprivation," which I took as a euphemism for lack of sexual activity. I had of course long known that they slept in separate rooms.

She spoke of the hopes and the "might have been things." The love she had for him and its erosion until all that was left was pity and a sense of loyalty.

She cried quietly that evening, I think for her lost love and hopes. I held her, giving what comfort I could. I fear that this close contact roused in me again desire for her, but I managed to hold it at bay, and I think her own concerns at that time prevented her from seeing the erection that pushed against the cloth of my shorts.

As I had predicted to myself when I first became aware of mother as a sexual being, our living in close proximity caused me great frustration. At night, if I left my bedroom door open, I could hear her cries of "Eha" followed by the deep toned "Oh," ending with the long drawn out "Aaah."

I wondered if what she was doing was entirely subjective, or did she fantasise that she was with someone? Who was it?

As she struggled with her sexual demon, I fought with mine, relieving myself with my hand. As I spurted my semen, I was quite clear who my fantasy was. It was mother, but I did not use that title as my juices pumped out, but said under my breath, "Leah, Leah, Leah." She was no longer "Mother" but had been transformed into the object of my love and lust, and that object was eating away at me.

During the day, I had much to consume my time and energy. I was still trying to straighten out our accounts, value the stock and had begun work on some of our run down equipment. Yet Leah had only to walk into the office, or if I was working outside she only had to appear on the house verandah, for my passion to flame.

It was the evenings that brought me the most torment. We would often sit reading or listening to music. In hot weather, Leah would wear a simple, loose fitting garment. I felt certain she was naked beneath it, and at times thought I caught a glimpse of pubic hair if the garment rose up a little.

To make matters worse, she liked me to sit beside her on the couch. Mostly we sat in silence listening to the music or reading, but occasionally Leah would become animated, and touch me and pull herself against me as she talked. As my hot weather clothing was only a pair of shorts, this physical contact was agonising delight.

It was now months since I had had sex with a woman, and to use Leah's word, my "deprivation" was very intense. One evening, the seething sexual boiler that was I, exploded. Leah was leaning against me talking. I had a massive erection that she surely must have noticed. There was a strange buzzing noise in my head, and suddenly I kissed her.

It was not the polite kiss of an affectionate son, but a kiss that sought the entry of a tongue. Almost as soon as I had committed the deed, I pulled back. Leah moved away from me slightly, staring at me, then said quietly:

"That was very nice darling. Do it again, only longer."

It was my turn to stare, but Leah took the initiative. She leaned towards me, closing her eyes, and pressed soft moist lips on mine, her tongue probing for entry to my mouth. I opened my lips and she thrust in, searching every nook and cranny. Her body strained against me, and my hand reached for her breast. Through the cloth it felt firm and warm and the nipples, as I touched them were erect and hard.

Leah broke away from the kiss and leaned away from me a little. "I know, darling. I've known for some time. I was only waiting for you to make a move. It's all right, just take me my love."

She stood and pulled her garment over her head and dropped it on the floor. She unfastened my shorts and I stood to let them join her attire.

This was the first time I had ever had a full view of her naked body, except for the bedroom scene, when she was partially obscured from me. Her slender body was leaning towards me, her breasts touching my chest. She thrust her belly against me so my shaft went between her legs, and she began rotating her hips.

Speaking the same words over and over again, "Take me my love, take me," she slowly sank back on the couch, her legs open wide, her beautiful womanhood open and ready to receive me.

I held back. Before penetration there was something that I wanted to do, something that in my fantasies I had longed for. I knelt on the floor before her, drawing her vagina to my mouth. At last I could seek her entrance with my tongue – suck her clitoris, breathe in her female aroma and taste her woman's juices.

It was sweeter than even my fantasies had depicted. Had this been the only thing she allowed me to do to her, I think it would have been enough. I could have gone on and on inhaling and savouring her lovely femaleness, but she began

to beg me to penetrate her, so I came over her and slipped into her warm, wet opening.

She flexed her vaginal muscle, gripping me as if she would never release me again. She spoke constantly: "I love you, Roger, I love you. Make me complete again, make me a whole woman."

I silenced her with a long kiss as I caressed her breasts and moved up and down in her. It was sex as I had never known it before. It was sex born of deep love, the perfecting of two people; the making whole of two beings long separated. This was union, a coming home after so long away.

I felt her orgasm approaching and broke away from the kiss to allow her free vocal rein. The cries began just as I had heard them that day in the bedroom. They built up into crescendo as she moved with me in the rapidly increasing rhythm of our loving.

Suddenly she convulsed, clinging to me with the cries now changed to "oh, oh, oh." Then with a shriek of delicious agony she gave forth with her long "Aaah."

At this point, I fired into her. I had never ejected so much semen and I swear it would have shot six feet if I had not been inside her.

She was still shaking with the after shocks of her orgasm, and now she spoke in her low tone: "Kill me darling...Spear me to the heart...Fertilise me...Give me a baby...Give me your baby...darling..."

No other woman had ever spoken such words to me, and I knew that I would not want to hear them from any other woman. This was the one I wanted to speak such words of power to me – such signs of love and passion.

As the last spurt of sperm left me, I said something that rationally is ridiculous: "I love you Leah, marry me."

She responded, "I just have, my love."

Foolish talk? Yes, but with a powerful meaning behind it. We had both declared that this was not a one-off or short-term attachment. It was permanent.

As I withdrew from her, Leah clamped one hand over her vagina. I must have looked at this quizzically because she smiled at me and said, "I'm holding you in me, or at least, part of you. I want it there as long as possible."

I returned her smile and said, "Leah, I shall want to be replacing that fairly soon."

We both laughed and Leah replied, "All right, darling, but after the amount you put into me, you can clean the mess."

She removed her hand, and as she predicted, sperm came pouring out of her onto the couch. I could barely believe the amount I had produced, and already I was feeling like pressing more into her.

"Right," she laughed, "You clean up and I'll go and take a shower."

"No you won't," I chuckled, "you'll wait for me. I've got to clean you too."

I dutifully cleaned the couch and then we went off to shower. I carefully washed her genitals commenting, "I hope this washing won't mean I can't smell or taste you properly next time."

"You're greedy," she said. "You tasted me last time, now it's my turn to taste you, and you can put that lovely sperm into my mouth. If I can swallow it, you won't have to clean up again."

She was as good as her word. We went to her bed, which I have occupied with her ever since. She approached the oral sex very slowly, first kissing my mouth, then working her way down my body. She fondled my shaft for a long time, looking at it, kissing it lovingly, then began by taking the crown into her mouth.

She must have tasted my pre-cum because she looked up at me and said, "Mmm, salty but nice," then worked her way down my shaft her warm wet mouth sliding back and forth.

I wanted it to last, so I fought back my urge to come, but as her sucking grew fiercer, I surrendered. Born of a frustration long endured, the long wait after I had first realised my desire for her, I shot another big load. Leah bravely swallowed it, and as I ended, sucked harder to extract the last tiny drop.

As she came away from my penis, she looked like the cat that had found the cream. My juice was oozing from the corners of her mouth, and she came over me, saying, "You made me taste myself, now you taste yourself," and kissed me, dribbling some of my semen into my mouth.

I knew then that not only was there a firm bond between us, but that I could and would, perform any sexual act she

desired. The thought flashed across my mind, "Is this why father ceased having sex with her, he couldn't cope with her requirements?" I have never put the question to Leah and never will, but as a lover, she is very demanding both in quantity and quality. If my father found this too overpowering, I simply say, "Lucky me."

In ancient times and in some cultures, it was believed that minor gods, the Baals, lived in the soil beneath trees and plants. It was thought necessary to encourage these gods in their work of fertilising the trees and crops, so people went out into the fields and groves and had sex. This was thought to get the Baals doing their sexual job and thus bringing on a good harvest.

I do not subscribe to this view, but it is amusing to note that from the time Leah and I came together in sexual love, our business prospects took an upward turn. World prices for our beef went steadily up. Our cattle seemed to be bent on reproducing the species. Amos came to hold the title "Station Manager," and very slowly we dragged ourselves out of the mire of debt, and the place began to take on some its old look of prosperity.

It had been my desire to be an artist. When faced with trying to get the station back on track, I thought my hope for entering the art world was at an end. Then as my love for Leah flourished, and although in her mid-forties, she

announced that she was pregnant, I found the subjects for my paintings. I began to see the beauty in this arid land with its long vistas to distant hills, sun burnt earth and the carpet of flowers after rare rainfall.

The Hill is almost overcrowded with art galleries, and as I began work on my chosen subjects, I displayed in these galleries. Much to my amazement, my work began to sell faster than I could paint.

Amos and Bathsheba were clearly puzzled by Leah's pregnancy. Who was the father? They never asked and we never told, but I think that by now they have worked it out.

As an after thought: I was reading an article in a magazine recently. It told how young men are now seeking older women as their sex partners. If it's any help, let me say I thoroughly recommend it.

Elfin Woods

"There are fairies at the bottom of our garden"

At the bottom of our garden, over a low fence, there is a small wood. Long ago it was part of an immense Royal Forest, home, so it was said, to wolves, bears, deer, squirrels, wild boar and many other forest denizens.

At the end of the nineteenth century the "Developers" moved in. In the following decades the forest was torn down to be replaced with suburban housing. Now there only remains our little wood, known locally as "Elfin Wood."

In Spring the wood is carpeted with bluebells that the children gather to take home triumphant as gifts for mother. It was on a beautiful Spring day that I made my pilgrimage to the bottom of our garden, to the summerhouse to be precise.

Perhaps that does not sound much of a pilgrimage, but I had not visited it for seven months.

It was seven months since my husband, Greg, had died. He had built the summerhouse with his own hands, and in his stubbornness, with the last of his strength. I had harboured

a dread of seeing the place since he died, fearing the memories it would evoke.

On the morning of my pilgrimage, I had said to my son, Ivor, as he set out for work, "I shall go to the summerhouse today."

He knew of my fears, so he smiled and said, "Perhaps something wonderful will happen for you there, and a new life after."

With those enigmatic words, he kissed me goodbye and left.

I waited until after lunch to go to the summerhouse. It was a gloriously warm day and I decided to dress as I often did on summer days, and in a manner that used to tease Greg.

It was a garment resembling a sarong that I had designed and of which I had made several versions over the years. It was intended to be revealing of breasts with which I am amply endowed, and sitting in the right position, showed the tops of my thighs and, if I chose, my vagina.

Greg had loved to see me in this garment, and when he arrived home from work on the days I wore it, he often could not wait, but would take me as I sat on the kitchen table. I would part my legs, place my feet up on top of the table so

my genitals were exposed to him, and he could enter me standing in front of me.

As our son Ivor began to grow up we had to be careful about this place and method of coupling. He almost caught us a couple of times, and there had to be a hasty and frustrating separations, followed by improbable explanations.

Given my dread of going to the summerhouse, it is strange that in my grief and sexual frustration, during the previous seven months, I would sit on the same kitchen table and masturbate. Again Ivor walked in unexpectedly, and it was another hasty cover up, as Ivor pretended he hadn't noticed.

Making my way to the summerhouse, I stood for several minutes looking at it, remembering the love that Greg had put into its making. Then, gathering up my courage, I entered.

Given I thought no one had been near the place for months, I was surprised that it was dust and dead leaf free. I thought Ivor must have been keeping it swept and dusted.

There was a low wooden couch, the last thing Greg had made, that was strewn with cushions. I sat on it recalling how Greg and I had planned to come here to make love – plans that were never fulfilled.

As the memories flowed through me, my eyes lit upon a small book lying on a little table beside the couch. Wondering how it got there, I picked it up, and looked at the front cover title. It read, "There Are Fairies at the Bottom of My Garden."

I smiled, remembering those words from my childhood.

"A children's fairy story book", I thought. "How ever did it get here."

I idly opened the book, lying back on the cushions, as did so. The first page was the picture of a young man clad in a tight green garment. He looked beautiful, and seemed to smile at me from the page.

Underneath the picture was the word, "Pertic". "Must be his name," I thought.

I browsed through the pages expecting to find a story, but it consisted only of pictures. There were more young men dressed in the tight green garments, and lovely young girls in diaphanous costumes, through which firm youthful breasts could be seen, and little dark patches of pubic hair were dimly visible.

"Hardly suitable for little children," I thought, and turned back to the first page and studied the picture of Pertic again. I noticed that a large penis was outlined rather in the manner of a male ballet dancer, but, unlike the artificial padding of the ballet dancer, Pertic's projection was clearly the real thing.

I looked at the other pictures of the green clad young men, and they all demonstrated the same powerful sexual organs but each appearing individual in the way they lay or projected against their green tights.

"Lucky fairies," I said softly but aloud, feeling my nipples hardening and my vaginal lubricant beginning to flow.

"Yes, they are, aren't they," said a gentle voice beside me.

I looked up and without surprise saw a tall young man in green standing there.

"Hello, Sally," he said, smiling.

"Who are you," I asked. I was a trifle amazed that I felt no fear at the sudden appearance of a strange young man.

"I am your Elf friend, Sally," he replied. "I've been waiting for you a long time."

"Why have you been waiting for me – how long?"

"I have been waiting for you ever since you started to grieve. I am here to ease your grief."

"But I don't know you."

He gave a merry chuckle. "Yes you do, Sally, you were admiring my picture, especially one particular part of me."

"Pertic?"

"Yes, Pertic, your Elf friend."

He extended his hand to me and said, "Come with me Sally, we have things to see and do."

Without hesitation I took his hand, and he led me outside and we began to walk to the fence that separated our garden

from the wood, except now, there was no fence. There was not even a garden, only a meadow abutting the wood.

As I looked with some amazement at the transformation that had taken place since entering the summerhouse, I noticed that the wood, instead of stretching for a few hundred metres in either direction from what had been our garden, it now stretched out of sight.

"What's happened?" I asked, now feeling somewhat shaken at what I was seeing.

Again Pertic laughed. "Nothing has happened, Sally. Everything is as it always has been for thousands of years, the only difference is, you once saw it with human eyes, now you see it with fairy eyes."

"But...but...I'm not a...a fairy," I stuttered.

"Are you not, Sally?" he responded. "Look at your garment."

I glanced down at my sarong, but it was no longer a sarong. I wore the diaphanous garment the fairies wore in the pictures.

"Come a little way with me," said Pertic, "and you will see yourself."

We went into the wood – or forest as it now seemed to be – and after a little came to a clear pool of water.

"Look into the water," said Pertic.

I looked, and the water was like a mirror, only clearer than any mirror I had ever seen before. I saw reflected back myself, yet not myself. I looked younger, the marks of my grieving gone, and a loveliness that I knew did not belong to me.

"Pertic!" I exclaimed, "the water deceives. That is not me."

"Yes it is, Sally," Pertic said, seriously this time. "It is you as you really are. It is you as the husband you have been grieving for saw you. It is you as your son Ivor sees you. Did not one of your famous poets and playwrights say, 'Beauty is in the eye of the beholder'? You are now privileged to see yourself as those who love you, see you. You are seeing not only what is on the outside, but also the depths of your soul."

Taking my hand again, Pertic said, "Come, there are those whom you must meet."

He led me deeper and deeper into the forest, and as we went I began to see other young men in green and girls – fairies – dressed as I had seen them in the little book.

I recalled fairy storybooks from my childhood and the pictures they contained. Lovely though the pictures were at times, most of the fairies and elves looked alike. Now, in reality, I saw they were as individual in appearance as humans, but were all beautiful in their own way.

Many of those we passed greeted Pertic and called out to me, "Welcome, Sally." Some came to me and kissed me on the lips very tenderly.

Finally, we came to an avenue of trees. The surrounding trees seemed to spread their branches to form an aisle.

I looked along the aisle, and saw at the far end two figures seated on seats that seemed at the same time to be flowers and thrones.

I hesitated, but Pertic said, "Come, the king and queen are waiting to greet you."

He led me down the long aisle of trees, and as we approached the two seated figures, they rose and stepped forward to meet us.

I saw the two fairest beings I had ever seen. Both were stately in their movements, yet were not stiff or formal.

The female wore only a transparent cloak that left her upper body exposed. Her breasts were like twin domes, firm with nipples a soft pink in colour that were circled with a deeper pink. Her slender body swelled gently out at the hips, and at the top of her rounded thighs her vagina, naked of pubic hair, was firmly cleft.

The male looked like the elves in the picture book, but he seemed to glow from some inner light, and his male organ was clearly huge.

Pertic went down on one knee before the king and queen, so I followed suit.

"Rise," said the king, so we both stood again.

"Greetings, Pertic," he said, addressing my companion.
"Thank you for bringing the fair Sally to us."

He looked at me, and I felt a shiver of delight thrill through me. "Most welcome Sally, to our Forest Kingdom. You have had much pain, but here you will find love and peace again."

The queen stepped forward and kissed me on the lips. I smelt her female fragrance as she said, "I salute you Sally. Enjoy our kingdom, and find new-sprung life among us."

She turned to Pertic; "You are her Elf Friend. Comfort her well."

Pertic bowed to her and said, "I willingly obey, your majesty."

The king spoke to Pertic. "Sally has suffered much grief, and it is our royal wish and command that this be lifted from her and fullness of life be restored to her. Go now to the place prepared for you, and be tender with her."

Again Pertic bowed and said, "As you command, majesty, I go happily and will be most delicate."

The king and queen smiled upon us, and the queen said: "Go now with our love."

Pertic and I back away three paces, then turned and walked back down the aisle of trees.

After going a little distance back into the forest, Pertic said, "We are here."

He pointed to a summerhouse, then led me inside. There was a low couch strewn with pillows.

"Lie there that I may comfort you," he said, and as he spoke his garments seemed to melt from him, and he stood before me naked. I looked at his beautiful body, and saw his huge erection, glistening with pre-cum.

As I looked, I suddenly felt my own garment melt from me. I too was naked.

I felt no embarrassment, and Pertic stepped forward to take me in his arms. I felt his hard male organ pressing against me as he carefully lifted me on to the couch.

He lay beside me looking at me.

"You are most fair, Sally. I shall comfort you very gently, so lie quietly and at peace.

His lips closed over mine, his tongue opening them to enter with his exploring tongue. At the same time his hand began to embrace my breasts, oh so tenderly!

My nipples were hard and my vagina discharging my female fluid.

His hand ceased touching my breasts and moved down to stroke my mound, then his fingers parted the lips of my vulva, and entered my vagina. I felt what I thought was his thumb begin to circle my clitoris, and I was beside myself with longing for him to penetrate me.

I cried out, "Pertic...Pertic...come into me."

He lay over me and I felt the crown of his penis seeking my opening. I took his shaft into my hand and guided him to the inner lips of my vagina. He began to enter me.

As he began to penetrate me, everything seemed to grow misty and indistinct. I tried to cling to Pertic, but he was fading away. What had been his hard throbbing organ was becoming insubstantial.

I cried out, "Pertic...Pertic...don't leave me like this, I need you...I need you..."

All had dissolved into nothingness, and a voice was saying in concerned tones, "Wake up, wake up, mother."

I opened my eyes and saw Ivor bending over me. A look of anxiety on his face...his face? It was the face of Pertic.

"I'm sorry to wake you mother," Ivor said, "but you were calling out. You were asking someone called Pertic not to leave you."

I had now become fully awake, and to my horror saw I was naked and the fingers of one hand were in my vagina, while those of the other hand were closed over a breast.

"Where are my clothes?" I gasped, removing my hands from my reproductive organs.

"There aren't any, mother, you were lying here naked, and there's no sign of any garments."

"Oh God, Ivor, I'm so ashamed," I burst out, tears of humiliation beginning to course down my cheeks.

"Don't be ashamed, mother," Ivor said, sitting beside me on the couch. "You've had a bad seven months, and you are entitled to give yourself comfort. Was it a bad dream?"

"No darling, it was lovely. It was another world...a new world...a world where I could have found comfort."

"Let me give you the comfort you need, mother," Ivor whispered, as his fingers began to caress my vagina.'

"Would you, my darling," I breathed. "You know I love you, don't you?"

"Yes, I know, and I love you, passionately. I've loved you like that since I first became sexually aware, but I would never have said so while father was alive. I've even been too afraid to say anything since he died, but seeing you now, looking lovelier than ever..."

"It's all right my love," I said, "I know, I've always known from the moment I saw you getting erections in my presence. It's all right now...please comfort me."

He came over me, his penis searching for me and I guided him in.

As he entered me I whispered, "You won't leave me, will you...you won't vanish?"

"Not ever," he said, smiling down at me.

After we had finished our first coupling, and I was lying back in his arms, I asked, "Have you see a little book lying around here?"

"You mean this one?" he asked, reaching beside the couch to retrieve the small volume.

He grinned, "I'm surprised at you reading fairy stories at your age."

I looked at the book, and sure enough, it had the title, "There Are Fairies at the Bottom of My Garden."

I opened it to the first page, and there was the picture of an elf, but it was not as I had seen it before. It was a picture of a green clad mischievously grinning leprechaunish figure of no great beauty.

I opened to the next page, and instead of another picture, there were words. They began, "Once upon a time in County Clare..."

I read no further because Ivor had started to kiss me in a rather importune manner that held promise of much, much more to come in the future.

When, a little tired from our passionate couplings, we left the summerhouse, I with Ivor's jacket wrapped round me, I could not but help noting the garden with its low fence were back in place, and the wood was as it had always seemed to be.

In the weeks and months that followed, I sometimes thought I caught a glimpse of a huge forest, but it was only momentary.

The memory of my dream, if dream it was, has never really faded as most dreams do, and sometimes as I look at little Patrick as he suckles at my breast, I wonder. I have heard that a woman can get pregnant with only the slightest penetration by a man, and without any full ejaculation, only the pre-cum. My baby looks very like Pertic, but then, so did Ivor as I woke from my dream.

I shall probably never know the answer to my question, and perhaps it is just as well, for I now have my lover son to comfort me, very often.

Erica's Love

In its main theme this is a true story told me by Erica (not her real name), but embellished by me when it comes to intimate detail. I thank Erica for her permission to recount her story.

Erica is a small woman, about five feet one inch tall, and slender. She has small round breasts with, if what I have seen through a rather diaphanous blouse, small pointy nipples. Her legs are slim but nicely shaped. Her hair blonde (thanks to her hairdresser), nose perky, mouth bow shaped, age around fifty-five(?).

She lives in a house overlooking a small park that has a path crossing it to our river walk. It was along this path that I first met her as we walked our dogs.

She had not long moved into the house when we met, she having just left her medical specialist husband after thirty years of marriage. She was in that emotional state that requires an outlet. She wanted to tell someone about what was happening to her, and I became the chosen one.

Her situation is an odd one. She left her husband because she couldn't cope with their arguments any longer. Never the less, although they now live about eight hundred kilometres apart, every couple of months or thereabouts, Erica will go

and spend a week with her husband. In similar manner, he occasionally appears at Erica's house and stays for a few days.

I think they still care about each other, but just can't live together.

Erica said that when she left her husband she carried in her head a fantasy. She would meet a nice man, they would fall in love, and live happily ever after. She claims that her husband also had a fantasy. When Erica left him a beautiful young blonde would come into his life. "It hasn't happened for either of us," she commented to me at that time.

Living in nearby suburbs are Erica's mother, now well into senility, her sister with whom she argues constantly, and her daughter who is very busy with her own life. As she said to me, "Am I going to spend the rest of my life just walking the dogs?"

Erica was unhappy. She needed someone around whom she could care for and who would care about her. She became depressed, and was seriously thinking about returning to her husband who was pressing her to come back. It was at this point a chance meeting began a process of change.

One morning she was sitting on a seat along the river path while her two dogs chased around hunting for imaginary rabbits. A young man came along with his dog, which began to play with Erica's dogs. The young man stopped, and he and Erica started talking.

It was the usual sort of talk one got along the river. The breed of dogs, the weather, was the river high or low, how many were out walking? The young man, who introduced himself as Ben, was a cheerful pleasant looking chap. Erica found herself enjoying the talk and the company.

After a while Erica said she had to be off home, and as Ben was going in the same direction, they walked together. Reaching her house, Erica bade Ben goodbye, and that, she thought, was that. But not so.

Thereafter Erica met up with Ben along the path quite often. It seemed that somehow their walking times just happened to coincide. Furthermore, Erica spent quite a lot of time working in her garden and from there, she could see who passed along the street. She began to see Ben passing her house frequently.

In their conversation she learned that Ben was twenty-one and was studying something or the other (she could never remember what).

One day walking back to her house with Ben, she took the bold step of inviting him in for a cup of coffee. Ben eagerly agreed, and put his stocks with Erica up by admiring a number rather nice antique pieces she owned.

Dropping in for a cup of coffee became a regular feature of Ben's life, and as many people who use the river path talk to each other, jokes began to circulate about how often Ben and Erica were seen together.

On the now few occasions when I met Erica out walking without Ben in tow, I found that no matter what the subject of our conversation, somehow Ben's name got into it, and we were soon discussing his latest doings.

At first, I told myself, "She's got a motherly interest in the boy," but with increasing anxiety, I began to see that it was something other than that. Erica had become enamoured of him. One might almost say she was in love with him.

A change came over Erica. She had tended to dress rather carelessly for her walks and when she was around the house. Now her clothing and personal grooming were very carefully seen to. She smiled and made jokes, and from being a rather wretched sort of person, she now clearly shone with happiness.

It was long after that she told me in outline what happened, and using my imagination, I believe what I now relate is pretty well what went on.

It was summer time and the weather hot. Ben was visiting Erica for his "cup of coffee."

Erica had on a tight pair of shorts and a halter-top. At one point she was doing something at the kitchen sink and Ben came up behind her and kissed the back of her neck and at the same time cupping her little breasts. As he did this he said, "I want to have sex with you, Erica."

Erica tried to pull away from him saying, "Don't be so silly, Ben. I don't feel like that about you." She admitted to me that in fact she did feel like that, but was afraid of letting herself go.

Ben was not so easily deterred. Erica was now facing him. He had his arms round her. He is a big strong chap, and as I have said, Erica is only tiny. She tried to free herself again, but almost lifting her off her feet Ben kissed her in no uncertain manner.

Erica was saying, "No, no..." but with ever diminishing conviction. She felt Ben's hands undo the clip at the back of her halter-top, and the front fell forward. His hands now sought the bare flesh of her breasts, and his finger gently squeezed her little nipples.

She babbled about being too old for him and he should get a young girl, but it achieved nothing. Ben was determined and Erica had been sexually deprived for too long and liked Ben too much to resist his advances. She quickly surrendered.

As Ben sat her on the edge of the kitchen table and took off her shorts, she made no effort to stop him. As he struggled to get his own shorts off she might have managed to escape, but she did not. He finally freed himself and Erica could see his erect penis. He came close to her and she needed no forcing, she opened her legs wide to him and he entered.

There was no pretence now. She was on the edge of the table and he standing in front of her. She put her hands behind his head in an act of submission whispering, "Oh Ben... Ben it's been so long... Yes darling...yes...love me."

Erica told me she thought it was the most beautiful sexual experience of her life, even if not in the most comfortable place. "He was so sweet," she said. "He kept talking softly to me, telling me how wonderful it was with me, and how he'd

longed to do it with me since very early in our relationship. My husband, Ken, had never said lovely things like that to me."

She went on, "He sort of gave a soft moan when he ejaculated into me, and I was crying with love and joy. Then when he'd finished he didn't just pull out of me like Ken. He stayed there, stroking my face and hair, and I never wanted him to separate from me."

That afternoon in the kitchen began something from which there was no going back. It was like opening Pandora's box, once opened it could not be closed. Whether, like Pandora's box it was evil that was let loose or good, is still to be discovered. Certainly, sex is one of the most powerful forces for good or evil in human relations.

Erica on that afternoon certainly thought a great good had come to her. Someone wanted her, perhaps loved her. She was desirable to someone whom she desired, and now the libidinous force in her had been let loose, there was no stopping her.

Getting down from the table she took Ben's hand and drew him towards the bedroom. "Do it to me again, darling. Take me again."

On the bed she put his penis into her mouth and sucked, tasting the residue of his semen and her own lubricants. She was too short to enable them to have simultaneous oral sex, so she pulled away from him and forced her vagina to his mouth, making him lick and suck her, thus he in turn tasted his own sperm and her fluids.

Erica was ecstatic. His youthful vibrant body enthralled her. She seemed at once to be part of him as she kissed and licked him all over, then rubbed her vagina over his chest and belly, and at the same time seemed to be viewing it all from above. She screamed and cried and suddenly, he flung her over on her back, pulled her legs apart, and drove into her.

Erica was lost. The waves of passion coursed through her and she felt she might faint so intense were they. From what seemed a long way off she felt her orgasm approaching and she feared its power. She begged Ben, "No, darling, no. Don't make me please. I can't stand the agony. Please stop."

He did not stop and her climax swept over her in glorious anguish, the paroxysms shaking her fragile little body as she wept and shrieked beating and tearing at Ben's body.

In the midst of this Ben gave a mighty thrust and discharged his seed into her. He almost crushed her tiny frame as he sought to penetrate deeper and deeper.

Emerging from this climacteric moment that had gathered up in one mighty surge all the love and lust, the desire and yearning into one overwhelming flood of passion, they lay exhausted. Ben did not endeavour to withdraw from her and Erica still clung to him, still shaking and crying out as what she called "The aftershocks" tormented her.

They were covered in sweat, semen and vaginal lubricating fluid. Erica was still sobbing and Ben was breathing heavily. Slowly they recovered and Erica said repeatedly, "Ben, oh Ben."

When something like equilibrium had been restored to their physical and emotional selves, they separated. They looked at each other and at the mess they had created, then almost simultaneously they burst into laughter.

"Through her gasps of laughter Erica said, "Darling, I think we had better get ourselves and this bed cleaned up."

They stumbled off to the shower where they paid particular attention to each other's reproductive organs. This done and the bed restored with fresh linen, then, without any discussion they clambered into bed and into each other's arms.

Sexual intercourse was not for the moment the main interest, instead there began that wonderful time of exploration. Like soldiers clearing a minefield they went slowly and carefully over each other's bodies. Hands were run over breasts and chest. Lips sucked nipples and penis. A tongue explored the inner sanctum of a vagina. Fingers searched, caressed, and penetrated. In short, love was in the making.

Eventually, when the ache of withholding from each other grew too strong, they came together again. This time Erica sat across Ben and slowly pressed his shaft into her. She let his length sink in and rest there for a while. They looked at each other, once again murmuring those words of devotion and longing so often used by couples in the act of love.

It was one of those exquisite couplings where neither party is so urgent in their need, that they are hurried. The man feels the warm, moist tunnel of the woman, and the woman the thick shaft against her vaginal walls. They simply bathe in the gratification each gives.

In the following days Erica's dogs were somewhat neglected. Their mistress was too busy satisfying other needs. Ben spent more and more time with her, even bringing his studies work to her house. She hovered over him, attending his every need, sexual or otherwise.

It is now nearly twelve months since Erica and Ben became lovers. They have calmed down a little, and for animal lovers, you will be pleased to know the dogs are being properly walked again.

I should like to foresee a wonderful future for these two, to tell you that they lived happily ever after. I cannot do this. As you will recognise, the age gap is very wide and Erica is having sex with a boy who could easily be her grandson or even great grandson had she been very enterprising in her youth. And that is the point, her youth is gone and all the pretence, exercises, plastic surgery or makeup will not restore it.

My thought is that one-day, perhaps in the not too distant future, Ben will meet a young woman, and that will be the end for Erica.

In our time, so I am told, young men are seeking out older women as sexual partners. I think there are a number of reasons for this. Perhaps in our time mothering is not what it once was, so youth seeks a mother figure. Also, older women know better than most young women do how to give sexual pleasure. And then the crudely practical reason, older women are less likely to get pregnant.

As for the older women, they seek the virility that only youth can bring to a sexual relationship, and they can have the joy and responsibility of teaching the young man the pleasure he can give and receive in such a relationship.

Most times these relationships will come to an end. I think it is necessary for the older women to understand this before she enters the relationship, and not to let its ending embitter her. As for the young man, be gentle when ending the relationship. You have been given the gift of love, do not despise it.

For The Love of Art

My name is Jenny Blithe. At the time of writing I am in my mid fifties. I have been married once, to Tom, who died in a skiing accident about five years after we got married. I have had two lovers since then, but neither of them worked out, the first turning out to be a lout, and the second a foul-mouthed pig. After that I gave up and contented myself with a dildo.

My main activity in life is my painting and craftwork, which is carried out in the "Workshop", which is a large room attached to the back of the house. I have a number of outlets for my work that bring in enough money for me to live on in reasonable comfort.

I was about thirty-four when Madge and Ben moved in next door with their two-year-old child, Alan.

I got to know Madge fairly quickly through chatting over the back fence, then joining her occasionally for morning coffee. Along with her, I also got to know Alan a rather sweet child, who tended to sit staring at me rather intently when I visited.

One day, when Alan was about three, he found his way to my workshop, and finding the door partially open he came in.

I was working on a painting at the time and didn't hear him arrive, so it was only when I turned away from the painting I saw him. It gave me quite a jolt. He was staring again, but this time dividing his interest between the painting and me.

Not sure how to proceed I asked him, "Do you like the painting?" He nodded and said nothing.

Being concerned about how Madge might be worried, I called over the back fence. She came running and I told her that I had Alan with me.

"Thank God," she said, "I just turned my back for a minute and he was gone. I've been hunting everywhere for him."

Alan was duly restored to his mother, but from then on he became a regular visitor to my workshop. He was fascinated by the great variety of materials, machinery and equipment I had, and I had to keep a sharp eye on him around the bandsaw and wood lathe. He was, however, mostly content to watch me at my work, and most especially when I was painting. Somehow, his presence managed to assuage the loneliness I sometimes felt.

He gradually became more talkative, and when he was about four years old, he paid me what I suppose he thought to be the supreme compliment.

"I love you Auntie Jenny, you're nearly as pretty as my mummy."

Realising that the compliment of a child is the sincerest you can get, I thanked him for his unsolicited tribute, smiled, and decided to reciprocate. "I love you too, and I think you a very nice boy." The truth was, I had got to love Alan. Perhaps I saw him as the child that I had never had with my beloved Tom. Whatever the case, I looked forward increasingly to his visits.

Alan went to kindergarten and soon after he began, he turned up carrying a roll of butcher's paper.

"I paint pictures too. I gave one to mummy but I did this for you."

He offered me the paper that had washed across in wild abandon a water paint picture of what Alan said was a dog. I kissed his cheek, thanked him, and pinned it on the wall. It hangs there faded to this day. The first gift of love from a child.

When Alan went to primary school his paintings arrived in my workshop with increasing frequency, until one day he announced that he had to do a painting to take to school the next day, and could he come and do it with me?

I agreed and found an old easel to use. To have a "real thing" to do his painting on was a great thrill for him, so I stood him on a wooden box and let him get on with it.

From then on he always did his painting with me, often asking me, "How do you do this."

One day, when Alan was eight and on vacation from school, I had forgotten this, and was working with a large mirror on a nude self-portrait.

Surveying myself, I saw a figure, five feet seven tall, long blonde hair, dark brown eyes, longish nose, and wide mouth with rounded chin and a rather swanlike neck. My breasts (38C), had been Tom's most delicious delight, and from being embarrassed by their size in my teenage years, he taught me to love and enjoy them.

Waist a little on the plump side, pubic hair a nice little triangle which barely hides my vagina. I believe my vaginal

opening is a little more forward than most women's are, and Tom got further delight from this because he could get that extra inch into me. And finally, legs long and strong and they had frequently wrapped around Tom's buttocks to drag him deeper into me.

As I contemplated myself in the mirror, and tried to paint what I saw, the door opened and Alan came in. He gave me the briefest of glances then focused his attention on the painting.

"That's a rude painting, " he announced.

I had grabbed a smock to cover myself with, and rather flustered I tried to deliver a lecture on the beauty of the human body with, I fear, no great success.

Alan said no more on the matter at the time, and showed me a little carving he was doing at school, but the next day he entered with a further pronouncement on the nude.

"My mum says that if you are doing the painting it can't be rude."

I expressed my gratitude for this confidence in my virtue, and no more was said. Or at least, nothing further was said about it until long afterwards.

The years passed and Alan went on to high school. Here he continued to develop his skill and interest in painting and the arts in general. He spent a great deal of time painting in my workshop and in addition, did most of his other homework there. I sometimes wondered what his parents thought, but they said nothing, and since they now had two more children, I suppose they were not too unhappy to have Alan working next door.

As Alan reached his latter-teen years, he developed into a very well built and good-looking young man. I began to paint portraits of him. They were not posed portraits, but done from sketches I made while he worked. Eventually, however, when he was 18 I made a bold decision. I wanted to paint him nude.

Before asking him, I spoke to his mother. Madge shrugged her shoulders. We were both aware that Alan had been sexually active with girls from the high school for some time.

"He's of an age to decide for himself now," said Madge, "and I think there have been quite a few females that have seen him naked, so ask him."

I asked and got an affirmative answer.

The first time I posed him naked I was almost overwhelmed by what I saw. I knew him to be a fine looking young man, but when unclothed, he was in truth, beautiful. His muscle development was a painter's dream, but I confess to you, I was most taken by his genital maturation. He was like a young stallion.

"No wonder he has no problem in getting the girls," I thought, and I could not help wondering what he was like when he had an erection. "He'd be a delight in any woman's bed."

Between doing his own work, Alan posed for me many times over the next few weeks. I tried to discipline myself not to be constantly drawn to his manhood, but I admit that I often found myself getting wet between the legs, and had to constantly tell myself that I was an old woman, and he a young man, barely out of boyhood.

The painting finished, it went on display at a gallery that took my work. It was sold to a sixty-year-old widow for an enormous sum. I am not a painter of the first rank, but am merely what people call "competent," but this work was

something that had gone beyond anything I had ever painted before.

Towards the end of his last year at high school, Alan told me he was preparing his portfolio as part of his entry into high school.

"Your turn," he said.

I was mystified. "What do you mean, 'my turn'?" I asked.

"Your turn to pose naked for me," he answered. "I want a nude for my portfolio."

"Nonsense," I replied. "Why ever would you want a nude picture of an old woman like me? You want a young woman."

"No I don't," he laughed. "Remember all those years ago when I walked in and caught you naked?"

I recalled the incident with a blush.

"Well, I haven't seen anything since that I'd rather paint," he said.

"But I'm much older now," I protested. "Things change, you know." I had in mind not only how I might have changed, but how he had definitely changed.

"I don't care," he retorted. "I posed for you, so now it's your turn to do the same for me."

The argument raged for a while, but it ended in my agreeing to sit for him. We began the next day.

I was stretched out on a chaise lounge, one leg drawn up, arms up with my hands behind my head. In this position, I was giving him a good view of my vagina, and a fine uplift to my breasts.

His nudity had aroused me, but like all women, it could be hidden. His arousal could not be so easily concealed. Almost from the start of the first sitting, I could see his impressive erection pushing out the painter's smock he was wearing.

This sight of his hunger for me had its effect on me. My nipples stiffened and my vagina began to lubricate.

He began working, but I could see that concentration was lacking. The sexual desire we were both experiencing was

almost a tangible force extending between us. Telling myself I was just an old woman and he a virile youth made no difference.

Alan came across as if to adjust my pose, he leaned over me and pressed his lips to mine. I made no effort or pretence at resisting, but responded to him.

Moving away from the kiss he whispered, "I want you Jenny, I've wanted you for years."

I stood and undid the buttons of his smock that fell open to reveal his nakedness beneath. His lovely young penis sprang out and I took it in my hand and said, "You shall have me, my love."

He stood behind me and cupped my breasts, stroking from the base to end up gently squeezing my firm nipples. My mind began to whirl. I shook all over.

"My God," I thought, "I'm so worked up, he's making me come just by touching my breasts." Never had this happened to me before.

My legs began to shake until they could barely support me. Alan held me, still caressing my breasts, and kissing the nape

of my neck. My orgasm approached and I began to cry out, "Oh darling, my love...ah...no...no...oh my God yes..."

The climactic storm swept over me as I screamed and screamed, and then it was over and I collapsed completely in Alan's arms. He lifted me up and lay me on the chaise lounge.

He sat on the edge of the chaise lounge, waiting for my recovery. He had just done something spectacular for me, but I had seemingly done nothing for him. I could see his massive erection throbbing in time with his heart beat, so as I gradually revived from my towering climax, I took his organ in my hand and leaning over, inserted it into my mouth. He groaned and began to tremble, calling out my name: "Jenny, oh Jenny..."

I felt his orgasm coming as he put his hands behind my head and pulled himself deeper into my mouth.

Suddenly he was howling as he spurted into me and I was fighting to swallow his sweet young seed. As he pumped more and more sperm into my mouth I could no longer swallow quickly enough, his ejection was so immense. It ran out of my mouth onto the seat and floor.

He finished and it was his turn to collapse. He slipped to the floor and I joined him, kissing him so he could taste his own discharge.

When I felt him beginning to recover I moved over him and put my vagina to his mouth. He knew what to do, and was quickly forcing his tongue into my entrance. From there he moved to my clitoris, and he soon had me in a mad fever of exultation again, first screaming for mercy, then begging him not to stop.

When it was over, I lay on the floor beside him. I had never known such completion, such euphoric fulfillment, before. Every fibre of my being seemed to quiver with triumph.

When I had recovered sufficiently, I rose to my feet and said, "Let's go to bed, darling."

I led him to my bedroom and the big double bed. So far he had not penetrated me, and I was determined he should.

I felt for his penis, and finding it slack I began to caress it. It rose to its mighty extent and I sat across him.

Inserting him into me, he began again to cry out my name. Jenny, oh Jenny, I love you...I've always loved you...I want you for ever."

He was slow this time to ejaculate and I enjoyed him to the full.

When he did climax, I chimed in with him, adding my cries to his, and ending up sobbing with rapture.

That night we did not return to the workshop, but on the following nights we did manage to get some of the work done, a little at a time, that is, between love making.

Perhaps you would like a happy conclusion to my story. I can give you neither a happy nor an unhappy ending.

For the past three years, Alan and I have been lovers. The huge age gap means we cannot be anything else to each other, and I cannot give him children. I would dearly love to be pregnant to him but it is no longer possible.

I know that our relationship in this form must almost certainly come to an end. When and how I do not know, but in the meantime I'll enjoy him to the fullest possible extent, and shall make sure he enjoys me.

For The Love of Michael

"Damn him," I thought, as I cleared up the remains of supper in the kitchen, "One of these days I'll take a lover, and then he'll be sorry."

Harold was away on one of his endless "business trips" up north. These trips were constant, and he seemed to be more concerned with making money than spending time with Michael and I. Not that I could complain about money. He kept us very well provided for, but after the first two years of married life, he seemed to have very little interest in being in bed with me.

I could have easily taken a lover. At thirty-eight men still eyed me lasciviously, and given the slightest encouragement would have bedded me.

Finishing in the kitchen I went to the bathroom and showered. As I dried myself I took stock. Five feet eight inches tall. Long black hair and near black eyes. Nose a little longer than was fashionable, but mouth wide and lips full. A long, graceful neck that Harold had loved to kiss in earlier days. Breasts – well – I took a 38C, and despite breast-feeding many years ago, I still did not need a bra unless I was being "decent." Legs long and shapely, and ending in a firmly cleft

vagina which I had long ago had stripped permanently of pubic hair.

All this had been for Harold. An attempt to lure him into satisfying my urgent female needs. It had not worked. I had remained faithful and frustrated.

Leaving the bathroom, I went rather disconsolately to my bedroom. A huge bed that had been the scene of our earlier carnal lusts, such as they had been, dominated the room. Now it might just as well have been a nun's narrow cot.

It was a warm night, so I put on one of the nightdresses that I had once hoped would entice Harold to more active intimate relations. It was an excessively flimsy affair that barely descended to mid thigh, and a top that exposed more than it covered as far as breasts were concerned. The whole was held up by almost non-existent shoulder straps. "What a waste of money," I thought.

Clambering into bed, I picked up my book, and propping up my pillows, I began to read. Another night of masturbation I thought.

I had been reading for about ten minutes when there was a knock at the bedroom door. The only person it could be was my son, Michael, so I called, "Come in."

His head came round the door and he enquired, "Talk, mum?"

When he was younger it had been our custom to have a bedtime talk, but this had not happened now for a long time. Surprised, and not displeased at this reversion to earlier days, I said, "Of course."

As he approached the bed, I couldn't help telling myself what a fine masculine specimen I had raised. He was wearing only a pair of those minimal underpants youth is fond of. Peeping above the elastic waistband, I could see some curly pubic hair protruding. The pants hid a lot less than my nightdress, and I could see the outline of his testicles and what seemed like a partially erect penis lying sideways. "I haven't seen that for a long time," I thought.

When Michael entered puberty, like many other young people, he suddenly became shy about his developing body. From seeing him often undressed, I went to never seeing him in that condition. Looking now I saw how much his penis had grown since last I saw it, and thought, "My God, some lucky girls are going to get some pleasure from that."

Unthinkingly I reverted to another habit of the past. I pulled back the bed covers to allow him to climb in with me, from

my semi sitting position I slid down the bed to lay on my back and put one arm out to encompass his shoulders when he got into the bed.

When he was young, we would often play games in bed, he hiding under the covers, while I pretended to try to find him. At some stage, he would pounce upon me, and sitting astride me would bounce up and down. At the time, I did not understand the real significance of these games.

Michael got in beside me and snuggled up so as to lie on his side facing me, just as he had done as a child, while I embraced him with one arm. It felt nice and affectionate, and the pleasure seemed to be enhanced by my recognition that he now had a man's body, and his nakedness apart from the underpants felt wonderful.

"What is it, darling?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing much," he replied. I just thought that you might be feeling lonely with dad away.

Dad had often been away, but this was the first time Michael had made any move to ease my loneliness in this way, so I assumed there must be something else on his mind. I cuddled up to him and waited.

He said nothing for a long time, and then, finally, he said quietly, "Do you miss dad a lot when he's away?"

"Yes, I suppose so," I lied rather hesitantly.

"I mean," he went on, "You are here alone with no one to talk to or do things with."

"Darling, I've got you," I laughed, "You are often at home and even if you are working in your room, I still know you are in the house. And I do have friends, you know."

"Yes, but it's not the same things, is it? I mean, there are things you don't do with friends that you do with a husband," he meditated.

"What sort of things, darling?"

There was another long pause as if he was trying to find a way of saying something that he was not sure how to express.

I was about to speak myself when Michael came back to life.

"I mean, feelings and the physical things husbands and wives do together."

I would have had to be rather foolish not to know what he was referring to, so I decided to bring it out clearly.

"If by feelings and physical things you mean sexual feelings and sexual contact, yes, you are right. It can be difficult in a family situation like ours, with the husband away so much. But it's one of the things in life you have to work your way through."

"You get feelings, don't you?" he said. "And I don't think dad helps you with them even when he is home."

Having exploded that verbal bomb, he went silent again. I hardly knew what to say, but managed to stutter out, "Whatever makes you think that?"

"Well," he said, "I know you have to do things to help yourself." I was about to protest forcefully but he went on. "Do you remember when you asked me to go to your room to get a handkerchief for you?"

"I think so," I replied, puzzled as to what was coming.

"You told me which draw to open, but I opened the wrong draw, and saw your thing."

I might have pretended not to understand, but the lie would have been obvious if he had seen my dildo.

"Darling," I said, "I expect that sometimes you have to do something to help you to feel more relaxed. Well, that is what I use to help myself when I'm feeling tense."

Michael had moved nearer to me so his body was in close contact with mine. He had also extended his arm so that it lay over my breasts. I felt that my nightdress had ridden up nearly to my hips, and I would be sexually exposed except for the single sheet over us.

I should have made a move then, but to be honest with you, I was enjoying the contact. The feeling of a naked, virile young man's body pressed against me, even though he was my son, was exciting in the extreme. So, I did nothing except to try to head the conversation in a new direction.

Before I could make that move Michael continued, changing tack slightly.

"Mother, do you think it wrong for a son to love his mother?"

"Of course not," I protested. "Some of the loveliest relationships have been between mothers and their sons."

"I mean," he continued, "For the son to love the mother like a man? Is that unnatural?"

Resorting to my little bit of Freudian knowledge I said, "No, I don't think it's unnatural. There are some people who believe that a son's first sexual desire is for his mother, but when the son understands that she is not available to him as a sexual partner, he looks elsewhere."

"What about mother's who desire their sons sexually?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know much about that, but I suppose some mothers do desire their sons. After all, he may be her son, but he still grows up to manhood, like you, and it can be very tempting to ...to..." My speech petered out for the moment when I realised where it was heading.

Michael remained silent, and after a minute or so I went on, "Look Michael, imagine a woman – a single parent. She has an attractive, vibrant son. It must be a great temptation to

take him to her bed. I mean if she's lonely and..." Again, I saw I was heading for verbal disaster.

Michael cut in; "Do you think it's bad, evil, something like that?"

Darling," I said, "You know how I feel about judging such things. If the son is of an age to know what he's doing, and he's not being coerced into it, and if both the mother and the son want that sort of relationship, then I can't see the harm. After all, at its best, sexual intercourse is an expression of love between two people."

Michael's arm had been over my breasts, but now I felt his hand gently cupping one breast. He leant over me and very softly kissed me on the lips. "I love you very much, mother," he whispered.

My mind told me I should stop any further development of the situation, but my body was craving for this lovely son of mine.

If only life with Harold had been different. If only I had not been so sexually frustrated. If only...But what was the use of 'ifs'? The situation was as the situation was, and the events must be dealt with in that context.

Michael kissed me again, more purposefully this time with mouth open, tongue gently probing. He pulled the straps from my shoulders and began to suckle one of my nipples, while his hand sought my vagina. It was exquisite torture beyond bearing.

I made an effort to stop what was happening, pulling his hand away from my genitals saying, "No darling, we mustn't," but it was useless. My pathetic protest lacked all conviction. It must have been obvious to Michael that I wanted, even needed, to surrender my body to him.

He had pulled back the sheet that had covered us, and taken off my nightdress via my legs and feet. His underpants were off, and I could see the large throbbing organ that was about to be inserted into me.

I gave up any pretence of resistance, and parting my legs for him to come over me, I whispered, "All right, darling, take me."

I took hold of his shaft and guided it to my opening, and then he sank it into me. I had thought that not being used to a penis of this size, I might experience some pain. I did not. It was lovely – a perfect fit – tight against the walls of my vagina.

That this was an act of love between us I did not doubt. I was experiencing Michael's love in a way that I never had with Harold. I always felt that Harold was "fucking" me. With Michael, I felt that he was loving me and I him. The biblical term, "one flesh," came to mind. That was how it felt. We were in union, part of each other, and in being part of each other, we were somehow made whole.

Michael was so aroused he very quickly ejaculated into me. I felt a powerful thrust, then the first burst of sperm as he pumped it into me. I did not climax myself but hung on the edge of the summit as I joyfully experienced my lovely son's first coupling with me. As he finished, he gave a long groan, then with a sigh of happy contentment; he relaxed, but still stayed inside me.

Harold had been the third man in my life, sexually speaking, but none of my previous couplings had brought me the exultation as this with Michael. He lay within me murmuring, "Mother, oh mother, mother..."

I whispered to him, "It was exquisite my darling, lovely beyond any words I can speak. Do it to me again when you can."

He kissed me very lovingly, then went on just sighing, "Mother, oh mother."

I was in a state of intense torment as I still teetered on the edge of my orgasm. I wonder if I would have to finish myself off, but then I felt Michael's penis hardening again. He began to move in me again and this time I came to a massive climax, more powerful than I had ever known before. My whole body shook and vibrated as wave after wave of delicious torture wracked me.

So the deed was done. I had committed incest with my son. What consequences might follow from this I did not know. What I did know was that I had never felt so passionately loved.

We were both in a mess. Sweat and our sexual fluids were on the bed and us. I laughed and said, "I think we'd better shower and change the bed sheet."

We showered together, and Michael took me once more standing in the shower. We changed the sheets and clambered back onto the bed.

Michael kissed me, and then said, "Mother, I'd like to see your vagina."

Never in all the years of our marriage had Harold ever made such a request. I was amazed and delighted.

Trying to give him the best view, I sat on the edge of the bed with my legs up and parted. He knelt before me and I parted the outer lips with my fingers. This exposed my opening, and Michael, after a few moments, leaned forward and kissed it.

He inserted two fingers that he began to work in and out of me. I let this happen for a while, then gently pushing his head away, I lifted the little hood covering my clitoris.

Depending on how you think of it, I am fortunate in having a clitoris larger than average. It stands out quite markedly, and this makes for easier manipulation.

Michael gave a little gasp of surprise when he saw it then touched it with his finger that he moved with a circular motion. He gently caressed and squeezed it, eliciting little squeals of delight from me. He ended by licking and sucking it, which caused me to be even more clamorous.

He was driving me mad with desire. I begged and pleaded with him to put me out of my wonderful agony that finally

he had mercy and entered me. We clung and moved together for a long time, and finally we climaxed together, screaming and howling like mad things. Michael spent the rest of that night with me, and every other night until Harold came home. I felt sure that Harold would somehow detect what had been going on. There would be something about me, or perhaps Michael, that would give us away. He noticed nothing.

One consequence of my incestuous activity I could foresee as a possibility. I decided to deal with it almost immediately. Using all my female wiles, I inveigled Harold into having sex with me. He always used a condom. This came about because he didn't want me to have any more children, but I did. I had refused to take any precautions myself, so he used the condom to prevent pregnancy.

One of the possible consequences of what Michael and I had been doing was pregnancy. I was still a very fertile woman. In a way, this did not worry me, because I rejoiced in my fertility, and felt that one of the loveliest outcomes of our coupling would be a baby. I was however concerned about the possible consequences for Michael if it was known he had made me pregnant. As it was, the pregnancy would be accepted as the result of a faulty condom.

For the short time Harold was home sexual activity between Michael and I was at a minimum. As soon as he departed on

another of his "business trips," Michael returned to my bed, and we resumed our spirited sexual activity.

Our bodies were a playground of love for each other. Neither of us balked at any sexual activity the other wanted.

Ever since I engaged in my first sexual encounter, I had known that I could have multiple orgasms. Unfortunately, none of my lovers had the endurance to cope with this. Hence, I was astonished at Michael's sexual stamina. His ability to keep coming back into me and the times he could ejaculate in quick succession seemed truly spectacular to me.

Even when he finally ran out of sperm to pump into me, and his own immediate sexual needs had been gratified, he was still happy to let me continue as he gave me oral sex or used the dildo on me. He never left me hung up, but always attended my needs to the end.

Just over a month after our lovemaking began I had to conclude that it had born fruit. I was pregnant. This was medically confirmed some weeks later.

Michael was ambivalent about this outcome to start with, and blamed himself for not taking precautions. I pointed out that it was a result I had longed for. I could ask for nothing more wonderful than to be pregnant to him.

Harold was furious. He rained down curses on the heads of the condom manufacturers for their faulty product, and told me that it wasn't his choice to have another "stinking little brat around the place." He departed on an another trip very quickly.

On his return from this trip, Harold had some news for me. He would be leaving me for another woman who in fact turned out to be his "business trips." "I'll leave you well provided for, and it's no use pleading with me, I'm going."

I made no comment, but had no intention of pleading, far from it. I was glad to see the back of him.

The baby was born a girl, Amanda, and Michael and I are now awaiting arrival of our second child. This will be our last one, and I shall take steps to see I cannot get pregnant again. Michael offered to have a vasectomy, but I vetoed this on the grounds that he might well meet a young woman with whom he would want to have babies.

Michael didn't like that one little bit, but I am realistic enough to realise that our very wide age gap might preclude an "Until death parts us union."

In case you are wondering, no, our loving has not diminished. We come together at least once every day, and sometimes twice or even three times. There seems to be that magic between us so that the more we do it, the more we want to do it.

I wish you all such a happy outcome in your lives.

Forlorn Point Love

Look at a map of the West Coast, and if you observe closely, you will see a narrow peninsular running out. It is about four kilometres in length and one kilometre wide. In fact, this peninsular is all but an island. At high tide, it is cut off from the mainland huddle of houses with their combined shop and post office and the rather shabby pub.

A strip of sand called locally "The Strand" connects the island to the mainland at low tide, and it is this semi-isolation that perhaps inspired its name, Forlorn Point.

The peninsular, or as I shall now call it, the island, inclines up from The Strand and thrusting out into the ocean it rises until it terminates in high cliffs against which the ocean rollers come crashing in. The soil on the island is poor and only some coarse grass; bushes and sparse wind blasted trees survive.

Over the decades, there have been some attempts to settle on the island, none of which succeeded. Sheep and goats have been grazed on it, but now only a few feral goats remain.

Until recently there were two inhabitants of the island, Janice and Stuart Walker. There are the remains of three cottages, built long ago by optimistic would-be settlers. Two have

fallen into ruins. The one that still retained some semblance of livability was taken over by Janice and Stuart, and after some work was done on the place, it had the appearance at least of being habitable, and although there was no electricity, bottled gas replaced the old kerosene lighting and cooking facilities.

The work was done partly by a professional builder, and partly by Janice. Stuart played no part because he was a wheelchair bound cripple, yet it had been he who had insisted on moving to Forlorn Point.

Eight months after they were married Stuart had been involved in an appalling road accident. Months in hospital were followed by depression that translated itself into bitter hatred. Stuart could think only of escaping from society, and he remembered visiting Forlorn Point as a child. Nothing would do but they should go and live there.

Janice was in despair. A trained nurse, she understood that Stuart would be wheelchair bound for the rest of his life. He would always need care, and going to the island would leave that care entirely up to her.

She battled to get Stuart to accept psychiatric help, to no avail. She thought of leaving him, but a tender conscience

prevailed, and finally she wearily agreed that they should go to the island.

She was still a young woman, and there were no children and no hope of any, as Stuart was now quite incapable of sexual activity. Among the other causes of despair for Janice, this absence of sexual activity was yet another bitter blow for her.

If Stuart had wanted to choose a place most inconvenient for a wheel chair, he could hardly have done better than Forlorn Point. They included as part of the renovation work, some paving round the cottage, but beyond that the going was rough and Stuart could hardly manipulate his wheelchair unaided. Even with Janice's help it was a struggle.

Once settled on Forlorn Point it became even more difficult for Janice to leave Stuart, since he was now more dependent on her than ever. Janice herself was depressed at the prospect of years on the island.

Relations between Janice and Stuart became increasingly acrimonious, as Janice now became the target of Stuart's bitterness and sarcasm. It was almost as if she was to blame for the accident that had robbed him of his physical powers.

He taunted her about her sexual needs; "Like a good fuck, wouldn't you? Why not go over to the pub and get one of the lad's to screw you, you horny bitch. Or perhaps you prefer a bit of self-abuse? Rub your cunt in bed at night, do you?"

Janice understood that this abuse arose from Stuart's despair at his own sexual impotence, but it was none the less hard to take, especially as there was truth in what Stuart said. Of course, she wanted a healthy sex life, and there was little likelihood of that living on the island, and even if she had wanted one of the men on the mainland, they were all married, and the community too small for anything to be hidden.

From the time they moved to Forlorn Point, Stuart had been island bound. Janice did get away occasionally to shop in the nearest town. She kept a car garaged on the mainland, and would time her trips to coincide with low tide. These trips were not drawn-out, because Stuart could not be left untended for long, and she must not be caught by a rising tide.

So two years dragged by with Janice growing ever more lonely and miserable, and Stuart more verbally violent. Everything requiring physical effort had to be done by Janice. She endeavoured to make a vegetable garden in the poor soil, looked after the few chickens they had and

mended what needed mending. It was a life of boredom and drudgery, with few visitors to break the monotony.

During the time of the Spring high tides, one unexpected visitor did arrive. The tides were being driven by gale force winds, and just before dark Janice was going round the cottage, the wind howling about her, making sure the shutters were secure. As she struggled with one shutter a voice behind her said, "Excuse me."

Janice whirled round to be confronted by a tall, powerfully built man about forty years of age. He was wearing strong corduroy trousers, a sturdy raincoat and had a rucksack on his back. In his hand, he carried a small canvas bag.

Janice felt her heart thump, and she stammered out, "What do you want?"

"I'm sorry if I startled you," the man said in a pleasant baritone voice, "but I wonder if you could help me? I've misjudged the tide and I won't be able to get back to the mainland for hours. Could you give me somewhere to sleep?"

Janice realised that the Spring tide, driven by the gale, would have covered The Strand joining the island to the mainland

sooner than normal. She felt a bit sorry for the man and said, "You'd better come in."

The inside of the cottage, never very bright, was now almost dark as the evening light outside faded. Stuart sat in his wheel chair by the table leafing dismally through a magazine. He looked up as they entered, and his eyes narrowed with suspicion.

"Who's this?" he snapped.

"This is Mr. er...I'm sorry, I don't know your name," said Janice as she lit the gaslight.

"Ellis," replied the man, "Kent Ellis."

"I'm Janice Walker, and this is my husband, Stuart," and turning to Stuart she went on, "Mr. Ellis has been cut off from the mainland by the tide, and wonders if we could give him somewhere to sleep for the night."

"Bit bloody careless, aren't you," snapped Stuart.

Kent gave a sheepish grin and said, "Yes, I suppose I am."

With the gaslight lit, Janice was able to observe their visitor more closely. His head seemed to almost touch the low ceiling of the cottage. His shoulders indicated a powerful physique, and his face showed signs of healthy outdoor living. He could not be called handsome, but he had a pleasant, cheerful face, with widely spaced dark brown eyes.

Kent was doing his own observing, and saw a dark haired, scowling figure crouching in his wheelchair. The venom of the man was almost palpable, and caused Kent to wonder what had happened to bring about such acerbity. Looking at Janice, he further wondered how two such people had got together.

In Janice he saw what people describe as, "A fine figure of a woman." She did not seem to him to be either beautiful or pretty, and he chose "handsome" as the best description. She had a heart shaped face with strange grey eyes that seemed to have a look of tired entreaty about them. Her mouth was full lipped and looked as if it would make the sun shine when she smiled. He suspected she had not smiled for some time.

She was tall for a woman, being some five feet ten inches. Apart from this, the "fine figure" description arose mainly from her breasts.

In her teenage years, Janice had been very self-conscious about her breasts. They were large – one could almost say very large, and they were firm. At times she almost hated them and disliked the boys who tried to fondle them during after-school groping sessions on the way home.

No matter how she tried to hide or disguise them, her breasts seemed always to get in the way. They would brush against things and people and seemed always ready to slip out of bras and dress tops.

It had been Stuart who, before his accident, had taught her to see her breasts as things of beauty. He had delighted in them, and in their lovemaking, they had been a major focus of his love play with her. As he fondled, caressed and sucked them and she felt her nipples harden, to stand out like acorns, the true nature of their loveliness was brought home to her.

In those days, Janice would dress to emphasis her breasts just to please Stuart, and he had called them, "Your lovely breasts." Now, if in trying to assist him to move, or when putting him to bed, her breasts brushed against him, which they frequently did, he would snarl, "Keep those bloody great tits of yours out of my way." Refusing to cry in front of him, Janice would go to her room and weep with humiliation.

Looking at her now, and almost unavoidably attracted by her bosom, Kent felt a stirring in his loins that he instantly sought to repress.

"I suppose you'd better sleep here," growled Stuart, "but it'll have to be the couch or the floor, we've got no spare bedrooms." There were in fact two bedrooms, but as Janice and he slept apart, both were in use.

Janice cut in; "We do have a spare mattress that we can lay on the floor for you. It'll be more comfortable than the couch."

"That'll do very well," replied Kent. "After all, I could be sleeping rough out there in the gale, if you had refused to take me in."

"I'll get some supper," said Janice. "You take your coat off and make yourself comfortable."

Kent put down the canvas bag and removed his rucksack. As he did this Janice saw a geologist's hammer thrust through a strap.

"Are you a geologist?" she asked.

"Well, sort of, smiled Kent, "I'm actually a paleontologist. I study fossils and..."

Stuart cut in. "We're not bloody ignoramuses. We know what a paleontologist does. We don't need a lecture."

"Sorry," said Kent. "It's just that a lot of people don't know what..."

"Well we do, old boy, so let's leave it at that, shall we?"

"Stuart!" cried Janice; "Mr.Ellis is a guest."

"Is he?" sneered Stuart. "I thought he was a silly bugger who couldn't work out the tides."

"Perhaps I'd better go," said Kent, beginning to put on his raincoat.

"No you damned well won't," retorted Janice.

Kent was the first visitor they had had for months. She had been looking forward to spending an evening talking with him. For once, she was not going to let Stuart rule her.

You'll be wanting some supper soon, Stuart, and then you'll need my help to get to bed..."

This was said in such a tone as to leave Stuart in no doubt about her meaning. He was virtually totally dependent on her and any lack of co-operation on her part meant a very uncomfortable time for him.

"Sorry," he muttered as an unenthusiastic apology, and fell silent.

Janice had heard of the interesting fossil finds on Forlorn Point, and especially at a spot called, "Outlaw's Cove." During supper, as Stuart sat sulking, Janice questioned Kent about his reason for coming to Forlorn Point.

"Well, it's a personal thing at the moment. I'm on three weeks vacation, but can't stop working." He gave a chuckle. "I read a paper written by some chap years ago about this place, and wanted to come and have a look myself. Officialdom has never shown any interest, so I thought I'd do it on my own. So I booked the one and only room in the pub, and started today. Made a bit of a mess of it, didn't I?" He laughed.

Stuart made as if to comment, but a glance from Janice made him think better of it.

Janice told him what she had heard about and seen at Outlaw's Cove and Kent said he might go there the following day.

After supper, Stuart had to be assisted to bed by Janice. This was a fairly lengthy process, and when she returned to Kent, he was sitting browsing through some magazines that he had found.

"Give me a hand to get the mattress in here, would you Mr.Ellis?"

"Please, call me Kent," he replied.

"Then you'd better call me Janice," she responded, and led the way into a small side room more or less of cupboard proportions, where the mattress was stored upright. They got it out and carried it to the living room, and Janice went off to get some sheets and blankets.

For about an hour they talked, mainly about Kent's work, but also about how Janice and Stuart had come to live on the island.

Janice was cagey about saying too much concerning their reason for being there, and to head off any further questions about this, she asked, "Would you like a wash before bed? We do have a bath, but I'm afraid it's in what we call "the scullery" where we do all our washing and washing up. If you'd like to use it, you're very welcome, but I must ask you to be sparing with the water. We rely entirely on water from our rainwater tanks."

Kent thanked her and said that he would appreciate a bath, so she showed him where it was and supplied soap and towel.

Janice returned to the living room and began to clear up. She was quite elated at having had such a congenial companion for the evening, and gathering the things to be washed, she made for the scullery.

The scullery had no door to it and Janice, unthinking, walked straight in with her burden. Kent had just finished his bath and was drying himself. Janice came to a halt, and said "Sorry," turned and went out again, but not before she had seen the naked body of Kent, with wide shoulders and his well muscled torso tapering to narrow hips, and between his thighs she saw swinging his slack penis.

"My God," she thought, "He's a well endowed fellow. He could keep a woman happy with what he's got there."

When Kent came into the living room to go to bed, Janice apologised again for breaking in on him, and went off for her own bath.

When she had finished she put on her nightdress and proceeded to her bedroom, which meant passing through the living room. She intended to say goodnight to Kent, but he had gone to sleep.

Janice did not sleep well that night, as she kept remembering what she had seen in the scullery. When she did sleep, she dreamed of a faceless lover who kept almost entering her, but not quite.

In the morning, Janice was determined that if she could, she would have more of Kent's company. As she went through the drill of getting Stuart up and preparing him for the day, she told him, "I'm going to ask Kent if he would like to stay here in the cottage for the rest of his vacation. It's nearer to the places he wants to look at, and he won't have to worry about the tides.

Stuart was not at all enamoured of this idea, and said so. "Good God, we came here to get away from people, and now you want them swarming all over the house."

Janice was in no mood to be bullied or blackmailed by Stuart. "Firstly, Stuart," she began, "it was you who wanted to escape people, not me. I happen to like people especially those who don't belittle and sneer at me. Secondly, Kent does not constitute a 'swarm.' I shall ask him if he would like to stay, and if he says yes, he shall stay. And if you do or say anything to spoil his time here, you and I will have a rather interesting discussion which I don't think you'll enjoy."

Janice had never spoken up to him like this before. For a moment he was dumbfounded, and when he did find his voice, his only retort was yet another of his sneers."

"Hoping he'll give you a good fucking, are you?"

Janice ignored this, and went to find Kent.

The storm had blown itself out overnight and the weather promised to be warm if not hot, but the sound of distance breakers booming against the cliffs could still be heard. That sound was rarely absent at Forlorn Point.

Janice passed through the living room, and noted that Kent had folded the sheets and blankets, and the mattress was nowhere in sight. She found Kent standing outside the cottage. Here the air was still, and he was gazing up along the peninsular.

"I'd like to have a look at Outlaw's Cove today, but I'll make sure I get the tide right this time." He gave a little laugh.

"I want to talk to you about that," said Janice. "How would you like to stay on here for your vacation? You wouldn't have to worry about tides then."

Kent hesitated. He had seen the effect his presence had had on Stuart, and did not want to exacerbate the obvious tensions between husband and wife. On the other hand, it would be convenient and, he tried not to admit to himself, it would be nice to come back from his day's work to Janice.

"Look," he said, "if it's all right with both of you, I think I'd like to stay. I promise I'll put the mattress away each day," he laughed, "and I can pay for my board and lodgings."

Janice joined in his laughter and said, "We can discuss terms some other time. As long as you do put the mattress away, it will be fine."

They went into the cottage for breakfast over which Janice and Kent discussed the little details of his stay, such as meal and bath times, and where in the shed Kent could keep any specimens he found. Stuart simply sat frowning.

Breakfast over, Kent announced he would go to the Cove, and would Janice give him directions?

Janice said she could do better than that. She would take him there. "It's only about fifteen minutes walk. You won't mind that, will you, Stuart?"

Stuart gave a grunt that was taken to mean it was all right.

"What about food?" asked Janice. "You'll need some lunch if you're going to be out all day."

"If it's only fifteen minutes walk, I'd rather like to come back here for lunch, if that's all right?"

Janice had no problem about that. The more she saw of this seemingly gentle man, the more she wanted to see of him.

Kent was equally smitten. He would normally have taken food with him and stayed out all day, but the thought of an extra hour with Janice was too enticing to miss.

Having settled Stuart to his desultory attempt to paint which, was one of the few activities he attempted, Janice set off with Kent for Outlaw's Cove. As she had said, it took only about fifteen minutes to get there. As they walked they discussed Forlorn Point – its advantages and disadvantages, but avoided the questions they really wanted answers to.

Janice wanted to know if Kent had a woman in his life. Did he have any children? Where did he live?

Kent had equally personal questions he would like to have had answered. Why were Janice and Stuart really here? How did Stuart come to be in a wheelchair? How could Janice tolerate a man who treated her so insultingly?

I suppose these are questions we all have about others from time to time, but are too reticent to ask them.

Arriving at the Cove Janice watched Kent scramble confidently down the narrow track that led to the beach. She recalled how Stuart had once been like that – strong and active. She turned away from the Cove and the sight of Kent, and went back to her cheerless, bitter husband.

At lunchtime Kent appeared, carrying his canvas bag and announcing he had found some "interesting specimens." He then proceeded to tell Janice their names, which meant nothing to her, but any conversation with Kent she found engaging.

He departed for the Cove after lunch, and while the tide was still low, Janice decided she must do some shopping to get in some supplies for the extra mouth she now had to feed.

She made sure Stuart was comfortable, and left him making his umpteenth attempt to paint The Strand. On her return, she found Stuart asleep with yet another badly executed painting on the easel. She began preparations for the evening meal.

Kent returned in the late afternoon thoroughly pleased with himself, and spouting the names of specimens he had found that Janice had no hope of understanding. Stuart opened his mouth to make a sarcastic remark, thought better of it, and shut it again.

Out of the effective range of television, the evening was spent listening to music on the radio, while Kent wrote up his notes for the day, Janice read and Stuart dozed.

After Janice had bedded down Stuart, she and Kent spent another near silent hour and a half together, each engaged in their own activity, yet in a companionable way. Janice had never experienced this before, and wondered at the peace and warmth of such togetherness.

Just before Kent went off for his bath, Janice asked, "Where do you live, Kent?" He mentioned a suburb in the city, but said his work meant he spent little time there.

He went on to say, "That's the trouble you see..." Then he stopped and went for his bath.

Kent finished his bath, and Janice had hers. After her bath, passing through the living room, this time she found Kent still awake. The day had been warm and the warmth had continued into the evening. Kent was only partially covered by a sheet, which was lowered down to just above his pubic area. He was obviously naked, and beneath the sheet, Janice could see the bulge of his partially erect penis. She felt a shiver of desire run through her, and her vagina began to lubricate.

The thin nightdress she was wearing allowed some vision of her breasts, and she could see Kent looking at them. She noticed that the bulge under the sheet growing larger.

She bade him goodnight and went to her room. Unable to sleep she had to masturbate twice before there was some partial relief from her tormenting appetite.

Kent was equally sleepless. The sight of Janice's large breasts had aroused him. Like her, he had to relieve himself before he could finally drop off to sleep.

During the following days the fact of their being present to each other added constantly to their mutual craving, yet neither had the audacity to approach the other for what they both yearned for.

Each day Kent went out, mainly to Outlaw's Cove, and returned to the cottage for lunch. In the evening, after Stuart had gone to bed, they were together for an hour – two hours, even longer.

It was about the middle of the second week when Janice, now beginning to feel positively unwell so great was her sexual frustration, took the initiative. After her bath, she as usual went to pass through the living room to her own room. She was about to say goodnight to Kent when she saw the now familiar bulge beneath the sheet.

Kent looked up at her in her translucent nightdress. Janice had deliberately chosen this nightdress to try to expedite

what she felt must happen between them. Looking down at Kent, she could see the unmistakable fire of sexual desire in his eyes.

Her own sexual lubricants were starting to run down her thighs. She knew that this was the moment, and if they let it pass, it might never happen again. One of them must have the courage to break the sexual impasse, to overcome the fear of rejection for the sake of all that might be.

Janice said very quietly, "It's been a very long time for me."

Kent said nothing for a moment then, extending his hand to her said, "For me too."

He drew her down to him and placing his hands on either side of her head, he kissed her tenderly, flicking his tongue over her lips.

Janice kissed her way slowly down his chest and over his belly. As she pulled the sheet covering him away, his shaft sprang upright like a strong tower.

Janice took the beautiful organ into her hand and explored it with her fingers, gently pressing the crown before she took

it into her mouth. As she began to suck, tasting his precum discharge, Kent stroked her hair, as he groaned with rapture.

Kent was physically strong, and after a few minutes of Janice's ministrations, he almost picked her up bodily and pulled her vagina to his lips. His tongue sought her opening first, then as her fluid ran over his face, he circled her clitoris with his tongue.

Janice felt her orgasm approaching like something approaching from afar off. She wanted it but feared it. She began protest; "No Kent, no. Don't make me, please. I can't stand it, it's too much." Her body began to quiver and as the orgasm burst upon her, she cried out, "Yes, oh yes. Darling...yes...yes."

The orgasm went through her like a hot fire, shaking her whole body with the pain and anguish of long hunger being at last ministered to. She ground her sex organ against Kent's lips, crying out she knew not what of love and desire, all her long dammed up libido exploding in a crescendo of wanton lust.

Her climax passed, Janice bowed over Kent for a few minutes, her vulva still pressed against his mouth as Kent held her firmly round the thighs. She felt at peace and

strangely in love. She wanted to give this man what he had just given her.

She pulled away from him and brought a nipple to his lips. He took it into his mouth and suckled her. Janice whispered, "Yes, love me there, love my breasts."

As Kent sucked her nipple his hand found her other breast, and stroked it from the base to the nipple, ending with a gentle squeeze on the nipple. Each time he squeezed Janice gave a little whimper saying, "Yes, darling, again."

So fascinated was Kent with the beauty of Janice's breasts, he might have stayed with them all night, but Janice had other plans.

Now recovered from her climax she centred her vagina over the crown of Kent's penis, then slowly lowering herself she let him slide into her.

Kent raised his head to look at the lovely sight of his penis being plunged into Janice. He felt her moist warmth enclosing his manhood, and he groaned with delight.

She would not be hurried, and tortured him with her slow sliding up and down on his shaft, but this very torment in

fact exacerbated the situation. Kent could not hold out indefinitely, and seizing her hips, he dragged her down onto him, releasing a flood of semen into her.

Again Janice was crying out, "Oh God yes, in me, all of it darling, please all of it, deeper...deeper."

For the first time in years, both of them had found sexual solace. Janice continued with Kent's slackening penis inside her. There was no desire to separate, and Kent caressed Janice's breast saying, "You're very lovely."

Both knew they had begun something that would not be easily stopped. They had words they longed to say to each other, but dared not. To say, "I love you," after a few days of acquaintanceship and one sexual intercourse, might sound ridiculous, yet both ached to say it. There was that sense within that each had found someone to love him or her, and someone to whom they could give love.

Their sexual act had not abated the hunger that was within; it had only made them long for more of this nourishment. This is so often the tragedy of these situations. Finding the source of sustenance, it is so easily lost again.

Janice wanted to cry out, "Stay with me always."

Kent wanted to say, "Don't leave me now."

Instead of this declaration of their true feelings, Janice came out rather lamely with, "Thank you, Kent."

Kent responded, "It was lovely, Janice."

Janice departed for her bedroom. Both may have gained some relaxation from their long stored sexual stresses, but their thoughts were anything but relaxed. In plainest terms, the question going through both their minds was, "Where to from here?"

The following day was one in which a new start had to be made. It might have been a joyful morning for both Kent and Janice, but instead it was one of awkwardness, of avoiding each other's eyes, and Kent hastening off to his task.

Stuart was watchful. Janice and Kent might think they had sheltered him from knowledge of their night activity, but he knew the sound of sexual intercourse. He had heard the cries and groans, and knew what they meant. He said nothing.

Kent was not going to Outlaw's Cove that day, but to a little bay called "Cave Bay," so-called because there is a cave in the cliffs that enclose the bay.

Janice, having got Stuart settled at his painting, announced that she was going for a walk.

Stuart knew where she was going, but still said nothing.

Janice, of course, headed for Cave Bay. She was and is not the sort of person who can live long in uncertainty. She has to confront issues, and what might or might not be between her and Kent, had to be met head on.

Janice came to the cliff top overlooking Cave Bay, and looking down saw Kent tapping with his hammer below. She negotiated the rough track down the cliff, coming up behind Kent who had still not heard her.

"Hello Kent," she said.

He swung round in surprise. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I've come to see you," she answered. "I think we have some things to talk about, don't you?"

"Yes," he said, "I think we have. Let's go down to the cave."

They descended the rest of the cliff and making for the cave, they sat down at its entrance.

They sat for a long time saying nothing, just looking at the breakers rolling in to the shore. Each sought a way to ask the vital question. It was Janice who broke the silence between them.

"Last night was my first time with man for nearly four years. I might have had other men but I haven't. What I did last night with you, was done because it was with you. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Yes. I understand. You're saying that the sex wasn't just sex, but the outcome of something more than the act itself."

"How was it for you, Kent? And no nonsense please. Let's be as honest as we can be with each other."

Kent drew a deep breath. What he wanted to say was both simple and profound, and he knew that much hung upon Janice's response to what he was going to say.

"I love you, Janice."

Janice did not move or speak, and Kent wondered if she had heard. Looking at her sitting beside him on the sand, he saw her immobile, as if frozen in time and space. He reached out to touch her, to try to wake her from whatever dream or nightmare she had gone into, but before his hand reached her she seemed to tremble all over.

Suddenly she fell against him, pressing and curling herself into him. Sobs shook her frame. She was like a terrified child seeking reassurance and protection from a strong parent. She tried to speak through her weeping with little success.

"Oh Kent. I...I...love...I...I've hurt...it's hurt so..."

Since the time of Stuart's accident, she had wept with no one. Her tears were always hidden. Now it came surging out; all the pain and misery, all the abuse and insults, the day after day burden of care, and the profound loneliness.

Someone had said, "I love you," and in those three words was freedom; freedom to return that love, freedom to grieve and freedom to live.

Kent held her saying nothing. She had not echoed his words of commitment to her, but it seemed no words were needed. It was enough that she clung to him, letting the gathered poisons of years pour out. The best of him was being exercised. The male urge to protect the loved one - these days much derided - inflamed him. He would have held and sheltered her forever if she wished it.

As Janice's weeping ceased and her sobs diminished, she recalled her next crucial question.

"Is there anyone else? A wife? Children?"

"There was a wife once. There are no children," was Kent's short answer. His longer answer explained in more detail.

He had been married for twelve years, but two years ago his wife, Joan, had left him.

The reason was clear. "My work takes me out into the field a great deal. This means I am away from home a good deal. Often I could have arranged for Joan to come with me. Even

if she didn't want to live rough, I could have found some place for her to live where we would have been closer together. She wouldn't hear of it. It's not as if we had children to worry about. Anyway, I came home from one field trip to find she'd gone off with some chap ten years younger than she is. And that was that. I filed for divorce and it came through six months ago."

"Last night was the first time I had been with a woman since Joan left me. I've buried myself in work, even on vacation, like now. That, in a nut shell, is my story, Janice."

"My God," thought Janice, "I'd go to the ends of the earth with this man. I'd live in a ditch just to be with him."

She said aloud, "You know my situation. Stuart can't be left alone for any length of time. I'll be perfectly frank with you. I don't know whether you would ask me to go with you – to live with you – be..."

Kent cut in. "Yes I would ask you to go with me, but I understand your circumstances, and I'm not going to make things more difficult or frustrating for either of us by pressing you to be with me."

Janice rose saying; "I'd better be going. Stuart will be wondering where I've got to."

Both of them realised that those words somehow symbolised their situation. Janice would always have to be "going" to attend to Stuart's needs.

By his behaviour, Stuart had alienated everyone else who had been part of his life. Even those who had tried to understand and accept his bitterness eventually gave up. There was no one to take over Janice's role in Stuart's life, unless he went into an institution. This he rejected, and Janice could not bring herself to force the issue. If she forced it now, it would be, as she saw it, for her own selfish gratification. Every night for the rest of Kent's stay at the cottage, he and Janice made love.

Every night Stuart heard the sounds of their loving. Torment him as this might, he knew that he could never love Janice in that way again. Beneath the darkness of his festering anger, there was still a genuine love for Janice that he did not dare to show. To do so would, as he saw it, be weakness.

Janice and Kent talked of how they would meet in the times to come - where they would make love. But they knew this was all fantasy.

On the morning of Kent's departure, Janice walked with him across The Strand. Kent's car had been garaged in one of the

houses. Being in public view, they shook hands. Kent got into the car and drove away.

Janice, feeling she was carrying a great weight, walked wearily back to the cottage.

Stuart sat reading a book in the living room. Janice stood and looked at him for a moment – the man she had just sacrificed love for – then went on into the kitchen to prepare lunch.

Three weeks passed after Kent's departure. Stuart had observed Janice closely. He had for once come out of his world of self-pity, and tried to connect with Janice again. She wondered what had inspired this new softness in his dealing with her.

Stuart had conjectured that the whole thing might have been a passing affair, a brief fling. As he now saw Janice seemingly wilting daily, he understood that this had been much more than a passing affair.

On Janice's side, it was during the third week after Kent had gone that she discovered she was pregnant. This was hardly surprising given that they had used no contraceptives, and Janice's feelings were twofold.

In the first place, she rejoiced in her condition. "I shall have something of him to love," she said to herself.

In the second place, she would have to tell Stuart. Nothing short of a secret abortion that nothing would make her have, could avoid the confrontation.

She waited until lunch time one day, and began, "I've got something to tell you, Stuart."

"You're pregnant!"

Janice was confounded. "How did you know?"

"My dear Janice, I may be a cripple but I'm not blind and deaf as well. Every night Kent was here, I could hear what you were doing, and in the morning, I caught an occasional glimpse of his semen on the sheets."

"But you said nothing."

"What was there to say? I couldn't do for you what he could. It's agony enough to know that, but for once – and I'm not sure why – I decided not to put my miserable self first. Do you love him, Janice?"

"Yes."

"Does he love you?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you go to him, or why doesn't he come to you?"

"You must know the answer to that, Stuart."

"Yes, I do. 'Until death parts us'?"

"Those were the words I said, Stuart."

That ended the conversation.

Janice was amazed. She had anticipated an almighty row, recrimination, and spiteful insults. This quiet, almost polite response left her completely bewildered.

For the next two days nothing further was said, then at breakfast on the third day Stuart asked, "Have you told Kent about the baby?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"What's the point. The only thing he could provide would be money, and unless you say we need that, I have no intention of asking him for it."

"I see."

Janice went on, "I have to go into town today, we need some more supplies."

"Right."

Janice went to the mainland and drove into the town. She was away from the cottage about two hours, and on her return, there was no sign of Stuart.

Knowing how limited he was in the distance he could travel, she scoured the immediate area round the cottage. She did not find him.

Panic set in and she rang the police. At first, they did not take her call for help seriously, but when she told the officer that Stuart was a chair bound cripple, he changed his tune.

"There'll be a car there within half an hour, madam."

The police arrived and briefly surveyed the scene. They called in reinforcements including the state rescue squad, and began to comb the peninsular.

It was mid afternoon when they found him in Outlaw's Cove. They first saw his wheelchair smashed at the bottom of the cliff then looking further out they saw his body being washed back and forth between two rocks.

Janice was distraught. She felt she was responsible for his death. How he had managed to get that far unaided in the wheelchair was beyond her. It must have been some desperate sort of energy.

She had had nearly four years of misery with Stuart, but she could not forget the happy, loving days, early in their

marriage. She tried to picture how it all might have been different. Her thoughts were full of "If only..." "There surely must have been other ways, if only..."

Stuart now left her with the burden of guilt.

After the funeral, Janice came back to the cottage. She had been unable to bring herself to enter Stuart's room, but now decided to clear it up.

It was when she pulled off the top sheet that she found it – a letter addressed to her.

Opening it she read: Darling, this is the last act of love I can perform for you. Thank you for your love and loyalty. When you can, be with the man you love and let him have his child. You are worthy of the best. May he be worthy of you. Stuart.

This time Janice wept alone.

For the next few days, Janice worked round the cottage sorting out Stuart's things, deciding what she would keep in memory of him. At the same time, she weighed what she would do about Kent.

Stuart's death had been in all the newspapers, on radio and television. "He must have known," she thought, "Yet he never even contacted me."

Eventually she decided that she must at least tell him of the coming child. She telephoned and got an answering machine. She left a message.

"Kent, would you come to see me at the cottage as soon as convenient?"

Six days passed and there was no response.

"So, it was all nonsense, the talk of love! I was just a handy fuck while he played with his fossils. More fool me for falling for it!"

On the seventh day, Janice spotted a man wading across The Strand. The tide was running in and he was up to his knees in water.

"The fool," she said to her self, "get him self drowned."

Then she recognised him. "Oh my God, its Kent."

She felt the blood drain from her face and her legs could hardly support her. Her hands began to tremble and she wanted to flee.

Kent arrived on dry land and came straight to her.

"Darling, I came as soon as I could. Is there something the matter?"

Janice made a mighty effort to recover her self and said grimly, "Come up to the cottage."

Kent, puzzled by what he perceived was a cold welcome, and troubled by the grey of Janice's face, followed her.

Arriving at the cottage she bade him sit down, but remained standing herself.

Kent looked around and asked, "Where's Stuart?"

"You mean you don't know. It was splashed all over the media. Where have you been, on the moon?"

Kent gave awry grin. "Sort of. I've been out on fieldwork almost since the time I left here. I only got back yesterday."

Janice sank down onto a chair. So, that was it. He'd been out of communication at least as far as the general run of news was concerned. What now?

Having worked her self up to tell him what she thought of his neglect, she now had to climb down. How to begin?

"Stuart's dead, Kent."

Kent sat staring at her for a few moments, then, "How? When?"

Janice told him the story.

"Oh my love, I'd have been here the very first moment if I'd known. I feel terrible, leaving you alone at such a time."

His contrition melted Janice, but she maintained her rather grim aspect to deliver her next piece of news.

"I've got something else to tell you, and I'm not sure how you'll take it."

"Tell me."

"I...we, are going to have a baby."

In the right sort of film, the father overcome with the joy of this news, and the mother slightly tearful but with full face lighting, the symphonic strings soar heavenwards. I am saddened to tell you that this is not a film. There was no symphony orchestra, and neither Janice nor Kent followed the script.

"It's a bit difficult isn't it, darling," said Kent. "How long before we can decently get married do you think?"

"Well," said Janice copying Kent's approach, "I should like it to be before the birth. Would that be all right do you think?"

"Yes, yes I think so. By the way Janice, I think I mentioned this before, but in case I didn't, I really do love you."

"Yes, I know, but don't make that an excuse for not telling me so very, very often. And in case you are curious, yes, I love you like hell and don't you forget it. By the way, we'll discuss the matter of those field trips at some time, because you'll have to make very special arrangements with the baby and all. And one more thing. That was the worst proposal of marriage I've ever had."

Kent looked down at the floor, then looking up again said "I love you very much. Will you marry me?"

"Of course I will, you silly fool."

They stared at each other for a moment, then burst out laughing.

Four Is Not A Crowd

I didn't intend it to happen, but like so many of these situations, a chance event began the process.

First, let me introduce myself. My name is Janice. At the time of writing, I am forty- two years of age. I am told I am a very attractive woman, but I leave others to judge that. I have been married for nearly twenty-five years. I have two sons who were born within two years of each other. After the birth of the second boy my husband, Gordon and I decided we would have no more children, so I had an operation to assure this.

From the early days of our marriage Gordon proved to be a more than satisfactory lover, so I have no complaints about that – or much else for that matter.

We live a fairly quiet life as a reasonably comfortably off middle class family. As a solicitor, Gordon has always managed to bring in a good income, and I have never felt the urge to take on employment myself. Apart from keeping the home well ordered I engage in voluntary work, including work with our Church.

So, there is nothing really exceptional about us. We have had what might be called some of the "standard crises" of family

life, like illness, accidents and once, to my horror, my youngest son Steven was brought home by a policeman. He was caught stealing a bicycle bell from a local shop, but this event, once dealt with, soon faded into the background.

What I really want to tell you about began with something that probably happens in many families.

Once my sons learned by what means babies are born, they began to take an interest in what Gordon and I did in bed at night (and on other occasions the situation permitting). The two of them would creep up to our bedroom door and listen for any sounds of "baby making."

Now for good or ill they must have got a lot of entertainment from this because, firstly, Gordon and I engaged almost nightly in some form of sexual play and, secondly, because both of us are rather noisy lovers. Gordon is inclined to groan and tell me how he loves me, and I am a bit of a shrieker, and during orgasm I weep rather noisily. Anyone standing a hundred metres from our bedroom could hardly help hearing our pleasure.

I suppose we might have put a stop to their listening in, or at least, tried to, but rightly or wrongly, we did not. Apart from being amused ourselves at their inquisitiveness, we decided that they might as well know how much their

parents loved each other, and after all, they would most likely be doing it themselves one day.

We always knew of their approach to our door because there is one floorboard that creaks, and one of them nearly always managed to tread on it. We also knew when they went back to bed, for the same reason.

So the years went by, on the whole, quite happily, and Gordon and I, unlike so many couples I have heard about, were still very ardent love makers. I think we must have experimented in just about every possible way sexually speaking, but we never seemed to tire of each other.

I suppose the simple truth is, I love Gordon and he loves me, and we want to express that love in every way possible, including the gamut of sexual possibilities, and fortunately, we are both very sensual people.

A change, or should I say, modification in the situation, came about through a couple of chance events.

One day Gordon, instead of going to his office, decided to stay home and work. It was in the days when we were just beginning to learn about the possibilities latent in computers, which enabled people to work from home, so Gordon was trying this out. All had gone far better than he

had hoped, and he finished the tasks he had set himself fairly quickly.

He was in a happy, boisterous mood and, to cut a long story short, he quickly had me naked on the pile of cushions we have in one corner of our living room. We were enjoying ourselves hugely, and Gordon had coupled with me, when we got something of a shock.

Out of the corner of my eye, I suddenly saw my eldest son Tom, standing by the living room door. He was not supposed to be home for another three hours, but, as we learned later, his afternoon classes had been cancelled, so he had come home.

I tried to signal to Gordon but it was too late. He was groaning as he pumped his sperm into me.

When he finished I pushed him away from me and indicated Tom. We both lay there on the cushions stupefied.

It was Tom who saved the situation. In an amazingly mature way he simply said, "Parents, I think that was one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen."

Those words broke the moment of paralysis. To my surprise, Gordon started to laugh. I was taken aback by this, but gradually came to see the funny side of the situation. For all those years, our sons had heard our love making, and now at least one of them had not only heard, but also seen.

Tom joined in our laughter and as he did this, I looked across at him. It was then I noticed that there was a long, firm lump, pressing against the cloth of his trousers at the groin.

"The poor boy," I thought. "Seeing Gordon and I making love has aroused him." I wanted to help him, to gratify him. I was startled at my own thoughts and tried to drive them away. Part of the trouble was, I had not had an orgasm myself, so was still in a state of arousal and very wet. The thoughts would not go away, but I did not know what to do or say.

In a way, it was Gordon who brought about the next development in the situation.

Still chuckling he started to dress, saying to Tom, "So you liked what you saw?"

"Yes," said Tom. "If that is a way of sharing love, that's what I want to do."

Gordon must have noticed Tom's erection, and realised it was inspired by what he had seen Gordon doing to me.

Many fathers, I am sure, would have gone berserk at the thought of their son being roused by his mother, his wife. But Tom was a bit more knowledgeable than that. He understood that one of the first objects of sexual desire in a boy's life, is his mother.

Usually that desire become displaced to some other women when the boy realises the mother is not available. In some situations, however, the boy's desire for the mother comes to fruition. The mothers, sometimes excusing themselves by claiming that they are teaching their son the art of sex, open themselves to their sons. Whether this is for good or evil I believe depends on the circumstances, but from the little I have read or heard on the subject, such sons consider themselves fortunate to have had a mother so caring of their sexual needs.

As the situation now stood, I was still physically ready for penetration. My son was ready to take a women. I had always been faithful to Gordon and I am sure he to me. In part, it was in Gordon's hands what happened next, even if he was not fully aware of that.

Gordon looked across at me, then at Tom, then back at me with a querying look on his face. I took the chance that I had interpreted this look correctly, and gave a brief nod. Gordon then said, "I think I'll go and have a shower." He gave me another eloquent look, then nodding to Tom, left the room.

Tom made no move, so I extended my hand to him. He came across to me and took my hand, and I drew him down onto the cushions. I said no word, but just undid the zip of his trousers. His penis sprang out. I finished undressing him, and then said, "I've still got Dad's sperm in me, do you mind?" He shook his head.

I lay him back on the cushions and came across him, lowering my opening to the head of his penis, then let it slide in. Tom watched this process with a look of wonder on his face, and I realised I was taking his virginity. It was very sweet as I moved up and down on him. He made little noises of ecstasy interspersed with words like, "Oh mother, it's so beautiful...even more beautiful than it looked when I watched you."

I have always loved my sons, but never as much as in this moment of tender, sensual intimacy with Tom. I tried to express through my movements over his young manhood my loving, tender feelings for him.

It was Tom who brought me to orgasm and fortunately, it coincided with his ejaculation. He was so lovable as he cried out, "I love you mother, I love you..." I responded, "And I love you, my darling."

He finished with a long drawn out sigh of contentment. A wonderful look of peace seemed to steal over him.

I should have rejoiced at the love we had exchanged, but already a doubt gnawed at me. Had I interpreted Gordon correctly, and having once let Tom become my lover, I knew very well he would want more and more of me. And what of Steven? If Tom were to be given access to me, would he not also want to have me? There was much that needed to be sorted out.

Gordon and I said nothing for the next few hours about what had happened. We waited until we were in bed before the subject was opened. He began by asking, "Was he all right?"

"He was very sweet and loving," I answered.

"Good."

"Why did you let it go ahead, Gordon?" I said rather testily. I was annoyed at the casual way he seemed to be treating the

situation. "You knew when you went for your shower what was going to happen. Why did you let it?"

"I'm not really sure," he replied. "I suppose I sort of felt sorry for the boy. I can remember what it was like to be sexually aroused, and to have nobody to share that with. It's very painful emotionally as well as uncomfortable physically. And anyway, you could have refused."

"Do you think I'm some sort of slut?" I asked sharply.

"No I don't," he said. "I think you are a loving mother, and I could see in your eyes that you felt as sorry for him as I did. I thought I'd give you a chance to express that compassion in what ever way you chose."

"I enjoyed it, you know," I said, hoping to punish him a little.

"I wouldn't have wanted less for you," he whispered, gently kissing my neck. "Why should I want you to not enjoy it? Do you think I am so uncertain of your love for me?"

I was not sure how to respond to that, so I changed direction. "Do you think that's the end of it? He loved it, you know, and he's going to want more. What do I do?"

"Of course he loved it," Gordon said, "Do you think I don't know after all these years, how good sex with you is? Ask yourself a question, and give yourself an honest answer," Gordon went on, giving me a serious look.

"What question?"

"Well, three questions actually." He seemed to be in his solicitor mode. "First, did you enjoy Tom enough to want to let him do it again with you? Second, do you want to try it with Steven? Third, can you sexually handle the three of us?"

I paused for some time considering before I answered, then finally I said, "Yes, yes and yes. Now you ask yourself some questions. First, will you be able to tolerate my having sex with the boys, or will crack up with jealousy? Second, who is going to approach Steven about this? Third, you are a man of the law. Can you accept that we shall be outside the law in this matter?"

Both his pause and his answer was a lot longer than mine, but put briefly it went something like this: He was sure enough of my love for him to feel secure about the boys being with me. He thought I should be the one to approach Steven, but he was sure that Steven would already know what had happened with Tom, because Tom would be unable to stay quiet about it. In all probability, Steven might

be the one to approach me. Finally, regarding the law, he realised that it would all have to be kept as a deep secret, but apart from that, it was our home and family, and what went on in this respect was our business.

When he finished he took me in his arms and we made love very tenderly.

Next day was Saturday, so everyone was home. It was clear from the looks I was getting from Steven that Tom had told him what had happened, so, deciding to seize the initiative, I took Steven aside.

"Tom has told you, hasn't he?"

"Yes, but he only did told me because you'd made him so happy. He didn't mean to..."

I cut him off. "What do you think about it?"

He paused, looking at me for some time, then said, "I think it was the most wonderful thing for you to do."

"Do you want to do it with me?" I asked in a low voice.

The poor boy looked utterly disconcerted by my question, but finally stammered, "Yes, mother, if you wanted to do it with me."

I went to him and kissed him softly on the lips. "Of course, darling, I'd love to."

He leant against me, "Oh mother..."

It was one of the heavenly moments in my life.

"Then go into the living room and wait for me there," I told him.

I went into the garden where Gordon was working. "Don't come into the living room for the next hour," I said, "I have some business with Steven." He smiled.

I found Tom in his room and made the same request. "I'm glad," he said, "I didn't want him left out."

I went down to the living room to find Steven standing there looking rather apprehensive. "It's all right, darling," I said reassuringly. "Just leave it up to me." I undressed him and

then stripped myself. He looked at me with wonder in his eyes.

"Mother, I didn't know you were so beautiful. No wonder dad and Tom want you."

"I smiled and got him to lay down. I kissed him softly, then used my tongue to open his mouth. I could feel that he had never been kissed like that before, but when my tongue began to probe, he quickly responded.

I took his penis into my hand, but it was already hard and erect. It proved to be larger than either Gordon's or Tom's. As I had with Tom, I came across him and inserted his organ into me.

He watched this procedure, fascinated, giving out cries of delight. "Mother, I didn't know it would be so soft and warm, so moist."

I lowered myself onto his full length, then stayed still as I let myself get used to his larger size, and for him to simply enjoy being inside me. Then I began to move, sliding his penis to my opening, then thrusting down again to his full length.

He grasped my hips, seeking to thrust into me deeper and deeper, until finally I felt his sperm smashing against the end of my vagina.

As his climax calmed down I let him stay in me as he murmured, "Mother I want you, I need you. I love you so much."

I repeated what I had said to Tom and had said so many times to Gordon, "And I love you, my darling."

When his penis had finally subsided, I withdrew from him. "Darling, don't go up to Tom's room for the next hour," I requested.

He understood, and smiling said, "Of course not."

I went to the bathroom and took a quick shower, being sure to wash out Steven's sperm, slipped on my dress, and went to Tom's room.

We did not barge into each other's rooms, so as usual I knocked. His voiced called, "Come in."

He seemed surprised to see me. "Have you and Steven..." He stopped, embarrassed.

"It's all right, darling, and yes, we have. How are you feeling?"

"Fine, he replied."

I could see that he was not going to ask me the critical question, so I took the plunge. "Would you like to do it again with me?"

"Yes, please," he answered quickly, and started to undress.

I took off my dress and let it drop on the floor, and then led him to the bed.

This time I was determined to take things more slowly. So I sat beside him and massaged his penis with my hand. The little drops of precum were soon emerging, so I bent over him and began by licking them off. From there I went on to suck the penis head, and eventually took his shaft into my mouth. I sucked and licked the full length back and forth, while Tom almost howled with delight.

Coming away from his penis, I deep kissed him until he was writhing with frustration. To put him out of his misery, I lay on my back and told him to come on top of me and as he brought his penis between my legs I opened them, took his shaft into my hand, and guided him into me.

He didn't need telling what to do. Instinct was sufficient. He thrust in and out of me, once more declaring his love and desire for me, until finally he gave a loud groan and shot a mass of sperm into me.

As he quieted, I asked, "As good as yesterday?"

"Oh mother, yes, yes. We will have more, won't we?"

"We'll see, darling," I answered, and rising, put on my dress, and after giving him a soft kiss, I left the room.

"We'll see," indeed. I could certainly see that I had arrived at an interesting point in my relationships with husband and sons. Having once gone down the road we had started on, the turning back, if not impossible, would be difficult.

It would not have been so hard to stop if Gordon had objected, or my sons had not found me desirable. Clearly, this was not the case, but the matter was further complicated

by the plain fact that I was enjoying myself hugely. I looked forward eagerly for my next encounter with a son or husband.

I am one of those fortunate women, who come to their orgasm fairly quickly, and in addition, can have multiple orgasms in quick succession. Thus, I felt quite capable of coping sexually with my three "boys," as I now thought of them. I could manage quite well even if all three took me in quick succession.

Given the situation, I thought it was time we all had a serious talk. I waited until we had gathered at lunchtime, and began my little speech.

"I've got something to say to you three men," I began. Immediately I had their attention. It was obvious to them that something would have to be said, and here it was. I decided on a blunt, open approach.

"I've now had sexual intercourse with all three of you. You all show signs of having enjoyed me." There was a murmur of agreement. "I take it that all three of you want to continue this new direction in our family life?" Another even more enthusiastic murmur of agreement. "That being the case, there is something we must all clearly understand, and something we must all agree upon."

"What we are doing could bring us a lot of trouble. If we are to carry on loving in this new way, it must be a family secret. Not a word of it must ever be leaked out from this house, and we must always be sure not to be seen in the act by outsiders. Is that understood and agreed to.

There was little discussion on this point as need for secrecy was obvious to us all. I am happy to say that in the ensuing years no word has even got out about our sexual relationships.

I went on, addressing myself to our sons, "Your father has agreed to let me be available sexually to you. What I want you all to understand is this: if I see or even suspect any jealousy or sexual rivalry over me, it will all stop. I love you all and want you all, and I shall not favour one over the other, except that your father and I are still to be the ones to occupy the marriage bed. Is that understood and agreed?"

More nods and murmurs of agreement.

"Just one more thing. You are free to approach me any time for sex, and I am free to approach you. I am also free to say 'no', and so are you. Agreed?"

It was duly agreed. Actually, I did not think this aspect of our relationships would be a problem at this stage, as I thought the boys might still be too shy to ask, and I would have to do the asking. With Gordon and I it was a matter of our adjusting to the new situation.

Already a plan for the future was beginning to take shape in my head. I made no excuse for my new relationship with the boys on the grounds of training them sexually, but they were entirely new to sexual intimacy, and I would need to do quite a lot of teaching. Thus, I planned a series of objectives for the boys: Learning aspects of a woman's body, clitoral stimulation, oral sex, breast stimulation and anal sex. These and all those tender little touches that go with true lovemaking I would try to convey to them.

I began my programme that afternoon. Tom had been the last one to come into me, so I sought out Steven. I found him in the living room reading. He looked up on my approach, and I went over to him and sitting on the arm of his chair, began to stroke his hair.

"Sweetheart, would you like to be with mother again?" I asked. He needed no second asking.

This time I took him to what we call "The spare bedroom." It is a room we reserve for visitors, and has the advantage of being furnished with a double bed. After this occasion this room was reserved for private sexual intimacy with the boys,

except when we did in fact have visitors. Sex with my husband was generally reserved for the marriage bed until later when there was a new turn in the situation.

On this occasion with Steven, I began by getting him to undress me and I him. Like most men, he enjoyed this process, as my body was gradually exposed to him. I confess I was having a similar reaction myself as his young naked body gradually emerged, and his big shaft stood up.

"Lay me gently on the bed," I told him. He half carried me across to the bed and laid me down, then he came beside me. I pushed him onto his back and began to slowly massage his penis. I made sure he did not at this stage have an orgasm by stopping my stroking when I felt it approaching.

After a while I moved down to take his penis into my mouth. "Tell mother if you like this, darling," and I began to suck on the head. He did not need to spell out in words what he felt about this oral sex, he cried out, moaning with delight. Again, I did not let him ejaculate.

I gave him this delightful torment for some time, then ceasing, I got him to kneel on the floor while I sat on the edge of the bed. I drew my legs up so as to expose my vagina to him. He gazed with wonder, and I moved the outer lips apart to let him see the inner petals and entrance.

Drawing his hand to my opening I got him to extend one finger, and then said, "Put it in here, my love," and drew his finger into me, and commenced moving it in and out. I explained that this was part of the process for preparing a woman for full penetration.

I got him to add a second finger, then a third, then stopping him; I pulled open the little hood over my clitoris. I pointed out that this was an extremely sensitive part of a woman's genitals, and gently touching it could arouse her very powerfully. I got him to gently massage it, and while up to that point I had tried to remain objective, this stimulation finally drew me in and I began to scream.

Steven became frightened and stopped saying, "Am I hurting you mother?"

"No, darling. It's just the way I respond to what you are doing; it's so exquisite. But let me show you something else."

I opened the outer lips again and said, pointing to my opening, "How would you like to lick me in there?"

Steven looked doubtful, so I said, "You can try it, and if you don't like it, you can stop."

He agreed with this and began. He did not stop.

I directed him to my clitoris, asking him to lick there, which he did, seemingly with pleasure.

We were now both well and truly worked up, and I decided to put us out of our delightful misery.

Instructing Steven to get back on the bed, I made him lay on his back, and I came over him to let him enter me. We both came very quickly, and when we had done, we clung together for a while, then parted. It had been a very fresh and almost innocent coupling. Observing Steven during this time, I could see the wonder of it all for him.

For many young people their first sexual experiences, unless they are fortunate enough to have this with an older person, can be a fumbling, uncomfortable, depressing affair. I had now been able to give both my sons a captivating first time within a safe environment, in the sense that there would be no danger of disease or pregnancy.

That night in bed Gordon asked, "How's it been going?"

"Very well," I replied, "But when are you going to make a move?"

He laughed, and rolling me on to my back began kissing me. We had what might be called, "A happy hour."

Next day being Sunday, we went to church at ten o'clock. On our return, I prepared lunch, and as I did this Tom came into the kitchen.

"Would you like to come up to the spare room with me after lunch." I asked. Later, "Would you like to come up to the spare room with me," became our code for, "Would you like to have a sexual intercourse with me?"

My coupling with Tom that afternoon followed a similar pattern to the previous day's melding with Steven.

During the following weeks we seemed settle into a sort of pattern. The boys usually arrived home earlier than Gordon did, and one or the other of them, now emboldened, would invite me to the spare room. They gradually became very proficient lovers to the satisfaction of all concerned, especially me.

Fortunately Steven was inclined to be a morning person and Tom an afternoon person. Gordon continued to be the night shift. It did not always work out like this, but I found no great difficulty in accommodating them, until one afternoon.

Steven had not approached me that morning, and when the boys arrived home, they simultaneously asked if we could go to the spare room.

I laughed and said I had better take them both at once, but then the joke gave rise to an idea.

"How would both of you like to come to the spare room with me, and I'll show you something new?"

They looked at each other, then back at me.

"Why not," said Tom.

"Okay," chimed in Steven.

Entering the spare room, we stripped off.

"What you boys are going to do, is give me anal sex," I told them.

They stood silent. I gave a little laugh. "Well, you don't have to do it, but why not try it. If you don't care for it, you can stop."

As with the oral sex, they agreed to try.

They were both well and truly worked up, with fully extended sex organs. I was already thoroughly wet with anticipation. Never the less, I decided to put them through the full process.

I got Steven to lay on his back, and brought my vagina up to his mouth. "Lick and suck me there, darling," I asked. "And you, Tom, come and play with mother's breasts."

After a while I changed them around, so that Steven was sucking my nipples and Tom's tongue was in my vagina.

When I thought that enough of this play had taken place for the normal woman to be thoroughly aroused, I stopped them, then, leaning over the bed with my feet on the floor, I exposed my anus to them.

"What I want you to do, " I said, "Is to take some of the fluid from my vagina, and spread round and just inside my anus."

Tom was the first to try this, then Steven. Gordon had long ago opened up my anus, so in fact there was no need for any special preparations, but thinking of what might be their first time with women in the future, I went through the process.

"Steven," I said, "I want you to put one finger into my anus, the push it gently right in."

He did this, and then I instructed him to try two fingers, then three. I got Tom to do the same, then I said, "Tom, I want you to place the head of your penis against my anus, and when I tell you to, push into me. I had chosen Tom to be first as he had the smaller organ and I wanted to be as open as possible to receive Steven.

At my word Tom took hold of my hips and pushed into me. Being used to Gordon's penis, I felt no discomfort.

"How does it feel," I queried.

"It's very tight, mother," he gasped.

"Just move up and down as you do in my vagina until you come," I instructed.

He began the movement and soon was spurting into me.

I was now not only wet with my own fluids, but Tom's sperm, so I invited Steven to enter me.

Having seen what Tom had done, he began the process of pushing right in, and his extra size did make me writhe. I tried not to show my discomfort, and as Steven's penis gradually opened me wider, the pain soon diminished. After a couple of minutes, he too spouted into me.

After he withdrew we all lay on the bed, and I asked, "Well, what did you think of that?"

Tom was enthusiastic. "It was great, mother. Can we do it again some time?"

"Of course," I replied.

Steven was not so enthusiastic. He said he much preferred vaginal or oral sex, but the anal sex was okay.

It was this event which brought about the next change in our sexual arrangements. From that time on the boys often came

to the spare room together, and we devised ways for them to enjoy me simultaneously.

One of our favourites was for me to lie on my side. Steven would lie in front of me and I placed one leg over him and he entered my vagina, while Tom would enter my anus. This proved quite exhilarating for all of us. I thought, "How many women dream of being taken like this by two virile young men, and here am I actually having it happen to me.

Gordon was, of course, aware that I was now often taking the boys together, so one night after we had made love, I said to him, "How long are you going to hold off, you grumpy old man?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean, when are you going to make it a foursome?" You come along with me and the boys and join in the fun."

"Won't the boys object?" he asked.

"Of course they won't. And after all, they have every reason to be grateful to you. You were the one who really got this whole thing going. So enjoy."

The upshot was that after some discussion with the boys, they happily agreed that their father should join in.

The outcome has been some uproarious times, with bodies tangled round each other, while one of the gives me anal sex, another vaginal sex, and I strive to give oral sex to the third.

We have devised a number of games, including one we call "Rape." In this I am tied spread-eagled on the bed, then my three wicked boys take it in turn to stimulate me to the point of beginning my climax, then stop. This goes on while I scream and beg them to finish me, then, after much pleading they take me in turns, each giving me a delicious orgasm.

One interesting thing I have noticed is that Gordon loves to watch as the boys enjoy me. I sometimes suspect he set this whole thing up just so he could watch me coupling with them. If he did, then bless him, because it had given my boys and me some superb times.

We still have sexual intercourse on a one to one basis, but when we are all together, and there are three men and one woman pouring out their love, four is not a crowd.

From Loathing to Love

My name is Alice, and I want to tell you how, after years of fear and loathing, I finally found sensitive love.

He had given a gasping moan as he pumped the last of his semen into me and began to relax. Now I held his head to my breasts and stroked his soft brown hair.

It was done now, and guilt and recriminations were useless. After all, what should I do? Go to a psychiatrist and say, "I've engaged in abnormal sex with my son?" Why abnormal when we had both longed for this fulfillment, and enjoyed each other so much?

Or perhaps I should go and confess to a priest, "Father I have sinned with my son; grant me forgiveness"? Forgiveness for what? Love that had overwhelmed us both to the point where we undertook that most loving of acts between man and women, to couple in the act of sex?

No, I would face the consequences of our sexual union without seeking either help or forgiveness.

If I did need to justify myself I would say, "I have suffered from sexual fear and deprivation for so long, and now I have found a sensitive lover."

God knows! I was so young, so very young when they raped me and made me pregnant with him!

To this day, I have never been sure how many of them took me that night. Possibly eight, but I'm not sure because I was so bewildered and horrified at what they were doing to me I was in no condition to count.

I had just gone to the corner shop for mother. It was dark and they sprang out of a car and pulled me into it. There were two in the back I know, because I fought with them, and I could see two in the front seat.

They took me to a deserted park, and there was another car with more of them. They ripped off my clothes and I screamed, "I'm a virgin, I'm a virgin, please don't hurt me." They laughed at me and put some sort of tape over my mouth and held me spread-eagled.

The first one entered me brutally, tearing my hymen apart with an agonising thrust. As he finished, I heard one of them jeer. "Look what the bitch has done to you, you're covered with blood."

The one who had just finished kicked me in rage and I heard him say, "You dirty slut."

After that, one followed another. I gave up struggling and hung whimpering in a morass of pain. As I have said, how many of them there were, and how many times each of them took me, I don't know. It seemed to last forever.

When they had had enough they got into the cars and left me. I pulled off the tape they had put across my mouth and tried to rise, but my legs would not support me. I crawled with blood and semen dribbling out of me, until I got to the roadside, and there I was eventually found by a couple driving by.

There followed black and ghastly nights and days. There was the hospital and police, examinations, tests and questions – endless questions. They made me feel as I had set the rape up. I seemed to have entered a nightmare world. In the end none of my assailants were ever caught.

Starting to come out of this darkness, I received counseling, but finally it was my parent's love that brought me through. I clung to them at that time, and when I was told I was pregnant, it was their support that allowed me to decide I

would not accept the abortion that I was being pressed to undergo.

Quite why I refused the abortion I have never been clear about. Perhaps it was some mad idea that out of the pain and suffering something good and innocent might emerge. Whatever the reason, from the time I held Edmund in my arms, I have never regretted my choice.

My parents continued to be supportive, helping me in the early stages of motherhood, which by all accounts I was far too young to undertake. My son was six years old when I finally moved into a flat with him. From that time on we have lived together with no other person.

The terrible sexual assault gave me a very negative attitude towards sex and men. Although I had what were no doubt honourable approaches from men to take me out, I always shied away. The friends I had were all women, and if I was invited to a married woman's home, I maintained a polite distance between her husband and myself.

The love I had to give went to my son who, although male, did not seem to come into category of one to be rejected. As he entered puberty, I was proud and rejoiced at his development into a fine looking young man.

In the early stages of his adolescence, he became very shy, hiding his bodily changes from me. This reticence on his part made me all the more curious to see the transformation. Despite or perhaps because of my terrible rape experience, I had never seen a nude male, and I was interested. I tried to see my boy undressed, as I had seen him when he was little.

The glimpses I got of him inclined me to think how beautiful his body was. By his mid teen years, he looked strong and well shaped, and his genitals were, I thought, fully developed. I knew he was experimenting sexually with girls from his school, and I thought, "Lucky girls."

It was around his mid-teens that the tables were turned on me a little. I noticed him looking at me in that speculating manner I had observed in other men. Somehow, he managed "accidentally" to enter the bathroom while I was showering or in the bath. He also made similar accidental entries to my bedroom, excusing himself with statements like, "I just came in to say goodnight."

I took these "visits" without comment, letting him see me in whatever state of undress I was. In truth, I think I rather enjoyed letting him see my body, especially as I knew it was worth seeing. Also, I think I wanted to experience a male response to my female physique, and felt safe with him.

He seemed fascinated with my breasts, and one day, unexpectedly; he asked me what size bras I took. I told him 38D, and he smiled. On another occasion soon after, he began to question me about women's physical anatomy, especially the reproductive part of that anatomy.

Given that he must have seen some of his girls' bodies, I was puzzled as to why he was trying to see my body and why he was asking me these questions. At that stage I took it to be a general curiosity about women, and not especially focused on me.

The realisation that it was not quite such a general curiosity came about through a visit to a fairly remote beach. There was not a soul in sight, so when we changed we simply stripped off and put on our bathing things. At one point when I was naked, I saw Edmund looking at me, and being nude himself, I saw his penis rise like a great tower.

"My God, I thought, I'm turning him on." This thought gave rise to a disturbing outcome for me. Fortunately, a woman's sexual arousal is not as visible as the male's. I felt myself getting wet between the legs. I hastily put on my bikini and fled into the water and began swimming. Edmond followed me in.

There were no further developments at that time and nothing was ever said, but I had received the warning signal. My son found me sexually desirable and I him. I talked to my self very severely, raising all the usual points on this subject - incest, law, morality, social disapproval, consanguinity.

This self-lecturing may have done something for my intellect, but it did not help my emotions. Living alone together, and being very tactile and affectionate, we were often in physical contact. Now I began to notice that when we touched or hugged, I could feel his hard manhood, and was aware of a throbbing in my clitoris. At times when he was not present I would think about him, and experienced a heavy ache in my genitals and lower abdomen.

Other signs that at the time seemed incongruous caught my attention. Instead of spending lots of time away from the house as he had during his early and mid-teen years, he began to be at home a lot more. I noticed that the handkerchiefs he handed in for washing were often caked with dried semen, and patches of his discharge also appeared on his bed sheets.

It seemed that he had given up coupling with his girl friends, and was masturbating heavily instead. "Why?" I asked myself. I thought I knew the answer, but still tried to hide it from myself.

Apart from my self-lecturing, I had another problem to be faced and dealt with. No man had entered me since I had been raped, but that terrible night was now almost nineteen years behind me. Whilst I shall never forget that dark ordeal, its psychological effects had diminished, and now, in my thirties, I began to feel the absence of a loving sexual relationship.

The lack of such a relationship was clearly nothing to do with my ability to attract men. I had had enough approaches over the years to reassure me that I was desirable. Yet, all these approaches I had repelled because I simply could not bring myself to trust a man. I realised that this was irrational, but I had been so psychologically and physically abused, I seemed to freeze every time a man drew near to me.

There was one male that did not produce this response in me, and that was my own son, Edmund, the forbidden male. In any case, I was obviously much older than he was, but then, not as old as some of the women young men seem to desire these days. "Could I...?" "No I mustn't. I will not."

Although I did not give it any thought at the time, looking back I can now see that a crisis moment had to come. Edmond and I could not go on living in close proximity, constantly being sexually aroused by a desire for each other, without something finally giving way.

The critical moment came one night as I was preparing for bed. I had just finished my shower, and had gone to my bedroom wearing only my bathrobe. I sleep naked, and was in the process of removing the robe when Edmond tapped on my door and walked in.

I still had just taken the robe off and was holding it in my hand. Edmond stopped short, gazing at me. It was the clearest view of my body he had ever experienced and in a stifled voice, he gave his usual excuse, "I just came in to say goodnight."

He approached to give me his usual goodnight peck on the cheek. I drew the robe up to my body in a half-hearted attempt to cover myself. He was wearing only the thin shorts he usually wore in bed, and I could see his potent erection.

There was a sort of clamoring in my head. I felt that this was the moment of decision, that we had played for long enough and I could not bear the sexual tension between us any longer.

I knew he would not risk the initiative so, as his lips approached my cheek I moved my face so as to plant my lips on his in a sort, lingering kiss. I was not experienced in deep kissing, so my kiss at that time was probably no more than

an exceptionally warm motherly kiss. What I did next was, like my kiss, not born of experience, but was born of female instinct. I pulled my lower abdomen against him and started to rotate my hips.

I released his lips from my kiss, and we were both shaking, our breath rasping out of us. Part of me wanted him to turn from me and leave the room, but another part, a more potent force, silently begged him to stay.

He held me close and gasped, "You too, mother?"

"I'm afraid so, darling."

We stood for a while longer clinging to each other, both of us afraid to say the next word or make the next move.

Eventually I spoke up. I suppose it was an inconsequential question, a counterfeit attempt to sound rational, but it was all I could think of to break the impasse. "How long have you felt like this?"

"Almost since I began to want a woman," he said in a smothered voice. "What are we going to do, mother?"

I felt his penis pressing against me, hot and throbbing. My own sex organ was saturated with my lubricant. I had gone beyond rational control and was trapped in a whirlpool of raging emotions. My reply was one that welled up from the depths, almost unbidden and beyond my control.

"Just once, please my love. Let me experience you just once."

He moved me to the bed and lay me down, and as he did so, old memories swarmed back. "You won't be rough with me, will you? You won't hurt me? Please be gentle."

Edmond stopped, looking at me questioningly.

I had never told him that his birth was the result of a gang rape. I confess I had lied to him on this score. For all he knew his father was a married man I had had an affair with. Now, in this moment of sexual fire, I told him what I suppose was a truth.

"Darling, I haven't had a man since your father, and I'm a little anxious. Just be very gentle with me, please."

To an outsider it must seem ridiculous that a woman of my age should be speaking like this to someone who was little

more than a boy. I don't doubt that mostly it is the older woman who takes charge. It is she who accepts the responsibility to initiate the boy into the pleasures of sexual relationships. Now the situation was reversed, and it was Edmond who must teach me.

He told me later that he was surprised that I had gone so long without sexual contact. He had thought I must have a lover or lovers who were around when he wasn't. Like when he was at school. At the time of our first coupling, he gave no indication of this surprise, and stroking my breasts, he said, "I shall be very gentle with you." Then he added one significant word, "Always." I leave my reader to interpret what he might have meant by that.

He was indeed very gentle with me. I could not have wished for a tenderer lover as he began my initiation into the realm of loving sex. He restrained himself for my sake, continuing to stroke one of my breasts as he sucked the nipple of the other. He could hardly have done a more endearing thing to me. "Oh God," I thought, "It's as he was when baby and I fed him at my breasts."

I put my hands behind his head, holding him to me, willing him to go on letting me suckle him, yearning to once more have the milk to nourish him with.

After a while he pulled away and moved me to the side of the bed. "What are you doing to me, darling," I asked.

"Ssh," he said, " Just relax and leave it to me."

I felt him part my legs, raising them as he did so. I saw his head go down to my genitals, and putting his hands under my buttocks he..."Oh my God his tongue, he's putting his tongue into me! He's tasting me!"

I had read about oral sex, but had not anticipated it ever happening to me. I seemed to go into a mental spin. For a few moments, it was as if it was happening to someone else and not me and I was looking on. I wanted to push him away and drag him to me at the same time. I think I was calling out, "Don't, please don't. You mustn't," but he did not stop.

His tongue found my clitoris and waves of intense excitement seemed to overpower me. Something was approaching - something I both feared yet desired passionately. I think I was crying out, "Don't Edmund, don't...I'm frightened, please don't let it happen to me."

He did not stop, and amid my begging and pleading I suddenly felt myself falling as if into a brightly lit well. Lights flashed in my head and my body seemed to shake and gyrate. Waves of delicious agony engulfed me and I was

screaming out, Yes, darling...please don't stop...I'll do anything but don't stop."

In those moments when I had what I afterwards realised was my first ever orgasm, I would have let him kill me so long as he did not stop.

The waves of ecstasy began to diminish but with continued tremors, and I found I was weeping and saying, "Oh Edmund, what have you done to me? What have you done you beast?"

He had drawn me back to the middle of the bed and was lying between my legs. I felt his penis probing for my vaginal entrance. He found it and entered.

He slid into me easily I was so wet with my lubricant. He was speaking in a low passionate voice, "I love you mother, I love you...I want to love you to death."

If his words sounded slightly threatening, his actions were wonderfully caring. He moved back and forth in me, and the walls of my vagina were beautifully tight around his shaft. I had always loved him, but now that love took on an extra dimension. If he really had wanted to love me to death, I think I would have willingly died for him.

The ejaculations of the rapists I had experienced as something horrible. Edmund's was something entirely different. The rapists took me with violent lust, as if they hated me and were avenging some awful wrong I had done to them. Edmond, even as he gratified himself, still gave his love. He made our union an incredibly magical act.

I felt him speed up and push ever deeper into me and I knew he was about to inject his sperm into me. Inexperienced lover that I was, I tried to move with him. I wanted his semen in me, wanted it deep into me.

The first eruption caused him to groan and me to cry out, "Oh darling, yes." He seemed to go on forever, filling me with his seeds of love. I wanted him to fertilise me, to begin that mysterious process the end of which is the fruit of love, a child. That we were committing incest, that he was my son, did not weigh in the balance at that moment. All I understood was that we were wrapped in a world of love.

I have sought for a word to describe what I, and I am sure Edmond, were experiencing as we united. Accuse me of blasphemy if you must, but the only word that seems to fit is "consecration." It was an act in which we set apart our sexual lives to be used by each other and no one else.

So, he lay his head between my breasts and I stroking his hair.

My thoughts ran on as I caressed him, "Oh my love, my boy, my baby, I love you so much." He seemed to fill my whole world – to be my reason for living.

When the climax is past, more composed thoughts emerge.

Once the enchanted box of mingled love and sex has been opened, and its pleasures set free, they are almost impossible to put back in the box. The delights are double edged. They can bring great joy or great tragedy depending upon the people who wield them.

It is my contention that good and evil, beauty and ugliness, love and hate are often but sides of the one coin. Sex with the rapists was ugly and evil, with Edmund it was beautiful and good. Perhaps the greater the potential for good that exists in something, the greater its potential for evil.

To use another metaphor, Edmund and I had let the genie out of the bottle, and even if we wanted to, we would probably never get it back in again. I had said, "Just once." He had said, "Always." So, what was now to become of us?

I felt Edmund stirring. His lips came to mine as his hand sought and found my breast. This time it was no chaste kiss such as I had given him before. I now experienced my first deep, tongue-thrusting kiss as he explored my mouth.

He went from my mouth to my nipples, sucking and softly nibbling them to just below my pain threshold. His finger sought my clitoris and I began to squeal as he stimulated me there. He brought me to the edge of another climax before he swiftly entered me again, and apparently timing it carefully, we climaxed together.

We stayed together for a long time, but finally separated, and I fell into a remarkably peaceful sleep given the exhilarating time I had just experienced.

When I woke in the morning Edmund was lying with his arm across me. I tried to gently extricate myself so as to get up and prepare breakfast. I was apparently not gentle enough, because I woke him. His arm tightened round me, and much to my amazement he rolled me onto my back, opened my legs, and entered me.

It was a very sweet experience. If the previous couplings had been gentle, this was even more so. It was as if he just wanted to be in me, to be part of me, with no clear intention of implanting more sperm into me. I could have let him stay all

day like this, perhaps just talking of my love for him. Intended or not, he finally did shoot more of his semen into me. I did not have an orgasm myself, but wanted to pull him into me, to make him part of me and never let him go.

We rested for a while with Edmund's penis still inside me, then with something like an effort of will, I pushed him off me and got out of bed. Edmund gave a groan and seemed to go into a post-love-making doze.

The bedclothes were in a tangled mess and the lower sheet was stained with the discharges of our lovemaking. With Edmund still occupying the bed, I could do nothing about repairing the disarray, so I went off for a shower.

I was at peace and very happy and found myself singing old love songs as I showered, and afterwards as I prepared breakfast. I don't think I had ever felt so serene as I did just then.

I heard Edmund begin his shower, and he sounded to be in very buoyant spirits as I heard him whistling as he showered.

He came bursting into the kitchen with, "Good morning, my lovely mother. Did you have a good night?"

I laughed and responded, "Hello my beautiful son, and yes, I had a remarkably good night, thank you, and a rather lovely awakening."

He returned my laugh and we sat down to breakfast.

Perhaps it was the very ordinariness of this domestic breakfast scene that threw into contrast the passion we had experienced during the night and when we awoke. Whatever the case, a more sober and solemn mood crept over me. I knew we had to talk, and not in the heat of erotic craving, but calmly.

As we finished breakfast I said, "Darling, we have to talk."

"I know," he said, and he too seemed to have taken on a more sombre frame of mind.

Anticipating what I was about to say, Edmund said, "Look, mother, I think we might use a shortcut. Don't talk to me about incest, age differences or what people might think, let's get down to the real issues."

"Which are?" I cut in.

"Whether you can love me, not only as your son, but as a man you can give yourself to?" he continued.

I paused in thought at that point. I accepted that we had already engaged in a powerful act of commitment, but it was not possible to ignore the dramatic change in our relationship. True, we might already have passed a decisive point, but we still had to come to terms with what had happened. Whatever might now transpire, we could never return to the same mother-son relationship as it had been.

I spoke out bluntly. "Edmund, I never thought I would ever engage in sexual intercourse with any man until quite recently. Now that I have, I must tell you that I believe myself to be a one-man woman. If you want me to give myself to you sexually, you must understand that for me it will be permanent, and not just a passing fancy."

"Mother, that doesn't properly answer my question, so let me put it more directly. Will you allow me to become your lover? And since you used the word, let me add, "Permanently?"

I was frightened. There were too many battles going on inside me and he was perceptive enough to see this, so he changed tack.

"Mother, why did you resolve never to have sexual relations with men?"

Whatever the outcome of this talk, I no longer had the strength or desire to lie to him again. I told him the truth of my being raped and his birth.

We were still sitting at the kitchen table, he opposite me. He sat, staring at me, his face ashen and contorted with grief. I thought he might turn from me, repelled by the vision of my being taken repeatedly by God knows what men or how many. He might be sickened by the fact that one of those men was his father.

I saw tears start to course down his cheeks, and starting to sob myself, I said, "I'm so sorry, darling, so dreadfully sorry."

He rose and came round the table to me, and kneeling before me, he buried his face in my breasts. "Oh mother, mother, why didn't you tell me before? I would have comforted you. I would have tried to be a better son...I would have understood when you asked me to be gentle with you."

"Don't darling," I sobbed. "Out of that awful night came something I have been able to love, and I've never wished for a better or more gentle son and now lover."

We wept together, I purging the last hateful memories of the violation against me, and beginning to once more bask in the new found dimension to my love for Edmund. His next words subdued me once again.

As we recovered Edmund said, "Mother, I don't think we can go on living together without being lovers. Not after last night, it was almost too beautiful."

"This is the heart of the matter," I thought. "We continue as lovers or we part." I knew I had to be sure he made a free choice, and understood what that choice might mean. If he stayed initially, then later left me, perhaps for some younger woman, one he could marry and live openly with in sexual love, how would I bear the loss?

He was still kneeling before me, his head against my breasts. "Edmund, I tell you the truth of how I feel. I want you to stay. I want you to be my lover, but I'm so afraid you'll tire of me. You might begin to regret staying with me and begin to dislike or even hate me. There is one other thing you must take into account; I may have become pregnant last night, and that is a responsibility I take upon myself, but if you stay, it will be your responsibility as well.

We were still and silent for a long time, then he said, "Neither of us can guarantee how we will be some time in the future, but right now I say I want to stay with you and be your lover. I will share the responsibility for any child we may have, and my best intention is to stay with you and be faithful. I shall always do my best to be gentle with you physically and try never to hurt your feelings. I can't say more than that, except that I love you passionately."

It was enough. I raised his head and said, "Kiss me, my love."

Our lips touched and opened as we explored each other's mouths. I whispered to him, "Take me to bed and love me."

He stood and then picking me up in his arms, he carried me to the bedroom. The few clothes we were wearing were speedily discarded, and as he lay on the bed, I for the first time, investigated his penis.

I had seen it and touched it when he was little, but now its size and shape fascinated me. I touched its crown, running my fingers over it, pulling back the foreskin and touching the little slit from which his semen would eject. I ran my hand down the shaft, and the vision of a lovely spear entering me and causing me pain and ecstasy, came into my mind.

I had heard about women giving men oral sex as well as the reverse, so I experimentally kissed, then licked the crown. I tasted the little droplets of his precum. He began to emit low cries, and emboldened I took his shaft into my mouth. His cries intensified and I heard him saying, "Lovely, mother, so lovely."

I knew some women let their man ejaculate into their mouth, but love him as I did, I was not ready for that just then. I think he knew this, and moved me over onto my back at the edge of the bed. I thought he was going to give me oral sex as he had during the night, but instead he simply bent and kissed my vagina saying, "This will be my sacred place."

He moved to take hold of my breasts and kissed each nipple saying, "These will be my twin temples."

He finally kissed me on the lips with the words; "This will always be the sign of my love."

As if in some holy ritual, he entered my womanhood with his manhood. He lay still in me as we looked into each other's eyes. Then, "This will always be the fulfillment of our love." As he said this, he began to move in me and quickly I felt him pouring himself into me.

The end of his ejaculation was also the end of what I felt to be, and can only describe as, "our marriage ceremony." What followed was our wedding day and night, to be followed in turn by our honeymoon – a honeymoon that does not seem to have ended.

Our libidos have proved much more commanding than either of us anticipated, and our coupling is frequent and fulfilling. In Edmund, I have both a son and a lover, so I am able to give both a mother's love to him, and the love of a woman for a man. Sometimes he calls me "mother," at other times "Alice," depending on the mood and situation.

We have been lovers for three years now. Perhaps I should point out that a very fertile woman and a man eminently capable of fertilising her seem to unite in sexual love at least once every day. Now what might you conjecture has been the outcome?

From Torment to Tranquillity

I tried to fight him off, but he was too strong, too imperative in his need. Never expecting that he would do such a thing, he caught me unawares. He flung me on my back and was between my legs, penetrating before it had fully dawned on me what he was doing. We had wrestled around many times in play, but it had never come to this.

I struggled with him, begging, pleading, "No don't, don't Michael, please. You'll make me..."

Then I felt his movements in me become more urgent. "He's coming," I thought, "he'll make me pregnant." I screamed, but it was useless. I felt the first pumping of his hot juice burst into me, and it was all too late. He filled me with that male fluid every passionate woman longs to feel.

He began to subside, relaxing with his sexual stress relieved. He did not pull out of me immediately as Joe used to when we still had sex. He lay there as if reluctant to separate from me.

I lay silent, my mind wandering back over what had led to this sexual assault. I did not want to admit it, but most of the fault was mine. I had teased him for years, tantalizingly

displaying myself to him. Wanting his young male admiration and the reassurance that I was still desirable.

I wanted him to suffer as well. His youth, his good looks and strong body seemed to reproach me. His sexual activities with girls, and especially the woman in her forties, who had enjoyed him for almost a year, aroused my jealous anger, so I rejoiced when my displays gave him huge erections. I understood the pain of unrequited sexual desire, and mentally celebrated the power I felt I had over him through his libidinous needs.

My husband Joe had long ceased to have sex with me, and certainly expressed no admiration for my looks or body. I felt he had degraded me as a woman. I was made to feel undesirable.

Objectively it was clearly not true that I was unattractive to men. The turning of their heads as I walked down the street; the suggestive remarks; men seeking me out at social gatherings, could have told me that I was sexually appetizing. But one to whom I had bound myself in love had rejected me, and this had blinded me to the obvious fact of my power to attract men.

Thus I had sought my male adoration elsewhere, and Michael was my victim, the nearby sacrificial offering I could

stretch on the rack of his erotic fantasies. After all, it had been after his birth that Joe lost sexual interest in me. In the weird pattern of my thinking, I somehow saw Michael as the cause of my unmet needs.

I recalled the female games I played with him after he reached puberty. I would wait until Joe was on night shift, or when Michael was home and Joe out, then I would begin. I made him writhe with the pain and ecstasy as I stretched him with my instruments of sexual torture.

Pulling up my skirt to display my legs almost to the genitals, "Darling, don't you think I've got nice legs?"

Putting my hands under my breasts to lift them, "I think these are still pretty good, what do you think? You can't see them, but the nipples are still nice, very pink. What some men would like to do to those, eh?"

I used to lure him into my bedroom to ostensibly admire some new garment I had bought.

"Do you like the new panties and bra I bought today? Do you think black suits me? They're little more than lace, aren't they, darling?"

"I got this bikini today, isn't it daring? Just look how it only just covers my nipples, and the little string of cloth that goes under me. Doesn't hide much, does it?"

"I had my pubic hair permanently removed last week, sweetheart. Many men don't like women's pubic hair do they? Gets in the way of certain things they want to do. What do you think?"

So, it went on quite literally for years, in fact, ever since I realised that he had sexually ripened. O, how I made him suffer! All the time thinking I was playing it safe, fool that I was.

Had I tried these games with other men God knows what violence might have erupted!

So with my twisted sensual games, I watched him fight his most primal, and in a young man, most urgent needs.

At times he would give some excuse and almost flee from my presence. At other times he would stand staring at me, his hot throbbing erection pressed against the cloth of his trousers, often with the stain of his precum beginning to show.

Then one night it went too far. The balance was finally tipped. I had driven him to breaking point, and if what he did to me was evil, what about my behaviour towards him all those years?

Perhaps you think I hated him for some reason? Wanted to avenge some wrong he had done me? You might not believe this, but I loved him and I wanted to punish him because he inspired this love. I needed to punish him for the nights I lay, weeping with sexual frustration, as heedless Joe lay snoring beside me.

In the end I managed to dismiss Joe to the spare bedroom so I could masturbate freely, and in this act, whose face, whose body and penis occupied my fantasies? Michael's, of course. For this too, he had to be punished.

"A mixed up woman," you say? You're right. Fundamentally knowing what I needed, but refusing to face it squarely. Leading on my own son to intolerable heights of sexual arousal, but never voluntarily taking the next step. Leaving him and myself a tormented erotic mess.

In making him suffer, I was punishing myself for the boiling passion I had for him. In stretching him on the rack of his libido, I racked myself. A cruelty with a double edge.

Tonight it was his turn to avenge himself on me. I had enticed him once more into my bedroom with the usual fake excuse. "Darling, come and see what mother has bought today."

It was a transparent petty coat. Through it breasts, nipples and genitals could be clearly seen. I knew it, and rejoiced in the sexual anguish that I would cause him, the desire for my body he would suffer.

I twirled before him saying, "Do you like it, darling? I think it's very sweet. Don't you think it shows my figure off nicely? Look, you can see all of me through the cloth."

He groaned and then was upon me, ripping off the flimsy garment as he hurled me to the bed, and tearing at his shorts to release his manhood. I felt him enter, like a great spear, thrusting into me. There was no pain because, in truth, I was already aroused. My own actions, my display, and the sight of his sex organ hard and pressing against the cloth of his shorts, had been enough.

So, why did I resist? In part, an empty protest against incest? Yes, I suppose so, but the real reason was fear. Fear of pregnancy. Dread, not of being pregnant to him as a man – I longed for his impregnation – but carrying the child of my own son.

When it became clear that Joe was no longer interested in me sexually, I stopped using the contraceptive pill. Had I known well in advance that Michael would invade me, I would have put myself back on the pill. Then our first coming together need not have been this violent attack and show of resistance. I would have let him have me, responding to him with tender love.

Now I was paying the price for my overconfidence in my ability to control the situation. I had thought that I could torture Michael endlessly, and myself for that matter, and there would be no consequences.

My lunatic arrogance had undone me. I believed myself to be a very fertile woman, and that there was a strong possibility that I would get pregnant. Perhaps already his seed had done its work, and I was on the way to producing new life.

I felt Michael stir and begin to withdraw from me. He lay beside me, his arm enfolding me, his other hand fondling my breast. He looked at me and spoke softly.

"I had to, mother, we couldn't go on as we were, wanting each other so desperately. I tried to fight it, I really did." He went, quietly murmuring, "I love you...I love you..."

I said, "I know darling," then burrowed into him, sheltering myself from my own sense of shame, weeping for the pain I had inflicted on both of us. He had known better than I the truth of our situation.

I recognised that now there was no road back. We could not undo what had happened. I felt that neither of us would stop it happening again. His hand softly caressing my breast, the fact that I could feel his manhood hardening against my side, my own wet and yearning vagina, was sufficient to convince me we could not retreat from our love and new found sexual union.

I did not wait for him to take the initiative this time. I sat across him, guiding his shaft into me, moving up and down on him, this time to be overcome by a shrieking, shuddering orgasm such as I had never had before, ever. The anguish and the ecstasy of that climatic moment left me weeping and pliant in Michael's arms, his semen slowly trickling out of me.

I was beyond caring about pregnancy – no, I lie - I wanted it, desired it, yes, lusted for it. I wanted his seed, a child of our love. I wanted to feel it grow inside me. Such was the passion I was experiencing.

Deeper down there was the devil of jealous desire. Through all my sexual games with Michael, I had wanted to keep him, to bind him to me. Now, in our act of love, I felt I had him. He was mine and no other's. No more games; I would give him all he hungered for. I would recompense him and more, for the suffering I had inflicted on him all those years.

My prediction of pregnancy came true. Our loving could be hidden from Joe for a while, but a pregnancy could not be hidden. He would not know who the father was, at least, not from me, but he was not such a fool as to not work it out eventually.

It was at this point that the true nature of Joe's feelings for me became clear. I was nothing more than a convenient person to have around to cook and clean for him.

It amazed me that he seemed to have no concern about who had fathered a child in me. I had expected fights and arguments but when I finally announced to him, "I'm going to have a baby," he just looked at me and grunted, then said, "Gonna have a great fat belly again, are you?"

I have tried to think through where we went astray in our love, Joe and I. He could have had with me all I was now prepared to give Michael, but he didn't want it. As I have

hinted, my pregnancy with Michael seemed to be the great divide between us. It had been what he called "an accident."

Joe had loathed my pregnancy, referring to my swollen belly as, "That great ugly lump." The process of birth seemed to revolt him, and he made me feel almost unclean when I should have felt beautiful.

To me it is strange that sexual coupling, pregnancy and birth, are made the content of coarse jokes by men, and now, increasingly by women. The loveliest of all communions between man and woman, and its outcome as new life, should surely inspire heavenly poetry and wonder, not ugliness?

Based on my sexual experiences before Michael I might never have reached such an understanding. It was his words and actions, not only during sexual congress but also during my pregnancy that brought me to a new perspective.

In physical love, he is ever considerate of my needs, always making sure that I am fulfilled. He never separates from me until he is sure the last of my post-orgasm shock waves have ended, and even then seems reluctant to part from me.

It is true that we often grow fierce in our sexual play, but it is an intensity born of love, and if there is pain, it is a pain commanded by the recipient.

During my pregnancy, Michael demonstrated all the consideration I could desire. He would gaze at my swollen belly, for example, and say, "How exquisite," then kiss me there repeatedly. As I drew closer to the birth time, he became ever more careful with his penetrations of me, until in the end he was content with my relieving him by my hand or oral sex.

My wicked racking him through his desperate erotic needs, the rape, my own turbulent emotions that had given rise to these things, seem to be forgiven. It is as if we have passed down a raging river, to find ourselves now floating on a peaceful lake.

Annisa is two now, and Joe is fully aware of what Michael and I do. How could he not when we now go to bed together every night, whether he is there or not.

Michael and I took nothing from him that he wanted, and as he seems well content with his home comforts and television sports, I don't think he cares who I have sex with, so long as it does not cost him anything. In fact, Michael contributes to

the household funds in such large measure that it more than covers the costs of the child.

Never the less, I still feel something for Joe. I think it is compassion because he could have enjoyed with me all that Michael now revels in. He almost lives a separate life now, and I sometimes think what might have been.

One sad aspect of my relationship with Michael is that through him having been brought to see the comeliness of pregnancy, I may be past the time when I can again bear a child. Michael makes no complaint about this – he is much too loving to make such a reproach – and if the amount of semen he injects into me was relevant, I would be pregnant many times over. So, who knows, his sweet seed may yet bear more fruit?

Gordon Makes A Baby

I awakened by the sound of mother moving about the house. I had heard it many times before. It always occurred when my father went away to one of the construction jobs, sometimes-leaving mother and I alone for several weeks.

I have a suspicion mother deliberately made noises to try to waken me so I would get up and she could have company in her late night restlessness. If such was her intention then for a long time she failed to dislodge me from my bed.

Mother is a timid sort of person – what I believe is sometimes called a “Mousy little woman.” She always spoke and moved very quietly, except when she was engaged in her midnight crashes and bangs. She is little more than five feet tall, pretty in a delicate sort of way, slim and from what I could see, having small breasts. Her legs could hardly be described as long and sexy, but were in fact reasonably shapely. She gave the impression of a small, soft brown mouse that would scuttle away at the first sign of danger.

When father had to go away to work mother became very miserable. She missed him terribly. I often felt that I might do more to alleviate her loneliness but as so often with youth, self-interest would intervene. Then on the night in question things changed.

I was awakened by an unusually loud crash even for mother. I thought that this time there might have been an accident, and decided to investigate. My search for the source of the noise led me to the kitchen where I discovered mother sitting forlornly at the table with a cup of tea in front of her.

She looked up as I came in and gave what I can only think was a welcoming smile.

“What was all that noise?” I asked.

“I just dropped some saucepans,” she replied.

What she was doing moving saucepans around in the middle of the night I don’t know, and seeing no obvious signs of mess or damage I said, “Oh, I thought you might have had an accident. I’ll go back to bed.”

“Stay with me for a little while, darling,” mother said. “Have a cup of tea.”

I glanced at her and she was giving me a pleading look. Unable to resist the appeal of a distressed maiden, even if she was my mother and no longer a maiden, I sat down at the table with her.

There was silence for a while, neither of us seeming to know what to say, then I tried to break the ice.

"You miss dad really badly don't you, mum?"

"Yes," she said, and I saw a tear roll down her cheek. "Especially at night. It's so lonely in that bed I can't sleep."

Embarrassed by mother's tears, I tried to make a silly joke of the situation and said, "Perhaps you should buy one of those blow up dolls from the sex shop."

Mother blushed and seemed to take my joke seriously when she said, "It wouldn't be the same as having a flesh and blood person to snuggle into."

Like many people when their joke has gone awry, I tried to reinforce it by extending it. "Perhaps I should keep you company?"

Mother had been looking down at the table, but now her head came up slowly. "My God," I thought, "Now I've put my foot right in it. There'll be hell to pay."

She looked at me for nearly a full minute in silence, then said very quietly, "Would you really, darling? That's a lovely idea sweetheart."

Anything else she might have said could not have astounded me as those words did. I didn't know what to say or where to look.

Mother rose, came round the table to me and kissing me on the cheek took my hand and said, "Thank you my love. Come along."

From my early childhood, as my father left for one of the distant construction sites, he used to say that rather silly thing that fathers do say to their male children: "Look after your mother, you're the man of the house while I'm away." I somehow don't think that going to bed with mother was included in his idea of "looking after your mother."

I was led in a daze to her bedroom and bed. I stood by the bed not moving until she said, "Well get in my love."

I obeyed. I felt as if I was dreaming – or was it having a nightmare. I could have protested, fled, but I didn't. I meekly got in beside her.

I turned my back on her and she snuggled up to me with one arm thrown over my body. I thought it would be impossible for me to go to sleep, but I must have dozed off, because some time later I came to.

Mother was still cuddling into my back, but her arm had changed position. Her hand had found the slit in my pajama bottoms and was fondling my penis. She was murmuring apparently to herself, "Fuck me Gordon, fuck me my lovely son, fuck mummy."

The stimulation and these words brought me fully awake, and my penis hardened under her hand.

She probably thought I was asleep when she began to play with my shaft, but with its hardening realised, I had wakened.

"Oh darling," she said in a gasping sort of voice, "Put it in me. Please my love. It wouldn't have to mean anything to you, but it would mean so much to me. Just this once, sweetheart."

I was now fully erect and throbbing. Mother rolled over on to her back still saying, "Put it in me, sweetheart. I love you, I really do..."

For me the situation had become irresistible. I came over her. The room was dark and I could not see her properly, but she fumbled for my shaft and guided it into her.

Once I had penetrated her, mother seemed to undergo a change of personality. From the little mousy woman she changed to a raging monster. She began to scream and yell, "Kill me you brute, kill me. Fuck me to death... Kill me with your beautiful spear... Fuck me all the way to my heart..."

I was thrusting into her with all the strength I could muster, but she, wrapping her legs round me, kept saying, "Deeper, deeper." She was writhing on the end of my shaft in a struggle to get every last millimetre into her.

I was astounded by the strength she displayed - this normally quiet fragile looking woman. She beat me with her fists and her legs held me in a clamp like grip, then suddenly she gave a tremendous heave, and her screaming rose to a shriek. I felt a burning sensation down my back, and it was only afterwards that I discovered she had lacerated me with her nails. She bit my neck as she sobbed, fighting with me for more and more of my penis.

In the midst of this battle I suddenly came, bursting into her like a stick of dynamite exploding. Her cries changed: "All

of it... fill me up...give me babies you bastard...lots and lots of babies...you brute...Oh...oh...oh...aah."

With that last sound she began to subside, and I with her.

I pulled out of her but she still held me in her arms. "Thank you darling. Thank you, thank you my dearest love."

Her hold on me relaxed and she drifted off to sleep. I must have followed soon after.

When I woke in the morning mother was still sleeping. I had to get to university lectures, and also, I wanted to delay as long as possible the confrontation with mother I felt had to come, so I got out of bed and hastened through my shower and breakfast. I felt the water sting my back as I showered, and looking in the mirror, saw mother's claw marks. They had obviously been bleeding, so I conjectured there must be blood in the bed.

I was just about finished eating when mother came on the scene. The wild cat of the night had gone, and after giving me one glance, made no further eye contact with me. She began her mouse-like scuttling round the kitchen and neither of us said a word.

I left for my lectures puzzled that the momentous events of the night had brought forth not a single utterance. I was relieved however that the things I felt must be said had been delayed. Putting off the evil hour, as it were.

I might just as well have stayed home for all I took in from the lectures that day. My mind was constantly reflecting on mother and I, and tried to think how if necessary, I could open the discussion.

One of my problems was that I liked what we had done. Just thinking of it during the day gave me an erection. I might strive to tell myself that it was wrong, it was incest, immoral and a betrayal of my father, but it had no real influence over my lustful feelings.

As is so often the case in these situations, once you have opened the door, it is very hard to close it again. There are plenty of sexual one-night stands, but in most cases, the couple comes together, then part, often for good. I had to go on living with mother, unless I decided to flee the family home, and that did not appeal to me.

I had never consciously thought of mother as a sexual partner, but now, having as it were enjoyed her, I hungered for her. The encounter of the night had been brief and at least

on my part uncalculated, but I could see the gratifying possibilities if we continued to have sex.

Arriving home I found mother working in the kitchen. I began my prepared apology: "Mother, I am sorry..." but the little mouse cut in.

"Nothing to be sorry for, Gordon. It worked out just the way I planned it to. It is a pity we started so late, though. We'll get to bed early tonight and do some proper love making." The wild cat had reentered.

I was stupefied. Reproaches I might have expected or self-condemnations, but the suggestion that we repeat the performance? And this from my normally reticent little mother?

I felt I should make some sort of self-justifying protest. "What about father..."

"Well he's not here, is he darling? What he doesn't know can't hurt him can it? We can go to bed together every night now we know how much we can gratify each other." Then with a momentary return to her diffident self, "You do want to, don't you? I mean, you did liked being with me and making love, didn't you?"

“Yes, but its...”

“I know, darling, its incest, but we are not doing any harm and we did enjoy it, didn’t we?”

I admitted the truth of this, simply saying, “Yes.”

“Look, my love, when your father comes home we shall obviously have to stop going to bed together, but when he’s out I could let you have me if you needed me. And he’s sure to go of on other jobs that will keep him away from home, he always has, and having you will make me very contented.”

I suppose I should have gone on protesting. Refused to be involved with this sexual conspiracy, but fed up with one-night stands, the thought of having sex available to me on a relatively regular basis, and at home, was too tempting.

Thus began regular lovemaking with mother.

Our first full night together was the wildest sexual experience I had ever had. Nightdress and pajamas were abandoned. The game opened with deep, tongue- thrusting saliva soaked kisses, as my hands explored her breasts, which proved to be as I had suspected, small, firm, with long

pink nipples that were hard with her excitement. As I sucked on these seductive morsels mother said, "I fed you there! I wish I had milk to give you now!"

I think that had any other woman said they wanted to give me their milk, I would have been revolted, but with mother, it was different somehow. I wanted to take her milk. Perhaps we always have a deep down desire to be nourished at our mother's breasts!

From her breasts, I slowly kissed my way down her body, all the time stimulating her clitoris with me finger. She kept moaning, "Taste me, darling, taste me."

As my kisses reached her vulva, I moved to come between her legs. As I did so, she opened them wide to expose her genitals with the little slick of pubic hair running from her swelling mons to the cleft. Her organ was small and plump and pulling apart the outer lips there was revealed the pink inner petals.

Mother's moans were now pleading: "Taste me, darling, please taste me."

I ran my tongue over the inner lips, savouring the lubricant that she was producing copiously, and breathing in her

woman's odour. I lifted the little cover over her clitoris, and began to lick the little pleasure centre.

It was maddening me, the pre-cum dripping from my penis, but I wanted to enjoy her body for as long as possible so I fought back my urge to come. My face was soaked with her fluid and I think I would have gone on with the oral sex forever, but mother must have sensed the extreme nature of my arousal, and pulling away from me positioned herself to take my shaft into her mouth.

Before commencing she said, "Just let it all go when you're ready, darling." Then she began with the crown of my penis, at first gently sucking and nibbling it, her soft tongue caressing this sensitive nerve centre.

She seemed to feel my approaching orgasm and speeded up her movements, taking more and more of my shaft into her mouth and sliding up and down on it. I could hold back no longer, and I blew into her mouth. I felt her swallowing my semen, sucking it into her like an alcoholic with the first drink after long deprivation. Even when I had finished, she continued to suck as if she would drain my testicles.

Then she came off me pressing her mouth to mine, her mouth full of my semen, making me taste my own sperm as I made her taste her fluid. It was a mad moment of

sensuality, raw desire to possess and be possessed. It was as if we were saying, "From this moment nothing is barred between us. All things sexual that are possible, we can make actual."

Exhausted not so much by the physical activity we had been engaged in than the emotional tide that had swept over us, we parted and I fell into a doze.

I woke to feel mother playing with my penis as she had the first night. It began to harden and that strange mixture of pain and pleasure that desire for the loved one often gives rise to, swept over me.

I was about to come on top of her, but she was too quick. She was astride me and lowering herself onto my shaft. Once entered into her she began to move up and down on me slowly, murmuring softly all the time what sounded almost like a mantra; "I love you my sweet...fuck me forever...put your cream into mother...make me have babies...lots of babies...I want your babies, darling..."

Her long hair had fallen over her face. From what I could see, her lips were wet with sperm and saliva. I think her eyes were closed. She appeared to be in a sort of erotic trance, and her love murmuring went on and on. There was no hurry, no wild cat, just a peaceful melding of two people seeking to

become one with each other. I gave myself up to the hypnotic sound of her murmuring and the slow, gentle movements of her vagina over my shaft. It had a beauty I had never experienced with any other woman, and I became lost in a new Garden of Eden. We were Adam and Eve, finding afresh the ecstasy of sexual coupling.

I wanted it to go on forever, but it is the tragedy of all such exquisite unions between man and woman, that they do come to and end. My mind said, "Let this last forever." My body said, "I must have release."

I believe mother was having the same experience, and she began to come. It was not the wild orgasm of the previous night. Her movements did not speed up, but they became more intense. There were no loud cries, only whispered, "Oh my love, my darling..."

I came with equal restraint, pumping into her at a leisurely pace, luxuriating in the sheer seductiveness of knowing that I was putting into this woman the potential for a new creation. We had bonded and in a non-incestuous relationship, we could be said to have just had our wedding night.

After this strangely serene union, we slept in each other's arms. I was at peace, and mother had no more of her restless midnight wanderings.

In the following days and weeks I knew myself to be in love with my own mother, and had ample proof that she was in love with me. We needed to touch and hold each other constantly, and whenever possible to engage in sexual coupling. The joy, the fulfillment, was beyond anything I had ever experienced before. Yet lurking in the background of all this pleasure, was a pain I had not taken account of. The return home of my father.

Had I been able to view my mother as a useful fuck, all might have been well. But it was not so.

The blow fell when one night, just after we had united in a particularly lovely sexual intercourse, mother said in a strained voice, "Your father will be home tomorrow."

I felt a cold knife strike me to the heart. I knew what this meant. I would be dismissed from her bed. I was to be separated from the woman I loved and desired above all things, and to go on in the knowledge that another would be enjoying her body.

My father arrived, and that night it was I who went to a cold bed, I who now suffered the midnight lonely wanderings. Aware of what went on in my mother's bed, I could now hear my father's groans as he fucked mother. I burned with angry jealousy, almost hating my father.

Mother did her best to console me, opening herself to me whenever it seemed safe to do so, but at one point her very love and compassion for me made things worse.

Father had gone to the office of the Construction Company he worked for. He was away for the day. Mother was about to let me relieve my sexual tension in her when, adopting one of her favourite positions, she sat across me and said, "Darling, my vagina is rather sore, try this."

I did not know what she meant for a moment then I felt a different sensation as she lowered herself onto me. Two thoughts struck me almost simultaneously. First, "My God, he's fucked her so much she's too sore to take a penis in her vagina." Secondly, "She's putting my penis into her anus."

Here was a true measure of pleasure and pain. I had never experience anal sex, and the tightness of her tunnel was a delicious sensation, yet I knew that I was only enjoying this new delight by virtue of my father's use of mother.

As always, mother seemed to sense my thoughts, and kept saying, "You know I love you darling, we shall be together again soon." I shot my sperm into her, but it was with misery, rather than rapture.

My father eventually went off to a new construction contract. I returned to mother's bed. We loved as we had loved before, but now I was aware of my father's shadow hanging over us. He would return, and again I would be a second class citizen in mother's bed.

Mother usually never spoke of her sexual relationship with my father, but one night she revealed something of her knowledge and feelings.

She was holding me close to her after we had loved, and she said, "You know, darling, your father always gets himself a woman in the places where he works."

I think this was meant to make me feel better about our incest, but it actually made me feel worse. Was I mother's revenge on father for his unfaithfulness?

This thought was reversed when one night mother said, "We are going to have a baby, darling."

I was stunned. Unthinkingly I had put my sperm into mother, not considering that she could get pregnant, never using a contraceptive. If she were going to have a baby that was of our making, I would have to be responsible.

“Mother,” I began, but she cut in...

“Your father always uses a condom. It could be that he used a faulty one, but I’m sure it’s ours.”

I was beside myself with happiness. “Mother, if we could have a baby...”

I recalled the occasions when we had loved, and she had begged me to make her pregnant. I thought at the time this had only been the cry of passion. Now I realised that she had meant it. She actually wanted me to make her pregnant.

It goes on. When father comes home, I must vacate mother’s bed. He curses the condom makers for their faulty work, but I love little Janet, the fruit of the love between mother and I.

Gran Goes Home

She put the phone down, a sunburst smile on her face. "Just what I need," she said to no one in particular since no one was there. Her daughter, Brenda, had opened the conversation with "Mum, I want to ask you a big favour." The substance of the favour was, that Brenda's husband, Jamie, had been asked by his company to go up north to get a new factory they had just built, up and running. Jamie was the company troubleshooter, and he was told that if he cared to take his family with him, suitable accommodation would be provided.

The problem was that while they could take their daughter, Caroline, with them, Colin their son really needed to stay at home. Caroline could be transferred to a school in the new area, but Colin was part way through his university course and could not be disrupted at this stage.

Brenda was not sure how long they would be away – perhaps a month or two, depending – but could "mum" come and look after Colin, see that he got proper meals, and take care of the house?

Mum, or more intimately, Diane, was delighted on a number of grounds. First, although she knew she ought not to have favourites, she couldn't help having a special attachment to

Colin, who was so like Grant. Secondly, the house Brenda and family occupied, was the one she and Grant had built and lived in from the time they got married.

After thirty years of marriage, and aged fifty-five, Grant had come home from work white faced, and collapsed on the kitchen floor. Before help could arrive, he was dead.

Diane was devastated and inconsolable. She screamed out to the heavens, "Why, why, why?" The heavens had no answer. She shared her grief with the Reverent Carmichael. He had no answer.

From the first time they came together, Grant had been her lover and life companion. Neither of them were magazine centre fold idols, but were attractive enough to draw members of the opposite sex to them, yet there had never been even a suggestion of infidelity. When they were out socially and found themselves separated and entrapped by would be - "we could have a meaningful relationship" - lovers, they would look across the room at each other and smile. They were secure in their love.

Grant had been a gentle and passionate lover, always considerate of her needs, and she had sought to gratify his. They had built their lives jointly so that together they were whole - at one with each other. Not that they didn't have

their differences, but every argument and disagreement was within the context of their love. Neither of them would have dreamed of going off to "have their own space," or "find themselves."

Their relationship was not a cloying dependence. Each had their own spheres of interest that they appreciated in each other and did not seek to invade. Diane had their daughter, Brenda, early in the marriage, and they were both distressed when they were told she couldn't have any more children, but the unhappiness passed, and at age thirty Diane found her own special area. Glancing through a magazine, she came upon an announcement that a short story writing competition was to be held. There was a prize for the winner, and the story would be published in the magazine. Diane set to, wrote a story, and sent it in. She won.

A little celebratory gathering was held at the magazine's offices, and present was a representative from one of the smaller publishing houses. After congratulating Diane, he asked if she had ever thought of writing a full-length novel, because his firm might be interested. She took up the idea, wrote her novel, and after some back and forth with the editor, got it published. She received excellent reviews and many flattering letters from her readers. So novel writing became Diane's forte and at the point when Grant died, she had fifteen published works. After the death, she had written nothing.

Some eighteen months after Grant's demise Diane had recovered from the worst of her grief, and was able to weigh up her situation. Money was no great problem, but there was the matter of the house. Now living alone, she felt the place was too large for one person, and when Brenda suggested that she and Jamie might like to buy the place, she agreed. She sold at a nominal price and moved into an "Elderly Citizens Complex."

On initial inspection, this looked good, but after a few months of living there, it did not have the same appeal. Surrounded by a high wall, with code-operated gates, security guards, a resident's community centre, dining room, and resident medical staff, she came to think of the place as "The luxury concentration camp." In addition, her relationships with the other residents meant listening to a constant litany of aches and pains, hip replacements and incontinence.

Diane was not unsympathetic, but it was all so depressing, especially as she had always kept herself fit. Walking in the hills and swimming were her means of fitness, not the expensive and desperate peddling and pummeling of the so-called "Fitness and Health Centres." So, at sixty she was slim and active. In fact, she had received more than one suggestion of a relationship from some of the dribbling male residents of the complex. In addition, she also noted sly

glances from younger men at the church she attended. None of them tempted her.

Not that she was sexually disinterested, on the contrary, and despite all rumours to the contrary about older women, she was still very virile. She used a vibrator to relieve her sexual tensions desperately trying to pretend it was Grant as she came. But it wasn't Grant. She would sometimes cry during her orgasms, longing for the contact of flesh and the feel of sperm entering her.

Now had come her chance to get out of this saccharine environment and spend a few weeks in the old home with her beloved grandson, Colin. On the day for her to move in she packed, got into her little car, and drove off singing what she could recall of the "Grand March" from "Aida."

On arrival Brenda, Caroline and Jamie had already taken off for places North. Diane decided upon the bedroom she had shared with Grant, and now used by Brenda and Jamie. She distributed her various items of clothing and knick-knacks, and set about an inspection of the house. Colin was at the university and was not expected back for three or four hours, so she had the place to herself.

She poured herself a whisky and something, and wandered through the house. She had left behind a lot of the furniture

she and Grant had accumulated over the years, and her one dread had been that living among it again would give rise to painful memories. Memories there were, but very tender ones. They inflicted no pain on her, only feelings of love and gratitude for the years she had been able to have with Grant.

She went out into the garden – the garden she had tended all those years, and seeing the swimming pool that she and Grant had put in with their own hands, she thought, "Well, I won't have to use the town swimming pool for a while." The Luxury concentration camp lacked this facility.

She made preliminary preparations for the evening meal, and towards the end of this Colin arrived. They kissed, and he said, "It's great to have you here, gran." "Nice to be here," she smiled. Colin disappeared in the direction of his father's study, which he had decided to use in Jamie's absence, to get on with some university work. Diane decided on a shower and a change of clothing.

When Grant was alive, the evening meal had always been something special they shared. They would discuss the events of the day and what was to happen the next day and any other matters they had on their minds. Diane always made a point of dressing up a little for the occasion. Since Grant's death, she had got sloppy. She saw no point in changing to eat alone in her unit, and the dining room did not inspire her to look her best. But with Colin?

Without knowing quite why, she had brought with her a long, plumb coloured dress, bought shortly before Grant's death. It fitted sheath like, except that it was split up to her mid thigh. Grant had always admired her legs, and loved to have them wrapped round him when he came. She had bought it to tantalise him a little, making sure that the split fell open often enough to get his attention. It had worked nicely.

She laid out the dress and went for her shower. When she had finished she inspected herself in the mirror and quite liked what she saw. Her hair was snowy white as she refused to have it dyed. She saw her clear skin with just a hint of lines running down from the corners of her nose to her mouth. One or two wrinkles on the forehead, but nothing much. More to the point, her body was still in good shape. Breasts not large, but okay. Pubic hair grey, but running down to a still nicely cleft sex organ.

During a recent annual medical check-up, her doctor had commented, "You've got the blood pressure of an eighteen year old girl." This had delighted her, but now, as she looked at herself, she thought, "Not quite an eighteen year old on the outside, but I could get away with forty."

She went back to the bedroom and put on the dress. Very carefully, she applied a little make-up, not to cover anything

up, but to enhance what was there. She used the slightest touch of perfume, softly tied back her hair which extended below her shoulders, then standing back to look at herself in the long bedroom mirror, thought, "That's about as good as you'll get," and departed to make the evening meal.

When the meal was ready, she called Colin. She was bringing in the first course to the dining room when Colin entered. He stopped and stared. "Gran, you look," he groped for an appropriate adjective, and finally came out with, "Terrific." Diane smiled and said, "Thank you." They sat and while they ate, she noticed Colin continuing to give her what he hoped were covert and appreciative glances.

After the meal, they cleared up and Colin returned to his studies while Diane settled down for the evening with some music and a book. About 10 p.m. Colin came in and announced he was going to bed. They kissed goodnight, and after checking that the doors were locked and windows shut, Diane went to bed herself.

The following two days saw Diane slip into the old familiar rhythm of the house. She took her morning swim after Colin had left, and spent a few hours working in the garden. In the evenings, Colin worked and she read.

The fourth day was Friday and Colin had no lectures. While he was still in bed Diane had her swim and then prepared breakfast. The day promised to be hot, and when Colin finally got out of bed, he decided on a swim. Diane saw him through the kitchen window emerge from the house and go to the pool. He was wearing the briefest of briefs that showed his manhood to good effect. She thought, "God, what a beautiful body he's got. The girl who gets him will have some fun." As she prepared his breakfast, she kept glancing out of the window, admiring this handsome grandson.

Brenda had confided in her about Colin and his girlfriends. He had begun having sex with them fairly early and this had worried her and Jamie, but Diane gently reminded Brenda of her own behaviour at that age. Brenda blushed and said no more about the girls. She was, however, concerned that Colin had also been involved with an older woman. Not that it had come to anything; in fact, none of Colin's sexual relationships had lasted. He didn't seem interested in establishing anything permanent.

Diane explained that lots of young people liked to experiment with relationships, and as to the older woman, well, if she was a decent sort of woman, and genuinely concerned for her younger partner, she would know that he was learning about sexual contact with someone who was experienced.

Colin left the pool and arrived dressed a few minutes later for his breakfast. There was some talk about what they were doing that day, and Colin announced he had a bit of work to do, but would just lounge around later. Diane had some cleaning up to do, so each departed for their tasks.

It was early afternoon and the promised heat had arrived. Diane decided on another swim to cool off. She went to the bedroom and changed into her bikini. As she went through the house to the pool Colin, with the same thought in mind, was also making for the pool. When he saw Diane, he gave a gasp of surprise. "Gran," he spluttered, "I didn't think you'd wear anything like that." "Like what?" Diane teased. "Well, the bikini, a two piece," Colin said, gasping again. "No, I Suppose you saw me in a knee length one piece," Diane laughed. "Well, now you seen me in this, do you like it." "Its great, gran," he responded enthusiastically, and together they went to the pool and dived in.

They swam up and down for a while and at one point, they bumped into each other. This began the usual ducking and diving games round each other that often happen in swimming pools. In the course of wrestling around Diane ended up with her legs wrapped round Colin's waist. It was then that underneath her she felt something hard pressing. She was fully aware of what it was, and she looked into Colin's eyes and found him gazing at her.

No word was said. He took her into his arms, carried her out of the pool and laid her on the air filled mattress beside he pool. He took down his briefs, removed her bikini bottoms and entered her. As he moved up and down inside her he moaned, "Oh gran, oh gran," over and over again. She whispered to him, "Its all right, my love, let it all go, put it all in me." He ejaculated into her gently and quietly, just giving a little gasp as he shot and a sigh when he finished. He lay inside her for a long time as she stroked his hair and face, murmuring loving words to him. After a while she said, "Let's go and change now." He withdrew from her; they rose, went into the house and changed.

During the evening meal, little was said but the most formal things, and as soon as they had cleared up, Colin disappeared to his room. Diane tried to watch a television programme, but found it trite and stupid. Finally, she decided on a shower and then some reading in bed.

She was sitting propped up on a couple of pillows reading, when there was a knock on the door. "Come in," she called. Colin entered and stood just inside he door. "What is it, darling?" she said. He shuffled for a moment, then burst out, "Gran, I'm so sorry." "About what," she asked. "About what I did to you this afternoon," he moaned. "Didn't you like it?" she asked. "It's not that, gran," he protested, "It's that I," he sought for the right word, "I defiled you." "Defiled me? You honoured me, you silly boy," exploded Diane. "Someone

nearly forty years my junior wanted my body, and I'm supposed to feel defiled about that? Come over here."

Colin hesitated, then moved over to the bed. "Sit down," ordered Diane. He sat. "Now Colin," she began, "What happened this afternoon between us was admittedly unusual, but it did not defile me in any way. The only regret I can have is if you say to me, you did not enjoy it, that it repulsed you or something like that. Do you want to say that to me?"

"Oh no, gran," "Since I saw you in that long dress I've thought about you over and over again. I didn't think a woman your age...I mean," "I know what you mean," interrupted Diane. "I mean, you looked so sexy. And when I saw you in that two piece and we started to fool around, I just cracked." "Good," Diane said. "You mean you didn't mind?" asked Colin. Diane went on, "Of course I didn't mind, silly. How long do you think it is since I had a man? Well, I'll tell you, not since your grandfather died. The reason I went ahead with you is because you are so much like him."

Silence fell between them. Diane knew she had exposed herself to him, had revealed her own desires, and this was to be vulnerable. She wanted to say "Take me, take me now," but understood that the next move must come from him. He must commit himself to the extent of stating his desire for

her. There must be some word, some move, to indicate his wishes.

He moved restlessly and she could see the erection pushing against his boxer shorts, but the mere desire for sex was not enough. There must be some indication that it was she he wanted to be with, and not some other woman that he would fantasise about as he fucked the substitute. Whatever might happen next day, next week, next...she didn't want to think about that... But tonight, if he took her, it had to be her he was with. This was the dangerous corner. Would they turn it?

Her vagina was wet with longing for him, but still she made no move, then quietly he spoke. "Oh gran, I've wanted you so – want you – you've no idea how I've longed for you. If I could...if we could..." His voice choked, he couldn't go on. It was enough. The commitment had been made. She reached for his hand, and drawing him towards her said gently, "Take me, my love."

He moved over her, and as he bent to deep kiss her she murmured, "Take me to paradise, darling." That night they went to paradise and beyond, together.

The following days and nights they explored every crevice of each other's body. They found no act repellent, they desired

only to be lost in each other. Some days Colin would come in from university and almost rape her on the couch, only to later that night take her long and lingeringly. They loved in every part of the house. They took each other in the swimming pool. They made every corner of the house sacred with their lovemaking.

Diane found herself looking and feeling younger everyday. The poisons that had permeated her from living constantly in an environment of aging and decay now dissipated. Her hormones raced, and she was alive again. She even began a new novel based largely on what she was now experiencing. But lurking like a black cloud in the background was the knowledge she tried hard to repress. At some time, Brenda would return, and all this would be over.

The dreaded call came. "I'll be home in two days time, mum." She told Colin, and that night their lovemaking took on an atmosphere of desperation. They were like two condemned people allowed the last hour together.

Brenda arrived alone. "Where's Caroline and Jamie?" Diane asked. "I've got to talk to you about that mum," said Brenda, rather hesitantly. "What?" asked Diane.

Brenda went on to explain that the company had decided that Jamie was to stay up north for at least a year, to oversee

the teething pains as the new plant got going. The only problem was what was to happen to Colin. He was certainly old enough to care for himself, but Brenda didn't want him alone in the house with perhaps a cleaner coming in two or three times a week, and so, "Would you, mum?" etc.

Diane did not dare to reveal her joy at this opportunity. She announced solemnly that "Of course there is the matter of my unit." Having made enough fuss about this, she finally agreed that she didn't really like the place, and so would get rid of it and buy another when necessary, and so on and so forth. Finally, as a grand gesture, she stated that "Yes, I will stay here and look after things" (And be looked after she thought).

Colin and Diane kept apart for the next four days while Brenda was there, then, having waved a tearful farewell to her, they raced home from the airport to take each other before they had hardly got through the door.

It would be nice to know the final outcome of this love, but at the moment it is still ongoing. Jamie is still up north with Brenda and Caroline. Colin continues his university studies and Diane still looks after him. Diane knows that one day it must come to an end for all sorts of reasons, but till then...

An After Word.

Grandmothers: have you ever wondered if...?

Happy Birthday

It was my son's eighteenth birthday and we were having a party. How many people turned up for the affair I do not know, I lost count about half way through the night.

It was a warm night with a full moon shining down, and the "Guests" had retired to the garden where they were dancing and generally making a cacophonous noise, no doubt to the irritation of the neighbours.

I had spent most of the evening funneling food and drink from the kitchen to the garden, but around one o'clock in the morning the demand seemed to diminish, and I could relax a bit.

My alcoholic husband, who had been well and truly inebriated even before the party began, had gone to bed about eleven o'clock. He would no doubt wake in the morning with his usual headache and sick stomach.

To give a proper setting to what follows, I should explain to you about my husband and I. About five years into our marriage Keith began to lose interest in sex. He had started to drink increasingly heavily, and this resulted in what is known locally as "Brewers droop," that is, the inability to get or maintain an erection due to excessive consumption of alcohol.

I am a very passionate woman, and I used to try to encourage him to have intercourse with me. He would fend me off irritably, and I would spend half the night crying with frustration. The outcome was, we decided to sleep, not only in separate beds, but separate rooms. You see, I am the sort of woman who, if she has a man lying beside her, she needs him sexually.

To try to get some relief from my sexual urges I had from time to time had affairs, and also resorted to the use of a vibrator. I do not know if Keith had any idea about these activities, but if he did, nothing was ever said. I don't think he would care anyway as long as I left him sexually alone.

So back to the party. The calls for food and drink having slowed down, I took a walk around the garden, having a few words with those still capable of coherent speech. During this perambulation I observed the ruins of the feast, and began to pick up various glasses and plates, and take them into the kitchen for washing.

I had just begun the weary process of washing, when four young men burst into the kitchen. I looked over my shoulder and saw they were some of my son's longstanding friends, and as such, I had known them since they were children. They did not seem to be very drunk, just at the joyfully aroused stage. I thought to myself, "They want more food and drink." I turned back to the sink, and as I did, I felt two arms go round me and hands cup my breasts.

I grabbed the hands and tried to push them away, saying, "Stop that." I saw that the perpetrator of this breast grab was a young chap called Ken. I struggled to release myself from his grasp, but he was too strong for me. He laughed at my efforts to be free and said, "Don't struggle, were not going to hurt you. The others gathered round me, and I felt myself being lifted up vertically until my feet were off the floor. Hands went up my skirt and pulled down my pants.

It had all happened so quickly that I had hardly time to take in what was happening to me. I suppose I could have screamed, but I was too bewildered to do anything but make feeble efforts to free myself.

With feet off the floor, and four strong young men holding me, I had little chance of escaping. Ken was still behind me and he must have had his penis out, because I felt him press himself against my buttocks, and his penis probed for my

vagina. He found my entrance and his length slid into me. As he did this those holding me began to lift me up and down slowly, so Ken was moving inside me.

He must have been quite worked up because he came quickly. I heard him grunt and felt his sperm spurting into me. I was lifted off him and someone said, "Let's go somewhere more comfortable than this." I had stopped struggling by now, and I was picked up and carried into my bedroom and laid on the bed.

The boys were still holding me firmly, so I said to them, "You don't need to hold me, I'm not going to struggle or try to run away. If you are all going to take me, then let me enjoy it as well." They looked at me doubtfully. Tentatively letting go of me, they remained ready to grab me again.

I must confess that I now wanted it to happen to me. I wonder if any of you ladies have ever fantasised about being raped by some healthy young men? Perhaps, if you are like me, a passionate woman frustrated in her desires, you have. Now, beyond all my expectations, it was actually happening to me.

It is my contention that there are many negative situations that can be turned into positives. I decided that I would turn the negative aspect of my rape into a positive one of

pleasure. I did not think the young men were engaged in a power game, what they wanted was sexual pleasure, and they wanted it with me, so it might as well be a pleasing event for both them and me.

Had my rapists been people who revolted me in some way, perhaps I could not have turned the situation around, but these were boys I had known and liked for years. In a sense, they were paying me a compliment. There were plenty of young women at the party who would no doubt have been willing to accommodate them, but they chose me, a woman of forty.

As they saw me spread my legs to take them, they became more confident that I would not flee. Instead of just carrying on entering me, they started to undress themselves and me. Soon we were all naked and I was being kissed and my nipples sucked, and clitoris licked. So I was nearly mad with arousal and begging them to enter me.

Poor Ken, who had been the first to enter me in the kitchen, had been the one to have the most uncomfortable time. I thought it a shame he should have missed a more satisfying time with me, but I need not have worried. I saw that he was becoming erect again, and this presaged a second round with him.

Once we had settled to something approaching consenting sex, I think my body felt more alive than it had ever felt before. I felt I was desirable, wanted, even needed. I wanted to be generous, to give myself. I suppose it could be described as an act of love. It certainly seemed like that at the time, because I wanted to give to these boys.

The second boy came into me, and like Ken, he was well and truly down the track to his orgasm. As I was lying on the bed and comfortably open to him, I could work with him and meet his rhythm as he came.

I took the third and fourth boys, but had still not had my orgasm. They had all been too urgent in their need, so it was quickly over. But Ken was ready for me again, and having unloaded his sperm into me in the kitchen, he now took much longer to come again. It was he that brought me to orgasm.

I suppose it was the thrill of what had been done to me, the pitch of sexual excitement they had induced that brought me to the most explosive orgasm I have ever experienced. I held back until I felt him about to come, and then gave forth with howls and clawing that must have frightened the poor boy. I noticed afterwards that I had lacerated his back in a few places.

It was over, and their sperm and my fluids had soaked the bed. We lay around, me and a couple of the boys on the bed, the other two on the floor, recovering from our sexual activity.

Eventually I rose and dressed. The party noise had diminished to a whisper. I said, "I'd better start the clearing up." Ken came to me and kissed me very gently and said, "Not tonight. We'll all be here to help in the morning."

I waited until the boys had dressed and then opened the door. My son was saying goodnight to some of the guests at the front door, and he saw me come from the room with the boys. "What have you been up to," he asked suspiciously. "Just looking at some old family photographs," I lied quickly. "Oh, yes!" he said. Whether he believed me or not I did not know, and still don't.

As good as their word, the boys turned up about eleven o'clock in the morning. It was Sunday and I had not long been up myself. My useless husband was still snoring his latest alcoholic binge off. My son, as usual, leaving me to do all the work, had cleared off somewhere. If it had not been for the boys, I would have been left to tackle the ruins by myself.

As it turned out, I did very little of the clearing and washing up. In our back garden, we have what we call, "The Sleep Out." It is an additional room built at the time my husband and I decided to sleep in separate rooms. My daughter until her departure from home to go to a job in another city used it. It was now used occasionally if we had visitors staying overnight.

It was this room the boys and I used for another session of lovemaking. This time I had them one at a time while the others got on with the work and kept an eye open for my husband awakening. It really was a rapturous time, but not as much as it was to become in the following months.

The boys never came to me as a foursome again, unfortunately. At most, it was two of them. It could not be helped, as timing had to be just right with my husband and son absent and the boys not always able to be with me at those times. It did, however, give opportunities to expand our sexual repertoire considerably.

If you mature ladies have ever had the pleasure of sex with a young man; you will probably have experienced their willingness to experiment. The time with my young men has been wonderful. Their youthful, healthy and virile bodies have brought me the most satisfying sexual experiences ever, and I do not think it is going too far to say that real love has grown up between us.

One other point I wish to make is that they first came to me as a foursome. As our sexual relationship went on I was fearful there might develop jealousies between them. One of them might want to have me all for him self. This has not happened. They seem quite happy to share me, and in my time with them, I have always been willing and able to treat them all equally.

I am not sure how I shall go on when they can no longer come to me, and this will happen for all sorts of reasons. Perhaps I shall have to hold a twenty-first birthday party for my son!

Her Face

I stood on the balcony taking in the panoramic view of the bay with its calm waters, and farther out the huge rollers crashing against the two arms of land protecting the inner waters.

I turned briefly from the view to look along the façade of the building. It was then I saw her. On the next balcony, her elbow resting on the balustrade, her chin cupped in her hand.

She was in profile to me, and I was transfixed by her beauty. Her long dark hair tumbling down to cascade over her shoulders in shining waves. Her nose was straight and clearly defined, as were her lips from what I could see. Her breasts resting on top of the balustrade seemed large and firm and although most of the rest of her body was hidden from me, I got the impression of a slim figure.

My hotel room was on the third floor, and from the main window you could step out onto a balcony. I was living a life of indulgence and luxury for once.

More or less as a joke I had sent in a short story to a magazine which had offered as a prize a week in this opulent hotel and a reasonable sum of spending money to go with it. To my

utter amazement, I won. So, from my normally frugal student lifestyle, I was suddenly living a life of the well-to-do, even if only for a few days. The sight of the lovely woman on the next balcony, however, would have been prize enough, even if that was all there was.

I stayed very still, hardly daring to breathe, in case even my slightest action might alert her to my presence, and she moved away. I felt as if I could have gazed upon her engaging loveliness forever.

A little girl about five years of age, came out onto the balcony and said, "I'm ready, mummy. Can we go now?" The woman stood up straight and turned, saying, "Of course, darling." As she turned, her other profile came into my line of vision, and I was stunned. On that side, the left side, her face was horribly scarred.

Perhaps if the right profile had not presented itself with such exquisite beauty, the shock would not have been so great. The sheer contrast made her marred left profile appear worse than it was. I conjectured that she had received a very bad burn. This had dragged down the corner of her eye and mouth, and left a scar across her cheek and temple.

Her hand went up to her hair and she arranged it in a pathetic attempt to cover that side of her face. She took the

little girl's hand and together they left the balcony. I remained still staring at the spot where I had seen her, for some time.

I thought, not for the first time, how cruel life could be. What it gives with one hand, in her case beauty, it so casually takes away with the other. In futile fashion, I wondered if it would be better not to have beauty, or whatever other gift nature might bestow, in the first place. Then any loss might not be felt so bitterly.

I gave up musing on this philosophical conundrum, and reentered my room. I had intended to start exploring the locality, which offered both beach attractions and tracks winding into the adjacent rain forest. I decided on the beach as my first walk.

I left the hotel and followed a narrow path through some dense scrub that fringed the beach. Coming out onto the sands, I set off in the direction of one of the arms of land that met the ocean.

There was hardly a person in sight, except in the distance I could see the lady of the balcony and the little girl, who seemed to be rushing back and forth, daring the little wavelets to catch her.

They were moving very slowly and I would soon catch up with them. I had that awkward, embarrassed feeling that one often has in the face of a crippled, or in this case, a disfigured, person. Could I walk straight past them, ignoring their presence, or should I say, "Hello." If I greeted them and there was any sort of conversation, would I be able to act "normally," or would I give away my feelings about the lady's injuries? Would my reaction reinforce any self-consciousness she might feel about her scars?

I decided on a brisk pace so as to pass them quickly. My plan did not work out quite as I hoped. As I drew level with them the little girl looked at me and asked with childlike directness, "You're the man in the room next to ours, aren't you?"

"That's right."

"I saw you on the balcony."

"Did you?"

I felt a wrench at my heart as I saw her mother stop and turn so her injury was not visible to me.

"Karin, you mustn't bother the gentleman," then addressing me, "I'm sorry, but she does like talking to people."

I gave an uncertain little laugh and replied, "That's all right," then trying to overcome my awkwardness went on, "She's very pretty isn't she."

I had the feeling that my tongue should have been torn out. Looking at the child, I could see that she was the miniature image of her mother. Another fifteen or sixteen years and she would have the same loveliness that must have once been her mother's. The mother did not seem troubled by my comment, and replied, "Yes, I think so."

We exchanged a few more general comments about the beach and the fine weather, then I excused myself and walked on. The little girl called after me: "Perhaps I shall see you tomorrow?"

"Yes, perhaps you will," I called back, giving what I hoped was a friendly wave of the hand.

It took a full hour to walk to the headland. I stood watching the massive ocean rollers come crashing in to send great fountains of spray up the cliff. Again, I meditated on the beauty and harshness of nature, the one so often intermingled with the other.

When I returned to the hotel, it was time for the evening meal. After changing, I went to the dining room.

Oddly, after my uneasiness about meeting them on the beach, I found myself hoping I might see the lady of the balcony and her daughter. Most of the residents looked to be in their sixties and seventies. I was twenty-four, and the lady of the balcony seemed nearest to my age, possibly about twenty-eight or nine.

I felt a twinge of regret when they did not show up by the time I had finished.

That evening, the hotel was screening a film in the recreation area, so I decided to go along. Again, I hoped my pair might turn up, but they didn't. The film I found to be a combination of violence and nauseating sentimentality. I left about half way through.

Walking out onto the front entrance of the hotel, I noticed there was a full moon just rising to shine across the water, catching the ripples so as to make them seem alive with flashing fire. The thought of fire brought with it thought of my lady. With that thought came the sound of the child

Karin's voice. She came up the steps to the hotel entrance toward me, chattering away to her mother.

When seeing a person in full light and view we are so often taken up with their physical appearance, we fail to appreciate other aspects of them. Now, in the dim light, I noticed my lady's voice as she responded to her daughter. It was one of the most beautifully modulated voices I had ever heard. It was not, as some "well articulated" voices are, contrived. It flowed freely and rhythmically. "A voice one could live with," I thought.

Karin saw me and began without preamble; "Mummy and I have just been to a lovely place for dinner. It's much better than the hotel. We're going there again tomorrow. I think you should come with us...Mummy, he can come, can't he?"

"Darling, you can't just invite people like that. They might not want to come, and then you've made it hard for them to say no."

She seemed more at ease in the dim light as she turned to me; "I really must apologise for my daughter, once again. She's so enthusiastic about the restaurant we've been to, she wants to share it with everyone."

"No apology needed," I replied. "I think it's rather lovely of her to want to share. By the way, I'm Peter Holbrook."

She hesitated for a moment as if not sure she should reveal her name, then said, "I'm Angel Robbart, but as I don't always live up to my name I'm generally called 'Angie'. My daughter is Karin, as I expect you already know."

We shook hands. The touch of her soft warm hand sent a quiver of pleasure racing through me. I felt a little flustered at my reaction and muttered something like, "Pleased to meet you."

"Well," said Angie, "I must put the little one to bed, good night. Say goodnight to Mr.Holbrook, Karin."

"Goodnight, Mr.Holbrook. Mummy says we can go swimming in the morning if the weather's nice. Will you come with us?"

"We'll see. Goodnight, Karin."

They departed for their room, leaving me to contemplate the open-heartedness of little children, and the strange effect the mother was having on me.

If Angie was no "Angel", I was not to be classified among the saintly ones either. I would like to have brought a girl with me to share my prize, but found myself to be between girlfriends, and hadn't fancied a casual lover who came along for the trip and not for me. Casual sex was not foreign to me, but normally consisted of one-night stands. The thought of having one female around for the whole week did not appeal. I had the idea that I might pick up something in the hotel, or perhaps in the town, but a brief survey of the scene did not give me grounds for optimism.

Angie was the only woman roughly in my age bracket. If she had possessed the stunning beauty that must have once been hers, I would probably have been too overwhelmed by it to try anything with her. I would have assumed that she would be after more worthwhile prey than a hard up physics student.

As it was, her disfigurement...well...! My thoughts rambled on; "I wonder where Mr.Robbart is...always assuming there is a Mr.Robbart...Of course there is, she...That's strange! Why do I want there to be a Mr.Robbart?"

I mentally shrugged and decided it was time for bed. The sea air sent me quickly into a deep sleep. If I dreamed, I have no recall of it.

I woke to a room bright with the morning sun. Though an open window I heard Karin's excited voice speaking from their balcony; "Mummy, it's a lovely day. The sun's shining. We can go swimming, can't we?" I didn't hear Angie's reply, but remembered I had received an invitation from Karin to join them in their swim.

I had intended to spend the day following one of the tracks into the rain forest that seemed to head for the low hills at some distance from the hotel. I tossed up in my mind whether to keep to my plan, or accept Karin's invitation.

I had just about made up my mind to head for the hills, when I heard Karin's voice again; "Will Mr.Holbrook be coming with us? Can I go and ask him?" I heard Angie's voice in reply, but her words were indistinguishable. Karin did not come knocking at my door.

I retraced my mental steps and decided that as Karin seemed to value my presence, I would join her on the beach. I breakfasted in the dining room and then went back to my room to put on my bathing trunks.

I had half expected to see Karin and her mother in the dining room, but they did not appear. I went out onto the balcony to try to see if they had already gone to the beach, and

spotted two figures that resembled them just entering the water. I put on a beach coat and made for the sea.

My assumption that the two figures were Karin and Angie proved correct. They were both splashing about in the water as I arrived.

Karin spotted me and raced out of the water to greet me. Untrammelled by the inhibitions that hold most adults in their grasp, she took my hand saying, "Come on, Mr.Holbrook, mummy's swimming," and dropping my beach coat beside their things, I was impelled towards the water.

Angie stayed at a distance from me, so for about half an hour I played with Karin, having to respond repeatedly to her pleas, "On your shoulders again." This meant I had to heave her up to stand on my shoulders, from where she would leap in a sort of limb waving dive.

By the end of the half-hour, Karin was beginning to shiver a bit. Angie was some distance off so on my own initiative I carried Karin back to the beach to the place where they had left their things.

I dropped down and began to dry myself in the sun. Karin dried herself with a towel, and we waited for Angie to emerge.

Angie remained in the water so long I began to get anxious, and was on the point of going to see if all was well, when she emerged.

I felt my stomach lurch as I looked at her. She was superb. Clad only in a bikini, her figure was beyond anything I could ever recall seeing – even in artificially posed and computer manipulated magazine photographs. One word escaped under my breath; "lovely."

At this point, I should write that I felt my manhood rise, or words to that effect. If I did, it would be a lie. My sexual appetite was overcome by another sensation. What can I call it? Compassion?

I considered myself a hardened agnostic, but in that moment found myself silently crying out to the God whose existence I questioned.

"Why? Why make something so exquisite, only to mar it?" My doubted God gave me no answer.

Angie approached us in a way designed to keep her scarred profile away from me. I saw her pulling her wet hair over the left side of her face to cover it as best she could. Sitting, she made sure I could see only her unmarked profile. My heart went out to her.

Karin was now demanding my attention. "Play ball with me, please."

"Darling, Mr.Holbrook may want to rest."

This was too much for my male ego. I decided I must demonstrate my male virility, so leaping up I said, "No, that's fine. Come on Karin."

The little creature nearly wore me out chasing after the beach ball all morning and rushing back into the sea for "Just one more swim, Mr.Holbrook."

Lunchtime came as a relief. I could have a rest. I said, "It's time to eat," and Angie replied, "Karin and I will be along soon."

Karin asked, "Will you come back to the beach after lunch?"

It was too late to take my walk towards the hills, but I had decided to take a walk along the beach to the other arm enclosing the bay and its headland, and I said so.

"Can I come, Mr.Holbrook. Please let me come with you...please."

"Perhaps Mr.Holbrook want's to be on his own, Darling."

"No, that's all right, but it's a long way."

"Suppose we walk part of the way with Mr.Holbrook, Karin?"

"Yes, yes please."

We fixed a time to start the walk and I returned to the hotel.

We met after lunch and began our walk. Angie had obviously gone to considerable trouble to dress her hair so as to cover the scars as much as possible. We walked for nearly an hour, and with still some distance to go, Angie said, "I think this is far enough for us, Karin."

Karin protested volubly: "Just a bit farther, mummy, please."

"I can't, darling."

"Can't I just go with Mr.Holbrook, mummy?"

Angie looked wary. The thought, "Is he a child molester?" seemed to exude from her.

I decided to take the bit between my teeth.

"Angie, you can see all the way along the beach. I'll take her with me, and we can turn back if she tires. We won't be out of your sight."

"I'm sorry," she said, "I'm sure that you wouldn't...you read such things and...if anything happened to her..."

"It's all right. I understand. I'll do whatever you want."

"Yes, she can go with you."

Karin took my hand and we set off again. I made sure that we were always where Angie could see us.

We did not reach the headland. For all her enthusiasm, Karin began to wilt. I turned back, and before long, I was carrying the little thing in my arms. I had never carried a child before, and was surprised how, for all her energy, she felt so frail and light.

Arriving back where Angie was waiting, we commenced the hike back to the hotel. By the time we reached it, Karin was asleep in my arms.

Carrying the child had a curious effect on me. Call it sloppy sentimentality if you wish, but I felt protective.

We went up to the room they occupied and I lay Karin on her bed.

Their arrangement was different to mine. Whereas mine was a single room with a double bed, they had two rooms, one a sort of dining and sitting room, the other a bedroom with a double and single bed. The single bed was Karin's.

Angie thanked me for the afternoon and my care of Karin, and invited me to join them at the little restaurant Karin had waxed enthusiastic about the previous day. I declined the invitation.

I think it was the protective feeling I had felt for Karin that warned me. "You're starting to get involved, my boy," I told myself. I didn't like it.

Here was I, with just one week in this place, no woman to fuck, and doing nothing about it except play nursemaid to a child and feel sorry for the mother. "Not good enough," I told myself. "Get out and see if you can find some local wench who for a few drinks would occupy your bed for an hour or two."

I showered and dressed in a manner I thought appropriate to the seeker after a temporary female mate. After eating in the dining room, I went to the one and only pub in the nearby little town.

Local fishermen propped up the bar. Half a dozen aged tourists sat drinking beer and brandy and dry. The nearest thing to a potential sexual object was the barmaid, who, I conjectured, had long ago ceased to be a maiden, was about forty-five years of age, and, as I learned, was the wife of the hotel owner. I was grateful for this discovery because when the husband appeared he seemed to be about seven feet tall and built like a heavy weight boxer, at least, that's how he looked to me.

I hung about in the pub for an hour, downing several pints of beer, hoping some local talent might turn up. It didn't. Despairing of gaining a sexual partner for the evening, I made my way somewhat erratically, back to the hotel.

Not being especially alert, I failed to see Angie and Karin as they approached the hotel from the opposite direction. They were upon me and Karin was chattering before I had time to take evasive action.

"Will you come swimming again tomorrow, Mr.Holbrook. Mummy says she'd like you to because you're a very nice man..."

"Karin!" Angie broke in.

"Can't come swimming tomorrow, kid. Got other things to do. Night..."

I fumbled my way to my room, flopped on the bed and went into an alcoholic sleep.

Like many alcoholic sleeps it did not last the night through. I woke about 2 a.m. with a headache and a mouth feeling as if it was lined with sandpaper. I got off the bed and got a

drink of water, went to the toilet, and in an attempt to make myself feel human, had a shower.

Feeling slightly improved I got into the bed and attempted to go to sleep. Sleep would not come, but the memory of my words to Karin did. The very thought made me try to hide under the covers, but the memory pursued me there.

"You rotten bastard," I told myself, "You couldn't even tell her nicely that you wouldn't go swimming. You spoke to her like a lout. That's what you are, a stinking, drunken lout. You're not fit to mix with children."

Having castigated myself sufficiently, I found a more rational frame of mind intruding. If Angie had detected my inebriated condition, she would probably have nothing more to do with me, and she certainly wouldn't want Karin to be around me. So, that was that. I would probably get my wish and they'd avoid me.

I have heard it said that we should "be careful what we wish for, we might get it." If I had wished for Angie and Karin to avoid me, now the thought that I might get my wish, seemed to depress me.

Why?

If you like put it down to those dark hours of the morning, when the terrors of the night come upon us and all seems gloom. Never the less, there was substance in the melancholy that beset me.

Visions of my happy playing with Karin and walking holding her little hand floated before me. Then came a picture of Angie emerging from the sea. I had use the word "lovely" at the time. Now that adjective seemed inadequate – but what to put in its place? I gave up and drifted off to sleep.

In the morning, I woke late. Looking out of the window, I saw, on the beach, Angie and Karin playing with the ball. As I watched Karin dropped the ball, and together they ran into the sea. I felt a stab of regret for what I was missing.

I hastened down to the dining room for a late breakfast, and asked if some sandwiches could be provided for my walk to the hills. The sandwiches produced, I set off on my walk.

I was used to walking alone and certainly, the rain forest was captivating enough, but I felt a sort of emptiness inside. The further I got from the hotel the more I felt I wanted to turn and go back. I wondered what the hell was going on with me. Tough old me, who didn't need anyone, except perhaps

some girl to fuck occasionally. Now I was getting soft over a kid and her disfigured mother.

After about an hour walking I could not resist the urge to go back any longer. I began my return walk, and as I neared the hotel, I was almost running. I went straight to the beach, and they were gone.

I hunted around in the hotel and its environs. I inquired of the staff as to their whereabouts. No one knew. I felt ridiculous, but still went on looking.

Lunchtime and the waiter who had attended to my sandwich request looked at me curiously as I sat down to eat.

"Did we have a pleasant walk, sir?"

"Er...yes...well, I changed my mind."

"Would you, sir, happen to be seeking Mrs. and Miss Robbart?"

"Well, yes. I was wondering where they've got to."

"As it happens, sir, I did observe them leaving in Mrs.Robbart's car. I would surmise that they have gone to the town up the coast. There is a large shopping complex there."

"Thank you," I said a trifle absently.

"Damn and blast. Sod it," I said silently with more feeling. "I chucked in a decent walk and they've cleared off."

I managed to eat some lunch, and then wandered out to the front of the hotel. I tossed up whether to go for a swim or another walk along the beach. I did neither, but sat on a low wall at the front of the hotel and waited.

I waited for an hour and a half, constantly telling myself what a fool I was. Then a very expensive car pulled into the parking area, and out got Angie and Karin.

I had intended to act casually, but failed completely in that resolution. I rose and begin to move to them, when Karin saw me and ran towards me.

"Mr.Holbrook, Mr.Holbrook, look what I've got for you."

I was handed a small oblong parcel.

Angie had come up to us and said, "She did so want to give you something for being so kind to her yesterday."

What she gave me must have cost what I would have called "a fortune." When I opened a velvet-lined case, nestling inside was a heart shaped pendent on a chain; it was made of solid gold.

"Do you like it, Mr.Holbrook? Do you?"

"Karin, you mustn't ask people that when you give them a gift," said Angie.

"Karin, it's beautiful, very beautiful."

"Open the heart, Mr.Holbrook, please."

Karin was leaping up and down with excitement as I did as she asked. I nearly choked with emotion when I saw what was inside.

"I have a pendent very like that one, with her photograph in it," said Angie, "So when she saw this one in the jeweler's

shop, nothing would do but we must get it for you. She had her photograph taken so she could put it in the heart."

I looked down at the photograph of a smiling Karin, and emotion nearly unmanned me. If I could have decently left them, I would have gone somewhere to cry.

"Do you like it, Mr.Holbrook?"

"Karin, what did I tell you?"

I swept the gyrating little bundle into my arms. "Darling, it's the loveliest present I've ever had. Thank you...thank you very much."

"Don't I get a kiss. I always give mummy a kiss when she gives me a present."

"Karin!" exploded Angie, but giving up simply raised her eyes heavenwards in a hopeless gesture.

I gave Karin her kiss without any difficulty.

Angie said, "Come along, Karin, we have to get ready to go to dinner."

Karin ran up the steps to the hotel entrance, but I stopped Angie for a moment.

"Angie, its wonderful present, but such an expensive one, for what, one day playing and walking with a little girl on a beach?"

For the first time, Angie deliberately turned her full face to me. "Peter, one day's playing and walking with a little girl and associating with her disfigured mother, might have meant more than you realise."

I went to protest, but she stopped me.

"Don't say it Peter. You don't believe it and neither do I. Just know that with that little golden heart, go our hearts."

She turned to flee up the step, but I touched her arm and said, "Please, may I have dinner with you both tonight?"

Once more she turned full faced towards me. "Of course, but please, let it be because you want to be with us, and not out of misguided pity."

"I shall look forward to spending the evening with you both."

Her eyes seemed to look into my soul for a moment, then she said, "Will you call for us at six o'clock?"

"Yes."

She turned and walked into the hotel.

I stood holding my gift, looking after her. "What the hell was going on? Were they trying to buy me? Why was I spending my precious week getting around with those two? Did Angie want a temporary daddy for Karin? Damn and blast; let her real daddy come and play with her."

I was bewildered. At every turn, I found myself caught in contradictions. One minute I wanted to hold little Karin in my arms, the next I wanted her far from me. And Angie? Well, what are women for? They're for bed, and not all that love garbage. Screw them and send them on their way had always been my motto. I don't want to be daddy to some other guy's kid, and I don't want any love stuff with someone else's secondhand damaged goods.

With these negative, anti-Angie and Karin thoughts, I stomped determinedly to my room. I'll get rid of these two.

At six sharp, I was knocking at their door.

Karin opened the door and said, "Mummy won't be a minute. Let's go down to the lobby and wait there. We can look at the people.

She took my hand, but I said, "It would be polite to wait for mummy."

"All right, come in then."

I entered with Karin still holding my hand. I was invited to sit on the sofa, and still not relinquishing my hand, she sat with me. We must have looked funny, a tiny little girl seated beside a six feet three man, holding hands.

Angie came in from their bedroom saying, "Sorry Peter, had a bit of a struggle zipping myself up. Would you mind pulling it up the last few centimetres, I don't seem to be able to manage it?"

I suppose this is where the "accident" happens. In fighting with the zip it somehow comes down instead of up. The dress falls to the floor exposing the naked body with full-breasts in resplendent view.

I have to tell you that the zip went up without any trouble, and nothing was exposed.

"I hope you don't mind, Peter, I've booked a table at the restaurant we've been going to?"

As I had failed to make any booking myself, and had been so busy wrestling around with my feelings I'd forgotten about that aspect anyway, I gratefully agreed to the arrangement. We set off with Karin between us, now holding both our hands. Angie, I noticed, had not arranged her hair to try and hide her disfigurement."

Arriving at the restaurant, I noted, with a tremor, that it looked very expensive. The menu did nothing to comfort me with its prices that went through the roof. I tried to do some quick mental arithmetic on what was left of my prize money. The rest of the week was going to be very tight financially.

At this point Angie said, "This is my treat, Peter."

The male ego thrust itself to the fore. "But I insist..."

"Yes, I thought you might, but just let me do this. I'll explain later."

Looking around while we waited for our meal to arrive - it being an expensive place we were kept waiting for some time - I understood why Angie frequented it rather than the hotel dining room. The lights were very dim, thus making her face less visible.

The ego quieted, I thoroughly enjoyed the evening, and on the way back to the hotel Angie asked, "Would you like to come in for a drink?"

I admit this invitation aroused a worm of suspicion in me. Throughout the evening, it almost seemed we were playing "Happy Families." The trouble was, I liked it. By coming "in for a drink," was there about to be an extension of "family life"?

Once inside their room Angie said, "I'd better get Karin to bed, it's well past her bed time. The drinks are over there. Help yourself, and I'll have a small brandy and dry"

Karin, who was nearly asleep anyway, kissed me good night with a weary, "Goodnight, Mr.Holbrook," and went off with her mother.

Angie was gone for nearly ten minutes, which seemed an excessive amount of time to put a child to bed. On her return she apologised, explaining that she always had a little talk with Karin about the day, read her part of a story, and said a prayer with her.

"Still playing 'Happy Families'," was my unworthy thought, plus a sneer from my agnostic self about the prayer.

Angie took a sip of her drink, looking at me as if weighing up what she ought to say.

"Peter, there's something I want to say to you."

"Yes?" (Very wary).

"I think you must be finding our behaviour a trifle odd."

"Well, I..."

"No, it's all right. I understand that it does seem a bit...shall we say...bizarre, eccentric even. I could tell by the look on your face, that when Karin gave you her present, you were puzzled. As you said, it seemed a very expensive gift for a

little girl to give someone she'd known for hardly more than a day."

"I promise you that it really was her idea. You see, she has little idea of money and, to be frank with you, I can afford it."

I interrupted, "But the photograph would have been enough..."

"I know, but she so much wanted to give you the heart. I must say, you handled it rather well, given what a surprise it must have been."

"And the dinner tonight. Thank you for not going on with your male ego thing. I didn't want to say anything in front of Karin, but if you'd gone on, I might have had to. From the odd conversations we've had, I picked up that you are a student struggling on with not much money. I heard how you are in this hotel because of the prize you won. Unfortunately, someone on the hotel staff told one of the people stopping here, so in no time the word has got around."

"You must forgive me for what I'm now going to say, but I know you could not have easily afforded that restaurant, so I was certainly not going to let you pay the bill."

"The other thing is, I wanted to add my thanks to those of Karin for your kindness and care for my little girl. I don't want to say any more, but as I said this afternoon, you probably don't know the true value of what you have done."

She ceased speaking, and I struggled for a response that would be adequate without pressing any of the questions that seethed in my head. I felt a sense of shame for my earlier thoughts, but at the same time wondered what was really going on – inside me, as well as with these two charming, yet slightly alarming, people.

A trifle lamely I said, "Karin is a lovely child. It hasn't been hard to play and walk with her."

I thought, "No, not hard to play and walk! The hard bit is afterwards when I've got feelings of...feelings I don't want to have like...like...like love, damn it."

"I'm off for a walk to the hills, tomorrow, why don't you and Karin come part of the way with me?" (Sod it, what have I said! Why do I always put my foot in it? Why can't I keep my mouth shut?)

"That is kind of you, Peter. Are you sure you want us...I mean...wouldn't you prefer to be on your own? We have intruded on your time quite a lot."

"I'd love to have you with me." – ("Shut up, you fool, you'll end up offering to adopt the kid if you go on like this.").

"Lovely, Peter. I'll order some sandwiches, shall I?"

"Would you? That'll be fine." – ("Why don't you just let her take over your life completely, idiot.")

Angie yawned. "Time for bed I think. I'll see you in the morning."

"Yes. We'll leave about nine thirty, if that's all right?"

"Certainly. Goodnight."

I went to my room not quite certain about whom I was anymore.

"She didn't invite me to complete the family evening with a bed time love story! Good God, with a face like...but...her figure as she came out of the sea...What the blazes are you

thinking...as if...she's not that sort of...Why the hell can't Mr.Robbart arrive like the SAS and rescue me from all this nonsense? Damnation, I'm getting stiff."

I found it necessary to attend to my sexual needs by hand that night.

Next morning it was Karin hammering at my door.

"Mr.Holbrook, thank you for letting us come with you. Can we go now?"

The excitement of a child over what we adults take so matter of factly.

Somehow, her enthusiasm implanted itself into me. As we walked along there was a constant barrage of questions and comments from her.

"Mr.Holbrook, why is that tree silver instead of brown or green?" "Do any animals live in the trees?" "What do they eat?" "Will I be able to see one?" "I thought I saw a little brown animal," and so it went.

About midday, we stopped to eat, and it was decided that this was the point where they would turn back, leaving me to go on to the top of a hill I had set as my objective.

Karin protested; "Can't I go with Mr.Holbrook mummy, like the other day?"

"No darling, not this time."

"But mummy..."

I chimed in; "Not this time, sweetheart, it's very rough and I might not be able to carry you. You go back with mummy."

"Yes, Mr.Holbrook."

"Good God, I thought, I'm behaving just like a father."

I continued my walk, but I seemed to lose interest in the passing scene. The excitement of a child, seeing it all with fresh eyes – lovely grey-green eyes like her mother's, except... ("What the hell are you thinking, Holbrook?").

It took me a little over an hour to reach the top of the hill. I took in the view for ten minutes, and then started on my way back.

I passed the place where I had parted from Angie and Karin, and after another quarter of an hour, I heard voices that I soon identified as those of my two "girl friends." They were sitting at the side of the track.

At first I was alarmed, thinking one of them might have had a mishap and been hurt. Angie put me straight.

"Karin insisted we wait for you. She says it's not so much fun without you. I'm not sure what that says about me." She gave a contralto chuckle.

"Why is everything so becoming about this woman, except...?"

I joined with her laugh and said, "Well, Karin, do you think you can get all the way back without being carried?"

"Of course, Mr.Holbrook."

She couldn't, and I carried her the last half-hour. "Such a little thing. So delicate..." ("Stop it, Holbrook").

It was no use I was lost. For what was left of my holiday, my time was spent with the two of them. They would invite me, or I would invite them. We swam, walked, played and dined together. I might argue with myself, but no matter what negative conclusion I might arrive at, the mere sight of them now melted my resolution.

My time at the hotel came to an end, and I was to leave them. So many questions I had about this curious pair were unasked and unanswered.

Who, what and where was Mr. Robbart?

How had Angie sustained her injury?

What was the apparent wealth that they seemed to have?

Above all, how had we become entangled with each other?
And why?

All the time the real relationship seemed to be between Karin and I. Angie stood on the sidelines, listening and watching. She was friendly and charming, but somehow, remote.

It was partly with relief, and partly with regret that I parted from them. Karin made it difficult.

She cried and clung to me asking, "Will you come and see me and play with me again? If you come to see me on my birthday, I'd like a spaniel puppy, please."

The now familiar voice of gentle admonition from Angie sang out. "Karin!"

"We'll see, darling. Goodbye."

I drove away. No addresses or telephone numbers had been exchanged. A line had been drawn under our association. I suppose it was a bit like those "Ship board romances" one hears about, that took place when the great liners plied between the continents. Hot and passionate for the voyage, but once disembarked, as if none of it had ever happened.

Except...except that hot and passionate hardly described what had happened, and it had not been "Ship Board." "No doubt they'll head for home and Mr. Robbart," I thought."

I was in the process of working for my doctorate, with a long way to go with my thesis. In the weeks following my hotel "holiday" I tried to get down to work, but those two damned females kept popping up in my mind. It fouled up concentration.

I could, I suppose, have looked them up in the telephone directory, but I thought of Mr. Robbart. He might, like the pub owner, prove to be seven feet tall, and of uncertain disposition where his wife was concerned. I sought no trouble with a jealous husband, even though nothing remotely resembling sex had occurred with Angie and I.

I tried to forget, and failed, then arriving one morning in the Physics Department, a colleague called out, "Holbrook, there's a telephone message for you. Someone called 'Angie Robbart'. Sounded pretty sexy. Wants you to ring her. The number's on the pad by the phone."

I pressed in the number, and quickly Angie's voice came over.

"Peter, I took a chance and rang the university, I wouldn't have bothered you, but I've got a bit of a problem. I know it's a big ask, but could you possibly come and see me?"

"Of course. What's the problem?"

Why was my heart beating like a pile driver?

"I'd rather not talk about it over the phone if you don't mind. What about coming over for dinner tonight?"

I had actually set up a date for the evening with some girl that I suspected I could bed fairly easily, so why did I say, "Of course I'll come"? ("Jesus, I must be out of my mind).

"I would appreciate it, Peter. You really are a dear. Seven o'clock, then?"

"Right."

She gave me an address that I recognised as being in one of the most affluent suburbs of our city. "Heavens, her old man must be well heeled."

"You really are a dear"? Couldn't recall anyone ever saying that to me before! We rang off.

By 6.55 p.m. I was ringing the bell of a very elegant though not overly large, house. My old Toyota, as it stood parked at

the kerb, was very out of its league in this Mercedes Benz and Jaguar suburb.

There was a patter of feet, a struggle with the door handle, and then Karin was standing there, apparently dressed for bed.

Her arms went out to me. I picked her up and received a damp kiss.

"I told mummy you'd come to see me."

She snuggled into my neck. I did not want to admit it to myself at the time, but I can now. I liked it.

I was directed down a short passage and through a door into a room that proved to be a combination of kitchen, dining room and lounge. One seemed to flow into the other.

Angie was doing something at the cooking stove, and whatever it was, it exuded a delicious aroma.

She turned, and wiping her hands on her apron, she came towards me to shake hands.

"I'm so grateful you've come, Peter. I hope I haven't upset your evening."

I said, "Of course not." I thought, "Not nearly as much as it upset that girl when I cancelled our date."

We went into the "How are you," "How have you been," routine, with Karin, still in my arms, chattering on about her life and deed. "I go to school now." "It's my birthday in two weeks. I shall be six." "Would you like to see the picture I did today at school?"

"Would you mind, Peter, she did it specially for you."

I was shown the picture, which, I was informed, was of me and Karin swimming at the beach.

I praised the masterpiece appropriately and was given it to "Put on your fridge door."

The loving welcome by Karin did not quell the slight feeling of apprehension I was experiencing. I wondered what was coming.

Angie had prepared a delicious meal, but I was unable to do it full justice. When was "It" going to begin, and where was Mr. Robbart?

The meal over, Karin was told to say good night, which she did with another damp kiss. She repeated the words she had greeted me with; "I told mummy you'd come to see me."

Karin put to bed, and the clearing up carried out as a joint effort by Angie and I, we settled into armchairs.

"Here it comes," I thought, and I was right.

"Peter, you must be wondering why I've asked you to visit us?"

"Yes, a bit."

"It's more for Karin than for me."

"Ah!"

"I don't have to tell you how fond she is of you."

"No."

"Ever since we got home she's been asking, 'When will Mr.Holbrook be coming to see me.' Now I understand that I have no right to impose on you, and make a friendly holiday acquaintanceship into a lifelong friendship, but I felt I had to ask you..."

"Ask me what, Angie," I queried, anxious for her to get to the point.

"Well, I think you are very fond of Karin, so I wondered...look, if it's too much to ask, just say, but if you'd...if you could see your way clear to..."

"To what, Angie?" I asked, thinking she'd never come to the crux of the matter.

"Look, Peter, if you could just drop in occasionally, just to say hello to her. I mean, it wouldn't have to be very often..."

I felt as if a trap was closing in on me. Was she asking me to be an ersatz daddy? To fill some void in her family life? I decided to take the plunge and ask what I saw as some vital questions.

"Angie, I know nothing about you. I think you know what you are asking me to do, and whether I say yes or no

depends on me getting some straight answers to some questions."

"Yes, I thought it might come to that. What do you want to know?"

"Where is Mr.Robbart?"

"As far as a Mr.Robbart as my husband is concerned, he doesn't exist. Robbart is my single name. I use Mrs. I suppose, to give the impression that I have been married, and my husband is dead, or left me, or something like that."

"All right, Angie. Let me put it another way. Where is Karin's father?"

"At the moment I don't know exactly where. A lot of the time he's in the political capital. You see, he's a politician. He could be anywhere, drumming up support for the party – or himself."

"What happened, Angie, why isn't he around, why doesn't he spend time with you and Karin? Even a politician must get some time free for family matters."

She touched the scarred side of her face.

"Peter, doesn't that tell you why he's not around?"

"You mean he stays away because your...your..."

"I'm ugly and disfigured? Go on, say it Peter, it's the truth."

"No, I won't say it, because it isn't as simple as that."

"All right, Peter, if you must have the story, here it is. My ex-husband is, (she named a well-known up and coming young politician). To put it in the simplest terms, he married me for my looks. Oh yes, I was very beautiful once."

"He wanted a wife he could show off, someone that he thought might add to his status. I was to be a gracious and decorative hostess for his dinner parties, someone who would stand just a little behind him on the hustings. I think you get the picture."

"I had different motives for marrying. Oh, I intended to support him in his ambition, but I actually married for love."

"Look, he's not a bad man. One day, if he fulfils his ambition and heads the government, I'm sure he will do great things for this country. But everything in his life must be bent to that end, his ambition. Do you know, he even wanted me to have Karin because he thought that having a child would enhance his image in some quarters, especially if the child was attractive. I don't think he can help it, it's just the way his mind works."

"So what went wrong?"

"Peter, you're not that dull-witted. It's obvious isn't it? The moment I became disfigured, I was devalued in his eyes. Oh, while the media was interested in my accident he made the most of it. A loving husband caring for his badly burned wife and all that sort of garbage. But the moment there was nothing further to be gained down that track, I was finished."

"He didn't exactly leave me. He just spent as much time away from me as possible. At his dinner parties and on public occasions, it was one of his more attractive female Personal Assistants who took over my role. Whether he had sex with them or not, I don't know, but he certainly wasn't having it with me."

"Peter, do you know what hurt the most, not that he ever said it directly, but it was constantly implied; a child was a bit of

a nuisance to have around after all, and not all that much help as a vote catcher."

Angie had spoken in a level tone up to this point, but suddenly she choked and tears welled up in her eyes.

"Do you know, Peter, he actually didn't want Karin any more. Can you imagine that? A lovely little girl...the sweetest child...and he didn't want her; she hadn't proved to be a political asset."

I felt my own tears lurking behind my eyes, and said, "It's his loss."

She went on, "Our de facto separation drifted on into real separation, then divorce. He made it quite clear that he was happy for me to have Karin. Oh, he was willing to be generous where money was concerned, but I did not and do not need his money. I have my own. You see, I didn't marry him for money, power or influence, I married him for love."

"Say I made a bad blunder if you like, but he was dynamic, he had looks and charm, and I fell for him. It took my accident to show me what he had inside him."

She had mentioned her accident, so I took the risk of pursuing that.

"How did you injure your face?"

She touched the scar again. "In a fire. We had a cottage in the bush we used to escape to sometimes. One weekend, when we were there, a bush fire swept through and the cottage caught fire. We got out all right, but stupidly I thought I could dash back in to rescue some family photographs, especially as most of them were of Karin as a baby. The fire had caught the roof, and a beam crashed down and hit me and momentarily rested on my face. A fireman pulled me out, but, I was badly burnt on the face, as you can see."

We both sat in silence for some minutes. Then I spoke.

"Angie, what you are asking me to do, is to be a substitute father. I'm twenty-four, just coming up to twenty-five. I don't think I'm ready to take on such a role."

"Peter," Angie said, "I want to tell you something else. Karin saw you on your balcony the first day you arrived. When we went inside, she said, 'Did you see the pretty man, mummy. I think he must be very nice. Can I speak to him?' Nothing I have seen of you so far has done anything but confirm Karin's first opinion of you."

Looking back to my time in the hotel, I felt ashamed of the things I had thought about my relationship with these two. I recalled how when partly drunk I had spoken to Karin harshly. Spoken like that to a dear little girl who wanted to be a friend! In this moment, all my harsh words were for myself.

I sought a way through the net that seemed to be closing over me.

"Angie, if I were to do as you ask and drop in to see Karin, it would only extend the relationship, and that would make it harder for Karin if it had to stop some time in the future. Wouldn't it be better to end it now?

"Why would it end in the future, Peter?"

"Well, you might meet some man that you wanted to be with, and..."

"Oh, for God's sake Peter, look at me. What man wants to enter a relationship with a face like mine?"

She gave a harsh laugh. "Do you imagine I haven't seen how men turn away from me, revolted? Oh yes, when they see

only my good profile I can read their thoughts; 'I'd like to get her in bed,' then they see the other side and turn away in shock and horror. Do you know you are one of the few people who did not react to my ugliness? You and Karin are almost the only one's I can expose my face to without feeling humiliated."

She fell silent. I was caught between my sorrow for her and the desire to say, "Get out of my life." I said, "Very well, if you think it's so important for Karin, I'll visit her..."

"No, Peter. Not because I think it's important. Do you think it's important? Is it something you would really like to do? What I want is for there to be a man Karin can relate to. She likes you. In her childlike way, she loves you. I think she chose well."

She had offered me a way out, and faced with it, I could not accept it.

"Of course I'd like to visit Karin, and you as well."

"Thank you, Peter. There is one more favour I have to ask of you. Would you come to visit Karin on her birthday?"

"Certainly."

"The thing is, she wants a spaniel puppy. If I bought it, would you give it to her as if it was from you?"

At this, I became a bit angry. "If I'm going to give her a puppy, I shall do the buying."

"My dear Peter, have you ever bought a pedigree dog?"

"No."

"The price is around (she named a figure that made me blench) and I know that you can't possibly afford that. And while we are on the subject, I have money and you don't. Don't let's make a problem of it."

So began my visits to Karin. At least once a week I would call in to see her, often staying to dinner. We took trips out, sometimes just Karin and I, at other times with Angie as well. It was all fairly low key with me trying to do the father-daughter thing, like telling Karin how pretty she looked – things like that.

I received a name change in the process of the growing relationship with Karin; I became "Holly."

Angie maintained a slightly remote stance toward me. Not unfriendly, but not inviting intimacy or personal questions, such as those I asked on the night that she requested me to visit Karin. It was clear that the love of her life was Karin, and she would do anything to enhance the child's welfare.

Most of the conversation with Angie centred on Karin; her health, how she was getting on at school, where the two of them had been between my visits. I continued to play the "paternal role" as best I could.

Hardly noticing it, my "playing" the role changed gradually to accepting it seriously. It was almost impossible for it to be otherwise with such a dear little child who without artifice frequently proclaimed her love for me. I got to like it very much.

"Familiarity breeds contempt," so the old adage goes. Perhaps it does in many situations, but it also has a positive aspect, it can breed acceptance. Being more and more in each other's presence, Angie gave up any attempt to hide her disfigurement. I, on the other hand, ceased to notice it. I had to make a conscious effort to actually see the scars, and even then, they no longer troubled me.

I told myself that I could now see Angie as a woman with whom I had an association through her child. This was true, but it became more than this.

It was partly the beautiful love and devotion the mother had for the child that began to open to me inner levels of Angie. Intelligence, tenderness, loyalty and strength of character that caused her to hold to a decision or cause with great tenacity, these qualities came through to me increasingly.

The relationship began to impinge on my life in ways that went beyond simply being with them. One night, while in the midst of fucking one of the "campus girls," I found myself repelled by what I was doing. I actually had to excuse myself: "Sorry, I'm not feeling too well, sweetheart," and as soon as possible I sent her on her way.

The truth was, I had been hit with the thought, "What would Angie and Karin think of me?" Damn it, they had become moderators of my behaviour.

I was beginning to think like a father. Would I, for example, want Karin to grow up like the campus girl, screwing with every male or female for that matter, in sight? No I wouldn't. But how could I recommend a pattern of behaviour to Karin that I did not adhere to myself?

In the end, I had to face the fact that I loved these two strange people. They were embedded in my life, and I couldn't picture my future without them.

Christmas approached, and I was invited to spend two days with Angie and Karin. I was to arrive on Christmas Eve, and stay until the day after Christmas Day.

"I've got some people visiting on Christmas Day," Angie said, "My mother and one of my sisters, plus a few friends. You won't mind, will you?"

This would be the first time I had met anyone connected with Angie. She had never spoken of friends or relatives, in fact, I might almost have assumed she lived in a vacuum in this respect. I felt a trifle nervous. Would they think it odd that I had such a close affinity with Karin in particular? Would I be taken to be Angie's boyfriend, lover or paramour? Given Angie's wealth and the slight disparity in our ages (she is five years older than me), would they think I was some "Toy Boy" on the make?

I need not have worried. On my arrival Christmas Eve an excited Karin leaping into my arms, an action that her spaniel tried to emulate, but failed, welcomed me.

"Holly, Holly, isn't Christmas lovely. I do like Christmas, don't you? Come and meet my Nanna."

I was introduced to Mrs. Robbart senior who shook my hand and said, "So you are the wonderful Holly my granddaughter goes so wild about! Thank you, Peter...I can call you Peter? You can call me Heather."

I affirmed that she could call me Peter, and wondered what she was thanking me for.

I was introduced to Angie's sister, Monica, some five or six years younger than Angie, attractive and very serious. She pursued me constantly to engage me in talk about science.

There was just the five of us for the evening, and after I had been shown to my room, we had a pleasant evening chatting round a log fire. Karin was put to bed with little hope she would sleep she was so excited. Around 10 p.m. Monica drifted off the bed, followed by Angie. I was alone with Heather.

"I hoped we might get a little time alone, Peter," she began. "I have something I want to say to you."

"Here it comes," I thought, "The lecture on predatory males."

"I've been swamped with superlatives about you by my granddaughter, and Angie has talked about you from time to time. I think what you have done is rather extraordinary. You have brought a new dimension into their lives...don't worry Peter, I've been warned that you are a friend and nothing more." She laughed gently.

"When Angie's face was burnt so horribly, and then her marriage gradually fell apart, I thought for a while she was going to kill herself. But she's strong, and she had Karin to care for, and that pulled her through. For all that, she was living her life in shadows, afraid to let anyone see her face except those close to her, like me. It was as if she lived her life in solitary confinement."

"I think you can understand that when she was single, and before her accident, she was very lovely and men pursued her all the time. After her accident when she saw men turn away from her...even her husband, it was a terrible blow. I used to think it would have been better if she had been plain to start with, and not had the adulation of men in the first place. She might not have felt it so much."

"Her self-isolation tended to isolate Karin as well, but the little one is too energetic, too much a social creature to be shut in like that. She started, in her trusting way, to latch on

to all sorts of people, including men...especially men. I suppose she wanted a father."

"No need to panic, Peter, I'm not casting you as daddy, but you have provided her with a good male contact. You were the first and only man Angie was willing to trust with the little one. You are also the first man Angie has trusted herself with as well. Finding the courage to let you see her as she really is, she has gradually allowed herself to be seen by others. Thank you Peter. Thank you from the bottom of my heart."

I did not know what to say. All the battles I had had within myself over Angie and Karin, all the failed attempts to be rid of them, and finally accepting a place in their lives, had received their undeserved reward. I was both shamed and exulted. I wanted to cry.

Heather could see my emotional condition and said, "Time for bed, I think."

I stood and she came to me, and putting her arms round me, kissed me, and said, "Thank you for giving my dear ones life again."

I saved my tears for when I was in bed.

Before sleeping there came back to me the question I had asked God, nature or the universe at the very beginning:

"Why? Why make something so exquisite, only to mar it?"

Now an answer beat in my head. As an agnostic, I could hardly ascribe it to God, but it hammered repeatedly, demanding to be heard.

"She was marred for you. She was disfigured so you might come to love her for more than her physical beauty."

I slept in peace.

In the morning, after breakfast, there was the exchange of gifts. I had expected that my offerings would appear meager besides there's, and I was therefore surprised at how modest their gifts were. The thought came to me, "Perhaps when love is real, you don't have to prove anything by lavish gifts."

By mid morning Angie's other guests began to arrive, and at midday, we sat down to our Christmas meal. Children had come with the friends, and Karin undertook to introduce me as her "Holly." This gave rise to attempts at singing "The

Holly and the Ivy," not altogether successfully, as none of the children could recall all the words.

Late afternoon the gathering began to break up, people going home, or to other parties. Heather and the scientific Monica also departed. Heather gave me a hug and kiss, and said, "I hope we shall meet again soon."

I was left with my "Two Girls."

For a while we sat by the fire recovering from the day, then it was time for Karin to go to bed. An invitation was extended for me to accompany them to Karin's bedroom; an honour never previously bestowed.

I think I was more deeply touched with what ensued, than any other of the scenes I had witnessed between mother and child.

First, there was a short reading from "Wind in the Willows," then gently hugging each other, they talked of the day, what they thought of it, how they had enjoyed it. My agnostic position was challenged when it came time for the prayer, but a lump came in my throat when Karin said, "And take care of Holly, because we love him."

Her arms extended to me, I kissed Karin goodnight saying, Goodnight and God bless you, my lovely." What was I doing talking about God?

Angie and I went back to sit by the fire.

For some minutes we remained silent, then very quietly I asked, "Angie, would you marry me?"

Another silence then, with a quietness echoing mine, "Peter, darling, you want Karin, not me, don't you?"

"I love you both."

"Look at me, Peter. You've grown used to my ugliness, but try to look at me as if for the first time. Do you want to wake up to that face in the morning? Oh, you may say yes now, but for how long could you tolerate living with a badly disfigured wife. Would you want your friends and colleagues to meet me? Would you invite them home to meet your repulsive woman?"

"Stop it, Angie. You are not repulsive and don't you dare say you are. I..."

"I know what I am, Peter."

I had been sitting in an armchair. I rose, went to her, kneeled down and kissed her.

"My love, that was very brave of you. The first man to even think of kissing me since..."

"Will you marry me?"

"No."

"Why not. Don't you love me?"

"Of course I love you, you silly man. I think I knew I loved you when we parted at the hotel. But it's not enough, my darling. I love you enough to refuse you, to not damage your life."

"You will not damage..."

"You think not?"

"I know not."

"Would you wait for my answer then. Do you love me enough to wait for a long time?"

"However much time it takes, as long as the answer is 'Yes'."

"I have to tell you something, Peter."

"What?"

"Karin and I will be going away for a long time. During that time, I want us to have no contact, none whatsoever. You must have time to reconsider your proposal."

"I don't want time to reconsider..."

She smiled. "Never the less, you are going to get it. And while we are away, you must not sit around moping in isolation. Go out, enjoy yourself, have fun with girls. When we come back, we can talk about marriage again, if you still want to. If not, I shall understand."

"How long will you be away for?"

"I can't say for certain – somewhere between twelve and eighteen months."

"Twelve and eighteen months...Where are you going, what are you going to do?"

"I can't tell you where and what. If you love me as you say you do, don't press me to tell you."

"But why no contact?"

"Because I don't want anything to influence us in the decision. There is just one thing. If you move...change your address and telephone number, send a note to a Post Office Box the number of which I shall give you. And please, don't contact my mother or my sister – or my friends. If you love me, do this for me."

A great yawning chasm seemed to open before me. All that time without Angie and my little girl – Mine? I knew Angie well enough to understand that she would not relinquish her plan to go away. I could either accept or not, but it would not change a thing either way. I nodded my miserable acceptance.

"Thank you my love. I shall contact you when we return, it won't seem as long as you think."

"No?"

She rose. "Time for sleep, I think. And now I'm going to be very hard. I dearly want to invite you to my bed, but I'm not going to, my love. I have a strong suspicion that if we once made love, my resolve would be weakened. Goodnight, darling."

She made no move to kiss me, so I put my arms round her and kissed her instead.

As we parted from the kiss, she looked at me steadily. "We love you very much, Karin and I."

She left the room.

That night I was beside myself, wanting her. I had to masturbate three times before I could finally drop off to sleep.

They were to leave the day after New Year's Day. I needed to pay some visits to old friends and relatives up country, so when we said goodbye in the morning, there were tears from Karin and pleadings that "You won't forget me, will you. You won't get another little girl?"

"No, my love, I shall not get another little girl."

Angie was sad but strong. "I shall telephone you when we return – the very first moment."

I left fighting back my own tears.

How in the world had I got myself into this mad situation? Right from the start, it had been odd. Now it seemed just plain crazy!

For all my love, I began to think vengeful thoughts. Angie had suggested I involve myself with girls, "So all right, I will."

It didn't work. I bedded a few women, but always ended up with feelings of self-disgust. I went to faculty parties, and did nothing but mope all evening. Finally, I resolved to bury myself in my doctoral thesis. At least this did produce some worthwhile results.

The weeks and months dragged by, and my longing for my Two Girls grew rather than diminished in intensity. The time frame had been fairly vague. The twelve months mark went past, and still no word. I began to grow desperate. I was

tempted to ring Heather or Monica, just to get news, any news, but I resisted.

In the middle of the sixteenth month, one evening, the telephone rang. I had dashed to the telephone too many times, and been disappointed. This time I was lethargic in picking the instrument up.

"Hello, Peter, we've come back."

It was she, and after all the things I had planned to say at this moment, I could not think of one of them.

"Angie," I croaked.

"Yes. Do you still want to marry me?"

"Yes."

"Dinner at our house tomorrow night?"

"Yes."

"Karin is bursting to see you."

"Good."

"See you tomorrow, darling. Goodnight."

She rang off.

I was utterly confused. I had thought I knew what I was going to say and what I was going to do, at this time. It had all flown out the window, propelled in part by the laconic nature of the call. A sleepless night lay ahead of me.

If Angie's telephone call had been somewhat terse, the same could not be said for Karin's greeting when I arrived at the house."

She hurled herself upon me, an event not quite so easy to absorb as in the past, because she had grown somewhat in the time they had been away.

"Holly, oh Holly, I've missed you so much. Did you miss me? Do you still love me? Will you come and see me every week like you did before? Look how I've grown. Do you think I still look pretty? I do love you Holly..."

As I struggled to give appropriate answers to her verbal barrage, I noticed that the house lights were dim. "Oh God," I thought, "She's gone back into hiding."

I was dragged to the lounge with the information; "Mummy's waiting for you." Mummy was indeed waiting for me in very dim light.

"Hello, Peter. Angie, would you leave mummy and Peter for a while? We have to have a serious talk."

I think it must have been prearranged, because Karin smiled and left.

I was not asked to sit. In the darkened room, I could just see Angie looking at me.

"Peter, you are sure you still want to marry me?"

"Yes," said somewhat awkwardly because I couldn't understand what was going on.

"You are quite sure...even with my face?"

"Even with your face."

"I have a wedding present for you, darling. Would you turn on the light?"

I went to the switch and clicked it on. Light flooded the room, leaving me blinking for a moment. Angie was turned so that her good profile was presented to me.

"This is my present," she said, and turned to present the other profile.

I stood staring, unable to speak for a moment, then: "Angie, what's happened to your face?"

The droop had gone from the eye and mouth. The terrible scar had diminished to be barely discernable.

"What's happened?" I repeated.

"It's called 'plastic surgery, darling, surely you've heard of that? That's where I've been – overseas to a plastic surgeon that is said to be the best. It cost a fortune, but it was for you. Well don't I get a kiss after all this time?"

She got a kiss, and in the midst of it a voice said from the door, "Don't you think mummy looks pretty? Mummy, is he going to marry us?"

"Yes, I think so, darling, but he's a bit lost for words at the moment. We'll wait until he recovers and we can ask him again to make sure."

I have no need to record what I replied when the question was asked, yet one thing puzzled me, and as I sat with Angie after Karin had gone to bed, I asked it.

"Angie, why didn't you have this work done before, and save your marriage? You did know it was possible, didn't you?"

"Yes, I knew, and I fully intended to get the work done when the time was right, but then I realised that it was only my looks that my husband wanted. It was the same with other men, until you came along. You were prepared to accept me, not for my looks, but for the 'me' inside, the real 'me'. You are the one it was worth doing this for."

I laughed.

"What? She asked.

"It's a bit like the story of the lovely princess who kissed the frog, and found she had a handsome prince on her hands, but in reverse. I kissed a lady with a scarred face, and she turned into a lovely princess."

There was a giggle from the doorway. Karin had sneaked out of her bedroom to listen at the door to our talk. I suppose one can hardly blame her, since her future was riding on the outcome of our talk.

Angie rose. "Karin, you get straight back to bed."

"Yes mummy. But Holly, while was away some girls told me what mummies and daddies do when they love each other. So, it's all right if you'd like to, isn't it, mummy?"

Precocious little devil!

Homecoming

* Arrival *

After several years of studying engineering at the university, I was going home. I had lived in one of the university residential colleges and had not spent much time at home over the past years. Now, having completed my first degree, I was taking a break to consider my future. I was fortunate, in that my paternal grandparents had left me some safe investments, which returned enough to give me a frugal independence. I could therefore take my time in considering where I was heading.

Until a couple of weeks before I had been looking forward to this visit, but then two events cast me into a state of depression. First, my mother contacted me to let me know my father had left her. Second, Pamela who had been my girl friend, and with whom I had thought to have a future, announced that she no longer wanted the relationship with me, and in any case she had been having sex with a couple of other students while still having it with me.

Both pieces of news left me a wreck. As far as Pamela is concerned, I can leave it to your imagination how bitter a blow this was. I felt a complete fool and utterly betrayed. My father was a different matter. The family home was in one of

the larger provincial cities where my father had an accountancy business. He was the sort of person who always had "schemes" on the go. Schemes for investments and tax minimisation all of which were just inside the law (just), into which he put none of his own money, but persuaded many of the locals to put theirs.

One of the schemes had gone badly wrong, and whilst this was no financial loss to my father, some of his victims were after his blood. He had taken off with a girl twenty-five years his junior who had worked in his office. No one knew where he was. He had simply left a note for my mother, and departed.

As the train pulled into the station, I wondered what was to greet me. My mother was waiting on the platform. I could see immediately the effect of my father's departure on her. She looked tired and a little stooped and this was very uncharacteristic of mother. We greeted each other with a kiss and went out to the car. We lived about ten minutes drive from the station, and during the drive, little was said except the usual formal things like, "What sort of journey did you have?"

"Oh, not bad," and so on.

Arriving home, we busied ourselves with putting away my things and making a few minor adjustments to my old bedroom. We made much of all this as if to avoid talking about the matters which were foremost in our minds. It added to the pain.

Once the room was settled it was time for the evening meal. We sat down to this and hardly spoke throughout. The evening continued like this, with no more than desultory conversation and amazingly, no reference to the two matters affecting us most deeply. Eventually came time for bed, and with relief I turned in, thinking, that if this was how things were going to be, I had better cut the visit short for both our sakes.

* Consolation *

I had slept little and badly for a fortnight, but now I drifted off quickly. I slept deep and long and awoke late. Deciding on breakfast as the first priority I put on my dressing gown and went down to the kitchen. Mother was nowhere in sight, but she had left food out for me. I assumed she was at work in her studio, and decided not to disturb her.

Mother is an artist. Not a great artist, but competent. She sold quite well in a couple of local galleries, and got an occasional private commission. Financially she had no particular

worries, for although my father was no longer supplying money for the household, in addition to money from her work, her parents had left her money. Like my inheritance, not a fortune, but enough.

After breakfast I showered and went to my room to dress. I got as far as putting on a pair of boxer shorts, and then looked for my shirts. I couldn't find them. Mother must have put them away somewhere, so I had to disturb her anyway.

To get to her studio I had to go through what used to be the family room. This had no door, only an arch, so my entry was probably very quiet. I got one step into the room, then saw mother. She was sitting on the couch leaning against one of its arms, staring out of the large window with its view of the distant hills. She had one foot on the floor, and the other drawn up onto the seat. I stopped, startled. She was naked.

I should explain that the nakedness was not all that surprising. Throughout my childhood, I had been used to seeing my parents getting about with nothing on from time to time. We had never made a thing about this. In fact, I can recall that as a little boy I would sometimes climb into bed with my parents, who always slept naked. This stopped when I was about six, but only because I decided that it was a bit sissy for a boy to get into his parent's bed. So, I had seen my mother nude many times before, as she had seen me.

What did startled me was that her hand was down between her legs, and she was obviously masturbating.

I must have made a noise, because mother, who was sitting in profile to me, looked round and quickly drew her hand away from her vagina. She flushed and said, "Sorry darling, I just need the comfort." I said, "It's all right mum, I have had to do that myself sometimes." It was as I said this I saw the tears that were pouring down her face.

I went and sat besides her putting my arm round her. "Oh mother, mother, I'm so sorry, I..."

She cut in, "Michael, I'm so miserable, so utterly miserable. You came home yesterday and I didn't even give you a proper welcome. And yet I'm so very, very pleased you re here. You can't know how I've longed to see you." She leaned against me, burying her face into my chest. She was wracked with sobs of grief. "Welcome home, my love," she sobbed.

Tears welled up into my eyes. Her misery, added to my own, was too much for me, and for the first time since all this pain began, I joined her weeping. We clung to each other, saying words of comfort and endearment, hardly knowing what we said. We poured out our emotions of misery and loss, until at last we began to subside. We sat there, soaked with each other s tears, still holding on to each other, and mother was

stroking and kissing my face. "My love, my dear love, I've wanted to see you so much," she was saying.

Emotions are strange and unpredictable things. One emotion can spill over into another. Grief can even turn into laughter. If I were to tell you in relation to what happened next, "I don't know how it happened," I would be lying. I do know.

Perhaps I should describe mother a little for you. She was not beautiful, certainly by the alleged ideals presented by commerce and media. She is about five foot nine tall, slender in a lithe sort of way. Her nose might be accounted a little too long with a very slight curve, and her mouth would be considered a little too wide. Her breasts, while not sagging, hang down slightly, but her pink nipples still stand out proudly and are surrounded by darker pink aureoles. Her legs are slender and well shaped. Her hair is a sort of dark chocolate brown, which she normally wears in a braid, which hangs over her shoulder and descends to lie between her breasts. Her most attractive feature are her eyes. They are dark brown and almond shaped. The one great thing about her is dignity. There was nothing artificial about this; she simply has a natural grace in all she does. In addition, I have noted at social gatherings that the men seemed to seek out her company.

I was in the arms of this naked woman. We were showering each other with kisses and endearments. My penis started to

grow erect and the boxer shorts did nothing to hide this. Mother saw my swelling dilemma and touched it. "Sorry mum," I croaked. "Its all right darling, I understand," she whispered. We sat silent for a while, her hand still resting lightly on my penis.

I had never overtly thought about my mother sexually. What Sigmund Freud said about sons desiring their mothers may be true, but it had never been a conscious thought for me. Now, with an erection and my mother s hand resting on it, I felt thoroughly confused. Did I really want mother sexually?

She looked very thoughtful, and then, very gently, pulled down my boxers to expose my penis. She slid lower down onto the couch and extended her arms to me. Her legs parted, and she looked at me plaintively and said softly, "Please, my darling, comfort me."

I started to protest, but she went on, "Come in, darling," she murmured, "Come in."

"But mum..." I gasped. "No, its all right, my love, just put everything into me." I entered her. She was still wet from her self-stimulation, so entry was easy. It was no wild passionate lovemaking. What happened was something utterly new to me. I moved up and down inside her slowly and tenderly, and all the time she was murmuring, "Michael... darling... so

lovely... so sweet... oh beautiful..." Then I ejaculated. I seemed to flow into her rather than spurt. I gave a little gasp, and she whispered, "Darling," then it was over.

Mother simply said, "Thank you, my love." I lay inside her for a long time as we kissed and stroked each other. Neither of us seemed to want to separate. We had in this act consoled each other, and now continued to do so.

Eventually we had to part. We sat side by side on the couch and at last really talked. Mother pointed out that she had married father when she was eighteen and pregnant with me. "He was good looking with a radiant personality," she said, "that's how he managed to talk so many people into his schemes. It's not hard to see how girls would fall for him, even though he's forty-five. I thought there were other women from time to time, after all, he was very virile. I had no proof, I just suspected, and it seems I was right."

"Have you got any plans for the future?" I asked. "Not really," she replied. "I'll wait for a while to see what happens...see if they catch up with your father, and what happens to him, and then I might sell the house and move. All the house and domestic stuff is in my name, so it shouldn't be any trouble to sell. But I don't want to do anything in a hurry. What about you?"

"I'm not sure," I said, "I thought I might stay here for a while, if that's all right, while I decide. I've got enough money to live on, but I might be able to pick up a temporary job locally, perhaps at the mine, until I can make up my mind. I thought I might try for a higher degree, but I don't know."

"You will be very welcome to stay here as long as you want, darling," my mother said. "After all, it is your home." I thanked her and we both stood up. She leaned forward and kissed me softly on the lips, and said again, "Thank you, my love." Nothing was said about our sexual act.

I spent the rest of the day until late afternoon, getting acquainted with the town again. There had been a few changes here and there, but not much. I decided I would catch up with old acquaintances another time, and eventually headed for home.

That evening we continued to talk about the shocks we had both received. In the way traumatised people have of going round and round the same circle, we spelt out our pain to each other over and over again. This was to continue for some days, despite our repeated resolves "not to talk about it any more." It just popped into every conversation, no matter what the subject initially. Time came for bed. I had something to ask which I had dreaded all evening, but I had to ask it.

She was about to leave the room, and I burst out, "Mother, could I...could we..." She cut across my stammered attempt, "Of course, darling, if you want to come to bed with me, then come." We made soft, tender love again that night, and for the next five nights.

* Things Change *

For six nights, we had gone to bed together. Each day nothing was said about our lovemaking. On the seventh night things changed.

So far, we could tell ourselves that this was mother and son comforting each other, giving consolation for the pain we had suffered. Our lovemaking had been very soft and tender, almost, but not quite, passionless. On this seventh night, it was as if something snapped inside both of us. We began as usual, with me just slipping my penis into mother's vagina as we lay facing each other side by side. We might lay like this for a long time, uttering loving words to each other. Then I would start to move until I ejaculated. Mother did not have one orgasm during this time, but seemed to love the physical contact with my penis.

On this night, and after I had penetrated her, I felt her suddenly heave herself up towards me. I responded with a deep penetration into her, and the next moment we were

wildly thrashing together. She was moaning, "Michael... darling... my dearest love... don't stop... take me... take me hard... don't stop... don't stop..." I was just as bad, crying out, "I want you... I love you... I want to fuck you always..." We came together, and for the first time ever I felt a woman's sexual fluids burst out from her, flooding her vagina, the bed, and me. This time I erupted into her, my sperm smashing against the end of her vagina. It was overwhelming. When we had finished, we fell apart, exhausted by the waves of love and lust that had washed over us.

After a while mother got out of the bed and said, "Let's change the sheets and have a shower." We changed the sheets then showered together, and as she washed my penis and I her vagina, my erection grew in her hand. We dried and hurried back to bed. Now it was love making in its fullest. Mother had orgasm after orgasm, tearing my back with her nails as she climaxed, and screamed for me not to stop. I don't know where I got the sperm from, but three more times I spurted into her. I had never had a sexual experience like this before.

In the early hours of the morning, we fell asleep. When I woke, mother had gone from the bed. I went into the kitchen, and she was standing at the sink. I began to speak, "Mother, last night..." I was going on say how wonderful it had been, but she stopped me. "Yes, we have to talk about last night,

but calmly and quietly." She told me to sit down, and then started.

"Michael, up until last night we had been comforting each other in the sexual act. It may have been wrong, but I was able to excuse it because of the awful misery both of us were experiencing. Last night was different. The nail marks down your back should tell you that." I cut in, "I know it was different. It was wond..."

"Michael, listen to me for a little longer before you speak," she said firmly. "Last night it was the act of two lovers lusting for each other, taking each other with enormous power. This makes the whole thing different. Even if we wanted to go back to our previous way, or even before that, we can't. Everything has changed. Our relationship has changed. No matter how much we may want to, we are no longer mother and son in the emotional sense. That can never be again. We have given expression to the most powerful emotional force that can exist between a man and woman. We've got to decide now what we are going to do with that force."

She paused, then began again. "We have been committing incest and that is rated as a terrible crime in this country..." I interrupted. "Mother, I know what we've been committing. I'm not a little boy any longer, and am quite capable of taking responsibility for my actions. It's not as if you raped a five-year-old boy or I a little girl. We are two adults who began

by comforting each other, and for good or ill, it turned into something else."

Mother broke in, "It's got to stop, we can't go on like this. It can only end in more unhappiness for both of us." She was clearly in a very disturbed state, and I realised that to continue this conversation would not serve either of us well at this point. I wanted badly to put my arms round her again and comfort her, but this was out of the question, as it might be interpreted as a sexual approach. I decided on a delaying tactic.

"Mother, I intended to go out today to look up some of my old friends. We've been more or less continuously together for the past seven days. Let's have a break from each other. When I get back this evening, we can talk about it. She looked relieved that I had taken over the decision making, and agreed. I borrowed the car, and went off resolved to think the situation through and my own attitude.

I arrived home about 6-30 p.m. Mother was in the final stages of preparing the evening meal, which we sat down to shortly after.

I noted that she had gone to some trouble with her appearance. She wore little make-up, just a touch of lipstick and eye shadow. She was dressed in a dark red gown. Her

hair, hanging between her breasts in its usual braid, shone with the obvious brushing it had received. The air of tension and anxiety that had sat upon her ever since I arrived home seemed to have diminished, and she had resumed her old dignified manner. I felt as if I was out on a date with a very attractive and sophisticated woman. She looked ten years younger than her age. I suspect that this was mother's intention.

I, on the other hand, had not had time to shower or change. I was in jeans and a shirt that was beginning to show signs of the day's wearing. I felt at something of a disadvantage.

As we ate the meal the conversation centred on my day's activity, whom I had met, what had been said, and so on. It was a careful avoidance of the conversation we both knew had to take place.

We finished our meal, washed up, and at mother's suggestion we retired to the family room. We sat in separate armchairs no couch this time. Neither of us seemed to know how to start. Eventually it was mother who took the initiative. "Michael," she began almost sternly, "If we are going to go on living in the same house together for any length of time, we have got to try and sort out what our relationship is going to be. We were mother and son; we then became mutual comforters, and finally passionate lovers. Where can we possibly go from there?"

She didn't wait for me to answer. It was if she had to have all the cards face up on the table. "Apart from the incestuous nature of what we have been doing, there is more than twenty years age difference between us. That's something that many people would consider disgusting..." I cut in at this point. "My father is having sex with a girl twenty five years his junior." I saw the look of pain flash across her face, and regretted having said those words.

She continued. "That may be the case, but we are talking about you and me. I don't know how long you intend to stay here, but we must come to some conclusion about our relationship." I could see that this was another circular conversation in the making, so I stepped in to try to get it back on track. I decided on forthrightness. I had considered all day what I was to say, so now I thought I might as well get it said.

"Mother, last night was the most wonderful, beautiful sexual experience I have ever had. The fact that it was incest and there is an age difference between us, can't change that, at least, not for me." I paused and looked at her. She was staring at me intently as if trying to read my innermost thoughts. "What I would like to hear from you," I went on, "Is what it was for you. Not about incest and ages, but what it meant and did for you."

She burst out, "Oh my darling, it was..." She almost left her chair to fling her self into my arms, but stopped herself and started again. "Michael, you know how wonderful it was for me. I had never been loved like that before. But you re asking me the wrong question. I am not the sort of woman who gives herself without commitment to the person I'm with sexually. I have only been committed to one man in that way and when that commitment was betrayed it nearly destroyed me. I don't want that agony again. If we continued as lovers, I should be asking you for an undertaking I have no right to expect from you."

"You have every right," I broke in. She interrupted again. "Darling, you've got your own life to live. You will probably meet the right girl one-day, get married, and have children. You can't possibly mortgage your future to me."

If engineering had taught me nothing else, it was a logical and orderly approach to things. So, I started in, setting out the problems and trying to move to a resolution.

"Mother, if we continued as lovers, we both take pretty much the same risks. You are right, I can't guarantee what the future will be, none of us can do that. I might meet a girl and marry, but you might meet a man you d want to marry. Are we both going to shut ourselves off from this relationship because we've had a bad experience?" Are we going to stop the relationship we began last night because it might not last for ever?"

"As for my intentions, I had thought I might stay here for a year, then go back to my studies to work for my doctorate. As of this moment that would mean being together in this house for the next eleven or twelve months. Just you and I virtually alone. Do you think we could survive that without sex, after what we've discovered about each other? Do you think we could be just good friends or even mother and son? I don't think so. It would be endless frustration and longing for me, and I think also for you."

"As far as I can see, I have only two realistic alternatives: I leave here as soon as possible and don't return until the time comes when our lives have settled into something new, or I stay here for a year as your lover. If you can see any other possibilities, then tell me."

"You're right," she said very softly. "There's nothing more I can say."

I had been speaking rather forcefully but all the time trying to push down the lump in my throat. I now gently asked her, "Mother, do you want me to stay or go, knowing what it would mean if I stayed."

"Darling..." she sobbed, "I...I..." I interrupted her, " We've both just been through losses that have cut us to pieces, mother," I murmured, "are we to be cut to pieces yet again?"

"Oh my God, no..." she moaned. "Not again. I can't...I can't lose you now. Please, Michael, stay. Stay and love me like you did last night. I want you so badly...so very badly."

I moved across to her and lifted her up, took her to the bedroom, and I loved her as I had the previous night.

* Aftermath. *

The year sped by. I got a job in the local mine as assistant safety officer. Mother continued her artwork. Our loving at times reached ferocious heights. As the year reached its end new decisions had to be made.

My plan was clear. I would return to study with the intention of going on to complete my doctorate in Germany. After that, I would seek an academic position in a university. After about ten months had passed, my mother still had not made up her mind what she would do and we both dreaded the coming time when we would have to part. Then tragic news arrived.

My father had committed suicide. The girl who had fled with him had left him very quickly, and the law finally caught up with him. He was in great trouble, and decided to end his life. I am sorry to say I felt no deep loss, and my mother's grief even caused me a pang of jealousy. It was silly really because after all, she had spent many years of her life with him and loved him faithfully. It was the loss and sad ending of those years that my father's suicide underlined for her. It was this underlining that announced the true ending of that past. Mother could now plan for the future.

One evening as we sat in the family room, she talked about her plans. "I think what I shall do, is sell the house and a lot of the furniture. I'll keep a few things, but I want to make a fresh start. I shall move away from here to one of the big cities. It will put me closer to some of the more important art galleries, so I might sell a few more paintings." Mother's painting had improved over the past months. I like to think it was the profound experience of our loving that had inspired this, but I'm not sure.

This announcement by my mother gave me the opportunity to put to her a plan of my own. I had been thinking about it for some time, but felt it unwise to broach it until mother had decided upon a move.

"Zena," I began. I had been invited by mother to use her somewhat exotic name, seeing that our relationship no

longer fitted the mother-son pattern too well. Oddly, I still valued the mother image in her, and only used Zena when we were alone.

"Zena, I want to put a proposition to you."

"I thought you did that some time ago," she laughed. I laughed with her, and went on, "Now you've decided to make a move, why don't we set up house together? With the sale of this house, and our joint incomes, we could probably manage to get a place near the university. It would be a bit of a financial squeeze, but I'm sure we could do it."

Age and incest had stopped being an issue for several months now, but as she looked at me, I could see them rearing their heads again. "Darling, what would we tell people? Wouldn't it seem strange, us living together?"

"Why?" I asked. "You re still my mother, whether you like it or not, and you can keep house for me. Nothing odd about that is there?"

"But you might meet someone, a girl, and..."

"Yes," I cut in quickly, "and I might not. I'm not looking, and don't intend to start looking. What I've got with you is more than enough. In any case, you might meet a man."

"I'm not looking, either," she said briskly. "So it was decided, and we eventually moved to the new house."

Over the next two years life seemed to move forward smoothly. I continued my studies and mother her art, which seemed to be having increasing success. Then one day Zena made a shock announcement. "Darling, I'm pregnant." We had never used contraceptives of any sort, and I suppose I had assumed that she was past the age when she could get pregnant. But here she was, at forty-four, on the way to having a baby.

"What do you want to do," I asked, when I had recovered a little from the shock. "I shall have it, of course," she replied. "But..." I began. "Darling, you put this inside me. You put it there with an act of love, whether you intended to or not. To have an abortion, which I find repugnant anyway, would be like rejecting that love. If it was the result of rape, or some casual drunken one-night stand, it might be different. I shall have the baby."

I wanted to point out that having a baby at her age might be dangerous, but decided against doing so. Zena knew her age

all too well and was intelligent enough to calculate the risks. She had decided, and it was her body.

I did feel a little strange about the situation. The very womb I had been born from I had impregnated. It was like re-birthing myself. But the strangeness did not stay with me, and soon I began to delight in the child my own mother had received from me.

The real difficulty was what we would say to the people who knew us. We could hardly admit that we had conceived the child, mother and son. On the other hand, I didn't want it to be thought that some man who had now dumped her had made my mother pregnant. There were the so-called "sophisticated" reasons we could give, like mother desired to have a child, so she let a man make her pregnant, and then sent him on his way, but such nonsense would never appeal to her.

As it fell out, none of this was necessary. Opportunity came for me to make my move to Germany to complete my studies. Zena decided to go on ahead and sort out appropriate accommodation for us, leaving me to complete the necessary business, and then to join her.

I completed my remaining university commitments, found a tenant for our house, and took off for Germany.

It was necessary to tell one or two people a story about a recently dead husband who had departed this life leaving Zena pregnant. No one questioned this, or if they did, it never reached my ears. At the appropriate time the baby came, a girl, whom Zena decided to call Zena Michelle. I now had a daughter? Sister? Very confusing until Zena and I talked it out. I was to be big brother. It was my turn to feel the problem of age difference because I was now in my mid twenties. I wondered how Zena Michelle would feel with a big brother so much older than she was. Well, there was no point to worry.

I completed my doctorate and was offered a post in one of the prominent universities in Britain. At present, I combine a lectureship with an engineering consultancy practice. In the offing is a professorship. Zena Michelle is now ten years old. Zena is fifty-five and I thirty-five.

Perhaps you wonder whether our love and passion lasted. For many people, even those of more or less the same age, it fades, often very quickly. Ours hasn't. Zena looks at least ten years younger than her age, and people are often surprised when they learn that she is my mother. Our desire for each other has not faded; in fact, it has grown. As far as the world is concerned, she is a widowed mother looking after a confirmed bachelor son and a daughter born late in life. And so it will be until the end, I trust.

I Have Been Here Before

Prologue

They lay together in their post-coital relaxation stroking each other and murmuring words of love and fulfilment, his hand still softly caressing her breast. As Amanda lay there, sensitive to that lovely softness that women experience following sensual gratification, her mind began to roam back over the years to what had led up to this, their first time.

The Beginning

It had started many years ago when, at the age of forty her mother died. It had taken two years from the onset of the wasting disease, for her mother, also called Amanda, to find the release of death. She and her father had watched over her, cared for her, loved her, and when she was finally admitted to the Hospice, they had sat with her hour after hour for three weeks.

Two days before she died her mother had said to her and her father, "Care for each other. Comfort each other." After that she slipped into a coma and said no more.

The death was no sudden shock. They had anticipated it for two years. Yet even so, the wrenching out from one's life of someone dearly beloved leaves a wound that can take long to heal, and for some, never heals.

Amanda had loved her mother dearly, and her father and mother had been that most wonderful of combinations, friends and lovers. Amanda had seen how they loved each other, and had often heard them in their expression of that love – her father's moans and her mother's cries as they came to orgasm.

After the death, both Amanda and her father seemed to turn in on themselves, taking the pain of their loss somewhere deep down into their psyches. They made no outcry, they shed no tears, and sadly, a gulf seemed to open between Amanda and her father.

Those who knew them were amazed. Knowing the love that had flowed between mother, father and daughter, they had expected signs of great grief, floods of tears, some external signs of their bereavement. They saw none, apart from a grim isolation as two people went into their own separate inner prisons of grief.

A Year Goes By.

In the following year they continued to occupy the same house, but seemed to lead almost separate lives. Allan, her father, was a handsome man, and during the course of the year had many offers ranging from making him a cup of tea, through suggestions of "Deep and meaningfuls," to marriage.

Even if he might have been attracted to any of the "suggesters," the pain of his beloved's passing was too great for him to be interested. He went to work, came home, ate his meal, and spent the evening either going through the family photograph albums, or sat staring into space. As for Amanda, she dropped out of social life and wrapped herself in her work and doing her share of the household chores.

Friends and relatives ceased calling, and Allan and Amanda lived in the dark world of their loss.

Daylight Again

It was on the day of the first anniversary of her mother's death that the storm finally broke. Amanda came upon her father sitting in the lounge with a photograph of his dead wife held in his hands. Tears were streaming down his face. Amanda went to him and sat beside him on the sofa and put her arms round him and wept with him.

There poured out from them those repetitive words and phrases so common in times of great heartache. The "why" questions, the little guilts and "If only's," that obsess us when it is too late to say the words or do the deeds.

My friends, if you love, then tell your beloved, for tomorrow may be too late.

And so Allan and Amanda clung to each other weeping and mourning, and as can so often happen in times of great emotional crisis, the indiscriminating emotions can turn down strange and unexpected channels.

Bear in mind that Allan had not been sexually close to a woman for three years and Amanda's last boyfriend had long ago departed her company. Their sexual needs had been buried with their grief, and now, as this grief burst to the surface, so did their innate sensuality.

Amanda, stroking Allan's face, drew his hand to her breast and said, "Father, let's make each other whole again."

There, on the sofa, they came together in an act of healing love. The pent up emotions of their long denial exploded in a weeping, moaning, sexual act of such power as to leave them exhausted. As Allan came, he cried out, "Amanda, my

love." His daughter did not know if that cry was for her or her mother.

Their faces drenched with tears and genitals soaked with each other's fluids, they lay, momentarily sated, looking into each other's eyes.

Allan made a mental effort to feel guilty at taking his own daughter, even though it was at her encouragement, and sensing his thoughts, Amanda whispered, "Mother said we were to care for and comfort each other."

That night Amanda took her mother's place in the marriage bed for her own bridal night.

A New Beginning.

Once begun, Amanda and Allan could hardly leave each other alone. Both were experienced lovers, Allan with his wife and Amanda with a couple of rather unsatisfactory boy friends. In their first night of love, they found in each other the completion of their humanness.

Amanda felt herself explored in every crevice of her body. Allan possessed her, as she had never been possessed before. She gave herself willingly and passionately, denying Allan

or herself nothing. Allan's orgasmic cries she now knew to be for her, and come what may, there could be no turning back.

In the morning, they awoke as healed beings.

Creation Sings.

She knew when it happened. That mysterious instinct women have almost signaled the very moment.

It was on a night when after long and fervent foreplay, Amanda felt herself to be in that most wonderful state of female arousal. Wetter, softer and more receptive than ever, yet with powerfully gripping vaginal muscles.

Allan entered her, and she both yielded and drew him into her. As their orgasms approached she cried out to him, "Make me pregnant, my love, please make me pregnant." Allan, after the fashion of men, said nothing aloud, but even before Amanda's cry he had prayed, "God, let me make her pregnant tonight."

As Allan came into her, she sucked him with her vaginal muscles, desperately trying to draw his sperm deeper and

deeper into her. After they had come apart, she knew he had fertilised her, and the great act of creation had begun.

Her knowledge of her fertilisation was initially confirmed by her failure to menstruate, and thereafter by a medical examination. Amanda was elated and went about her work singing. She had never felt happier or healthier.

Allan realised the difficulty of their social situation and decided they would move away from the district. He sold the house and they went to live in another town. Thereafter he and Amanda lived as husband and wife, and if some people muttered, "Dirty old man, married to a young girl like that," neither he or Amanda cared, knowing that most of these comments arose from jealousy at their love.

A son was born to them whom they named Miles.

Heights and Depths.

As the years passed, Miles grew towards maturity within a happy, loving environment. Amanda and Allan never ceased to be faithful lovers, devoted to each other as only those who know the profoundest sexual union can exhibit. Those who love in that way have love and to spare, and so Miles was taken up into their lives.

As far as Miles knew, Allan was his father and husband to his mother. Of Allan and Amanda's father-daughter relationship, nothing was ever revealed. He lived the life of a perfectly normal child, and knew he was wanted and cherished, and he returned the parental love.

So their lives went along happily, even joyfully, with only the minor bumps and knocks life can occasionally hand out. That is, until another tragedy descended upon them.

Now in his mid fifties, Allan had been complaining about occasional pains in his chest. Amanda had urged him to see a doctor, but following the ways of most men, he did nothing. One day he collapsed at work, and before help could arrive, he was dead.

For the second time in her life, Amanda was flung into the abyss of despair. Again, she went into herself, folding her anguish and suffering within, locking it away as both she and Allan had done so many years ago. One who had been father, lover, companion and sustainer had gone, and despite the presence of Miles in her life, she felt miserably alone.

With all emotions, all feelings battened down; she began again the dark and dreary journey through the days and more profoundly, the nights.

Miles at seventeen was bewildered. He had loved his father dearly, but after sessions of weeping, he recovered. Now, unable to break through the wall of his mother's agony, he supported her as best he knew how.

Perhaps his mother's parlous state forced him to recover. He was in his final year at school, and on top of his studies, he now had to find the strength to be his mother's supporter. As his father had been plied with female offers in the first year after his wife's death, so Amanda, still only thirty seven years of age, and still an attractive woman, got her share of male visitors. Miles fended them off, and being a big lad, the visitors were quick to take a hint.

During the course of the year, although Amanda stayed long in her castle of misery, Miles, because of the care he gave her, drew even closer to her than before. Slowly she emerged from the winter of distress hibernation, peeping out at first to see if the world had any more hurts about to attack her. She grew in confidence, and once more took on the responsibilities of home and motherhood.

The bond with Miles, always very strong from the moment of his conception, now grew even more powerful. Neither of them imposed this relationship on the other, it grew almost unasked like a wild flower springing up in a cultivated garden when Spring is near.

Indeed, it was not yet Spring for Amanda, but late winter with the promise of Spring nearby. Without Allan, she found herself spending more time with Miles, even if this was only to sit in the same room with him in the evening as he pursued his studies.

The love she had shared with Allan and Miles was now focused on Miles alone. She was not cloying. She made no demands, but it gradually came upon her that her feelings for Miles were beginning to extend beyond that of mother and son. At night, in her lonely bed, she had once tried to fantasise Allan's presence. Now it was Miles her thoughts went to as she masturbated to relieve her sexual tensions.

Miles too, found himself drawn to his mother in ways beyond the filial relationship of a son to his mother. He began to see her not only as a woman, but also as "The Woman." At night as his sperm shot out during masturbation, he whispered to himself, "Mother, oh mother."

Neither Amanda nor Miles were engaged in sexual activity with anyone else, their sole focus in this respect now centered on each other. They did not speak of these feelings to each other, but Amanda could see the effect she had on Miles by his frequent erections in her presence. Miles had the male misfortune of not being able to see what was happening to Amanda. She understood the strain the situation was putting upon them and knew there could only be one of two outcomes. They must part company, or must enter into a sexual relationship.

Amanda was long past troubling about incest. She had lived many happy years within what the law would call an incestuous relationship. The problem was how did Miles feel about this? Well, she would have to find out. She decided that she would make it as easy as possible for Miles to come to her, if that is what he wished.

She dressed to tempt him, wearing bikinis or even just bra and panties when the weather permitted. She tried to let him get glimpses of her breasts, and sat on the couch with her legs drawn up so that her vagina was clearly marked against her pants or bikini bottoms.

She could see the torture these moves inflicted on Miles, and at times hated herself for behaving like this, but he must freely come to her, not her to him.

The day came when finally it was too much for Miles. Amanda was working in the kitchen wearing the briefest of bikinis. Miles came up behind her, put his arms round her and cupped her breast. She turned to him and pressed her lower abdomen against him, rotating her hips. There, standing against the kitchen sink, he entered her for the first time. "Oh, mother, mother," he groaned.

That night he came to her bed.

Epilogue.

As you have seen, the pattern has been; husband-wife, father-daughter, and now mother-son. All these relationships had been encompassed by love and fidelity until death parted them.

And now one little piece of history repeats itself. One night Amanda and Miles came to the point she had arrived at with Allan so long ago. She was wide open to Miles; completely receptive, her feelings of love and desire for him had nearly driven her mad as he licked her clitoris. She cried out once again as he began his orgasm, "For God sake, make me pregnant, my love."

Amanda gripped him with her vagina and would not let him go until every last drop of his sperm had entered her. To her cry for pregnancy he had responded, "Oh, yes, yes."

She did indeed become pregnant.

She gave birth to a girl whom they named "Amanda."

In the course of nature, Amanda knew she would probably die long before Miles. As she looked at her lovely daughter, she often thought, "I wonder if...?"

I Remember the Day

I well remember the day I first saw them in a new light. I had seen them from time to time playing over on The Reserve ever since they were small boys but now, as I looked through my lounge window, it struck me that they were no longer boys, but young men.

However, I get ahead of myself. My name is Dawn Mullen, aged forty-two, married to Tobin for twenty years, and mother of Luke (eighteen) and Julia (nineteen). Two in quick succession!

It was around midday and I had just come home from my part time morning job as a receptionist at a local engineering workshop. It was the long summer school vacation and a very hot day. Before I set about preparing myself a frugal lunch, I decided to get out of the uniform provided by the company, and into something cooler.

I stripped off and slipped into a simple loose fitting dress. In hot weather, and when on my own, I like to get around the house with no underwear, or, if I am sure of no visitors, naked.

As I changed I glanced idly out of the bedroom window. It was then I saw them, Ben and Howard.

Opposite our house is an area of land known as "The Reserve." It is a place where children come to play – to kick footballs, play cricket or as the say, just "muck around". Adults in search of exercise or a place to walk the dog, also use it.

It was on The Reserve I saw Ben and Howard. On that hot day they were stripped to their shorts and kicking a football to each other bare footed. I conjectured they had now finished with high school, and were having a break before the next phase of their lives, a job or university.

Seeing two young men kicking a football is not an exceptional sight, you might think. True, but it was my reaction to seeing them that was for me at least, exceptional and a trifle disturbing.

I had known these two boys since they were five or six years old when we moved into our house. They had played with my son and daughter, and I was fairly sure that they had enjoyed Julia's sexual favours in their high school years. I had taken the precaution of getting Julia on to the contraceptive pill just to cover such an eventuality.

Looking at them through the window and for the first time recognising them as young men, I was struck by their

seeming virility. Their young, lithe, almost naked bodies, rippling with strength and good health sent a shiver of pleasure through me. I caught myself thinking, "My God wouldn't I like to have those two in bed!"

I was a trifle shocked at my thought, but I stood for some time staring out of the window at these two potent looking boys. Then giving myself a mental shake, I went to carry out some now forgotten task in the kitchen.

My mental shake did not do much good. Those two young men kept coming into my mind's eye, and I began to daydream about them. I tried to imagine what it would be like to have sex with two such boys, and I liked what I envisaged.

I went back to the bedroom to look at them again, but they were gone.

Over the following couple of days Ben and Howard kept cropping up in my mind. I began to fantasise being raped by them – in the nicest possible way, of course. I tried telling myself I was being utterly stupid, admonishing myself, "What good looking eighteen years olds would want a forty two year old woman?"

My admonition was to no avail; in fact it seemed to make my vision of sex with them even more intense.

I have noticed this in other areas of life. The more you try to suppress a thought, desire or felt need, the more compelling it seems to become, unless it can be diverted into some other channel.

I was lacking diversionary channels at that time. Luke, like Ben and Howard had just completed high school, and had gone off with Julia who had just finished her first year at university, to earn some money picking fruit in the Riverland.

I did not doubt they were having a good time with each other, as I had a strong suspicion that Julia had initiated her brother into sex life some time before. They had always been very close, and I suppose they found a sort of completion of that closeness in that most intimate of contacts between man and woman.

I must admit that once I suspected the sexual relationship between them, I had felt pangs of envy, unworthy though that was. The point is, however, that with son and daughter away, I missed their rampaging round the house. The place was lonely without them and their mess to distract me.

The reason for my envy and my growing fascination with Ben and Howard was not hard to find. Sex between Tobin and I had become a boring weekly ritual. Every Friday night I knew exactly what to expect. A quick kiss, a squeeze of the breasts, a finger in the vagina followed quickly by a penis and a dribble of sperm soon after. Then it was sleep time for him and frustration for me.

To put it bluntly, I wanted to be thoroughly fucked. I wanted to give and receive some real, hot blooded passion and those two virile boys where, I thought, just what I needed.

I began to fantasize about luring the boys into my wicked clutches. It was all very hypothetical, a sort of "What if?" situation. I had no expectation that my fantasies would become reality, but I did begin to try and weigh up my feminine assets.

It is hard to be objective about one's self, but I recalled that once upon a time Tobin had been captivated by my legs and breasts. A survey of these anatomical resources suggested that the legs were as good as they had ever been, and the breasts were hardly less firm despite the fact that they had fed two children.

My figure in general seemed in good order, with perhaps a little more weight around the hips than was once the case.

Facially? Well, I had been told I was good looking, but that was by older man, not eighteen year olds.

This was all very fine, but even if it were possible that my dream lovers were in the slightest bit interested in me, sexually speaking, how on earth was I going to trap them into my web?

So, starting from a theoretical speculation of what sex would be like with these two young men, I went on to become obsessed with them. Several times a week they would be out on The Reserve kicking their football for an hour or so. Getting home from work I would look for them, and feel disappointment if they did not appear.

The weather continued to be hot, and I wondered at their energy as they kicked the ball around, laughing and calling out to each other.

Early one afternoon I stood watching them from the bedroom window. I felt my nipples hardening and there was a growing wetness between my legs. I was sipping a glass of apple juice, when the idea struck me. I knew how I might entice them into the house. It was so simple I could have kicked myself for not thinking of it before.

Before going into action I checked myself in the mirror. The simple loose fitting dress I was wearing hung straight down from the tips of my breasts. I had no bra on, and as I made a movement I could see my breasts moving rather sensuously. I had noticed long ago how men were attracted by that movement.

Deciding I was looking as good as I was ever likely to get, I went out of the house and crossed the street to The Reserve. It was Ben who spotted me as I casually wandered towards them.

"Hello, Mrs. Mullen," he called. Howard turned and seeing me said, "Hi".

"Hello boys," I said as I approached them. "My goodness, I don't know how you can kick that ball around in this heat." I could see they were sweating rather heavily from their exertion so I went on, "If you like, you can come into the house for a drink when you've finished."

"Thanks, Mrs. Mullen," Howard responded cheerfully, "We might do that, eh Ben?"

"Certainly will," called Ben, who was a bit farther off than Howard.

"Just come over when you've finished then," I said, and walked slowly back to the house.

I was tingling with excitement. I had no reason to think that anything sexual would occur, but the mere fact of having the two of them in the house with me was rousing. Two horny looking young men all to myself! The wetness between my legs was starting to soak my inner thighs at the very thought, and I was actually starting to tremble.

Back inside the house I could not keep still. I tidied things that did not need tidying. I went to the mirror several times to check on how I looked. I kept peeping out of the window to look at them with growing impatience. I actually worked out where I would give them their drinks and where and how I would sit.

At last the front door bell sounded and I went to answer it. Suddenly I was a little scared at what I had done, even though all I had done was to invite them for a drink. Thus does even guilty anticipation make us feel uneasy.

Opening the door to the grinning pair, I invited them in. The plans I had made went to the four winds. Instead of taking them into the lounge where, after giving them their drinks, I

would drape myself seductively over the couch, they followed me into the kitchen.

That was phase one of the plan gone astray, so I told them to sit at the kitchen table.

I had none of that beverage so dear to youth, coke, so I offered apple juice, which they cheerfully accepted.

I sat opposite them at the table, and a general conversation began first about their kicking the ball around to keep fit, then on to ask about how Luke and Julia were getting on with their fruit picking. It was all rather mundane.

I sat there rather distractedly answering their questions. My mind was really set on weighing up the two of them. Howard was the taller and slimmer of the two, with dark hair and eyes and almost girlish good looks. Ben was sturdier with well developed muscles, golden-brown hair and hazel coloured eyes.

Both boys looked in the pinnacle of health, and I could not help comparing them to Tobin who with the years had grown flabby and had a paunch.

In the course of my assessment of them plus my sexual arousal and edgy nerves, I failed to carry out my seductively moving breasts plan, nor could I carry out the other maneuver I had in mind, the elevation of the bottom of my dress to expose more thigh, and perhaps even a glimpse of pubic hair. I needed to be on the couch for this ploy, not sitting at the kitchen table.

Finishing their drinks the boys rose and thanked me.

I said, "Oh, come in any time, you'll always be welcome to a drink."

There were further thanks and agreement that they would "drop in."

As they stood before me in their tight shorts I could see their penises outlined – the virile sex organs of healthy and potent young men. "My God," I thought, "Julia must have had a wonderful time with these two; I wonder if she ever had the two of them together?"

They departed, leaving behind a wretched woman in the contradictory state of being more intensely aroused than she could ever remember, and at the same time emotionally drained.

I staggered to the bedroom, took my dildo from my dressing table draw, and tried to get myself back to a reasonably relaxed condition. After three orgasms I was temporarily pacified.

I say "temporarily" because the vision of Ben and Howard continued to haunt me. I was now using my dildo several times each day as the fantasy of their powerful manhood hovered over me. The truth was I was getting myself into an emotional mess over those two.

I had no idea whether their agreement that they would "drop in" was a real statement of intent, or if they were merely being polite. The matter was settled three days after their first visit, when they were again ringing the front door bell. This time I was a bit more composed, and had again prepared myself in what I thought was an alluring manner.

My original plan of getting them into the lounge was carried through this time, together with my seductive breast movements and exposed thighs. I saw quite plainly that this caught their attention, and thought I detected a swelling in their shorts. Nevertheless, the conversation remained at the polite level.

They had continued to call me, "Mrs. Mullen", so I decided that something a little more intimate was required.

"Why don't you call me Dawn?" I asked. "I mean, you're not little boys any more," I added, looking, I hoped, pointedly at those organs that clearly displayed their mature status.

"Great," responded Howard, followed by Ben's "Fine."

The visit ended as it had done before, with me reinforcing the invitation to drop in any time I was home. I tried to give this invitation further significance by repeating forcefully, "Anytime." The one clear difference with this departure was the large, clearly defined erections they took away with them.

I nurtured the hope in my bosom that their sexual suffering was equal to mine.

They were not on The Reserve the following day, but they were ringing my door bell about half an hour after I got in from work. I had not bothered to change from my work uniform, so my previous ploys could not be put into action.

Once more it was all politeness and general chatter, but I could see that like me, they were so worked up they could

hardly keep still. They seemed to be seeking anything to say, just to stay a bit longer. Once more nothing happened and they departed with their swollen sex organs, leaving me to take to my bed with the dildo.

They were back again the next day, and this time I was ready for them. I sat on the couch, my arms uplifted and hands entwined at the back of my head, to give maximum uplift. I saw to it that the hint of pubic hair was visible, and watched their manly shafts press agonizingly against the cloth of their shorts.

I was in a terrible state and discharging copious quantities of lubricant. It was crystal clear that none of us could sit still, we were so aroused, yet still nothing happened. I did not feel it was my place to make further moves; something had to come from them. In any case, I didn't really know what moves I could make.

At one point I went out into the kitchen to get some cakes for us, and as I looked in the cupboard, I felt two arms go round me from behind, and hands cupped my breasts.

It was Howard. He kissed the back of my neck and said, "You know what we're going to do to you, don't you, Dawn?"

After all my fantasizing about these two, the reality, when it approached, took me by surprise. I thought I had wanted this, but now I was not so sure. There had never been anybody but Tobin in my life, sexually speaking, and fear of the guilt that might follow a coupling with these two rose within me like a threatening demon.

I did not pretend to not know what Howard meant, so I started trying to get out of his grasp saying, "No Howard, no. You mustn't do anything to me. Please, please let me go."

He only held on tighter, and then Ben was there, and together they picked me up bodily and carried me to the bedroom.

"I continued my pleading, "Please boys, don't do this to me, please...I beg of you...don't..." I rather think my pleading lacked conviction, but in any case it made no difference. They said nothing, but as I attempted to struggle they drew my dress over my head, leaving me naked before them.

Howard laid over me to hold me down as Ben took off his shorts, and then Ben replaced Howard who in turn took off his shorts.

Physically I knew I had no chance against these two strong boys and all I could do was to continue to plead with them

to let me go and not do anything to me. The trouble was, the soaking wet state of my vagina and thighs, and the hardness of my nipples, contradicted my pleadings, and as soon as Ben put his fingers against my sex organ, he knew.

Howard put his lips close to my ear and whispered, "Dawn, we're going to fuck you whether you struggle or not, so why not just enjoy it?"

I knew he was right. If they were determined, there was nothing I could do but shout and scream, and since most of the neighbours were out at work, the chances of my being heard were minimal. I relaxed and stopped protesting and Howard, feeling my surrender went on, "That's good Dawn, we can make it so much better for you like this." Then he put his lips to mine.

They were moist, soft and warm. In as it were, a final act of submission, I opened my lips to let his tongue enter to explore my mouth. As he did this I felt my legs being drawn apart and raised. Two hands, Ben's, were under my buttocks. I felt something press against my vagina, and then the outer lips were opened to expose the inner petals. Something was moving over them, and at first I thought it was a finger, but then realized it was too soft for that.

For a moment I could not understand what was being done to me by Ben, then I realized, he was giving me oral sex. Only once I had tried to get Tobin to do that to me, and after about ten seconds he pulled back saying, "That's horrible." Not the most delicate comment to make to a girl.

Howard continued deep kissing me, while at the same time caressing my breasts with his hand. I felt Ben's tongue enter my passage and thrust for a while, but then he found my clitoris.

Howard began sucking my nipple, and with what the pair of them was doing to me, I did begin crying out, but not in rejection. Instead I was begging them, "Don't stop, for God's sake don't stop."

Ben did stop his oral stimulation but was replaced by Howard. Ben brought his penis up to my mouth. I knew what he wanted from me, and again it was to be a first. I had tried to give Tobin oral sex, and again I got a negative comment, "That's a filthy thing to want to do."

I took Ben's penis into my mouth, first of all warily tasting the pre-cum that was soaking the crown. It was a little salty, but not in the least unpleasant.

I was unable to carry on with Ben for long because I felt my orgasm coming. You might imagine how amazed I was that this was happening because although I might have had an occasional orgasm with Tobin in the very early days of our marriage, it was now many years since it had happened. The only orgasms I had were when using my dildo.

Another cause for my astonishment was the fact that the orgasm was coming without any penetration by a penis taking place. I was actually approaching the high point solely through foreplay.

Ben seemed to understand what was about to happen to me and made no attempt to reenter my mouth with his penis, and instead started to suck my nipples.

The exquisite agony of my approaching orgasm had me shaking and crying out, "Stop...please stop...I can't stand it...don't make me...please don't make me... It's torture..."

Then it was upon me in all its excruciating beautiful power. My cries changed - "Oh...ah...don't...don't stop...please don't stop...Oh my God...Aah..."

At the climax I was vibrating from head to toe, I was being tortured...racked...and I wanted it to go on for ever.

Coming out the other side of the climacteric moment, still being shaken by the aftershocks, I slowly began to relax. Howard ceased cunnilingus, and as I lay with legs spread, he came over me and finding my entrance with his shaft, he entered me.

I was serene but receptive. I felt his long shaft slide in to its full length, then he began slowly at first, working it up and down in me. He would withdraw until only the tip of his penis was still in me, then push steadily in again.

At first I simply lay there letting him take me, but as I felt him speed up his movements, I knew his orgasm must have been approaching, and I began to move rhythmically with him. Suddenly he gave an ecstatic groan and I felt his sperm burst into me, as he cried out, "Oh God... beautiful...beautiful."

As he stopped flooding me with his seed I felt another orgasm imminent. I did not want him to withdraw but he rolled away from me to be immediately replaced by Ben.

He had been watching Howard and me and was consequently very worked up. He held out long enough, however, for my next orgasm to begin, and as it did, he shot into me. We clung together howling and screaming, and

finally I was racked by a paroxysm of weeping. They were tears of exultant joy arising from the deep feeling of fulfillment I was experiencing. At last my body had been used as I had longed for it to be used.

Ben stayed inside me for a while, but finally withdrawing he lay beside me, Howard on the other side. I tried to hug them both saying, "Thank you...thank you...it was wonderful. You are two darlings."

Ben gave a little chuckle. "It's we who should be thanking you, Dawn, you're superb." "Fabulous," echoed Howard.

"You two can come and rape me any time," I laughingly responded.

"Be sure we're going to take you up on that, Dawn," Howard said seriously.

"Good," I replied, equally serious.

I looked across at the clock and was shocked to see it was within fifteen minutes of Tobin's arrival home from work.

"My God," I said in a panic, "You two get out of here. My husband will be home shortly."

I hustled them into their shorts and out the front door, then returned to the chaotic bed that with my lubricant and their sperm was screaming aloud that here sexual deeds had been done. In addition, the room had that slightly fishy smell that seems to go with sexual intercourse.

I flung open the windows, put on my dress and changed the bed linen as fast as I could. I had about two minutes to calm down and look normal before Tobin walked in. I don't think I looked very normal or calm, but Tobin was not one to notice those things. I sometimes thought that if he came home when I was lying dead on the floor he wouldn't notice, and simply ask, as he always did, when his meal would be ready.

I thought I would feel a deep sense of guilt in his presence, but in all truth I must say, I didn't. Perhaps that marks me down as a "slut," but I had been so profoundly satisfied by those two boys, and for years profoundly unsatisfied by Tobin, I felt no remorse for what I had just done. My one concern was that it might not happen again, despite what the boys had said.

I need not have worried; they were at my door soon after I arrived home from work next day. Every weekday for the next two weeks they were with me, for at the weekend Tobin was around the place.

Tobin got his Friday night "ration," and everything seemed to be going along splendidly. Then came what I have since come to call, "The Crisis."

The Crisis came on a Friday afternoon. I had just finished coupling with Ben, and Howard had begun to press into me. I was out on another planet, with my third orgasm for the afternoon lurking in the wings.

I was not, however, so far out that I did not hear a voice calling, "Mum, mum."

It was the voice of my son, Luke. I tried to break away from Howard, but he was so worked up that already he had started to ejaculate into me. He clung on tightly to finish as I struggled to separate from him.

I could see the bedroom door from where I lay, and I saw Luke's head appear. He stared, transfixed for a moment, and then withdrew. I was in a panic. Howard finished ejaculating and I managed to push him off.

"Luke's come home," I hissed.

Neither of the boys had seen Luke, and their panic matched mine.

"What are we going to do, Dawn?" Asked Ben.

"You two get out of here, and leave me to deal with this," I replied. I'll let you know what happens."

They hurriedly got into their shorts and fled. So much for my hero lovers.

Now I had to face Luke. What the hell was I going to say to him? How explain why I was having sex with two young men of his own age with whom he had gone to school and, to put it bluntly, had been fucking his sister for some time?

I slowly dressed myself in what I hoped would be appropriately virtuous fashion, and went in search of Luke. I found him, white faced, sitting on the couch in the lounge.

Deciding on an aggressive line, I simply asked, "Well?"

"Why?" he asked.

"Why, what?"

"Why did you have to fuck with those two?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Yes, I do want to know."

"Well, it's none of your business what I do, and don't give me any of your virtuous morality because I know about you and Julia."

He turned even paler. "How do you know that?"

"I'm not a fool Luke. I'm quite capable of hearing you know."

"Hearing what?"

"The groans and howls the two of you give off when you think I and your father are asleep."

"All right, Julia and I have been having sex. We've always been close, and she taught me about sex and love. Is there anything wrong with that?"

"I've never said anything about it."

"That's true, but why mum? Why those two?"

"Because for once I wanted some real sex. I wanted some passion. Do you know what it's like with your father?"

"I don't know, but I can guess. It's pretty bland, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's pretty bland."

"But if you'd wanted...I mean. If you wanted a young...if you wanted someone young...if you wanted...why didn't you ask me?"

I was stunned. It had never occurred to me that Luke had the slightest sexual interest in me. I must admit I had coveted him ever since he had entered puberty and felt jealous of his sexual relationship with Julia, but never had I thought he would want me, his mother.

I stammered out, "But Luke, I'm your mother, you can't want..."

"Why not?" he replied. "You may be my mother, but that doesn't mean I don't want you sexually, does it? Julia is my sister, and I wanted her."

"But Luke..." I began.

"It's all right mother. I understand. You wanted some exciting sex, and Ben and Howard provided it. It's just that I wanted you to know...oh, never mind."

He fled from the room, disappearing into his bedroom, leaving me utterly bewildered.

One part of me wanted to go after him to explain, to try and justify my actions, to try and restore whatever good opinion he might have had about me. The other part was one of pride. Why should I have to explain to him? I was a free woman, my body was my own. The only person who had any right to upbraid me was Tobin, and even he could hardly complain since he only used me to satisfy what little sexual drive he had left.

The thought of Tobin reminded me that he would be home soon. Would Luke betray me? Would he tell his father what he had witnessed? Perhaps not, since he might fear I would tell Tobin about his activities with his sister.

I set about preparing the evening meal in a distracted manner, unable to focus properly on what I was doing, and felt in a state of emotional turmoil. "Is this the price one pays for infidelity?" I wondered.

When Tobin arrived I told him Luke had come home and his response was to ask, "How long is he here for?" Tobin had enjoyed the children when they were small, but when they entered their teen years he seemed to dislike them, and was glad when they were out of the house.

"He didn't say how long he'd be here. He hasn't even said why he's come home."

"I just thought I'd like a break from work and rest up for the weekend. Julie decided not to come."

Luke had entered the room unheard and unseen. I felt a shiver of apprehension ripple through as I wondered if he was going to tell his father what he had seen.

"I'm going to make some tea," he said, and went to the kitchen.

"I'll go and help him," I muttered to Tobin.

In the kitchen Luke had just put the water on to boil. Panicky, I fumbled for the tea and milk and said, "Luke, please don't say anything to your father...please..."

He looked at me with a sort of half smile on his face. "Might depend on what happens, he replied."

"What do you mean, darling?" I quavered.

"Did you call them 'darling' as well?"

I ducked that question and asked, "What's got to happen, Luke?"

"You work it out, mum."

He was not going to answer my question, so I pursued the matter no further. Perhaps I feared that if he did answer I was going to hear something I would not like.

The weekend passed with me in a state of high anxiety. I dropped things and tripped over things. I felt sick and nauseous, almost as if I was in the early stages of pregnancy.

I expected Luke to return to work, leaving Sunday afternoon, but he stayed. Monday he still made no move to go, but after Tobin left for work he moved his car so it could be seen by anyone approaching the house.

It was early afternoon, after I got in from work, when he approached me. He came close and said quietly, "Well, have you decided?"

"Decided what, Luke?"

"I thought you'd have worked that out for yourself."

"I honestly don't know what you mean, Luke."

"I'll give you a clue. I've put my car where it can be seen so we won't be interrupted by those two you've been fucking with. I want them to know I'm here."

"But why?"

He moved closer and pulled me to him. "I think you know why."

He kissed me, not violently, but very tenderly.

I had really not known what he was talking about before, but I would have been a complete moron not to know now. He wanted sex with me.

"Darling, we can't...mother and son...please don't make me...I'll do anything you want, but not that. You know we can't..."

"Yes we can," he whispered, "and yes we shall."

His hands had been fondling my breasts, and I felt the first urge towards sexual desire begin to overtake me. As with the two boys, I was protesting, perhaps more seriously with Luke because of my fear of incest, but never the less wanting him.

Luke is strong, very strong, and he picked me up bodily and carried me to the bedroom. I struggled and kicked, but it had no effect on him. He laid me on the bed and his hand went up my skirt. I had no panties on, and quickly he found my vagina, his fingers penetrating my now wet organ.

I continued to struggle and plead, "No, darling no...please...don't do this to me...I beg you...don't."

I heard him unfasten his zip and knew his penis was exposed. He had his knee between my legs, forcing them little by little apart until my sex organ was open to him. He came over me as I continued to struggle with him, but with ever decreasing conviction.

I was wet and ready for him as he thrust in. Then he said with a note of triumph in his voice he said: "You could give it to those other two, now you'll give it to me."

His penis is long and thick, larger than any others I had experienced. He pushed in to his full length and he fitted tightly against my vaginal wall. Despite my previous opposition I now instinctively flexed my vaginal muscle to grip his shaft and he gasped, "Oh God, mother...mother..."

I was lost. I had no further will to resist him. I wanted him. I wanted him as I had never wanted a man before. I clung to him moving in rhythm with his thrusts into me, wanting his young sperm in me.

I was crying out, "Darling...yes...yes...don't stop now...don't stop...I want you..."

The first quiver of an orgasm approached, threatening me with its exquisite torment, still moving with him I cried out, "No, don't darling...don't make me...its agony...I can't bear it..."

He continued to thrust in relentlessly, without mercy, and as my orgasm burst over me like a shuddering earthquake, I felt his first eruption of sperm into me. We clung together, his hands under my buttocks, my legs wrapped round him. I was screaming out, "Deeper, darling, deeper."

He gave a final plunge into me and he began to relax. I would not release him, but made him stay with me to help me complete the after shocks of my orgasm. I heard myself whimpering, "Oh my darling, oh my darling."

When peace came, with his penis still in me, he smiled down at me and asked, "Well, is that what you wanted?"

"Oh yes, darling...Oh my love...yes. Is it what you wanted?"

"For always now, mother."

Neither of us had undressed for our coupling and we were now soaked in sweat. We showered and returned to the bed.

Both of us were ready for another coupling, but for while we lay in each other's arms. It was then I spoke out:

"I'm frightened, darling."

"What of?"

"After what we've done I don't know how I can manage without you."

"You won't have to, mother, I'll see to that. I'll have to go back to work tomorrow, come with me."

"I can't, Luke. My job, your father, and what about you and Julie?"

"Julie and I have stopped having sex now. She's met a man she likes, and after all, she's known for a long time I wanted you. She only taught me about sex and kept me content until I could come to you. I told her last week I was coming home to try and persuade you to start a sexual relationship with me. I just couldn't hold back from you any longer."

My mind was racing. Perhaps I could get away from work, at least for a week or two. I had some leave owing, and if

next day I spoke to my boss, I might be able to persuade him. Tobin would have to look after himself for a week or two.

"I'll try to join you next week," I told Luke. That put a smile on his face. "And now, before your father gets home, let's make love again, but properly this time."

I suppose that really brings me to the end of my story of how my son and I became lovers. However, I should perhaps add and addendum.

The two boys come no more to my bed, as Luke now gives me all I want. Both Tobin and I were amazed when it was found I was pregnant. I had thought I was past the age of child-bearing. The only question I have in my mind is who is the father? Tobin? Luke? One of the boys? I suppose I shall never know unless tests are made, and I have no intention of allowing that.

If Only the Dog Could Talk

One week ago, today my wife of twenty years, Juno, left me. Two days prior to that she had announced, "I can't live with you any more, I'm going to live with Paul." Over the next two days, she gathered her things, and on the second day Paul arrived with a van, loaded her goods, and they left.

I am twenty years older than my wife. Before I retired as Emeritus Professor, I had an academic post at the university. It was while I was working as a lecturer and tutor in earlier days that I met Juno. She had failed her final exam for the year, and as she was majoring in the subject, it was decided to allow her to take a supplementary exam to see if she could gain a pass.

I was detailed off to interview her, and when she came to my office, she seemed to bring the sunlight with her. To use another metaphor, she was like a flower that had burst open with the coming of spring.

She was, as they say, "Dressed to kill," her clothes revealing as much as they concealed. She put on a look of pathos, and made me an offer I could not resist. She passed for the year, and, I might add, in the two succeeding years with honours.

I was completely captivated by this lovely young girl and pursued her in every way possible, even at the risk of my position at the university.

To cut a lengthy tale short, we ended up getting married. Looking back now, I suppose she saw me as a fairly safe and secure prospect that would save her from engaging in one of those boring tasks some people find their “fulfillment” in.

I am not sure that she found the tasks of looking after me and the household, any less boring, but she did have a fair degree of financial safety, and I endowed her liberally from my salary.

Sexually our marriage began on a high note, but descended over the years, largely down to me. I suppose this was in part due to advancing age and the medication I need to take, which, I am told, can have a deleterious effect on one’s potency. Juno would make advances to me, but nothing was aroused.

When viagra came on the scene, I asked my doctor to write a prescription for me. He refused, saying it could have disastrous effects in combination with my other medication.

And so our marriage limped on (literally), for years.

When Juno announced she was leaving me, I was shattered. Naturally my first thought was, who would clean the house, do the cooking, washing and ironing? Who would there be to care of the garden and clean the car? Who would feed the dog and cat? Of course, I suppose I also realised I would miss having Juno around the house.

I begged her not to leave me. "Where else will you get such an easy unburdened life style?" I asked.

She was resolute. She told me clearly, and I felt, very unfairly, that she was fed up with being my servant and getting no bedtime consolation. I tried rational argument, pleading, bullying and threatening. I even went so far as to offer to help do the washing up. All quite useless, she was going, and that was that.

In the week since she left, I have gone over the situation in my mind repeatedly, wondering how it all started, and why I had not suspected anything. I think I have now pieced together the train of events.

As far as I can work out, it began like this. Juno and I took it in turns to walk our dog in the morning. We tend to go at different times because Juno is an early riser and I a late riser.

We walk along the river path for about an hour, and on our return home, we usually mention people that we have seen and talked with during the walk. We tend to meet the same people around the same time on our stroll.

One particular morning Juno returned from her walk with a sort of glow about her. She talked very excitedly about a young man she had met who had a dog just like ours. They had exchanged views about the breed, and then parted. Her excitement registered with me, but I thought nothing of it. I did wonder briefly why a discussion about dogs should have been so exciting, but left it at that.

In the following weeks Juno continued to return home somewhat bubbly, and talked more and more about the young man, whom she now seemed to meet every time she walked the dog.

I learned about his fine physique, good looks, age (around twenty), his university studies, future prospects, his trip to Germany last year and financial independence. He sounded to me like one of those annoying people whom have “got the lot.”

Juno's conversation gravitated more and more around the subject of Paul (I had now been told his name). Then I began to notice that Juno's walks took longer and longer. In all

innocence, I asked her about this one day, and she hesitated for a moment, and then hastily said, "Oh, I'm just walking farther." The matter was dropped.

One day Juno came home from her walk looking pale and walking oddly. She said she was not feeling well. She took a shower and went to bed, where she stayed for most of the day.

Another change I noticed, but gave no particular significance to, was Juno's trips into the city. It had been her habit to take a weekly trip on the bus into the city to get items not readily available locally. These trips began to increase from one, to two, then three times a week. Further more, the trips began to take longer. The actual bus ride is only about fifteen minutes, and Juno usually spent a couple of hours in the city. Now the trip extended to four or five hours.

A change in Juno's mood and looks also occurred. She no longer approached me for sex, and went about the house singing, and the years seemed to drop away from her. She had developed a little facial hair, and one day I noticed it was no longer visible. I questioned this, and she said quite casually, "Oh, I had it permanently removed."

What a fool I was not to be able to interpret these signs for what they were. Paul's name dropped out of our

conversations. If I asked, "Seen that fellow, Paul, lately," Juno would shrug off the question, saying something like, "He's not around much any more."

All the signs were there for me to see, but I failed to translate them. If only our dog could have talked!

On the day she told me she was leaving, quite a bit came out as we rowed and argued. At one point I asked her how it began, and she yelled using language I had never heard from her before, "If you must know he fucked me standing up against the back of that old shed along the path. I thought he was going to kill me, but I wanted him so badly I would have put up with anything."

"What do mean nearly killed you?" I asked. "He's got a huge...he's very big," she answered. "Another one to add to his gifts from the gods," I thought.

She went on to tell me that after the shed incident they went to his flat, which was close to the path. Of course, those long periods when she was supposed to be in the city, were spent in Paul's flat.

One of my ploys to try and get Juno to stay was to suggest that it would be all right by me if she wanted to be with him a couple of times a week. She laughed, and said, "A couple

of times a week! He wants me more than that every day. And I can tell you this, now I've got used to his size, I can't live without him. What's more, he'll do anything to and for me I want him to do. No one will be able to satisfy me but him."

I had nothing to say to this. My male ego, already very fragile from not being able to deal with Juno's sexual needs, was completely deflated. She went, and now I am alone. I don't know how they'll get on with a twenty-year age difference between them. Juno should have taken a lesson from the twenty-year age gap between her and me, but perhaps it is different when the woman is older than the man is?

One thing that bothers me is who the hell is going to clean this place up? It's in a shocking state. I wonder if I can find a woman who is still active by doesn't like sex?

It Was Only a Game

I swear to you I didn't mean it to happen. It was just a game, a silly tease by a woman who was old enough to know better.

It was just that I'd got to a point in life, forty two to be exact, and I just wanted a bit of excitement, something to brighten up my day.

Nick was okay. We'd been married twenty one years and he still wanted me, but it had got routine. You know how it is, all so predictable. I could count on Friday, Monday and Wednesday nights when he would say, "Is it okay," and I say "Yes," and we'd play around a bit then couple up for the final run in.

Three times a week was fine, but I always knew what he was going to do next. Kiss, play with my breasts, have a suck on my nipples, fingers in my vagina and hey presto, he was in.

Of course, I'd have a play with him, running my hand up and down his shaft, and give the head a bit of a suck. Nothing wrong with what we did, but we always did it the same.

It was partly my fault I suppose. I believe some women these days insist on their partner giving them oral sex, but Nick

had baulked at this. On the other hand, when he wanted to try anal sex, I said "no." I hadn't even given it a try.

As well as that, Nick had developed a bit of a paunch and was balding, while I had taken more care of myself and could still slip easily into my wedding dress.

That wedding dress has a bit of a funny story attached to it. I've got very nice breasts, you know, big but firm. The wedding dress was cut rather low. At the wedding ceremony the poor old parson's eyes nearly popped out of his head and he got a hard on and really struggled to get the words out as he kept trying to look down the top of the dress. Nick and I have often had a laugh remembering that.

Now I'm not saying Nick and I didn't love each other. We were good mates and got along very well. It was just the dullness of our sex life that started to get to me.

Another factor was my age. I suppose I was at the point where a woman wonders if she is still attractive to young blokes. As I said, I've kept my figure that was always pretty good and the early signs of grey hair had been quickly dealt with at the hairdressers. Perhaps the slightly plump cheeks I'd had when I got married had thinned a bit, but I'd looked after my teeth, so there was no caved in look.

So there I was, still fairly presentable with a sex life that had become boring, and looking for a bit of sparkle. I don't mean I was looking out for an affair. I suppose what I wanted was a bit of sexual feedback. Some admiring glances from younger blokes and perhaps get their manhood stiff, but just for a tease and to know I was still desirable.

I admit I should have known better, but I didn't realise what a dangerous game it could be. Naive I suppose you could call it. Or more likely memory failure, because when I was a teenager I use to play the same game and got myself into some pretty tight corners with blokes and had to fight my way out.

So years on I was playing the same old female game of stirring up the male hormones.

You see, the trouble was, temptation came my way. Temptation in the shape of a young fellow with a nice body, good looks and all the virility of youth, the only problem being he was my daughter Anne's boyfriend, Clark by name.

Anne and Clark had been going out together for some time. Clark was a bit older than Anne. She was twenty and he was twenty six. All the signs were they were going to get married.

Right from the first time she brought him home I'd had thoughts, if you know what I mean. What was worse, I saw him eyeing me in a speculative manner; sort of undressing me with his eyes. So I reciprocated and mentally undressed him.

He and Anne were soon into sexual intercourse. I knew that because Anne talked to me about going on the pill and would it be okay if Clark stayed the night with her occasionally.

I talked to Nick and he said, "Well, they're going to do it anyway, so they might as well do it in comfort." So I went to the expense of replacing Anne's single bed with a double bed, and then had to listen to them moaning and groaning as they made love.

Nick spent more and more time at our place, and I remembered that someone had once said to me, "It's no use being tempted if you don't give into it."

I didn't exactly give in; I just wanted to tease Clark a bit. I suppose I saw Anne as a sort of competitor in the female ego stakes, and wanted to see if I could get a bloke who fancied my daughter to fancy me as well.

I didn't try anything over the top at first. I mean, when he was stopping overnight at our place I didn't let him catch in my undies or naked in the shower. I just gave him teasing, what used to be called, "Come hither looks." I'd also throw in a few comments about his nice body and looks, adding that Anne was a lucky girl to have him as a boyfriend.

Clark got around to giving me pecks on the cheek when he arrived or left our house. I gradually converted this to kisses on the lips that I let linger a bit longer than necessary for a virtuous kiss. I'd follow that up with a comment like, "Mmm, you've got lovely soft lips, Clark," and he would come back with something like, "Your's are pretty soft and moist as well, Tessa."

I'm not blind, and I could see the lump growing in his crotch, and feel it when I pressed close to him.

Of course, I only carried on like that when Nick and Anne weren't present. No point in courting trouble.

It was all a nice teasing game, and I felt really pleased with myself that I could get a young chap going. I pushed the temperature up when, during the hot weather I went out and bought myself an almost non-existent two piece bathing suit that I started to wear around the house when it got really hot.

It even got Nick going a bit more fervently, and Anne commented, "You look fantastic, mum." I felt a bit guilty about that, because I'd only bought it to torment Clark a bit more.

As Nick and I had anticipated, Anne and Clark eventually announced their engagement. Nick and I congratulated them, and when I had a minute alone with Clark I added, "It'll be nice to have a sexy hunk like you as a son-in-law."

Of course, it was taking a risk saying a thing like that, but it worked out okay because he came back with, "And it'll be nice having a well-stacked mother-in-law like you."

We went a bit quiet after that, both of us probably thinking we'd gone a bit too far.

I lay off the teasing for a couple of weeks after that as I saw we had been standing on a dangerous corner. The trouble was, hearing Clark and Anne hammering away at it in the bedroom next to ours, started to get me all wet between the legs, and I even tried waking Nick to see if he could give me some relief, but if it wasn't the right night he'd moan, "Go to sleep."

So, despite a half-hearted resolve I made not to try and stir Clark up again, I yielded to temptation once more. Like a lot

of these things it became a sort of drug, but not the sort that sends you to sleep, but does the very opposite. Once you start on it, you want to, or need to, take more and more.

Whenever we were alone for a few minutes I'd start some game with him, perhaps pretending to tickle him, and he would grab me and hold me close to him. Sometimes I'd end up kissing him and pulling my self close to him, giving my hips a little gyration and feeling him get hard.

It was when Anne and Clark's wedding day was only a month away that the crisis came. Clark turned up unexpectedly when both Nick and Anne were out, and were going to be out for another couple of hours. To this day I don't know if Clark knew they were going to be out.

I told Clark that Anne was absent and if he wanted to wait I'd make him a cup of coffee and he could go into the lounge and watch television if he wanted to.

I was dressed in my jeans and T-shirt, but when I got the coffee going I rushed to my bedroom and put on my near invisible two piece. I was telling myself I'd have a bit of fun with Clark. I'd get him so worked up he'd drag Anne off to the bedroom as soon as she got in.

It was a stinking hot day, so I had my excuse for wearing the barely visible garment. When I took our coffee into the lounge I made some remark like, "Phew, it's so hot I thought I'd put on something cool."

Clark had seen me in the garb a number of times before but always when others were around. Now, being on our own added extra spice to the tantalising game, and as he had parked himself on the sofa, I sat beside him, raising one leg so that it rested on the seat, thus displaying my barely covered sex organ.

Then the devil really got into me. "I read somewhere that young men often like older women. Do you think that's true, Clark?"

"Er...yes, I've heard that," he croaked, unable to decide whether he wanted to stare at my crotch or breasts.

"How do you feel about it, Clark?"

"D-d-d-depends on the w-w-woman," I suppose.

"What sort of older woman would you like if you did go for one?"

"I d-d-d-don't know," he choked out.

I pulled closer to him and put my hand on his thigh and said, "Come on Clark, you must have some thoughts on the subject."

I could see his shaft, hard as a rock, throbbing inside his jeans. His face was red and he was shaking. I was starting to shake my self and the little bit of cloth under my crotch was doing nothing to soak up my lubricant.

"For example," I quavered, "Would it be someone like me?"

That was it. The flood gates opened. "You know bloody well it would," he almost yelled. Oh God, I want you Tessa. I've wanted you ever since I first met you."

He was pushing me back on the sofa and I was gasping, "No don't Clark, what about Anne," but I didn't mean it, and right then I didn't care about Anne.

He was unzipping his jeans and getting his penis out. He didn't even bother to take my clothes off, such as they were. He was between my legs and pushing his penis between my thigh and the tiny bit of cloth.

He had no difficulty in entering me I was so wet, and he was gasping out, "Tessa, oh Tessa, I want you so badly." And I was saying, "Fuck me Clark; fuck me hard." Then we were a screaming, groaning tangle on the sofa and I wanted him so badly I was coming in no time and he was just as urgent and was shooting into me.

When it was over we lay as if glued together and kept telling each other how much we'd wanted to do this and at the same time I was now thinking about Anne. Along with that thought went another one which kept telling me how much I wanted to have Clark properly with all the trimmings on a bed. He made matters worse when he echoed my thought saying "I want to make love with you properly."

It was getting too close to the time when either Anne or Nick would be home, so we couldn't do what we wanted to do with each other, so we settled for another quickie, but with my things off this time. It was beautiful and when he'd shot into me I wanted more, but we couldn't because of the time. The Clark drug had got me in its evil grip properly now, so we worked out when I would be alone again and he could join me.

So that's how it began. Up to the time Anne and Clark got married we managed to be together at least three or four time each week. It was wonderful. It was sex like I'd never known it before. I got the oral sex I'd hankered for and I let him have

anal sex with me, but I don't know how Clark managed because I could still hear him and Anne rattling away at night.

They got married and went away for a three week honeymoon. Without my Clark prescription medicine I was almost beside myself. I literally ached for him, and no amount of sex with Nick or masturbating could fix the ailment.

When they got back from their honeymoon I thought it might all be over between Clark and me, but first opportunity there he was, almost ravishing me.

Anne had gone off the pill because they wanted to start a family very quickly so in no time she was announcing her first pregnancy. I thought that might bring Clark to a halt with me, but it didn't. It even got worse because he said he wanted a kid with me. I put the brakes on that one, but it didn't dampen his ardour one bit, or mine.

They've got three children now, and he still joins me whenever he can, which is quite often. Where he gets the energy I don't know, but I glad he does get it. He makes me feel alive, a desirable and sexy woman.

So that's how things stand for the present, but I must say, I didn't mean it to happen, it was only a game.

It's Never too Late

Prologue.

Let me introduce you to Anne and relate some of her history for you.

At the time of my writing she is fifty-six, and lives in her house in the hills. She has always had a predilection for men younger than herself, and in fact, "predilection" is a very good word to use, because with respect to young men she has been very "predatory" in her time.

She married at age thirty to a man ten years younger than herself, and when she was forty two he appraised her of the fact that he didn't want to spend the rest of his life with her, and departed her company for ever.

Phase 1.

Anne was shattered for about two weeks then, girding up her sexual loins, or whatever women do in such circumstances, had her hair dyed, her teeth fixed and her eyes laced with contact lenses (prior to this she wore spectacles with glass that looked like the bottom of coke bottles). This refurbished tigress then emerged from her lair to predate.

The newly "done over" Anne looked reasonably presentable. I shall not lead you astray by pretending she was a world-beater in looks with long legs, 40D bras and all that. She in fact had a slightly spidery look, which of course is a predator in it's own right.

Facially I would say she was pleasant enough, and as a male, I can say that when she gave you the "once over," you really knew it. It was the equivalent of the male to female look when the woman afterwards says, "He undressed me with his eyes."

And if you really must know, they are about 34C.

By profession she is a librarian and works in the library of "The City Mental Hospital." Many young doctors on their way to becoming psychiatrists train in this hospital, and this provided Huntress Anne with a fine jungle to stalk in.

I must be fair and point out that during her marriage to her youthful husband, she was ever faithful to him. She just amused herself by trying to inspire unsatisfied erections among the male hospital staff – especially the young ones.

During the fortnight of her post partnership bereavement, she made use of the hospital facilities to the extent that she got herself, shall we say, counseled? She chose for this purpose the youngest, and she hoped the horniest of the interns.

She gained their attention with a display of tears, hysterics and cries to the Creator, all of which related to her deprivation. The "Deprivations" at first concerned those matters of love, warmth and companionship, but fairly quickly came to centre on her female sensual needs.

By the end of the fortnight, a number of psychiatric couches had rocked to the tune of fornicatory therapy, and Anne was well on the road to recovery.

Phase 2.

In the following years Anne enjoyed many liaisons, some more successful than others. She was not overly concerned about penis sizes. Her main interest was, that the male organ was erect and active in her mouth, anus, vagina or on

occasions spurting between her breasts. She did of course expect breasts to be squeezed and kissed, nipples to be sucked and the clitoris to be given its due, but she aimed to please as well as being pleased.

Her kindness and generosity to young males became a byword, and for years, she was kept busy introducing them to the more intricate aspects of female anatomy, for which, in the main, they were very grateful. No doubt, it was a psychiatric career advancing experience.

Not of course, that she limited her warmth to medicos. She was always prepared to step outside the bounds of the profession so long as the youth was ardent enough. It was just that the young docs were nice and handy.

Anne did however draw the line at one point. In her words, "I could never have sex with a man who hasn't got a university degree." Thus with Anne, coital victory was measured by academic success.

For many years, all went well. The post-connubial bed creaked nightly to the joyful fornication of Anne and her youthful Inamoratas. She did try playing doubles and on one occasion triples, but Anne is the sort of woman who likes to concentrate on what she is doing – or what is being done to her. Too many penises simultaneously penetrating vagina,

anus and mouth, only confused her, so after experimenting, she reverted to one at a time.

All went merrily along until, entering her fifties, Anne noticed a gradual fall off in those offering to console her in her loneliness and need. It rather crept up gradually until at the end of one week she realised that no male genitalia had been active in any of her hemispheres.

This didn't trouble her at first, and she said to herself, "It's pure chance. Just worked out that way." The following week did not confirm her optimism. No further intimate relations came about. Now she began to feel troubled.

She attended her hairdresser and had the colour of her hair changed to a sort of purple. Her dentist went over her teeth and, much to her dismay, did so without once even brushing his hand across her breasts.

Panic began to set in. She went to her doctor for a thorough physical examination and not once did his hand even approach her sexual organ. Naked, she examined herself closely in the full-length mirror, then she went over her face with the magnifying small mirror she used to find and remove blackheads. She bought an exercise bicycle on which she pumped for hours to remove any superfluous avoirdupois.

She tried to enhance her devastatingly sensual "I'm available" glances, but there was no response. Youthful doctors who once lingered and lounged over her librarian's desk, made hasty enquiries about books and magazines and upon receiving the necessary information, hurried on.

Phase 3.

Now began the dark days for Anne. She could no longer avoid the truth of her wretched situation.

Pains began to twinge in sundry joints. Beneath the purple, red, green and yellow of her hair (she tried many varieties of colour), she knew her hair to be completely grey. Her once flashing white teeth (compliments of her dentist) were now darkened. Her eyes were often tearful with contact lens irritation. Most horrid of all, her once not over large, but proudly erect bosoms, began to succumb to the blandishments of gravity.

It came to pass in those days, that even men of middling years passed by on the other side. Anne realised that now had the dark night of the soul come upon her. She was alone in her isolated house in the hills. Shunned by her colleagues, she was even left unravished by the casual encounterer.

It was at this point in her now drear existence I chanced upon her in the City Art Gallery. She was gazing with longing at the picture of a naked male youth. It was many years since I had last seen her, and I barely recognised her. She had the look of a rather forlorn grandmother who had been deprived of grandmotherhood for the simple reason she had no grandchildren.

We exchanged salutations and went for a cup of coffee together. It was over the cup of coffee that I learned some of the details I have given above.

As we came to part, she said forlornly, "I've given up now. I don't think Mr.Right will ever come along." She left me, her back bowed and with shuffling gait.

Phase 4.

I kept in touch with Anne from time to time after our meeting, and so I can relate to you how things fell out for her.

One day as she surveyed the ruinous state of her household décor, she decided to have the place painted. She selected a contractor, and on the day arranged, the painter turned up. He was a lusty youth of some twenty-two years, and visible

through his nicely snug shorts one could see his excellent endowment.

He set to on all the scraping and scrubbing that painters and decorators seem to engage in prior to the grand finale of applying paint. Mid morning, Anne invited him to partake with her in a cup of coffee. She found him open and friendly and given to talk about himself and ask impertinent personal questions.

Lunchtime he joined Anne again in eating and conviviality. Despite his lack of academic degrees, Anne found herself liking him, and over the following days they exchanged ever more intimate details of their lives, likes and dislikes.

The bells rang for Anne, when our hearty youth slyly let it be known that his sexual preference was for older women. This subject was expanded upon over several coffee meetings, until Anne resolved to act. As gamblers are wont to say, "You've got to be in it to win it."

Anne waited for an opportune moment, and that proved to be when the youth was halfway up a ladder wielding his brush. Anne approached him and undoing the belt of his shorts and pulling down the zip, she began to play gently on his organ.

The youth was surprised, or at least he feigned to be surprised. My own opinion is that this was what he had been working up to. Whether genuinely surprised or not, his ample penis rose in splendour, and in no time Anne was caressing it with flashing tongue.

Not to be outdone, the youth descended the ladder, picked up granny Anne, and carried her into the bedroom. Here he divested her and himself of garments, and commenced to flay her breasts, nipples and clitoris with his tongue.

Now followed a mighty battle between the two of them. On one side was years and experience, and on the other, youth and enthusiasm. I could not say who won the encounter, but I can tell you that for the first time since the departure of her erstwhile hubby, a non-academic sexual organ entered the flower of Anne's womanhood.

Epilogue.

I met with Anne again recently. Once more, I hardly recognised her. Ten years had been stripped away from her. She walked with grace and ease, and her hair is now its natural grey ("He likes me that way," she said).

It seems that Anne and the youth have established something of an ongoing relationship. He has moved into

her house and occupies her bed. He pleasures her body (and his), eats her food, drinks her drinks and, spends her money. As Anne commented, "What's it for if not to enjoy."

Anne's summarising remark was, "It's like having a pleasant grandson, only more so."

I shall not point the moral of this story, ladies. If it is not obvious to you, then it is for you, "Too Late."

Jenny's Tutorial

My name is Jenny Harris. One day a couple of years ago I sat drinking a cup of poisonous university cafeteria tea and mulling over the lecture on Rousseau's "Social Contract," I had just attended. I decided it had been a good lecture because I now had some idea of what the old Gaul had been going on about.

I was fifty-nine years of age at the time, and two years ago my beloved Alf had died. I grieved for my loss, especially my bed time loss, because Alf and I had been lovers almost from the time we first met when I was eighteen and he twenty. We stayed lovers until the time of his last illness. "We might not have been as hot as when we first started," I thought, "but we certainly kept each other entertained."

Of all my anatomy, Alf had celebrated in my breasts. When they first developed in puberty, I had hated them. I thought them large and ugly, but Alf taught me otherwise. They are still large, and having had no children, they have retained a good deal of their firmness. I often see men, even young ones, eyeing these mammary glands of mine with lascivious eyes – if only one of them would handle them again as Alf used to...

Alf and I had wanted children, but try as we might, they never happened. "Mind you," Alf would say, "We have a lot of fun trying."

Once starting to recover from my grief over Alf's death, I remembered something I had heard about university lectures. For a small fee, people were allowed to sit in on the lectures. They were not allowed to participate in the tutorials and there were no exams or essays, but the lectures were open to them.

I lived within walking distance of the university and often in the past, as I walked by its buildings, I would say to myself, "One day you'll be there." So, when the opportunity came, I decided I didn't want the full course, but would enjoy participating in the lectures, so I selected Political Philosophy and paid my fee.

Now, as I sat in the cafeteria there were groups of young people who had been at the lecture sitting all around the place, chattering about what they had heard. I caught odd snatches of the conversations and felt a little envious. I wished I could join them, but didn't feel I could just butt in. I began to regret the tutorials I was not permitted to attend. "Be great to talk things out," I thought.

We were about halfway through the first term and I had a sort of nodding acquaintance with a few of the students. There was one especially who always sat next to me, and with whom I exchanged brief greetings. I had heard the other students call him "Garron," and now Garron came over and seated himself at my table.

"You always sit on your own," he said. "Why not join some of the others?"

"I don't think they'd want an old woman pushing in," I said.

"They might think it interesting to have an older person's point of view," Garron replied. "And you don't look all that old. I haven't seen you at any of the tutorials, either."

"I can't go to the tutorials, I only pay for the lectures."

"Ah, your one of the people who just sit in the lectures? Pity because the tutorial are really quite interesting."

"I thought they might be, but there you are..."

We spoke for a while longer then Garron had to be off to another lecture. "See you again, he said cheerfully," and departed.

"Nice young chap," I thought. I had been especially flattered by the comment; "You don't look all that old." "Young liar," I said to myself, but hoped he wasn't.

In the following couple of weeks, Garron made a point leaving the lectures with me and we went together to the cafeteria for our cup of poison. One morning Garron said, "I've had an idea. You are not allowed to attend the official tutorials, so why don't we have an unofficial tutorial just for you."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, I could talk to a few of the students – the one's who are keen on the subject, and we could meet and talk over various points. What do you say?"

"It's a lovely thought," I said, "but I don't think you'll get many takers."

"Well let's find out, shall we?" Garron said. "How many people do you think? And where and when?"

Starting to be influenced by Garron's enthusiasm for the idea, I said, "Oh, no more than eight, and what about my place? I only live ten minutes walk from the university. And how about a Friday night?"

"Leave it to me," said the cheerful Garron."

I loved the idea, but held out little hope for its success. However, the following week Garron came bouncing into the lecture room wreathed in smiles.

"Done it," he crowed. "Got eight. Six guys, two girls and me. What time on Friday?"

We settled for seven thirty, and I gave him my address.

I had been lonely since Alf's death and was excited at the thought of company, and young company too. I went to considerable lengths in preparing for the evening, including some maintenance work on myself, and plenty of eatables.

My guests (if that is the right word) arrived more or less on time and Garron made the introductions. The first step was to plan what we would study and prepare for future "Jenny tutorials" as they came to be called.

I now had to prepare short papers along with the other participants, and ended up paying particular attention to, of all people, Locke and Karl Marx.

I found these gatherings very exhilarating and Friday night became the high point of my week.

I had expected that after a few sessions, some of them would lose interest, but they seemed to enjoy it as much as I did and I began to feel that I had gained some close friends.

Weeks passed and my sixtieth birthday approached and as it happened it was on a Friday. The Friday prior to my birthday I announced that there would be a "little bit of a party for my birthday next Friday, and anyone who would like to stay after the tutorial would be very welcome."

During the week, I bought some celebratory type food, including four bottles of wine.

On the birthday Friday Garron arrived early bearing a bottle of wine and a small gift. Others followed, also bearing gifts and bottles of wine. It was rather touching because as each gave me their gift they also gave me a kiss. I had not been kissed since Alf.

The tutorial that night was rather scrappy as the interest was on the food and wine awaiting them in the next room. Looking at the bottles of wine, I was a trifle apprehensive. It now came to more than one bottle per person and that could amount to a fair degree of inebriation. I shrugged off my unease with the thought; "It's only once in a blue moon, so why not?"

By nine-thirty, the party was going well, with everyone at the relaxed stage of intoxication. At ten o'clock the two girls and two of the boys, excused themselves and they departed followed by knowing looks from the rest of the company.

One of the remaining boys said, "That leaves four guys and one girl."

I was, like the boys, at that cheerful stage of inebriation when the inhibitions are loosening up. It has been said that, "A little alcohol can elicit a lot of truth." In other words, under the influence of alcohol thoughts and feelings normally repressed can come surging out. We say and do things when tipsy which at other times we subdue.

That's how it was now at the party. Everyone began to loosen up. As often happens in these situations, the conversation got bolder and bolder, especially regarding sex.

I was saying things like, "If I was thirty years younger, you fellows would have to watch out."

One of the boys responded, "My dad always says, 'the older the fiddle the sweeter the tune'."

Other comments followed, picking up the theme of younger men wanting older women, and those older women knowing how to "give a guy a good time in bed."

Being in my cups, I'm afraid I got a bit boastful, and claimed I knew how to "give guys a good time."

At some stage in the proceedings I got up and crossed to the drink table. Someone came up behind me and put his arms round me. It was Garron, and he whispered, "Let's really enjoy ourselves, shall we, Jenny?"

Not understanding the implication of what he was saying I responded, "Yes, let's."

I felt his hands starting to undo the waist shirt I had on. I started to protest, "Garron, stop that..." but he was so gentle. He was kissing me on the nape of my neck as the buttons came undone, and was still talking softly.

"It's all right, Jenny love, we're not going to hurt you. You haven't had a man for a long time, but we know you'd still like to, so tonight you shall, with all four of us. Just relax, we won't be rough with you. We just want you to enjoy yourself, and we want to enjoy ourselves."

I think it was his gentle way of talking and undoing the buttons that stopped my protest.

I felt his hands undoing my bra, and as he pulled it off my breasts came tumbling out. As they stood out naked, I heard one of the boys say, "My God, they're beautiful."

Garron's hands were softly caressing my breasts, stroking up and down and squeezing my nipples. He was still kissing the nape of my neck in between talking in his warm loving voice.

"Just taking it easy, sweetheart. We're going to give you a lovely time, and I promise you won't be hurt."

Garron began kissing me over the shoulders and other hands undid my skirt. It fell to the floor and as I leaned back into Garron, willing him to go on kissing my shoulders and fondling my breasts, my panties were removed.

Fingers were entering my vaginal opening and pushing in and out. I was in a terrible state. My inner thighs were saturated with my lubricant and I was screaming inside, "Fuck me, Garron, fuck me," but aloud I was murmuring, "Oh don't Garron, please don't do this to me, you're driving me mad."

"Hush," he whispered, "It's all right, we'll take care of you, love. You're with friends. Just let yourself go."

I was now succumbing completely to the hunger they had inflamed in me. A tongue was licking my clitoris and I was lubricating, as I never had with Alf. It was positively pouring out of me. Sixty I might have been, but I felt my body to be almost that of a young sexually aroused girl, soft and yielding.

Garron must have felt my surrender and said lovingly, "That's right Jenny, just give way. Leave it all to us, you'll be fine."

I had hardly been able to notice what had been going on around me, but now taking in the room and boys I saw that the table had been cleared and cushions laid on it. The boys had taken off their jeans and underpants, and seeing them standing there clad in their shirts, I found myself deeply

touched. Despite their erect penises and the pubic hair, they looked like little boys, very sweet and vulnerable.

Garron was not yet undressed, but clearly, he had precedence. He released me for a few moments as he stripped and the other boys waited, then once naked he said, "Over here, love," and guided me to the table."

Bringing me to the edge of the table he said, "Bend over on the cushions," sweet.

I knew what to do as Alf had often taken me over the table so, with my feet apart on the floor I bent over the table so as to present my vagina for them to enter from behind.

I wanted Garron to be the first to enter me, and so he was. He brought the crown of his penis against my cleft, and then pulling apart the outer vaginal lips he sought my opening and entered me.

It was fabulous. It had been over three years since I had been entered like this, and a wave of exultation passed through me. I was a whole woman again and in heaven.

Garron and I were so worked up we were unable to hold back our orgasms. I think I started to come first. I began to

shake and sob as Garron thrust in and out of me, seeking my depths with his manhood. I felt the approach of earthshaking vibrations that came roaring through and over me, engulfing me and wringing from me cries and sobs.

Part way into this overpowering orgasm I became aware of Garron's intensified thrusting as he clung to my hips. I started to shriek, "Deeper, deeper, " and I felt the first of his semen burst into me.

We were both howling and screaming now as we reached the climax of our union, and this must have had an effect on the other boys, because no sooner had Garron finished than the next one entered me thrusting so hard I thought he would burst through into my womb. Like Garron, he erupted into me quickly. I was still experiencing the aftershocks of my orgasm with Garron, and had no new orgasm.

The third boy was unfortunate, he came before he could enter me, and I felt very sorry for him.

The last boy was in a dreadful state of arousal. By now, my vagina was flooded with semen and lubricant. It was running down my legs and onto the carpet. The boy, trying to enter my vagina with his penis, it slipped and came into contact with my anus.

I had often had anal sex with Alf, so my anus was well enough open to take a penis without any problems. Having had two penises in my vagina I decided to encourage the lad to enter my back passage, so I said, "There, darling, put it in there." He was dripping with precum so as he thrust against my little pink opening he slipped in easily. I squirmed back against his thrusts to force him in deep, and although I had not properly observed his penis, I think it was of more than respectable length.

My sexual experience had been limited to Alf, and of course the three boys who had just taken me, so this fourth lad's method of ejaculating seemed a bit odd, but very pleasant. Instead of increasing the pace and intensity as he shot his sperm, he simply held my hips dragging him self in tightly to me, and stayed there while he discharged.

Once he had withdrawn, I tried to stand up. I was not tired or worn out, but my legs were shaking so much they would not support me. They started to buckle under me and Garron, seeing this, put his arms round me, picking me up carried me to the sofa and lay me on it.

"All right, Jenny?" he asked.

"Lovely, darling," I replied. "And thank you all for a wonderful experience." Garron looking a little embarrassed began, "Jenny, we wondered...we'd like to...to...do you think you could manage it all over again? I mean...if we just took you on the sofa?"

Looking round I could see that they all had erections again, so I smiled and said, "I think I could manage that, but let that boy who didn't come into me be first."

The sofa is quite a spacious one, and I lay back and spread my legs for the boy. I knew I was close to another orgasm, but decided this time to control and delay it. I wanted to give this lad a good long time with me, knowing that as he had already discharged semen, he would be taking a bit longer.

He was very sweet and gentle, and indeed he did last for some time before he gave a little gasp and pumped into me.

The next boy was the one who had had anal sex with me and he too went the distance.

Garron, it seemed, was to be last this time, and it was with the third boy that I had my second orgasm. I almost frightened the life out of him with the violence of my climax. This, however, in no way deterred him from detonating into me with a flood of semen.

I was deeply disappointed when Garron made no move to enter me again. He was the one I had real affection for and wanted the most. He sat back, still naked, in an armchair, as the other boys dressed.

The other three came and kissed me goodnight, thanking me for the wonderful time they had had. I extended my thanks to them, distantly implying that we might try it again some time.

They departed, and still Garron made no move to dress and leave. We were both stark naked, and seemingly sitting around waiting for the other to speak or make a move.

After a while he spoke. "Jenny, can I stay the night with you?"

To say I was surprised would be an understatement.

"Darling," I said, "that was a party thing we did, a bit of fun, if you like. Why do you want to go to bed with an old woman? Is it the mother image or something."

The last words had been said carelessly, but immediately I knew I had touched a raw nerve.

"How...how... did you know?" he stuttered.

"Know what?" I asked, puzzled.

"That my mother and I...we..." He stopped.

I knew about mother and son incest, but this was the nearest I had ever come to it. I hardly knew how to proceed, so I said somewhat lamely, "Do you want to talk about it?"

Clearly, Garron had never talked to anyone about his relationship with his mother, but now it all came pouring out. A full account of our talk at that time belongs to another story. I suspect it is not an uncommon story, and in brief, it went like this; when Garron's father died, his mother, with whom Garron had always been close began to transfer her sexual love to her son with the result that they did become lovers. At around the time Garron was due to enter the university, which meant living away from home, his mother met and eventually married a man. Cut of from the physical relationship with his mother, Garron felt bereft.

He was in fact at about his lowest point when, presenting a cheerful face to the world, he first spoke to me in the cafeteria. He saw in me something of a substitute for his

mother. He had no intention at that time of there being anything sexual with me. It was simply a desire for the company of an older woman.

The sexual aspect arose because once the tutorials started, the boys had talked about me in the way young men do, weighing up my sexual possibilities. Their judgement was "Not a bad looking bird for her age."

I had mentioned Alf occasionally, and it was not hard for them to work out that I was missing my sex life with him in fact, just missing sex. They thought it would be fun to fill up this gap in my life for a while, and the birthday party seemed to present them with a good opportunity.

Garron assured me that if I had put up any sort of real resistance, they would have backed off. Whether that was true, or whether they would have proceeded to rape me, I don't know. The point was, Garron had enjoyed me so much, and as his preference was for older women (even one as old as I), he wanted more of me.

I tried to weight up where I stood in the matter.

Never having had a child, I don't know if I would have been orientated towards incest. What I did recall was, that on seeing the boys standing waiting their turn for me in their

shirts, I had viewed them as "boys." True they were in fact young men, but at my age, eighteen or nineteen year olds can look almost like children. I had felt a sort of compassion for them, just as a loving mother might feel tenderness for her son. In short, I had sex with boys who could have been my sons, or even my grandsons.

Now I was confronted by one of those boys who wanted something more than a bit of birthday fun. What to do? I made my decision.

"All right, Garron, come to bed with me tonight if that is what you want. But before any of that, this room smells like a whorehouse (which I suppose in a way it had been), we'd better clean it up a bit."

There was semen on the carpet where they had taken me over the table. It was also liberally spread over the sofa. I had been injected with lavish doses of their love juice, both in the vagina and anus, so I needed a clean up as well. Garron likewise, smelt of sex, so, cleaning up the room first, which was no easy job, we followed that with a shower.

I showered first and retired to my bedroom. I looked at the large double bed Alf and I had shared for decades and offered a silent prayer, "Forgive me Alf." Actually, I think Alf

would have laughed and said, "You can't have me, so go ahead, love."

I pondered on how I should dress or not dress for the occasion. Should I put on a nightdress, and if so what sort? Or should I go naked to bed? At the time I was not desperate for sex, having had so many penetrations. In any case, Garron had not said, "Can I have sex with you," he had said, "Can I stay the night with you." I settled for nudity and would await developments.

Garron entered the bedroom naked, carrying his clothes. I was in bed by that time, so I peeled back a corner of the bedclothes to invite him in.

He clambered in and snuggled against me, his head resting against my breasts, as I lay sideways to him. He did seem like a child seeking comfort or protection. I wanted to soothe him to make him feel loved; to...yes...I wanted to suckle him.

I had, of course, never fed a child, so what I did now must have been female instinct. I took one of my breasts in my hand and brought the nipple to his mouth. No word was said he simply took it into his mouth and began to suck.

I held him in my arms almost as if he were a child, and felt a wonderful peace come over me. A peace I had no known

since Alf died. I think this peace was transmitted to Garron, because he went to sleep, his head still buried in my breasts and one of my arms embracing him.

The next day was Saturday, and so neither of us would need to get up early. With that thought, I too drifted off to sleep.

When I woke the day was well advanced. Garron still asleep was curled against me and I felt his strong young body against mine, then I had a strange sensation passed through me. I wanted to possess him, to take him into me, to have him as part of me. Perhaps it was the feelings of a mother for her child? The answer to that I will probably never know. I could not be his mother, and it was decades too late to take him as a permanent lover.

I think I sighed, and as I did, Garron awoke. He looked at me and smiled, and pulling closer to me, I felt his morning erection. I waited for him to come too properly, then rolling him over on his back, I sat astride him and said, "Just lie still, love, and I'll fix that lovely shaft of yours."

I let him slide into me and then slowly moved up and down on him. It was long and sweet, both of us in no hurry, just bent on enjoying each other. We seemed to blend together, my juices mingling with his pre ejaculation fluid. It went on

and on until, without great noise or fuss, we both quietly came in a bond love.

Withdrawing from him I got out of bed and said, "Stay there, darling, I'll be back soon."

I showered and got some easy to eat food for us, and returned to the bed where we ate.

When we had finished eating, I noticed he had another erection, so tasting my own fluid and his semen I took his penis into my mouth. Initially he gave a groan, but then we went on as quietly as in our previous encounter, until I decided it was my turn.

I played with him, forcing my vagina onto his mouth saying, "Now, you beast, you'll feed on that until I decide I've had enough."

He needed no prompting. As I ground my vagina against his mouth, his tongue pushed into my entrance and flicked in and out. If I thought I might be forcing him to something he did not want, I was soon reassured. His arms were round my thighs, forcing me against his mouth, even when I tried to retreat. He moved back and forth from my opening to my clitoris. The thought flashed through my mind, "His mother

taught him well," and I felt a pang of envy that I could not have been the first.

When I finally pulled away from him he rolled me onto my back, and beginning with deep kissing my mouth, he worked his way down to my breasts. Like Alf, these seemed to be a great favourite with Garron, and he sucked on my nipples, which were hard with my urge for him.

We spent most of the day in bed. He loved me in my vagina, anus and mouth. He had clearly been well instructed in the art of pleasuring a woman, and I think I gave as good as I received.

He stayed the next night, but we were so exhausted by our copulating during the day, we did little more than lie together, with again his head between my breasts. From time to time, I put a nipple against his mouth, and he would kiss and suck it, and it was this that gave me the most intense feelings of tenderness towards him.

I had put myself in serious emotional danger. A woman of sixty in love with a boy of nineteen seemed ridiculous. How long could an affair like this last?

Garron seemed to be equally serious in his thoughts, and said to me, "Jenny, you won't let those other chaps fuck you again, will you?"

At the time me I had enjoyed what the four of them had done to me, and had wondered if it would become a regular post-tutorial event. Now it seemed, Garron wanted me completely for himself. What was I to do?

We spent most of Sunday in bed. His supply of semen was amazing. We continued to make a terrible mess of the bed and each other, with at one stage his sperm all over my face. He had intended to come between my breasts, and I had been holding them over his penis, but apparently, I was not blocking off the top of them, and when he fired it was such an explosion it splashed over my face.

We had both tasted each other several times by then, so having his sperm on my face was no bother to me, and when he had finished I began picking some up with my finger and swallowing it. He seemed to enjoy this performance.

It was towards the end of the afternoon, when we had finally got out of bed and staggered to the kitchen to get something to eat, he made his suggestion – or should I call it "appeal"?

He had to return to his room in the college that night, and made it clear he didn't want to go. As we ate he said, "Jenny, I'd like to move in with you."

Of all the shocks and surprises I had experienced that weekend, this was the most amazing. I thought he might want to visit me frequently for sex, and might stay for the night occasionally, but to live with me?

You may think it grotesque, but I was really in love with this boy by then. He seemed to be willing and able to satisfy my every sexual need, and I certainly wanted to satisfy his. I made my decision. I decided to accept that our relationship would only be a short-lived one. I was not his mother, so I could not have him as my child. I could not marry him or be his permanent lover. I would, however, accept whatever I could from him, and when it finished, try not to grieve too much.

To Garron I said, "Darling, if you really would like to live with me, then move in as soon as you can."

He left me in no doubt as to his delight at my decision, and the randy fellow started to get yet another erection that I needed to fix for him.

I suggested we went back to bed, but he laughed and said, "Let's do it where we did it the first time, so he took me over the table."

I am sitting up in bed writing this last part of my story. Garron has been living with me for nearly two years, and I know that soon he must leave me. Over the time he has been with me I have tried to give him all the love and comfort I am capable of, and he has certainly gratified me.

Garron has been showering as I write, but I hear him coming now. He has entered the room naked and I see his erection standing up like a great tower. I must stop writing now...I think I might make him come in my mouth this time...

Jessica the First

It probably strains the credulity of most people under fifty these days if they hear of a young man of twenty-three, who has not had a sexual relationship. Never the less, that was true of me.

This was not only true for me, but for many other young men and women. The reasons for my chastity were twofold. First, I was brought up in a very religious household where sex outside marriage was considered the most horrific immorality and was probably the "unforgivable sin." This was the stated reason for sexual abstinence. The second, and usually unstated reason, was fear of pregnancy outside marriage. Contraception not being reliable in those days, the girls tended to keep themselves in line, and fought off would be lovers with considerable energy.

One other factor applied in my case. From my mid-teens I had set my heart on becoming a minister of religion, and felt I must keep myself "undefiled" by sin, which at that time was considered to have a very high sexual content.

I feel it necessary to point out that along with many other religious people at the time, when I felt as if I was enjoying something I immediately felt guilty, because I was probably sinning.

Some more liberal preachers told us that they "did not mind people having good clean fun." Later in life I came to the conclusion that most of what I found to be fun did not come into their category of "good" and "clean" and most of what they called "fun" was more suited to five-year-olds, rather than adults.

So it was that at age twenty-three I was still a virgin, and to my shame, a covert masturbater or, as the religious authorities put it, a "self-abuser."

I had begun my first year in theological college in preparation for the ministry. Coming from a money strapped family, I needed some means of financial support. The Church's way of dealing with this was to appoint students like myself, as assistants to parish clergy, and pay them a small salary, or stipend as they chose to call it.

I was appointed to a suburban parish on the distant outskirts of the city. Being poor, I had no car, and was reliant on public transport. This was fine as far as the main parish was concerned as the suburban railway ran a reasonable service to it.

My problem was that the parish minister who was my "boss," could be aptly described as "a lazy bum." This cleric

did not like pastoral visiting, so he heaped it on poor old inexperienced me. Furthermore, the parish had a small offshoot – what was called a "Sister Congregation" – and he didn't care to do any of the work need for this place. Again, it was loaded on to me.

I am unable to resist an aside at this point and pose the question, "What did this guy do with his time?" He appeared a rather sapless, drab fellow, but he had a stunningly sexy wife. My fantasy was that if he had any sense he would be spending most of his time in bed with her.

My aside over, my real problem was getting to this offshoot church that I was given charge over. The railway went nowhere near it, and no buses went in that direction, and in any case I had to regularly conduct services there on Sunday mornings, and the train service to the nearest station was atrocious on Sundays.

The members of the congregation were a kindly group, and they generously put together a roster whereby I was picked up from the hostel I was living in, and driven to the church. In addition, I was given meals in their homes on Sundays.

Despite the heavy load my idle boss had given me on top of my studies, I enjoyed the warmth and friendship of the people in that little congregation. There was one member of

the congregation however, who stood out very clearly. She was called "Jessica."

Jessica was a regular at both the morning and evening services, and she made a point of sitting in the front row and focusing her eyes on me with what I can now see were lascivious looks. Sitting in the front row, other members of the congregation could not see what was happening, but I found it very distracting.

Jessica was tall and well developed. I saw her in tight shorts, and these showed her legs to be strong and shapely. Her breasts were large and she made sure they were advantageously displayed beneath tight jumpers or thin tops, and without the benefit of a bra. She seemed to be in her early forties, and not especially good looking, with a long head surmounted by tight blonde curls.

Although, as I say, she was not especially good looking, she could be described as incredibly sensual, or, as I voiced it to myself, a "Lusty Wench." Everything about her seemed to exude sexuality; even her aroma made me feel she was ready to sexually swoop on her prey. I noted that the men in the congregation expended a great deal of energy pretending that they weren't looking at and fancying Jessica.

Jessica's husband, Henry, did not attend church, and it was not until it was their turn to have me for a meal, that I met him. I was astonished. He was a small, owlish little man wearing spectacles with thick, eye distorting glass. He informed me that he was a clerk studying accountancy by correspondence. I think this was the most personal information I ever got out of him. He was clearly dominated by his robust and seemingly potent wife. They had two children, a boy and a girl, and I wondered how Henry had managed it.

On the occasion of my first visit with Jessica and Henry I was to have lunch with them, then go on elsewhere. For the relatively short time I was there I got the impression that Jessica was weighing me up, rather like a tigress beginning to stalk her prey. Her movements, even her standing still or sitting seemed calculated and erotic. When at times she drew near me, her breathing became heavy, and she found any excuse to touch me. All of this was carried out with Henry present, and it seemed not to bother him one bit.

Despite my resolve to forswear the demon sex, I found myself trying to hide an erection that felt as if it was filling their dining room, and was dripping pre-cum constantly. The lunch over, I staggered out of their house, an utterly bewildered and frustrated wretch. I felt that Jessica could have turned the most abstemious saint into a raging sex maniac.

Up to that time Jessica had not been on the roster to pick me up for my Sunday visit, therefore I was somewhat surprised, to say the least, when her car pulled up outside the hostel two Sundays after my lunch with her and Henry. I had been expecting a chap called Arthur, but as I got into the car Jessica announced, or rather, crowed triumphantly, "I've got you all day."

It seemed that by arrangement with the person drawing up the roster, Jessica had requested that those who were supposed to entertain me relinquish the task, and let her take me over for the day.

We went direct to the church where I conducted the morning service. From there we went to Jessica's house, and I comforted myself that at least Henry and the children would be there, and however much Jessica played her amorous games, nothing could happen.

Henry and the children were not there. When I asked after them Jessica replied jubilantly, "Henry's taken the children to visit his mother for the day. You've got me all to yourself."

It was more the other way round; she had me to herself.

We managed to get through lunch without too much strain on the emotions, but even her manner of eating had sensuality about it. As she slowly chewed and swallowed her food, I pictured it being transformed into sexual energy. She had a way of looking at me and pushing out the pink tip of her tongue and flicking it over her full lips, that made me think of a gourmet about to devour his favourite dish.

After lunch I helped her wash up, then she excused herself, saying that as it was such a hot day she'd like to change, if I didn't mind. I muttered something like, "Of course not."

When she returned I wished I had raised an objection. She glided into the lounge where I was sitting clad in the scantiest garment I had ever seen. It was not as revealing as much female swimwear is these days, but for the time it was extremely daring. It was a bikini of the nineteen fifties era, just covering the essential and no more.

From time to time during that afternoon of hot temptation Jessica seemed to find endless reasons to adjust the top of the garment, each time exposing a little more breast to my view.

In addition, with me sitting opposite her, she frequently sat on the sofa with her legs drawn up and parted, so the cloth passing under her crotch sank into her cleft to reveal the

shape of her vagina. As the afternoon wore on I thought I could see a wet patch starting to stain the cloth.

I also became aware of an fragrance coming from her which later I learned was her vaginal odour that I think of now as "Woman smell." It was this as much as anything else that drove me crazed with lust for her.

Verbally Jessica said nothing by way of direct invitation to fuck her. Her method was clearly to drive her prey insane with desire for her, thus forcing them to make the final move. She adopted every possible voluptuous pose and held her lips slightly open and eyes half closed in a "Come and take me" manner.

At one stage she suggested that, given the hot weather, I might like to undress and she would provide me with a large towel to wrap round my middle. I politely rejected the offer, saying that I was "perfectly okay." In fact I was sweating profusely but less from the heat than from my struggle with the temptations before me.

Jessica steered the conversation in directions that might lead to matters sexual. For example, asking me about girl friends, how many had I had and did I have one now? Did I like women? What sort of women did I like? Was there one that interested me at the moment?

I battled and manoeuvred my way through this hellish forest of enticement with what skill I hardly know, as I was fighting a mighty throbbing and dripping erection. Eventually Jessica sighed, stood up and said, "I'd better get the meal ready, come and help me."

"This," I thought, "might provide some activity to distract me from my thwarted libido." I was wrong. Jessica found every possible excuse to touch me, and at one stage to back me against the sink and press herself against me.

Still I resisted.

During the meal she seemed to give up. Conversation became non-threatening, sexually speaking, and I relaxed a little. When we had finished and Jessica had changed into her "church going clothes," I felt the war was over. She drove me to the church, and retained a modest mien throughout the service.

When the service was over it was usual for one of the people to drive me to the nearest railway station where I could catch a train into the city. This time Jessica was ready and waiting.

We drove off and quickly I saw we were going in the wrong direction. I pointed this out to Jessica, who said, "I know, Robert."

We were heading out of the suburb and in the opposite direction from the city. The countryside in those days was adjacent to the suburb, and we were soon away from the houses. Jessica turned off from the bitumen road on to a dirt track.

"What are you doing, Jessica," I protested.

"You'll find out," she replied, and as she spoke she pulled in to the side of the track and stopped the car. With the headlights off it was pitch black. I began my protest again, but she cut across me.

Her voice seemed to have changed. She spoke in soft, almost motherly tones.

"You've been resisting me all day, Robert. I admire your strength, but I could see quite clearly what you wanted. You can't hide an erection like your's you know. Now there's nothing to worry about. I've had an operation so I can't get pregnant and I'm not going to be telling any tales, unless you refuse to fuck me."

"You can't make me," I retorted.

"No, but you've got two choices. You either fuck me now in the back of the car, or I'm going to go back home screaming you tried to rape me. That won't go down too well with the Church hierarchy, will it?"

She reached over and began to unzip my flies, and then her hand was on my penis stroking it.

"Come on sweetheart, I've fancied you ever since you came to our church, and you don't want to go back to the hostel frustrated, do you? Just let me relax you. There's no harm in it. You won't burn in the eternal fires for making a woman happy."

I had resisted her all day, but now I no longer had the will power to continue the struggle. I might excuse myself by saying I was worried about the rape accusation she threatened, but it would not be the truth. I wanted her like I'd never wanted anything in my life before. My whole being ached for her.

"Come on, darling, no more fighting it, you know you want me, so enjoy me."

She got out of the car and opened the door to the back seat saying softly, "Come on Robert, get in with me."

I got out of the front seat and joined her in the back. She lay back in the corner and pulled up her skirt, revealing that she had no panties on. I think she must have known I was a virgin, because she said, "Come on top of me, sweetheart, I'll help you."

I came over her and she took my shaft in her hand and guided it to her opening.

"Just push in, darling."

I pushed.

Whatever I might have known theoretically or fantasised about entering a woman, the reality was light years beyond all that. I have to admit, there have been many women since that first time, but none have ever come anywhere near Jessica in the beauty of being inside her. She was very moist and warm and once I had started to enter, she seemed to suck me into her, gripping me with her vagina as if she would never let go.

Her lips were on mine her mouth open and tongue searching the inside of my mouth. She broke from the kiss and tensed her vaginal muscle even more, asking, "Do you like that, darling? Is it nice?"

I managed to croak out, "Beautiful."

"Let it all go, sweetheart, don't hold back. Just put it all in me."

I did not need her to tell me to "let it all go." I couldn't have stopped myself if I wanted to. I think I gave a tremendous howl as I released myself into her.

When I finished, I lay inside her, replete. She continued kissing my face and saying, "That's better isn't it darling, and next time we won't have all that resistance, will we? We'll do it on a nice comfortable bed, and I shall teach you things you ought to know about women and sex, I'm going to give you everything, Robert. Now, as a reward, I'll drive you all the way to the hostel. By the way, I wouldn't have told that rape story, but I had to get you somehow."

Jessica's promise to give me "Everything" was fulfilled over the course of the next two years. As my purpose in writing

is to tell about my first time with a woman, I shall not enter into details of all that followed.

Jessica shared a good many personal details of her life with me. She told how her first time was with the choirmaster of a church choir when she was fifteen. His wife, discovering the liaison, brought it to a swift end, but Jessica had encountered sex, and loved it. She soon drew more lovers to her, and I was given to understand that I was not the only one who enjoyed her.

She laughingly pointed out that she never selected as her lovers the noisy randy boasters, or as she put it, "The worn out old lechers," but "respectable" men with dull wives – "Mainly church men," she added. "They get much more adventuresome when they get a woman like me to play with," she went on.

Jessica did not see herself as a nymphomaniac or psychologically disturbed, "I just enjoy sex so much, darling," she said.

Over the following two years, I had sex with Jessica at least once a week, then at the end of that time I was transferred to another parish. I tried to continue with Jessica, but it became more and more difficult because I had no legitimate reason

for being in the area, and eventually my old flock must latch on to what I was doing.

We did not actually part from each other we just slowly faded out of each other's lives. We were not in love with each other. We were two people, one who enjoyed being generous with her body and the other who was in need of someone to break him out from his sexually stifling mould.

My story has a sad ending.

About forty years after I left that little congregation I chanced to meet someone who had been a member of it in my time there. We talked about the people and what had happened to them over the years, and at one point I casually asked, "What happened to Jessica?" (Giving the rest of her name).

"Oh, she died of cancer about ten years after you left us."

A great sadness engulfed me. I thought of that wonderful "Sex Goddess" body wasted by cancer, and once more recalled that first time.

There have been a number of women in my life sexually speaking. I have enjoyed them, but I can never recall a

particular sexual intercourse with them, apart from my first time with Jessica.

I know I had many beautiful times with her after that night in the back seat of her car, but it is that night, that time with Jessica the First, that comes back to me over the years in detail.

Perhaps most people recall the first time like that!

Just This Once

Oh my God, how did I get into this? I thought I'd just lie there and let him do it, just like I did with Sam, but I quickly found it wasn't going to be like that.

Why with me, I'm not young and beautiful? Putting it politely I'm plump, and my breasts aren't firm but hang down and the nipples are sort of big and pimply, and they're brown. My legs and belly are marked with childbirth and my face looks like what it is, the face of a forty one year old woman.

He'd approached me many times and I'd told him, "Go and get yourself a young bird. You don't want an old chicken like me."

He went off and got himself girls. He was good looking and personable enough to have no trouble that way, but he kept coming back to me. I asked him why and all he said was, "I love you and want you." So I said, "I love you too, but it doesn't mean we can have sex."

He kept on until one day he was pleading, nearly in tears. I felt really sorry for him because I could see he had a real big hard on, so I thought, "Why not, it'll do no harm just this

once. Once he's been with me he'll find out it isn't as great as he thinks it's going to be."

So I said to him, "All right, just this one time, and we went off to the bedroom."

As I said, I thought it would be just a quick in, shoot his stuff, then out again, then either sleep or trousers on and away, like it is with Sam.

Oh my God, it wasn't like that at all. He kissed me like he'd eat me, swishing our saliva together and his hand under my poor old breast lifting up and stroking like it was some lovely young girl's breasts. And talking about eating me, when he got to suck my nipples he nearly took my whole breast in and swallowed; at least, that's how it felt.

Then he did something Sam had never done with me; he knelt down in front of my slit and started to kiss and lick it. Oh God, I thought I'd go out into space. And then he kissed me again so I could smell and taste myself, and instead of being turned off, I nearly went mad wanting him.

I would have sucked his shaft for him like Sam made me do to him, but before I could do it, he was lying between my legs, and I looked at his slim young body as I felt him come inside me, and I was almost scared. "What have I started;

what have I got myself into?" That's what I thought, but not for long.

He was slipping up and down in me, not all rough and jerky like Sam, but as if he was really relishing it and not just wanting to get it over with as quick as possible. It was beautiful...too beautiful and I started to get that feeling and I was begging him to stop because I couldn't stand it, and the next thing I had my legs round him begging him not to stop and I was shaking all over and clutching at him and screaming about how I loved him and he wasn't to leave me. With Sam I always had to finish myself off when he'd done. Not this time though, and as I started to climb down he started.

He was suddenly speeding up and then gave a terrific push into me and gasped, "Mum, oh mum...", and he was thumping his sperm into me as if he'd never stop.

I always washed out Sam's sperm as soon as I could, but not with young Ben. I wanted to keep it in me as if I was holding the most precious thing in the world inside me.

As well as all the other surprises the really big one was after he finished. He didn't pull out, but lay there looking straight into my eyes and telling me he loved me. His look was like

having two laser beams focused on me as if he wanted to look right inside my head to see the thoughts there.

Then he started to kiss me again and play with my breasts and the next thing his shaft was hard and he said, "Just relax mum and let me". So I relaxed and just enjoyed him, and I was asking him, "Fill me up darling, put it all in me...put in deep...really deep." And it was wonderful to feel his hot young sperm shoot into me again, filling me up so it ran out of me and on to the bed.

We went on joined together for a while, then I glanced at the clock and pushed him off and said, "My God Ben, your father will be home soon and I've got to get his meal ready."

So we got off the bed in a hurry and I saw the mess we'd made so I got clean sheets out and Ben said, "You go and start preparing the meal, I'll do that."

So I raced off to the kitchen with Ben's sperm and my lubricant still soaking my thighs and threatening to run right down my legs.

When Sam came in he started off with his usual question; "D'yer have a good day?" He didn't really want to know, it was just one of those things he said.

I wanted to burst out with, "I've had a bloody wonderful day," but I thought it better to play it carefully and said what I always said, "Not bad." He grunted.

As luck would have, if you consider it luck, Sam decided he wanted me that night. As I lay there letting him get on with it the thought came into my head, "It's like having a bloody great cart horse after you've had a racing stallion."

That was my big problem, you see. With Ben it was going to be, as I said, "Just this once." I'd had no idea what it was going to be like. How could I as I'd only ever had Sam before. Ben was like a drug; when you get a taste for it, you don't want to stop. So what was I to do?

Well I'll be honest with you; I decided that I'd stick at once with Ben. "No more," I told myself. "You've got to break the habit before it gets a hold on you."

I firmly stuck to my resolve, that is, until Ben came home and kissed me, and then I was pulling myself against him and saying, "Fuck me Ben, please fuck me again."

So he pulled my knickers off and bent me face down on the kitchen table and took me like that and when I came, my

juice seemed to burst out of me, and his sperm was thick and hot.

After that we couldn't go on because Sam was due home again. The trouble was we didn't have time to check things and clean up properly, and when Sam went to sit at the table to eat he looked down and asked, "What's this sticky stuff on the floor."

"My God," I thought, "It's Ben's sperm that dribbled out of me," so a bit of quick thinking was in order.

"I was doing some cooking with semolina," I lied, "Must have spilt some."

Sam grunted and I got a cloth and wiped up the sperm. Just as well Sam didn't ask to have some of the non-existent semolina.

After that there were no more resolves on my part not to let Ben have me anymore. I gave in to what I felt to be the inevitable. It was a bit difficult because Ben only got home from work about half an hour before Sam, so it was often a quickie over the table or on the lounge sofa. I'd only take my knickers off and Ben would drop his trousers in case we had to do a fast cover up.

Fortunately Sam had his evening at the pub once a week, and Saturday afternoon he was off to watch the football match, so Ben and I made the most of it.

It was on the next Saturday afternoon I first sucked Ben off. I was greedy you see. I wanted to be sure that once I'd sucked him, there would be time for him to recover and we could do it properly.

Ben hadn't been sucked like that before, and he was a bit worried the first time and tried to pull out of my mouth when he was about to shoot. I wouldn't let him, and hung on to him, making him do it in my mouth. As soon as he realised it was okay with me, he let go with great abandon and I got an overflowing mouthful despite my attempts to swallow his sperm.

Another thing I was able to introduce Ben to was anal sex. He was very doubtful about that, but I showed him how to use some of my juice, and his own precum, to wet my anus. He was quite surprised how easily he slipped into what he thought was an impossibly small opening.

He managed to come into me that way, but he didn't seem to enjoy it as much as vaginal sex, so after that I only asked him to do it to me occasionally.

It still puzzled me why Ben had wanted an old bird like me but for a long time I didn't have the courage to ask him. You see, I thought once I drew his attention to my blemishes, and as I saw it, my physical shortcomings, he might realise, and not want me anymore. After we'd been enjoying each other for about three months I finally couldn't hold back and I had to ask him.

He looked at me in a puzzled sort of way, as if I should have known why, then he said, "Mum, I've wanted you for years, you know that." He was right, I'd known for years because ever since he'd started to feel his sexual oats he'd tried to persuade me, but it didn't explain why he wanted me, so I pushed him on the matter.

"It's because I love you mum. I feel we belong together like this. You're all soft and warm, and I feel as if I can lose myself in you. With you it's...it's real..."

His voice petered out, and I had to be content with that. After all, who can in the end explain such things? You love or lust for this person, and not for another. Often there's no obvious reason why this one and not that one, it's just that way.

So I left it at that. He wanted me and I wanted him and that seemed a good enough reason for what we were doing.

Mind you, it got a bit awkward when I got pregnant. Sam created hell about that. "I don't want to start another family at my time of life," he howled. I told him that was too bad, because we had. Of course, it could have been his, couldn't it, and I wasn't going to tell him otherwise.

Another moan he had was about Ben. "Why the hell doesn't he find himself a girl and get married?"

I shrugged and said, "Perhaps he has everything he wants here."

"Must be something queer about that boy," Sam went on.

I thought, "Not in my experience," and smiled a secret smile.

Life & Art

I met Carla Drovnik at the wedding of a friend. The bride introduced her as an old school friend, and from the moment we shook hands, I was a lost soul.

In that instant Carla seemed to have an aura of light around her. She was all my fantasies about women rolled into one.

She appeared to be about twenty-four or five and around five feet six tall.

She was dressed in a garment that had strips of cloth passing over the shoulders that then descended to cover her breasts, just. The breasts were unsupported and from what I could see, and what I could see was a considerable amount of breasts. They were like beautiful twin cupolas, firm, yet moving just sufficiently to be tantalising. During our ensuing conversation it was an effort of will not to keep staring at them.

The garment terminated just below her knees and was split almost to the hip on one side, revealing long and deliciously strong legs.

Her hair was almost black and flowed down over her shoulders, setting off almond shaped dark blue eyes. Facially she had a slightly hawkish, predatory look, with a slightly curving nose over a wide full lipped mouth. Her complexion was light brown and gave the impression that she was of Anglo-Indian origin. It was a strong face, the face of a woman who knowing what she wanted would get it.

Every male present seemed to be focusing on Carla, much, no doubt, to the displeasure of their partners. She was not partnered herself.

Thus I found myself standing talking to this goddess among women. I had no expectation that, with all the obvious male interest in her being shown, I would have her company for long, but I was wrong.

For whatever reason, she seemed to want only my company, and so we chatted on for nearly two hours. I told her I was a draftsman with an engineering company, and learned that she was an artist.

I suppose I was at a bit of a disadvantage in that I knew little about art, but as an artist Carla knew something about drawing, and therefore, about draftsmanship. Not that it mattered what I knew about art because I hardly noticed

what was being said I was so engrossed in her beauty, and frankly lusting for her.

As the reception drew to a close I expected we would go our ways and probably never meet again. Wrong again.

"Peter," she asked, "I don't have a vehicle. I wonder if you could drive me home?"

Had "home" been a thousand kilometres away I would have agreed to take her, but it happened that it was only a little out of my way. I rejoiced that I would be in the presence of the divinity for a while longer.

The divinity's residence was something of a surprise. I had thought the goddess would live in resplendent temple, but the exterior of the block of flats where she lived had a rather dingy appearance.

I stopped the car expecting her to get out, but she sat on, looking at me. Nothing was said for a moment, then Carla spoke in her soft contralto voice:

"Peter, I have a couple of tickets for the ballet tomorrow night. Would you care to come with me?"

My interest in the ballet was minimal, but I would have jumped into a crocodile pool if it meant being with Carla.

"I'd love to come," I responded.

"Wonderful. I have enjoyed your company, Peter. Can you pick me up at seven o'clock?"

"Certainly."

"Goodnight, Peter."

She leaned over and kissed me softly on the lips, then slipped out of the car, and moving like a lissome panther, she disappeared from my sight into the building.

I was astounded at my good fortune. I was twenty-five years of age, and had been dating girls since I was sixteen, but none of them matched this gorgeous creature. That night I had difficulty in getting to sleep, and had to masturbate three times before I was relaxed enough to drop off.

The visit to the ballet was a success, not because I saw much of it, but because I was seated next to Carla for two hours. I could hardly be expected to concentrate on the dancing or

music, given the erection her closeness and female fragrance inspired in me.

Arriving back at her block of flats, I took the initiative and kissed her goodnight. The response I got to what was a relatively gentle kiss sent fire racing through me. Carla's mouth opened and her tongue thrust into me. Her lips swirled over mine as if she would eat me.

When we broke she said, "Peter, darling, you've had a bit of a problem all evening, come up to my flat and let me help you with it."

My legs were shaking as we ascended the stairs to the third floor, and entering her flat I took her in my arms and pulled her close. As we kissed she began to rotate her hips, pressing hard against me. I was beside myself with lust for her.

"Come to bed with me, Peter," she whispered. She led to into a small bedroom that was almost filled by a double bed. Carla began to undress immediately, and quickly lay naked on the bed.

Looking at her, as with shaking hands I tried to undress myself, I saw those magnificent breasts standing up like two domes surmounted by light brown nipple set in darker brown aureoles.

She extended her arms to me, drawing me on to the bed, to begin kissing again. After a few moments, she broke from the kiss, and taking one breast into her hand, she extended the nipple to me and said, "Suck me, darling."

I took the nipple into my mouth and suckled her. She began to give out with little cries and said, "Bite me, darling. Hurt me a little."

I hesitated for a moment, but then gently bit onto the delicious morsel.

"Harder, darling, harder."

I obeyed, and she began writhing and screaming. I stopped, but she commanded, "Don't stop, harder, harder." I bit down firmly and she made a convulsive movement, holding my head against her breast to prevent my moving away.

"The other nipple darling hurt me there."

As I bit her other nipple I searched with my fingers for the entrance to her vagina. She was soaking wet with her women's fluid and ready for penetration. I stopped biting

her nipple and came over her, searching with the crown of my shaft to find her entrance.

Her hand reached down and guided me in.

I felt my crown pass through the heavenly gates and enter paradise. She was soft and warm inside and as I slowly penetrated her I felt her vaginal muscle grip my shaft spasmodically. I must have given a moan because she said, "Like that, darling?" Then she kept on flexing as if to draw me into her.

Carla started to make sound like, "Ah-ah-ah-ah." I knew her orgasm was coming. I felt the first pumping of sperm up my shaft, and then I was driving into her as her cries grew louder. Then she suddenly shrieked out, "O my God, don't stop, don't stop."

I felt her nails raking my back like hot needles and I responded by crushing her nipple between my thumb and forefinger. This elicited an even louder scream and a cry of "Deeper, deeper."

I put my hands under her buttocks, and her legs wound round me as I made my final thrusts, struggling under a primeval urge to impregnate her.

As I finished Carla was still experiencing the after shocks of her climax. She was murmuring, "Stay with me, stay with me."

I remained in her until I felt we had both come down from our mad coupling, then I pulled out and sank down beside her.

"You really are a big boy, aren't you Peter?" She said softly. "We really must do this very often."

I knew to what she referred when she said, "big boy", having had girls make similar remarks about the size of my organ. As to doing it "often", I had no problems about that. "As often as you like," I replied.

I was totally infatuated with Carla. I persuaded myself I was deeply in love with her, and as the following weeks passed, I was either making love with her, or thinking about making love with her.

I spent most of my free time in her flat, and was able to do what I could not have done that first night, and take in my surroundings.

It was a rather stuffy little place, and there were paintings everywhere. They stood against walls, in cupboards and drawers.

Knowing little about such matters, I did come to the conclusion that they were not very good paintings. In quality they seemed to stand somewhere between popular paintings for people who like "a tree to look like a tree", and some avant-garde school of painting.

Since Carla was trying to make her living by painting, the fact that so many works littered her flat suggested that it was not a very good living.

The room in which she worked was nothing like the sort of artist's studios I had imagined. It was a rather small, littered room, with a single window of no great proportions.

I endeavoured to make conversation with Carla about her work, and she said something like, "I want to do 'experiential' work, but I haven't been able to come to terms with it yet."

Showing my ignorance I asked, "What is experiential work?"

"It's a new school of painting that says all works of art arise out of the artists life experience, and all that does not come from the artists experience is garbage. It's called 'The Experiential School'."

I had always thought that all art was the outcome of an artist's life experience, but decided not to pursue the matter further.

Our lovemaking grew hotter as we began to discover each other, or perhaps I should say, "experienced" each other, and what we liked. In fact, Carla liked just about anything sexually speaking that a man and a woman can devise. Practically her slave devotee, anything she wanted me to do, I did.

We had been lovers for almost two months and I was still enthralled with Carla, when she made her grand announcement.

It was after we had finished one of our ardent couplings, and she said, "Darling, I hope you don't mind, but I'm pregnant."

I should have had no reason to be surprised except that I had vaguely assumed that Carla was on the pill. I had actually seen what I took to be a packet of contraceptive pills in the bathroom one day, but I could have been wrong.

I asked her what she wanted to do. I was not averse to Carla having a baby I had put into her, indeed, I could not think of any woman I would rather make pregnant, but it was her body.

"Darling," she said rather resolutely, "I shall have the baby of course. It is our love that has put it there. I shall of course understand if you don't wish to be part of..."

I cut in; "Of course I bloody well want to be part of it. Children need a proper father."

"Does that mean you'll consider marrying me, Peter?"

"Not only will I consider it, I'll damn well do it."

"That's lovely, Peter. I shall enjoy being married to you."

Neither my flat nor Carla's were suitable for a married couple so, as we decided on an early marriage, hasty measures were taken to secure quarters that were more suitable. It was Carla who found what she said was suitable place.

The flat she found was in a block of apartments overlooking the river, with large windows, three bedrooms, and a well-lit room for Carla to work in, plus the usual offices. It also came with a rent that nearly brought me to my knees.

I tried to point out to Carla that as a draftsman I was quite well paid, but my salary would be stretched to the limit to pay for the flat.

"Darling," she said coaxing, "When we move in here I shall be able to do such work...You'll see...I shall start to sell my work, so don't worry. You wouldn't want our little baby to live in some pokey old hole, would you?"

We took the flat.

Our wedding was a strange affair. I had my mother, other relatives and friends attend, but Carla seemed to have no relatives. When I asked about parents she said they were dead, and all her relatives lived too far away to be invited. This seemed odd since she had gone to school with my colleague's wife – the one who's wedding I had attended and where I had met Carla. I did not pursue the matter.

I had not met any of Carla's friends during the time I had known her, but several were invited and turned up at the wedding.

They seemed to me to be a rather strange lot, and appeared to treat the wedding as some sort of joke, and especially me. On being introduced they were perfunctory in the comments to me, and virtually turned away to address all their somewhat facetious remarks to Carla. They made no attempt to mingle with anyone other than their own group, and put a bit of a damper on the occasion.

It was a week after we were married, and two months after Carla had announced her pregnancy, that one morning she said almost casually, "I'm afraid it was a false alarm, darling. I hope you're not too disappointed."

I was very disappointed, but strove not to show it. I was still totally enslaved by Carla, and continued to wonder how I had gained such a beautiful wife.

It was after her announcing she was not pregnant, things seemed to change between us. We still made love but not as often as we had, but during the act Carla's involvement became different.

I found it difficult to identify what the difference was, but it was a sort of remoteness. As we coupled, I felt as if she was somehow outside what we were doing, observing.

I have often heard people say that when they are "fucking" they have to fantasise that they are doing it with someone else in order to come to orgasm. I began to wonder if that was what Carla was doing, but somehow it seemed different to that.

I tried gently to raise the subject with Carla, but she turned my question around saying, "Are you getting tired of me already, darling."

I decided I was imagining it, but still felt uneasy.

There were a couple of other sources of unease. Carla took to going out in the evenings and not returning till the early hours of the morning. Again I tried carefully to ask about this, and got a reply something like; "I must keep in touch with other artists, darling. We meet to discuss our work."

I noted that any meetings and discussions that were taking place did not occur in our flat.

The other unease was Carla's paintings. She didn't seem to sell any more than before we got married, if anything, she sold less, and her work seemed to be getting more obscure and grotesque.

I suggested that I go with Carla to some of the discussions, but she always put me off saying, "It would be such a bore for you, darling." Then about nine months into our marriage, this changed.

"Darling," she said one day, "How would you like to come with me to the opening of an exhibition of Experiential Art?"

Not having had any such invitation from her before along these lines, I agreed to go with her.

The opening was by invitation only. It was held in a grim looking old mansion that had somehow escaped demolition as the rest of the area had been redeveloped.

Those present were mainly artists, some of whom had works on display. If I thought Carla's work grotesque, it was mild compared to what I saw at this exhibition.

Carla seemed to be in a highly emotional, even agitated state. People came to greet her with "Dears", "Darlings" and insincere kisses, while they ignored me.

At one point a youngish man whom she referred to as "Jeremy darling," greeted Carla and this time the kiss looked less insincere and more prolonged.

Carla turned to me, her face flushed, and said, "Peter, why don't you get yourself a drink and sit down for a while, Jeremy and I have something to discuss that will bore you to tears."

I obediently and foolishly obeyed. I got my drink and sat opposite a painting that I endeavoured to untangle. It seemed to be a picture of a woman giving birth to a crocodile while a troop of monkeys looked on.

A young woman came to sit beside me. She was totally in black. Her hair was dyed black; every item of clothing was black. Her eyes had black shadow, her lips black lipstick. Her black toenails complimented her black painted fingernails. and every finger and toe was adorned with a black ring. Black beads, bracelets, ear and nose rings completed the ensemble.

She stared rapturously at the painting. When she opened her mouth to speak I anticipated black teeth. I was disappointed.

"Isn't absolutely fabulous," she sighed ecstatically. "The artist has captured so vitally the oppression of women in our

patriarchal society. No man could possibly have painted that."

I stood and went closer to the painting. The artist's name was in the corner and it read, "Arthur Stiggles". "Strange name for a woman," I thought, as I returned to the seat. I said nothing to my sable companion.

She prattled on not expecting any response from me, and simply enjoying the sound of her own voice and what she no doubt thought her own cleverness.

Half an hour must have passed, and I began to wonder about Carla. Excusing myself to the girl, I left her still talking, this time to no one, and went in search of Carla.

I did not find her in any of the rooms, but as I passed through the massive hallway I saw her at some distance with Jeremy and two other men going out through the front door.

This exit seemed rather strange, so I walked in pursuit of them. I got to the front door to see Carla climbing into the back of closed van with one man, and Jeremy and the other man in the front seat.

The engine was running so I quickened my pace and called "Hey, what's going on."

A grinning Jeremy stuck his head out of the open window of the van, and as the vehicle began to move, he called out, "Don't worry, we're just looking after little wifey for you. Don't go away, be back soon."

I tried to run after the van, but it picked up speed and disappeared down the drive.

I was confused and frustrated. Carla had not seemed to be under any coercion getting into the van, in fact she had been laughing, and I felt sure she had actually seen me but had pretended not to.

I sat on the stone steps that led up to the front door, thinking perhaps Jeremy had meant it when he said, be back soon."

An hour passed and it was approaching midnight. People were beginning to drift away from the exhibition, many of them drunk.

I went inside and started to make inquiries about Jeremy. I wanted to know who he was and where he might have gone with Carla. Most seemed to know him, but only raised their

eyebrows and said inane things like, "Hmm, darling, Carla must be having as good time."

As I went around asking my questions I came upon one couple copulating in a passage standing up, the woman against the wall. I opened a door to find two couples having sex on the floor.

There seemed to be no one who was willing or able to help. I went back to the steps and sat waiting, not knowing what to do.

The last of the people left, and a man who looked as if he was an official of some sort came out.

"I'm locking up now," he growled.

I replied, "Humph."

"You gonna wait here all night?"

"I'm waiting for my wife, she's gone off somewhere."

It was his turn to humph. He went off and I heard a car start, and he drove past me going down the drive.

I was beginning to panic. I thought I might go to the police, but what could I tell them. "My wife has gone off quite happily with three men in a van"? They would laugh at me.

It must have been about three thirty in the morning when I saw the van's headlights swing into the drive, focusing on me as it approached.

I stood up and went to meet it, and it pulled up in front of me.

Jeremy, clad only in his jeans, stepped out.

"Where the hell have you been, and where's Carla?"

"Don't get your knickers in a knot, Peter darling, she's very happy," he sneered.

The backdoor of the van swung open and the other two men got out. Like Jeremy, they too wore only jeans.

"Where's Carla," I asked again in a fury."

"Calm down, sweetheart," Jeremy said derisively. "She's nice and comfortable in the back, go and see."

I walked to the open back door of the van and looked in. The sight that met my eyes stunned me.

In the overhead light of the van I saw items of male and female clothing scattered across the floor. Carla, naked, was partially propped up against the back of the seat, her eyes half closed and mouth hanging open slightly.

Her legs were open and drawn up almost as if she were frozen in that position.

The shock was such that I could not speak, but I entered the back of the van and moved towards Carla. Suddenly I stopped. She stared at me glassily, saying nothing. Over her face and hair I saw a white creamy substance, some of it already caked dry. More of the substance was drying between her breasts, and as I looked down I saw the same substance oozing out of her vagina, and from what I could see, also from her anus.

Her body was covered from neck to thighs with savage bite marks rapidly turning into vicious bruises, and her breasts were badly marked and her nipples were raw.

I turned savagely on Jeremy. "What the hell have you done to Carla, you bastards."

I swung a punch at him and felt myself grabbed by the arms by the other two men.

"Dear oh dear, we mustn't get violent, sweetheart," he sniggered. You're a big strong boy, but there are three of us and one of you and it's no use going screaming to the cops about rape, because we've only done what she asked us to do to her. You can ask her yourself."

"My God, darling, you're lucky lad to have her to fuck. We only get her occasionally. Though why she got herself married to a bloody office boy I don't know. Now you ask Carla whether she's had a good time or not."

Still held by the two men, I called out to Carla, "Did you want the...did you ask them to do this to you?"

She seemed to have difficulty speaking, as if her tongue was thickened, but finally came out with, "Of course I did, stupid."

As she said this, more of the creamy substance came dribbling out of her mouth. Sperm, of course.

"There you are Peter, darling, Jeremy said, "Now, we are going to let you go, but don't try anything or you'll be the one who gets hurt."

I was released, and he went on, "Now be a good boy and take little wifey home. She's feeling a bit tired, so don't try to fuck her tonight. She's already been fucked about nine or ten times."

I felt utterly helpless, and as much as I wanted to kill Jeremy, I saw my chances were hopeless.

I got into the van and started to put some clothing on Carla. The three men stood watching, amused. Carla winced and moaned as I touched her. There was the stench of stale sex about her as if it were seeping from every pore of her body, and her breath was foul. Her hair, matted with sperm, hung down like ragged rat's tails.

My goddess not only had feet of clay, she smelt as if she had a body made of decaying garbage.

"Hurry up and get the cow out of the van," Jeremy snarled, "I can't wait all night."

I managed to get Carla moving and standing on her feet behind the van. I turned to Jeremy.

"One day, bastard, I'll meet you when you haven't got your boyfriends with you."

"Don't count on it, sweetie," he jeered.

Every step was agony for Carla, so I sat her on the steps and went to get the car. As I walked away, I heard the van start and drive off.

I got my car, drove to where I had left Carla, and put her onto the back seat. Even if she could have managed to sit in the front seat, I now had such a sense of repugnance I didn't want her near me.

I got her home and half dragged her into the shower. She seemed incapable of helping herself, so I had to wash her, removing other men's sperm from my wife's body. Drying her as gently as I could, I got her into bed, fetched her a drink and aspirin, and sat by the bed until she fell into a noisy restless sleep.

I left her and as is so often the case in the face of a shocking event, reaction started to set in. I was shaking all over, and

only just made it in time to the bathroom to vomit. I vomited so hard and long I thought I would bring my heart up.

When I finally stopped being sick I showered as if I wanted the cleanse myself of some defilement. I went and lay on the bed in what we called our "second bedroom," but there as no chance of sleep. Not only the ghastly events of that evening, but the realisation that things had been happening with Carla and other men, and it must have begun soon after we were married.

Humiliation and self-loathing accompanied a feeling of revulsion regarding Carla. I felt I should have tried to beat Jeremy to a pulp despite his two bullyboys, but what would have been the point. The deed or deeds had been done at Carla's behest, and I would have ended up a bloody mess, unable to help Carla and needing help myself.

At first light I got off the bed and went to the kitchen to make myself some strong coffee. Wondering if Carla was awake I went with a cup of coffee and looked into the bedroom. She was awake, propped up against the pillows in much the same way as she had been slumped against the back of the car seat, her eyes half closed as they had been then.

I stood beside the bed looking down at her. "I've brought you a cup of coffee."

She looked at me blearily, and said in a hoarse whisper, "So you're not going to be silly and make a fuss, are you?"

I made no response to her question and simply asked, "Why, Carla?"

She was obviously having difficulty speaking, and I conjectured that the men had thrust their penises so far down her throat, damage had been done.

She swallowed some of the coffee and winced as if in pain.

"Oh God," she rasped, "you are going to be difficult. If you must know, for the life experience."

"Experience!" I exclaimed.

"Full on, no boundaries, no hold's barred. Being fucked and physically abused, made to suffer. Bloody wonderful."

She lapsed into silence for a moment, then she pushed back the bed covers, and exposed her weal and bruise battered body. Opening her legs she said, "Like to fuck me now

darling? Just think, three other men have fucked me until I could hardly stand. Be exciting for you."

I emotionally and physically recoiled.

"No, the bloody little office boy doesn't want to 'experience', does he! Too fastidious. Bloody prig. No wonder I had to get my real fucks elsewhere. Only married you because I was hard up."

"You married me because you were pregnant."

"Oh God," she gave a painful gasping laugh, "you're so bloody naïve. I thought even you would be able to work that one out."

"You knew you weren't pregnant?"

" 'Course I knew I wasn't, stupid bastard."

I felt my guts start to contract again wanting to vomit. I fled to the bathroom, but there was only coffee to bring up.

I washed my face and returned to the bedroom.

"Poor little boy can't stand a bit of reality, eh?" she sneered.

I looked at her lying on the bed, legs still open. I saw the goddess now for what she was a squalid ugly idol. All that had made me desire her, I now saw for what it was, a delusion. What had always been there on the inside, but covered by the mask of physical beauty, was now on the surface and actually marring that beauty.

Perhaps if I had been a better man, some sort of saint, I might at that moment have had pity on her, but I was so caught up in my own misery, I had no pity to spare for her. For long afterwards I was to remember that my last act of love had been to take her a cup of coffee.

That morning I telephoned the office to say I was too sick to attend work. I packed what personal possession I could into the car, and telling Carla I would send for the rest later, I went to a motel and booked a room.

Throughout my preparations to leave, Carla kept a barrage of abuse interspersed with pleadings.

"Peter, darling, don't be so silly, you're just being old fashioned," would change to "How am I supposed to pay the rent for this fucking flat, you shit?"

Her last words as I departed where, "You're a fucking slug that crawled out of a primordial swamp, you useless bastard. What woman will ever want an asshole like you unless she's hard up like I was!"

The sting of those words was to stay with me for a long time.

There now began a time of inner torment for me. However much I tried to tell myself that Carla was mentally unbalanced, there lurked within me a feeling of inadequacy. I thought I had given all I could to Carla and our marriage, but it hadn't been enough. I felt as a heavyweight boxer must feel who has just landed his best punch, and his opponent simply shakes his head, and comes on for more.

Carla had said that I did not want to "experience," but she was wrong. I had experienced – experienced her, and the effect on me proved devastating.

I found myself to be sexually impotent, almost as if I had been emasculated. I was wary of every woman who came my way. I went to work and came home to sit in front of the television day after day. I wanted the minimum contact with

people and women especially. I nursed my bitterness and pain as a child might hug a teddy bear.

I went on in this state for nearly two years. I filed for divorce, and Carla did not even bother to turn up for the hearing. In fact, I neither saw or heard anything of her.

One tiny glimmer of light came into my darkened world when a colleague, Steve, asked me to attend his thirtieth birthday party. My first inclination was to make some excuse not to go, but for whatever reason, he seemed so keen that I should go, I decided it would be churlish to refuse.

At the birthday celebration, I found myself in the midst of a happy family gathering. Along with the relatives were some other colleagues from work, neighbours and other friends.

The good cheer and laughter I found to be almost unbearable as it contrasted with my own inner state so markedly. I found my mind going back to the night of the art exhibition, with all its artificiality, "dear", "darling" and "sweetheart", mouthed so readily and meaning so little.

I tried to find corners in which I could remain unnoticed, yet felt an appalling loneliness. I looked with bitter envy at the husbands and wives, the sweethearts and the children. "If only..." I thought. If only what?

"Come and meet my baby sister," a voice behind me said.

I turned to see the smiling face of Steve, my host.

"Wendy keeps asking who the sad looking man is, so I thought she might as well meet you."

He led me into another room and up to what at first I thought to be a young girl, perhaps fifteen or sixteen. She was small – perhaps five feet one inch tall, and slender. She was talking to a couple, but turned as we approached. I had looked at her without any particular interest, but then the sight of her full faced was startling.

I have since then tried to find the phrase that would describe the impression she made on me, but everything I have come up with has seemed inadequate.

She was like a burst of sunlight on a gloomy day; a lovely flower; a maiden out of some medieval romance. Perhaps it will sound foolish, but I associated her with an experience I once had during a lunch time break at work.

It was Springtime. It had been a bitter winter, and the dreariness had lingered on into Spring. I had had a rather

depressing morning at work, with problem after problem arising. At lunchtime I took my sandwiches and went for a walk. I went up a lane that ran beside the building I worked in. There were the remains of an old hedgerow with hawthorn bushes. As I passed, I paid no particular attention to them.

I finished my lunch and walked back. As I approached the bushes, they seemed to have burst into pink and white blossoms between my first passing and my return. Spring had come and I felt my spirits lift.

A long forgotten verse from the bible came into my mind: "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of singing is come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land."

As my colleague said, "This is my sister, Wendy; Wendy, my work colleague, Peter, the words resounded in my head once more, "For, lo, the winter is past."

Wendy smiled and extending her hand said, "Hello Peter."

I felt her hand, warm and firm in mine.

I think for a moment, I must have stood gaping at her, taking in her features. I could see that she was older than the fifteen or sixteen I had taken her to be. "Probably nineteen or twenty," I decided.

She had a heart shaped face with ash blonde hair cut short but obviously carefully styled. She had a slightly turned up nose and a bow shaped mouth. She looked at me with laughing blue eyes. Her figure was slim, with no signs of large breast development.

I could not help but recall when I first saw and lusted for Carla, with her enticing garment barely concealing her large breasts. By contrast, Wendy was dressed modestly, as if seeking no salacious male attentions.

Wendy looked fresh and clean, and had nothing of the heavy sensual odour that Carla exuded. I felt no lust for her, but I did feel embraced by warmth.

I stammered some response to the introduction and hoped that it did not sound too inane. If it did, Wendy was equal to dealing with it. Excusing herself with the people she had been chatting with, she said, "Come and talk to me Peter, you seem to have been on your own all evening. Let's go into the garden."

She actually took me by the hand and led me out into the garden to a seat where we sat.

The conversation that ensued was nothing heavy or demanding. Wendy played no coquettish games. She asked about my work, where I lived, did I like music, had I seen any good films lately.

God knows how I answered. Since I had been shut up in my world of grief for so long I had seen no films and taken no interest in music or anything else.

As Wendy chatted on, I learned that she was studying to be a speech therapist, and since her graduation was only twelve months off, I had to revise her age upwards again. She had to be twenty-three or four. Wariness was still with me, but when after about an hour Wendy said, I really must go and talk to some of the other people now, to my amazement she added, "Since you haven't seen any films lately, how about coming with me to see one on Saturday?"

Instantly I recalled Carla's invitation to the ballet and its outcome. Yet looking at Wendy, she seemed so ingenuous, so...so artless in her invitation, I accepted. We made the necessary arrangements for me to pick her up, and she left me to attend to other guests.

I left the party soon after and made my way to the flat I now lived in a bewildered man. How had I come to accept Wendy's invitation, and why did she make it in the first place.

Away from the influence of her eager friendliness, the light she had shed seemed to fade, and my defense mechanism came into action. No woman was going to dupe me ever again. I began to think of ways I might excuse myself for not going out with her on Saturday.

Next day, my birthday boy colleague, Steve, asked me how I'd got along with Wendy.

I said something like, "Very well."

He went on, "You know, although she's my sister, I must say she's about the nicest woman I know, short of Pauline (his wife). That's one of her troubles, you see. There's been plenty of blokes after her, but as soon as they try anything and won't take 'no' for an answer, she ends the relationship. She's going to make some lucky sod a wonderful wife one day, but she's so particular when it comes to men."

What he said did not seem to fit with the fact that Wendy had tried to date me within an hour of our first meeting. I made no comment except to agree that yes, "she will make someone a wonderful wife," and felt a bit of a hypocrite because my suspicions made me sceptical about her.

My Saturday evening with Wendy produced no passionate hand clasping or kissing, and no invitation to take her to bed. Distrustful of what might seem to be maidenly virtue, I decided the lack of such an invitation could be put down to the fact that she still lived in her parent's home.

Never the less, for all its seeming lack of sexual ardour, I found myself once more bathed in the light and warmth of Wendy's presence. It may have been this, or merely the felt need to return the invitation, that led me to invite Wendy to go out with me the following day.

I offered her the choice of what we should do, and was dumbfounded when she said, "Could we go up to one of the mountain streams and do some fly-fishing?"

I explained to her that I had never been fly-fishing and therefore had no tackle. This was met with an offer to loan me some tackle and the reassurance that she would show me what to do.

The fly-fishing expedition did not produce much in the way of fish. I caught none, but managed to entangle the line in bushes a number of times. Wendy caught one, but said it was too small, and threw it back. In the coming months, further such expeditions took place, and I did actually catch a few fish.

Wendy was caught up in her final years of studies, but we managed to go out together at least once a week. The goings out involved nothing overtly sexual. To what extent this was due to me, is hard to say. To put it bluntly, and using the standard jargon, I could no longer, "get it up." This had been the case since my departure from Carla.

On the other hand, Wendy made no sexual moves, unless holding hands could be classified as erotic advances. She simply appeared to like my company, and I, having started putting aside my early suspicions, found myself basking in the sunshine of her presence.

Not only was being with her very different from how it had been with Carla, it was different from any of the girls and women I had associated with. With them, sex entered into the relationship very quickly.

I did wonder if had I been as potent as I once was whether I would have continued to date Wendy if there was no sex.

That, I suppose, is a question I shall never be able to finally answer.

This low key, "Platonic" relationship, went on throughout the year up until Wendy passed her "Finals." She gained an excellent degree and was quickly snapped up by the Royal City Hospital.

The dating continued, and it included meals with her family, and taking Wendy to meet my mother whom lived in a country town.

"Much nicer than that Carla, you married," was mother's comment. "When are you thinking of getting married?"

"We're not, mother."

"More fool you, then," was her motherly summary of my failure, as she put it, to "Snap the girl up."

It was around eighteen months after our first meeting that Wendy became restless in my company. I thought it might be to do with her work as a speech therapist, but from what I could tell, she seemed to be happy and well settled into what she was doing. She was well paid, and as we always

shared the costs of going out, and she had more leisure time, we did a lot more going out.

If popular myths are to be believed, men are predatory creatures in search of sex with any female they can persuade into the act. For reasons I have given, I was not of that bent. I felt I had a lovely warm friendship with Wendy, but was to discover I was as mistaken about her as I had been about Carla. Fortunately, however, not in the same way as with Carla.

The first intimation about the reality of Wendy's relationship with me came from her bother, Steve.

At lunchtime at work one day he laughingly said to me, "Do you know what Wendy said to me before I introduced the two of you?"

Curious, I asked, "What?"

"She was looking at you sitting all forlorn, and she said, 'He looks very sad, but I think I'd like to marry him'."

"Before she even met me?"

"Yes, odd isn't it, but that's Wendy for you."

Nothing further was said, but it gave me something to think about and inkling as to why Wendy seemed so restless.

After some late night anguishing over what might be going on in Wendy's mind, I knew I would need, in all fairness to her, say something. How I would broach the subject and what I would go on to say eluded me, however.

The moment came during one of our fishing expeditions. The trout were being recalcitrant, stubbornly refusing to swallow our flies. We had given up casting and were sitting on the bank of the stream. I spoke out, not boldly, but at least I spoke.

"Wendy, we've been going out together for almost two years now."

"Yes, so we have."

"I've been thinking, you never seem to go out with anyone else, especially men."

"No. Is there a reason why I should?"

Well, no, but surely..."

"Do you want me to start going out with other men?"

"No, not really, but I thought you might be thinking...well...you might want...might be thinking...I mean...I know lots of girls don't seem to want to be bothered these days but..."

"Bothered about what, Peter?"

This was the crunch point. I felt as if I was walking on hot coals with bare feet.

"I thought you might want to get married, have babies...that sort of thing."

There was a long pause. Wendy seemed to digest what I had said. When she finally started to speak, it was slowly and with something like pain in her voice.

"So you think I should start looking around for someone to marry and get pregnant with?"

"I didn't mean it quite like that, Wendy."

"Then tell me how you did mean it."

The pain was clearly there now, and I thought I saw tears glistening in her eyes. I had taken the plunge, and however brutal it might seem, I decided to finish it.

"Wendy, if you thought I might make a suitable father for your children...I can't..."

"Can't what?"

"Give you children."

"I see. You find me physically unattractive!"

"No, no. It isn't you, Wendy it's me, I promise you. Many men would like to..." I almost said, "Fuck you," but pulled myself up just in time. "There are plenty of men who'd love to..."

"Fuck me. Go on Peter, say it, you might as well. Lots of men would like to fuck me, but you're not one of them, right?"

"I swear to you Wendy, it's not like that."

"Then for God's sake tell me what it is like, Peter."

"It's not you or any other woman, it's me, I can't...can't get an erection."

"Why not?"

"I can't tell you."

"Peter, since the first moment I saw you, I knew there was something wrong. Steve told me about your divorce and how you suddenly changed from being bright and happy, and became depressed. Was it the divorce?"

I had never told Wendy anything about my life and marriage with Carla, and Wendy had never probed, any more than I had asked her about her sex life. All I knew in that respect was what Steve had alluded to, that there had been none through Wendy's own choice.

In the midst of emotional crises, with Wendy in a mixed state of tears, anger and hurt female pride, I was at a loss to know

how to go on. I hovered on the edge of telling her the whole story. Wendy settled my dilemma for me.

"Peter, we've been friends for nearly two years. I thought we might have been more than friends. If I'm mistaken about that, then I'm sorry, but if you'd like to tell me just what happened to hurt you so deeply, I'm here for you."

I had told no one, not even my mother, the precise nature of my break up with Carla. Even if I had spoken, who would believe such a fantastic story? Yet now I felt there was someone I could tell – wanted to tell, if only to account for my pathetic inability to get an erection, even with a woman as sweet as Wendy.

Even so, the story I told was a modified account of what had really happened. Ridiculously perhaps, I felt as if to tell the worst details would somehow be to pollute the friendship I had with Wendy. More to the point, I did not want it to touch her decency.

When I had finished, Wendy sat looking at me for a long time. Her anger had gone, her hurt pride mended, only the tears remained, but this time they were tears for me.

It was at that moment I saw just how much she did love me, but even more, I could see how her presence in my life had

lifted me from endless depression and self-pity, into a worthwhile existence again. I felt shame at the coin with which I had repaid her, near rejection.

Wendy dried her eyes and looked at me steadily. Then in a firm voice she said, "There's nothing wrong with you physically Peter. It's an emotional or psychological problem. You gave yourself to that woman totally, and she cut your testicles off emotionally in the most horrible manner possible. Now, you only have to say you find me physically repugnant, that you have no love for me and never will have, and I'll not bother you again, only say it now, not in another week's or month's time, but now."

She would "never bother me again." Those words opened yet another black void for me. No Wendy in my life, no more of her laughter, no touch of her hand, never see her face again. Yet, as with the lust I had felt for Carla, the selfish desire to sate myself with her body, so in another form I was being selfish again. It was my desire to get and not to give.

I said, "Wendy, I don't find you physically repugnant. I can't think of any man who would. I'd like to say I love you, but I'm too self-centred. If I say, I should be devastated if I never saw you again, then that is only to say I want you for my needs – to take and not give."

"Well, Peter, that's a start anyway. At least you give me something to work on. Let's take it a step further, shall we?"

"What do you mean?"

"Would you like to be daddy to my children?"

"You know I can't...I told you..."

"I know what you told me, and I think I know the cure for what ails you."

"What?"

"You knowing how much I love you and want you, you silly man. Now, do you want to be daddy or not?"

"You know I would if I could..."

"Don't let's start that business again, Peter. You really would wear down the patience of a saint. Now, putting aside all the ifs, buts, maybes and if I could, do you want me, yes or no?"

"Yes."

"Thank God that's settled. Now all we have to deal with is your little problem. One lady has already led you into marriage with a "false alarm" pregnancy, so I'm not going to do the same. I'm not on the pill, you're not likely to be carrying a condom, I'm a virgin and I shall insist on your taking my virtue in comfort and security. You know what that means?"

"Not until we're married?"

"Right. I know that you'll be taking a risk with me, and I may not be as well trained as Carla, but I'll bet I can get that manhood of yours standing up fairly quickly. You'll be fertilising me in no time."

We both burst out laughing, and on the first time we kissed, not passionately at first, but with growing ardour and, damn it, the woman had me stiffening for the first time in a couple of years.

"Blast you, woman," I chuckled, "do you know what you've done?"

"Yes, I can see. I think we'd better get married very soon, my love."

"I think so too, darling."

We kissed again.

We did get married soon, and by the time we had escaped from all the handshaking, kissing and backslapping of the reception, we were both dead tired.

"Not tonight, darling, Wendy said."

We slept in each other's arms, and for the moment, it was enough.

It was next morning after breakfast and showers that Wendy came to me. She was not clad like the traditional first time bride, in something lacy and see-through, but wore a rather heavy woolen dressing gown.

I don't think I looked anything like the ardent groom either, in a sloppy T-shirt and jeans.

"Peter," she said very quietly, "come with me now."

She extended her hand to me, I took it, and we went into the bedroom.

Her practicality showed as she laid a towel on the bed. We were stopping in a motel unit, and as Wendy pointed out, there was "Going to be some blood, and we can soak the towel afterwards."

With this unlikely preparation and our singularly unsexy clothes, she said to me, "Peter, would you take my dressing gown off, just so I can feel you've undressed me?"

I obliged willingly, and for the first time saw Wendy naked.

She stood there looking deceptively small and fragile. Her breasts were what might be described as medium sized, with small, pink nipples surrounded by darker pink circles. A little sliver of blonde pubic hair ran from her mound to just above her neatly defined cleft.

If I had any doubts left about my ability to get an erection, they were now dispelled. She looked as sweet and vulnerable as a child, and I was assailed with a mixture of desire for her and an equal desire not to hurt her.

I told her of my not wanting to hurt her, and she said, "It's part of the deal, darling, especially if you're going to be daddy. Now take me to bed."

I picked her up and laid her on the bed, and kissed her, gently touching her breast at the same time.

"Darling," she said, "I'm ready for you, I've been ready for along time. Take me now, but let me tell you when to...to..."

"I know my love, I'll be very careful."

I came over her and positioned the head of my penis against her vaginal entrance. I pushed carefully, and she suddenly gasped. I stopped and waited.

"Now, darling, only do it quickly."

I thrust in hard and felt her convulse, and she clung to me tightly as she gave a little scream. I stopped, not knowing whether to withdraw or stay with her.

Her hand started to stroke my chest and she said, "Don't leave me just yet. I want to feel you in me."

I lay unmoving within her experiencing feelings of tenderness that I had never known before in the sexual act. I was able at last to give full expression to the feeling that now welled up in me, my desire to tell her of my love and devotion, my passion for her.

It was a first time for Wendy, but in another way, it was a first time for me as well. At other times, I had thought I was in love, but in fact, as far as love was concerned, I was an emotional virgin. Wendy had broken through to me, just as I had broken through her hymen.

Still aroused and with an erection I withdrew from her, having deliberately not ejaculated lest my movements caused her more pain. There was blood already drying on my penis and the towel. I could see the traces of blood round Wendy's vulva and upper thighs.

"Did I hurt you much, darling?" I asked.

"Not nearly as much as you would have if you hadn't broken through. I wanted to give you that so badly."

I picked her up in my arms. She was so light. I carried her to the bathroom and washed her blood away for her, then washed my still erect penis.

It was another two days before I entered her again and this time to both our satisfactions.

Thus began our life of lovemaking. Even when we had explored each other, and I had encouraged Wendy in giving wider and deeper expression to her sexuality, our coupling always retained its element of tenderness. With Wendy it was a yielding and giving, with me it was the desire to make our coupling an expression of love rather than lust.

It might be kind of me to stop my tale right here, at the point of happy conclusion. To do so, however, would not tell the full story.

One Sunday morning five years after we had married, and two children had been, produced with another on the way, I was browsing through the newspaper. Scanning down a page my eye was caught by the name, "Carla Drovnik". I looked at the heading of the article, and found it was a critical review of an art exhibition. I read on.

The article made some general and not altogether complimentary comments about the exhibition, and then focused on three particular paintings, one of them being "Night Bang" by Carla Drovnik.

As far as I can recall, it said something like this. "Drovnik's work is perhaps the last gasp of the degenerate school of Experiential Art. A disciple of the founder of the school, Jeremy Higgs, who died recently of an undiagnosed ailment, Drovnik's work epitomises all that Higgs and his followers stood for, namely the gutter sweepings of the human subconscious."

The writer had nothing further to say about Carla's work, and moved on to another artist.

I sat staring at the print but no longer seeing it, as memories of Carla and "that night" came flooding back.

Fortunately Wendy came in at that moment and said, "Peter, Ben wants to go to the toilet, but I'm busy with Cathy, would you help him?"

I departed to perform my paternal duties, and in the process Carla and the newspaper article got lost.

That might have been the last I ever heard of Carla, but for another odd twist in events.

Various organisations brought in publicity advertising concerts, shows, books and so on, to our offices at work. The

material was usually left in a heap in our lunchroom, and one day about three years after I had seen the newspaper article, I was poking through the pile of adverts.

One leaflet was advertising an exhibition of "Fantastic Art of the Twentieth Century." A list of artists followed giving their names and the titles of their works. Again, I saw the name "Carla Drovnik – Night Bang."

Over the next few days, I was haunted by that advert, and knowing I had to finally lay a ghost to rest, I went to the exhibition.

I bought a catalogue, looked up Carla's name, and went to the room indicated. What glimpses I got of the other works suggested that "Grotesque," rather than "Fantastic," best described them.

I found Carla's painting and stood before it.

The central figure was a naked woman lying in the back of a van. Her body was purple with legs spread wide, and from her vagina protruded the head, not of a child, but a man she was giving birth to. The face was that of Jeremy and his mouth was twisted into a ghastly leer.

There was something strange about the woman's breasts and it took a few moments for me to see that they were not breasts. They were two huge penises standing erect where the breasts should have been.

The woman was faceless except where mouth should have been there was another penis hanging loose and dripping green sperm, and writhing in it were small worm like creatures, presumably meant to be spermatozoa.

The woman's body was covered with blood red marks, and at some distance stood the shadowy figure of a man who, like the woman, was faceless.

Swirls of savage colours surrounded the central feature, the whole giving the impression of violent degeneracy.

I stood looking for a long time interpreting what I saw, and feeling the horror of that long ago night well up in me again.

A hoarse voice behind me said, "Hello, Peter."

I turned and saw a woman standing there. I almost asked, "Do I know you?"

Wisps of black hair were plastered over her scalp to try to hide the balding pate. The eyes were sunk back to almost appear only sockets. Cheeks were collapsed in like those of a toothless old woman, and there were hollows at the temples, giving a skeletal effect. Her body under her clothes seemed bent and skeleton like.

"Don't you know me, Peter?" She asked in her hoarse voice.

"Carla!"

"Don't ask me how I am, Peter, you can see plainly enough."

"You look very ill, Carla."

"I am very ill. Jeremy gave it to me, you know. Another few months after he died, they knew how to diagnose what was wrong with him. Unfortunately, they still don't know how to cure it."

"I'm so sorry, Carla."

"Are you, Peter. Are you sorry, or are you gloating?"

"No, I'm not gloating, Carla."

I spoke the truth. I was recalling the woman who could have lured any man she wanted to her. I could still picture the beauty that had captivated me, and what I had thought had been my love for her. Looking at the ruin she had now become, I felt only pity for her.

"No Peter, I don't think you'd gloat," she said. "You might lust or hate, you might be bitter and angry, but it's not in you to gloat."

"Is there anything I can do for you, Carla?"

I saw tears flowing down her cheeks and wanted to touch her, to comfort her in some way, but she started to turn away.

She was about to move away from me when she turned back and said, "I could have had love, couldn't I Peter?"

My throat felt swollen and I couldn't get the words out. I nodded my head.

The skull that was her head nodded in return, and as a final word she whispered, "Live well, love much, and forgive me, Peter."

She moved away, going towards the door like a shuffling arthritic old woman.

Tears were running down my face.

Three months later, again during lunchtime at work, one of the other men came to me with a newspaper. He was a chap who always took a somewhat ghoulish interest in the death columns, and he said, "I say Pete, weren't you married to a Carla something or the other years ago?"

"Yes, Carla Drovnik."

"Look here, old chap, she's dead."

He pointed to a small piece in the death column. It was a simple statement of Carla's death. There were no words like "Dearly beloved daughter of," or even "Dear friend of." Only the bare words announcing her death, and the time and location of the funeral.

I went to the funeral. Apart from the funeral director, his staff and myself, there was no one else.

There was no clergyman or anyone else to say something, so I said a silent prayer for her peace, then aloud, "Goodbye, Carla." I dropped a red rose on to the coffin.

I turned away from the grave and went my way towards where I had found love and peace.

I had hardly gone a few paces when I heard the first clump of earth being dropped on the coffin.

With the thump of that earth on wood, the ghost of the past was finally laid.

Life after Death

Someone once told me an old say they said came from Iceland. I think it went like this: "Nothing grants such an advantage as being dead." I wasn't sure at the time what it meant, but driving home in the funeral car from Alfred's funeral I came to see what it might mean.

You see, when people got up to speak about him at the service they said such wonderful things that I began to think I must have been married to a saint. Of course, Alfred had always been very kind and considerate to me, but I didn't think he quite qualified as a saint.

I first met Alfred when I went to work in his office. I had been orphaned when I was six when my parents were killed in a car accident. I was brought up in a Girl's Home - what they used to call "an orphanage". You may have heard terrible things about such places, but really they were quite kind.

When I left high school I was sent to a Business College where they taught me about working in an office. Then it was still shorthand, typing and booking keeping and few other things, before the days of all that electric stuff. I came out top of my year, "Dux" as they called it.

Then the people at the Girl's Home said, "Glenda, you will need to go to work now, and when you started to earn money you will have to leave the Home."

The people who ran the Business College had a lot of employers wanting to employ the graduates, and as I was the best of my year I got several offers, and I went along and they asked questions, and ended up asking if I wanted to work for their firm. Several times I said I would think about it.

Then I was interviewed by Mr. Benjamin. He was very nice and spoke kindly to me, and his office suite was lovely, all carpet, glass and polished wood. Mr. Benjamin's office was particularly lovely with a huge polished dark wood desk and beautiful pictures and hangings.

Mr. Benjamin was a very handsome man but very old, about forty I think. After he had spoken with me for a while he asked, "Would you like to be my secretary, my dear."

Well, I was surprised. I mean, I thought I would get a junior position like the office girl, but here he was offering me a very important job, so I said "Yes" straightaway. Mr. Benjamin seemed very happy about that.

So, soon after I started work I moved into a hostel for young business ladies, and when I got my first pay cheque I was very pleased because I had never had so much money before.

I tried very hard to please Mr. Benjamin taking down his dictation in shorthand and typing it afterwards ever so nicely. After a week he told me how pleased he was with me and what a lovely girl I was. That made me feel all nice inside.

One day Mr. Benjamin asked if I would be willing to work through the lunch break. He said he would order in something to eat and we could continue working. I said, "Yes that would be all right."

He ordered a lovely meal with wine and it was brought to us by a man who looked like a waiter in a very posh hotel. Actually, we didn't seem to do much work, and Mr. Benjamin asked me about living in the Girls Home, and what it was like in the hostel, and did I have a boyfriend.

I did my best to answer his questions, and told him I had never had a boyfriend because the people who ran the Girls Home were very strict about that sort of thing. The hostel was also strict and any boys that came in had to sit with the girls in the lounge and leave by ten o'clock.

Mr. Benjamin seemed pleased when I told him that for some reason.

After that we often worked through lunch although it was always the same, we didn't really do any work. After me telling him about me, Mr. Benjamin told me about himself; how he was a widower and felt very lonely since the death of his wife, Mavis. He said how I reminded him of Mavis when she was my age. He looked very sad and I felt sorry for him.

One day I let slip that it was my twenty first birthday in two days. When my birthday came he gave me a lovely locket with a beautiful ruby set in it – a real ruby, not like the coloured glass things I bought at the “Fancy Shop” near the hostel.

Mr. Benjamin insisted he put it round my neck, and his hands on the back of my neck felt ever so nice, but they did seem to shake a bit so he had a job fixing the clasp.

For lunch that day we had champagne and I felt all whooshy as I had never had champagne before. Then Mr. Benjamin asked if he could give me a birthday kiss, and I said “Yes” and he did. It was right on the lips and in a way I had never been kissed before. It went on for a long time and when he

finished he was really shaking all over and I wondered if he was unwell.

He bought me other presents after that, what he called, "Unbirthday presents," like a lovely ring with real diamonds and a bracelet and, oh well, lots of things.

It was a funny thing about the general office girls. When I first started work they were all very kind to me. They seemed to be frightened of Mr. Benjamin and said they felt sorry for me being his secretary. Then after a while they changed. They got quite nasty; not that they said anything, but they wouldn't speak to me unless they had to. I simply couldn't understand why they changed like that.

It didn't really matter much because I spent more and more time in Mr. Benjamin's office, and he was so nice to me, even putting his hands on my shoulders as he stood behind me to dictate.

One afternoon he asked if I wouldn't mind working late and afterwards we could go out somewhere for dinner, so I agreed.

It was like our lunch times, we didn't really do much work, but Mr. Benjamin talked a lot more about his wife, and how he would like to have a wife again, and I saw some tears in his eyes. I felt so sorry for him, so I went to him and kissed him and said, "Don't cry Mr. Benjamin, I'm sure you'll find someone."

He was shaking again and he pulled me down on his lap, and then he kissed me back; a very long kiss and his tongue came into my mouth. It made me go all peculiar and there was a sort of throbbing at the bottom of my tummy, and Mr. Benjamin put his hands on my breasts and started to squeeze them very softly and I got a wet feeling at the top of my legs.

He kept on kissing me so I kissed him back and tried putting my tongue into his mouth which he seemed to like. Then his hands went down the top of my dress so they were holding my breasts with no cloth between because I don't wear bras like the other girls.

He kept telling me how sweet I was and how pretty and he was very, very fond of me. Then he put his hand up my skirts and I felt him touching me down...well, you know where, and before I knew it we were rolling on the carpet and he was really shaking badly, and was taking my panties off.

I may not have had a boy friend but I did know what happened between men and women, and I thought, "He's going to do it with me," and I wanted him to.

One thing I should tell you is, that I was on the contraceptive pill, only to regulate my monthly women's trouble you understand, not like some girls who...you know.

Mr. Benjamin got his...his...thing out and he lay between my legs and pushed it against my thing. He started to push it into me and suddenly I got a terrible pain but he didn't stop and soon he was gasping and moaning and I felt stuff coming into me. After that he was very quiet for a while, and when we stood up we saw a lot of blood on the carpet and I had to go to the broom cupboard and get cleaning stuff and we tried to get the blood out.

After a long time we got most of it out and Mr. Benjamin asked me to call him "Alfred" when we were alone together. Soon after that we went out to dinner, and then he took me back to the hostel in his car.

Next day Alfred came in late to work and asked me to go with him downstairs. He took me to the car park and showed me a lovely new little car.

"That's for you," he said.

I think I nearly fainted and when I got over the shock I said, "But I can't drive."

"Don't worry he said, I can arrange for you to have lessons. You can take them during working hours."

The other girl's seemed to hate me more than ever, but they didn't dare say anything because they knew I would tell Alfred and he would dismiss them. Not that their attitude mattered very much because now I spent most of my time with Alfred in his office, and he would tell the rest of them we mustn't be disturbed for an hour. Then Alfred would do lovely things to me and make me feel good and end up putting his sperm into me.

It was very wonderful and it got even better when a nice boy came to work in the office suite next to ours. I could see straightaway he liked me, and would hang around after work trying to see me. His name was Edwin, and I mentioned him to Alfred who then seemed to get very angry and after that he always left the office with me so that Edwin couldn't talk to me.

One day during lunch, just after Alfred had put his sperm into me, he asked, "Will you marry me?"

I wasn't sure I wanted to marry an old man, even though he was so nice, so I said I didn't know. Alfred said, "I'll see you right if you do marry me." I took this to mean that he would very kind and look after me, so I thought, "It would be nice to be looked after," so I said, "Yes."

Next day he took me out and bought an engagement ring with a huge diamond with other smaller diamonds round it. When the other girls in the office saw it they were nastier than ever, but I didn't care.

We arranged to be married quite soon, but before that took place I got a little shock. He had told me about his dead wife, but he hadn't told me about his live children. He had a daughter, Kinley, aged fourteen and a son, Richard, usually called Rick, aged twelve. I was only twenty one, and it seemed funny to be stepmother to two children not much younger than I was.

When they heard that I was going to marry their father Kinley seemed furious, but Rick was very nice and kissed me on the cheek and said what a pretty mother I would be.

The day we got married we had lots of Alfred's business friends and other important people at the ceremony. I only had a couple of friends from the hostel. It was a wonderful

affair, and we were actually married by a bishop instead of an ordinary priest.

After we were married I was not returning to work, and so I helped Alfred choose his next secretary. We saw quite a lot of applicants, and I ended up selecting a very nice middle aged lady who was rather plain, but who I was sure would be a very good secretary.

We went on a months honeymoon and Alfred taught me lots of marvelous things about what husbands and wives do to make each other happy. I really enjoyed it when he did things with his tongue to my sex organ, but at first I wasn't sure about taking his penis into my mouth and letting him put his stuff in it. But I got used to it, and he did it very nicely.

When we got back from our honeymoon Alfred had to go back to work and I was left at home. The house was so big – I had thought that one day I would have a flat or a small house for myself, but this one was huge.

When I first saw it I told Alfred I couldn't possibly keep a house that size clean and he laughed.

“Darling,” he said, “You will have two cleaners come in twice a week, you won't need to lift a finger unless just to tidy occasionally. And you won't need to bother about

cooking because I have two women who take it in turns to come in and cook. Anyway, that will be mainly for the children, we can eat out quite often.”

At first I thought this would be wonderful, but once I’d experienced the life of a lady of leisure for a few weeks, it began to pall. How as I to fill in my day?

It was the Church that came to my rescue. Alfred went to church every Sunday, as he explained, “It gives people confidence in you if they think you’re religious.” So I went to church with Alfred, and discovered that churches too have clerical and secretarial work that needs doing. In addition, they have charity work, and Alfred had given me a very liberal allowance so using my office skills and some of the money I had for charitable purposes, I was soon busy again.

Quite apart from the allowance Alfred made me, he continued to buy me lots of presents, mainly jewelry, but other things as well. He bought me lots of underwear, mainly black and lacy and with designs I had never seen before. Really, some of the garments covered almost nothing, and Alfred liked me to wear it when we went to bed. It seemed funny wearing underwear in bed.

As long as I continued to let Alfred put his semen into me, either my vagina or my mouth, he was very happy with me, so I made sure I kept him that way.

There was something that happened that puzzled me at first. One night Alfred, instead of doing the usual things like kissing me, sucking my nipples and putting his tongue into my vagina, produced some strips of cloth and one of those sticks or canes, the sort of cane they used to have in schools for punishing pupils, and said, "Tie me down and punish me, Glenda darling."

I was rather shocked and asked why he wanted to be punished. He wouldn't tell me but went on begging me to do it, so I tied him down on the bed and on his instructions began to cane him. He yelped and moaned, but every time I went to stop he would say, "More, harder," so I went on until he told me to stop.

Then he wanted me to bite the top of his penis, so I took it into my mouth and started to nibble on it. "Harder, harder," he demanded, "make me scream." I bit harder and harder until I thought I would bite it right off, and he screamed and screamed.

After that this punishing became a regular feature of our nightly activities. I didn't mind, so long as he didn't want to punish me.

We had seven years of married life before Alfred died. His death happened like this; one night I was giving him his punishment with the cane. He had been yelling as usual when suddenly he gave a sort of groaning gasp. He went white and I asked him if he was all right. I could see he was trying to answer, but words would not come. His lips turned purple and his gasps grew more laboured. I untied him and ran to get him some brandy. When I tried to get him to drink it mostly ran down over his chin.

Frightened I rang our doctor who listened to what I told him then said in a stern voice to ring for an ambulance straightaway.

The ambulance took nearly twenty minutes to arrive and Alfred's breathing got worse and worse. They took him to the hospital, but, as they told me afterwards, he was dead on arrival.

Two days later two police detectives came to see me, one a constable the other a sergeant. They began quite nicely but got quite unpleasant as our talk went on.

They said that the doctor in the hospital had noticed severe marks and bruising on the body and could I account for this? I tried to avoid the question but they kept on and on until I had to tell them about giving Alfred his “punishment”.

They really were rather rude when I told them, because I could see they were trying to stifle their laughter. Then they wanted to know about Alfred’s will, and I told them Alfred had not discussed it with me, and they would have to ask his solicitor.

They left me then saying they might have to question me again, “Just to tie up any loose ends.” They sniggered when they said that and I felt rather sick after they had gone.

On the day of the funeral, as I have said, there were so many nice things said about Alfred, and this was surprising as most people, including his own children, seemed frightened of him. It was as if I was the only one who was not scared of him.

Driving away from the funeral I sat in the back of the vehicle with Kinley and Rick. Rick held my hand while Kinley glowered at me from the corner where she was half slumped. That girl really disliked, even hated, me.

I had tried to play the stepmother to them, but with Kinley it was total rejection. Rick on the other hand, responded to me very positively. At times I felt he was a bit too positive. His goodnight kisses were not what you might call filial. Still, he was a loving boy and his kisses were rather nice, so I didn't complain.

It was two days after the funeral that the solicitor turned up to read the will. There were lots of bits and pieces to it, but the upshot as far as I and the two children were concerned was this; Kinley and Rick were to receive very large sums of money, but the money was tied up mainly in safe investments, so they would only have the interest. Kinley was to have one of the cars and Rick the Land Rover. They were also to continue to have residence in the house, but the house itself went to me together with a monetary figure that I could barely comprehend.

The solicitor was concerned about the future of Alfred's business, and wondered if I would like to sell it. I said I would think about it, but asked if in the meantime he could find someone to manage it. He said he would attend to the matter, and no doubt rubbed his mental hands at the fee he would charge for this service.

Soon after the day on which the will had been read, Kinley announced that she was leaving. "I've had the offer of a job up north," she said, almost truculently, "don't expect to see

me again, Glenda.” Another couple of days and she was gone.

Rick on the other hand was content to stay. He was eighteen and about to begin law studies at the university. He was a sweet boy and was clearly very fond of me, so I was happy to have him around the place.

With Kinley gone and just Rick and I left, I began to wonder about the business. I discussed the matter with Rick in case he had any ambitions to take it over, but he said no, and that he had other ideas for his future. In fact with what Alfred had left him he had no need to work at all, but as he said, “I’ve got to do something useful with my life.”

So I had just about made up my mind to be rid of the business when I had a call from the solicitor.

“Mrs. Benjamin, I don’t know whether you’ve decided anything about your husbands business, but I’ve had an offer to buy it. The man I put in as manager wants it. He’s given a figure, and while we might get more if we hung on, it’s really up to you.”

He announced the figure being offered and once more I was staggered. I asked myself how a poor little orphan girl had managed to become a wealthy woman with so little effort,

and thought that it was a pity Hollywood didn't make films about that sort of thing anymore. You know rags to riches. Well, not quite, but you know what I mean.

I told the solicitor to sell and invest the money for me.

A couple of months went by and nothing very notable happened. I got back to my church secretarial tasks, and was by then president of a charitable organization and secretary for another.

Rick had begun his studies and was making his adjustment to university life. When he was at home he was even more attentive to me than he had been before, and it was very nice.

One adjustment I had to make was sleeping alone at night and not having what I used to have with Alfred. I suppose most people would think I should have still been in deep mourning, and in some respects I was, or at least, I thought I was.

I began to look back over my years with Alfred. He had always been kind and generous to me, but I asked myself, "Did I love him?" I was never sure what people meant by "Love," but I can say I had affection for him and wanted to please him, at least in bed.

On the whole I would do what he wanted me to do, but I was no longer the naïve girl I had been when I first met him. I now realized that although when we had finished making love he always seemed relaxed and contented, for me, it was a job well done. A pleasant job mostly, but one in which I seemed to have no deep satisfaction of the sort that Alfred seemed to get.

I wondered at this. Could I get that satisfaction? Did other women get it with their lovers? If so, what was it? Put baldly, “Was there more to sexual intercourse than simply pleasing the man?”

I thought about finding myself a lover to find the answer to my question, but I knew I was in a dangerous position.

I will be frank with you, I was fully aware that I was a very attractive woman. This was demonstrated by Alfred’s choice of me when he could have had others. In addition, there were the sly glances and comments I received from his business friends when they had come to visit.

That was fine, but, I now had the advantage and disadvantage of being a wealthy attractive woman. How would I ever know if the man I might take as a lover was more interested in my money than me?

This puzzling situation was resolved, but only very slowly. I have said that Rick was very affectionate and considerate where I was concerned. He had been twelve when I first met him; he was now eighteen and approaching his nineteenth birthday. I now found myself viewing him in a different light to after all those years before.

He had grown to be a very handsome young man, rather like his father must have been at the same age. A point of difference from his father was Rick's openness. I had come to realize that it was Alfred's business ruthlessness and the consequent wealth that was the basis for people's sycophantic fear of him. This fear had also encompassed Kinley and Rick, but with Alfred dead, and with their now independent status, they were free of the fear.

From the beginning Rick had been open to me. He had given affection which I had returned. Perhaps it was that Rick missed his mother and any half-decent woman coming into his life would have been taken up as a substitute, but it was I who had been that woman, and even though I was only seven years older than Rick, I served as that substitute.

Yet it was more than that. He had never hidden from me that he found me attractive, although he never expressed this in front of his father, nor did I ever mention it to Alfred. It was now, as Rick entered into manhood, I began to take serious that attraction he had expressed. I also began to confess to

myself, I found him attractive. The whole seemed to be adding up to a rather explosive mixture.

Once the early weeks of adjustment to university life were over, Rick relaxed a bit, and we saw more of each other. Among the many advantages he had because of the availability of money, was that instead of spending hours in the university library, he was able to buy many of the works he needed to refer to. This meant he had more time than most of the students to work at home.

Often in the evening, instead of watching television, I would join him in the study that had once been Alfred's, and would sit reading while he worked. It was a very companionable time that I came to treasure.

Without seeking to question or interfere, I had over his years at high school got the idea that there had been a number of girls in his life. It was an impression more than anything else until one day I found a little packet of condoms that had dropped out of his pocket. I never said anything and neither did he.

Now in his first year at university there seemed to be no time for extra curricula activities of the sexual sort, and I wondered how he was managing. I had heard about boys

masturbating, girls too for that matter, so I assumed that was what he was doing.

There was, I admit, a growing sexual desire for him. With Alfred he had made all the running, now I was trying to work out how as a female I might make the running with Rick. I was no longer the girl I had been six years before, and I had learned much from Alfred and from looking, listening and reading.

I began to notice the pressure of his penis against his shorts or trousers, and especially when he went for a morning swim in our pool, I saw the firm outline of a well endowed young man through his brief swimming trunks. Sometimes I joined him wearing some of the near non-existent gear Alfred had liked me to wear for swimming. I thought I could see an expansion of his endowment when he looked at me.

I began to calculate how I could arouse him so that he might break down and make an approach to me. It was in seeming inadvertent exposure of the top of a thigh or a breast, a slight prolongation of a goodnight kiss, with which I tried to seduce him. I make no excuse; I was trying to seduce him now.

A turning point came one evening when he had asked me in general terms how I was feeling now that his father had been dead for some months.

I seized the opening and said, "On the whole fine, but it is very lonely at night."

His face flushed and I could see him starting to quiver as his father had done. Then he muttered almost as if I was not intended to hear, "No need to be lonely."

"What was that, darling?" I asked ingenuously.

"Er...nothing."

"Darling, you said something, what was it?"

"I said...said...'No need to be lonely'."

I had opened the door; I only had to have the courage to fling it wide open and be prepared to take the consequences.

"You know, darling, I would like there to be someone with me, but it would have to be someone I love and who loves me."

He muttered again.

“What darling?”

“I love you,” he almost yelled.

I moved to him and said softly, “Would you like to keep me company in bed, Rick?” I kissed him very softly on his lips, flicking my tongue over them.

He gasped and almost fell against me, “You know I would.”

“Then I think we can start tonight, my love. So what about if we take a shower and then go to bed?”

I think he was finding it hard to believe what was happening, but he needed no second bidding. I did not join him in the shower as so many stories such as these seem to promote. I wanted him properly for the first time.

I am not concerned to be overly detailed about our union, except to set down the high point. That he was not a virgin was clear from the first. He knew how to handle a woman’s breasts and vagina. His kisses were exquisite and he

constantly reassured me of his love. I responded out of my own experience but there was a difference between coupling with Alfred and Rick.

With Alfred I had always stood slightly outside the act, almost as if I was watching it happen. With Rick I found myself completely involved. It was as if I became one with him, wanting to be absorbed into him and him into me.

Our first coupling was of necessity brief. He was far too aroused to hold back from ejaculation, and so quickly I felt the first spurt of his semen into me. Here again the difference emerged. With Alfred I could just say to myself that I had his “stuff” in me, and washed it out as soon as I conveniently could. With Rick I experienced the feeling that I wanted his seed in me, I wanted to retain it inside me.

These new feelings were a little frightening, but were as nothing to what was to come.

When he had finished his first ejaculation into me I felt him relax, and after a minute or two he withdrew.

I felt a wave of sadness pass through me, not wanting him to part from me. Another new experience! I need not have been anxious. Very quickly his vigour returned with, if anything, even greater intensity.

By then I was experiencing a greater feeling of arousal than I had ever know before, and after some extended love play, we coupled again.

He was in no hurry this time, and it was after a few minutes during which he moved up and down in me in an almost leisurely fashion, I felt it.

I didn't understand what was happening to me. At first it was a tingling sensation that seemed to ripple through my body. It brought with it a feeling akin to panic. Something was happening to me that was beyond my control. It seemed that control was in Rick's hands.

I began to plead with him "Darling stop, please stop, something is happening to me, I'm frightened."

He would not stop and speeded up his penetration and its intensity.

"No, darling, no...please...I'm frightened..."

Then it burst over me, shaking my whole body and racking me with exquisite torment. Now I was begging him not to stop, to come in deeper.

The agonizingly beautiful sensations seemed to rise to a pinnacle, and I screamed. Then it burst and cascaded downwards into myriad fragments of nerve shaking vibrations, and I was weeping and crying out, "I love you, I love you," over and over again.

As I calmed I remonstrated with him, "What have you done to me? What have you done?"

He did not answer because at that moment I felt him give a massive thrust into me and his seed was pouring into me again. I clung to him, winding my legs round him as he, with his hands under my buttocks fought to get the last millimetre of his length into me.

This time, when he relaxed, he did not withdraw from me.

I too was experiencing a delicious feeling of relaxation. I knew what had happened to me but until this moment it had been theoretical. I had read of the female orgasm in books, but had never before experienced it until now. Now I knew that all the books had given me no real idea of the reality. I am unable to describe it myself, perhaps no one can.

Past sexual experience had been pleasant, and at times just fun; this coupling had been overwhelming and there sang in my head the words, "I'm in love, "I'm in love."

Rick, as he lay with his shaft still inside me was kissing me and softly caressing my breasts. He was murmuring broken words of love, telling me of my beauty and his great desire for me. I tried to express my own depth of feeling for him, but nothing I said seemed adequate.

We got little sleep that night.

During the following days our love making continued, both of us using our past experiences to add to our pleasure and passion. Of one thing I was grateful, Rick showed no signs of wanting to be "punished."

It might be thought that our union derived from pure lust. I know it crossed my mind in the early stages, but as time went on it became clear that we truly loved each other. We discussed the matter of age difference, and Rick pointed out, the age difference between his father and I when we got married was more than twenty years. "So what's the problem when there's only a seven year gap between us?" After that it ceased to be a matter of concern.

I suppose one should not be deceitful with one you love, but I decided to deceive Rick. I took myself off the contraceptive pill and said nothing to him. It took almost six months, but I did get pregnant.

I feared he might be displeased, and that he would accept it because he loved me, but would not necessarily like it. I was wrong.

Much as I loved and love Rick, I am aware of some of his failings, one being that he has a male ego. When I told him I was pregnant he looked at me for a moment with wonder, and then burst out, "Oh Glenda, you'd do that for me!"

I decided not to tell him that I had really done it for me, but we have to let men have their little day.

I haven't looked into it properly, but I think it's illegal in our country for a stepmother to marry her stepson. Well, Rick is doing law studies; I'll get him to look into it.

Life's Big Problems

The Situation.

A few years ago, I was faced with a seemingly insoluble problem. It came about like this.

One night I was going to my bedroom after showering and changing into my night things, and I had to pass by my son's room. His door was open a little way, and as I passed I thought I heard sobbing.

Now, my son Hugh is not really the sort to cry easily. At the time, he was eighteen, six feet two inches tall, quite well built and nicely endowed with good looks, and I must admit, his mother's darling.

I hesitated to interrupt, but then the mothering instinct grabbed me, and I put my head round the door. He was in bed lying on his back and was clearly masturbating under the bedclothes.

The masturbating did not bother me. I had assumed that he had been doing that since he entered puberty. What did trouble me was the crying. I thought I had better let him get his masturbating over, and ask him later about the crying.

I was about to withdraw my head, and he must have seen or heard me. He quickly stopped masturbating, turned on his side, and said, "Mum!"

"I'm sorry, darling," I apologised, "but I thought I heard you crying and was worried. Where you crying?"

The Problem

"Yes," he mumbled. I entered the room and asked, "Anything I can do to help?" He looked at me with eyes full of sadness, "No one can help," he said.

"That sounds desperate," I replied, smiling. His response was a sort of grunt. "Want to tell me about it?" I went on. "No point," he muttered.

"Come on," I said, "surely it can't be that bad. What's it about?" "Girls and me, I suppose," he mumbled. "What about girls and you," I queried. "They don't like me," he replied, this time speaking out clearly.

"Girl trouble I thought." I had suspected something was wrong in this department for some time. When he was about sixteen, Hugh had started to go out with girls. His father and

I had given him the standard sort of talk about contraceptives and disease, and left it at that. What I had particularly noticed, however, was that we were not subjected to the anxieties of most parents, sitting up waiting anxiously for their teenage offspring to return home in the early hours of morning. Hugh might leave home about 8 p.m., and be home no later 11 p.m., and whilst this was nice for his father and I, it did make me wonder what was going on.

I had also noticed that to start with, Hugh seemed to get plenty of dates, but over the last six months dating appeared to have diminished to zero. This had me puzzled. The problem surely was not physical, was it? If not, then it had to be psychological – something to do with Hugh's personality. Yet, even this seemed wrong. In spite of his sturdy build, Hugh was very gentle and kind, and surely, this must appeal to quite a few girls.

I pursued the subject. "Why don't girls like you?"

He hesitated for a moment, then burst out, "Because I'm deformed."

I was stunned. My mother's pride erupted in an instant. "Deformed?" I had given birth to this boy; he had been

perfectly all right, a nice eight pound baby with not a blemish. "How dare anyone say my boy was deformed."

I sat on his bed and spluttered out, "What utter nonsense. I've seen you naked from when you were born until you were about twelve years old, and there was absolutely no deformity about you."

"Well there is now," he snapped. "Where?" I snapped back. I was utterly incensed by the suggestion that my lovely boy had anything wrong with him.

"It doesn't matter," he said, turning away from me. "It does, it does," I protested. "Show me this so-called deformity." "I can't," he muttered.

I wasn't going to let this matter go. "Come on," I cried, "Let me see this deformity." "I can't," he said again, then added, "It's my thing, my...er...my penis." "Your what?" I exploded. "My penis," he said again.

"Your penis! The last time I saw it there was nothing wrong with it at all."

"That was nearly five years ago, mother," he said. He was right. He had been twelve the last time I got a glimpse of his

penis. After that he went through the shy stage and wouldn't let either his father or me see him naked.

"So what's wrong with it now?" I asked.

"All right, mother, you want to know, so I'll show you." He was lying on his back now, and he slowly lowered the bedclothes. What I saw stunned me. I was speechless for a full minute.

I had only had experience of one penis, my husband's. About average sizes, big or large sizes, I had never taken any interest. What my husband Steve had, had proved very satisfactory from our first time together. What I saw now I could hardly believe. My son had a giant penis. What it measured in length I don't really know – perhaps fourteen or fifteen inches. I have since learned that the average circumference of a penis is about two and a half inches. Hugh's must have been twice that at least. The head seemed almost of a tennis ball. I looked down at his testes. To continue the imagery, they looked like two golf balls.

I could hardly believe what I was seeing. How in the world had I never noticed this phenomenon before? He must have gone to great lengths (no pun intended) to hide his manhood from us.

His penis was still erect, and I thought he might have been playing a trick on me. Perhaps he had bought some realistic trick penis that was hardly detectable as a fake. I reached out to touch it, to make sure of its reality. I looked at him and asked, "Do you mind?" He shook his head. I let my fingers rest on the head, it was solid, hot flesh, and I could feel it throbbing with his heartbeat. I let my fingers slide down its length and onto his testes. Everything was real, it was him.

I took my hand away and tried to speak. I managed to croak out, "Darling, you've just got a very large penis, that's all, it's not a deformity." "Try telling that to the girls, he groaned. As soon as they see it, they shut up shop and run. And now they've told every other girl I'm likely to meet, and none of them will date with me."

I felt the cruelty of this, but could understand how the girls must feel. They could see themselves being impaled and torn apart by this mighty sexual organ. Even to give him oral sex would be impossible for most girls. How many of them would have mouths big enough to take in a head the size of a tennis ball?

Knowing I had to say something, I murmured to him in a comforting sort of voice, "Darling, I'd like to think about this, and then discuss it with you another time. Is that all right?" He nodded.

Feeling deeply sorry for him, I went on, "And darling, would you like me to try and help you now?" I reached out my hand and touched his penis again. He nodded and whispered, "Would you, mum?" "Of course," I murmured softly. He had probably never had anyone touch his penis apart from himself. I tried to put one hand round his organ, but it didn't reach even half way. I used two hands on him, slowly stimulating him at first until I felt his orgasm approaching then speeded up.

Great gouts of sperm shot out of him, some of it splashing against my face and nightdress. He produced the huge amount his testes promised, and when it was over, I had to get a towel to soak it up. I asked him, "Feel better now," and he whispered, "Lovely, mum." I left him to clean myself up and change my nightdress. No point in having husband Steve asking awkward questions.

When I finally got to bed, Steve said, "Where the hell have you been? I almost fell asleep waiting for you. ""Been doing a bit of cleaning up," I answered, smiling to myself. Steve began his foreplay with me, and later, when we were moaning together, I kept having flashbacks to Hugh's sexual organ.

In Search of a Solution

As I had told Hugh I would, I thought about his problem. It was hardly possible to do anything else. I knew women could have breast reduction operations. Could men have penis reduction operations? I went in search of books on the subject, but found nothing that would help.

I went to the Internet and spent hours trying every site I could think of, and still no help. There were plenty of sites that advertised penis enlargement, but none on reduction. I learnt a lot about the male organ, but nothing that would help Hugh. The more pornographic sites were swamped with men who had huge sexual organs, but they were all in fantasyland. Hugh was reality.

I tried telephoning all sorts of counseling services and medical clinics, but as I had to try and mask what I really wanted to know, they proved of no use. I despaired of the idea of reduction, and now focused on seeing if I could get my son an experience of sexual intercourse with a woman.

I thought that perhaps there were prostitutes who specialised in large male organs, and managed to get the number of a well-known brothel. The result was plenty of abuse and no help. I was stumped.

A Possible Solution

After about two weeks I still had found no way out, and had not spoken on the subject to Hugh. Then one afternoon I was lying on the bed and an idea began to creep up on me. At the bottom of our bed was a large mirror, in it I could see myself, and my eyes began to focus on my vagina. I opened my legs and looked more closely, and pulling the lips apart, I tried to estimate how big my entrance was. I thought, "If an eight pound baby could come out through there, was it possible for Hugh's penis to go in through there?"

At first, this was a purely theoretical idea. Women are designed to have babies, and large though Hugh's penis is, it isn't as big as many babies who pass through the vagina.

The problem it now seemed to me was to get a woman to take the risk. You no doubt have already guessed where this was leading. My father used to have a saying, "If you want a job well done, do it yourself." "Why not?" I thought. If I expected a woman to risk the agony of Hugh penetrating her, why should I not be the one to take the risk?

This of course, would be incest, and if it took place and Steve found out, our marriage would be at an end. This must not happen. I was very happy with Steve, and my happiness apart, I would do nothing to hurt him. Then again, that other old saying, "What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve about." If it happened at all, it would have to be in

strict secrecy and when Steve was off on a business trip for a few days.

There was also the matter of Hugh himself. As far as I knew, and despite my own love for him, he had never shown any special sexual desire for me. I knew that little boys were supposed to desire their mother, but this had never been obvious between Hugh and I, except on that recent occasion when I had relieved him. Even then, it had not seemed like sexual desire on his part for me. It had simply been my attempt to relieve him of sexual tension for a while. I resolved to sound Hugh out carefully on the subject.

Action!

The opportunity came with Steve taking off on one of his trips, announcing that he would be away for at least a week. It was university vacation time, so Hugh was around the house a bit more than usual. So the day after Steve left, I took my courage in both hands, and tackled Hugh.

I found him in the family room reading a book. I began by saying I would like to have a talk with him, if he wasn't too busy. He put the book down, and gave me his full attention. It was a hot day, and to try to force things along a bit, I was wearing a bikini of the scantiest sort.

I sat down and began, "Hugh, that matter we were talking about a couple of weeks ago..." "Yes?" he said quickly, indicating that he understood what I meant. "Darling," I continued, "I've given it a lot of thought, and although I haven't been able to come up with a compete solution, there is one thing that could be done which might help." He looked a bit disappointed, but asked, "What do you suggest?"

"First of all, darling," I went on, "I must have your solemn word that what I am about to suggest will never be passed on to anyone, especially your father. I know that sounds deceitful, and it probably is deceitful, but unless I can have your assurance that you will say nothing, we can stop right now." "Okay," he said cautiously, wondering what was coming, "Not a word to anyone, ever."

"A question, then, darling. When I relieved you sexually, did you enjoy me doing it?" "Yes, of course," he replied, smiling for the first time. "It was fantastic." "You see, my love, I think what needs to happen is for a woman to allow you to try and penetrate her. In that way you will gain confidence in yourself, you will be more secure in knowing that it is possible for you to have sexual relations with women. It may not mean that a lot of girls will be prepared to take you on, but at least you will know that it is possible."

He came back at me, "And what woman would you suggest. I've never met one who has been willing to even let me try."

He gave a cynical laugh. "There is one," I said very softly. He looked at me keenly. "Who?" "Me," I answered.

That stopped him in his tracks. He looked down at the floor; he looked up at the ceiling, then brought his gaze back to me. His eyes took me in, as they never had before. He was assessing me as a sexual being. He broke out, "But you're my mother..."

"Yes, darling," I cut in, "I'm your mother, and it would be incest. You only have to say 'no', and we leave it right there. Say 'yes', and we go ahead whenever you feel ready."

I now had little doubt what his answer would be. His eyes had traveled over my breasts and down to my groin. He could see my mound descending to the cleft of my sexual organ, and one thing was certain, he couldn't hide his reaction to what he saw. His penis was too massive to hide in his pants.

He suddenly rose and came across to me, kneeling and taking my face in his hands, he began kissing me and saying, "Oh God, yes mother, please, I want you. I want you so badly."

He had no shirt on, and the head of his penis had risen above the waist of his trousers. It was wet with precum. I bent over

and kissed it, and said, "Come to the bedroom with me, my love." We went hand in hand.

He took off my bikini and his shorts then carried me over to the bed, this virgin son of mine. His lips came to my breasts and sucked my nipples while his hand explored my opening. He was no expert lover, this lovely son of mine, but to have his naked body pressed against me was driving me mad. I begged him, "Come into me, darling, come in now, I can't wait."

I spread my legs wide, drawing my knees apart to give him the biggest possible entry. He came between my legs and I felt the massive head of his penis probing me. He gradually increased the pressure, and I seized his hips, pulling as hard as I could. He didn't enter.

After about five minutes of this struggle, he suddenly pulled away moaning, "It's no good mother, I can't get in."

"Darling," I whispered, "you shall get in, you shall. Lay over on your back." He lay on his back, his mighty organ rising up like a great tower. I sat across him, lowering myself onto the head until it touched the lips of my vagina. I reached down and pulled the lips apart, and he was hard up against my entrance.

Speaking softly, I said, "Take hold of my hips and when I say 'yes,' pull me down as hard as you can." "I can't, mother," he groaned, "I shall hurt you too badly." "Just do it, darling, just do it. Do it to please me." He nodded.

I made sure that I was centered right over him with my body, then quietly said, 'Yes.'" He pulled me down as I let my full weight drop onto his penis, there was a moments hesitation, then I felt an agonising pain engulf me.

My entrance was torn apart, and I screamed, but such had been the momentum of our effort, we could not stop. His penis thrust into me to the top of my vagina, and then it stopped momentarily. "I screamed out, "No more, darling, please, no more, you can't..." But again, it was too late. Before I could lift my weight off him or he stop pulling on my hips he smashed through.

I was writhing in agony, begging and pleading for him to withdraw from me. He stopped pulling on my hips and I managed to lift my weight, but withdrawal was even more excruciating than the penetration had been.

I was screaming and sobbing, begging for release from this unbearable pain. As I came completely off him, he was looking at my vagina. "My God, mother, what have I done to you? You're bleeding."

I rolled away from him, crouching in a fetal position, trying to minimise the agony I felt.

Reaction

Hugh tried to comfort me, but I pushed him away, gasping, "Leave me, darling, just leave me, I'll be all right." He hesitated and I almost screamed at him, "Go." He went with doubtful backward looks.

I lay there in a bed that was gradually soaking up my blood. For about half an hour I lay there, then I struggled up and dragged myself to the bathroom. I showered and tried to assess the damage using a small hand mirror. The injuries must have been mostly deep inside me. I could see some blood oozing out from abrasions at my entrance, but most of it was coming from deeper in. I put on a tampon, swallowed some aspirin, and staggered back to the bedroom.

The bed had been freshly remade with clean sheets. The blood stained sheets were nowhere in sight. Hugh, the darling, not knowing what else to do, had done this. I crawled into bed and lay there curled up in my misery and pain. The aspirin began to take effect, easing the worst of the pain a little. I slept.

I don't know how long I slept, but when I woke, it was to find Hugh sitting beside the bed. It was dark outside and he had turned on one small bed lamp. "How are you," he asked in a voice full of anxiety. I allowed myself to feel how I was, then answered, "The pain is not so bad now." I knew I should see a doctor, but how would I explain how I became injured? Could I say, "I asked my son to fuck me, and because he has such a big prick, he did this to me?" I didn't fancy that.

Hugh asked if I wanted anything to eat or drink. He had made some soup, he said, would I try it? I thought I might as well. After what I had done that day, Hugh's soup could not do much more damage. Actually, it was quite good. He followed this up with a glass of orange juice and some more aspirin. I gradually drifted off as he sat silent by the bed.

Another Day

I woke next morning feeling somewhat better. I got out of bed and walked quite firmly to the bathroom. I removed the blood soaked tampon, showered, and put on another tampon. I returned to the bedroom and put on a light dress, omitting panties because of the danger of more blood.

Entering the kitchen, I found it empty, but breakfast had been laid out for me. As I ate, Hugh came in from the garden. "Just been putting the garbage out. How do you feel?" "A lot

better," I answered, and managed a reassuring smile. "Is there anything you want me to do?" he asked. "What I would appreciate is a day of peace and quiet," I replied. The place is pretty clean and tidy, so no vacuuming or other superfluous noises, please." I managed another smile just to show I wasn't being nasty. "Okay," he said.

I went back to bed until lunchtime, then I got up to prepare the meal. I found Hugh had already done this. We ate in silence, and for the rest of the afternoon, I dozed on and off in the family room.

In the late afternoon, while Hugh was once more acting the house son preparing the evening meal, I went to the bathroom and inspected the tampon. To my relief, there was no more blood. Not bothering with another one, I went to the bedroom and put panties on.

As we ate the meal Hugh said, "Mother, we must talk about what happened. I hurt you terribly, and I don't think I shall ever forgive myself for that." "Come on, Hugh," I said through a mouthful of rather well cooked steak, "Who was it that asked who? Who was it that insisted you were going to get into me? You've nothing to be guilty about."

"Mother," he said gently, "Has it never occurred to you that I love you very dearly? I may not have said much over the years, and more recently I didn't dare because my love was taking a sexual turn, but surely you must have known."

I looked at him in astonishment. Yes, I had recognised the sort of affection a son usually has for his mother, but I hadn't realised the depths to which his love had gone. I sat looking at him silently.

Hugh continued, "I wanted you so badly yesterday – so badly that I was willing to be totally selfish. I took you knowing I might hurt you. What sort of love was that?"

"The sort of love that has despaired of ever being at one with the object of that love," I said very tenderly. "Just as mine is the sort of love that is prepared to risk pain just so I can be one with you."

He said only, "Oh, mother."

More Action

I didn't sit up too late that night. Hugh fussed and fretted around me, fetching me this and that, until finally I went to bed. I slept soundly and woke feeling healed and happy. My first thought was, "My son loves me like a lover."

Hugh had prepared breakfast again, and after eating, then taking a shower, I felt on top of the world.

I sent Hugh out to do some shopping, while I did some work around the house. Later we took a drive in the car, and had a picnic lunch. We were both almost deliriously happy in each other's company. I knew this feeling. It is the delight two people passionately in love have in each other, the exquisite agony of being so near, yet not near enough.

Hugh held me close, and I saw the poor boy's erection rise. We were in a lonely place, so I said, "Let me fix it for you, darling." I took out his penis, and being unable to get it into my mouth, I licked and kissed it, then finished him off with my hands. I managed to keep clear of his spouting orgasm this time, which was just as well because it was bigger than ever.

We sat together on the couch in each other's arms during the evening. As it came time for bed I said, "I think I'm healed now." "Good," he said, "It's a great relief." I pulled his head down and kissed him deep and long. I saw his erection starting again, and said, "I'm glad you're relieved, it'll make it much easier for us in bed tonight."

I think he thought he hadn't heard correctly. "Mother, what did you say," he stammered. "I said, in other words, you and I are going to bed together to make love."

"We can't mother, we can't do that damage to you all over again." "Darling," I said firmly, "The damage was done when you broke through into me, it's been done once, it won't have to be done again. If you think I'm going to waste all that agony, you're very much mistaken. Now do as you're told, and get into that bedroom. He did as he was told.

We played with each other for a long time before attempting entry. I wanted to be sure I was well and truly wet, and he was discharging lots of precum. We again began with me on my back and Hugh pushing his penis against my opening. There was a moment's resistance, then he slipped into me and slid up my vagina. It was so beautifully tight I screamed, and then I had to reassure him it was ecstasy, not pain. He reached the top of my vagina and paused. "Go in, darling," I said, "please go in." He still had at least six inches to put inside me and I was determined to have it all.

He slowly and carefully pushed, then he was through. He had entered the place where he had begun life, and I was utterly lost in passion. He couldn't last long; he was too new to my body for that. Before he came I whispered, "My love, whatever noises you hear me make, don't, whatever you do, stop."

He fountained into me, plunging with all his strength as if he would insert his whole being into me. His sperm flooded me and spilled out onto the bed. I felt my orgasm coming

and began to moan, and as it crashed within me my moans turned to screams, and broken cries of, Darl...need...want...kill me...don't stop..." I heard him crying out but couldn't distinguish the words. I was sobbing, the tears pouring down my face. I had my lovely son's huge penis inside me. He was mine; he would always be mine.

The climax passed and he lay inside me. He began to grow slack and started to withdraw, but I clutched him to me, refusing to let him go, tensing my vaginal muscles tight round his massive organ. He must not go.

Eventually we had to part, but only for a while. Four times, we came together that night.

Deactivating

Another wise old saw of my father's had been, "All good things come to an end." The good times for Hugh and I were drawing to a close.

During the remainder of the week we had made love over and over again. We just couldn't get enough of each other. We had sex all over the house, on every bed, sofa, chair and the floor. Once Hugh entered me from behind while I tried to peel potatoes at the kitchen sink. But tomorrow Steve would be home. What to do?

When a woman has once had a penis the size of Hugh's, it is hard to do without it thereafter. On his side, Hugh realised that I had been the only woman he had met so far who had let him try with her. If he didn't have me, he had no one to have sex with. So we were stuck with our need for one another.

There were only two viable options. Either we stopped having sex, or we carried on, but did so with the utmost caution. Of course, we chose the latter option.

When Steve got home he was, after a week away, as horny as hell. He practically dragged me to the bedroom and took me. He made only one comment. "Darling, you feel a little loose inside." Small wonder given what had been in there for the past few days.

During the following months and years, at every opportunity Hugh and I came together. We still lusted for each other with the same fury as when we first started. That is, until about one year ago. It was then that I noticed that Hugh did not seem so urgent in his need for me. I began to wonder, and my wonderment turned out to be correct.

One night when Steve was away and we had just finished having sex, Hugh turned to me and said, "Mum, I've got to

tell you. There's a girl." My stomach turned over. I had relied on my being the only woman whose vagina could receive Hugh, but deep down I realised that if I could do it, so could someone else.

Hugh went on, "Mum, it isn't that I don't love you and want you, but there are things that can't happen between us, like making a home of our own and having children. You are never going to leave dad, and even if you did, you wouldn't want those things with me."

I saw the argument of youth all too clearly. Of course, he wanted those things, but what about what I wanted? I asked, "What's her name?" "Gabrielle," he replied, "but mum, I don't want to answer any questions about her now. Could I bring her to dinner Saturday night?" I was in turmoil, but what could I say but 'yes'?

Saturday night, 7-30 p.m., and Hugh arrived with Gabrielle. Steve was home, and I let him do most of the talking for fear my emotions might get the better of me. Gabrielle was no ideal model or baby doll. She was about five foot ten tall, with large breasts and a buxom figure. She had almost black hair and eyes to match. There was something very sensuous about her, and I noticed particularly that she had a very wide mouth. After about five minutes in her company, it was clear that she was intelligent. Longer acquaintance revealed her to

be a very loving person. I wanted to hate her and hug her at the same time.

There were two questions that plagued my mind about this relationship, but it had to wait for an answer until Hugh and I found ourselves alone doing the dishes. Gabrielle and Steve were in the family room playing pool.

I dragged up my courage and asked first, "Can she take you, Hugh?" "Yes, mother," he answered. "Does she know about us?" I asked "I haven't told her, but somehow she knows," Hugh replied. "She says she wants to have a talk with you." I felt my knees go weak. "So it's all going to come out," I thought.

We went back into the family room and Hugh and his father took up the game of pool, and Gabrielle asked me, "Would you show me round the house?" I knew what this meant. This girl did not let the grass grow under her feet. She was going to have it out now.

We began the tour and Gabrielle started. "Mrs. James, I want you to know that I know about you and Hugh. He did not tell me, but certain things, when I put them together, just had to add up. First, I know that all the local girls rejected Hugh because they feared the size of his penis. I heard about this

long before I started to go out with Hugh, but I did not share their fears for the simple reason that I am rather big. What I feared was that I would never get a man big enough to satisfy me. So, the other girl's fears have been my good fortune."

"The second is this. As soon as Hugh and I began to make love, I realised that he must have been having sex with someone. He was too good, too experienced, for me to be his first time. It was not any of the local girls for the reasons I just mentioned. So who was it?"

"Third, it was the loving way he talked about you that filled in the puzzle. It was a love beyond a boy's love for his mother. It had all the feel of a man loving a woman."

"Hugh and I want to get married and on the whole, our faithfulness is pretty well guaranteed. He would find it difficult to find any other woman who would take on his penis, and I would find it hard to get a man big enough to satisfy me. But that leaves you."

I tried to speak out at this point and began, "I won't stand in your way, I..." "No," she cut in, "That's not what I'm talking about. I understand how hard it will be now for you to be fully satisfied sexually with any other man. Obviously you must have been the one and only woman to introduce Hugh

to a woman's body, and unless like me, you are very large, then the pain must have been awful." I nodded. "Right," she went on, "so I'm not going to beat around the bush. I want to marry Hugh very much, but I am not the possessive type. I've told Hugh this, and now I tell you, as long as Hugh can keep me sexually content, I have no objection to him being with you when it's appropriate."

I could hardly believe what I had heard. "Has Hugh accepted this?" I asked. "Yes," she answered. I stood still for a moment, then went to Gabrielle and put my arms around her and kissed her on the cheek. We clung to each other, the tears starting down our faces. Through sobs Gabrielle said, "We are so lucky to be loved by this lovely man," and with a tearful laugh she went on, "and we're the only two women he can get that great sexual organ into." We laughed together still clinging to each other.

They married. Hugh and I still make love. Last week I was told, I am to be a grandmother. Life's big problems can carry their own bonuses.

Little Brother

When mum died little brother Gordon came to live with us, "us" being my husband Andrew and I.

I had only been married to Andrew two years, and like many young couples, we had a mortgage and a few other debts, like paying off the car.

After mum's death the question arose, "Where's Gordon going to live?" Andrew said, "Let's invite him to live with us, Alice. We've got three bedrooms, and he could pay board and that would help with the mortgage."

I saw no reason why we should not take him in. I had always got on well with my little brother, and perhaps I should explain that my "little brother" was twenty-two at the time, and six feet two inches in his bare feet, and built along athletic lines. The "little" came into it because he is three years younger than I am, so when he was born, he was my little brother.

Unlike a lot of brothers and sisters, we had got on well. I suppose you could say we loved each other. Even during the obnoxious teenage years we had not fought, argued or hated each other.

The house that mum and Gordon had lived in was rented, so there was no nice lump sum of money to come from a sale, but Gordon was doing very nicely, financially speaking. Ever since he was a about seven he had shown signs of being one of those electronic whiz kids, and he now went around doing mysterious things for companies wanting to install or upgrade their electronic stuff.

When I put the idea to him of his coming to live with Andrew and me, Gordon readily agreed.

Mum's house had been too big for the two of them, so it was certainly too big for one. In addition, the rent was pretty steep, and as he had been partially keeping mum, when we got down to terms, with both won out. It would cost him less to live with us, and we got something towards the bills.

Andrew and I used the main and biggest bedroom, so we gave Gordon the second biggest room. The smallest bedroom had been optimistically reserved for the baby that consistently failed to arrive, despite the ineffectual efforts Andrew and I put in, trying to make it happen.

I did the room up nicely for Gordon and he seemed very pleased with it.

I was really delighted to have him live with us. Since my marriage, I had seen little of Gordon, despite the special bond we seemed to have.

This bond had been the source of some jealousy between Andrew and Gordon when I first started to date with Andrew. I was nineteen at the time, and Andrew thought I had what he called, "An unnatural attachment" to Gordon, and Gordon seemed to see Andrew as a rival, even though Gordon was only about fifteen. I had to settle that by talking about different kinds of love and relationships. That seemed to calm them down, but I was still a bit surprised when Andrew made his suggestion about Gordon coming to live with us. Actually, I think he only had our finances in mind.

Gordon settled in very well, and for me it was a bit like the old days when we were kids and teenagers. We liked to talk over old times together, but had to be careful not to do so when Andrew was around, as he felt left out. I didn't want the old monster jealousy rearing its ugly head again.

Of course, jealousy can work both ways, can't it?

So things went along nicely and Gordon was no trouble to have around the place.

After a while I began to wonder about Gordon and girls. He never spoke about them and I never asked, but I conjectured there was a girl, or girls, somewhere on the scene.

Actually, it was a bit more than conjecture. Gordon would go out two or three times a week and not come home until around one o'clock in the morning. A couple of times I had been up finishing off some left over jobs, and when Gordon came to kiss me goodnight...well, I know the smell of sex and women.

Unreasonably, I found that it was me who started to get jealous. I had long ago recognised that Gordon was a really sexy stud. I had reason to know, but I shall let that pass for the moment. My point is, Gordon not only looked sexy, he was in fact very sexually potent, and there was no reason why he shouldn't enjoy his virility, especially, as I suspected, he would be giving equal joy to some girl.

One day about three months after Gordon came to live with us, he was taking a day off. At one stage, he was sitting at the kitchen table drinking a cup of coffee.

In hot weather I have the habit of getting around the house bare foot, with rather diminutive and tight shorts, and a top that exposes the midriff, and nothing else.

Gordon made the comment, "My God, sis, you're a sexy woman. Lucky Andrew."

I laughed and remarked, "Habit doesn't always make the heart grow fonder."

"You mean Andrew doesn't like your figure?"

"He did when we first started to...to...When we first started to go out, but he doesn't comment these days."

"He does...er...well, he does have...make love with you, doesn't he?"

"Oh yes, when he can summon up the interest that is about once a week. As you know, we've been trying to get pregnant."

"Hmm. Alice, do you remember some of the things we used to do when we were kids?"

"Yes, and it was a good job mum didn't find out." I laughed.

"Do you remember the time we sneaked up to mum and dad's bedroom and they'd left the door open and crack, and we watched them?"

I felt myself flush at the memory of dad moaning into mum.

Gordon went on, "Next day you said we should play mothers and fathers down in the garden shed."

My flush deepened. I had been about eleven at the time and Gordon around eight. As a result of our game of mothers and fathers, which for a while became habitual, there had been some interesting discoveries made concerning the differences between boys and girls. There was also some experimentation that went on with varying degrees of success in the years that followed.

For want of anything better to say I said, "Happy days."

"Do you really think so?"

I had made my remark half mockingly to try to cover my self-consciousness, but Gordon's question was sincere. I began to think about how I had felt back then.

Had mum or dad caught us we would have been told that we were filthy little animals or something like that. I think for mum sex was always dirty and only did her "duty" with dad...poor dad.

Thinking about it as I tried to find an answer for Gordon, I remembered it as being rather sweet, and once we had learned a little about each other, almost heavenly.

I had always been the initiator of our "games," but when I started to menstruate, I stopped them. Poor Gordon was bewildered and upset and I made some horrible comment like, "I'm a woman now, and you're only a kid."

I looked across at Gordon and said, "I think it was lovely, and we did have a lot of fun."

"Fun! Is that what it was, sis?"

I knew what he was getting at. A lie or a truth stood between us at that moment, and perhaps we had to talk it out now, and not let it hang on in our lives.

"All right, Gordon, it was, or it became, more than fun. That's why I had to stop it."

"You don't know how it hurt when you said, 'No more'. Why did you stop?"

"Gordon, I was fifteen and had just starting to menstruate. You were twelve and I knew very well that because of the way we felt about each other, one day we would do it, as we used to say, 'Properly'. Suppose I'd got pregnant? There would've been hell let loose. Social workers, psychologists perhaps even the police."

"I had visions of dad being interrogated because they thought he'd tried it on with me. Then they might find out it was you who made me pregnant, and you know what that would have done to mum and dad."

"I know you're right, Alice, but I didn't understand properly at the time. All I knew was I loved you and I never wanted anyone else, even at twelve. And nothing has changed in that respect."

"You mean you still...still want to..."

"Yes, I still want to. Bloody hell, Alice, I've had plenty of girls, but I'm always looking for you in them, but you're not there. You know I've stayed away from you ever since you started going around with Andrew, but that didn't stop me wanting you."

"I was amazed when Andrew asked me to come and live here. One part of me wanted to say 'no' because I would know that you and Andrew were making love – I might even hear you doing it – and he would be having the woman I wanted. Then I thought it had never been like it for you as it is for me. I might get over it by being with you. I came here really out of a sort of bravado. I was going to look my dragon in the face and overcome it."

"And have you overcome it?" I asked gently.

"No, and I don't think I ever will. I think I might have to look for somewhere else to live – get out of your hair."

The things we were talking about had started making me disconcertingly wet between the legs and I was sure my shorts must have been showing a wet patch. Even if they weren't, if Gordon was as sharp as I thought he was, he would surely notice the stiffening of my nipples. I wished I had put bras on.

Things had come out into the open, but not everything. I thought I might as well get it over and tell the rest of it.

"Gordon, you are wrong in thinking I don't feel the same as you. I'm going to tell you something pretty awful. When I make love with Andrew, I have to pretend it's you so I can have an orgasm. It isn't that I don't care about Andrew, but he is not, and never has been, the man I really want."

"You mean you want...still want me?"

"Darling, if things had been different, if we weren't brother and sister, I would have moved heaven and hell to get you to marry me."

I wanted to go on, to tell him how deeply I loved him and wanted him, but it felt as if there was a lump in my throat and despite the heat of the day, I was beginning to shiver.

Gordon stared down at the floor and said very quietly, "Oh God, Alice, why didn't you say. We could have found a way...we could have...we could have been together. You should have told me."

I was openly weeping now. "Even if I had told you, what could we do? If we set up house together, mum would have eventually got suspicious, and even if we took precautions, there's nothing one hundred percent certain, and I might have got pregnant."

"Yes, I suppose so. I'll leave as soon as I can find a place."

I couldn't hold it back, it just burst out of me: "Don't leave me, Gordon."

As soon as I said it I wanted to call the words back, but it was too late. I was in a terrible state, lusting for him. I looked across at him and I could see his erect manhood thrusting against his shorts.

I went to him and sat astride him as he sat. "Just once, darling, just once as we always said we would "do it" one day.

"But, Andrew...!"

"He's not here, darling, and mum and dad are dead, so just this once."

I stood for a moment and removed my shorts and panties, then unzipped his shorts. I took out his penis and sat astride him again, then lowered myself onto him.

I felt him enter and as he did he groaned, "Oh, Alice, my dearest love."

The position we were in meant I could not get his full penetration, but I pushed down hard on him, taking as much as I could get.

I thought I must be in heaven. The man I had always wanted...loved passionately. At last, I had him.

I stopped moving and asked, "Is this what you've wanted all these years?"

"Alice...Alice...it's so...so beautiful...but I can't hold back, darling."

"It's all right, my love, just let it go. That's what I want, your sperm inside me."

He seized my hips and dragged me up and down on him, starting to cry out, "I love you Alice, I've always loved you."

I felt his sperm thump into me and wave after wave of tender passion flowed through me with each new thrust. I was close

to orgasm, and as Gordon finished his ejaculation, I begged him, "Stay with me darling, I'm going to come."

"For always if that is what you want, my love."

The first surge of my orgasm burst upon me, and as if it were someone else, I heard myself crying out, "Ah – ah – ah". I was sobbing and wanted to tell of my love for him, but I could not form the words. Only at the climax could I scream out, "Oh my love."

As the vibrations of my orgasm began to fade, I remained sitting over him, his slackening penis still inside me. He had raised my top to expose my breasts, and his hands were fondling them.

I gasped out, "Love of my life!"

Gordon made no move to withdraw from me. With Andrew, it was withdrawal almost as soon as he finished ejaculating, then to sleep. It had been like that from the start. I suppose I had thought that all men were like that, but I had not taken account of a love like Gordon's.

I thought not to try his patience, so I started to lift myself off him. He grasped my hips, holding me down on him. "Stay a little longer, my love," he whispered."

I took up his words, "For always if that is what you want, my love."

"Do you mean that," he asked.

"Yes, did you?"

"Yes."

"You won't leave me, then, you'll stay?"

"After what we've just done, and what I felt, I couldn't leave you if my life depended on it."

"Then let's clean up a bit, and after you can take me to bed. I...I don't want us to use the bed I..."

"I know," he said, "we'll use mine. Bit uncomfortable being a single bed, but that might change."

We showered together, and Gordon took me standing, or rather, lifted up, against the shower wall. I felt him go in deeper this time.

When we got to the bedroom he said, "And now, sexy sister, I'm going to do something to you I've dreamed of doing for years."

He sat me on the edge of the bed and draping my legs over his shoulders, he parted the lips of my vulva, then thrust in with his tongue through the inner lips into my vagina.

I had once asked Andrew to do this to me, but he'd hardly started, when he pulled away saying, "That's horrible."

I suppose it's everyone to their own taste, but it did not do much good for my female ego.

I felt Gordon licking my lubricant, and then he tongue flicked over my clitoris, causing me to give a little scream. The wicked man brought me to the edge of orgasm, then stopped, leaving me hanging.

"You're being cruel," I said facetiously. "You're just trying to torment me. You don't love me at all."

He laughed and said, "There's something else I've dreamed of doing to you."

He came over my breasts and holding one breast to raise up the nipple, he took it into his mouth.

"Oh God, Gordon, that's lovely, keep doing it, don't stop."

I sought for his penis with my hand, and began to flick his foreskin of the crown. He was dripping pre-cum, and soon it was running down his shaft and onto my hand.

Even though I had asked him not to stop sucking my nipples, I felt a certain urgency about the needs of my vagina. Big lad that he is, I shoved him off me, nearly tipping him out of the single bed, got him onto his back and began kissing him.

Between tongues tangling in each other's mouths, I managed to tell him that he was going to "fuck me to death."

Actually, it was almost the other way round, because I sat across him, determined to get every millimetre of him into me, and dropped down on him, hearing his groan of ecstasy again.

Having come into me twice in the last hour, he was ready for a much longer and slower coupling. I moved up and down on him, changing the angle of penetration every now and then, to let us both feel different sensations.

We both kept up a murmur of loving words, talking of our devotion to each other. We continued like this for about half an hour, staying motionless occasionally, looking into each other's eyes and stroking each other's bodies.

I was the first to come this time. I felt my orgasm approaching, at first causing me to speed up my movements. Then as the vibrations started to shake me I began to use slower and harder thrusts, calling out to him, "deeper...deeper."

He grasped my hips and on my downward thrusts, he dragged me down tighter and tighter. Everything seemed to be spinning, and at the climatic moment, I gave forth with a tremendous scream, and it was at that moment he shot into me.

Comparisons are said to be "odious," but I could not but recall Andrew's feeble little dribbles, as I experienced Gordon's powerful explosions of semen. It began to run out of me between his penis and the walls of my vagina.

I was in paradise and helpless. "I'll never let you go," I screamed at him. "You're mine, you've always been mine. I love you."

He was mine, and if he tried to leave, to run away, I felt I would pursue him to the ends of the earth. He was my other half, without him I was only half a woman. He made me whole. I wanted to possess him, to meld with him.

As if picking up my thoughts, and while I still sat across him, Gordon said, "You do know we can't stop now, don't you? We belong together as we always have."

"Yes, I know, darling. I'm not sure how we are going to deal with it, but I know we must."

Long after I had drawn away from him, we talked of what we must do. It came down to two main possibilities. First, I tell Andrew I was leaving him, and set up house with Gordon. This would no doubt be terribly painful for Andrew, especially as I would not be able to give him a clear reason why I was leaving him.

The other possibility was to tell Andrew nothing and for Gordon and I to go on making love whenever we could while staying in the house. The question was, could we live with this deception?

After seemingly endless talk we settled for saying nothing to Andrew for the time being, hoping some other way might open up for us.

If this did not completely come about, at least something happened to modify the situation.

Gordon and I did make love at every safe opportunity. Gordon even went so far as to say that he would much prefer a double bed, and if we didn't mind, he would buy one himself. This he duly did, making sex more comfortable for us.

The modification came about when I had to tell Gordon I was pregnant. After two years of trying with Andrew, I had got pregnant, almost certainly with Gordon. That was not absolutely certain because I still had my once a week, Friday night intercourse with Andrew. Never the less, Gordon as daddy was the most likely bet.

"We'll have to tell Andrew now," Gordon said.

I agreed, and we decided that we would both be present when I told him.

What we hadn't anticipated was Andrew's response.

One evening when we were all together, I began to say to Andrew, "Andrew, I think I'm pregnant..."

Before I could go on to say what I had intended, Andrew burst out with:

"Bloody hell, at last. I thought I'd never be a father."

He turned to Gordon and said, "Aren't you going to congratulate me, old boy?"

Gordon looked quickly across at me, his face white. How could we say to a happy Andrew, "Sorry, but you're probably not the father"? I gave Gordon a nod, and he extended his hand saying, "Of course, congratulations Andrew."

For some people hypocrisy seems to come easily. Not for Gordon and I. We had to go on pretending that nothing was amiss, and it was so agonising that we were unable to have sex for two days.

Andrew went on, "Alice and I were going to have tests to try and find out if anything was wrong, we don't have to now. You are sure, aren't you, Alice?"

I can't be completely sure until there's been a medical test, but I should have menstruated two weeks ago and haven't."

"Marvelous," chortled Andrew, "let's break out one of those bottles of champagne we've been hoarding."

We spent the evening proposing toasts to what Andrew insisted on calling "Gareth", so set he was on it being a boy. He was so beside himself with self-congratulations he failed to notice his two companions were less than happy.

In my heart, I longed for the baby to be Gordon's, and I could have had tests to confirm or deny this, but obviously, I could not take the risk. If Gordon did prove to be the father, and Andrew found out, it might destroy him – his wife being pregnant to another man, and that man her brother.

So we went on, Andrew blissfully unaware of the relationship that now existed between Gordon and I, although to be accurate, it was a relationship that had existed since our childhood, and one that we had tried to deny.

Poor Andrew did not get his son this time; he got a daughter, Rachel. She had none of Andrew's features, but fortunately, Gordon and I shared many facial traits in common like colouring, nose and mouth and so on.

"She looks just like you," was Andrew's disgruntled comment.

Gordon and I went on with our guilty relationship. Guilty because it was the double offence of incest and adultery. Despite Gordon's pleadings that I leave Andrew and set up house with him, I could not bring myself to do this. Nor could I bring myself to tell Andrew about the paternity of Rachel.

Things became difficult when I got pregnant for a second time. We only had three bedrooms, all of them occupied, and the coming child would need a room.

Gordon overcame this by offering to have an extension built at his own expense that he would live in.

Andrew said, "He must like living here for some reason. Still, he does pay his way and doesn't interfere. You know, I wonder about Gordon. He never seems to go out with girls these days; do you think he's discovered he's gay? Then he

doesn't go out much at all except to play cricket. Do you think he'll ever get married?"

I replied carefully, "I don't think he's gay, and he's probably the confirmed bachelor type."

I gave birth to "Gareth," and again Andrew said, "He looks just like you. Must be some strong genes in your family."

Gordon was obviously very sexually potent, and although I would have loved to have more babies with him, I decided that it was safer to stop, so I went on the pill.

As I write, ten years after Gordon came to live with Andrew and I, Gordon and I are still lovers. Andrew seemed to lose whatever interest he had in sex after I gave birth to Gareth, which took a bit of the guilt out of my relationship with Gordon.

It is a strange thing, but the children seem to relate better with "Uncle" Gordon, than they do with their supposed father, Andrew. Sometimes I think they instinctively know who their real father is.

From time to time, I get a feeling that Andrew knows that Gordon and I have a stronger bond than most brothers and

sisters. He never says anything, but he does still wonder occasionally why Gordon still lives with us, and asks, "Can you think what the attraction is?"

Martha's Garden

When the weather was warm, it was Martha's custom to lay naked in her back garden. She stretched out luxuriously on the large sun lounger, reading, dozing or just contemplating the world for an hour or two each fine afternoon.

A high brush fence surrounded the garden, screening it off from the houses either side. Thus, she could lay nude and unobserved, or at least, almost unobserved.

Martha knew that there was a very small split in the fence that would enable someone on the other side of to get a partial view of the garden. She could have repaired the hole or covered it up quite easily, but she chose not to. She was fully aware that she was observed from time to time by Derek, the eighteen-year-old son of her neighbours. Derek had been spying on the naked Martha for some years and her knowledge of this both amused and sexually excited Martha a little.

If Martha did not wish to be observed, as when she wanted to masturbate, the sun lounger could be moved to a position

that was beyond the observation range of the hole. Martha often chuckled to herself when she did this, thinking how frustrating it was for Derek, and how he must be mad to know what she was doing out of his sight.

Martha was a widow and fifty five years of age. When it came to observing her, there was plenty to see. She was a large lady, with heavy, soft and pendulous breasts. Her thighs were thick, but well shaped and strong. Her late husband had many times nearly had his spine snapped by those legs, as Martha wrapped them round him in sexual ecstasy.

Where her thighs joined her lower abdomen there was a thick thatch of once black, but now greying, pubic hair. Within the thicket of the hair there lurked the large vagina of which her husband used to say, "A man could get lost in there." He had in fact often been "lost in there."

Martha's face was, like the rest of her, plump, with wide, sensual lips, a slightly turned up nose, and near black eyes. Her hair, thanks to the ministrations of her hairdresser, was still black. As for the lines of aging, these seemed to have been ironed out by the fleshy plumpness.

For the rest of the physical Martha, let us just say she was "abundantly blessed."

She was a very cheerful, open sort of person. Always having been "buxom," she attracted men easily but once married she remained faithful, almost.

There had been a couple of instances that had been kept locked away inside her. Once when she had taken a tourist bus trip for the day, and found her self in a wooded glade with a rather ardent young man who was also taking the trip. It was a lovely day and Martha had been thoroughly relaxed. The little interlude with the young man rounded out the day nicely for her.

The other brief liaison took place when on a fortnight's visit to her sister who lived in a distant town. One evening, her sister had invited in some friends and neighbours to meet Martha. One of the visitors was a young man some ten years her junior and he showed every sign of being attracted. Her sister, being a sympathetic sort of woman, and observing that Martha was responding to the young man, arranged for all the guests to depart, leaving the young man as the last to go. He in fact did not go, but spent the night in bed with Martha.

She passed off her two little aberrations as "Ships that pass in the night," that took nothing away from her husband.

On the whole, she had been very content with her husband who took her vigorously and often, and on four occasions joyfully fertilized her. The outcomes of the impregnations had now left home.

Widowed for five years, Martha now lived alone. She had deprived herself of sexual gratification, apart from masturbating, being of the opinion that she was "past it." It was not that her own sex drive had faded – far from it – but she felt that no one of worthwhile virility would be interested in "screwing an old woman like me."

It was rather sad that she held this view, especially as she found masturbation a poor substitute for the real thing. There were times when she ached for a man's penis in her vagina and warm sperm spurting into her, and the sensual cleansing of orgasm. Unfortunately, it had not reached her ears that many young men sought the security of lovemaking with an older woman, and needed the experience such women brought to the sexual act.

As for young Derek spying on her through the fence, she wrote this off as sheer curiosity, thinking he probably got a hearty laugh out of seeing an old woman naked. So, it was almost by accident that fresh light was shed upon the situation.

One warm afternoon a little demon seemed to awake inside Martha. She knew that Derek was at home, and his parents were away somewhere for the weekend, so Martha decided to have a bit of fun with Derek. "I'll give him something to really stare at," she thought.

In the past she had never done anything overtly sexual within his line of vision except lay naked on the sun lounger. On this day, she decided to give Derek a little demonstration. She placed the sun lounger so that, as she lay on it, her feet pointed in the direction of the spy hole. Martha could tell when Derek was watching her because the little sliver of light, normally visible through the hole, would disappear as soon as he applied his eye to it.

After laying on the sun lounger for about half an hour, Martha saw the light disappear, and she knew she was being observed. Trying not to chuckle, Martha opened her legs and drew up her knees, thus giving Derek a full view of her genital region. She waited for a while, and then reached down with her hand, and slipping her finger through the bush of pubic hair, she inserted it into her vagina.

She pushed her finger in and out of her opening for a while, and then transferred to her clitoris. Lifting the hood covering the little spot, she began to gently run her finger round it. As she did this, she emitted soft gasps and moans.

Martha had not intended to give herself an orgasm, but finding that she was getting beyond the point of no return, she completed the activity with a full blown climax during which she struggled to suppress the screams she would have liked to give forth with. She gasped and moaned a little more loudly while she squirmed with sexual delight.

As she began to calm down and take in the world around her again, she heard a sound from behind the fence. Having had three sons, she knew the meaning of those sounds. The gasping intakes of breath followed by grunts and moans clearly indicated to Martha that Derek was masturbating.

Martha was shocked. She had not intended to produce this result. It was supposed to be a bit of demonic fun with Derek getting a bit of a shock at seeing an old woman "worked up."

"My God, he got hot watching me," she thought. "He wants me!" She no longer wanted to chuckle. She knew all too well, the pain of unfulfilled sexual desire, and never had she gone out of her way to arouse men if she was not going to gratify them.

She fled indoors feeling ashamed of what she had done to Derek. "You're a wicked old woman, tormenting a boy like that," she told herself. "You must do something to make amends." But what could she do?

Martha puzzled over this for the rest of the afternoon, and this led on to further thoughts. "If I got him so worked up that he had to relieve himself, then he must have wanted to fuck me." Having for some time decided that no man, especially a young man, would want sex with her, she had great trouble in coming to terms with this thought.

About her own feelings she at first tried to deny them, but a wet vagina and a throbbing clitoris would not let her escape. She would just love to have that boy in her. "Oh God, just once," she thought, "Just one more time with a vigorous young man, that's all I ask." If she had inspired sexual torment in Derek, she was now being repaid double with the torture of her own arousal.

At this point, it was no longer a question whether or not she wanted sex with Derek, but how it could be brought about. She could hardly go knocking on his door and say, "Would you like to fuck me, Derek?" There had to be some other way...some way they could search each other out. Some way to test how far the other wanted to go, and leaving pride intact if there was rejection.

Light shone in the darkness. "Of course, there is an obvious way that would seem perfectly natural. His parents are away, so invite the boy to an evening meal."

Martha could not muster the courage to meet Derek face to face at this stage, so with a shaking hand she picked up the telephone and dialed. When he answered, she tried to steady her voice. "Hello Derek, Martha here." "Oh, hello." She could hear the quaver in his voice. "I believe your parents are away for the weekend?" "Er, yes." "I thought if you didn't have any plans about a meal, you might like to come and eat with me?" "I, er...well, I was going to prepare something, but...yes, its very kind of you...it will save me...yes, thank you very much. What time?" "How about seven o'clock?" "Fine. See you then." "Lovely. Goodbye." "Bye."

As Martha put down the telephone, she was shaking all over. "What have I done, " she thought. "I'm making a complete fool of myself. Inviting a young chap like that and thinking he might have sex with me. You stupid idiot."

Still, it was done. He said he would come for the meal, so now she must go through with it whatever happened, or did not happen. She set about preliminary preparations for the meal. Having done this "idiot thing," she decided that she might as well give it her best. She would use the best cutlery and crockery and, "heaven help me," it would be a candlelight dinner.

The next preparations were focused on her self. Martha showered and sparingly but carefully applied makeup in the

most seductive way she knew. Thinking (incorrectly as it happened) that her plumpness would be off putting, she chose a dark red, long loose fitting dress to try and cover up her generous curves. She dressed her hair into two loose plaits one falling on either side of her face, reaching almost to her breasts.

She decided that her breasts, being very full and no longer standing out firmly, needed to be given the support of a bra, but "just in case," she resolved that panties could be dispensed with for the occasion. Her long dress would cover what needed to be covered, and at the same time make her easily accessible should the miracle take place.

Martha returned to the preparations for the meal and opened a bottle of red wine. Having checked that everything was in order, at five minutes to seven she lit the two candles she had placed on the table.

As a ploy to prepare her for disappointment, she kept telling herself "nothing will happen." For good or ill her body protested at this stratagem with nipples erect and firm, and wetness at the top of her legs. Promptly at seven, Derek was on her doorstep bringing with him a bottle of red wine. Martha thought, "Well, if nothing else, we can at least get drunk."

Derek was clearly in a very nervous state. Martha at first took heart from this, thinking, "If he only thinks he is coming for a meal, he would not be so apprehensive." Then the further thought struck her, "Perhaps he thinks I shall try and seduce him, and he doesn't like the idea."

Derek offered rather effusive and stammered thanks for the invitation that Martha interrupted saying, "It's all ready, so why don't we eat."

Derek was somewhat surprised by the elaborate arrangements Martha had made for the meal. He had anticipated something at the kitchen table, and not the best equipment laid out in the dining room, and candles! Was he being given a message?

They settled down to eat and after a couple of glasses of the red wine became a little less tense. Conversation was at first rather limited and polite, but became more animated with the wine. The meal over and the clearing up done, Derek asked Martha hesitantly, "Would you like me to go, now?" Martha wanted to say, "Please don't go," but instead asked, "Do you have anything arranged for the evening?"

Derek cut in quickly, "Oh, no." "Well, we've still got the other bottle of wine to open, so let's go into the lounge with it," Martha hopefully suggested. The lounge was not candlelit,

but Martha made sure that only a low powered standard lamp in the corner was turned on.

Derek opened the second bottle of wine and poured for them. They both seemed to avoid sitting on the couch, and selected separate armchairs. A new awkwardness seemed to descend on them as they sipped their wine. The situation had reached that difficult stage wherein Derek was trying to conceal a throbbing erection, while Martha tried to pretend she was not soaking wet between the legs, and each was fearful of making the first move in case of rejection.

The moment came when Derek, fortified by the wine and urged by his now painful erection, noticed that Martha's glass was nearly empty. He approached her with the bottle and began to fill her glass. Completing this task he leaned forward and kissed Martha on the lips.

Martha had not expected that this would be the moment for the opening gambit. Derek, having made his opening move, was now amazed and embarrassed at his audacity and starting to splutter apologies. Martha made a hasty recovery from her surprise and decided to take the initiative. She put down her glass and rising, she pulled her soft yielding body tightly against Derek, and planted a return kiss on his lips, at the same time forcing his lips open to insert her tongue.

Neither of them seemed to want to break this kiss, so Martha began to rotate her hips against Derek, whose erection was now throbbing almost painfully, and his penis discharging precum.

Martha, by now thoroughly soaked with her own sexual discharge, took the wine bottle from Derek's hand and stood it on a nearby table. She drew Derek to the couch. Releasing his penis from the confines of his trousers, she pushed him down onto his back, pulled up her dress to expose her femaleness, and sat across Derek.

Neither of them were able to last long, the prior sexual tension had been too great. In less than a minute they were both screaming and moaning as they came to orgasm. Then it was over. Martha sat across Derek for a while as they both recovered from the sudden onslaught. When she felt him slacken in her, she pulled away from him. Derek was trying to speak, "That was...it was so...I've wanted for years...if only you..." He hesitated for a moment, then went on rather plaintively, "Do you want me to go...?"

Martha felt a deep compassion for this unsure young man sweep over her. His urgent need for her had moved her to sweet tenderness. She was so grateful that it was he who had the courage to make the first move. Her pride had been preserved, and it had set aside her fear that he would not

want a woman of her age. She smiled at him and asked, "Would you like to stay the night?"

Derek looked as if he had just received a gift he had fervently desired, which in fact he had. He said, "Oh yes, Martha." Martha said, "Then let's clean up and go to bed." They showered together with Martha making sure Derek's penis got plenty of attention. It was erect before they got into the bed.

Martha felt that it was she who must open the game this time. She pressed close to Derek, leaning over him and kissing him wide mouthed with tongue exploring. She could feel him shaking with lust for her as she licked over his face and down his body to take his shaft into her mouth. It was throbbing and she tasted the little discharges and knew he could not hold back for long. Momentarily she came away from him and said, "Let it all go, darling, just let it come." He protested, "But, it will..." "Don't worry my love, just let go." She smiled and took him into her mouth again, this time sucking powerfully.

He came with a mighty flood of sperm. She felt it hammering out of him, filling her mouth and then overflowing as she struggled to swallow it. He was crying out, Oh Martha, Martha, I want...Aah."

Then he was finished. He lay back making little groaning sounds of contentment. Martha drew herself beside him, embracing him and murmuring, "Feel better now, my love?" "Oh God, Martha," he sighed, "It was so beautiful. How can I ever get enough of you?" "We have the rest of the night," she answered.

She left him for a few minutes to clean her self, and returned with cloth and towel to wash his penis. She wondered if he had now expended himself in his two discharges. She did not have long to wait before she found out.

No sooner was she beside him in the bed when he reached for her breasts. "I've always wanted to touch your breasts," he said, "they're so beautiful." Martha was amazed. She considered that after four children and the passing of time, her breasts were not exactly her most attractive feature. Yet this young man now fondled them as if they were the most beautiful objects he could imagine.

Martha lay back and closed her eyes, relishing every moment of his touch. She felt his lips close over a nipple and begin to suck while his hand continued to embrace her other breast. The tenderness she had felt for him began to turn into something else. Could it be love? He was now almost consuming her breast and wild desires began to flood her. She pulled away from him, pushed him on to his back and

brought her vagina up to his mouth. "Kiss me there, darling. Lick me. Suck me."

She put her hands behind his head and dragged him into her, grinding his lips against her opening. She felt his tongue flash into her, thrusting and seeking. She flicked her organ against his face, feeling her fluids running out of her onto him. He struggled to dig deeper and deeper into her.

Martha felt her orgasm approaching, so she pushed Derek away saying, "Come into me now, my love, please, now."

He fell across her, his penis seeking her entrance. She guided him into her and felt him penetrate deep as he seized her hips and pulled her to him. She was beside herself with desire for him, wanting to feel the hot sperm smash into her. She was crying out, "Derek, take me, take me deeper. Don't stop. Please don't stop."

Her orgasm came with an intensity she had never in her life felt before. It shook her entire body with wave after wave of agonising pleasure. She would have willingly died for the sake of this one experience.

In the midst of her own orgasm she suddenly felt Derek convulse. He gave a great cry, and then his sperm shot into

her. They struggled together to drag him deeper and deeper into her, crying out incoherent words of love and desire.

They were finished. Slowly Derek withdrew from Martha, and dropped beside her, his hand seeking her breasts. He gently fondled her, kissing her shoulders and neck. Martha was lost in a mist of love and gratification, yet with desire still burning inside her. They rested for a while.

Derek's kissing and fondling started to become more urgent. Martha felt for his penis and found it hard and ready again. "Darling," she asked, "Would you like to take me in the anus this time?" "I don't know," he replied doubtfully. "I've never done that." "Try it," Martha said gently. "If you don't like it we can stop. Just push in slowly."

Martha lay on her side with Derek behind her. She guided him carefully to her anus and said, "Push now, darling." Her anus was wet where her discharge had flowed from the previous intercourse, and Derek's penis was also wet. As he pushed, he felt himself slip in easily. Martha was relaxed, and she instructed him, "Push harder now, put it all in me."

He felt the entire length of his penis slip into her, and then the sudden grip of her rectal muscles. He gasped. "Nice, darling?" Martha asked. "It's wonderful," he groaned. "Come

into me whenever you're ready. Don't hold yourself back, darling," Martha said.

Derek came with another flood of sperm.

After that, they slept, to awake in the morning again aroused and ready for sex. They hardly got out of bed at all, until in the mid afternoon Derek, now feeling somewhat drained said, "My parents will be home soon. I must go."

Martha, still full of vigour and feeling better than she could ever remember feeling before, was a little disappointed. She longed to ask if and when they could be together again, but the old insecurity of her age returned to block her question.

Again, it was Derek who bravely made the move. "Shall we do this again some time?" he asked.

Martha, who had a little plan taking shape in her head said, "How would you like to do this often?" "As often as you're willing to let me. But what about my parents, we don't want them to know, they wouldn't understand?" Derek responded.

"I think I know what to do," said Martha, "So if you're willing to leave it to me, I'll try and arrange things." As Derek opened his mouth to ask what she was planning, she cut in,

"And don't ask me what. Just trust me." "Okay," Derek responded, and kissing her, he departed.

Martha waited a couple of days before executing her plan, and then, putting on one of her "frail old lady" looks and dresses, she knocked on the door of Derek's parent's house. The door being opened by Derek's mother, Martha was invited inside.

Seated in the kitchen Martha came straight to the point. "I've come to ask a favour," she announced. "I'm finding some of the jobs in the garden are getting a bit too much for me. I've been wondering if your son would like to earn a bit of money and give me a hand occasionally? There's often the odd job around the house as well."

Muriel, Derek's mother, thought that Derek wouldn't mind helping out, as long as it didn't interfere with his university studies. "I expect he would like to earn a bit of money to help out his university grant," she said. "I'll ask him as soon as he gets home. I'm sure he would find it a pleasure to be of help," she went on.

Martha hid her smile.

That evening Derek knocked at Martha's door. As soon as it was opened, he said laughing, "I shall be very happy to help you."

Martha hauled him inside and dragged him to the bedroom saying, "Well there's one furrow you can plough right now." Derek ploughed very heartily and ended by planting some seeds.

You might like to know that the hole in the fence is now repaired, as Derek does not seem to be interested in it anymore.

The sun lounger is still in use on warm afternoons, but it also came to need some repairs and strengthening.

Derek's parents are surprised at the numerous "little jobs" that need attending to around Martha's garden and house, but as his father said, "He does seem to enjoy helping Martha, and he is certainly much more content than he used to be."

Mirror, Mirror

Part 1. Him.

The Image.

He stood before the bathroom mirror drawing the razor across his chin. As he looked at his reflected image, he remembered when he had started shaving about four years ago. The whiskers had been fluff then, soft and downy, now the hair had grown stiff and thick. As he recalled this, he also remembered that it was about the time of his first shave that he noticed hair growing in his groin and that his sexual organ seemed to be getting bigger. At night, his dreams centred more and more round girls - naked girls with firm breasts and willing bodies. He started to wake with a sticky mess in his bed.

Soon after, he had listened to other boys in at high school talking of their penile adventures and he learned the release of masturbation. After this, there had been the odd awkward fumbling of girls and attempts to get into their cunts, but so far, he had not scored.

Now, as he looked at himself, he tried to assess his appearance. Five feet ten and still growing. Not a bad looking body, and still more to come, he hoped. His sexual

organ was well grown by now. Not the fantastic size some of the guys at university boasted about but never showed, or the enormous cocks the Internet pornography displayed, but quite a nice size for his age.

As he thought of his cock, a vision of "her" came into his mind. He began to get an erection. He didn't want this. He didn't want the agony of his need for her, his desperate longing for her body. The pain of frustration was too much. Every day since he was first conscious of himself, he had wanted her in one way or another, but only recently had this need taken the clear shape of sexual desire.

He tried to ignore his now pulsating penis, but he knew from experience that it was a losing battle. His excitement grew and raged inside him. Visions of her naked and open to him rose up in his head. He prayed, "Please, dear God, don't let me feel like this. Don't let me want her. Make her dirty and ugly& anything&but don't let me have the pain of wanting her so badly." God did not answer.

His erection raged and the first little droplets oozed from his penis. Now the inevitable, he masturbated. As he tugged at himself visions of her, naked and throbbing under him burned through his brain. He was whispering, "I want you, I want you," and suddenly he came, shooting his sperm into the washbasin. His storm of sexual desire began to subside, but her image did not go away.

The Kitchen Table.

He carefully washed the mess from the basin, and then cleaned his penis. Walking into the kitchen he found her sitting at the table drinking coffee and reading the newspaper, still in her nightdress, a flimsy affair with shoulder straps about as thick as a piece of string, the top cut low to reveal a large area of breast. "Oh God," he thought, "why does she have such beautiful breasts?" He knew that the hem of the nightdress barely reach mid thigh, but her legs were beneath the table just now. He longed to see them and not see them, filled with lust yet wanting not to have the ache of that lust.

She looked up as he came in. "Please God, don't let her smile that lovely smile at me?" She smiled. He sat and ate his breakfast and about halfway through one of her shoulder straps slipped down, revealing one nipple before she casually drew the strap up again.

He finished and went for his university bag, trying to get out of the house without a goodbye from her, but too late, she stood waiting for him by the door. He offered his cheek to her, but she turned his head and kissed him softly on the lips. He fled, his already half erect penis now surging up to full size. He fled to masturbate in the Language Department toilets.

Home Again.

It was a warm day, so he knew what he would find when he got home. She would be in her bikini the one with little more than a thread passing under her crotch revealing her shaven groin, and the bikini top serving little more purpose than under lift, and so revealing her breasts almost to her nipples. He would be able to see the slight swelling mound above her slit, and when she sat on the couch with her legs up, the cloth would sink in to reveal the shape of her opening.

He dragged out the journey home, fearing the torment that would lash him in her near naked presence. "Why does she torture me like this?" he thought, "Doesn't she know what she does to me? How much I want her?" He longed and dreaded to see her body, alive as she was with female sensuality. He knew he would have to masturbate again to attain some temporary relief from his desperate desires. "O God," he prayed, "why is she so near, and yet so far from me?"

On his arrival, the house was quiet. "Gone out somewhere!" he muttered, and went to the kitchen to get a drink. The kitchen window looked onto the patio, and glancing out, he saw her. She lay on the sun lounger, apparently asleep, with her bikini top off. He saw the full swelling of her breasts, surmounted by firm pink nipples with light brown aureoles.

He had never seen her breasts completely exposed before, and they were lovelier than even his fantasies had imagined.

His mind reeled and he almost said out loud, "No, please, don't let me see, don't let me see, I want her so badly, don't let me see." He had a hot raging erection, and there, in the kitchen, he had barely touched his penis before it erupted. His sperm covered the floor at his feet, and fearful she might wake, come in, and see, he quickly mopped it up,

Again he had that short respite from his passionate desires, but he knew it would be only temporary. In the evening she would shower early and put on her seductive nightdress, and would expect him to sit with her on the couch to watch television. She would sit close, and he would smell the perfume of her soap mingled with what he thought of as "Her woman smell." He would have to try to hide his erection from her, fighting the urge to reach out and touch her breasts and put his hand, and even his tongue, into her womanhood. Every such evening added to his anguish.

Through the window, he saw her rise and put her top on. She came into the kitchen, smiled and kissed him on the lips. Still bikini clad she began to prepare the evening meal. He fled to his room and tried to study.

The Evening's Entertainment.

After the meal he took a shower and completed an essay. He hung around in his room for some time, dreading the evening of sexual arousal that he knew would follow his arrival in the lounge. When eventually he did leave his room and enter the lounge, he saw that he had been wrong about the sexy nightgown. She was lying back in the corner of the couch clad only in panties and bra, and these of the very skimpiest and see through.

She was watching the news on television, but looked up, smiled, and patted the couch beside her. He obediently sat down where she indicated. As the news finished, she used the remote control to turn the set off, and lay back further on the couch. He noticed that her hand was lightly resting between her legs, as if to draw attention to what lurked there.

Again his penis came erect and he tried to sit so as to hide it. He could hardly excuse himself so soon and sneak off to relieve himself once more. As she had turned the television set off, he thought she wanted to talk, but nothing was said. He found he could not open a conversation because of the lump in his throat. She took her hand away from her genitals, sighed softly, and drew her legs up, parting them slightly. Through the diaphanous material of her panties, he could see the pink lips of her vagina, and his stomach lurched. He smelt her female odour more powerfully than ever before. He felt sick with craving and was starting to shake.

He made an effort to look away and then, in a desperate move to escape the source of his suffering he started to rise. As he did so, he felt her hand touch his. He looked down at her. She smiled and drew him down. His mind reeled and he tried to rise again, but she still held his hand. She slid close to him and leaned over to kiss him. As her mouth came to his, she flicked her tongue over his lips. His lips opened and her tongue thrust through, seeking every cranny of his mouth.

Now he was lost in utter confusion that mingled with insane craving for her. He was almost ejaculating in his shorts, which were already soaked with his precum. She pulled his hand to her breast and squeezed his fingers round it. He groaned, and her arms reached behind her to release the bra. It fell between them, and she pulled his head to her breast and placed a nipple against his mouth. He took it into his mouth and began to lick and suck. His other hand she drew down between her thighs.

He had learnt enough from his fumbling with the girls at school to know what to do. He removed her panties and his fingers found her opening and began to slice in and out of it. She was soaked with female discharge, and started to make little whimpering noises. She moved away from him a little, and turned in the seat, so that he, kneeling before her on the floor could enter her with his tongue. As he pushed into her

with his tongue, his hands continued to press her breasts and nipples. Her cries increased.

Suddenly she moved him away, rose, and pushed him face up on the floor. She tore off his shorts and almost pounced on his penis, licking and sucking it like a woman possessed. He was now on the very verge of coming, but she moved away again, only to kneel over him and draw his penis against the lips of her vagina.

She wailed as she lowered herself onto him. She beat up and down on his sexual organ in a frenzy of sexual madness, her female fluids pouring out of her and onto his groin. He could hold out no longer. With a scream of anguish, he poured into her, thrusting and heaving as she began an orgasm of immense power.

They climaxed with yells and screams to raise the dead, then grew quiet as they subsided. After a while she looked at him and smiled a tender, loving smile.

He looked at her, and murmured, "Oh, my beautiful mother!"

She responded, "Oh, my lovely son!"

* * * * *

Part 2. Her.

Day Begins.

She rose early after a night disturbed by frustrated sexual desire. She masturbated twice during the night, but this gave her little relief from her passionate needs. "Oh God," she thought, "How can I get through another day?"

She preferred to shower in the evenings so as to be fresh and clean when she sat with him watching television. Now, as she washed her genitals and anus, "just in case," she looked at herself in the mirror. "Nearly forty years old," she thought, "Three years now since Jeff was killed in that car accident, and no man has touched me."

She hadn't wanted any man to touch her for at least two years. The agony of Jeff's death had flung her into the depths of bereavement and despair. Jeff had been her friend, her helpmate and her lover. His death had torn the very meaning of existence from her and she had been inconsolable. She had neglected the house, the garden and most all, him.

Now things had changed. Over the past twelve months she had come to herself once more and set about getting things in order, but this had both positive and negative effects. She rejoiced in getting the house and garden straight, and helping him to achieve his goal of going to university, but it had also released once more her innate sensuality the sensuality Jeff had so prized and fulfilled for her. Now, as she stood naked before the mirror, she could see her firm round breasts and erect nipples, the slim body sweeping down to the swelling of hips and thighs, and below the slightly rounded belly, the shaved cleft of her womanhood.

She knew she looked good; knew that many men desired her, but her hunger had only one object, and that a sinful one. She spoke to God; "God, if my desire is sinful, why did you make me so as to be able to feel and crave like this?" God remained silent.

Breakfast Torment.

She put on her night dress again, knowing that it exposed more than it covered, despairing it would achieve anything, but hoping he would notice, would& "Would what?" She knew the answer, but did not dare give it form. She went down stairs to prepare breakfast.

While preparing breakfast she heard him showering and could picture him naked under the spray, perhaps washing his penis now, fondling it as she longed to do. The shower went silent. He would be shaving, shaving the face that was almost the mirror image of Jeff's. "Not long before he will come in for his breakfast& Must look casual. Mustn't give any hint of lust for him& Must pretend that my vagina is not wet with longing. Sit down&read the paper&anything to distract from the craving."

He entered the room, and her thoughts ran on: "He looks a little depressed and barely notices me. He sits down and begins breakfast. I smile at him and he doesn't smile back. Instead, he looks distracted. What's wrong with him? Does he have study problems? I should ask, but fear that my voice will be unsteady and he will know what I'm feeling. Try to get his attention&let the thin strap of my nightdress slip from my shoulder&expose a nipple&he must notice. He glances across at me and must have seen my breast before I cover it again, but he doesn't react."

He left the breakfast table in haste and she headed for the door. He seemed to avoid her lately as he departed for lectures. She wondered if she has upset him, or if he found her offensive in some way. He approached the door and turned his cheek to her for the farewell kiss. "By God, no," she screamed inside, "I shall have something." She placed her hand on his chin and turned his head to kiss his mouth. He went quickly.

Alone, she starts to weep as she feels her female fluid start to rundown her thighs. There is the day's work before her, but first she must try to relieve herself of the awful sexual stress that seemed to engulf her entire being. She goes into the living room, stretches out on the couch and places her fingers inside her vagina.

The Day Goes On.

She gave herself some sexual relief and then went to the bathroom to wash her hands. After dressing, she began the day's tasks, but like everyday for months now, and despite her masturbation, her unfulfilled longing for him oppressed her constantly. She had to relieve herself twice more, weeping as she had her orgasms weeping, because this was not the reality she so longed for.

She knew what time he would be home and by mid afternoon she began preparations for the evening meal. Have completed the preliminaries she executed a little plan that had been buzzing around in her head for the past two hours.

"Let him see my breasts," she meditated. "Let him see the source of his first nourishment, the place that men long to touch and suck." She would be cunning in how she went

about it. When he came home, he was sure to enter the kitchen at some time. The kitchen window looked out onto the patio. She would put on her flimsiest bikini, but leave the top off. She would lay on the sun lounger and pretend she had dropped off to sleep while sun bathing.

"Surely he must respond to that?" she thought. "Surely he cannot be totally immune to what so many men long for?" She checked the best position for the sun lounger so anyone looking from the kitchen window must see her, and lay down.

A Bit of a Let Down.

Alert to every sound from the house, she heard him arrive home. He moved around the house, probably looking for her. Then she heard the refrigerator door open and close as he helped himself to a drink. Through narrowed eyes, she saw his upper half appear at the window and look out. She knew he saw her, but he pulled back quickly from the window. There was silence from the kitchen.

She lay on the lounger a little longer, desperately hoping he would come out to her, and finally giving up she rose and slowly, and in case he was still watching, she seductively put on her top and went into the kitchen. He was standing there

gazing into space, so she went up to him, and pressing close, kissed him on the lips.

He hastily left the room, and she turned with a sigh to the final preparations for their meal.

The Evening.

They ate in silence and when they had finished and he had helped with the washing up, he went to his room to complete an essay and she to the bathroom for her evening shower.

After her shower, she went to her bedroom to dress for the evening. It was her habit in recent months, if no visitors were expected, to simply slip into her nightdress. It was a very flimsy garment, and it served the double purpose of allowing her to feel comfortable, and hopefully, to draw his attention. Having put it on and making to leave the room, she stopped at the door and turned back. She would use another ploy.

Opening a draw, she searched through the underclothes lying there, and finally found what she wanted. It was a set of panties and bras made of very transparent material that she had recently bought and not yet worn. She put on the panties and noticed that the top of them came only just above her vagina thus exposing her mound. The cloth that ran

under her crotch was of the scantiest, and melted nicely into the slit of her sexual organ. The top did no more than give her breasts some under lift, which in any case they did not need. She was exposed almost to the nipples - if the top slipped down by four or five millimetres, they would be revealed.

She prayed again, "O God, in that you have made me a sexual being, and given me overwhelming desire for him, let me have him tonight." God made no comment.

She went to the living room and turned on the television. She had no idea when he would leave his room to join her perhaps not at all but she must be ready. She sat low in the corner of the couch, bringing one knee onto the seat so her legs were spread. This way he must see her vagina so barely covered by her panties.

She waited through a dull sit com, then the news came on. Half way through the news she heard him coming, and checked her position again. When he entered the room she patted the seat beside her in what she hoped was a casual manner. She saw him hesitate for a moment as he took in her clothing or the lack of it and hesitantly sat where she indicated. She let the news run on, unseen or heard by her. Her sexual stress grew, her mind raging with erotic imagery. She felt herself getting wet in the groin, "My God," she thought, "he must notice." When the news finished, she

turned the television set off and they sat in silence. Then she saw the swelling in his shorts and a spreading patch of wetness, and his eyes fixed upon her sexual organ.

He started to rise and this was crucial moment. If she failed to act now the chance might never come again. She reached out and touched his hand. He hesitated, half-standing. She took his hand more firmly and drew him back beside her. She felt him quivering, and to try to indicate her need, she placed her hand over her soaking vagina. After a few moments she removed her hand and put it behind his head, drawing it down to hers. She kissed him on the lips, opening her mouth and opening his lips with her tongue. He responded, digging his tongue deep and hungrily into her with muffled groans.

For a minute, they kissed, then she pulled his hand down to her breast, and reached behind to release her bra. It fell between them and she brought his head down for him to suck her nipple. He sucked, and his hand sought and found her opening and entered.

This was no orderly or casual lovemaking. It was a wild and ecstatic release of long pent up passion, each of them now realising how long their desire had been mutual, and madly trying to make up for all the lost moments when they had been so desperate in their need, and failed to act.

She pushed him to the floor, he ripped off her panties, she spread her legs to expose fully the place he lusted for, and his tongue was lashing in and out of her. She waited, enthralled by every thrust of his tongue, until she could no longer restrain herself. She pushed him away and onto his back, tearing at his shorts, and then fell upon his erection with her mouth, sucking and licking, drawing him deep inside.

She felt the first surge of his orgasm as it approached, and with it her own, and launch herself across him, grasping his penis and lowering herself on to it. She heard herself cry out as he entered. Then she was thrashing up and down on him as they both gave tongue to their joy in each other. Their fulfillment came with a mighty climax in which they were as joyous souls entering paradise, locked together in awesome love. They were whole.

As their orgasmic madness receded, she felt a great post coital peace engulf her. She had always loved him, and for months had lusted for him, and now he was completely hers.

She looked down into his eyes and heard him say, "My beautiful mother."

She smiled, and responded, "My lovely son."

More Than I Bargained For

I sit in this damned flat with nobody but the kid for company. My parents won't see me, and none of my old friends call. I want to tell someone my story, so I'll tell it to you.

It began when a couple of guys I know suggested we might have a lot of laughs if we had a threesome. I had never had a threesome, and thinking it might be fun, I agreed.

One of the guys had his own place, so we made a date and time.

I was living at home with my parents then, so on the evening we had arranged I told them I was off to a friends birthday party. Mum and dad were as usual sitting watching some stupid sitcom on TV, and mum said, "Right love, " and dad just grunted. Neither of them took their eyes off the screen.

It was about a ten-minute walk to the guy's house, and when I got there the place looked like there was no one at home. No lights on and not a sound. I rang the bell and waited. No one came to the door and I couldn't hear anything. I rang again, then again, and finally a light came on in the porch and the door opened.

One of the guys stood there, and he said, "Come in." I walked in, and then got my first disappointment.

I thought we might have a few drinks and nibbles before we got down to the sex, but instead I was taken straight into the bedroom where there was a big double bed with a black silk cover.

There were no signs of food or drink, but I thought that maybe we'd have a bit of kissing and loving before we got down to fucking. It didn't happen like that. One of the guys said, "Well get your gear off, then," and they both proceeded to strip.

Once they were undressed, I could see they both had big erections and I still hoped for a bit of foreplay. No chance. I was told to get on to the bed. I certainly couldn't complain about the bed. It was one of the most comfortable I had ever been on, with sufficient firmness to make for a good fuck.

One of the guys got straight on top of me and shoved himself into me. It was okay because I was good and wet before I arrived just thinking about what was going to happen, so it didn't hurt.

He pounded in and out of me and soon shot his load. He got off me and the other guy came into me. It was much the same as before only it took even less time for him to spurt into me.

I was angry and frustrated at this treatment. Neither of them had spoken to me except to give orders and they hadn't done anything nice and loving to me. Never the less, I still hoped the situation might improve. There might now be some food and drink, and then we could have a bit of loving. Seeing they were finished, at least for the time being, I started to get off the bed. One of the guys shoved me back and said, "Stay there."

I thought, "These two really are randy if they can come into me again so quickly," then I saw one of them leave the room. He came back a few seconds later, then to my horror other guys came in. I don't know how many of them there were, maybe eight or ten, but they seemed to fill the room.

Then the guy whose house it was said, "Now you're going to be nice to these guys, aren't you?"

I was not so stupid not to know what they intended to do to me, but I played dumb. "What do you mean," I asked, trying to look innocent.

"Do I have to spell it out for you?" the guy asked, and they all laughed. "These guys are all going to fuck you."

I was terrified and started screaming out that I couldn't take so many. They just went on laughing.

"You behave or they'll take you twice," he sneered, "Any trouble and we'll tie you down and gag you. So make up your mind which way you want it babe."

"God knows what they might do to me if they tie me down," I thought. So, I quieted down.

"That's better," the guy said. "Now you just let these boys have a bit of fun with you."

It was then that I got some of the loving I had thought I'd be getting with the first two. Suddenly I was being kissed and licked all over. My nipples were being sucked and fingers explored my vagina and anus. It was all happening at once, and I couldn't tell who was doing what to me.

After some minutes of this activity, they were all worked up. There were erect cocks everywhere. I don't know how they had worked out who went first, and it was hard to tell which one was which.

There are only two guys I can clearly recall out of the mob. One was the second guy to come into me. The reason I recall him is that he screamed and howled when he shot into me. The others just grunted. The other one I remember for reasons I shall relate shortly, was the last one.

I don't know how many guys came into me, but very quickly, the bed under me was getting soaked with their sperm, which kept rolling out of me. In addition, I have to confess that I was worked up myself. I had never been fucked so thoroughly before, and my own juices were pouring out of me, joining theirs on the bed.

This bewildering succession of guys fucking me seemed to go on forever, but finally they got to the last guy. He seemed to come from the back of the mob, as if he had been holding back. The others were laughing and pushing him forward, and he was the only one, apart from the first two guys, whose name I learned.

They were saying to him, "Go on, Arthur, get it into her." "Give it to her, Arthur," and things like that.

Then I saw him clearly, and I screamed out. He was a nice looking boy, but when I saw his cock, I nearly froze with fright. It was massive. I had fucked with plenty of guys

before, but I had never seen anything like Arthur's sexual organ. Not only was it long, it was also enormously thick.

I began to cry out and plead, "Please, don't let him put that in me. I can't. It'll kill me." The original guy leaned over me, "Remember what I told you, any fuss and you get tied down and gagged. Now just spread your legs as wide as you can and it might not hurt too much."

I went silent, spread my legs, and Arthur came over me. I felt the huge head of his cock press against my entrance. He pushed, and nothing happened. He tried again and still he couldn't get in. Then he put his hands under my shoulders and gave a tremendous heave. I screamed as he broke through, and then he was thrusting to the full depth of my vagina and trying to press even further. He broke through.

To that point, I had experienced fear and pain, but suddenly I began to change. Quite why this change took place I'm not sure, but I recall telling myself this was a new sexual experience, and one I might never have again. I found myself surrendering to him, then crying out, "Oh, yes, yes. Give it all to me. Fuck me to death, but don't stop. Please, don't stop." He didn't stop, at least, not until we had both finished.

As he fountained a massive dose of sperm into me, I had the mightiest orgasm I had ever had. I howled and wept. I tore at his back with my nails. I begged and pleaded for more.

Then it was over. The mob started to leave the room, but Arthur stayed for a moment, looking down at me thoughtfully. Then he turned and followed the others.

The guy who owned the house remained. He said. "Get dressed and make it snappy, or you'll go out as you are."

I dressed hurriedly and he pushed me to the front door and opened it. "Clear off, slut, he snarled. And keep your mouth shut or something nasty could happen to you."

I staggered out into the night, bruised and scratched, still dribbling sperm out of my vagina.

When I got home, my parents were still slumped in front of the TV. If they heard me, come in they gave no sign, so absorbed were they in the mindless rubbish they were watching.

I went to the bathroom, stripped and examined my injuries, then took a shower. Exhausted as I was, I still had a restless night, reliving my experience over and over again.

Three weeks later I got the first indication of pregnancy. One of them had left a baby inside me. Later the doctor confirmed my condition.

There were horrendous rows at home that ended with me getting out. Community Welfare found a small flat for me, where I now live. Once the baby came, I could not work, so I received a single parent allowance.

Now I live in this place on my own except for the baby. None of those guys who enjoyed me have been to see me. Once or twice, I've spotted one of them in the street, but as soon as they see me, they go the other way, the bastards. Was I that poor a fuck?

I really need a guy. I haven't had one since that night, and that's nearly sixteen months ago.

I'll have to stop writing now because the telephone is ringing and it doesn't do that very often, except to let me know I owe someone some money. Oh God, I wish it was Arthur on the other end.

Mrs. Grace & I

My name is Richard Price, usually known as Ric. I think I must have been about four or five when I first became aware of Mrs. Grace. She lived alone three houses along the street from our house. My parents were quite friendly with her, and were the only people in our street who called her by her given name, Catherine. It was never Cath, Cat or Cathy, but always Catherine.

Mrs. Grace is a beautiful lady, but not in the popular advertising way, or like on TV and films. She is tall for a woman; I think about five feet ten inches, with long black hair, and with what people call, "Slightly hawkish looks." She has almost black eyes and a slightly curved nose. Her mouth, which is not overly wide, has full red lips – the red is natural not lipstick – and they turn up at the corners and this seems to soften her otherwise austere face.

Her neck is a particularly attractive feature, being long and slender, like a slim marble column. Her shoulders over which her hair tumbles when it is free – it is mostly tied back – are wide but softly rounded, and her arms when bare, display the same round smoothness.

Her breasts push out the shirts she mostly wears, and as she seems rarely to wear bras, they move as if with a life of their own, their nipples seen through the cloth.

Her hips swell out to match her breasts, and although she has no children, she gives the impression that if ever a woman was built for baby making, it is she.

Her legs are long and slender without being thin, with strong calf and thigh muscles. She walks and sits very upright, always looking dignified.

Overall, one could say she is a “well-made woman.”

In addition to her physical attractions, Mrs Grace speaks with a beautifully modulated contralto voice that one can listen to for hours without tiring of it.

One other feature that has always fascinated me is her smell. Unlike most women she does not douse herself with perfume or deodorant, but always smells very clean and hygienic

She is very fond of gardening and when seen in her front garden during the week, she is almost invariably clad in a shirt, corduroy trousers, soft flat-heeled shoes and

gardening gloves. Sometime she wears one of those sleeveless jackets dear to fishermen and hunters, with masses of pockets. In colder weather, she changes this jacket for a padded coat. In very warm weather the corduroy pants are replaced by very tight shorts that display her legs beautifully, and shows her plump mons and high, tight buttocks.

On Sundays, she goes to church in the morning and the weekday clothes are replaced by a simple linen dress in the summer, usually dark red or green that seems to emphasis her black hair. In winter, she adds a long woollen coat, also either red or green, but occasionally she wears a black one.

I think it would be true to say that Mrs. Grace must be infuriating to most women, as she is the sort of person who could dress in an old sack and make it look elegant.

My parents are the only people in the street who are on reasonably intimate terms with Mrs. Grace. As I have said, they call her by her given name. The rest of the people seem to be a bit in awe of her, or even a little scared. I suppose this is because of her somewhat pensive manner.

Another thing I learned about her was that she was what adults called a “widow.” I had no idea what this meant, except that it seemed to make her a bit different from other

people. Like most of the things I have related above, I did not gather them all at once aged four or five, but observed or heard about them over the years.

The tragic story of the death of her husband I heard from Mrs Grace herself when I was fifteen. I think I was and am the only person in the street who knows the story. In brief, she told me how they had been married less than a year when he was killed riding his motorbike to work one morning.

I first got to know her when, escaping from the confines of our garden through the front gate being left accidentally open, I ventured down the street and reaching Mrs Grace's house I was attracted by her garden. Looking through the wooden bars of her garden gate, I saw, not an orderly, highly drilled garden, but a wild sort of place.

I do not mean that her garden was a mess or littered with garbage, but it was laid out to give the impression that it was as nature intended, and not a human construct. When my mother read Kenneth Grahame's "Wind in the Willows," to me, the description of "The Wild Wood" was for me Mrs. Grace's garden.

As I looked at her garden, I became aware of the tall figure of Mrs. Grace looking down at me from the other side of the gate. I stared up at her towering above me like all adults

seem to when you are little. The black hair and dark eyes were scary, but she smiled and said, "You're Richard, aren't you?"

I think I said something like, "Yeth."

"Does your mother know you are out in the street?" she asked.

As best as I can recall, I made no reply.

"Come along Richard," she said, "we'd better take you back to mummy."

She took my hand in hers and it felt safe and strong. We walked back to my house and I was taken up to the front door. When my mother answered Mrs Grace's ring on the bell, I was admonished, "You naughty boy. How did you get out?" You know, all that parental stuff!

Mrs Grace departed followed by my mother's thanks for bringing me home.

From then on, having once escaped from my place of confine, I took every opportunity to go out into the wide world and look through the gate at the Wild Wood.

Mrs. Grace took me home several times until my parents got used to the idea of my moving beyond our garden. They must have told Mrs. Grace, because the next time she saw me peering through her gate she asked, "Would you like to come in and see my garden?"

I believe I made my usual monosyllabic response, "Yeth."

Unlike most adults, she did not treat me as if I was a young tourist to be conducted round the garden. She said, "I'll be working over here, you look around." She seemed to understand what a little boy needed; the freedom to roam, letting the imagination soar as I crawled under bushes, hid round trees, swung from branches and adventured along magical pathways. And what a wonder to come upon the pond that was made to look like an authentic stream of flowing water. It even had real fish in it!

In the following years I made many visits to the garden and I was Mole exploring the Wild Wood. There were stoats and weasels and Badger, Rat and Toad. Above all, there was the river (pond), on which Rat and I rowed our boat.

Looking at the garden now, it seems quite small, but then, long ago, it was a vast wonderland for exploration.

Mrs Grace became my friend, and whilst never interfering with my escapades, she was always ready to answer any of my questions about plants and trees, and wash my grazes and cuts.

She added another dimension to my world of boyish fantasy when she read “Treasure Island” to me. The pond became the sea surrounding the island that swarmed with pirates whom I defeated in battle repeatedly.

Then there was the first time I entered her house. After playing in her garden one day, she asked me in for a glass of lemonade. The house was almost as fascinating as the garden. There was old carved furniture, pictures on the walls that looked very mysterious. There were books everywhere, mostly, as I found out later, history books.

An unfamiliar fragrance pervaded the house. The source of this I found to be the kitchen that had herbs suspended from the ceiling. The house had dim corners that I knew must harbour ghosts, and this enabled me to enjoy those thrills of fear that children often delight in.

When I started to walk to school unaccompanied, Mrs Grace always seemed to be near her gate to bid me “Good morning Richard.” Every birthday and Christmas, there were presents from her, and my parents used to admonish her, “You spoil him.”

I came to love her almost as much as I loved my parents, and looking back now to those days, I can see what was happening. I was the child she had never had with her husband. I helped to fill the gap of her loss. This can be an unhealthy relationship, but she never imposed herself on me. She never sought to hug or kiss me as many adults do with little children. It was I who initiated such additions to our relationship.

I can remember the first time I kissed her on her cheek. I was thanking her for an unexpected unbirthday and unChristmas gift. I was seven at the time, and the gift was a watch, my first ever. It had belonged to her husband and years after I learned that the occasion of the gift was the anniversary of his death.

I am not sure why she gave it to me, but I think it was symbolic. After years of grieving for him, she was finally letting him go. Even today, she still loves his memory, but it is without pain.

My little kiss, inspired by the excitement of getting a watch, evoked from her the response, "Thank you, darling, that was lovely."

It was two more firsts – the first time anyone had thanked me for a kiss, and the first time she had called me "Darling."

I still wear the watch.

The years of my "Wind in the Willows" and pirate fantasies passed and I entered that phase in life we call "Puberty."

It is a difficult time in that we begin to grow physically at a fast rate, and our sexual development frustrates and bewilders us. We approach the peak of our sexual powers at a time when we are legally denied their fulfilment.

Of course, we know what goes on between young people in hidden places and the backs of cars, but denial seems to be the order of the day. Relationships between older women and young men especially, are now receiving statistical corroboration, but still we close our eyes, or, if exposed, the lovers are taken to court.

I went through the struggle to deal with my sexual drives by masturbating. My peers were busy fucking when

opportunity presented itself and while I had a few connections with girls in my high school, they never seemed satisfactory.

Another feature of that time in our lives is the struggle to disconnect from our childhood relationships with adults and the taking on of a new relationship. This is hard for both the adults, especially parents, and the young person. The old relationships die hard.

My parents, being wise people, handled this time in my life well, as it is said; they gradually “let me go.”

In between my childhood and adult state of confusion I did what many teenagers do, and withdrew from contact with adults, trying to establish a life that would go on for ever as a rebellious youth. I avoided adults as much as possible, with one exception, *Mrs Grace*.

I shall now cease to write of her as Mrs Grace because on my fifteenth birthday she said; “I think it’s time you called me Catherine.”

This was a surprising honour since my parents were still the only people in the street who called her by that name. To be allowed at fifteen to use that intimate name was to change something in our relationship.

In fact, something had begun to change before the matter of her name.

Because of the confusion I was passing through, it is hard to express the exact nature of the change. When I was with my male peers and an attractive older woman came along, there would be comments like, "I'd like to fuck that," or "I'd like to get onto that and fuck it."

Undoubtedly I began to develop sexual feelings for Catherine, but they did not seem to be of the same order as those expressed above. Had Catherine walked past a group of us, I would not have dreamt of saying, "I'd like to fuck that." Had any other member of the group given forth with such an expression about her there would probably have been a fight. No one would speak of my mother goddess in that way and get away with it. Catherine was not a "That" or an "It." She was "The Woman."

I can now see that Catherine handled my teenage moodiness with skill and love. If I answered her greeting in a surly manner, she would simply ask, "Everything all right, Richard?" Often, if there was something on my mind, it was Catherine I would tell, and her advice was that which I was most likely to follow.

A significant contribution Catherine made to my life at this time was concerned with my future. I have already commented on the history books that abounded in her house. I learned that she was a history graduate from university, and she had continued her interest in the subject and wrote historical articles for a number of magazines.

About age ten I began to browse through her books, and that, together with the stories from history that she told me, led eventually to my decision that I wanted to be an historian. Whilst not minimising the difficulties that lay ahead, Catherine encouraged me in this ambition.

The upshot of this decision was that when time came for me to go to university, I decided on a history honours major.

This led to my spending more and more time at Catherine's house as she had many of the literary resources I needed and discussing history matters with her was like having an extra and pleasant tutorial.

The love I had for Catherine from childhood had now grown into feelings of adult love for her. I make no pretence; my love had a powerful sexual content. Until entering puberty, I had not taken much interest in her appearance. Once that tangled time arrived I became ever more aware of her beauty.

She is about twenty-two years older than I am, but the years had been more than kind to her. If anything, they have enhanced her looks by softening them. Perhaps this was because once she ceased to mourn her dead husband, the austerity she had affected began to diminish.

As far as I could tell, there had been no other man in her life. As I became aware of the male-female aspects of life, I was puzzled by this lack. "Surely, I thought, men must find her very desirable," and with that thought, feelings of anger and jealousy would arise in me.

Catherine must have been aware of what I was feeling, and the changes taking place in our friendship. There were many times when we were supposed to be discussing some historic point, and I would get lost in lustful desire for her. My attempts to hide erections were, I am sure, not always successful. She must have noticed, yet never by word or gesture did she ever hint at knowing of my desire for her, or make any sexual advance from her side.

I had come to understand over the years of our acquaintanceship that advances or changes in our relationship were mostly left to my initiative. The only one she made that I can recall is the change from calling her Mrs Grace to Catherine. So as I approached my twentieth year I found that I not only loved Catherine in the companionable

sense, I was also in love with her in the sexual, man to woman sense.

I had no idea how to deal with these feelings. During my teen years, I had engaged in the usual sexual activities with girls, and had often to masturbate to relieve myself of Catherine inspired arousal, but none of this seemed to assuage my appetite for her. To my mind she was the “Real Thing,” all else a substitute for her.

I told myself that the age gap was too wide for us to bridge. Catherine would think me ridiculous for harbouring such thoughts about her. My peers would laugh and my parents berate me.

A slight change in my thoughts and attitude came about when I, together with two of my male friends, met up with Catherine as she was shopping in the high street. I had never spoken to any of my friends about Catherine, much less introduced her to them. Now introductions were unavoidable. I simply said, “This is my neighbour, Mrs Grace,” and then told her my friend’s names.

There was a brief and courteous exchange and then Catherine went on to do her shopping.

When she was out of earshot one of my friends burst out, "My God, she's a stunner." The other picked up the theme saying, "I could take Mr. Grace's place in her bed any time." I said nothing about Catherine being a widow. The first speaker now turned on me, "Have you ever tried to...you know...have it off with her?"

I was boiling with anger inside at what I saw as a slur on my angelic Catherine, but I controlled myself and simply said, "I'm sure she's not that sort of lady," and the matter was dropped.

This incident seemed to pull me out of a rut where my love for Catherine was concerned. My two friends had been instantly drawn to her. I am sure that if opportunity had presented itself, they would have bedded her without a thought about age differences, in fact, they would probably have been delighted to have an older woman. Just how passing their desire for Catherine might have been I did not know, but my own desire was I believe much wider than theirs.

Yes, I wanted to bed Catherine, but was that all? Admitting to myself the truth of my longing, it was certainly much more than the occasional bedding of Catherine I needed. I went so far as to admit that it was marriage I wanted.

Of course, all this contemplation of a future with Catherine took place without any idea that she would slot neatly into my designs. In any case, I doubted whether I would have the courage to approach her.

I also considered another extreme possibility: I would break off my connection with her; Not go to her house or use her books; No longer engage in conversations with her. At the end of these reflections, I felt physically sick. The thought of breaking with my beloved was horrifying. Come what may, I had to press on, even if I did not know where I was going.

It seems to be a rule of human nature that there comes a time in stressful situations when something has to give. It is as if a demon arises in the psyche that sweeps aside all the arguments, doubts and anxieties and says, "Step aside, I'm taking over here." This "demon" seems to be part of us, yet somehow independent of us. In the actual critical situation, it is as if we are observers of its action rather than participants.

Still unresolved about what to say to Catherine, if anything at all, I had reason to go to her house to look up a passage in a book I knew she had. Catherine was as usual welcoming, exchanging with me a chaste kiss that had become our custom on my arrivals and departures.

There was something different about her on this occasion. She was dressed as I had never seen her before. My throat went dry and my legs actually felt as if they would not support me. What the garment was intended to be I did not know, perhaps a nightdress, a negligee or some reckless casual wear?

It was black and covered very little, and what it did cover it revealed more of than it hid. It was see-through in the extreme. Not only had I never seen Catherine, I had never seen anyone in such a garment.

She was naked almost to the nipples, and these and the rest of her breasts could be clearly seen. At the other end, she was visible to the tops of her thighs, her sex organ being only just covered, and again, the pubic hair was plainly visible.

We were standing just inside her front door our bodies almost touching after our kiss. The next stage in my bewilderment was when Catherine said very softly in her contralto voice, "I thought you might come this evening." Touching the cloth of her garment, she went on, "I got this just for you."

I felt dizzy, and I heard a voice that did not seem to belong to me say, "O God, I want you so badly, Catherine." The "demon" had taken over.

I heard Catherine's voice: "I know darling. Come to bed and love me."

It is not my intention to give any explicit details of that night with Catherine. What happened has always been somehow sacred to me. It was an act of love in all its purity in which we bonded with each other, fulfilling what we had both long known; we belonged together. It was also a promise of things to come.

In that night, I learned in a decisive way the difference between fucking and lovemaking. In the morning, we knew that we had established a strong union.

I had been away from home all night and I felt guilty at the anxiety I must have given my parents. I did not want to leave Catherine, but felt I must put my parents minds at rest. I hastened home, only to be given another shock.

My father was sitting in the kitchen, and looking up as I walked in he said, "About bloody time too."

I thought he was referring to my all night out, but he went on, "You made the poor woman wait long enough."

Mother came in and said her piece. "You've come to your senses then? I should think so too. If ever two people were made for each other its you and Catherine, and she's been so patient."

I finally found my voice: "You mean you both knew this was going to happen?" "Of course we have," mother snapped. "Who do you think selected that black thing she was wearing last night? You don't think Catherine would have chosen it, do you? I went shopping with her and persuaded her to get it."

"It was my idea," laughed father. "That's how your mother caught me."

"Do you mean that you two and Catherine have been plotting this all along?"

"Course we have," said mother. "We didn't want our son marrying any old girl. We wanted the best for you, and if you ask her to marry you, you'll have the best. Now start getting your things out of here and into Catherine's place."

I did not start "moving my things" immediately. I rushed back to Catherine, burst in through the door, grabbed her and said, "Will you marry me?"

She paused for a moment and my stomach turned over; “She’s going to say ‘No’”.

I was wrong. She said quietly, “Move in with me, darling, and if in twelve months time you ask me to marry you again, I shall say ‘Yes.’”

“But...but why not say ‘yes’ now?” I protested.

“For all the reasons you have held back from me for so long,” she replied. “In twelve months you will have answers to the questions those reasons give rise to. There is one other thing you should think about. I shall not be able to give you babies. Now come along, let’s start moving your things.”

Mother, father, Catherine and I spent the morning moving my goods into my new habitat.

Two things did not turn out as Catherine had stated them. First, and much to her surprise, she became pregnant. I think our first night together fixed that.

Second, in the light of her pregnancy and because I was so persistent, we married in three months.

As I write it is now three years since we married, and now within our bond of love we have our little Alicia as well.

Mums & Sons

Frank and I had been mates since the day we our mothers left us howling on our first day at school. We shared our lunches, played together, and if any of the school bullies tried to stand over one of us, the bully would have to contend with both of us. We nearly always won.

From Primary School, we went on to the same High School. We got into the same sort of trouble, screwed the same girls behind the school shed, tried to do our homework together and made the same mess of tests and exams.

We were always in and out of each other's houses, and our mums supplied endless streams of sandwiches and soft drinks. In fact, it was as if we were brothers. Our mums would sometimes get together to take us to the zoo and places. Not that this happened often because it cost money, and we were poor.

Our home situations were almost identical. Our mums were single parents who had got pregnant at high school, and now

lived in State provided housing and received a sort of government pension. Our houses were in the same street, which was totally made up of such housing, on an estate that was the same all over. It seemed full of poor people struggling to exist. People moved in and then moved out, perhaps to something better, but mostly to something worse.

I've heard myths about how happy poor people are. I can tell you this, mostly they are bloody miserable, and always seem to be fighting and arguing with each other. But not Frank and me, or our mums. We sort of supported each other. I suppose you could say we loved each other, and although I know my mum screwed with a few fellows over the years, and Frank's mum did the same, none of them ever stayed. They just came and went.

Both our mums weren't bad looking in a tired sort of way. If the best bits of both our mums could have been put into one woman, she'd have been a real looker. I mean, my mum has great tits and Frank's mum has really good legs. Things like that. And this brings me to what I really want to tell you about.

Although we'd all know each other for years and years, you sort of stop looking at each other. You just don't notice how people change until something happens and you look at them like you haven't seen them before.

This happened to my mum one summer day. Frank and I were out on the back lawn sunning ourselves a bit. We were both wearing very, very tiny bathing trunks, which I suppose showed off our recently acquired manhood to good effect. My mum was floating about the place in a bikini she's bought at the secondhand charity shop, which did for her what the shorts did for us.

Don't get the idea that because we were in bathing things that we had a pool. We couldn't afford that sort of thing. But it was nice to pretend we had one and were lying beside it like they do in some of those TV stories.

After a while I noticed Frank looking sort of close at my mum, as if he hadn't seen her before. Then I noticed mum staring at him with the same effect. When mum went indoors to get us some drinks he said to me, "Hey Art, I've never noticed before what great tits your mum's got. They are just fantastic.

Now I must admit that like most sons I hadn't noticed this either, so when she came out with the drinks I had a good look, and sure enough, they were big and firm, and you could see a lot of them over the bikini top.

Nothing more was said then, but later, when Frank had gone home, I was a bit startled when mum said in a funny,

choking sort of voice, "Frank's grown up to be a big boy, hasn't he?"

I looked across at her, and she still had her bikini on, and I saw a wet patch just where the tops of her legs are and a nice sort of mound starts at the bottom of her belly. I'd been with a few girls, so I knew what this meant.

"My God, she fancies Frank," I thought. Then I could remember how Frank seemed to get horny when he was staring at mum.

I suppose I was amused at the thought of my mum and Frank fancying each other, a young bloke and an old woman. Then I took another look at mum. Apart from the tired look I've already mentioned, mum didn't really look that old. I think she was about thirty-two at the time, and I heard about young guys going for older women, in fact some of the guys at school had boasted about the older women they had fucked.

I gave the matter very little further thought until the next day. I was at Frank's place just hanging around. His mum was out, so we were on our own.

"Hey," said Frank, "I thought your mum looked fantastic yesterday. I hadn't noticed before how sexy she is."

"Fancy her?" I asked bluntly.

"Well, yes," Frank sort of muttered. "Look Art," he went on, "Next time I'm at your place, couldn't you clear off for an hour or two, leaving me there with your mum?"

I wasn't sure about setting mum up like that and said so.

"Come on Art. I'd do the same for you, you know I would."

After more discussion, I finally agreed. "After all, I thought, mum won't do anything she doesn't want to do."

We planned that Frank's try for mum would take place the following day when I knew mum would be sure to be at home. Frank arrived on the dot, and we made a big thing about doing some studying together.

We were working at the kitchen table and mum was moving around doing little jobs, but always keeping Frank in sight. After about half an hour I announced that I would be gone for an hour or maybe more to get some information at the library that we needed. I went, leaving them alone.

I stayed away as long as I could, and when I got home, it was obvious what had happened. Mum was still in the kitchen, and now she was singing away like mad. Frank looked like the cat that had got to the cream. They were two very happy people.

Over the next couple of weeks, a change came over mum. She was always singing, and the tired look started to leave her. At one time she could get very irritable with me, now she couldn't do enough for me, and was always touching me and calling me things like, "My sweet boy."

I saw less of Frank, but often when I came home mum would announce, "Frank dropped in while you were out."

As they were so happy, it seemed a shame that they felt they could only be together when I wasn't there. I decided that Frank and I should talk it over, so I went to his place.

Frank was at home, so I opened up to him. "Look, Frank, I don't mind you fucking mum, so I don't see why you need to bother about whether I'm around or not. Tell you what, I'll even have a word with mum about it, if you like."

"Would you?" he asked. "You know, Art, a bloke couldn't have a better mate than you. Any time you want I'll do the same for you."

That was the second time he had told me that, and now it set me thinking. My thoughts became even more profound when Franks mum came into the room. I tried to see her as if it was the first time, and I liked what I saw.

She hasn't got great tits like my mum, but they are small and firm. Her legs are fantastic. Long and slim, but with really great thighs – what I could see of them. Like mum, she had that tired look, but you could certainly say she was still pretty, with really nice dark brown eyes. I felt myself getting horny for her.

"Do you really mean that? You really would let me have a try with your mum?"

"Yeh," he responded, "Any time."

"But she might not fancy me," I said.

"Don't be mad," he laughed. "She's always going on about what a great body you've got for a young bloke."

So, it was arranged along the same lines that I had fixed for him.

I went home and tackled mum.

"Look mum, I know what you and Frank are doing, and you don't have to worry about my being around. I think it's great for you, you seem so happy, and I know it's doing fantastic things for Frank, so any time you want to be with him like that, it's okay with me."

Mum took me in her arms and hugged me. She pulled me close to her, and I thought, "No wonder Frank's so wrapped in her, you could get lost in those tits."

At the appointed time, I arrived at Frank's place. We started some pretend homework on their dining room table. After a while Frank made some excuse and left the house.

Frank's mum had been sitting knitting in an armchair and I didn't know how to open things up. I needn't have worried.

"Do you want a drink?" she asked.

"Yes please," I answered. My stomach was tying itself in knots.

She came back and suggested that I sit in the armchair opposite hers while I had my drink.

As she sat down again, instead of her feet being on the floor, she raised them to the front edge of the chair. In doing this, her skirt fell back and the top of her legs exposed. Her pants must have been of the flimsiest and smallest possible. Only a narrow thread passed under her crotch and seemed to sink into her nicely cleft cunt, and on each side exposing some dark pubic hair.

This vision was just a few feet from me, and I swallowed, unable to speak.

She spoke for me. "Look Art, I know what's going on between Frank and your mum, and I'm very happy for both of them. Since Frank has started fucking your mother, he has got much more relaxed and easier to live with. So it's fine, and we don't have to keep secrets about it."

"I know why you're here too, and why Frank has gone out, so we don't need to beat about the bush on that one either. Do you want to fuck me?"

I managed to croak out a "Yes."

She moved to the couch and seated herself in much the same position as before. "All right," she said, but I must tell you, I have some rather special sexual needs, not only the things I like doing and having done to me, but also how many times they are done. Most of the guys I've had were wimps and couldn't satisfy me so I sent them on their way. You're much younger than anyone I've ever had, but if you think you're man enough I'm prepared to see what you're made of. Are you game?"

I had recovered a little, and despite the threatening nature of her speech, I was able to fairly firmly say, "I'm game."

"Good," said Alicia (her name), "Then come over here."

I went and stood in front of her.

"Take off my pants," she commanded.

I slid her pants down her long shapely legs and waited.

"Kneel in front of me."

I knelt.

She spread her legs wide to expose her cunt fully to me. "Do you like what you see?"

"I love it," I replied.

She pulled aside the outer lips of her cunt and said, "Then lick me there, and don't you dare stop until I tell you so."

I licked as commanded, and my mind went spinning, as I tasted her female fluids and smelt her woman's fragrance. I had done this with girls, but somehow this was the real thing. Commanding and demanding she may be, but Alicia is all woman, all sensuous female.

I licked her until she ordered me to stop, and pulling back the hood over her clitoris, she revealed the littler spot which I was commanded to suck.

Again, I had no problem. She was soaking wet by now and so was my face. My cock was hard and throbbing and dribbling precum.

When she had had enough of this she stopped me and ordered me to strip as she did the same.

My head was pulled down to her small, firm breast with their upstanding pink nipples. She didn't need to order me, I knew what to do, and taking one breast in my hand I took the nipple of the other into my mouth and sucked.

After I did this for a while she suddenly said, "Bite me."

I came away from her breast and looked at her.

"I said 'bite me,'" she snapped.

I brought my teeth to her nipple and gently bit.

"I said bite me, not tickle me."

I clamped down hard.

"Harder, harder. Make me scream."

I dug in really hard and she gave a mighty heave and let out an ear-piercing yell, but at the same time, she held my head tight to her breast.

"More, more," she screeched, "Bite my other nipple."

I did as instructed, but this time as I forced another shriek from her I felt a burning sensation as her nails raked down my back. This caused me to clamp on to her with all the power I could muster. It's a wonder I didn't bite her nipple right off.

"Now fuck me, you little bastard," she yelled. "Fuck me like you've never fucked before. See if you've got enough in you to fertilise me."

She laid back and parted her legs. I came over her and entered. Her legs came up to wrap round my back, dragging me deeper and deeper into her. Her cunt muscles flexed around my cock.

She had brought me to such a point of excitement that I could not hold out for long and pumped great gouts of sperm into her, both of us yelling and screaming like mad people.

I lay inside her for a long time, completely overwhelmed by this woman's primitive, earthy sexual lust. Yet now she changed. She spoke softly, stroking my face and hair. That was the best, Art. You are fantastic. Do you think you can cope with me, darling?"

"I'll give it a good try," I gasped.

"In that case, I think I'd better have a word with your mother and Frank. We can clear the air, and get on with the loving without having to try to keep secrets from each other. I know where Frank is, but I expect they're finished by now, so we'll go to your place. But first I think I'd better do something about your poor back where I've torn it.

She bathed the cuts; we dressed, and hand in hand went to my house.

Sure enough, Frank and mum were just in the process of getting dressed.

Mum saved any embarrassment by getting straight into it.

"I know what you two have been doing, and you know what we've been doing, so if there is anything you want to talk about, let's do it openly."

"There's not much to say, Julie (mum's name)," Alicia said. "If you're happy with the situation, then I certainly am. It's understood that we are all free to come and go whenever we want?"

"The boys have been coming and going for years, so I don't see that it's any different, except we now have something extra going on," said mum.

We all laughed.

That might seem to be the end of it, but there was more to come.

One of the results of this sexual arrangement was, that mum and Alicia were much happier and relaxed people, and it seemed to restore to them the pretty looks that at their age they should still have had.

It also had its effects on Frank and I. Before starting sex with each other's mums, we used to go around trying to pick up girls for a fuck. Now we had regular sex we didn't do that any more. We found we got all that we wanted and more from the mums, and we even got to be nicer. One funny way this showed was, that we didn't have to boast about our conquests any more, and we didn't feel as if we were just fucking, it was more like what people call, "Making love."

Yet another result was that being so contented with our sex lives our schoolwork and behaviour began to improve. This might have been in part because now our mums had a bit more control over us. Imagine if your mum could have said

to you, "If you don't behave I'll tell Alicia not to let you have any sex." We might have protested a bit, but I think it added yet more spice to an already spicy situation.

Frank and I never talked in a dirty way about the sex we were having, but from the little we did say, I gathered mum was very warm and gentle, whereas Alicia reveled in pain and bondage. Happily, I think Frank and I got just the sex partners we needed.

All might have continued in this vein, except that when we finished high school, Frank and I had improved to the point where we got very good final reports. This led in turn to us getting jobs fairly quickly, I in the Post Office and Frank in the office of a fence and reinforcing steel manufacturing company.

The government money our mums had been getting, now ceased, and until they got jobs they received unemployment money instead. Neither of our mums had been trained for anything, but they set to and got a few contract office cleaning jobs. This meant that there were fairly good incomes coming in.

It was Frank who came up with the bright idea.

One evening we were all having tea together, and Frank said, "I've been thinking. Now there's good money coming in, why don't we get out of this area and rent or buy a decent sort of place and live together.

This stirred up much discussion, but in the end it was agreed that we could probably live together without murdering each other, we would like to move, and being together, we could each sleep with our chosen lover all the time. It would also work out very economically that way.

Having been poor for so long, we had never had the chance to save anything. We soon found out that we had little chance of getting a mortgage through the normal channels, except at exorbitant interest rates. We did, however, discover that the Government had a scheme for people like us. We could take out a low interest government loan, and this would serve as our deposit. We could then get a loan through a bank, credit union or building society.

The upshot was, that nine months later we were moving into our new house (well, not really new, but you know what I mean).

As we had hoped, we got on well together, and we discovered that our love was a bit wider than we had thought. It was my mum who boldly broke the ice, as it were,

when one evening she came straight out with, "I've often wondered what sex would be like with Art."

"That's funny, I've wondered that about Frank," said Alicia.

A silence followed while we all digested this news.

I broke the silence. "Well, I wouldn't mind trying it with mum."

Another silence, the Frank said, "If Julia wouldn't mind, I'd like to try with mum."

That night we swapped partners.

Mum was lovely. She was very gentle, and wanted to be treated gently. The first time that night we had vaginal sex, but as Frank had broken her into anal sex, the second time we did that. When mum came there were no screams, just little gasps and sobs as she wept with joy.

From the bedroom next doors we could hear Alicia's noisy performance and Frank's howls of pain as, if I guessed correctly, she bit into the head of his penis.

From then on swapping around became the thing, although always it had to be by mutual agreement by us all. We liked and loved each other very much, and our aim was for our sex to be loving and fun, with as much variety as possible.

This led to a further change when Alicia suggested we might engage in group sex.

We were so open about our sex lives now that this was taken up with alacrity.

We had a spare bedroom, so we fitted this out as our group sex room, the floor being covered with large mattresses and cushions.

We engaged in group sex a couple of times a week and this activity began to expand our repertoire.

One night, without any comment, Alicia began to give me oral sex. Frank and I lay watching this performance when suddenly, Frank pushed me over on my back and began sucking my penis. I reached out for his organ and began stroking it, which led in turn to my entering his anus and coming into him. When I had finished, he returned the compliment.

By the time we had finished, Alicia had brought on mum's orgasm, and mum was busy thrusting her tongue into Alicia. Frank and I lay there enjoying the spectacle.

From that time on there were no holds barred. We had no worries about disease, as none of us had sex outside our little foursome. At times we must have looked quite funny, as we tangled together, with penises and nipples being licked and sucked, anuses and vaginas being entered, breasts being caressed and a great favourite, our game of "Ravishment."

Ravishment began by taking four strips of paper, one of which had a cross on it. Each of us took one piece of paper, and the one who got the cross was that night's victim.

The victim was tied usually spread eagle, and was then subjected to a series of torments. The main idea was to bring the victim to the point of orgasm, and then leave them suspended, begging for someone to finish them off. Whenever it was Alicia's turn, we had a great deal of fun due to her desire to be hurt. She ended up with love bites all over her body, her nipples bruised and clitoris sore. We had an extra large dildo that we used on her.

For the males there were one or two exquisite tortures, including one which entailed pushing a ladies hair pin down the little slit at the head of the penis. This was sweetly painful and only stopped when the victim had begged for mercy for a long time.

For we men the end came usually by one of the women using vaginal sex, or, Frank giving me and I giving him, anal sex. The women most often received vaginal penetration from Frank or I, but occasionally the non-victim woman might finish the victim off with her fingers or tongue inserted in the victim's vagina. Once orgasm had taken place, the victim was released.

After we had been in our new house for nearly two years, Alicia announced that she was pregnant. Short of special tests we shall never be sure who the father was, Frank or I, since both us had sex with her. I suppose the real surprise was that it had not happened long before, given the amount of sex we had.

It took my mother another seven months before she could announce her pregnancy. Both gave birth to girls, but the next time around Alicia had a boy and mother another girl.

It was decided that there should be no more children after that, and since Frank and I were now sure we didn't want to mate with anyone else, we both went off to have vasectomies.

We have been together as a group for nearly ten years now. Of course, there have been many of the usual family

arguments and conflicts, but none of us have ever suggested breaking up.

I think there is an all-embracing love between us, and certainly, we have a variety of sexual possibilities that has kept us very content in that respect.

We never set out to form a commune, but I suppose that is what we have done. I am sure the arrangement would not suit everyone, but for those that it does, it offers a very full and satisfying life.

One final point. It may seem odd to you, but we would be most unlikely to admit another person or couple into our circle. Whilst we seem to have no jealousies between us, I think our reaction to another person in our group would be very similar to the wife or husband who cries "adultery."

My Birthday Surprise

It was my thirtieth birthday, and my lovely husband, Ken, had arranged a special evening for me. By the way, Ken is not short of Kenneth, but Kennedy. I think they named him after an airport somewhere.

We were to go out to dinner at a restaurant. This was one of those places that when telling friends about it, you can proceed roughly as follows;

"Darling, Ken and I go to this exclusive little place in a quaint back street."

Sub-text: A grotty little dive in a smelly back alley.

"The food is exquisite, and they specialise in a venison dish."

Sub-text: Be careful what you order you might get food poisoning, and for "venison" read "deer hide."

"They have some very special wines you can hardly get elsewhere."

Sub-text: You can get it at nearly every bottle shop at a quarter the price.

"The place is candle lit and so romantic."

Sub-text: It's kept dim so you won't see the dirt and the stains on the tablecloth.

"The waiters are so attentive."

Sub-text: They look as if they're on some illegal substance and are off in outer space.

"The prices are a little high, of course, but you can expect that in these exclusive places."

Sub-text: The prices are outrageous and we only go there so I can boast to you about it.

I arrived home from work a little earlier than usual, showered, and chose the dress I was to wear for the evening. I selected one sufficiently low cut to keep Ken interested, and besides, I didn't want him straining his eyes in the candlelight trying to look at other women who might be in the restaurant. We had been married six years and still

hadn't got bored with each other, but I don't believe in taking unnecessary risks.

Ken got home just as I started to dress and wanted to give me a birthday treat on the spot, but I said, "Darling, I've just had my shower, and we are due at the restaurant in half an hour." That cooled him off a bit, and he showered, dressed, and off we went.

I have said all I want to and need to say about the restaurant. If you are interested, I can say that Ken did keep his eyes on my thirty-eight Cs. He seems to have a fascination with them, which is, I suppose, rather flattering. However, my main focus is to tell you about what followed.

For some reason, Ken seemed very anxious for us to go home. I assumed that what he wanted was me in bed, and having nothing to object to in that idea, I surrendered to his slight agitation, and complied, arriving home about 10 p.m. My assumption proved correct. No sooner did we enter the house, and I was in the bedroom being disrobed.

At this point things took a turn different from the direction I had anticipated. "Sweet heart," Ken effused, "I've got something very special for you, but you must do what I tell you." Puzzled, I responded, "Okay." With this he urged me to lie down on the bed, and having got me there, produced a

number of cloth strips. "What are you going to do with those?" I asked suspiciously. "Tie you down," he replied.

Now we have carried through quite a few sexual experiments, but hadn't got to the bondage aspect so far. My thought was, being my birthday Ken had decided that it was as good a time as any to launch into this phase. Nothing daunted, and always ready for a new experience, especially lascivious experience, I let him tie me down.

Having secured me gently but firmly he took off his clothes and got beside me. "All very normal apart from the bondage," I thought, "What next?"

Next came the usual foreplay of kissing, breast fondling, nipple sucking and the usual culmination of oral sex with him licking my clitoris. All very nice and acceptable, but still nothing unusual apart from the bondage. But I had underestimated Ken and the situation.

Having got me well and truly going, Ken got off the bed and said, "I think you're good and ready. Be back in a moment," and left the room. "What the hell is he up to? I thought. Has he bought me a new vibrator or dildo or some other sex toy?" I didn't have long to wait.

Ken reentered the room trailing behind him a man. "This is Stanley," he said, smiling. I didn't care who he was. I was shocked and horrified, and started my protests. "Ken, what the bloody hell do you think you're doing, bringing a man, and a stranger, in here with me naked. Get him out and me untied."

"Calm down, love," Ken responded, "Stanley is your special surprise." Well, he was right about one thing, Stanley was a surprise. I looked at the said Stanley and saw a man about forty, on the short side and balding. He said nothing, just stood there smiling.

"Ken," I howled, "How can you let your wife be seen naked like this. Will you get that man out of here and untie me. If you don't I'll scream the place down." This I knew was a vain threat, because there was no one near enough to our place to hear. In any case, Ken just continued, addressing Stanley. "Okay Stan, she's all yours."

Stanley began to strip and I continued to yell my protestations. "Stop this at once, Ken. This is disgusting. If you don't stop it our marriage is at an end." And so I went on yelling and struggling to free myself, totally ignored by Ken and Stanley.

By now, Stanley was naked, and looking at him a wave of horror washed over me. Erect before me was a giant penis. When having sex with Ken we had fantasised about such monsters, but never in my wildest dreams had I imagined something like this. As for measurements, I have no idea, and I think "Enormous" covers the case.

"Darling," Ken said soothingly, "do stop making such a noise or you'll upset Stanley. I don't want to have to gag you." I could hardly believe what I was hearing, and redoubled my screaming protests. "You bastard, what are you doing to me." As good as his word, Ken gagged me.

Stanley approached the bed, and it was then that I realised fully what was about to happen. I had thought this might be some exhibition that Ken thought funny, but no, he was going to let this man fuck me.

Through the gag I tried to beg and plead, knowing what agony awaited me if this man tried to enter me. My own husband was causing me to be raped, or commit adultery, or whatever it was.

Stanley positioned himself with the head of his penis close to my entrance. He had not said one word all this time, and still silent he smiled down at me. I felt Ken's hands pull open the

lips of my vagina, and he whispered, "Relax, darling."
"Relax!"

I had murder on my mind.

I felt the penis head push against my opening. Stanley took hold of my hips and pushed. He was very strong, but for a moment my vagina resisted, then he burst through. I felt as if I was being rent in two. Through the gag I screamed and screamed, while Ken stroked my face and made comforting noises.

Stanley continued to push into me, coming to a stop at the top of my vagina. The halt was only momentary. He gave one mighty heave, I experience pain as never before in my life, and he broke through into my depths. He rested for a few moments, then began moving himself up and down in me. It did not last too long. I had managed to partially get the gag out of my mouth and shrieked, "You bastard, you're making me come."

It hit me like a sledgehammer smashing me into a shrieking, howling, cursing climax. The pain and ecstasy was unbelievable and unbearable. I begged for mercy, but he had none. He went on until he began to erupt into me – great globs of sperm that squeezed between the walls of my vagina and his penis, and flowed out and down over my anus.

As he slackened within me he started to withdraw, and the pain was the worst yet as he finally came out of me. Still silent and smiling he got off the bed, redressed, and then he and Ken left the room. I lay on the bed exhausted, soaked with sweat, sperm, my lubricant and blood. I had come back from hell.

A smiling Ken came back into the room and started to take off the gag and untie me. I struggled to sit up on the bed, and put my arms round Ken's neck and said, "Darling, what a wonderful birthday surprise. Do you think you...we...could..."

"It's all right, sweet heart," he murmured lovingly, "He's pretty expensive, but I've booked him for our wedding anniversary."

After showering, Ken got his reward, but somehow it wasn't quite the same.

Oh well, only three months to the wedding anniversary.

My Country Aunt

Prelude.

The old bus rattled and bumped, twisting and turning its way along the winding country roads. I was on my doubtful way to Rose Cottage. But forgive me reader, before the story begins, I shall relate the background. Not, perhaps because you desire it, but because, as I am now drawing near the end, I want to put on record my own view of my country as it was then, and apprise you briefly of my personal condition.

A Segment of History.

It was England in 1947. The war that had ended in 1945 had left the nation bankrupt and the greatest empire the world had ever known moving toward dissolution. Twice in the twentieth century the country had gone to war and lost not only its wealth, but also that most precious of national assets, some its finest and most intelligent young people.

The joy that victory brought and the visions of the "Brave new world" had quickly faded, and it was as if a grey dust settled over the country. The people exhausted and still strictly rationed in most essential items of food and clothing, with cities in ruins and a desperate shortage of building materials, we had just passed through the bitterest winter in

decades. Coal shortages and inadequate clothing meant wretchedness for many.

It seemed that the spring would never come, the snow extending right into May. Across the Atlantic the "Chromium plated Christmas" had been celebrated. On our side of that heaving body of water we were hard put to find a little extra for the season, and children's toys were few and poorly made.

My personal history at that time was almost as drear as the nation's. I was in the fourth year of my plumbing apprenticeship, and had suffered the foul weather on open building sites as we tried to repair the bomb damage.

But life was worse than that.

If you are among those who say, "You can't die of a broken heart," do not, whatever you do, say that to an eighteen-year old who has just lost his first girlfriend. I was in despair. My parents worried as this pale wraith failed to eat or sleep with the enthusiasm proper to an eighteen-year-old.

But enough of this tribulation.

The Invitation.

In the midst of all this woe, both national and personal, there arrived an invitation to spend what has since become known as, "A long weekend," with my Aunt Nina at Rose Cottage. This meant from Friday until Monday. And now I must try your patience once more with a preliminary description of Nina.

Nina was the youngest daughter of my paternal grandparent's brood of seven children. My father was the eldest, and Nina had arrived late on the scene and was only ten years older than me. I still have old photographs of Nina playing with me when I was three and she thirteen.

During the Second World War she had joined the "Women's Land Army," and been posted to a farm. At the end of the war, she had stayed on at the farm. With the farm job went Rose Cottage for which she paid a nominal rent.

That part of the county is, or was, very beautiful, and has been made famous by the work of the English artist, John Constable. Rose Cottage is set above the valley of a River, but for all its beauty, I had doubts about accepting this invitation from my "Spinster Aunt", as I then considered her.

Never the less, persuaded by my parents who were no doubt pleased at the thought of not seeing my miserable

countenance for a few days, I replied, accepting the invitation.

The Journey.

Today the journey from the London suburb where I lived to Rose cottage would be of no account. In 1947 people like me did not own motor cars, and few even owned motor bikes. My transport was to be by bus. This meant three different buses and about four hours travelling, for what would now be about an hour and a half at most.

I persuaded my boss to let me off early (not easy), went home, threw some things into a canvas holdall, and began the journey.

The spring had come at last and the hours of sunlight had started to make life tolerable. As the bus started to leave the suburbs behind, my woes started to drop behind as well.

After the bitter winter the countryside looked wonderful. Crops had started to peep out of the soil and wildflowers seemed scattered everywhere. I was undergoing that strange transformation that seems to overcome many city and suburb dwellers when they go out into the countryside. It is sort of cleansing or refreshment that washes over you, makes you feel new again.

And so back to the country bus.

Arrival.

Country buses in those days had no particular stopping places. They simply dropped you off at the most convenient spot for you along their route. My bus pulled up at the junction of three lanes, the driver said, "It be just up there," I got out and the bus departed.

I started up the lane the driver had indicated, but my aunt must have heard the bus arrive and was walking down the lane to meet me. We greeted each other with pecks on the cheek and made our way to Rose Cottage about a hundred yards up the lane.

I had never visited Rose Cottage before, but was to learn that it was about 400 years old, and one of its features was a ceiling decorated with plaster fleur-de-lis. This decoration was part of the original cottage, and thought to be very valuable.

The cottage is two storied and I was introduced to my bedroom upstairs. This meant a climb up, not so much a set of stairs, as a ladder extending from the floor and

disappearing through a hole in the ceiling. My bed was a gigantic affair of iron and brass, and if someone had said, "Queen Elizabeth the First slept here," I might well have believed them.

My aunt's bedroom was next to mine and was in any case the only other room upstairs.

Downstairs consisted of one main room and what was called "The Scullery." In the scullery, one did all ones cooking and washing, including bathing. The bath was a large galvanised iron affair that was hung up on a hook outside the back door until required. When about to be used it was filled with hot water from a wood fired copper. As my aunt and I were frequent bathers, that damned copper was always on the go. The toilet was an interesting and smelly affair in a sort of shed at the bottom of the garden.

There was no electricity or gas, so lighting was by means of kerosene lamp, candles or nightlight. The latter was a sort of stubby candle that was generally used in the bedroom and burnt all night, so if you wanted to get up and move around you were not completely in the dark.

My Aunt.

As I said, my aunt was ten years older than I, which made her twenty-eight at the time of my visit. She followed the physical characteristics of our family and was five feet eleven inches tall - which was very tall for an English woman at that time.

I had not seen her since I was twelve years old, so we looked each other over with some curiosity. She made some comment like, "You are a big boy aren't you," and I responded "You're looking well, aunt."

She was indeed looking well. Life in the country had brought out the bloom in her. She was the picture of health clad in jodhpurs and shirt, and being the male that I was (and am), I couldn't help observing that she had no bra on, and her breasts pushed very nicely against her shirt with nipples well to the fore.

Tall as she was, everything seemed to be properly proportioned and in the right place. Facially she was not beautiful or even pretty. I think "hearty" is the right word. She had beautiful skin with rosy cheeks, and unusually for those days, perfect white teeth, except for the family trait of having a wide gap between the two front teeth. She also shared the other family trait of a sort of dark blonde hair and brown eyes.

As I recalled her, she had always been fun loving and something of a comedienne. I was to discover she had not changed in this respect.

One thing about her chaffed the family's interest. Why had Nina never married? Rumours circulated from time to time about a man or men in her life, but none came to marital fruition. In fact, she never has married.

Settling In.

I had arrived in the early evening, and my aunt had prepared a meal, which we soon sat down to. Finishing the meal and clearing up, we settled to a game of cards while the "wireless" played music (no TV then).

During the course of our card-playing aunt made enquiries about the rest of the family, enquiries that soon centered on me. "How is your apprenticeship going? "Do you go out much?" "What do you like doing?" "Have you got a girlfriend?"

I suppose I was somewhat naïve at that time. Certainly, I was not like the sexual sophisticates of today. Thus it was only a long time after, and thinking back on that first evening, I realised that my aunt's questioning, as it got more and more

personal, was directed towards ascertaining whether or not she had a virgin nephew. As a matter of fact, she had.

A First Night.

Around ten o'clock we decided on bed, and after a wash in the scullery we ascended the ladder. Aunt left me at my bedroom door to pass on to her room. I said "goodnight," and she, instead of responding in kind said something that puzzled me. She said, "I'll see what I can do for you," gave a little laugh, and left me.

It was a warm night and so I did not veer from my habit of sleeping in the nude. After I climbed into bed, and I mean "climb in" as the bed was not only gigantic in length and breadth, but in height as well, I lay thinking about the day. My mind ran over the journey, my arrival and the evening with my aunt.

After the fashion of the potent male my mind eventually worked its way toward visions of nubile maidens, bare breasted and willing, and throwing back the bed covers, I sought some self-induced relief.

In the midst of the exercise a voice close to my ear whispered, "That's very naughty, you know." I was shocked into temporary numbness. My hand stopped in mid-stroke. I

turned my head and there, by the light of the nightlight, stood my aunt, stark naked.

I began to say, "Aunt...I...", but she hushed me and said, "It's very naughty when there's someone who would like to share it with you. Move over." She climbed the mountainside of the bed and got in beside me, and went on, "Now let's see where you got to. Oh dear."

The "Oh dear" was related to the fact that my erection had dissipated with the shock of my aunt's arrival. She very softly touched my penis and said, "We'll have to do something about this, won't we?" With that, she began to slowly stroke my organ. She handled me very gently and lovingly.

Again I started to speak, saying, "Aunt, I've never been..." but she cut in sensitively again, "I know, leave it all to me."

A Question for my Reader.

What was your first experience with a woman like? Was it the awkward, fumbling and sometimes painfully frustrating occurrence that can happen when two inexperienced lovers come together? Or was it with an older woman who knew what she was doing? If it was the latter, then I suggest that

at it was probably the sweetest and most memorable sexual event of your life.

To Continue.

My aunt continued to stroke me to full arousal, and once she had me fully extended, she sat across me and slowly lowered her vagina so my penis began to enter her.

Do you recall your first entry into a woman? Is there anything more beautiful, more amazing? As you penetrate that mysterious world of her soft, warm moistness, is there anything that could have prepared you for its loveliness?

I tried in the dim light to see my entry with only limited success. If I have one regret about that first time with my aunt, it was my inability to see her and what she was doing properly. Not that I have any complaint. Full vision came later, and what a vision!

I was not so sexually backward that I did not know how babies were made. We were using no contraceptive method, and of course, in those days contraception was not what it is now. It was mostly unreliable and frequently uncomfortable. A commonly used method was "withdrawal" or coitus interruptus.

Now consider this, reader. Whether you are using some form of contraceptive barrier or not, the real purpose of sexual intercourse is the production of a new creation (baby). Why else when, as ejaculation approaches, does the man seek to thrust deeper and deeper into the woman? Why at that time does the woman use that very word, crying, "Deeper, deeper"? Surely, it is to thrust the sperm deeply into the woman to give maximum chance for fertilisation.

Experts in the field of human sexuality have noted that, a woman is so made as to be capable of being almost permanently pregnant. The male is so made that, once his sperm count has reached an appropriate level, he is ready to fertilise a woman. Thus a healthy male is capable of fertilising two, three, or even four females a day.

Returning to the matter of withdrawal. If you have not used this method, then at least imagine what it is like to withdraw from a woman at the moment of ejaculation. At the very time nature dictates that you penetrate her as deeply as possible, you must pull back. Not a very happy conclusion.

With my raw knowledge of these matters, and as I felt my moment for eruption approaching, pathetic male that I was, I cried out, "Aunt, I'm going to shoot. I might make you..."

Aunt was in charge. "Let it all come into me," she murmured. What wonderful words of freedom. I could behave as nature would have me behave. I was allowed that inestimable privilege of pouring myself into a woman.

Suiting her rhythm to my needs, aunt increased her movements and I fountained into her.

I did not want to separate from her. I wanted the precious moment of my first time to go on forever. As she tried to remove herself from me, I held her tight. She smiled and said, "It's all right, darling, there will be other times." I let her go.

I entered her once more that night, this time taking my position on top of her. I suppose I was a very poor performer, knowing nothing about changing the angles of penetration to give her maximum pleasure, or holding back to extend the time of penetration. As far as I know, aunt did not have an orgasm. She was all giving, making sure that I had the very best possible experience for this initiation.

She stayed and slept with me that night.

What Followed.

When I awoke in the morning aunt had gone from the bed. I could hear her singing downstairs, so I hastily dressed and joined her.

She was clad in a loose white garment reaching down to her knees, and as she moved, I could see the motions of her breasts. The sight started an erection which was further aided towards full power when she came across and open mouthed, kissed me, thrusting in her tongue, and when she broke from me asked, "Have a good night?" and laughed with that throaty female laugh she had.

I somehow managed to get through breakfast without sexually assaulting her. When we had finished she laughed again and said, "Bath time."

We got down the galvanised monster and filled it with water. We stripped off and somehow managed to bathe each other within its narrow confines. I was unable to keep my eyes off her, and at one point she laughed yet again, and said, "Time for the general inspection later, wash me here," and indicated her vagina. I set to with vigour, while she soaped my now throbbing penis.

The bath over we dried each other and during this delightful exercise she announced, "Two things. First, given the situation, and when we are alone together, I think it should

be Nina, and not aunt. Second, hurry up and dry me, because we are off to bed." I hurried.

Once back in bed the promised "general inspection took place." Nina understood that I knew little about a woman's body, her needs, and what gave her the greatest pleasure.

She began with an extension of the early morning kiss in which activity I was able to participate without further instruction. This was followed by the suggestion that I might wish to kiss my way down to her breasts, and end up with a nipple in my mouth.

This done, Nina was wise enough in the ways of aroused youth, to know that I could hardly hold back my orgasm, and rather than have me waste my sperm by gushing it outside her, she suspended the tour, came on top of me, and drew me into her. I came almost immediately.

Nina did not stay with me, but instead climbed out of the bed saying, "Back in a minute." I lay with slackened manhood, awaiting her return.

When she did return it was with a bowl of water, soap, wash cloth and towel. With this, she washed my penis and the surrounding area, which had received her female fluids. I assume that she had also washed her vagina before

returning. I noted, in after times, she always did this when we were to have multiple intercourse. This of course meant that we were always clean and fresh for each other.

One of the things most marked about Nina and sex was that she always made it exquisite. Everything was done to enhance the beauty of the experience, and never once did I hear her use any of the cruder words associated with sexuality.

Sadly, many years after, I found that this is a rare quality, especially now some women have decided to surpass men in the crudity of their expressions. My response to such expressions and the accompanying activity, is, to use modern jargon, "A turn off."

Nina's washing of my penis caused further disturbances in the organ, and as Nina climbed back into bed, I drew her to me and began where we had previously finished, with her breasts. Further instruction saw me kissing my way down to her vagina, which organ lay open to me as Nina drew up and parted her legs.

Of course, I had never seen a woman's sexual organ before. Nina knew this, and there commenced a course of instruction on the general anatomy of this delightful region.

Outer lips were parted and her entrance displayed, followed by a crash course in cliterology.

You might think that such instruction might then, or later, lead to a more casual approach to a woman's body. It has certainly not proved true for me. As much as the female opening is the gateway to paradise, it is also the entrance to an unfathomable mystery. To cheapen this in any way, whether it is the man or the woman who initiates such cheapening, is for me, sacrilege.

With the introduction to Nina's holy place, I worshipped at the shrine with my tongue and lips.

Reversing the procedure, Nina began a full body shower of kisses leading down to my penis, which she began to devour.

Despite having come into Nina three times in the past ten or so hours, I was well and truly ready for her again.

Nina rolled over onto her back, opened her legs to me, and said, "Come into me, darling." I entered her, and this time was able to hold back my orgasm for some time.

It was now that I experienced the female orgasm. I had heard of this phenomenon, but had no idea what it would entail. I was to find out.

As I moved up and down in her, Nina started to give little cries. My inexperience led to think I might be hurting her and I started to withdraw. Nina grabbed my buttocks, pulling me tight to her calling out, "Don't leave me, don't leave me."

Her cries grew in volume and frequency and I increased the pace and pressure of my movements as if by instinct. Finally she wept, calling out, "Oh, my darling, my love, oh God, love me, don't stop, don't stop, aah."

I had not had my orgasm, and she stayed with me, soft, wet and yielding. My orgasm approached as if from a long way off, accelerating as it drew near. I seem to remember that, like Nina, I cried out, "Nina, I love you, I want you," and finally moaned into her, plunging deep inside her, desiring her with my whole being.

I think there can be nothing in this world so enchanting than the climb down from orgasm with one you love. Whether the relationship is one of lust or love is tested by what happens after the climax. With lust, guilt and even disgust follows. There is the desire to separate quickly and depart. With love,

the desire is to linger, and the feelings are ones of gratitude and respect.

Mine were the feelings of love as I stayed inside Nina. She was pressing soft kisses over my face and whispering, "My love, my love." My hand explored her breasts as her nipples relaxed from the tensions of her urgent desires now sated.

As we eventually separated we lay I each other's arms, and slipped into post-coital sleep.

Outcomes.

For the rest of that weekend, Nina and I were wrapped in an ecstasy of love for each other. It was not so much that we wanted to be having sexual intercourse continually, but we could not leave each other alone. We touched and caressed and kissed. We went around the cottage naked, and the beauty and dignity of her body enchanted me.

Monday arrived, and I knew that in late afternoon I had to be on my way home. The thought of parting from Nina seemed unbearable. I was now hopelessly lost in love with her.

Nina was the one who spoke out about our situation. "Darling, we are committing incest. Do you want to go on doing this with me?" I fervently assured her that I did.

Put briefly, it was agreed that I should spend as much time as possible with her at the cottage. This meant weekends and the brief annual leave we had in those days.

This arrangement went on for two years. In order to spend less time in travelling to and from the cottage, I saved every penny I could, and with Nina's financial help, I bought a motor bike. This allowed me to take off straight from work at the weekend, and be with Nina within an hour or so.

It was towards the end of our second year of love, and as we lay in each other's arms after intercourse, Nina said quietly, "Darling, we are going to have a baby."

I was stunned. That I was stunned shows how foolish I was. Through endless sexual intercourse, no contraceptives had been used. Given that there was nothing amiss with our ability to breed, pregnancy had to happen some time. The only wonder was that it had not happened long before this.

What aunt and nephew had been doing together was unknown to anyone. My parents had been puzzled that I spent every weekend and holiday away from home, but

seemed to assume that I was going off fishing, or on some jaunt. The cottage was isolated, so few people saw me around the place, and if they did, and they knew who I was, assumed I was just paying a nephewly visit to an aunt.

For me the real agony of our situation was that I truly loved Nina. Given the choice I would have married her, but the law forbade it. If we had been married, I would have rejoiced at Nina's news that she carried our child within her. But given our situation...?

As usual, it was Nina who broke through. "Love, I don't want you to be unhappy about this, I'm not. You are not to worry, I can handle this, and love doing it. I want this child, and I want you to want it too. No one need ever know who the father is, except us.

I wanted to be very masculine and protective. I had finished my apprenticeship and now received full tradesman's wages. I told Nina I would try to get a job locally and support her and the child financially.

"No you won't," she said sharply. "I've said I can handle things. I don't want any indication that you might be the father, as for money, I can deal with that too.

Then began the first serious argument Nina and I had ever had. She won the verbal argument, but at a later time, I partially won the practical argument.

The child that was born was a girl, and we called her Julia. I continued to visit Rose Cottage but Nina and I became aunt and nephew again, and for the sake of ease, I was "Uncle," to Julia.

Finale.

Having been refused the right to financially support Nina and Julia, I did all I could by way of presents of clothing and toys to help things along. When I was twenty-six an idea I had been nursing for some time came to fruition.

Even after all the years since the end of the war, the country was still struggling. I could see no worthwhile future for myself, and had thought about immigrating to Australia. I put the matter to Nina like this: "We would go together with Julia to Australia, and live openly as man and wife."

Nina put a counter proposition. "You go ahead to Australia, get settled, and we'll join you in, say, about a year."

I did not like the idea, and had I known what was to follow I would have liked it even less. Nina, however, was adamant, and so in the end I agreed.

I spent one last weekend with them at Rose Cottage before I left for Australia. The time was both passionate and sad, and as I went to leave, Nina clung to me, weeping.

After arriving in my new country, I wrote two or three times a week to Nina, then, about nine months after my arrival, I suddenly got one of my letters returned. The claim was that the addressee no longer lived at Rose Cottage, and her new address was unknown.

I was beside myself with anxiety. I wrote letter after letter, all of them returned. I wrote to family members, but none of them knew where Nina was. I did not have the financial means to return to England, so I was helpless to carry things any further.

Then one day a letter arrived. It was postmarked somewhere in the north of England. The letter simply said, "Live your life without me. It is better this way. Nina."

It was as if a close loved one had died. I grieved for months.

Of course, I gradually recovered. In time, I married and we have three children. My wife is the best of women, and we have been happy together.

A couple of years ago, unexpectedly, I received a visit from a cousin I had not seen for fifty-five years. She was visiting Australia as a tourist, and somehow had my address.

We talked nostalgically of old times and in the course of the conversation I asked about Nina. The cousin had news of her. After spending many year out of sight of the family, she had returned to Rose Cottage. She was eighty-two at the time my cousin talked with me, and was crippled with arthritis.

After my cousin left, my mind dwelt on Nina. I confess to you, reader, that in all the years since we parted, and deep in my secret self, she has always been my one true love. Over all the years, I have harboured that love within me.

If my thoughts could fly over the oceans and continents to reach Nina in Rose Cottage, they would say this to her. "I love you still, my darling, until death."

My Freedom Day

I suppose you could say it was all because of my “Freedom Day.” I mean, it happened so simply, so quietly. Somehow I just let it happen as if I’d been expecting it and wanted it.

But let me explain.

My name is Sheri Walker. I was forty years of age when it happened. I realise it is no excuse, but perhaps you will understand if I tell you my husband, Grant, had lost interest in the more intimate side of our marriage to the point where we slept in separate bedrooms. His life was “The Club,” football and work.

We have one son, David, who had recently left high school and got a job with a supermarket chain as what they call a “Management Cadet.” In other words, they were supposed to be training him to become a supermarket manager.

Now the significant point about David working at the supermarket is this; he always worked extra time at the weekends, so he was give time off during the week. It was always Wednesday he had off. Now just keep that in mind, will you?

Grant went to work in the factory at normal times, always having the weekend off.

To make a bit of pocket money for myself, I did some cleaning and ironing jobs for people. All “cash in hand”, as they say, no questions asked, no taxman.

My jobs took place at various times during the week, but there was one day I reserved to stay at home. I called it my “Freedom Day.” It was the day I caught up with jobs around the house, but that wasn’t why I called it “Freedom Day”.

There were a couple of reasons why it was my freedom day. First, in the cooler weather I wore no panties or bras. What a blessed relief to let my breasts swing free and not have my crotch encumbered. In the hot weather, when the temperature soars to forty degrees Celsius and the air conditioner can hardly cope, I pulled down the outside blinds, lock the outside doors, and got around in the nude. That’s an even greater feeling of freedom.

The second reason for Tuesday being my freedom day is that I feel at liberty to masturbate. I need to do that because I am so worked up sexually and I get a dull ache just above the groin.

I have several techniques when I masturbate. One is in the shower, standing with legs spread, fixing the shower massage to pulse and letting the water hit the side of my clitoris.

Another way is on my back, on the bed, with a vibrator. I move it up and down and in a circular motion on the side of my clitoris. Sometimes I need to fill myself and have a dildo handy for the last second so I can contract on something, feels like I'm pulling it in.

The handiest way is when I use a high stool with a square seat that we have in the kitchen. I sort of sit on it with my cleft along one edge of the seat and rock myself back and forth until I have an orgasm. I might use this method three or four times on my freedom day, and use one of the other methods only once.

I was quite pretty when I was younger, but I suppose time had made its inroads. I'm a bit plump round the hips, but when I tried to diet I found my breasts got smaller, so I decided to live with the plumpness. I like to have, as they say in the erotic literature, "Full swelling breasts." They make the blokes turn round to have another look.

So we come to one particular freedom day.

It was a stinking hot day and I was, as I said, naked. I swear I wasn't masturbating or anything like that at the time of the event. In fact, I had something boiling up on the stove, and was washing up some stuff in the sink.

I thought I was safe from the outside world, when suddenly into the kitchen walked David.

Well, when I say "suddenly", I'm not really sure, because I didn't actually know he was there until I heard him say, "Mum!" But it was sudden as far as I was concerned, if you see what I mean.

At work he wore black trousers, white shirt and black tie that the company supplied. In the hot weather he has a habit of getting round the house stripped to the waist. He must have taken off his tie and started to remove his shirt as soon as he got through the front door – to which he had a key, of course. He stood like he was paralysed, staring at me with his shirt half off.

I think I was as numb as he was. He had never seen me naked before as far as I knew, so there we were, just looking at each other, and I saw his eyes roaming all over my body. It was the only thing about him that moved for a full minute.

I tried to speak, but couldn't manage it, and my eyes, like his, were active. I could see a growing bulge in his groin. I didn't need to be a genius to know what that meant; neither did I have to be clever to know what wetness in my crotch meant. We were getting stirred up about each other.

I don't know what he saw in his forty-year-old mother, but by God, I know what I was seeing in him; a very sexy, virile young fellow who had got his share of girls at high school, and whom his father called an "over sexed young bugger." I think he must have got his sex drive genes or whatever they are, from me, because it certainly wasn't from droopy cock Grant.

So, there we were a couple of sex hungry human beings, mother and son certainly, but even more certainly, a man and a woman all worked up over each other.

David was the first to come unstuck. He came across to me finishing taking off and dropping his shirt as he came. He put his arms round me and pulled me close. My breasts were pressing into his bare chest, and he kissed me.

It was a full on kiss, his tongue pushing into my mouth as if it would reach down my throat. I pushed against him and began to swivel my hips, grinding against his belly and

groin. He started to work with me, and he was sort of groaning out, "Mum, oh mum..."

Well, it wasn't going to stop there, was it? When a man and a woman have got worked up to the pitch we were at, there's only one way to go.

I'm not sure who made the move, but David dropped his trousers and got out of them, and I found myself lying face down on the kitchen table with my feet spread on the floor, and David's rod with its crown, searching for my entrance.

I managed to reach down and grasp his shaft and guide it into me. He was bigger than I anticipated and he pushed in deep right against my cervix. I clenched my vaginal muscle and he gave an extra loud groan, and as he began to slide up and down in me I started to sort of whimper.

Can you imagine? I hadn't had a man inside me for years, and now I'd got a very potent young chap going at me for all he was worth. I was flooding with my lubricant and at the time I thought, "I don't care if he kills me with that great spear, as long as he doesn't stop."

I felt it coming. When I masturbate and my orgasm starts to come, it seems like a train coming along the track but at first a long way off. Then it draws close and everything starts to

tremble until finally there it is, roaring through you. You shake and shudder and cry out as you experience what is probably the most pleasurable and powerful experience a human being can have.

I have read many attempts to describe the human orgasm, both male and female, but none of them can ever really convey what it is like. I'm sure I can't either.

If I had many pleasurable orgasms when masturbating, they were nothing compared to what I was experiencing with David. "I'm screaming out, "Deeper darling, deeper," and he's groaning "Oh mother, mother."

Then I feel him start to shoot into me and the yells and groans get louder and his sperm is slamming against the top of my vagina. With Grant it had always seemed to dribble out of him, but David's smashed into me.

Even before he was half way through his ejaculation I felt his sperm, probably mixed up with my fluids, starting to trickle down my legs.

He had grasped my hips and was dragging me to him, and I was thrusting back to get every millimetre of him in.

He gave one last, enormous heave howling out, "Aah," and I felt him start to relax.

I was still experiencing the aftershocks of my orgasm and I said, "Stay with me, sweetheart, just a bit longer."

He was a wonderful lover. He seemed to understand and care about a woman's needs, and stayed with me as long as I needed him, and beyond.

As he slackened in me he spoke quietly, telling me how he loved me and had wanted me ever since he was thirteen and he had seen me in panties and bra. I hadn't known about that, and I thought, "Then why didn't you say or do something, you young idiot."

Of course, there were too many barriers for a young chap to risk approaching his mother for sex. It was only in this situation, with both of us desperate for gratification, that the restraints collapsed.

When he finally withdrew from me, the damn thing on the stove boiled over, so with shaking legs I had to rush over and turn it off. Not exactly a romantic end to a passionate coupling.

We were both shaking from the intensity of our congress and I had to lean on the table to support myself.

Both of us saw and felt what a sticky mess we were. There was also that slightly fishy smell that comes after sexual intercourse, especially one where there has been such a huge discharge of fluids.

“We’d better clean up, David,” I said in a trembling sort of voice. “Come and have a shower with me.”

David put an arm round me, and together we staggered to the shower.

I’m not sure how much David understood the situation we were now in. Had it been an unsuccessful coupling, one in which there was minimal pleasure, we could have no doubt called a halt to further sexual acts. But on the contrary, it had been overwhelmingly pleasurable, and I was prepared to predict that we would not stop now.

Washing each other in the shower got rid of the messy sperm and lubricant, as well as any little doubts I had about the future.

Before I even got around to washing his penis, it was standing up like a huge tower. Nor did I need his fingers to probe my vagina to get me stirred up over him again.

“I’ll have him again,” I decided, and after we dried ourselves I took his hand and led him to my bed. It was the old double bed Grant and I had once used, so this time David and I would love in a bit more comfort.

Once I got him on the bed I said, “Now you’ll pay the price for being so brazen with your mother.”

I pulled his head to my breast and said, “Suck me like you did when you were a baby, sweetheart.”

He was lovely. He sucked and gently nibbled my nipple, all the time stroking my other breast and squeezing the nipple. I could have laid there all day letting him do that to me; in fact he almost brought me to orgasm he got me so worked up. I don’t think I’d ever felt such love for him or anyone, as he played with my breasts.

After a while, still sucking one of my nipples, his fingers began to massage my mound. I felt as if I was going out of my mind and my fluid started to run out of me again, but it was when he began work on my clitoris that I really went into space.

I pushed him on his back and sat astride him and said, "Now I'll really give you something to taste," and I crushed my vagina against his mouth.

Well, he not only "tasted me" he nearly ate me. At one point he bit my clitoris and I nearly screamed the roof off with the pain. He was more careful after that.

I swamped his face with vaginal fluids and still he licked on, thrusting his tongue into my entrance, while a slid and ground myself against him.

I am not sure how long this continued because I'd taken off into space again, but I recall ending up rubbing my cleft down his body leaving a trail of lubricant, and then inserting his shaft into me and dropping onto it.

There was more yelling and screaming and I was asking him to spear me to the heart, and him saying, "I love you, mother, I want to fuck you to death."

Then the train was coming again and I was trembling all over as I beat up and down on him and as I climaxed he gave an enormous howl and shot his semen into me. I pumped

harder and harder, and he dragged on my hips as we tried to get his seed in deep.

I sagged over him as I climbed down from the summit of our union, my breasts touching his chest, and his hands gently playing with them. He said over and over again, "I love you mother, I could fuck you for ever," and I'm thinking, "And you bloody well will my son, if I have any say in the matter."

Once we had reached a more pacific state of mind I thought to ask him how was it he had come home on a Tuesday.

"Ah," he said, "I forgot that they'd asked me to change my day off from Wednesday to Tuesday, so I'll be home on Tuesdays in future."

"That suits me," I thought. "I'll run this boy ragged – make him pay for making me wait all these years."

After lunch we had a long afternoon in bed, playing with each other, speaking of love and our hunger for each other. He ejaculated a couple more times into me, and then it was near time for Grant to arrive home.

Having begun our sexual love life, neither David nor I found Tuesdays sufficient. We wanted to keep our sexual activity a

secret from Grant, and this was made relatively easy because Grant and I did not sleep in the same room.

When David decided Grant was asleep he would creep into my room and bed. These night sessions had to be kept quiet – no howling or yelling – for fear of waking Grant, and given how David and I felt about each other, this was pretty difficult. However, during our Tuesday couplings we could give full voice to our feelings and desires.

All went well for about eight months, but as the old saying goes, “All good things must come to an end.” In the course of one week two pieces of news seemed to signal the end of the good times for David and I.

First, the doctor confirmed that I was pregnant. There was no doubt about the source of my pregnancy. David and I had used no contraceptives, and as another old saying has it, “Be careful what you wish for, you might get it.”

I recalled the times, when we were at the height of our love making, I would beg David, “Fertilise me, darling, give me babies.” He would reply, “I’ll put thousands of them inside you.”

Well, at least one of his little spermatozoons had found its way to my egg, and nature had taken its course.

I knew the risk I was taking with David, but had chosen to ignore it, but now I was not sure what to do. If I chose to keep the child, it would spell the end of what rags and tatters of my relationship with Grant, were left. The effect on David of my pregnancy was uncertain. Many men, it seems, can go on declaring their love and devotion until this moment arrives, then they can't run fast enough.

I considered having the pregnancy terminated, but even if David did renounce me, what was growing inside me was the outcome of love, at least on my part. I could not destroy it. On the other hand, I had heard such dire things about children born of incestuous sex.

The second piece of news came from David. The supermarket people had offered him a promotion, but he would have to go to a distant town.

I saw this as a way of getting him off the scene and away from the impending crisis that would arise when my pregnancy became obvious, so I said, "That's good, David, you must take it."

"I can't leave you Sheri (I was always Sheri now when we were alone). I can't not be with you, I really can't, and after

all we've done and said. I want you so badly. I love you, you know that."

I tried to argue with him, telling him he would find someone else, someone his own age, but my heart wasn't in it. I wanted him so badly.

At critical moments in my life, there was one person I could always talk to quite openly and honestly with, my mother.

She had had a difficult life, bringing up three children on her own. There was Ben, my brother, Sybil my sister and myself. Her husband, Ben's father, had died soon after he was born. Sybil and I were the result of other liaisons my mother had had, and of which we never spoke.

In my time of trouble I turned to her. Now in her sixties she was very wise in the ways of the world, and she listened closely to what I had to say.

When I finished, she sat looking at me intently for some time, saying nothing. We were sitting on the sofa, and she put her arm round me and asked, "Are you going to have the child?"

"I don't know, mum, I really don't know. I want it because it comes from the love I have for David, but you hear such things about babies born out of incest."

"What sort of things?" she asked.

"Oh, you know, they have two heads or they're brain damaged or have some defect or the other."

"Have you got two heads?" she asked.

"No."

"Are you brain damaged?"

"No."

"Tell me about your defects."

"Well, I haven't got...But that's different..."

"Is it?"

“Well of course it is. You...”

It suddenly hit me what she was getting at. “You don’t mean that...?”

“You might as well know now, Sheri, since you’ve entered an incestuous relationship with your son. Who do you think your father is?”

I was dumbfounded. I had to struggle to speak. “You mean, Ben and you...?”

“Yes, he’s the father of you and Sybil.”

“But it’s not possible, I mean, his age...!”

“Least said about that the better,” she said quickly. “Let’s just say Ben was a bit more precocious than your David.”

So that was why Ben had never married nor had a partner, and why he had always lived at home. I had always seen him as my big brother, but now...my father. No wonder he and mother had always been so close.

“Now I won’t tell you what to do, Sheri, but I’ll tell you what happened with Ben and I. When I found I was pregnant, I thought he might make a run for it. Obviously he had to know sooner or later, so I made it sooner. He didn’t run, and you were born. Two years later, we had Sybil. He’s been my lover ever since, and I’ve always made sure he didn’t have to look elsewhere.”

“Even now, mum?”

“Even now. I know a lot of people think that when you get to fifty you’re all dried up. Don’t you believe it, Sheri. If you keep going the old hunger is still there.” She gave a little chuckle and added, “Even at sixty-three, and I hope even at eighty-three.”

She went on, “Look, Sheri, you took your chance with David like I did with Ben. We both know it’s supposed to be against all the rules, but we also know what must go on behind a lot of closed doors. I didn’t want you to marry that slob Grant. I guessed he’d never be able to give you what you need in bed, you’re too like me. You held back for years, but now you’ve stepped over the boundary, you might as well go on.”

She ceased speaking, and sat, still holding me, looking at me intently.

I thought for a while, she said, "Thanks mum. I'm glad you've told me about Ben, and I promise I won't call him "daddy" next time I see him.

We both laughed.

"I think I know what I'm going to do now, mum."

"Good."

The Tuesday following my visit to mum, and after David and I came together a couple of times, I told him about my pregnancy.

He smiled. "We'll, you have asked me enough times to get you pregnant. It rather solves my problem, doesn't it?"

"What?"

"The promotion offer."

"You'll take it, won't you?"

"Yes, and I'll take you with me."

“David!”

“Well, it’s no use you sticking around here, is it? I mean, you and dad haven’t had sex for years and are never likely to. He doesn’t take any other interest in you apart from having you feed him and clean for him. I’ve got a lot more I want you give you, in bed and out of it, so come with me.”

“But David, how would we live? I mean, our age difference and even if you wanted to marry me, we couldn’t.”

“Live as we do now, as mother and son. There’s nothing wrong with a mother looking after her son’s house, is there? After all, Uncle Ben still lives with his mother.”

I decided not to enlighten him on their relationship and his paternal responsibility for Sybil and I. “I’ll keep that to myself,” I thought, “Unless it becomes necessary to tell him.”

I was very frank with Grant, up to a point. I told him I had got pregnant to another man, and I could not live with him anymore. “I’m going with David to keep house for him.”

He didn’t really explode or anything like that, but made his feelings quite clear.

“You didn’t think I was going to have some other blokes little shit living here, did you. The sooner you go the better.”

David went ahead and found a place for us to live and I moved in with him. Just before Meg was born we discussed the future regarding children. I was over forty years of age, and it was hazardous for me to have any more pregnancies.

“You know I’d like to fill you up with babies,” David said, “but you’re more important now. What’s more, I don’t want you to have an operation to stop having children. I’ll have a vasectomy.”

“But David, suppose you want to marry someone younger, someone who could give you more children?”

“I’ll have a vasectomy.”

That seemed to close the matter.

It is now five years since we began to live together, and even if it is not possible for him to give me more babies, it doesn’t mean that he doesn’t regularly do those things that in other circumstances would lead to their production.

Every day is “Freedom Day” now.

He’s a wonderful lover!

My Street Boy

Our street is, as they say, “bottom of the heap,” you know, in distinct contrast to old Frank Sinatra who proclaimed in song he wanted to be “Top of the heap.”

Back some time in the middle of the twentieth century some politicians and town planners decided they wanted to build a sort of Utopia for us down the bottom people. Utopia, “No place,” was about right.

They looked around and found a big flat area and said, “We’ll build our Utopia here.”

In some ways it wasn’t a bad idea. The aim was to build a town in which not only we of the “underclass,” as I believe we are called could live cheaply, but the middleclass would also live here. You know, people like teachers, bank managers, accountants and other professional people. It would give a “balanced community,” they said.

Do you know, it actually seemed to work for a while. As the town was built they put in not only houses, but a so-called “Model Industrial Estate”, schools, town centre, two theatres, and heaps of churches, and lots of other things they thought we ought to have like local shopping areas and open spaces.

The professionals moved in along with us “also rans,” and they started their clubs and charities and all those things that were supposed to take place in the Utopia, and all seemed to be going along quite nicely.

Then after a while the professionals decided that they had given enough to the town and started to move out from the dusty plain and into new houses in and around the foothills, and the town saw no more of them,

That was about the time Ed and I moved in. We had just got married and were very pleased to get a house straightaway. I was only seventeen and Ed was twenty three. The thing was, I got pregnant to Ed, or at least I thought I had.

My mum and dad always told me if I came home with a “bellyful of trouble” I was out. They were almost as good as their word, except they told Ed if he didn’t marry me they’d

report him for having sex with an underage girl. So Ed bit the bullet and we got hitched.

All this happened rather quickly, and it was a couple of weeks into marital bliss when I found I wasn't pregnant after all. I had what I think they call, "A false pregnancy."

Ed was rather annoyed about this and gave the distinct impression he wouldn't have married me if it wasn't for the pregnancy that wasn't. That was a pity because I really liked him, and I could have had lots of other boys if I'd chosen to.

What I really want to get to, though, is that the place we got put in was what they called, "A Double Unit." That meant two small houses struck together, with a party wall so thin you could practically hear the people next door thinking. In fact, as I shall relate a bit further on, you could hear a lot of things through those walls.

In the unit next to us was Glynda. She was single mum with a son called Eric. Eric was about five when I first got to know him and a poor little bugger he was.

Glynda was a peroxide blonde about twenty five years old, and the dark roots of her hair always seemed to be showing. I suppose you could say she was buxom with big boobs that she did her best to show off, much to Ed's interest.

Her interest in Eric was negligible and the poor little kid ran around dirty with a constantly running nose, and when he started school it was disgraceful the way she sent him off there. I don't know where she got his clothes from, but they looked like charity shop chuck outs and never fitted the poor little sod properly.

On the other hand, Glynda and her mate Agnes from four doors down the street often went out dressed up to the nines and little Eric would be left on his own. Mind you, Agnes was a single mum as well, and she had three kids that got left.

I didn't fall in at first what those two got up to, but later I found out. At one stage Glynda had met up with one of those interstate reps, you know, blokes out on the road trying to sell their company's products.

It seems this bloke took her to one of those posh restaurants down in the city, and then spent the night with Glynda. Word must have got around that there was this bird that would open her legs for night out, and in no time she had lots of them knocking at her door.

Nice company cars would stop outside her place and out she'd trot all dolled up, and off they'd go. Sometimes they

wouldn't be back until one in the morning, and then if I was awake I could hear the bloke groaning and moaning through the party wall, and the bed going squeak squeak. Glynda never seemed to make much noise, not like I did when Ed and I did it. The thing was, I don't think Glynda was interested; perhaps she didn't even like the blokes and was only paying them off for her night out.

I think things must have got a bit too much for her, so she recruited Agnes, and then you'd see them both all dressed up getting into the car with a couple of blokes. Sometimes when they came back they'd all go into Glynda's place, and then there'd be a lot more noise.

I don't really know how those blokes could stand being in Glynda's place. I've been in it a few times and after the first time I tried to avoid going inside. The place was a rubbish tip and it stank like a sewer.

I got to know Eric when one day he came to my door saying his ball had come over my place and could he get it. It was a bloody shame. He was a sweet little kid and that was amazing given the way he got treated by Glynda. She'd scream and swear at him and hit him something awful. Then going off and leaving him for hours on his own...well..."

Anyway, I told him to get his ball, and if he'd like a drink and a piece of cake to come in. Well, after that one thing led to another and I got called Aunty Frances and he'd be in my place as often as he could. In fact I often had him spend the night in our spare bedroom rather than have him left all alone while his mum was out whoring.

Glynda had no objection to him coming to my place and was obviously glad to have him out of her way. I even got him a few games and books that were going out cheap at the Salvation Army Op Shop, and he'd sit at the kitchen table or on the lounge room floor playing or reading for hours.

You know, I got to love that kid as if he was my own. I used to wipe his nose and get him to wash. I even fed him most of the time in the end.

Ed didn't care about Eric one way or another but he did start after we'd been married a couple of years, to moan about us not having a kid of our own. This brings me to my life with Ed.

He may have complained about my not being pregnant when we got married, and accusing me of trapping him, but this didn't stop him pounding into me nearly every night. Of course, I wanted a baby myself, so I went off the pill I'd put

myself on when I found I wasn't pregnant, but nothing happened.

After a year or so Ed said there must be something wrong with me so why didn't I see a doctor. I went to see the doctor and he did all sort of things to me and said I was okay, and it must be Ed. Well that really got Ed annoyed and he said, "There's nothing wrong with me, look at all the stuff I stick in you", and he wouldn't go and see the doctor.

I must say my sex life with Ed wasn't what it might have been. I got this book by a woman doctor in California called something like, "Women and Sex." She wrote about a lot of things couples could do so I suggested some of them to Ed.

One of the things I suggested was what the book called "Cunnilingus" Well, I got myself where Ed could see my sex organ clearly and he took one look and said, "Yuk, that looks horrible," and that was that.

As I came to realise, Ed's idea of sex was to shove it in me, shoot his load, pull out and go to sleep. Sometimes if he didn't shoot too quick I got that beautiful feeling, but it was a gamble.

To give him credit Ed stayed around for ten years trying to get me pregnant, and then he gave up. Well he didn't really

give up. What I mean is he found himself a woman with three kids whose husband had left her and said he was going to live with her. "She's already got three," he said, "So that proves she's okay, and I've got to prove that I'm man enough to get a woman pregnant."

There was a lot more said than that, but I don't want to get too sordid. The thing is, he's been with her for five years now and she still hasn't got pregnant.

While all this was going on our street and the streets around us started to run down hill. We came to call our street, "The Dumping Ground." It was here and in the other streets nearby the housing authorities' dumped single parents, poor old people with no superannuation and people who had lived in the better parts of the town but had got behind with their rent.

In the meantime nearly all those people, the professional ones, had gone from the town leaving behind the semi-skilled and unskilled people on low incomes. Things got worse and worse in our street. People were always in debt; the cops often had to come and break up what they called "Domestics", and sometimes fights in the street. The houses, even though they weren't all that old began to look tatty. Mostly nobody had bothered with their gardens, which they used as sort of places to dump unwanted things like worn out cars, and nearly all the cars in our street were worn out.

I'd made a lovely garden and grew my own vegetables and flowers. Ed never lifted a finger to help, and he said it was a waste of time. I suppose it was for him, because he didn't bother with flowers and hardly ever ate vegetables. His idea of a meal was fish and chips.

Even inside most of the houses were a shambles if not filthy, and that was one of the things that hurt when Ed left. I'd tried so hard to make a good home for us, and that's not easy when you live in a street like ours and your husband's on low wages.

So back to little Eric. He started school not long after we moved in. You know what it's like when you first go to school, you bring home pictures you've made and say things like, "I made this for you mummy." Well from what I could tell when he came home with his first picture Glynda took a look at it and said something like, "Lot of rubbish," screwed it up and threw it away.

If I'd been Eric I think I'd have cried my heart out, but not him. I think it all went deep inside with him. After that it was "I made this for you Aunty Frances." I used to have his paintings stuck up all over the place.

As the years went by Eric spent more and more time at my place and when he went to high school it was on my kitchen table he did most of his home work. I almost felt I'd like to adopt him completely, but Glynda was too crafty for that. She got extra welfare money for having him.

Eric had been a scrawny little thing when I first knew him, thin and pasty faced. I don't know whether it was all the food I gave him or what, but he seemed to fill out and get some healthy colour about him as he grew up.

When Ed left me I had to go on welfare money and I tried to get cleaning work, but the way things were there were a lot of other women after those jobs. I got a couple of offices to clean, but that was all. I managed though, but had to watch every cent.

Glynda made me an offer one day. "You're a good looking bird, Fran," she said. "I could help you have a bit of a good time. I'll find you some interstate reps and you can come out with Agnes and me. Free meals and booze in posh restaurants and all you've got to do is open your legs for them. It's a good night out for just lying there. If they ask you to do anything you don't like you can tell them to piss off. I mean, you're not a prostitute, your just being grateful and friendly."

I said “No thanks.” I didn’t add that I still had a bit of self respect, and if any bloke was going to stick his shaft in me it would be because I liked him and wanted him to.

Glynda got a bit nasty at my refusal and said, “I was only trying to do you a favour, still, if you’re too stuck up...”

We left it at that. I didn’t want any rows with her. Let her live the way she wanted to and I’d live my way.

Her years of neglecting Eric and her continuing neglect began to pay off increasingly in my favour. Even though Ed could be a bit of a sod to live with, at least he’d been company of a sort. Mind you, when he was at home he spent most of his time in front of the tele watching sport or soapies, but at least he was there. It was Eric who was my salvation.

As I said, he spent more and more time in my place doing his homework and sometimes helping me in the garden. He didn’t mind eating my vegetables. Glynda and Agnes went out with their blokes more and more often. I sometimes think that every bloke interstate must be a rep because they certainly kept coming.

It’s strange how people can see the splinter in someone else’s eye but can’t see the plank in their own. One day Glynda poked her nose over the back fence and without preamble

said, "Do you know what I caught Eric doing in bathroom this morning?"

I said I didn't know.

"He was wanking. The filthy little bastard was tossing himself off. Bloody little animal." The really vicious touch to this was that it was said within Eric's hearing. Of all the things that boy had suffered at that woman's hands, this must have been almost the worst humiliation at all.

I said nothing but thought a lot. I'd had to do the female equivalent a few times myself and I bet Glynda and Agnes had too. Anyway, the boy was fifteen, nearly sixteen at the time, so why shouldn't he relieve himself of sexual tensions? No harm in it whatever the Vicar says. And I bet the Vicar's has had a go at it too.

What's more, I already knew about Eric's masturbating. He'd been doing it for at least a couple of years. I knew because if the party walls between the houses are paper thin, then they are even thinner between the rooms of the houses. I could hear him gasping and groaning as he ejaculated.

Those who know about these things say that masturbating is not only a response to sexual tensions, but a means of self comfort when there are other tensions you have to deal with.

Certainly that boy had enough tensions to deal with in his life.

I was afraid that after his mother's performance that morning Eric would try to avoid me out of shame. I overcame this by waylaying him as he came home from school.

"Listen, love," I said, "You're not to stay away from me because of what your mother said. I understand the need for young blokes to relieve themselves, young girls too, and not so young men and women. So you come inside with me and we'll have a cup of tea and something to eat."

He sort of leaned his head against my shoulder for a moment and said, "Thanks, Frances. I really love you, you know." (We'd dropped the Aunty by now).

"I know," I replied, wanting to cry. "I love you too, sweetheart."

I sometimes wonder about the way people turn out. I do a lot of reading. Not that I can afford to buy many books, but I use the public library. I remember reading one bloke's book; he was a psychiatrist and he'd been in a concentration camp during the Second World War. He said that the terrible conditions in the camps brought out the worst in some

people and the best in others. "Why that difference?" I wondered.

I've heard that kids brought up in bad homes where they are abused and such like, often turn out to be abusers themselves. But not all of them become abusers. There are kids brought up in terrible circumstances who rise above them to make a real success of their lives, and other kids brought up in what look like the best environments who make a mess of themselves.

So I wondered how Eric, brought up in a lousy home with a bitch of a mother, was turning out to be such a sweet kid. I raise this because when he said he loved me and I told him I loved him, I thought perhaps that was the difference; there was someone who loved him.

When he got to sixteen his mother said there was to be no more school and he could go and get a job. What chance did he have to get a job? In our town the unemployment rate was high for everyone, but for youth it was horrendous. There were kids who had dropped out of school hanging around the town shopping centres all day, lots of them getting into trouble with the police.

If Glynda was so keen for him to get work to bring in some money for her, which was her real motive, why hadn't she

gone and got a job all these years? It certainly wasn't because she wanted to stay home and look after Eric.

This was the time Eric first rebelled. He told her he wasn't going to leave school, and if she tried to make him he'd clear out and find some way of managing on his own. Glynda baulked at this because even if Eric did go on at school she still got welfare money for him. So she shut up and Eric went on at school for the next two years.

It was hard for Eric because Glynda wouldn't pay out for a lot of things he needed for school, and just between our selves I did some of the paying on the quiet. Well, I'd had no kids of my own and Eric had almost become like a son to me, so why not strain the budget a bit for him? I mean, if you love someone that's what you do.

So as Glynda and her mate Agnes carried on with their interstate reps, Eric and I got increasingly close. I don't really know what those blokes of Glynda's and Agnes' saw in them. The years hadn't been kind to them and they now looked like what they were, blowzy tarts.

Perhaps I shouldn't judge them. After all, they'd had their woes and their behaviour was probably a way of getting something out of life, and we all have our ways of doing that.

What I objected too was the way they treated the kids they'd brought into this world. It got so that Eric spent almost no time in his mother's place and more with me.

When he got to the end of his high school years he told me he was going on to do more studies with that TAFE mob (Technical and Further Education). He wanted to be a chef of all things, and they ran a top class course in that.

The only thing was the course cost two thousand dollars. Well, our government is enlightened enough to help out there. The students can learn now and pay later or something like that, and there's a student allowance.

This was when Eric's second rebellion took place.

When everything was added up and taken away, a couple of things became obvious. First, at eighteen welfare payments to Glynda for Eric stopped. Second, on the student allowance, when Eric had paid out for all the necessities, there was going to be precious little for Glynda to get her hooks into.

She told Eric to go and get a job and earn some money or "piss off." He decided to piss off.

After their row he came in to me to talk things over. I knew what he wanted to ask but was too nervous to, so I did it for him.

“Would you like to come and live with me, Eric?”

“Would I ever,” he yelped.

“Then move in,” I said. After all, he’d practically been living with me for ages, so what was the difference?

He looked a bit abashed and said, “I won’t be able to pay much for board,” he said.

“There are other ways of paying,” I unthinkingly replied.

I don’t think he caught the possible shade of meaning, however.

He moved in a couple of days later, much to my pleasure and Glynda’s relief.

Now if Eric hadn’t cottoned on to the possible meaning to my words about other ways of paying, I had. It had been a

long time now since Ed left and I hadn't opened my legs for anyone.

Mind you, when some of Ed's work mates heard he'd left me I got plenty of offers, usually along the lines of, "You know I'd do anything for you Frances. Can't understand why Ed left a lovely looking bird like you," and all that slimy sort of stuff.

It wasn't that I didn't want a bloke. I was still only twenty nine and had plenty of sexual energy, but I didn't want their sort of bloke. I'd liked Ed, that's why I let him do it with me in the first place, but I wasn't sure I'd ever loved him. So if I was going to do anything with another bloke, it was going to be one I was sure I loved this time, and one who loved me, and not one who just wanted to get his leg over.

That said, perhaps you can understand how my mind and feelings began to run when Eric moved in with me full time. He was a nice looking boy that I loved. When we went to bed at night he was just a paper thin wall away from me, and I could hear him masturbating and that got me doing it more than ever to myself.

The simple truth was I loved him and I got to lust for him as well. I knew he loved me, but he'd never made any sort of sexual approach to me, not even by innuendo. So what was I to do?

Being the older by twelve years, I decided that if anything was going to be done, I would be the doer. Eric, if he was interested in me sexually, would probably never make an approach, so I decided not to play any silly games; you know, getting caught in my undies or in the shower, stuff like that. I decided to go for the jugular and get it over one way or another.

He had just finished doing some of his study work and I'd been reading a library book about social upheavals in the twentieth century. He finished what he'd been doing and said, "I suppose it's time for bed."

I jumped in boots and all. "Eric, I've been thinking, how would you like to sleep with me?"

He stared at me for a full half minute, his face flushing. "You're joking, aren't you?"

"No, I said, "If you haven't got it in mind to go to bed with anyone else what about with me?"

"You wouldn't let me, you know...er...er...make love with you, would you?"

“That would be one thing we could do,” I responded, trying to sound hearty. “The other thing we could do would be sleep.”

“You mean you would let me do it with you, Frances?”

I softened down a bit because I could see the boy was confused.

“Darling, if you wanted to make love with me, I should like it very much. Would you like to?”

Oh God, yes Frances,” he burst out with. “I can’t think of anything I’d like more than that. I’ve wanted to for...ever since...ever since I started to...you know...puberty. I get horny just thinking about you.”

So that was what he fantasised on the other side of that bedroom wall!

I got a little jovial again. “There’s another thing about sleeping together, darling; it’s much warmer on a cold night.”

For all his bewildered pleasure he managed a little laugh at that, then rather shyly said; "There's something I should tell you, Frances. I've never been with a woman, sexually, that is."

I went to him and kissed him softly and said, "Don't worry, my love, I can teach you, and once you've learned, it like when you've once learned how to ride a bicycle, you never forget."

Even my little kiss had got the poor boy all hot and up came his young shaft, so I said, "Come on, let's have our first night together."

We went together to the bedroom and I undressed him. He made a fumbling attempt to undress me, but didn't know his way around female attire, so I had to help out.

When he saw me naked he sort of whimpered, "You're beautiful, Frances."

I accepted the compliment without comment, but felt it was just the exaggerated statement of a boy seeing his first naked woman. I'm all right to look at, but "beautiful" is a bit over the top. Still, the Bard did say, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder."

I got him on to the bed and took control. I decided he needed a quick one because he was so worked up. We could linger and learn later.

I sat over him and lowered my sex organ onto his shaft. As he slid into me he was watching and gasping. It was really very sweet to see him so absorbed in what was happening to him, and I was relishing his length in me. As I anticipated a few brisk movements from me and he was groaning with his first spurt of semen into a woman.

Between his moans he kept telling me he loved me so I kept telling him quite truthfully, I loved him. My God did I love him!

As it happened it was just as well we loved each other. In all the years of getting Ed's "stuff" as he called it, pumped into me, nothing ever happened. This young devil must have got me pregnant the first night, or soon after.

Once I got him started he couldn't stop. Over the following days it got to be first thing on waking in the morning, when he came home from the college, then again in bed at night. For weeks it was never less than three times a day.

There was one thing that delighted me as much as anything else. When I summoned up the courage to show him my sex organ, he didn't wince and say that it was "horrible" like Ed had done. He looked amazed and said, "That's lovely, Frances", and made no fuss about using his tongue on me.

When I told him I was going to have a baby he was somewhat crestfallen at first. I was disappointed because I would have liked him to be glad about it. Then I found out he was really worried because it would be at least a couple of years before he could bring in money to support us.

If possible I think I loved him even more for that. Lots of blokes would have grabbed their trousers and run if they were told the woman was going to have a kid by them, but not Eric.

Would you believe it, he asked me to marry him. I told him "No," but he was a determined blighter and got quite insistent. I said I was too old for him and he came back with, "But not too old to have my baby!"

I was on the edge of telling him forcefully that if it was anyone's baby it was mine, or at least ours, and not just his. Then I thought, "He's got to have his bit of male ego," so I let it pass.

Of course we ended up getting married, and as I write its six years on from our first love making. Eric earns big money as a chef. We don't live in that street anymore. Instead we've got a house in the hills along with all those other who fled the town.

Just as well he earns big money; he's got a mortgage to meet plus keeping me and the three children. He's a glutton for punishment though, and wants us to have another baby, but I think I'll pass on that one and keep quietly taking the pill.

On the other hand, he still wants me, not three times a day now, but every couple of days, and it does seem a pity to let all that seed from him go to waste, don't you think?

Incidentally, he cooks us some marvellous meals.

Nancy's Story

Meet Nancy

Let us say my name is Nancy. It is not my real name as I wish this story to be anonymous for reasons that will become obvious.

I was the wife of a minister of religion, Michael, and I had been married to him for six years when the events I am about to relate began.

I was a virgin bride, which, although unusual by today's standards, was I suppose proper for a clergyman's wife. Michael and I had "played around" during the two years of our engagement. He would use his fingers on my vagina and occasionally was able to give me an orgasm. I in turn would rub his penis until he discharged his sperm. Never did we attempt penetration of my vagina.

The early part of our marriage held promise of passion, but after about eighteen months, Michael gradually lost interest. From about three or four times a week sexual intercourse became once a week, then slowly fell away to about once a month, if that.

Michael was appointed as Vicar of a large country town. As time went on he was more and more involved with meetings, committees, and often had to attend seminars, synods, and conferences, some of which took him away from home for a week or more. He was also very popular in the parish, exercising compassionate pastoral care, fine preaching, and always alive with new ideas. In short, Michael was a well thought of man.

I assumed that all this activity on Michael's part had something to do with the collapse of our sex life. I was twenty-seven at the time of the first "event," and still extremely virile sexually. To try to relieve the sexual tensions I experienced I had to masturbate frequently – an activity no doubt frowned upon by the Church.

My days were taken up with organising fetes, bazaars, bring-and-buy stalls, Sunday School and similar non-exciting activities. I loved Michael, but as I saw the years stretching before me, I had a feeling of dread. Was this to be my life? Forever organising these activities and left day after day without fulfillment of my sexual needs?

It Begins

Our house was set alongside the church. It was spacious, with a large garden. Michael had little time for gardening

and it was too large for me to handle on my own. To overcome this we employed a young fellow whom started helping out when he was about fourteen. We paid him for his work, which I suppose added to his pocket money. His name was David and he mowed the lawns, weeded and did other odd gardening jobs.

I would often be working in the garden at the time he was working. He was a nice boy, polite and a little shy. He would rarely speak unless spoken to. He was nice looking with a sunbeam smile and light brown hair cut in a somewhat conservative style. When he finished his work, I would often invite him in for a drink. I would try to overcome his reticence with the usual adult ploys of, "How's school," "How are your parents," and so on. He would answer the questions, but no more. He would simply sit and watch me at whatever I happened to be doing, and when he had finished his drink, bid me goodbye and depart.

Time passed and David had been helping out for four years. He had taken over more and more of the garden, and we found we could leave him without supervision to get on with it. Then one rather hot day David had finished his jobs and, as usual, I asked him to come in for a drink.

We sat at the kitchen table with our drinks, and I tried to make conversation. This time I came up with a question I had

never asked before – "Do you have a girlfriend?" He tensed for a moment, then looked away and said "No."

I thought it odd that such a nice looking boy should not have a girlfriend, so I pursued the matter. "Don't you like girls?" Still not looking at me he said, "I suppose they're all right." "That's not very flattering to me," I chuckled. "Sorry, I didn't mean to be rude," he mumbled. Still thoughtlessly pursuing the matter I went on, "Wouldn't you like a girlfriend?"

It was then that I noticed something that distressed me. There were tears in David's eyes. Embarrassed I asked if I said something to upset him. He said I hadn't, but there were still the tears. "What is it, David?" I asked.

He sat staring into space for about two minutes, then said, "It's silly really, and I don't think you'd be interested." I assured him that I would be interested if he cared to tell me what was distressing him. "After all," I said, "What are friends for if not to listen to each other's problems, and help if they can. So if you want to, tell me."

Again, he paused, making up his mind whether to say anything or not. Then as if something had been released inside him, speaking rapidly he said, "I don't have a girlfriend because girls don't like me."

My protest broke out before I could stop it: "That's ridiculous. A nice looking boy like you..." I stopped and looked at him. When you have known someone for several years and see them regularly, you hardly notice the changes that have taken place in them. I suppose I still had the picture of David when he first came to us as a boy, in my head. Now, as I looked at him, I saw the truth of my words. He was all of six foot and probably still a little growing to do. The promise of good looks was being fulfilled. There was none of the pimples and pockmarks suffered by so many in youth, and he was well muscled for his age. Every girl in the town should have been pursuing him.

He looked at me and murmured, I don't think it's got anything to do with looks, good or otherwise." Quite a long speech for David! I felt myself impelled to ask, "What has it got to do with, David?" In the same low voice he responded, "It's just me. I think I'm different somehow." "How different?" "I like different things." "Tell me."

"Well," he began hesitantly, "I don't like the same music they like, I don't care for their dances and I don't like the dirty conversation and swearing a lot of the girls use now. They seem grotty and slutty somehow. They seem ready to have sex with anyone – they don't care – they don't have any self-respect."

"But they can't all be like that," I protested. "The ones I meet around here seem to be," he replied.

I was at a loss for a moment. I was very aware of how young and not so young people, behaved sexually these days, but here was a young man looking for something different. I thought I might get him to open further so I asked, "What sort of music do you like?" "I suppose you'd call it 'classical,'" he said. I could see the problem. The town in which we lived did not seem to possess a very large population of classical music lovers.

"They make fun of me about it, and the fact that I love art and drama," he went on.

Yes, it could be very lonely for him I could see that. He now began to talk as he never had before, explaining how much he wanted to share his interests with someone, male or female. How sharing them added to the pleasure. All this I understood. At one time, Michael and I shared these things, but now Michael was always too busy. The women I met through my activities were more concerned to talk about the latest sit-com on television than anything else. I could sympathise with David in his cultural dilemma.

I said to him, "I love classical music as well." "Yes, I know," he said, "I've heard you playing some of your CD's when I've been working in the garden."

I told him of my wish to share this with someone, and how difficult it was in our town. I then said carefully, "Do you think you could share with an old lady like me?"

"Your not really old," he said, and smiled for the first time. "Not more than thirty," he added. Not very flattering since I was only twenty-seven, but I let it pass, returning his smile.

So, it was agreed. Next day David would bring one of his CD's to play, and I would choose one of mine, and we would make an afternoon of it. It was Saturday and Michael was away on one of his interminable seminars, so there was no one to disturb in the house.

A New Factor Arises

As arranged, David arrived promptly at 1 p.m. with his CD. We went into the lounge and began with his music. It was Shostokovitch's 8th Symphony. A bit too ferocious and noisy for my taste, but we sat on the sofa together speaking little except to comment occasionally and briefly on particular passages. When the symphony came to an end, I ascertained

that David's liked an occasional glass of wine, so we sat for a while sipping white wine.

I then played my CD that was a Bach concerto. This time there were no comments. David sat in wrapped silence. When the work finished David let out a long sigh and said, "That was beautiful." He then added in a low whisper that seemed almost forced from him, "Like you."

I wasn't sure if I was supposed to hear that remark, and in anycase, I was too startled to respond. Michael, during our courting days, had paid me all sorts of compliments, but never had he called me beautiful. And now here was an eighteen-year old boy – young man – paying me the compliment many women long to hear.

So ignoring the remark, I invited David to have another glass of wine. He assented, and in the now growing darkness of evening, we sat chatting about the music we had heard and about other pieces we might share in the future.

David had now loosened up considerably – perhaps it was the wine or maybe a growing confidence in my company. I decided to extend our time together, and asked if he would like to stay to dinner. He accepted with gratitude, as his parents were away for the weekend, and he would have to prepare his own meal if he went home.

I put together a meal of sliced ham and salad and opened a bottle of red wine. Perhaps the red wine was a mistake. As the meal progressed David got increasingly voluble, talking about the music and paintings he admired, and how he used the money he earned doing our gardening to buy CD's and books. His manner was such as to make me feel that what he was saying was a cover-up for something else he wanted to say.

Finally, after about his third glass of wine, out it came. His precise words now escape me, but it poured out something like this, "There's something I want to say to you – I know you'll hate me and never want to see me again – but I've got to say it. If ever I have a girl friend, I want her to be like you. Ever since I started to do your gardening, I've lo...admired you...I've wanted to ...be near you. I've...You're lovely...so beautiful and kind, and..." He stammered to a stop.

I was dumfounded. What I had just heard was a declaration of love. It couldn't be interpreted any other way. But what sort of love? A boy's or a man's?

David rose from the table and muttered, "I'd better go." He started to leave, but my female ego made me stop him. "No don't go yet," I cried. "Let's talk about this. We can go back to the lounge and be comfortable."

He hesitated, then agreed. This time I didn't sit beside him on the sofa, but sat opposite observing him. He looked crushed and ashamed, and said, "I suppose you must loathe me."

"Not at all," I said gently, "To hear those lovely things said about me is very flattering. I have no reason to loathe you, on the contrary. To have a man many years younger than I say he finds me beautiful is very complimentary.

"But... you're... the Vicar's wife," he stammered. "I'm afraid that doesn't make me any the less susceptible to compliments, David," I replied, "I hope that won't make you think any less of me."

"Never," he whispered, looking at me with such deep longing I felt my heart go out to him. I am not naïve. I understand the powerful emotions that young men must deal with. As David gazed at me, I saw that it was not a boy's love that I had to deal with, but a young man longing – lusting – for me. I could see the swelling in his jeans and knew what that meant.

This was the moment I should have said goodbye to him. I didn't. I sat there trying to come to terms with my own

emotions. At the sight of his growing erection, I found my panties starting to get wet.

I am afraid that I am the sort of person who likes the cards face up on the table. I don't like those situations where people are saying one thing and meaning another. I decided we should be clear what we were talking about.

"David," I said, "let's be completely honest with each other. I gather from what you said, and from what I can now see, that you want me sexually. We may never have this moment of openness again, so I will put it to you clearly. Do you want me?"

David was stunned. He had not expected such a blunt confrontation and probably was not sure if I was about to berate him. He started to shake with emotion. I repeated my question; "Do you want me now? You have only to answer yes or no."

I decided to reassure him, to give him the chance to answer with truth about his desire and feelings. "Whatever your answer, I shall not loathe, reject or hate you."

"It would be adultery," he muttered.

"David, I know what it would be if we had sex, but at least answer my question."

He hesitated for another moment, then blurted out, "Yes, I want you."

"Can you stay with me for the rest of the evening?" I asked quietly.

"I have to feed the dog."

"Then go home and feed the dog. You can take the time to decide whether you will come back or not, and I can decide what is going to happen if you do. I shall wait for you."

The Event.

I had spoken out clearly – almost callously – but I have always needed to have the truth of things out in the open. Now I waited, wondering if David would return. If he did, from my point of view the die was cast. Despite that certainty, my emotions were in turmoil. There had only been one other sexual partner in my life, and he had lost interest. The thought of a second partner presented me with a challenge that I was not sure I could handle properly.

If it had been a man with sexual experience it would not be so daunting, but I was almost certain David was a virgin, and I had to make his first experience a lovely one – one he would always treasure. Perhaps it should be with a girl of his own age, but it was me he wanted now, and I had to admit to myself that I wanted him.

I took a shower and put on a rather flimsy wrap. I waited half an hour – three quarters of an hour – his house was no more than ten minutes away from ours. Why was he so long? My frustration increased. I wanted him so badly by now, why did he not come to me?

An hour passed, and my frustration began to turn to anger. He would not come. What an idiot I had made of myself, offering sex to an eighteen-year-old boy. I waited another fifteen minutes, and decided that he was not going to turn up. I went to the bedroom and was about to climb into bed to masturbate, when the doorbell rang.

I raced to the door. David was there. He stood for a moment looking at me. My breasts were prominent in my garment and my nipples stood out through the material. Suddenly he groaned and pressed himself to me. Closing the door, I led him gently into the lounge.

"Sorry I was so long," he said, but I had to feed the dog, and then I took a shower. I also had to think."

"And you've decided?" I asked.

"Yes."

"So have I. Come with me." I led him into the bedroom.

I began to undo the belt on his jeans. He backed off from me. "I've never... I don't know what..." "It's all right," I murmured, "Don't try to do anything this time. Leave it all to me." He relaxed and I finished taking off his jeans and shirt.

I could see there would be no need for foreplay. He had a full erection. His penis was perhaps slightly bigger than Michael's. Only about half an inch longer, but considerably thicker. The head was wet with precum.

I took off my nightie and stood naked in front of him. I saw his eyes take me in, roaming over my breasts and the little v of pubic hair. "You're so...so...so lovely," he moaned. "All the times I've imagined you naked it was never as exquisite as you really are."

I pressed him to me. I was only a couple of inches shorter than David and his penis pressed against my lower abdomen. By now, my female fluids were starting to run down my thighs. I knew that David, especially it being his first time with a woman, would be unable to hold back for long in ejaculating. That sort of restraint has to be learned over time. So rather than have him ejaculate before he had even penetrated me, I led him over to the bed and carefully got him to lie down.

I lay beside him and said quietly, "Don't try to do anything, darling, leave it to me. Just lay on your back and relax if you can." I moved over and sat astride him nuzzling the tip of his penis against the lips of my vagina. He groaned as I did this.

Now I had to be careful. Never having had a baby, and only ever having had Michael's smaller penis in me, I was still tight. I was well lubricated, but wondered if I would have much pain taking David's larger organ into me.

I spread my legs as wide as possible in that position, put my hand down and guided David's penis into me. I took it very slowly, letting my vagina get used to the extra size. There was no pain. I lowered myself onto him until I had the full length inside me. All the time David looked at me entering him and gave little cries of ecstasy – "Ohh...so wonderful...I never thought it...ohh."

I began to move up and down on him, gradually increasing the pace. As I thought he would, he came quickly. Suddenly he grasped my hips and dragged me down onto him, trying to force his length deeper into me. This I knew was the first thrust of his orgasm. I felt the first spurt of his sperm pump into me and he released my hips. I matched my movement to his spurting, thrusting down with every new convulsion. He cried out as he came; "O God...Oh God...so long...I..." I thought he would never stop flooding into me. He released into me the pent up frustration of a young man, now at last with the woman he had fantasised about for so long, and finding it more wonderful than he had ever imagined.

At last, with a final cry of "Ahh, " this riot of passion ceased. I sat across him with his penis still inside me. I had not cum myself and hadn't expected to. My focus had been entirely on making sure David had the best possible first time sexual experience.

I sat with him inside me for some time, waiting until he grew slack before withdrawing. As I did so, he gave a moan. We lay side by side for about half an hour. Then David moved to sit on the edge of the bed. "I suppose I'd better go," he muttered. Without hesitating, I spoke out my inner desire. "Stay the night with me, darling."

He turned and looked at me. "You really mean that?" "Of course I do." Without another word, he returned to my side,

snuggling against me with his lips close to my breasts. He spoke quietly with great depth of feeling in his voice. "Whenever I've masturbated it has always been you I've pictured. As I shot, it has been you I was doing it with. But it's been far more wonderful than I would ever have imagined. I don't think I could ever get enough of you."

Only ever having been with Michael before, I was used to him rolling off me and going to sleep without another word. I must have thought all men behaved like that after sexual intercourse. David continued the loving even after his sexual need was satisfied – or was it? Even on our first night, Michael had managed only once. Were some men able to achieve more? I was about to find out.

Where we lay in the bed, it was soaked with David's sperm that had gradually rolled out of me, and my own lubricants that had been profuse. With a laugh I said, "If we are going to spend the night in this bed, I think we'd better change the sheets and take a shower."

We got out and I remade the bed, then we went off to shower together. I had plans for David's next lesson in love making, so I concentrated on thorough washing of our genitals. I need not have worried about his ability to perform again. As I massaged his penis, it rose rapidly in my hand. I smiled at him; "I think we should dry each other, then I'd better attend

to this." I gave his penis a gentle squeeze. He moved to press against me, "In a minute or two," I added.

We dried and returned to the bedroom and lay down. This time I conjectured he would be able to hold out longer, so I began some foreplay. I took his penis into my hand and began to slowly stroke it. At the same time, I began to kiss him. At first, gently on the lips, but gradually forcing his mouth open to insert my tongue. He learnt quickly and soon his tongue was exploring the inside of my mouth.

Now came the first real step. I drew back from him and took his hand. I moved it down to my vagina. "Put your finger inside me." He did so. "Now two fingers." He obeyed. "Now try three fingers, but gently, darling." Three fingers entered me and I asked him to move them in and out. At the same time, I continued to massage his penis very slowly. After a while I moved away from him again, and then leaned over him so my breasts brushed against his face. "Suck my nipples," I ordered. He made no hesitation about complying. He began with my nipples but was soon taking in a large part of the breast. It was as if he would eat me. "Darling, gently bite my nipples." His teeth closed over one of my nipple and began to nibble it. "Darling, bite harder." His teeth clamped down firmly. I gave a little scream and he released me quickly. "No, darling, don't stop. Harder." He bit savagely and I clung to his head crying out."

Now was the time to take the big risk. This might be the only time I would have David, so whatever happened tonight, could be the sum total of our love making. I would take the chance. I moved to the side of the bed and sat on the edge. "Come and kneel in front of me, my love." He knelt. I drew up my legs and parted them so as to give him the full view of my vagina. So far, nothing we had done had allowed this. Now he gazed with a look of wonder on his face.

I moved my hands down and pulled aside the lips of my vagina so as to expose it totally to him. He was breathing very hard.

Some men are revolted at the sight of a woman's sexual organ, Michael certainly was. Would David be repelled? I took the next step. "Would you kiss me there, my love." Without hesitation he leaned forward and pressed a kiss against my organ. He did not withdraw, but continued to kiss it. "Darling, put your tongue inside me and lick me." I felt his tongue flash into me. I cried out with delight and he increased the speed of his licking thrusting his tongue in deeply. I grasped his head and held in tight. Then I pushed his head away so he once more had my vagina in full view.

"There is one special spot a woman has," I told him, "that is very sensitive to sexual excitation." I pulled aside the hood that covered my clitoris. "It's just here." I touched myself. "Put your finger on it." He reached out a finger and gently

touched the clitoris. "Just gently move your finger round it." He did so.

I let him play with my clitoris for a while then said, "Lick it for me." His head came forward and his tongue found the sweet little place. My female juices were flowing freely and David's face was wet with them, but not for a moment did he hesitate. "Suck me, my love, suck me. Lick me all over, oh my God..." I started to shake, and knew my orgasm was coming. I was screaming out, "Don't stop...oh my God...don't stop...please don't stop...oh yes, yes, yes...ahh." It had burst over me, this orgasm like I had never had before. It shuddered through my entire body and I was dragging David's head into me. I screamed and wept with the power of it. I was soaked and David's face was covered with my wetness, but he continued to pump his tongue up and down and in and out of me.

Then this upheaval slowed and I began to climb down. I moved David's head away from me, but took his hand and rubbed it against the outside of my organ until I finally subsided. I fell back on the bed and David came beside me. I was momentarily overcome, and he seemed to sense this, and made no move to touch me.

After a few minutes, I turned to him. His face was soaked and it had flowed down his neck onto his chest, so great had been my discharge. I laughed and said, "What a mess we are.

I think a bit of a clean up is in order." We went, or rather, I staggered, to the bathroom. I washed David's face, and gave my crotch and thighs a good cleansing.

David still had a mighty erection, and I knew we had to do something about that. We returned to the bedroom. We lay on the bed and once more, I began to stroke his penis and kiss him. After a while I moved down and took his penis into my mouth. This caused him to once more cry out, and he groaned and murmured as I sucked and nibbled him. Soon I felt his orgasm approaching, and having become thoroughly aroused myself I moved up the bed, lay on my back and spread my legs. "Take me, darling," I pleaded.

He came over on top of me. I took his penis and inserted it into me. It slid in easily to its full length causing me to cry out with love. Then for want of a better, I used a word I had never uttered before. "Fuck me, my darling. Fuck me to death. Kill me, but fuck me. Don't ever stop. Please, please, don't ever stop."

David began to pump up and down in me. He responded to my words: "I've wanted you for so long. You don't know how I've wanted you. I've longed for you day and night. I've wanted so much to fuck you. I've dreamed about fucking you night after night."

Tears were streaming down his face. All his longings, loving and lusting had come to fruition, and his tears were those of love and gratitude. I was swept up in his emotions and then I felt his orgasm coming and with it my own. He thrust down into me and I was screaming out once more, "I want you...I need you...don't stop...don't ever leave me." And his cries joined mine: "I love you, I love you for ever, I want...you...ahh, Oh God..."

We lay together for a long time. His penis becoming slack, but unwilling to leave me. I could have lain all night with him inside me, so great was the love and desire I felt for him. Eventually we parted and lay side by side. He murmured words of love into my ear. "My darling, my love, I want you so much. I've always wanted you, and now, more than ever..."

And so he went on, and I began to consider what I had unleashed in this lovely young man. Had I done right? Should I have stopped this before it started? What would be the consequences? I fell asleep wondering.

I woke with a start. I had forgotten it was Sunday, and the Vicar's wife was expected to attend morning service and carry out her Sunday School duties. David was still asleep, so I left him, once more washed away our love making, dressed and prepared breakfast.

By now, David was awake. He came in for breakfast clad only in his underpants. During breakfast, he wanted to talk about the night, and what was to happen now. I pointed out that I had to hurry off for the morning's activities, but arranged for him to return in the afternoon, when we would talk.

David was not too happy with this, but had to accept it. He too usually attended morning service, so he dressed and hurried home to attend to his dog and get cleaned up and changed.

How I got through the morning, I'll never know. Fortunately, my Sunday School lessons were already prepared, and I was glad that the visiting celebrant did not preach on, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." I was all too aware of David sitting in the congregation, and I don't know whether I should have laughed or cried if that had been the subject.

I went home, prepared and ate lunch, and then waited for David to arrive. By 2 o'clock, he was at the door. We went into the lounge and sat opposite each other. He did not look at me.

Neither of us seemed to know what to say, but I supposed that being the senior, I had better make a start. "David," I began, "Last night I committed adultery with a young man

nearly ten years my junior. I accept the full responsibility for that. I could have stopped it, but I didn't. What I would like you to know is, that I can feel no regret for myself. I had the most wonderful time with you. I felt and feel fulfilled. Have no doubt that I love you, and that what we did was deeply sincere on my part. Given the choice I would do it all over again. Now I would like to know how you feel."

He looked up. "Last night, while we were...er...doing it...er...making love, you said you wanted me for ever. I said much the same to you. Was that just the sex talking, or did you mean that?"

"I can say it to you now," I replied. "So can I say it to you," he said firmly. I picked up this theme. "David, you know the difficulties we would face in an ongoing relationship. In two days time my husband returns. I certainly don't want him to know what we have done. The pain would be too great for all of us. I love you, but I will not expose us or Michael to a knowledge of that love."

"I knew you'd feel like that," he said miserably. "Now I suppose it's all over?" "That's up to you, David." "How?" "If you are prepared to accept limitations on our relationship, we can continue to have something together. If those limitations are more than you are prepared to accept, then we shall have no relationship that includes sex."

"What are the limitations?" "First, no one must ever know about our relationship beyond ourselves. Second, as far as Michael is concerned, you come here to work in the garden, and to share some of your music with me. Third, sex will only take place when it is absolutely safe for us to do so – when my husband is away, for example. Fourth, when the time comes and you find a girl of your own age that you want to be with, you will tell me frankly, and we cease to make love. Fifth, if at any time I find it necessary to end our relationship, you will accept it without making any trouble. I have great faith in your character, I know if you say yes to this, you will stick to it. What do you say?"

There I was again, chucking the whole lot bluntly at the poor chap, the results of my late night cogitation. He sat in silence for a while, then looking at me said, "I accept, with one qualification." "What?" "Your fifth point. If you ever decide to end it, you will tell me why?" "Of course."

It was agreed, and I had committed myself to carry on with this affair. We both sat for a long time probably exhausted by the emotional cost of arriving at this decision.

We had both been sitting in separate armchairs, but now David stood up, came across to me and raised me to my feet. Very tenderly, he half carried me across to the sofa. He lay me down and stripped me. He then took off his own clothes.

No word was said as he began a strange ritual. First, he kissed both of my feet, then my calves, thighs, belly and breasts. He went on to my neck, chin, lips, eyes, and the tip of my nose, forehead, and then the top of my head. It was all done very slowly, almost reverently. But he had not finished. He turned me over and parted my firm buttocks. I felt his lips touch my anus. I almost balked at this. This was a forbidden area with Michael, and it was only much later with David I learned the joys of anal sex. He went on, kissing me three times on the spine. Finally he turned me on my back again, parted my legs and kissed my vagina.

He paused for a moment, then oh so gently entered me with his penis. There was no violent passion, just a soft, sweet movement up and down inside me. He came quietly, giving out only a single gasp, lay inside me for a while, then withdrew. He re-dressed me, put on his own clothes, and said, "I shall go back to the house for a while. I'll return in about an hour if that's all right?"

I nodded without saying a word. I was completely dazed by what had happened. David kissed me on the lips and departed.

I was trying to work out what this almost religious ritual had meant – so slow and solemn it had been. Then it hit me like a lightening strike. He had taken possession of me. He had claimed me for himself. Where I had laid down conditions,

he had carried through a profound act of love. A boy – man – years my junior, had carried through a marriage ceremony far more intense and expressive of deep love than any which could be had through Church or State.

He came back within the hour. We made wild, passionate love that night.

And it Came to Pass.

My story could have ended for you with that night, but I thought you might like to know what followed, as it has it's own strange outcome.

I had heard that most affairs last a matter of nine months at the most. Not mine. After five months of frequent love making with David, what I suppose was inevitable happened, I fell pregnant.

This involved a difficult complication. Oddly, soon after I had begun my affair with David, Michael started to become more sexually interested. From his once per month or less approaches, he wanted me at least once a week – sometimes twice. Perhaps my love making with David somehow made me more generally desirable. It did mean that at times I was having sexual intercourse up to six times a week. This was no problem when I was with David, whom I could have

accepted twice as often. With Michael, it was a bit of strain, as it was now I who had gone off him.

In fact, this increased interest on Michael's part once led to a rather odd situation. One day, during school holidays, David had been doing a bit of gardening, then came in and we made love. Michael was away all day and was not expected home until late evening. Three times David took me that afternoon and evening. Then a few minutes after he had gone, Michael arrived home unexpectedly early. I had only had time to replace the soaked bed sheets and put on a light dressing gown, when he walked into the bedroom. I had not even had time to shower or remove David's sperm and other remains of our lovemaking.

Completely out of character, Michael decided he wanted sex. He pushed me onto the bed, took off his trousers, and entered me without preamble. I thought he must notice something. My vagina was soaking wet with sperm and my own fluids, and there must have been the after smell of love making on me. Michael noticed nothing. His only comment was, "You're very slippery." Nothing more. It was a lucky escape and fortunately, there was no other occasions when sex with David coincided with Michael. On every other occasion, there were a few hours between them.

That, however, was the lesser problem. My difficulty was, knowing whom the father of my child was. Michael and I

had never used any contraceptive method, and in fact, it may well have been my inability to get pregnant with him, that first caused him to lose interest. With David, neither he nor I used contraceptives. So, who was to be daddy?

Fortunately, between the three of us we had sufficient of the right hair and eye colour, together with other physical features, for this not to be a problem. It was only if Michael insisted on more sophisticated tests the truth would become known and what that truth might be I could not be sure. But as it did not occur to Michael that any one else could have got me pregnant, the question of tests was purely academic.

Michael was delighted, and oddly, he once more lost interest in me as a sexual being. With David, I continued to make love as close to the time of birth as possible. Even after that, I would relieve him either with my hand or with oral sex.

The child was born, a boy whom I named Paul, and I knew almost instinctively who the father was. In fact, I had been fairly sure all along. I felt I could almost pin down the night David made me pregnant. It was one of our very tender nights, when we made love long and slowly and our orgasms coincided, with a tremendous flood of sperm pouring out of him. As the years passed, to me, it became increasingly obvious whose son Paul was. When David came to see me in hospital after the birth, he simply said, "I now have a son."

When I had recovered from the birth David and I continued our love life. Michael also bestirred himself once more, and pressed his sexual attentions on me. So, I was back to five or six intercourses a week. The result, another pregnancy. This time, a girl, and David was able to say; "Now I have a daughter." After the birth the doctor told me, "I'm very sorry Mrs.Fowler, but I'm afraid you won't be able to have any more children, and accompanied this with a long and detailed explanation to Michael and I that left us more bewildered than enlightened.

Michael now ceased all sexual contact with me. He departed more and more for vague seminars and conferences. David and I were now three years into our relationship. Against all expert opinions, we were as passionate as ever. If anything, our love for each other had deepened. But it was now harder to find a time for love making with two children round the house. In addition, David was now at university studying chemistry so he was away in the city most of the week, which made things even more difficult. Still, we came together whenever we could.

The Finale.

There came the time for David to graduate. He did so with honours, coming out top of his year. This led to another turning point in our relationship.

David came back to our town for a month. One evening, after the children were in bed, and Michael was at one of his endless committee meetings, he came to see me.

After kissing me, he started in without preamble (the years had changed him when it came to speaking out).

"I have two important things to tell you, and one thing to ask you." I sensed a crisis. "While I was at university, there were two girls I had sex with. You can kick me out if you like, but I had to tell you." I said nothing. "I want you to know that it was pretty hopeless. I had to pretend they were you so I could cum, and afterwards I felt nothing but miserable guilt."

I thought it was time for me to step in. "David, you are a young man. As you should know, I understand the needs of young men. After having sex with me three and four times a week, you found yourself at the university, cut off from me. You took the obvious route. What disappoints me is, that after our agreement right at the start of our relationship, you have left it until now to tell me. Remember, we agreed that if a girl came into your life, you would tell me straightaway, and our relationship would end."

"But Nancy," he said, "it wasn't like that. They didn't 'come into my life.' All the time it was you I was trying to see, you I wanted."

"All right David, I accept that. What's the next thing?"

"I've done very well at university," he said, "and as a result I have been offered a position at a university in Canada. I shall have some teaching work, but in addition, I can work on my doctorate. I have one week left to give them my answer."

I was stunned. I should have seen it coming but hadn't. I suppose I had thought he would get a job not too far away and we should still see each other. I felt the blood draining from my face. My throat seemed to close up so I could not speak. I felt tears pressing into my eyes. I struggled for control, and finally croaked out, "But darling, you must certainly accept the offer." What that cost me in emotional stress I can hardly describe. I suddenly felt a broken old woman.

David remained silent for a few moments – rather like his old self – then he said; "I want you to come with me. I want you to bring your...our children and come with me to Canada. I want you to divorce Michael and marry me."

I think I almost fainted with the stress I felt. I cried out, "David, you...I can't. I'm ten years older than you. You're handsome, clever, with a considerable future. You could get any girl you wanted. You can't want an old woman like me. Go, David, and forget me. Please go, go now, please.

"So I can get any woman I want, can I?" he said in a low voice. "Any woman, but the one I love and want. Any woman, but the one who fulfills my deepest needs. Any woman, but the one I'd give my life for. Any woman but you."

He was breathless and shaking and I was openly sobbing. "David, even if I thought it possible, how could I just leave Michael and divorce him. He's done me no harm. He's even been kind to me in his limited way. He's wrapped up in his ministry - it's - just him," I ended lamely.

"Wrapped up in his ministry, is he," David spat out. "I never intended to tell you this, but you force me to it. Do you know what he's doing when he goes to most of these so-called seminars and synods?"

"Well whatever they do at those sort of meetings, I suppose," I stammered.

"I'll tell you what he does," David almost shouted, "he screws my mother. He's been screwing her for years. They go away together and she tells my father she's off to town for a few

days, and he tells you he's off to some grand gathering. Haven't you noticed how their departure so often coincides? I've known for years what those two have been up to."

I was now wracked with sobs. David made no move to comfort me. He sat looking straight at me. "Many years ago, you gave me little more than an hour to decide whether I wanted you or not. Now I shall be kinder. I shall give you one day - from now until this time tomorrow, to decide whether you want me. I shall be here this time tomorrow for your answer. He rose and departed.

I was in utter turmoil. Confronted by David's question and his revelation of Michael's adultery, I was utterly lost. I wept until I had no more tears, then my customary confrontational manner began to emerge. I knew what I must do.

Michael came home about 10-30 p.m. I told him I must talk to him. He protested he was tired and wanted to go to bed. I told him to forget it, what I had to say was too important. He saw trouble and sat down.

Without prevarication I told him about David and I, and that the children were David's not his. While he digested this horrific information, I launched into the subject of his own sexual activities. Battered on all sides he sat hunched in his chair, saying nothing.

Having got started, I thought I might as well finish the news.
" David wants me to go to Canada with him, and he wants to marry me."

That set him in verbal motion. "Bu...but...you can't. You're years older than him."

"Don't give me that," I jeered, "you've been screwing his mother for years, and she's no spring chicken." I might ask you why you turned off me sexually in the first place. Why you put me in a position, where I found consolation in the love of a young boy. I might ask, but I won't, because I can't be bothered any more. I have a lot to consider."

"But," he howled, "if you leave me it'll ruin my career." "If I blow the gaff about you and that woman it'll ruin your career," I retorted. "I won't, but someone else might. So don't give me that stuff about your career." "And now I'm going to bed. I won't embarrass you by sleeping with you, and I suggest you use the spare bedroom. I'm sure you wouldn't want to sleep in the bed where David and I have made love. By the way, David will be coming to see me tomorrow. We shall have a lot to talk about, and I suggest you might find it more comfortable if you stayed away all evening. Perhaps you could arrange a 'committee' meeting with his mother."

I retired to bed, but not to sleep. I was in chaos. I had used my last reserves of emotional energy to confront Michael. I wanted to think, but my mind would not allow me to put two thoughts together. About to doze off I would come to with a start as some horrifying picture of tomorrow and beyond lurched into my head.

Finally, in the early hours of the morning, I dropped off, only to be awakened by the noise of the children. I dragged myself out of bed and staggered off to attend to their needs. Michael had gone. He must have cleared off very early.

The day slouched miserably on. I found myself impatient with the children. I dropped things and couldn't be bothered to clear them up. I tripped on the edge of a carpet and cut my shin on a chair. Nothing went right. It was like living in a pall of gloom.

The time eventually came for David's arrival. Dead to the time he had stated he was there on the doorstep. He looked tense and anxious, but not nearly so tense and anxious as I felt. The children were asleep in bed and Michael was still out somewhere. We went to the lounge and sat opposite each other.

David began. "For the moment I don't want you to tell me what you've decided, but I would like to know if you have decided." "Yes, I've decided," I said wearily. One question then. "Having decided, is there nothing that will change your decision, whatever that decision is?"

"No, there is nothing that will change my decision."

"Nancy, when I left you yesterday I was hard, even cruel. I felt I had to be in order to force you to really consider and decide, just as you did to me all those years ago. Now you have decided, and you are sure that the decision is unalterable..." He looked at me and I nodded..."then I want to tell you something I have never told you before. Whatever your decision, I want you to know this, and always remember it."

He paused for a moment, took a deep breath, and continued. "Almost from the first time we made love, something strange happened to me. It wasn't just sex...lust...even love. It was something more. To put it the best way I know how, I understood what the Bible means when it talks about a man and a woman becoming 'one flesh.' You are my other half. You must have noticed how reluctant I am to withdraw my penis from you when we have finished. It's not simply that I want more sex with you – I always want that – but when I withdraw I am separating from the other half of myself. In you, I am whole."

He stopped, then started again very gently. "Now tell me your decision, please."

Looking straight at him, I began. "First, about what you have just said. I knew about this very early in our relationship. It wasn't during that first burst of passion, but afterwards, the next day, when you took me so tenderly on that sofa." I pointed to the sofa. "I knew then that you were the other half of me. I never intended to say this to you – I was so aware of the age difference and the fact that you might find a girl to marry – I never wanted to cling to you – but I felt the same as you. Now my answer. Yes, I shall come with you to Canada, and if you still wish it, I shall marry you."

We sat in silence. After a while David got up, drew me to my feet and lovingly kissed me. Just like all those year ago he half carried me to the sofa. Again he stripped himself and me and kissed me all over. I knew this time what it meant. He was reclaiming me.

As his penis entered me he looked straight into my eyes and said softly, "I've come home, my beloved." I returned his intense gaze and said, "And I welcome you with joy, my love."

Night Visitor

"Hark, hark, the dogs do bark, the beggars are coming to town."

The line from the old rhyme ran through Lee's mind as her own Dalmatian set up its barking. The dog had heard some sound above the summer storm that raged outside. Lee listened, trying to detect what the animal had heard.

She was alone with her six months old baby on a five-hectare property about ten kilometres out of town. Not that she was especially fearful. Before the birth of her child, she had conducted classes in the martial arts in town, so felt herself well able to defend herself if necessary. Never the less, she was angered that Ted had left her on her own with their child so young.

Ted was one of the heroes of the motor cycle racing fraternity. He was currently away touring overseas tracks and gaining more fame and prizes, and would be away for another three months.

They had married three years before, she attracted by the glamour that seemed to surround him, and he by her beauty. The media had given their marriage a big beat up. The handsome hero of motor cycle racing, and the lovely, athletic

bronzed complexioned blonde. They spoke as if Ted had won another prize, and indeed, he had.

What Lee found out fairly quickly was, that Ted was the sort of person who, having won the prize, no longer valued it. Being a hero on the track, he was also a hero off the track, being feted at parties and social gatherings, and above all, he was the idol of the women. Lee knew exactly what he was doing when he was away touring, and if she did not know this for herself, there were plenty of people who told her.

The house on the five-hectare block had been Ted's idea. It was the "in" thing to have such a block and run a few sheep and keep a horse. Once attained, he lost interest in this too, and care of the property was left to Lee. Now, with the baby, she had less time to attend to all the chores, so things were beginning to run down.

The house was the last property before the open country. Beyond the house the bush extended for hundreds of kilometres. There was only the occasional cattle station in that entire arid wilderness.

Above the sound of the storm and the rain beating on the corrugated iron roof, Lee heard knocking on the outside door. Although it was late in the evening, she supposed it

was someone from town who was calling for some reason she could not fathom.

She went to the door and called out, "Who is it?"

There was no response for a moment, then a hesitant voice called back, "Please, can I sleep in your shed?"

This curious request was too tempting. Lee opened the door to be confronted with a bedraggled figure with water dripping from a less than adequate "waterproof" coat and a rucksack at his feet. Looking closer, she saw it was a boy who seemed to be about fifteen years of age. He repeated his question.

"Please madam, can I sleep in your shed?"

Having heard stories about the distressing "street kids," Lee decided she had better look further into this request.

"Come in for a minute," she invited.

The boy took off his coat and dropped it in the porch and stepped inside.

Once in the light Lee could see he was soaked to the skin, his clothes looked dirty, and he exuded an unwashed odour.

"Why do you want to sleep in the shed?" she asked.

"I got lost," was the brief reply.

"Well, what's a kid your age doing wandering about in this weather?"

He gave wry grin and said, "I know I look a kid, but actually I'm nineteen. I'm supposed to be on a walking tour, but stupidly I took a sidetrack that I thought would be a short cut to town. It ran out after a while, so I thought I could make my way to the town using my compass, but I've been wandering out there for three days."

This speech seemed to exhaust him, and Lee said, "Sit down. Well, you've almost made it. It's only about another ten kilometres to the town, but I don't think your going to make it tonight."

"I've got money," the boy said wearily, "I can pay you if you let me use the shed."

"I don't want your money," Lee snapped, "and I think we can do better than the shed. So first things first. When did you last eat?"

"Two days ago."

"I'll get some food for you, but while I'm getting it ready, I think you'd better get out of those sopping clothes and have a shower. I'll give you a big bath towel to wrap yourself in, and I'll wash some of those filthy clothes of yours."

Lee had never seen herself as a maternal figure until she had the baby. Since then, she seemed to want to mother everything. Kittens, puppies, lambs, calves and anything young, especially if they seemed helpless, were in danger of her desire to mother them. The boy was only six years younger than she was, but the protective female parent had surfaced.

The boy retrieved a razor from his rucksack and Lee led him to the shower.

"Get your clothes off and give them to me round the door," said Lee. This done, she went to his rucksack and rummaged through it, pulling out anything that looked like clothing. All were then deposited in the washing machine which she set going.

After about twenty minutes, the boy, now wrapped in the huge bath towel, returned to the living area. Lee bade him sit down on the couch and said, "My name is Lee Danvers, what's your name?"

"Jamie Campbell," the boy replied.

Lee surveyed the boy more closely than she had previously. She is a tall woman – around five feet ten inches, and she had noted the boy topped her by about one inch. He was slim and had a very sensitive looking face which, despite the fact that the shower and shave had made him a little more presentable, looked worn and haggard.

"Well, Jamie, you're not going anywhere tonight, unless you go naked. All your clothes are being washed. There's no question of your sleeping in the shed. There's a spare bed you can use."

"That's very kind of you," he said.

Lee noticed how "well spoken" he was, and very polite. She liked that.

"I've just got to finish preparing your food. It won't be long."

She left Jamie and retired to the kitchen where she was hastily putting together a cold meal for him. On returning with the food to the living room, Jamie was fast asleep. Lee cogitated for a moment as to whether she would wake him or not, and finally decided to let him sleep.

She covered the plate of food with some plastic wrapping, then fetched a blanket from a cupboard and carefully put it over Jamie, then turning off the main light, to leave only a low powered standard lamp on, she left the room. She then showered and retired to bed herself.

Around two o'clock in the morning, the baby crying wakened Lee. Her breasts were heavy with milk, so she decided that a feed was in order.

Normally she would have fed the baby in its room, but she decided to look in on Jamie. Going into the living room, she saw he was asleep. She sat down in an armchair, unfastened the front of her nightdress which was specially designed for breast feeding, and putting the nipple of a rather swollen and uncomfortable breast into the child's mouth, she sat back, and softly began to croon a cradlesong.

Lee had been producing more breast milk than the child needed, so she had frequently to express some of it. Now, as

she felt her breast become more comfortable, she transferred the child to the other breast. The baby barely sucked on this before it drifted off to sleep. Lee, with the child still at her breast, also drifted into a doze.

What woke her she did not know, but looking at him, she saw Jamie, sitting up on the couch staring at her and the baby. This did not trouble Lee, as she was not one of those women who are shy about being seen to breast-feed. It was Jamie's comment that startled her.

In an awed tone he said, "I think that is one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen."

I know there are people, perhaps many people, who are repelled at the sight of a woman with a child at her breast. There are even women who loathe the idea of their ever breast feeding. Personally, I go along with Jamie. A woman feeding her child at the breast gives essential nourishment, but they can and often do give more than that. They transmit love.

Quite how this is done, I am not sure. The close physical contact between mother and child? The sense of security being held close in the mother's arms? No doubt the experts can tell us – or think they can. For myself, I believe there is some spiritual force at work between mother and child.

Whatever goes on between mother and child at those times, it clearly has a life long influence on many people or why else would we find breasts so erotically attractive? Artists have tried to capture the loveliness of the breast feeding mother, some with more success than others, but to see it, as it were, in the flesh, can be one of the most sweetly erotic sights imaginable.

Jamie was clearly transfixed by Lee and her child. Lee was not sure how to respond. Ted had found the sight of her with the child at her breast repugnant, and had complained angrily, "Why the hell you have to feed the kid like that I don't know, it'll ruin your tits."

Her attempts to explain the good that this would do for their baby got nowhere. He hadn't wanted the child anyway, and although he had more than his share of other women, he still wanted his wife to display large firm "Tits" as he called them. After all, this was part of his ego needs.

After weighing up her options, Lee came out with; "You haven't seen a mother feeding her child before?"

"A bit lame," she thought, but she didn't know what else to say.

"No," he said. "My sisters have had babies, but they always go away and sort of hide when they feed them. I don't know why, when it's so stunning. I should love to sketch you like that."

Lee, looking across at Jamie who was now only covered by the towel, saw the lump that signaled an erection. Seeing this, she felt a throbbing start in her clitoris.

Ted barely bothered to have sex with her now, especially as not only the breast feeding, but the whole process of giving birth had repelled him, so now when he did bother to (as she put it) "fuck" her, it was an unhappy experience for both of them.

Consequently, Lee was very sexually frustrated. She transferred much of this sexual energy to her love of the child, but it was not enough. Now, confronted by a young man who, although barely knowing her, was aroused by her, she felt a strange softness come over her. It was not some mad passion she felt, but a warm yielding.

Jamie, perhaps trying to head off his own rising sexual need, asked, "What's the baby's name?"

"It's Alice," replied Lee.

"How old is she?"

"Six months."

"She's lovely."

Lee was confused. How could she be feeling what she was feeling for a young man she had only met a few hours before? Someone she knew nothing about? Yet, he radiated..."What is it?" Lee tried to define what it was about this boy that somehow made her want to fondle him, to care for him as if he too was a little child.

In an attempt to shake off this mood, Lee rose and said, "I'd better put the baby to bed. There's some food on that plate."

She left the room and going to the baby's room, tucked the now fast asleep Alice into her cot. Leaving the baby's room, she started to head for her own bedroom, but stopped.

There was a minor war raging inside her now. She wanted to go back to Jamie, but felt this to be ridiculous. What reason could she give to herself for such an action? What excuse could she give to Jamie?

However absurd it seemed she surrendered to the temptation and went back to the living room. Jamie was in the process of unwrapping the plate of food, and he looked up as Lee entered.

"I thought you'd gone back to bed," he said, looking at her in what can only be described as an adoring way.

Lee wanted to give. She was not clear about what she wanted to give or why. "My God," she thought, "is this boy some sort of incubus that he can make me feel like this."

Then she did the almost unthinkable, at least, unthinkable for her. She took the plate of food from his hand, sat down beside him, and drew his head to her breast. Taking hold of a breast and placing the nipple against his lips, she said, "let me feed you, darling."

Jamie hesitated for only a moment, then taking the nipple into his mouth; he began to take her milk.

Lee felt as if she had been transported to some Garden of Eden where all is innocence. "If only Ted had done this with me," she thought. Then found that the idea repelled her. It was something about Jamie, something undefined, which

not only enabled her to do this with him, but also longed to do it with him. He was another child at her breast.

As she felt her milk supply diminish she said to him, "Must leave some for baby, darling."

He released her nipple, and as he came away from her Lee pulled up her nightdress to reveal her vagina.

"Now come in here, my love."

Their coupling was not the wild thrashing of two erotically charged people, but following Lee's yielding warmth it was soft and tender. Lee sensed that Jamie was giving her love – love, as she had never felt it with Ted. In return, she was able to give, as she had never been able to give before.

All her desire to give of herself she focused into the physical centre of their union. She was there, loving and being loved, yet somehow also outside herself, watching this unexplainable act between two virtual strangers.

They climaxed simultaneously calling out each other's names, striving to find the words of love that transmitted what they were feeling.

Long after they had finished, they lay locked together on the couch. Finally Lee rose and said, sleep now, my love. We can talk in the morning.

He slept, but they did not talk in the morning.

Lee was wakened by the baby's cry, and she rose to feed it. Not wanting to wake Jamie yet, she fed the child in her room. Having changed Alice, she carried her into the living room to see if Jamie was asleep. He wasn't there.

At first she thought he must have risen and was wandering around somewhere, but the truth soon became evident. He had gone. He had taken his wet clothes from the washer and must have put them on still damp. The towel was folded neatly on the couch and the empty plate that had contained his food was washed up and put away. There was no note, no message of any kind.

Lee felt her head swimming and thought she would faint. She had somehow invested a huge amount of herself in that brief encounter Jamie. It was more than the physical things that had happened. It was her essential self, perhaps one could say "soul," that she had poured into their union, and now he had gone and taken that with him.

For days and weeks, she waited for a letter, a telephone call or message of any sort. There was nothing. She started to feel constantly unwell, and then she became aware that she was pregnant.

The child could not possibly be Ted's, so it had to be Jamie who had impregnated her. Short of a secret abortion that she would not have, Ted would have to know.

When it was revealed to him he shouted and raved, calling her a whore and slut, and giving no thought to his own sexual behaviour or his neglect of Lee.

After he had calmed down, which took several days, he told her the marriage was over. "You can have the damned property, and I'll give you a lump sum to live on, and that's the lot." She saw him only once again after that, and that was when they finalised the divorce.

So Lee went on living alone with only Alice for company, wondering whether to sell up and move.

The new baby, another girl whom she called "Jemima," arrived and was brought home. Lee now found it very difficult to maintain the property, and had finally resolved to sell, when things took a new turn.

A flat crate arrived unexpectedly. On opening it, Lee saw what was obviously a picture wrapped with great care against damage. Taking off the protective layers there was finally revealed an exquisite painting of a beautiful woman breast feeding a child.

Lee was bewildered. There was no letter or identification of any kind that she could see. Why would anyone send her such a wonderful picture?

The Scottish Bard implied that we do not see ourselves as others see us. This was so true of Lee that it was not until a friend called and saw the picture and said, "That's lovely picture of you," that she realised that it was indeed her and Alice.

Lee now hunted all over the painting and finally, with the aid of a magnifying glass, found hidden in some decoration, the letters J.C.

"Jamie Campbell."

Lee wept. She could see all too clearly the love and tenderness that had gone into the painting.

"Oh God, if he had that much love for me, why did he leave? Why did he go without a word?" She thought her heart would break.

The arrival of the painting changed Lee's resolve to move. She felt she could not move from the place where she had given and received such overwhelming love, and so, another year passed.

Working one day, trying to mend a broken section of the fence, Lee heard a car stop outside the house. She started to walk up the block, and then seeing a man crouched down talking to Alice, she quickened her pace. It was at the time when the media were emphasising the prevalence of child molesters, and this was her fear.

The man heard her approach and looked up.

Lee froze in her tracks.

"Oh my God, Jamie!"

He stepped forward to touch her, but she pulled away. She had often pictured how she would behave if Jamie ever returned, but this was not one of those pictures. Always she had done something like run into his arms, but on seeing him

in reality, all the pain she had felt, all the weeping she had done, welled up to choke her. In that moment, she almost hated him.

Struggling to speak, she finally got out, "Why have you come here?"

"To see you," was his simple reply.

"What for? What do you want?"

"I want to talk to you, that's all."

"You'd better come in."

Lee went ahead of him and arriving on the veranda Jamie saw Jemima's pram. He looked in and saw the child. He stood silent for some minutes with Lee watching him.

"You've had another baby!"

"Yes."

"A boy or a girl?"

"A girl."

"What's her name?"

"Jemima."

"She's ours, isn't she?"

"Yes." Before she could stop herself Lee went on, "At least you left me something to love."

They stood staring at each other, not knowing how to go on, then Lee broke in, "Well, you'd better come in and say what you've come to say." She turned and entered the house with Jamie following.

Commanding him rather than inviting him to sit down, Lee indicated an armchair rather than the couch.

"Well?"

"I've come to tell you why I left without a word."

"Why? Why now?"

"Because I'm now able to say what I wanted to say to you back then."

"Get it out then. I've got a fence to repair."

"After you went to bed that night, I slept for a while, but I woke up very early. You had left the light on and I was looking round the room, and I saw the photograph."

"What photograph?"

"The one of Ted Danvers standing on a platform holding a silver cup. I knew who he was, and anyway, his signature was written right across the picture. Then I realised who you are. I recalled seeing the pictures of your wedding in the newspapers. Your Ted Danver's wife."

"Was."

"Oh?"

"What you saw in the pram didn't best please him. When I told him I was going to have a baby, he knew it couldn't be his."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be. Now will you get on and say what you've got to say?"

"What had happened between us – between two strangers – your kindness to me, and I wanting to say things to you that I hardly knew how to find the words for..."

"You seem to be finding plenty of words now. Can't you come to the point?"

"All right, I'll try. You may think it foolish or nonsensical, but on that night I loved you and I've loved you ever since. I ran because knowing who you were married to, and that he's a big name around the world, and the wealth he must have, and I had nothing to offer you..."

"You stupid idiot," breathed Lee. "Do you think I cared what you had? I don't know why it happened the way it did, but it did happen and I loved you. Couldn't you feel that? Good God, Jamie, I fed you at my breast, wasn't that love enough for you?"

"I know. It's me, not you. I had the problem. I had to have something to offer you. That's why I sent the picture. I did that from my memory of you. I had to show you I could offer you something."

"When I came here today I didn't really know what sort of reception I'd get – whether your husband would be here – or what. I just knew I had to try and tell you why I fled that night."

"And that's another thing, Jamie. It's a wonder you didn't get pneumonia going off in those wet clothes."

The mother instinct had emerged, and for a moment they looked at each other, then they both burst out laughing.

As their laughter subsided Jamie said, "Well that's it. I've loved you all the time. There's been no other woman. I have begun to get a name as an artist and if you don't mind, I'd like to repair that fence for you, and any other things you want fixing. And if I can, I'd like to repair our love. By the way, I think we ought to make it marriage. Jemima should have a proper father.

Lee sat contemplating, then she said, "I think you are right about Jemima having a proper father, and Alice too since Ted takes no interest. There is one thing I should warn you about though."

"What's that?"

Lee touched her breasts. "There'll be no milk next time."

They burst out laughing again.

Nightmare

In the dark I struggled to free myself. I kept crying out – screaming – "No... no...please...don't do this to me...let me go...please."

Strong hands held me and my struggles were useless against them. I could not see their faces in the dark, and their voices were indistinguishable murmurs. I only felt hands forcing my arms above my head and holding my ankles.

I had managed to lock my legs together, but it was futile. Whoever my assailants were, they made no effort to stifle my

screams, and so I gave out with a piercing shriek as I felt my legs forced apart to expose my sex organ.

A body came over me and a hard pulsating penis probed for the entrance to my vagina. "Please...don't please..."

I woke with a start, sweating, gasping and shaking all over. My fingers were pressing against my vagina. Every night now I had my nightmare of being raped by unidentifiable men...held by unseen hands, always to wake up as a penis was about to be thrust into me, and always it was my own fingers that were being inserted.

It had not been like that at first, not for some time after Clive, my husband, had been killed in a motor car accident, Clive, my friend, companion, lover and other half.

At first it was Clive who came to me in the night. He would come to me in and, like the rapists, just as he was about to enter me, I would awake, not screaming and pleading for it to stop, but weeping, begging Clive not to leave me.

At other times I would dream I heard him knocking at the front door, and it was such a vivid dream I woke up and went racing to the door calling out, "Wait, Clive, wait my love, I'm coming darling." Of course, when I opened the door, there was no one there.

In time he came into my dreams no more, and for a while I slept in peace. Then began the awful dream of being raped. At first it was not every night. It would happen once or twice a week, but over a period of about three months it took place more and more until it became almost a nightly ritual.

At first Edmund my son responded to my cries and screams, coming into my bedroom to wake me up and asking what was the matter and was I all right.

Dear loving Edmund, the pride and joy of Clive and me. We had always seen him as a wonderful gift for our marriage, the fruit of our love. Even in those difficult teenage years he had never, as some teenagers do, sought to reject us. Perhaps that was because we somehow got it right in relation to gradually letting him go – letting him take more and more responsibility for his own life.

Of course, Edmund had enjoyed the favours of some of the girls at high school. The girls had been the sort who prefer the gentler male rather than the noisy macho types. Clive and I did get worried at one point when we learned that Edmund was enjoying the favours of a widow more than twice his age. After some consideration however, we agreed that the relationship, if it did not get too involved, would probably be good for Edmund.

As Clive commented, "She seems a decent sort of woman, and will probably teach him how to please his partner or wife later on."

Before Clive and I met I suspected there had been an older woman in his life. I never asked and he never told me, but even if he had, I would not have had grounds for getting on my high horse, as I had been initiated by a man much older than I. As a result, Clive and I had been able to please each other almost from our first night together.

I had told Edmund when he came to investigate my screams that I was just having a bad dream, without telling him what the dream was. I told him not to worry and to go back to sleep, as he had to get up early in the morning to get to work. He looked doubtful but I urged him, "Back to bed, darling."

After that he did not come to wake me again, but he did raise the matter with me as the nightmare began to arrive night after night. "Shouldn't you see the doctor or somebody?" he asked.

I at first declined the suggestion. I had more than an inkling of what the problem was. At forty I was still a very sexually potent woman. Clive and I had engaged in our love making at least four or five times a week. Once the sharp edge of my

grief had been blunted, the craving for sexual gratification had returned.

I masturbated frequently, but this only seemed to stave off my sexual hunger for a very short time. I needed what I thought of as "the real thing." I wanted a man touching my body and declaring his love as Clive did. I wanted to take a man's penis into my hand and suck on his crown until he came, or feel him inside me as he spurted his seed into me as Clive did with such carefree abandon. In short, I wanted love and the things that went with love between a fertile woman and virile man.

I had hoped that the nightmare would go away, but it didn't, and I came to dread going to bed at night and the coming of sleep, knowing that my rape dream would hold me in its grip once more.

Finally I gave in and went to see my doctor. I told him the truth and he listened sympathetically, then with some humming and hurrumping he said, "I think, Zintra, you're right in your diagnoses of the cause. You are the sort of woman who needs a man, and knowing you and Clive as I have done over the years, it isn't just any man you want."

"No," I replied, "With Clive it was all the other things that went with sex, the love and companionship."

"There's not a great deal I can do to help you, Zintra, unless of course you want to go to a psychiatrist, but it's not as if your response to the situation is an abnormal one. I think perhaps we can try a mild sedative and see how that goes.

In the following days the "mild sedative" proved to be a bit less mild and bit more powerful, than I had expected. It left me drowsy and feeling vaguely unwell during the day, and sent me off to sleep quickly at night but it didn't stop the nightmare coming.

After giving the medication what I thought was a fair trial, I stopped taking it. The rape dream was beginning to really undermine me by then. I thought it might not be so frightening if I could somehow enjoy the dream, allow myself to submit as I believe some women do when subjected to a real rape attack.

Even this was no help. The dream simply would not allow me to feel anything but terror as I was held down and the crown of a penis pushed against my vagina. In any case, if it is possible that a woman can enjoy rape, which I doubt, the penis of the faceless assailant never actually penetrated my vagina. I always woke up at the time when, in normal sexual intercourse, one would expect to feel the length slide into the female tunnel.

Edmund still heard my cries and pleadings, and started to comment on how pale I was looking. He also noted that I was not eating properly and now seemed always to have a pain.

He was right about the pain. It was a dull ache in my lower abdomen – an ache that masturbation might disperse temporarily, but even this became ever more ineffective.

The ache was physical, but it was also emotional. I have said that I was still an extremely fertile woman, and one of the regrets that Clive and I had, was that we had only had one child. For some years we went for all sorts of tests, and finally it was pronounced that there was no reason why I should not get pregnant, but that there was something amiss with Clive's sperm.

After that, we accepted the situation, and focused our love on each other and Edmund.

Now, after my recovery from Clive's death, I think the ache I felt was not simply the result of sexual deprivation; it was also a sense of loss for the other child or children I had never had. Ridiculously for a forty year old woman, I wanted to be pregnant.

I was fully aware that I was still capable of bearing a child, at least as far as my fertility was concerned, but I had doubts about the advisability of pregnancy at my age. I had heard it said that a woman should not get pregnant after she was around thirty five or six.

On a visit to my doctor I casually asked him about this, and he laughed and said, "I suppose that they are right up to a point, Zintra, but I have known women in their forties to get pregnant, and thoroughly enjoy it." Then laughing again he said, "I read recently of a woman of sixty two giving birth, but I wouldn't advise it. Why do you ask, do you think you're pregnant?"

"No," I replied a little unhappily, "I just wish I was sometimes."

"Well, perhaps you'll find someone, Zintra, before it too late."

That closed the subject, and I went home to try and get some temporary relief for my ache by masturbating.

Edmund's increasing concern for my appearance and health began to zero in on my dream. He realised, I think, that I had come to terms with my grieving for Clive. In trying to understand why I looked so pale and was eating so badly, he concluded that the dream was the source of the problem.

He wanted to know the content of the dream, and for a long time I held back from telling him. I pushed his questions away with, "It's only a dream, darling."

Edmund was no fool; he understood that dreams can carry meanings beneath the actual content as the dreamer perceives it. So he pressed me to tell about my dream.

If I was right about the underlying meaning of my dream, then I was too shy or too ashamed to tell my own son that I was craving for love and sex, and the dream represented a battle going on inside me.

That battle now seemed to be, my longing for sex and pregnancy, but it had to be with someone I loved – loved deeply as I had loved Clive. In my hunger the dream allowed me to go so far – the moment of entry into my vagina – but then woke me up, thus saving me from some feelings of guilt.

I began to wonder if I was being too fastidious. Perhaps I should find some man who smelt clean, and start having sex with him. Certainly there was no lack of men who would have willingly bedded me, many of them husbands of my friends, but I could not bring myself to do it. Perhaps I was being greedy, but I wanted more.

I started to have fits of crying, yet could not properly distinguish what I was crying about. A general depression seemed to take hold of me, and I passed my days in gloomy despair. I can best describe it as an objectless fear or dread, and I started to wonder if I was going out of my mind, and began to consider the idea of going to a psychiatrist.

Before it came to that, a critical moment arrived. Edmund and I were watching a television documentary that included a segment on people plagued by dreams or nightmares. I felt the tears coming and tried to fight them down, but I finally broke out into agonising sobs.

I made to flee from the room, but Edmund took hold of me round the waist and pulled me back on to the couch where we were sitting together.

"Come on mother," he said gently, "Don't you think it's time for us to talk about those dreams of yours? You've hidden them long enough, let's have it out in the open."

He had caught me in a vulnerable moment, and I leaned against him, at first hiding my face against his chest. As my sobs diminished I started to open up to him.

"It isn't really dreams darling, it's always the same dream." I not only went on to tell him of the rape dream, but perhaps foolishly told him of my interpretation – of my waking need for love and sex, and the desire to have a child before it was too late.

When I finished Edmund was silent for a long time, as if he was trying to digest what I had revealed to him. He did not remove his arm from me, but I feared he would feel disgust at his forty year old mother wanting sex and a baby.

When he did speak it was very softly, almost a whisper. "I know how you and dad loved each other," he said. "I was witness to it because of the affection you always showed each other. I also heard you at night..."

"Edmund...!"

"Sorry mum, but it's a fact. You two made quite a bit of noise when you made love. I often laid awake listening to you, almost envying your passionate love for each other. I used to think, 'One day I want to find a woman I can love with like that'. Mind you, I had no cause for complaint. You and dad always seemed to have enough love left over for me..."

"Of course we did, Edmund, you were part of our love – a result of it."

"I know, mum, and it's a beautiful thing...and the love you and dad had for each other was beautiful, but you're still a woman with a woman's needs, and the more you try to fight against them, the greater the pressure those needs will exert. I think you must find that love again, with someone else."

"Where am I going to find someone Edmund? Oh, there are plenty of men willing to fuck me, but it's not so easy to find the love your father and I had."

"No, it isn't," he replied thoughtfully, "but at least you could stop fighting your needs, accept them, and who knows what might happen?"

He was saying nothing I had not thought about for myself, and I had not told him much more than I had told my doctor, but to hear him say it, to realise that he accepted me as a sexual being, I found to be an enormous comfort. I understood then, that in future I could be open with him. There was no need to hide what I had thought to be my guilty secret where Edmund was concerned.

"Thank you, darling," I said. "Thank you for being so accepting of what I have told you, and for your comfort."

He smiled and said, "Shouldn't we always be ready to accept the ones we love?"

That seemed to be the end of the conversation, so I kissed him softly on the lips, said good night, and made my way to bed.

That night, as always, I masturbated soon after I got into bed. At the point of my orgasm I had, in the past, fantasised about faceless men penetrating me. Now I found myself fantasising Edmund loving me.

The strange thing was, I felt neither repelled nor guilty, and it simply felt like the most natural thing in the world.

When I finished I felt a peace I had not experienced for a long time. I slipped into a calm sleep, and the next thing I knew, I was coming to in the morning.

I could hardly believe it. I had passed the night without my rape dream. For the first time in months I had been without my nightly visitation. I felt refreshed – almost a new woman. I rose and after showering went into the kitchen for breakfast.

Edmund was already there eating. He looked up as I came in and smiled, saying, "I didn't hear you last night."

"No darling, I didn't have my nightmare."

He looked at me strangely for a moment, and then said quite simply, "Good."

He left for work soon after, kissing me as he departed. I proceeded to eat a breakfast the size of which afterwards made me admonish myself, "You'll put on weight if you go on like that, Zintra."

My admonition made no difference, and I later ate a hearty lunch. After lunch I lay on my bed to masturbate, and instead of the almost despairing attempts to relieve myself in the past, this time it was a joyful, exultant event. Once more I fantasised Edmund, and rejoiced in doing so.

I told myself that this fantasising of Edmund was the result of his tender treatment of me the previous night, and the fact that he looked so like Clive. Feeling no guilt about it, I decided that I would simply go on enjoying it.

Throughout the day I actually found myself singing and even felt like dancing. I told myself I was behaving like a

teenage girl who had fallen in love for the first time, but this admonition did no more good than the others. I felt wonderful.

In the course of the afternoon I began to think about Edmund. I reconsidered why I was fantasising him in my masturbating, and found myself, as it were in cold blood, wondering what it would be like to make love with him.

I recalled the widow he had, and perhaps still was, having sex with, and felt a pang of envy. Then I remembered something he had said the night before that had passed almost unnoticed at the time. He had said that he had envied Clive and me when we made love.

Did he mean this in a general way, or was he really saying that he envied Clive because he could have me? I was mentally suddenly pulled up short. Why was I thinking like this? Why should I wonder in which way Edmund had meant that word "envy"?

"My God, was I thinking about being fucked by my own son? Of course I was, and I decided I'd better stamp that fire out as quickly as possible. The result was my joyous mood of only a few minutes ago started to be overcast with dark clouds.

I began to accuse myself, to call myself a filthy incestuous woman. I even felt I should be punished in some way for harbouring sexual thoughts about my own son.

The tears came, and this time there was no Edmund to comfort me, and if he had been with me, I certainly could not reveal my thoughts and feelings to him. Damn it, there was no one I could reveal them to. To do so would make me a pariah, an outcast from decent society.

I tried to absorb myself in preparing the evening meal, but the confused jumble of thoughts and emotions kept bursting into my head. I wanted to run away, but knew enough to realise that what I thought and felt would run away with me.

Edmund detected my mood within minutes of his arrival home.

"Mother, you seemed so happy when I left for work, but you look absolutely miserable now, what's happened?"

I muttered something about having a bad day, everything going wrong, and did so in a manner that suggested no further questions would be welcome.

During the meal I found myself looking speculatively at Edmund, once more weighing him up as a male...as a sexual being.

After we had cleared up Edmund said, "I'm going out this evening, mum, I might be home a bit late."

He had said something like this countless times, but this time I snapped, "Going to see your sexy widow, are you?"

He looked surprised, but responded quite calmly, "Yes, I am."

"I hope she comes across for you," I snarled.

Edmund looked at me for a moment, and then said very quietly, "I have a lot of reason to be grateful to her, and although you don't know it, so have you."

With that he turned and left the room.

A while later I heard him in the shower, and soon after the front door opened and closed, and he was gone. I hated myself for what I had said and the manner in which I had said it, and wondered how I could apologise.

By the time I was ready to go to bed Edmund had still not returned. I showered and got miserably into the bed. I masturbated, but it was not the joyful release of the previous night. As my climax came I moaned desolately, "Edmund, oh Edmund, my love..."

I fell into a restless doze, coming to at intervals as I thought I heard Edmund returning. I ended up crying myself to sleep and then, some time in the early hours of the morning it must have been, I dreamed.

It was not my rape dream this time. It was of Edmund with her, the widow. I saw her plump sensuous body laying on a bed her arms extend to Edmund, and her legs open and drawn up, ready to receive him. He came upon her, his throbbing blood infused manhood seeking her vulva, and she, taking hold of his shaft guiding him into her.

He was just about to penetrate her vagina, when I cried out, "Edmund...Edmund...no my darling...please Edmund...no..."

"What is it, mother?"

It was Edmund's voice waking me. He was standing beside my bed in his night shorts, looking at me with deep concern.

I held out my arms to him, "Oh Edmund, Edmund, darling..."

He came down to me, putting his arms round me and holding me close.

"What is it? What is it? I heard you calling my name. Was it the nightmare again?"

"Not the old one, darling, it was worse, much worse."

"Do you want to tell me?"

"I can't, darling. It was too...too... shocking."

"Surely it couldn't have been that bad, mother. After what you told me the other night, it can't too hard to tell me about this dream? You were calling my name, was I in your dream?"

"Yes," I whispered hoarsely.

"What was happening?"

"You and the widow, you were..."

"Having sex?"

"Yes."

"You didn't want me to?"

"Yes, I felt so...so jealous, so angry and bereft."

He drew me even closer.

"You've been with her tonight. Did you...was it good?"

"No, it wasn't good, mother. It was rather sad, you see, I went to see her to say goodbye."

"Why, darling? I mean...I had the dream and I spoke so horribly to you...and I'm sorry...but why...was she upset....angry?"

"Well, she always knew...I mean she understood that I loved someone else. She has been very good to me...wonderful in

fact...but she accepted that there was someone else right from the start. That's how we began making love in the first place."

"I don't understand."

"You see, one day I was feeling particularly wretched and I went out for a walk. I met her and we got talking. I'd seen her lots of times before. We'd talked occasionally, but this time she caught me at a vulnerable time. She seemed so open and understanding so I told her...I...told her about my feelings. Perhaps she just felt sorry for me...I don't know, but she invited me to her house...and that's how it started."

"So you've been in love with someone but you can't be with them...they don't want you?"

"Something like that. I mean, it is impossible."

Now I found myself, instead of being the recipient of his comfort, wanting to comfort him.

"Darling it can't be as bad as that. Surely there's some way you could be with this person – girl – you love so much."

"I am with her, but she is forbidden."

"But you're with me, Edmund."

"Yes."

Whatever "unnatural feelings" I had been having about Edmund, I had never for a moment suspected he had similar feelings for me. In my confusion the words were wrenched out of me, "My God, Edmund, you mean you've wanted me...?"

"Yes."

"Even before your father was killed?"

"Yes, I'm sorry, mother. I tried not to feel that way, but I did and that's it."

We were silent for a long time. Edmund sat on the edge of the bed neither of us looking at the other. As we later told each other, we were frightened at the enormity of what Edmund had openly admitted he felt for me, and my unspoken hunger for him.

To take what we both wanted would be to overstep the moral values of society and religion. We were like two people standing in darkness on the edge of an abyss, not wanting to turn back, yet knowing if we leapt out into the darkness there might be no solid ground on the other side.

At that moment it was clear that Edmund felt the burden of what he had confessed to me, while I could still hide behind my silence. I knew this was the defining moment. If I stayed silent I would leave Edmund to carry a burden of guilt while I at least could continue to pretend to a virtue I did not really have a right to.

The silence went on until I could stand it no longer. I touched his hand with mine and whispered, "It's all right my darling. I feel for you as you do for me."

It was out in the open and now we were equal partners in our acknowledged feelings for each other. This could now unite us or tear us apart.

I waited for Edmund's response. He had found his own feelings unacceptable and had fought against them, now I had spoken of my feelings, would he reject me?

There flashed into my mind a quotation from Edward Gibbon: "The most worthless of mankind are not afraid to

condemn in others the same disorders they allow themselves; and can readily discover some nice difference of age, character, or station, to justify the partial distinction."

Edmund had not even allowed the "disorder" in himself, how would he feel about the same "disorder" in me? Would he feel, even say, "You are older than I; you are my mother and should know better"? Perhaps he would feel repugnance. Would he turn from me – never want to see me again?

He sat on in silence for a little longer, then in a voice barely audible he said, "I love you very much, mother."

It was enough. If we now leapt out over the abyss, even if there were no foothold on the other side, we would fall into the depths together. I made the move I felt would be decisive, I knelt beside him on the bed, turned his face to me, and kissed him long and hungrily.

He began to respond until we were almost eating each other, our tongues competing for entry into the other's mouth, our teeth gnawing at each other's lips.

He bore me down onto my back, his hand seeking my breasts beneath my flimsy night dress, while he continued to kiss my mouth, eyes, hair and neck.

I reached down and slipping my hand through the elastic top of his night shorts, I found his penis, hot and throbbing.

I struggled to remove his shorts, but it was too awkward, so he pulled away from me to remove them himself, while I slipped out of my night dress.

Naked in each other's presence for the first time, we paused as we looked at each other. I had seen him clad only in his shorts or swimming trunks many times, and had admired his strong, lithe body, but now I saw for the first time since his childhood days, his now fully grown manhood. The purple crown, shining with pre-cum, and the light brown shaft infused with blood, and I thought I could see it pulsating with the beat of his heart.

As he looked at me he groaned, "Oh mother, you're even more beautiful than I thought."

My own sex organ was wet with the copious discharge of my lubricant, and I was in that state when inhibitions have faded into nothingness and the long held back thoughts and desires come surging to the surface. As his lips sought my nipple and began to suckle, I gave vent to my passionate desire.

"Fertilise me, darling, make me pregnant."

I felt him pause, then taking his lips from my nipple he looked up at me.

"Do you mean you could get pregnant if I...if I..."

"Of course, darling. That's one of the things I want with you."

"But they say that if a mother and son, or brother and sister..."

"I know what they say, darling, but it doesn't have to be true. Now take me and give me a baby."

Whatever doubts he might have had about my reassurance, he was too far gone down the avenue of desire to pull back. I spread my legs wide to receive him, and as he came over me I guided his penis to my opening. He gently pressed into me until his full length was penetrating.

I had anticipated a brief, wild coupling, but I was wrong. Passionately worked up as he was, he held back from discharging into me. It was as if he wanted to make our union last as long as possible so that he could savour every

moment of it. Far from being wild, it was a sweet, gentle coupling, his hand still caressing my breast, his eyes looking into mine.

How long he moved up and down in me while I flexed my vaginal muscle round his shaft, I don't know. I felt I was away in some heaven where time stood still and there was only the delicious experience of love fulfilling itself in the closest of all physical blending between man and woman.

I felt him start to move more rapidly in me and I moved with him. We seemed to be in perfect sexual harmony with each other, even to the point of having our orgasms simultaneously.

Again it was no wild, thrashing climax. As his first spurt of semen pumped into me, he gasped, "Oh Mother..." This he repeated with every pulse of his ejaculation.

As I came with him I had my own cry, "Oh my darling...oh my darling."

We clung to each other, held in the bonds of love and lust, and with every throb of his sweet warm seed into me I prayed a silent prayer, "Please let him fertilise me..."

When he had finished and I was climbing down from the heights, I anticipated he would withdraw from me. Instead he stayed with me, seemingly unwilling to break our union. As if some barrier had coming crashing down inside him, he poured out his love for me, speaking of how he had wanted me since he first entered puberty, how he had agonized over his feelings, and swearing eternal devotion to me.

This latter I had my doubts about, as many women had assured me that men, in the first flush of sexual gratification, are inclined to make such promises that they don't keep.

I, on the other hand, was giving silent thanks to the widow who must have taught him much about a woman's feelings and needs. I also made a promise, but it was a promise to me. I would never demand more from Edmund than he was willing to give freely. If in the near or distance future he tired of me, I would let him go without restraint. Should a child result from our union, I would accept the full responsibility. In the meantime, I would enjoy what Edmund had to give and I intended to give myself unreservedly to him.

In the midst of these slightly somber thoughts, I was surprised to feel Edmund's shaft hardening again inside me. "Surely," I thought, "he can't want to ejaculate into me already." I was wrong, he did want to.

He began to move in me again with surprising urgency given that it was such a short time before he had shot into me. Even Clive had needed an hour or two recovery time to achieve a second successful coupling. I, on the other hand, had no difficulty coming again very quickly, so Edmund's need matched mine beautifully.

This time my orgasm came before his and, as one might say, he was able to give me his full attention, making sure he stayed with me fully active until I had calmed down. Then he ejaculated, and I lay stroking his face and murmuring words of love to him as he moaned into me.

This time he withdrew soon after he had finished, but we continued to embrace each other, his hands stroking my breasts, as he pressed soft kisses over my face and neck.

Both we and the bed were in a mess. His sperm mixed with my fluid was dripping out of me on to the sheet, and there was that slightly fishy smell that seems to accompany successful sexual union.

Laughing I said, "Let's clear up this mess and then shower."

We stripped the sheet from the bed and replaced it, then went off hand in hand to the shower.

It was while I was washing his penis that it started to stiffen again, and with the water still flowing over us, he took me standing up against the shower wall. With his hands under my buttocks he lifted me up and down on his shaft until I was giving out orgasmic cries again, cries of my love and desire for him.

He waited until I had begun the downward slide from my climax before he pumped into me. This was to be the pattern as I have since discovered. He was concerned to see that I had achieved my climax before he ejaculated. This ensured that he was still with me as the orgasmic after shocks continued to rack me. As I was to discover, in this and so many other things he was always considerate of my needs.

Many times I have given thanks to the widow who taught him so well.

Returning to bed we lay for some time simply embracing each other, then, he began to suck my nipples. From there he traced a pattern of kisses down my body until he reached my vulva.

He moved so as to kneel between my legs and putting his hands under my buttocks, he raised my sex to his mouth. With his tongue he at first probed for my inner lips, and then

thrust through into my vagina. His tongue flicked into me for some time, until he transferred his attention to my clitoris.

With his arms still raising my buttocks, his fingers lifted the little hood, and his tongue explored the little nub of nerve endings, sending waves of delicious pleasure through me. Another orgasm began to shake me and I held his head to me as I really screamed out this time. He had to hold me tightly or I must have broken away from him, I was vibrating so much.

As I once more began to calm, I broke from him, pushing him on to his back and took the crown of his penis into my mouth. I sucked and nibbled on it until I felt him beginning to jerk spasmodically as the sperm began to be thrust up his shaft.

It was his turn to hold my head as he squirted his hot thick semen into my mouth. I battled to swallow it, but it came so fast and in such a quantity, that it began to dribble out of the corners of my mouth.

As he finished and I had tried to suck the last drop out of him, I moved away from him and said, "Let's taste each other."

I began kissing him, pushing some of his sperm into his mouth. His face was still wet with my lubricant, so in fact we tasted a mixture of our own and the other's fluid. In a way it was a final exposing of our selves to each other, an act of peculiar intimacy that only those who love deeply can fully enjoy.

Edmund was finally sated but his penis had barely slacked, so I turned my back towards his, and pushing my buttocks against him, I guided his penis into my vagina. His hand reached over me to take hold of my breast, and locked together we drifted off to sleep the sweet sleep of lovers who have found their fulfillment in each other.

I woke early in the morning and of course, during the night we had parted. Early as I had awakened, Edmund was already awake and resting on his elbow was looking at me. As I came fully awake he gently pushed me onto my back, parted my legs, and coming over me he entered, slipping his shaft slowly into me.

He lay still for a long time, looking at me and occasionally plucking a kiss from my lips.

"Don't wait for me this time darling, just enjoy," I murmured quietly.

I lay relaxed, stroking his face and hair as he began to move again. I wanted to give without receiving, but in fact I was receiving. It was a moment of realization that we truly belonged together. We were wrapped in a bond that might be called, "deathless." In this early morning coupling Edmund seemed to be trying to communicate that he belonged totally to me. In my relaxed surrender I tried to communicate my complete giving of self to him.

He came into me with slow deep thrusts, seeking to reach to my depths. I wrapped my legs round him to give him the greatest possible penetration.

I had no orgasm, and had not sought one. I was simply happy to feel his seed steadily driven in. Looking back, I have often felt it was this joining together that gave me the one other thing I wanted with Edmund, a pregnancy. I wanted his...our...child inside me.

When he had finished Edmund lay for a while, still united with me, looking at me and saying, "You are lovely, mother."

I gave a little chuckle and said, "Darling, I think we've added an extra dimension to our relationship. Don't you think it ought to be Zintra in future?"

He laughingly agreed.

"Darling, it's a work day. We can't lie here all day."

"That's what I want to do," he complained..."I mean, not just lie here..."

I chuckled again, interrupting him; "I'm fully aware of what you mean, my love, and would agree with you entirely, but we haven't made any arrangements for a honeymoon. We'll have to wait until you come home this evening to continue our communication."

He grinned, and getting out of the bed said, "Then be sure to be ready to continue when I do get home."

Looking at him seriously I replied, "I shall be ready all day."

Throughout that first day after our "wedding night," I was caught between feelings of elation and wonder that I had found in my own son a passionate lover. At times I actually wondered if it had really happened. Perhaps it was an exquisite dream and I would wake up to bitter disappointment?

Any doubts that I might have had about the reality of what had occurred were dispelled almost as soon as Edmund walked in the door that evening.

I had kept my word that I would be "ready all day." Under a loose dress I was wearing nothing, and as he bent me face down over the kitchen table and thrust urgently into me from behind, I was indeed ready.

I gave backward thrusts as he pushed into my depths, and when I came he clung to my hips, working with me. Then I felt even more urgent thrusts into me as he poured his seed into me. I felt a passing sense of wonder at the quantities of semen he seemed able to produce. "Lucky me," I thought.

We managed to get through the evening meal before we rushed off to shower and clamber into bed.

Edmund began kissing me, beginning with my lips, then gradually all over my body.

At one point his lips touched my anus, and I said, "Take me there, darling."

"I don't want to hurt you," he said doubtfully.

"It's all right, sweetheart. If you spread some of my fluid and your pre-cum over the entrance and just inside, it won't hurt me."

He did as I bade him, and I lay over the edge of the bed, feet on the floor and a couple of pillows under my stomach.

Edmund stood behind me, and I felt him tentatively probe with his shaft for my anus. Then he was carefully pushing in. There was no pain, and I flexed my anal muscle round his length, making him groan with ecstasy.

He had his hands on my hips pulling me towards him, so I reached back, and taking one hand, drew it to my vagina and said, "Stimulate my clitoris, darling."

His finger began a circular movement round the little mound, and he quickly had me coming. It was one of those simultaneous orgasms again, with Edmund just a little behind me in starting his.

As I screamed and bucked against him, I felt his sperm shoot into me like a canon firing. I think I must have gone out somewhere into space, because at my climax I was in a world of exquisite, pulsating torment that I wanted to go on for ever.

As I came to myself again, I felt Edmund, still inside me, relaxing and drooping over me. I pulled away from him and rolling over to the centre of the bed, I extended my arms to him, and he came into my embrace.

For a while we talked quietly and our words were of reassurance.

Whereas I had doubted Edmund's words of life long devotion, I now learned that he had the fear that for me this was simply an interlude. How, given what had passed between us sexually, he could doubt my fidelity in relation to him, I found it hard to understand. Yet I suppose most of us have our doubts that the other can remain in union with us permanently.

Now we were at peace. We taken out leap into the darkness of the abyss and seemed to have found solid ground the other side. The solid ground was an extension of the bond that had been between us since his birth, the enlargement of that bond to include the act of sexual love.

Yet I knew that the sexual act in itself can contain both life enhancing and life destructive elements. I prayed that our acts of sexual union would conform to the latter.

As I had hoped, our union was fruitful and Anne arrived nine months almost to the day after our first coupling. Edmund's fears were not born out, and Anne is a very beautiful and intelligent child, much loved by Edmund and me.

I add that our other fears of a short term or faithless relationship have not been fulfilled. Edmund and I are still passionate lovers six years after we first began coupling.

OBS

It was my friend Nina who brought him, and from the first instant when we were introduced, I knew and he knew. It was like a jolting electric current passing between us as our hands touched. We looked into each other's eyes and there was the recognition: "*This is the One.*"

They had come with a group of girls, daughters from the nearby farms and the small township of Boorinda. Pretty, laughing girls enjoying a lovely summer afternoon and swimming in our pool. They too had eyes for him but then, apart from my father, he was the only other male present.

"This is my cousin Rod," Nina had said. "This is my friend Selene. "Rod is on vacation from the university; I hope you don't mind my bringing him."

“Mind,” I thought, “What a ridiculous question. You have brought my destiny.” I smiled and said, “Of course not, you are very welcome, Rod.”

“Thank you,” he replied. The timbre of his voice sent a delicious shudder through my body, and I felt a tingling sensation in my clitoris, and my nipples began to firm.

All us young ones were on vacation from something – the local high school or more distant colleges or university. We were all in our late teens and pulsating with that wonderful energy of youth that is both emotional and physical. Rod was a little older and perhaps quieter than the squealing females.

My parents had suggested inviting my friends over for an afternoon swimming party and tea, and now the giggling chattering girls went into the house to change into their swimming things. My father said to Rod, “Come with me and I’ll show you were you can change.”

The swimming prepared girls began to emerge from the house clad in bikinis or similar maximum exposure gear. Their lovely young bodies glowing with good health and, as I thought looking at them, “They are like beautiful flowers ripe for picking.”

If by 'picking' one meant sex, then I have to say that many of the girls had already been plucked several times over. My little blossom had not been gathered thus far. After-party struggles in the cars of hot blooded escorts there had been, but so far victory had been mine. You see, I had always known there would be "The One." Now he had entered.

I had not yet changed into my own swimming gear, so I went into the house and stripping off, put on my rather modest one piece bathing suit. I had a little piece of minor philosophy concerning this. It went something like this: There was no point in exposing in a tempting manner what I did not propose to give. When the moment came for me to give myself to a man in sexual love, he would see me naked and would be ready for him.

I went out to the pool and saw Rod talking with my father clad in his swimming briefs. His splendid body tapered from broad shoulders down to narrow hips, and pressing against his briefs was the outline of a large sexual organ.

He was laughing at some comment from my father and in doing show he displayed splendid white teeth behind full lips. He ran his fingers through near black hair, and sensing my presence as I knew he would, he glanced across at me with smiling dark brown eyes.

In that moment I sent him a message. "We have plenty of time, my love."

He seemed to hesitate for a moment as if trying to collect his thoughts, then in my head I received his answer, "Yes, I know my love."

I cannot say I was the most physically attractive girl at the gathering. My figure was good but not as splendid as some now on show. My breasts are moderate in size and firm, but not as overflowing as some I could see. It may be arrogant of me to say so, but I tended to be a bit more serious and intelligent than most present. In short, for the predatory male there was more succulent prey than I ready and willing, than on the surface I would appear to be.

None of this mattered, for Rod and I knew beneath the surface. At the first moment of meeting we recognised the other half of our beings. Our physical appearances mattered little, although I must admit it was very pleasant to realise that one's life partner was such a handsome man.

Rod hardly came near me all the afternoon. The girls made much of him, and some were clearly bent upon getting him to bed them before the day was out. He was polite to them played with them in the pool, but made no moves that indicated he would end up in any of their beds.

Some times he would look across at me and instead of the electric jolt of our first meeting; the sensation was now a tingling that rippled through my body. My clitoris was pulsating with desire for him and my vagina wet.

Strangely, as ready as I was for him, I felt no sense of urgency. The moment would come when it was due to come, and we could afford to wait in patience.

So the afternoon lazed by with the guests and me swimming or stretched out on garden lounges chatting, eating and drinking the food and drinks supplied by my parents.

Late in the evening the party began to break up, and Nina and Rod came to me to say goodbye. Nina gave me a kiss on the cheek and said, "A lovely afternoon, Selene, thank you."

Rod took my hand, not so much to shake it as to hold it, and said, looking into my eyes, "I shall see you soon."

"Yes," I whispered, "Very soon."

Nina overheard this brief exchange and looked at us curiously, but said nothing.

The two of them went off to thank my parents, and then departed along with the remaining guests.

As we began the process of clearing up, my mother asked, "What did you think of the young man?"

I smiled, "He'll do."

My father laughed, "He'll do for what?"

"Whatever life brings to him, I suppose," I replied.

"Didn't see you talking with him very much," mother went on.

"If she was interested in him she had plenty of competition," father grinned.

I failed to resist temptation and said, "I don't think I had even the tiniest bit of competition."

"Arrogant hussy," father said with a laugh.

“It’s your entire fault Harry,” mother jokingly chastised him; “you spoilt her thoroughly.”

The pair of them went into one of those teasing mock arguments of mutual recrimination, with me as the subject. They ended up cuddling me and telling me how grateful they were to have such a lovely daughter.

Their “lovely daughter” decided it was time for bed, and after showering to rid myself of the chemicals used in the pool, I climbed gratefully into bed, naked as usual, and contemplated the afternoon and Rod in particular.

I began to gently caress my breast with one hand, and circled my clitoris with a finger of the other hand. I tried to imagine what it would be like make love with Rod. One day it would be his hand on my breast, his finger circling my clitoris, of this I had no doubt.

Meditating on these things, I began to feel drowsy and must have slipped into sleep; at least, that is how it seemed. Yet was it sleep? I seemed to be still aware of lying in the bed, my hand still on my breast, finger still in my vagina, but unmoving.

Perhaps I was dreaming, but I felt a strange pulsing sensation that spread throughout my body, and slowly I

seemed to rise from the bed as if drawn up by some magnetic force in the ceiling. I found myself hovering between the bed and the ceiling and looking down, saw myself lying in the bed, hand still on my breast, finger still in my vagina.

For a moment I was frightened, but on discovering that I could move simply by willing myself to do so, I calmed down. I was in control, or thought I was.

I allowed myself to float up to the ceiling, and instead of bumping against it I passed straight through into the roof space then out through the tiles into the night sky.

There was a full moon spreading its light over the land, and I heard voices murmuring, "Selene moon goddess, Selene moon goddess," repeatedly.

I soared upwards until I felt I would reach the moon, the looking down I saw spread out below, a vast area of land. Here and there lights from scattered farms winked in the night, and there was our little town and far, far away, the light pollution of the metropolis smeared across the sky.

There was one place, one farm house in total darkness that although I could not see it, I knew was there. Within that house was my goal, my love, my other self. Without thought I let myself go and like a homing pigeon I floated

downwards towards the earth, flitting over fields of ripening wheat, paddocks with cattle and sheep standing like coal black statues, over houses and barns as I approached my objective.

Reaching the farm owned by Nina's parents, I passed through the roof and down into a bedroom. I had no need to question whose room it was, without thought I had unerringly attained my goal.

Rod lay naked on the bed. He was on his back as if in preparation for my arrival. I hovered over him for a moment, then allowed myself to drop softly beside him.

He was asleep and did not stir with my arrival. I lay beside him my gaze roaming over his face and body. Then I traced the outline of his lips with my finger for a moment, and then pressed my lips to his. They were soft, warm and slightly moist.

The moonlight was shining through the window and once again I heard the murmur of voices, "Selene, Selene, lovely moon goddess."

By the light of the moon I could see Rod's penis partially erect as he slept. I reached out and touched it, the first male sexual organ I had ever touched. It seemed to grow and

throb in my hand, and he gave a little groan. Virgin I might have been, but I knew what to do. As his organ rose to stand up straight and hard, I sat across him, and lowering myself, allowing him to enter me.

I had anticipated the pain of a split hymen, but there was nothing. He slid into me with ease, reaching towards the top of my vagina. With his full length inside me I stayed still for a while, relishing the contact, the union with my being, the sense of wholeness that comes with loving physical merging.

Yet it was more than physical. There was a feeling of spiritual fulfilment a completion of the self and of the other.

After a while I began to move up and down on him. Still he slept if sleep it was. He made no move, but gave out little sighs as if of deep contentment. I moved more rapidly feeling my orgasm approaching. When it came it was beyond anything I had ever experienced through masturbation. It shook my entire body, racking me with exquisite torment, and I was screaming my love for him.

In the midst of this I felt the first explosion of his ejaculation. The first time a man had put his semen into me. Before I had only been able to guess at what the sensation would be like, now, as the reality drove into me, I was gripped by those

wild longings for fertilisation, the desire for the coupling to bear fruit.

Rod was now groaning aloud, "Selene, my love...my love...my goddess..."

When it was over I stayed with him for some time, then allowing myself to flat up from him, I placed a final kiss on his lips saying, "Good night, my beloved," and floated up and out into the moonlit night again.

I soared upwards until I felt as if I was in the moon's embrace, and the murmuring voices now rising to a shout of triumph, cried out, "Selene, Selene, lovely moon goddess, mother to be."

I began to descend gradually losing consciousness as I did.

"Selene, Selene." It was not the voices of unseen speakers this time. It was mother calling.

"Time to get up darling, remember, we've got to go into town this morning."

Recalling the events of the night, I felt around my vulva for traces of semen, but there was nothing. I probed a little deeper and detected my hymen still in tact. Had it all been a dream, then?

I rose and prepared myself for the day. It was my mother's habit to go into town once a week to buy supplies for the coming week. When I was at home I usually went with her to help carry things. Normally I enjoyed these trips with her, but today I felt a strong desire to stay home.

There was no reason I could think why I felt this way, but I could not just let mother go alone. As it turned out, it might have been better if I had let her go alone. All the time we shopped I was agitating for us to get a move on and get back home.

Finally, mother smiled at me and said, "Yes, darling, I should not have let you come with me, you need to be at home."

I did not really understand why she had expressed herself this way, but I gratefully accepted the decision to go home.

I was driving, and with my foot nearly pushing the accelerator through the floor and mother in a state of terror, I drove like a maniac.

Father had been working round the barn that morning, and as I pulled up with a screech of brakes he came over to us.

"You're in a bit of a hurry, young lady, he admonished."

"She's just scared the life out of me," mother added. She needed to be here today

"Ah, yes" said father. "Of course."

"What do you mean, 'of course'?"

"Father gave a grin. "That young fellow Rod came galloping over this morning. Borrowed one of the Grant's horses and came asking for Selene."

I felt myself go hot and cold. On the one hand I was thrilled that he had come asking for me, and on the other, angry and disappointed that I had missed him.

"Did he leave a message?" I asked.

“Well,” father began in his teasing manner, “He did say he was riding on a bit further to the Allan’s place, and he might call in on his way back. I think you might have made a hit there, my girl.”

If I had been agitated before it was nothing to the nervousness that gripped me now. I helped unload the supplies and managed to trip and stumble over every minor projection along the path. I rushed to my bedroom and looked at myself in the mirror. Despairing at the white faced vision that looked back at me from the glass, I went tearing through the house and out into the garden looking toward the Allan’s place in hope of seeing Rod coming back.

He was not in sight, so I went and sat on the porch steps and tried to calm myself. The troubling thing was that my behaviour was so uncharacteristic. I was not the type to get agitated, and certainly I had never got that way over a man before. I got so immersed in lecturing myself about my behaviour, I failed to see the reason for the behaviour until he stood before me.

All our conversation the day before had been brief, even terse. It was terser now.

“You came last nigh?”

"Yes."

"Will you come again?"

"Yes."

"I think for us marriage is essential."

"Yes."

"We have known each other face to face for less than one day."

"Yes."

"We have known each other spiritually all our lives."

"Yes."

"I love you, Selene."

"I know. I love you."

There was a brief pause in this strange exchange. We looked at each other, and again I felt the strange tingling spreading through me.

“When we met physically yesterday, I resolved there would never be any other woman in my life, Selene.”

“I know. There never has been and never will be any other man in my life.”

“Those are our marriage vows, Selene. As soon as we decently can we shall make them public and official.”

“Of course.”

“Until tonight, then.”

“Until tonight, my love.”

We had not touched each other and had been at least two paces apart all the time, yet it was as if we had melded into each other. Rod turned and strode to where he had left the horse tied. He mounted, and with a single wave of his hand, galloped off.

Given any other circumstance and any other man, what had passed between us would have seemed cold and unemotional. Yet between Rod and I it had been far from that. The depth conversation had not needed words and had run like an electric current between us the whole time. I felt that if we had been a whole world apart, we would still feel at one with each other – still be able to communicate our wordless love.

I walked into the house and entering the kitchen found mother and father still putting away the supplies we had bought.

“Rod and I have just got married,” I announced. “We shall be making this public and official quite soon.”

I waited for the shock and horror, but it didn’t come.

“Ah,” said father.

“Of course,” said mother.

If they were not surprised at what I had said, I was certainly surprised at their response – or lack of it.

"Is that all you've got to say?" I blurted out.

"Well, we could say more, darling, but of course, we expected something like this."

"You what?"

"We knew about it yesterday, Selene."

"But how could you know?"

Father laughed and mother said, "Darling, it's something that runs in the family through the women on my side. You see, father and I felt the jolt when you met Rod yesterday. Not as strongly as you did of course, but enough to tell us that you had found the other part of yourself. It was the same when your father and I met for the first time. It's been the same for the women in our family as far back as we can trace."

Father went on, "Did you notice it was the full moon last night?"

"Yes."

“The meeting with life partners by the women in your mother’s family always takes place at the time of full moon or the new moon.”

“But you never told me any of this before.”

“It’s the women in the family who have this – what shall we call it – sensitivity? It’s the women who are the initiators and the men the responders. There is one man we are destined to meet and bond with. It is the women who are first aware that they have met The One. It is the women who in that moment of recognition cause the man to respond, acknowledging that this is his future life partner.

We women are never told about this until after it happens because it might prevent a natural recognition of the man, the other half. Yesterday, when father and I felt the jolt, we knew you had met The One, but it was you who had to recognise this and transmit this to Rod.

“Have you visited him yet?” asked father.

I knew what he meant and said, “Yes, last night.”

“You’ve had out of body sex with him?”

“Yes.”

“Good!” exclaimed mother. It is not so satisfying physically because the man can’t respond properly, but it is wonderful for spiritual bonding. Your father and I discovered it when I went to him like that. I suggest you visit Rod as often as possible. And remember, he cannot visit you, that is your gift.”

“When I was travelling to Rod, voices kept calling me saying ‘moon goddess’. Does that mean anything?”

Father and mother glanced at each other.

“You’d better explain to her,” father said.

“Darling,” mother began, “it’s not easy to explain because I don’t fully understand it myself, but like me, you are what might be called a ‘moon daughter’. You are my daughter, but back in my family many, many generations ago, the women were all moon worshippers. They were known as ‘daughters of the moon goddess’. As such it was felt they were part of the moon goddess - something like minor deities. We have always had the power to leave our bodies and fly to the one we love, the ‘Other Half’, no matter where they are. That Other half, the man, each of we moon daughters are destined to meet, will recognise our part-divine status, and worship

accordingly. That is all I can tell you. The rest you must learn for yourself over time.”

“If you can both remain satisfied with out of body sex, it might be best to wait a few months before the public marriage ceremony. People would think it odd if you married after only knowing each other for a short time. They would not understand the power of the bond between you.”

I had a lot of thinking to do, but there was one thing I did not have to consider, my night visits to Rod. These began to take place every night, and the event was always the same. Rod did not wake during our coupling, but next day he always knew we had been together, and had found it at least partially satisfying.

We made no attempts to have sexual intercourse apart from the out of body sex and we determined we would leave this until the official marriage. This was set about four months after our first meeting on the day before the night of the new moon. In the meantime Rod had to go back to his studies at the University School of Agriculture.

I was delighted to discover that the distance made no difference to my ability to reach Rod for our OBS. I could get to his flat in the city just as easily as I could the farm when he stayed there.

One amusing aspect was that Rod had been fairly active sexually with a number of girls, but all that stopped after meeting me. His flatmate and friends wondered at this sudden chastity by Rod. I had happened to peep in on his flatmate one night as he and a girl sweated and moaned together. I wondered what they would think if they knew how I visited Rod.

The time for my marriage came, and my mother spoke to me concerning what I could expect, but not fully explaining.

“Darling, on you wedding night Rod will perform another little ceremony with you. In essence there are three stages of marrying for women like us. There is the first recognition of The One that the woman then transfers to the man. Later comes the sort of ceremony we shall be having tomorrow, the public wedding. Tomorrow night Rod will...how can I put it...he will give you honour...he will...will worship you.”

“Why? How?”

“It has to do with the moon goddess darling and I’ve told you all I can about that...I can’t say more. You’ll find out tomorrow night.”

No matter how I tried I could not get mother to say another word on the subject. I tried asking Rod, but he just looked puzzled, and said he knew nothing about a third ceremony.

I approached father and all he would say was, “Well, Rod doesn’t know about it yet, but it will come to him at the right time like it did to me.”

The wedding proved to be that usually mix of solemnity and jollity that seems to go with most weddings. For Rod and I the real bond had already been made, and we were simply confirming for public consumption what already was.

We departed on our honeymoon (interesting how the word moon comes into it) arriving at our first stopping point, a seaside town.

We had been booked into the bridal suite, and got all the usual salacious looks from the manager and staff.

We prepared ourselves for bed by showering, and not having felt the need for any alleged alluring nightdress, we got into bed naked.

I was not sure who was to make the first move, and considering the OBS we had engaged in, we were surprisingly shy, or that is how it seemed.

Then I heard the voices I had heard the first night I visited Rod for our OBS: "Selene, lovely moon goddess...lovely moon goddess."

The voices went on, and I realised Rod could hear them too.

"Selene, Selene, lovely moon goddess...worship the moon goddess...worship..."

On and on it went, a sort of flowing chant.

Rod moved, laying me very gently on to my back. He parted my legs and brought his head between them saying, "Lovely Selene, moon goddess, I offer you my worship and pay homage to your sacred centre of creation."

I felt him part the lips of my vulva and then those of the vaginal opening. He kissed the opening and said softly, "I beg that you will receive my seed that the great wheel of creation may turn once more."

He moved to my breasts saying, "I reverence these, the mounds of your beauty, founts of nourishment, first place of sustenance. I shall honour them always."

He kissed my lips: "These I hold sacred and will ever seek words of blessing from them. With my own lips I promise devotion until death and beyond." He kissed me again.

There was another prolonged pause, the voices faded and Rod lay still beside me.

During this ceremony it had seemed a most natural thing to receive this...this...worship from Rod. Now I was bewildered. He had treated me as if I was a goddess and I did not know how to respond.

Rod stirred as if coming out of a trance and said, "I don't want to cause you pain, Selene."

He was referring, of course, to the breaking of my hymen. Most men might not have cared, might even have rejoiced in deed. But then, these days few women come to their marriage bed still an intact virgin.

His ceremony had brought me to full readiness for penetration. I decided to test his words of devotion and said, "Rod, I command you to take my virginity now."

I spread my legs wide and he came between them, his penis probing for my entrance. I guided him to me and he hesitated. The crown of his penis was poised at my entrance, and I said, "Now, and quickly."

He thrust hard and deep. A searing pain shot through me and I gave a little scream and clung to him.

"It's all right, my darling," I whispered to him, "it's over now, but move gently because I shall be sore."

His tenderness with me was the final act of our bonding. We were now physically as well as spiritually one. His semen poured into me and this time it remained to be experienced when I woke in the morning. It was the only coupling we had that night, and he refrained from approaching all the next day and night. After that, we both gave full vent to our passionate desire for each other.

Over all the years since then and after three children, we still retained our passion for each other. We have watched the rise and fall of many marriages, but ours has never wavered in its mutual devotion.

Rod has gone now, and recently my daughter asked me, "Isn't it lonely without father?"

"No darling."

"But you were so devoted to each other, it was almost as if you were one person you were so close."

I smiled. The time was not yet ripe for her to be told of the secret she carried within her. Her name is Selene.

"Darling," I said, "Your father and I are not parted, we are together every night."

She stared at me with a look that seemed to say, "Mother's grief has made her a bit mad."

Well, one day soon, when she feels that jolt shoot through her at the touch of a hand, she will know and understand.

One for the Price of Two

He knew it was no use denying it. Even back then tests could prove paternity. His parents were horrified, not because he had made me pregnant, but that it should be the daughter of a lowly single mother living on welfare money.

His parents were members of what in our city is called, "The Establishment." They are descendents of the early settlers who made good. Wealthy, living in the most elegant suburbs, they once ruled the political roost and occupied all the positions of power. If that is no longer so much the case as it once was, they still have the aura of prestige and are proud of their ancestry.

Their sons do not marry "sluts" from the lower classes. They married only "young ladies" from their own class.

He had seduced me with his talk of "loving me for ever."

I was desperately unhappy and vulnerable, living with a mother who spent most of our meagre welfare money on poker machines and booze.

I met him in a cinema where for a couple of hours I could escape the sordid surroundings of our home and the endless

parade of "uncles" my mother introduced into our domestic "bliss."

I was sixteen. He was nineteen, tall, good looking, and plausible. His talk of love overwhelmed me. Love was what I craved, and I eventually surrendered my virginity to him, painfully, in the back of his flashy car.

Of course, There was "no danger of pregnancy" he said, he "knew what to do," except there was danger of pregnancy.

Once confirmed, my pregnancy brought about a sudden withdrawal of eternal devotion by my "faithful" lover. He fled from my presence as if from some foul disease.

There was no family capable of standing by me in my dire situation, but I am not a complete fool, and even at sixteen I was not afraid to stand up for myself. I went to his home and confronted his parents with the facts.

Of course, they denied, argued and bullied, pressing me to have an abortion, which I emphatically refused to do, while my erstwhile lover hid behind "mummy and daddy."

The one thing they did not want to happen, and I knew it, was the revelation that their beloved son had associated with, and got pregnant, "a girl of that class."

I make no excuse, and attempt no justification for what I was after from them. I wanted their money. I had naively given myself in what I thought was love, and had been betrayed by a young man who could have, like the rest of his type, bought himself a whore with no consequences to follow.

I was not and am not, a whore, and his treatment of me as if I were one could have crushed me, or made me stand up and fight. I chose to fight and they were going to pay.

There are lawyers in our city that are not overawed by The Establishment. They happily go in to bat for a "poor seduced young girl", and do it for no fee unless they win the case. I got myself one of these lawyers.

My late lover's Establishment parents were well aware of how things might turn out. Rather than have their son's name dragged before the courts, they paid up, and they paid up handsomely, my lawyer making sure I got the right signatures on the appropriate documents, and at the same time squeezing his own fee out of them.

I was to receive the best gynecological attention and have my baby in a very expensive and secluded private hospital. Thereafter I was to receive a liberal allowance that would continue until my child's education was complete.

I gave birth to a son, Alec. It was hopeless continuing to live with my drunken mother and her latest equally drunken lover. I had the money to get out, so I got out. I found a pleasant cottage in a quiet suburb, and settled down to caring for my son, and considering my own future. Not an easy task for a by now seventeen-year old girl.

As I have said, I am not a fool however naïve I may have been. At high school, for all my home life disadvantages, I had consistently topped my class. Had I stayed with my mother, I was destined to leave school at sixteen, however successful I was as a student. In such circumstances, I would have considered myself fortunate to get a job filling shelves in a supermarket.

Now, with money at my disposal, I could consider a more rewarding future. I planned carefully. First, I had a period of breast feeding my son. After that, I would need to devote my energies to rearing him until he started school. By then I would be twenty-two.

An enlightened State Government had provided for those who wanted to enhance their education at a latter stage of their life, and could do so taking account of their domestic circumstances. I planned to take advantage of this scheme and intended to enter an Adult Education College and build myself up to university entrance standard.

Another aspect of life that I considered was what might be loosely termed, "the faith aspect." I had been brought up, if that is the right word, with an absence of standards in my life. I wanted something better for my life and my son's life than had been doled out to me living with my mother. I felt that I had no foundations to build my life on. It was the lady next door, Edith Palmer, who pointed the way for me.

Edith and I became friends quite soon after I moved into the cottage. She was about fifteen years older than me, and became something of a substitute mother figure in my life. She had known hard times herself with an alcoholic husband whom she had left a couple of years before I came to know her. She understood the difficulties I had to face, and was always there to help me when I was in difficulty with Alec, or when I wanted to know how to cook this or that.

I spoke to her about my life at home and my hopes for the future. When I told her I wanted some grounding in my life, she asked, "Has Alec been baptised?"

I vaguely knew that baptism was some sort of religious naming ceremony, but it had never entered my mind to have the boys baptised, having had no religious background myself.

I explained this to Edith.

Edith had strength of character that given her difficult life, I wondered at. She always seemed to be doing things for others, including me. So, I was inclined to listen when she said, "Cindy, why don't you come along to our church. Meet our minister and some of the people. You'll find there are quite a few who have been through hard times and found a new life. It's a lot to do with our minister, Michael; he has a very positive approach to life.

I was inclined to take what Edith said seriously, and two Sundays later found myself attending church with Edith. Little did I know that this was to lead on to one of the most wonderful periods of my life.

There was a crèche for the children and this gave me an hour or so free from Alec, which was welcome.

Never having anything to do with the Church, I found their activities strange at first, but the delight of that first morning was meeting the minister ("Just call me Michael"). He was

not, as I expected, a bright, full of bonhomie young man, but a rather serious man of about thirty-five. The delight came from the way he listened, and demonstrated that he listened by the responses he made.

Physically he was very presentable, and he had an immediate effect on my female sensibilities. To put that more plainly I thought, "He's a sexy looking beast." The manner in which the other women in the congregation, young and old sought his attention, confirmed my view of him.

I was a little surprised when I was introduced to his wife. She was quite good looking, but had a stern, cold manner. I wondered how he had come to marry a woman like that.

It was about three months after I started going to church with Edith, that I decided that there was something worthwhile about the place, and approached Michael to have Alec baptised. He was very receptive to the idea, and arranged to come to my home to instruct me in the meaning of baptism. The thought of having Michael to myself for an hour or more was rather exciting.

It was on a weekday evening that he called to see me and with Alec asleep in his cot, we settled down in the lounge for my instruction.

For all his seriousness, Michael had warmth that encouraged confidences. I found myself beginning to talk about my past life, including how I had become pregnant. We talked for nearly two hours, yet it seemed no time at all.

Michael made no judgmental comments, but listened intently, and gave helpful and encouraging responses. He made me feel special, and when the time came for him to leave, I felt a happier and more optimistic person, and would have liked to beg him to stay longer.

The day of the baptism with Edith standing with me at the font, I noticed how gently Michael held Alec, and I wondered if he made love as sensitively. I thought, "if only his hands would touch me."

Over the next six months, I continued to attend church, and although there was little personal interplay between Michael and I, I came to adore him for his obvious compassion for people and his understanding of their life problems.

At the end of the six months, I decided I wished to become what is called "a communicant member" of the Church. This, I learned, involved attending, "Communicant classes."

At the time there were no other candidates for instruction, so once again I arranged with Michael to come to my house for

the instruction. This was most convenient for me, as I would not have to trouble Edith to come in and sit with Alec while I was away.

I also had the advantage that I would have Michael to myself, and on my own territory.

The instruction consisted of six sessions, one held each week.

I must explain that since my brief interlude with the father of my son, there had been no man in my life. I know myself well enough to realise that I have been blessed with good looks. I often felt men's eyes lustfully focused on me, and a couple of the men in the congregation, tired, no doubt, of their less than inspiring wives, made overtures, but I had turned these aside.

You should know, however, that I was not inclined to sexual chastity. I had no nun like ambitions. I tried to gratify myself by masturbating, but felt that this was less than satisfactory. I wanted a man to love and who would love me.

The plain truth is, Michael had become my ideal and fantasy.

The first two sessions went quietly on the surface, but beneath the surface, and being alone in Michael's presence, I began to feel the stirrings of sexual arousal. Just to be near him caused my nipples to become firm and stand out. I began to lubricate, and had difficulty sitting still and concentrating.

Between the first and second session, I found myself in a torment of desire for Michael, unable to get him out of my mind. He became the fantasy image during my masturbating, and I thought I would go out of my mind wanting him.

It was at the end of the second session, and as he was preparing to leave, that I was beside myself with sexual craving for him. Hardly knowing what I was saying, I whispered, "I want to make love with you so badly, Michael."

He paused in his preparations to leave. He did not pretend to be shocked or horrified, but looked at me long and penetratingly, as if he could see the inmost secret me.

After a prolonged pause in which he seemed to be deciding how to respond, he said, "I don't think you really would want that, Cindy. How old are you?"

"Nineteen," I replied.

"And I'm thirty five," he responded.

I noticed that he had not said an outright "no".

"Age has nothing to do with this, Michael, and you know it hasn't."

"You know we are forbidden extra-marital affairs?"

"I know, Michael. That doesn't stop me wanting you, does it?"

"No."

"I'm not simply lusting for you. I really do love you."

"It's no good, Cindy. I'm committed to my work, and if it were discovered that I was having an affair with anyone, especially a member of my congregation, I should be finished."

"I know that too, Michael. I know you have a wife and two children. Do you think I haven't thought about all that? I wouldn't want a sexual relationship between us to be advertised all over the place. If only you would come to me...just sometimes...I...could you...couldn't you feel just a little of what I feel for you, or are you as cold as I think you are pretending to be?"

He smiled wryly. "I'm not cold, Cindy, and I'm all too aware of your attractions."

"Then why not..."

"I'm going now, Cindy, and I want you to think about our situation. You are young and attractive. There will be young men..."

"I want you, Michael."

"Think about it, Cindy. We'll talk again."

He rose to leave, and while I could conceal my swollen nipples, and he obviously could not feel the throbbing of my clitoris, he had no such advantage of concealment. I could see through the cloth of his trousers, the swelling of his manhood.

Poor Michael tried to make surreptitious moves to hide his embarrassing projection, but with a so large an organ it was extremely difficult for him.

I had only experienced one male sex organ, but it was quite clear to me that Michael's was somewhat larger than that of my late lover, who, as I was to learn later when I was in a position to make comparisons, made a poor showing in the penis size stakes.

A shiver of apprehension rippled through me. I wondered if I had so far overstepped the mark that I had destroyed whatever relationship I had with Michael. I wanted to beg him to let me give him the ease he so clearly needed, but I restrained myself. He had said, "We'll talk later."

We parted at the front door. It was a strained and formal "goodnight". Neither of us sought to touch the other. Closing the door behind him, I fled to my bedroom to strip off and masturbate. My fantasy now included the vision of Michael's penis, and after climaxing, I wept. I wanted that organ inside me, and nothing would do now, except I had Michael.

I barely slept that night. I tossed and turned between masturbating, irreverently pleading with God to give me Michael as my lover.

I knew Michael's wife left for her job as a librarian in the city centre about eight o'clock. I also knew his children were on their way to school by half past eight. I waited in a state of extreme sexual agitation until I knew it was safe to telephone him.

I pressed in his number and after a few rings he answered.

"Michael Sawyer."

"This is Cindy, Michael. I must see you."

"Shall I come now?"

"No, no. There is Alec. Could you come this evening, after he's gone to sleep, say about eight o'clock?"

"I've got a Parish Council meeting at seven thirty, it will probably finish about nine o'clock. Would that be all right?"

"Yes, darling. As early as you can." The darling had slipped in almost unnoticed by me.

"See you some time after nine, then?"

"Yes. Goodbye."

"Bye."

I rang off, shaking with libidinous tension, brought on by just the sound of his voice.

That day Alec seemed more demanding than usual. He was at the crawling stage, and seemed to get into all the places I didn't want him to be in. I don't suppose it was his fault really, it was just the stress and sexual arousal I was experiencing.

The day dragged on. Apart from having to attend to Alec's needs, I could settle to nothing. The moment I started something, a vision of Michael standing before me, his penis projecting through the cloth of his trousers, exploded in my head.

Edith came in for a while, and I was irritable and snappy with her. I think she must have assumed I was ovulating, because after a while she said, "Would you like me to go, or can I do something to help?"

Dear Edith! I tried to tell her as gently as I could, that I had something I needed to sort out, and perhaps it would be better if she left me alone.

She smiled and said, "If you need me, you know where I am."

Eventually the long day drew to a close. Thankfully, Alec went off to sleep without fuss. At eight o'clock I took a shower and prepared myself for Michael's arrival. I decided to cheat, and slipped on a housecoat, leaving myself completely naked under it. If Michael did take me, I wanted to be as immediately open to him as possible.

Nine o'clock and he hadn't arrived. Then fifteen minutes past nine and still no Michael. At twenty minutes past, I began to dread that he had changed his mind and was not coming.

Just before half past nine, I heard a car draw up outside my house. I was shaking and it felt as if there was a lump in my throat.

I went to stand by the front door so as to open it as soon as he rang. The bell clattered and I flung open the door.

Michael stepped straight in and seized me in his arms.

"Yes, Cindy."

He had drawn me close to him and I felt his shaft pressing against my belly. I rotated my hips against him, and we kissed, open mouthed, tongues seeking.

Still clinging to him, I pulled him towards and into my bedroom. His hand had slipped inside my housecoat and was caressing my breasts. I struggled to undress him, but got into such a tangle that he had to break from me and strip himself.

I gasped as I looked at him and said, "Oh Michael, you're beautiful." Not something one usually says to a man, I believe, but the sight of his body, tall, straight and tapering down from wide shoulders to narrow hips, the strong thighs and calves sent a shiver of pleasure racing through me.

Above all the sight of his magnificent sex organ riveted me. It stood up, its purple head, the foreskin rolled back tightly from it, glistened with pre-cum. I reached down and ran my

hand down his long light brown shaft. I felt a quiver of trembling anticipation run through me.

Suddenly a thought struck me that I should have considered before. "Have you got a condom, Michael?"

"No need, darling, I've had a vasectomy."

I relaxed on hearing this, and since I had been in a state of arousal all day, I was more than ready for his entry. I began to beg him: "Please, Michael, don't make me wait. Please...now..."

He lifted me on to the narrow single bed and parting my legs came between them. I felt him searching for my entrance with his penis. I drew my legs wide apart and up, and guided him into me with my hand. He was so gentle in his entry, almost as if he feared he might hurt me.

There was no pain only the delicious tightness of his shaft against the walls of my vagina. I gripped him with my vaginal muscle and he groaned, so I continued to grip and release him in passionate spasms.

He continued to move into me slowly until he seemed to reached the top of my tunnel, then he stopped for a moment.

I reached down and found that he had inserted his entire length into me.

We lay, looking into each other's eyes, his hand fondling my breasts, mine roaming over his body.

"Oh my God, Cindy, I've wanted you so badly."

Having seen his erection the previous evening, I could truthfully reply, "I know, darling."

He started to move in me and I knew he would come quickly, but I was even quicker.

I felt my orgasm building, and as I believe is the case with many women as they hang for a moment on the brink of that delicious torment, I began to beg him not to make me come.

"No, no... Michael... please... don't make me... I can't stand it, it's agony."

All the time I begged not to make me come, I was clinging to him, my legs wrapped round him, in complete contradiction to my words.

The orgasm built towards its summit, then came crashing over me in turmoil of screaming unbridled glorious anguish. As far as I was coherent at all, I was now begging Michael not to stop, ever.

As my crisis came, Michael gave a powerful thrust into me. He cried out, "Oh God, Cindy," then I felt the first thump of his sperm against the top of my vagina. It seemed to explode out of him like an erupting volcano, adding to my already frenzied state. Then we were howling and crying out together, and as I passed my peak, I began to sob with joy.

It was the most wonderful orgasm I had experienced in my limited sexual encounters. I felt weak and sated, and at the same time relaxed and intoxicated with love for this beautiful man.

Long after we had been released from our long built up sexual tensions, we clung together, his penis still piercing me, both of us unwilling to pull apart.

I whispered to him, "I love you Michael, I love you as I've never loved any one before. Don't leave me."

Between kissing me and caressing my breasts, his shaft still inside me, Michael spoke his words of love and warning.

"Cindy, I love you, but you know I can't stay with you. If you want to go on making love with me, then we must be very guarded. We can never have the fullness of love we might have had in marriage. That is the pain of people in our situation. If it's more than you can accept, you only have to say so, only know that I love you and want you."

I knew it too well, and my words, "don't leave me," were only a cry trying to reinforce my love for him. I wanted him on any terms, however limited.

Had he been a man in other circumstances, and divorce easier, marriage was what I might have asked of him, but I knew the Church frowned upon, and usually dismissed, ministers who parted from their wives.

That first night, after one coupling, Michael had to go home, even though we both knew we could have spent the whole night making love.

We went through the cold practicalities, arranging when we could be together. It worked out that in the coming years we could only come together two, sometimes three, times a week, and always after Michael had attended an evening meeting. Often our time together was brief – sometimes only half an hour or an hour at best.

This lasted until Alec started school, then we were able to come together during the day, and this meant we had up to three hours with each other at least once every week, and perhaps for briefer periods at other times.

These were halcyon years for me, and though I could have had other men – men in a position to offer me marriage – I thought that having experienced Michael, nothing else would satisfy.

One lurking anxiety had been the question of whether I was depriving his wife of her conjugal rights. In bits and pieces, I learned about Michael's situation at home.

After giving birth to two children, his wife, as it were, shut up sexual shop. She wrapped herself in her work as a librarian, and moved from the marriage bed into another room.

Like me, Michael was not fitted for a life of sexual abstinence, but it was not until I had been bold enough to tell him I wanted him, that he had made any move to gratify his sensual needs with me.

Very infrequently, we managed to spend a night together when his wife went with their children to visit relatives in a distant city. Yet, even this was difficult. Michael had to arrive

after Alec was asleep, and be gone before he woke in the morning. Not easy as he grew older and more boisterous.

For all the difficulties, I felt secure in Michael's tender love. I commenced my studies, and even in this, he was able to help me. Being very well educated him self, he guided me through many academic difficulties.

I gained my ambition and entered university, and having discovered I had a gift for languages, I specialised in this area.

So, the happy days went on, loving and being loved by Michael, and watching my son grow towards manhood. I suppose I grew complacent, thinking it would never end.

It was impossible for our relationship to be completely hidden, and especially could it not be hidden from my neighbour, Edith. She saw Michael coming and going, and worked out what was going on.

One day, about three months after Michael and I had started making love, she confronted me about it.

"Cindy, I don't condemn what you and Michael are doing. If he can find the love and warmth he needs with you, and

which he obviously does not get from that cold fish he's married to, then I'm happy for him. It's you I'm worried about."

"You're young and could get plenty of men...men who would marry you. One day you and Michael will have to part, and I'd hate to see you hurt. Be careful, Cindy, or you'll end up with a broken heart."

I did not accept what she said. I believed Michael would never leave me, and as the years went on, and our devotion to each other deepened, I thought it would never end.

Then one day the blow fell upon us.

The Church had a rule that stated a minister could only stay on in a Parish for a given number of years. Michael and I had been lovers for fifteen years, and then it was decreed that he must transfer to another Parish.

It was our hope that he would be transferred to another nearby suburban Parish, but Michael was now fifty, his children grown up and gone from home, and his wife claimed she was ready for a change of scenery. Thus the Church bureaucracy in its "wisdom", decided that Michael should go to a mining town about six hundred kilometres distant from where I lived.

We were both distraught at this situation. I was by then serving as a translator for a publishing house, and for various companies seeking to market abroad. Alec was getting towards the end of his high school years, with every sign being he would go on to university.

We tried to look at the situation from every possible angle. Michael would have sacrificed all for me, divorced, left the ministry and married me. From the very beginning, I had told myself I would never let him do that. I refused to agree with the proposition now. Too much would come crashing down, and I had learned something about being unselfish.

I could not bring myself to attend the congregation gathering for his farewell. Instead, we said our private goodbye, making love and in tears.

After he had gone, I went into that form of depression called "grieving". In a way it was worse than when someone close dies. I knew Michael was out there somewhere, but was lost to me.

I swore to myself there would never be another man in my life, and then felt agonising pangs of jealousy as I thought Michael might find another lover. Looking back now at that time, and seeing it objectively, I can understand that there

was no reason why Michael should not find another love partner. He had offered to give up everything for me, and I had said "no".

We exchanged letters and occasionally spoke on the telephone, but in time, this began to diminish until we stopped contacting each other completely. I suppose we both felt that to try to continue our relationship in this way was only to prolong the agony.

So from the joyful years I descended into a dark pit. I struggled on, trying to pretend that everything was fine for the sake of Alec.

I would have been deluding myself if I thought Alan had not known about Michael and I. He never made a direct comment about the sexual aspect, but often teased me in fun about my "Parson boyfriend." I think he was rather pleased that his mother had someone in her life that made her so happy.

He was now eighteen and had grown into a sensitive, fine looking young man, and could not fail to notice the gloom that came over me after Michael's departure.

When he was in his mid teens I understood he was ready to engage in sexual intercourse. Out of my own experience, I

sternly counseled him about how to treat a girl. He was to make sure she did not get pregnant, treat her honourably and make sure she got as much pleasure as she gave him. I also instructed him, that if he was going to engage in sex, he was to bring the girl home, and not take her in the back of his car or some other equally uncomfortable place.

It did not take long for Alec to announce that he and a girl called "Wendy" wanted to start having sexual intercourse. "It's okay, mum," Alan blithely explained, "she's on the pill."

"Have you spoken to Wendy's mother about this?" I asked.

He looked abashed. "Well, no, mum, I haven't, but I think Wendy has."

"Then you won't mind if I speak to her, will you?"

Alec looked rather startled at this, but finally agreed.

I telephoned Wendy's mother and made an appointment to go and speak with her. She proved to be a very amiable woman and confirmed that Wendy had spoken to her about starting a sexual relationship with Alec.

"You know," she said, "I'd much rather this than she went around having sex in secret, and possibly promiscuously. If they stay faithful to each other, there's no danger of disease, either. I put her on the pill when she turned sixteen, just in case. Her father and I are quite happy for her to have sex with your son, and I'm glad you've offered to let them use your house. I have made the same offer, so they can come to us, or you."

The first time Wendy visited, I found her to be a slightly plump and cheerful young woman, with a very sweet disposition. I could well understand Alec being enamoured of her. She thanked me without specifying for what she was thanking me, but we both knew.

For the next two years, Wendy was a regular visitor, arriving a couple of times each week. I saw her only briefly as Alec escorted her to his bedroom, and on the first such visit, I became a bit alarmed.

Soon after their departure to the bedroom, I heard cries and yelps, culminating in male groans and a female shriek. I thought he must have been hurting the girl and was about to intervene when the noises subsided and all was quiet for about half an hour. Then there was another round of cries and a female shriek, followed by a silence.

My doubts about what had been going on were ameliorated when the young people finally emerged. Wendy, looking like the cat that had just got at the cream, seemed very relaxed and happy. Alec appeared equally content with his lot in life. Wendy engaged once more in non-specific thanks, then she departed with Alec who was to escort her home.

From then on, the noises of vigorous copulation were to be heard a couple of times each week in our house. Alec would depart for Wendy's home on other occasions, where, no doubt, they engaged in further sexual activity.

As result of this relationship, I noticed that Alec was much more relaxed and able to concentrate more on his studies. From a practical point of view, the relief from the frustrated sexual needs that beset so many young people had worked well for Alec, and I think Wendy.

For as long as I still had Michael, the pleasures of the young people were a happy event as far as I was concerned. That Wendy was contented with Alec did not altogether surprise me, since on a few occasions when I had glimpsed his genital endowment, I noted he was better served than his father was. I concluded that his well-developed organ must have been inherited from my side of the family.

It was when Michael and I parted, that the joyful sounds emanating from the bedroom began to have a negative effect on me. However I justified my feelings at the time, looking back I can now see it was raw envy. Here was I, still young and sexually vibrant, cut off from, and grieving for my lost love, and there were these young people, vigorously deriving joy from each other just a few metres away from me. It seemed to rub salt into an already painful wound.

Then a change in the situation came about. It was around six months after Michael and I parted, that one week I noticed Wendy did not turn up.

This had happened before when she had gone away with her parents on a trip, or on other odd occasions. It usually meant that Alec was a bit grouchy, but nothing worse.

At first, I paid no attention to Wendy's absence, but by the end of the second week I was prompted to ask where she was.

We had both showered and clad in our dressing gowns we were wandering around doing the last little clearing up jobs before going to bed, when I asked my question.

"What's happened to Wendy? Are you two all right?"

"Gone away," replied Alec, darkly.

"When is she coming back?"

"Not coming back," he answered.

"Do you mean you've broken up with her?"

"Not exactly," he said, "She's not going to university, so she's got a job up north, and has gone there to live. We talked about still seeing each other, and how we might get married one day, but I know it won't happen like that.

It sounded like a wretched rerun of Michael and I, except that Alec would be better placed to get over the loss of Wendy.

I could see that he was near to tears talking about his lost Wendy, so drawing him to sit beside me on the couch, I tried to console him, telling them there would be other girls, and all the usual useless cliches. In doing this, I brought my own misery to the surface and we both ended up crying and hugging each other.

In the course of this sobbing session, Alec revealed that he had known for years about Michael and I, and was deeply sorry for us both when we had to part, but didn't know how to express it. He went on:

"You know mum, when I first started to get sexual feelings, and before I had Wendy, I used to get quite jealous of you and Michael. I think I was afraid you loved him more than me."

"Don't be silly, darling, it wasn't a case of more or less love, it was just different sorts of love."

"It wasn't for me, mother."

I didn't understand what he meant, so I turned to him and gently kissing him on the lips, I said. "Well, there's nothing to be jealous about now, is there, darling?"

I suppose it was the grief of loss that helped bring about what now happened. I have noticed that human emotion is non-specific. I mean, one sort of emotion can flow into another, even when there does not seem to be any direct connection between the emotions involved.

Alec returned my kiss, but it was not what is called a "filial" kiss. Nor was my response that of a mother with her son. I opened my lips and his tongue flickered over them. I felt his hand slip inside my dressing gown to touch and caress my breasts.

I had not had man for months, and Alec had been without his Wendy for nearly two weeks. Both of us were sexually pent-up and our attempts to console each other now spilled over into sexual arousal.

Our kissing became frenzied, and Alec's gentle pressing of my nipples worked on me like an aphrodisiac. I think we both wanted the comfort that sexual coupling can give, and I not only surrendered to his caresses, but also responded to them.

He had opened my dressing gown to expose my breasts and was suckling my nipples. I reached down and found his erect penis and began to move the foreskin, slowly at first, then gradually speeding up.

"No wonder Wendy screamed with ecstasy," I thought, as I felt the size of his shaft.

His fingers had sought, and found, the outer lips of my vulva, and parting them; I felt a finger inserted into me,

while his thumb moved round my clitoris in a gentle circular motion. "Wendy taught him well," I thought.

Feeling that I was saturated with my love fluids, Alec moved me to lie along the couch, and parted my legs. He came over me and began his entrance when with a shock of realisation I began to try to stop him.

"No darling...no...no. Not now, please, not now...you mustn't...you'll..."

It was too late. He had penetrated quickly to his full length, and he was so desperate he shot his sperm into me immediately.

As he fired into me, in gasping tones he cried out his love for me.

"I've wanted you...even when Wendy and I...it was always you...you don't know how much..."

He finished with a long gasping sigh, the sound of one who had, after long abstinence had finally found fulfillment. Perhaps like a starving man who has found the food he lusted for.

I should have got up and run to the bathroom to wash his semen out of me, but he continued to lie inside me, and now I did not care. I wanted him there. I wanted him to make me come.

As I lay there, I stroked his face and hair, murmuring my love for him, realising the agony he must have gone through, knowing Michael was making love to the woman he wanted. Feeling sorry for Wendy also who, it now seemed, had been a substitute for me.

I began to cry softly and Alec withdrew from me."

"Mother, I'm sorry, I don't know what...I just wanted...I've always wanted to..."

"It's all right, my love. Nothing to be sorry for. We were distressed so we consoled each other."

"But you said 'no', and I still went ahead."

"You had already entered me by then, darling. Do you think you could have stopped?"

"Not really, I was coming from the first moment I was inside you. But you wanted me to stop."

"Well, I did, but then I didn't. You see..." I hesitated. Should I tell him or not. I was still sexually worked up and wanted him to make love with me again. If I told him, would he be turned off? I decided it was better to be honest right at the start, because, if we did make love again, I was fairly sure it would not stop at that.

"Darling, I have to tell you...you see, I could get pregnant."

"But you and Michael..."

"He had a vasectomy, my love."

"Oh my God, I thought you must be..."

"On the pill?" I finished his sentence for him.

"Yes."

"Do you mind that I'm not?"

"You mean, I could have made my own mother pregnant?"

"It is possible. Would it have stopped you if you'd known?"

"I'm not sure, mother. If I'd known, I might have stopped when you said 'no', or at least tried to. I haven't been a very loving son, have I?"

"If you believe that, I might have to say I haven't been a very loving mother."

"Oh no, mother, that's not true..."

I stopped him before he went on; "Alec, I'm not saying 'no' now, am I?"

"You want me to..."

"Yes, I want you to, very dearly."

"But suppose I do make you pregnant, how would you feel?"

"Do you know, darling, I think I would be delighted."

There flashed through my mind all the times with Michael when I would have loved him to impregnate me, I wanted so much to bear his child. That could not happen with him, but why not now, with someone else I loved dearly? I went on:

"How would you feel, fathering a child with your mother, my love?"

"Very excited," he replied, his voice shaking with emotion."

I could see he already had another erection so I said, "Then why don't we clean ourselves up a bit, and then you can take me to bed – my bed – I don't want to be confined in that single bed of yours," I smiled.

After the first few couplings with Michael on the single bed I had once used, I had made sure I purchased a nice big lover's bed.

We had a shower together during which Alec took me standing up or rather; he lifted me so I could slide on to his penis. He was too tall, or I was too short, to actually have sex with him standing.

I was a little disappointed that he had ejaculated into me in the shower, thinking it would spoil what I had hoped was to take place in bed. I need not have worried. By the time we had cleaned each other's genitals again, he was already on his way to another erection.

He carried me to the bedroom and laid me gently on the bed. When he had come beside me, I was able to look at him properly for the first time. When he had entered puberty he had become shy about my seeing his body, so I had only fleeting glimpses of him naked.

Now my eyes feasted on him. "What a beautiful boy I have made," I thought, and in a mental flashback I remembered calling someone else, "Beautiful". I spoke those or similar words now: "You have such a beautiful body, Alec." I wanted to add, "how could Wendy leave you," but thought better of it.

Alex gave a short laugh, "It's a body you made."

I looked at his manhood, the long thick shaft culminating in a gorgeous rosy crown; the foreskin was peeled back to show it glistening as it discharged pre-cum. I took it in my hand, and heard him give a little gasp. I did not massage it, but slowly explored it, first with my fingers, then with my tongue, licking up his pre-cum. It was a magnificent organ. I

had had it in me hastily twice, but next time I was determined I was going to enjoy it to the full. Having discharged into me twice, I felt sure that Alec would last longer next time.

Alec brought an end to my contemplation of his sexual organ by rolling me on to my back. His hand tenderly caressing my breast, he took a nipple into his mouth and suckled me. It took me back nearly eighteen years, to when I breastfed him. "If only," I thought, "I had milk to give him now, just to feed him once more." But now, it was another hunger I would satisfy in him. I would nourish another human craving.

As one hand massaged my breast, the other explored my body, moving down slowly to my mons, then further down to slip a finger into my entrance, with his thumb once more circling my clitoris.

I was giving out little squeals of pleasure, then he stopped, moved down to my vulva, and putting a couple of pillows under my buttocks, he raised my vulva to his mouth, and parting my outer lips, he exposed the inner little buds.

I felt his tongue start to lick me, tasting my female fluids as I had tasted his pre-cum. My squeals became more intense as his tongue thrust, first into my entrance, then began to circle my clitoris.

I was hanging on the edge of my orgasm, trying to fight it off until he had entered me with his penis.

At last, he came over me, searching with the crown of his shaft to find my opening. I reached down with my hand and guided him in.

He slipped in very gently, moving slowly along my tunnel as if he were relishing each moment, each little movement that took him deeper. He fitted tightly and I felt him against the warm moist walls of my vagina. I gripped my muscle round his shaft, and he gave a loud moan of ecstasy and plunged in to the full depth of his long shaft, pressing up against my cervix.

I now released myself from the restraint I had exercised, and let my orgasm come. It roared in like a raging storm, flinging me into a maelstrom of swirling coloured lights. I heard screams, and distantly knew they were mine.

It was not until we had calmed down I discovered how intense our coupling had been, and what wounds I had inflicted on Alex with my teeth and nails.

Now, in the midst of the urgency of our loving and lust, I was unaware of the madness that must have overtaken me.

I felt Alec put his hands under my buttocks to raise my vagina so as to give him maximum depth. I wrapped my legs round him, and with what sound like a shout of wild exultation, he burst into me with his semen.

His detonation into me seemed to stimulate my orgasm further, the maelstrom whirled me even faster, the lights grew more intense, and my whole body was shaking with the force of our union.

My climax came as Alec made a desperate thrust into me with the final burst of his ejaculation. I think the noise we made in that moment must have awakened the whole neighbourhood.

I was coming down on the other side, pleading with Alec not to withdraw. Actually he made no move to part from me, but lay panting, his organ slowly slackening, as he searched for words of love to pour over me.

My screams had now fallen away to become little squeals of pleasure again, as still shaking with the diminishing reverberations of my orgasm, I held on to him, and like him, trying to find the words to express the power of the love I felt for him.

However articulate a person might be, there are some things that go beyond words, like experiences of the holy that some people have encountered. Any words that are used are unworthy of the actual experience.

That is how I, and I think Alec also, felt about this, our first true coupling.

The little shock waves I was experiencing finally faded, then ceased, but still I wanted him to stay in me, and he made no move to withdraw.

At that moment, I had one of those odd humorous thoughts one can get in these moments, and I spoke it aloud.

"Darling, if that didn't fertilise me, nothing will."

We both shook with laughter, and as we did so, I felt his now half-slackened penis jerking inside me.

I think I was wrong about that particular intercourse making me pregnant. When I did discover I was pregnant, and tried to do some arithmetic to find out when it might have happened, I concluded it was on another occasion.

One can never be certain about these things, but the occasion that seemed most likely was not one of insane lust, but a very gentle, truly loving union. It was a night when I wanted to totally surrender myself to Alec. I was wide open to him and knew I was soft, warm and yielding.

I do not think I had ever produced so much lubricant before, and Alec took me very slowly. We looked into each other's eyes, and spoke of love and desire. I remembered I had whispered to him, "Fertilise me tonight, my love, give me a baby."

When we orgasmed, it was a very quiet and tender, both of us very aware of each other.

Alec's first spurt of his seed into me came with a slight grunt, and thereafter he seemed to flow into me.

My orgasm lacked the monumental raging I often experienced with Alec. I felt very tenderly towards him, and clung to him, feeling the strength of his body and wanting to melt into him or he into me.

That is how Alec and I became lovers. We had both lost a love, and out of the grief of our losses, we found an unexpected love for each other.

I confess that I suffered uncertainties about Alec for along time. My first lover had deserted me, and events had torn me from my second. Was I destined to eventually lose yet another?

Well, our little Gretchen is now ten, and Jason eight. Alec and I are still lovers who are capable of couplings that range from the very tender to the maelstrom.

I do wish I could have given Alec more children, he's such a wonderful father.

Paradise Island

We had decided on a three weeks tour of the large island that is off the south coast of the mainland. Using one of my father's "toys," an expensive 4WD, we had left on the night ferry and arrived on the island next morning.

Our first stop was to be the city at the northern end of the island. It is strange that we had traveled to many countries, but never visited this lovely place before.

I took the road east out of the port of arrival, passing through landscape that many said resembled English rural countryside. It certainly was much greener than most of our mainland continent, and was dotted with small farms and villages.

Mother was delighted. Perhaps her delight was less than charitable, as I am sure much of it emanated from the fact that at the last minute my father had decided he could not come with us.

"A business matter has come up," he said. This being translated meant, "I've just got myself a new girl and will be too busy fucking her."

For those who are interest, my father is a businessman and a rich child. He has a superficial charm that he uses to good effect. His life is crowded with his "toys," as my mother calls them. All the latest he has to have, and having got them, loses interest almost immediately.

I am sad to say that this loss of interest includes his neglect of my mother. She had been waylaid by his charm when only eighteen. He had to have the best and most beautiful, and in mother he got what he sought. For a while she was feted as a sort of prize he had won, then he lost interest.

I think he must have got mother pregnant with me the first time they had sex, which I am convinced was before they got married. I believe that I am the reason mother still stayed with him, so I could have the best. To give him credit where it's due, he was generous with his money where mother was concerned. The contract with her seemed to be, "I'll supply the money, you stay beautiful and impress my dinner party guests and run the house, and stay out of my affairs (including his affairs with other women).

He also had a sort of contract with me. "Do well at your studies so I can boast about you, and I'll send you to the best schools, cover your university costs, let you play with some of my toys (like the 4WD), but stay out of my way."

I do not suggest that these contracts were written documents, or had ever been expressed in words. It was simply his attitude that conveyed the message.

It was the long summer university vacation, and mother was delighted to have me to herself for three weeks. I was equally happy to have her to myself. Being with her was to feel that I was escorting a lovely cultured woman, which indeed she was and is. The down side of this is, of course, that everywhere she goes she draws the attention of men. Perhaps I should be pleased about this, but in fact, I feel jealous. Unlike the mainland, the distances between towns and cities on the island are not very great, and quickly we were entering the city we were heading for.

We were stopping at a motel, and since my father had arranged all the accommodation bookings, it was the most expensive place in town. Its staff suffered from that strange combination of haughty obsequiousness, and any attempt to do something for oneself was frowned upon, including unpacking from the vehicle.

Once unpacked we set out to see the city. We found it delightful, with its lack of skyscrapers, its one way streets and narrow side lanes.

We went into the tourist bureau, and receiving a pile of pamphlets mother found one advertising a symphony concert by the island orchestra. Jeered at by father for her love of music, mother decided we should take the opportunity to go to the concert.

I was not so enthusiastic as mother, but she pleaded with me like a little girl begging daddy for an ice cream, so I went along with the idea. As it happened, we only managed to get tickets because of a cancellation.

We spent the rest of the day rambling round the town and poking into all sort of odd and quaint corners. It is the sort of town where the city fathers have been prevented by popular pressure, from tearing down everything in sight for the sake of money, and been forced to let the citizens enjoy a more relaxed way of life. My father would have been appalled at this desecration of his god, Mammon.

In the late afternoon we decided on a meal at a pub called, "The Old Oak." For a very small price, we received a huge meal, all of which we could not eat. In addition, we drank a large carafe of rough red wine, and staggered out partly overcome by the amount of food we had consumed, and partly under the influence of the wine.

With mother clinging to my arm, we made our way to the new concert hall that had been built to blend in with the surrounding architecture, but had a stunning interior.

The orchestra is the smallest of our national orchestras, but is renown for the excellence of its performances. I did not see myself as a devotee of symphonic music, but I must say this orchestra went a long way to converting me. Their work was thrilling to say the least.

Mother sat leaning against me with her head on my shoulder most of the time, and after the last piece, a tone poem by Sibelius, I had to prevent her from standing on the seat as the audience nearly clapped and cheered the roof off.

We returned to The Old Oak for a late drink, and after fending off a couple of young fellows who, as they say, tried to "chat up" mother (I'm a fairly formidable looking chap although much inclined to non-violence) we wended our way back to our snooty accommodation. I perhaps should have said, "tottered".

Two rooms had been booked one for mother and father, and one for me. Under the influence of the "late drink" we had consumed, and the music still rolling and thundering in our heads, I kissed mother goodnight at the door to her room in a rather unsonly manner. She responded in an equally

unmotherly fashion and despite or because of my inebriated condition, I felt my penis starting to swell.

Having given mother my goodnight salutation, I continued on to my own room next door, entered, stripped off my clothes, and fell into bed naked. I must have gone to sleep in a matter of seconds.

When I woke in the morning, I had a head that I wished did not belong to me. Putting on my dressing gown, I tapped on the communicating door between my room and mother's, and I heard a feeble voice bid me enter.

Mother was still in bed, and looking at me through bleary eyes, she groaned. Like me, she had gone to bed naked, and her breasts were exposed above the bedclothes. I suppose my staring at this winsome exposure drew mother's attention to her partial denudation, and she pulled up the sheet to cover herself, much, I must admit, to my regret.

"I can't get up just yet, Blake, and I don't want any breakfast. You amuse yourself for a couple of hours while I try to recover."

With that, I went off for a shower and breakfast, and for the next couple of hours, I carried out further investigations of the fascinating little city.

Returning to the motel I found mother up and apparently recovered from the worst of her hangover. She was wearing a very expensive Levi suit and looked wonderful. In fact, mother seemed to look wonderful whatever she wore. I think that it must have been very annoying to other women who, wearing the same garments, looked as if they were clad in Op Shop throw outs.

Our first task was to make a booking for the theatre that night. Then we were off to see one of the local scenic spots called, "The Ravine." Here a river came tumbling down into a huge pool, then flowed out into the main river that fronted the city.

We crossed a swing bridge that really did swing, walked through the park, then returned to the entrance on an airlift chair.

Mother was fully recovered and seemed to be experiencing a sort of personality transformation.

Perhaps a description of mother is in order. Her name is Eve, but first her physical aspects. She has abundant auburn hair worn shoulder length, sometimes tied back as it was now, and sometimes flowing down the sides of her face to cascade over her shoulders. She has beautifully regular classical

features with slightly dark complexion. I had sometimes wondered if she had some Anglo-Indian background, but she has always said that she knew of no such antecedents.

One of her loveliest features is her neck that is long, and seems to flow down to her shoulders. I always enjoy...but no, more of that later.

She is tall for a woman, I think about 1.7 metres, and my male ego is only just saved by my being a few centimetres taller.

In later times, I have by dint of cunning managed to determine her other measurements, more or less. They are about 38-26-39. Not, I believe the so-called "perfect female figure," but even mother could not have it all, and who is complaining anyway?

I once checked out her bra and found that she used a C cup, so...?

Her legs are long, strong and well shaped and in proportion with her body; she carries herself very erect, back straight and head high.

I have overheard someone describing her as an "austere beauty." That I think describes her rather well in the normal

circumstances of her life. I think the slightly serious manner she adopted was a sort of defence, first against the pain she must have felt at my father's apparent lack of love for her, and also as a means of fending off would-be paramours, of which there had been many hopefuls.

It was only as I grew into adulthood that I realised that this austere aspect of mother existed. From my earliest memories of her, she had always been warm and loving towards me. I think that this was the real Eve. She wanted to be affectionate, but rejected by my father and sometimes plagued by men wanting her body, she shut down this side of her character to all except me, and perhaps her mother and father while they lived.

My money-orientated father united mother and I by his jeers and sneers. Regarding me, it was largely because of my desire to be an artist. "Bloody useless sod. Gay are you? How much do you reckon you'll make painting pictures?"

More than the sneers at me, I was deeply pained when I overheard him on a number of occasions taunting mother with comments like, "Hoping he'll (naming some man) give you a good fucking, are you?" If ever there was a woman sexually faithful in the face of rejection, it was mother. At least, until she finally decided to cut free from him.

So back to our second day in the little city.

As we had crossed the swing bridge mother, suffering a little uneasiness had taken my hand in hers. After that, she continued to hold on to it.

We had lunch at the Ravine Restaurant, then walked back to the city and the main river, where we took a tourist boat for an hour.

Throughout our activities, I noticed a steady change coming over mother. Always looking years younger than her actual age, even more years seemed to be dropping away from her. It was like being with a girl who was even younger than I was. She moved and spoke with a sunny air.

My picture of what was happening to her was of chains being struck off her and she being free. Contented as I had been to be with a beautiful and sophisticated woman at the start of our trip, once I got used to it, I was even more delighted to be with this sparkling young girl.

Looking back, I now understand that having got pregnant and married so young to a man who eventually made her life dull and miserable, she was with me starting live some of her lost youth. I was really happy to be instrumental in bringing about her ease.

I suggested we should go and look at the city gardens saying "Mother shall we...?" but she cut in.

"Darling, what about calling me 'Eve'? Just while we're on holiday."

For me the title "mother" had been the symbol of my love and respect for her. The idea of calling her Eve was a bit hard for me to accept. Never the less I said, "All right mother...er...Eve." With that, she put her arm round me, so I reciprocated and we walked along arms about each other.

I found this rather unsettling but at the same time gratifying. The soft warmth of her body close to mine, the fragrance of her subtle perfume, gave rise to thoughts that I had never had before...until...then I recalled the sight of her breasts that morning. I felt a lump rise in my throat and my stomach churned a little followed by an ache in my genitals.

After our tour round the city gardens it was time to eat, so we returned to The Old Oak, and ate another of the huge meals it offered and drank another large carafe of red wine.

We went on from the pub to the theatre. The play turned out to be a rather erotic work with some explicit sex scenes and

near nudity. Mother was again sitting with her head on my shoulder. And between the rather heated scenes on stage, the close proximity of mother and the fragrance of her perfume, I got into a rather heated state myself.

After the show we went back to The Old Oak and downed some more red wine. As we left mother bought a bottle of whisky and with our arms once more round each other, we wavered our way back to the motel.

Arriving at Eve's door, I went to kiss her goodnight, but she said in a rather thick voice, "Don't be an old misery sweetheart, come in and have a nightcap with me."

We were both well inebriated so we lurched into the room and I sprawled into an armchair. Eve opened the bottle of whisky and poured out liberal measures into glasses.

I must apologise for the scanty description of what happened next, but the room and Eve seemed to be something "out there," if you know what I mean. I struggled to look and sound sober, as drunken people often do, but I am sure I only made matters worse. I do know that we drank the whole bottle of whisky because I saw the empty bottle next morning, but I have no clear of recall actually doing so.

Deciding that it was time for bed, I staggered over to Eve, and in bending over her to kiss her goodnight my bending continued until I ended up with my head in her lap.

Mother began to caress me and said something like, "I've spent years in lonely beds, darling. Keep me company tonight."

A little alcohol is said to produce much truth; to release us from our inhibitions and expose our real desires. If I say, "It must have been the alcohol that brought about what happened," it is but a half-truth at best. Even to say it was the relaxed day we had enjoyed, the pleasure of each other's company and the intimate holding and touching, it is still not the whole truth.

As I was to learn later, my mother, showering upon me the love thrown away by my father, found as I entered puberty that love taking on a sexual dimension. This may never have been given overt expression save for the alcohol we had consumed, but there is another aspect. My love for her. In my high school days and at university I had first experimented with girls, then used them to unburden myself of sexual tensions. In what I suppose must be called my "promiscuous behaviour," I had found no contentment, only temporary release.

I had never viewed mother as a sexual object until the previous evening when we kissed in a non-filial manner at her door. This was the first intimation of a love that went beyond that of the respectful and obedient son. In addition, the day we had spent together in such happy harmony, the freedom we found with each other, her closeness to me and her fragrance, all had the effect of stirring my sensual self. And now her open invitation for me to join her in bed!

I might try to make the alcohol my excuse, but that would be to insult mother and to misrepresent my true feelings. I wanted her sexually without any need of alcohol to make me feel like that. The alcohol merely served to release me from my self-restraint in this regard.

Mother managed to get me out of her lap and on my feet. She drew me to the bed and commenced undressing me. Having completed the task, she pulled back the covers and with a gentle push, toppled me into the bed. I lay there watching her as she undressed and then joining me in the bed.

Pulling the covers over us, she snuggled up close to me, curling her body against me. Alcohol often serves as a sexual suppressant, but her closeness seemed to overcome this, and I had a raging erection.

Mother said nothing, but lying there facing me, I remember her putting one leg over me and somehow getting my penis into her. I have no clear memory of ejaculating into her, but I must have, because in the morning I could see the stains on the sheet, and mother assured me that I had, because she had removed my semen from her vagina.

When we woke we were suffering from bad hangovers, and nothing was said beyond the barest exchanges. We might have tried to pretend that nothing had happened, but waking up together in bed put ignoring it out of court. We did, however, avoid confronting the situation for the time being.

We were departing for our next location that morning so once packed and loaded up, we set off. We were heading for a small village a few kilometres off the central highway that cuts right across the island from north to south. Again, we passed farms and little villages with old colonial houses and buildings, but I think that we were both too preoccupied to pay proper attention to the scenery.

Turning left off the highway we traveled a few kilometres down a side road, went over a river bridge that had been built by convicts many years ago, and entered the village.

This time there was no luxurious motel. We had been booked into the only place offering accommodation, the local hotel. It was in fact a fairly large two storied building amid a village of one-story cottages.

To our surprise the place was full, as there seemed to be some sort of convention going on. This time, although we had adjoining rooms, there was no communicating door.

Having brought our luggage in, this time doing the job ourselves, we went to the dining room for lunch. It was crowded, but our host showed us to a side dining room saying, "I reserved this for you, sir." No doubt my father's money again!

" An excellent meal was provided but certainly not on the gargantuan scale of The Old Oak. We settled for one glass of wine each this time.

Finishing the meal, we set out for a walk round the village, and headed for the bridge first. We read the inscription carved into the stone work that announced the date the convicts had built it.

As we stood there I took advantage of our being alone and said, "Mother, I'm so sorry, so terribly sorry."

There was no need for an explanation as to why I was sorry, we both knew.

Eve had now become her "austere" self again. She turned and looked directly at me with her green eyes for some time, saying nothing, then, "You've nothing to be sorry for, Blake."

I began to protest, "But...but I fu...I had...my own mother..."

She stopped me, placing her fingers against my mouth. "Would you prefer it to have been someone else's mother?"

"No...I mean...you don't do that..."

"With your own mother?"

"That's right."

"Well, I have to confess to you, Blake. When we kissed the previous night the thought came to me 'How wonderful it would be to have sex with someone I loved,' specifically you. I thought you might resist if you were sober, so I bought the

whisky. So now you know, and have nothing to feel guilty about."

I had wondered about the drinking. Eve was not a drinker in the way we had been downing it, but then, neither was I.

I stood leaning over the parapet of the bridge, staring at the water flowing under it. Eve was trying to take the guilt upon herself, but I could not and would not accept that I was guiltless. She was offering me a conscience easing way out, but how do you let someone you love do that?

I did not have to get drunk, and I remembered the quivers of desire as we walked with our arms about each other the previous day, and my arousal in the theatre. I might have resisted my lust for her, but never the less I had lusted, and had not resisted.

I heard her sigh, then she began, "Darling, there's something I want to tell you, and it might as well be now. When we return home, I shall be leaving your father. You are long past the stage where you need my nurturing, and I've put up with all the sneers and denigration from him long enough.

I'm telling you this now, because I want you to understand that I shall not be leaving him because of what happened last night. It was a decision I made well before we began this time together."

I was not surprised at this announcement. The only surprise was that she had gone on so long with him.

Turning aside for a moment from the matter we were supposed to be discussing I said, "If you need any help, mother, I'll always be there for you."

"I know you will darling."

"Mother, I can't let you take all the blame for what happened last night. I should have..."

"Please, Blake. It's no good now. We can't undo what's happened, we can't go back to the time before we had sex. We did, and regretting it won't change that. I gather that you do regret it?"

"My regret, mother, is that I have defiled you," I muttered.

"Oh Blake, darling, what a quaint way of putting it and how sad. If you see me as defiled, then I'm sorry, but you must understand that I do not feel 'defiled.' And there's something else I'll tell you, and you can think of me as a debased woman if you must. I do regret last night, but only because we were both too drunk to enjoy each other properly."

The past couple of days with mother, the changes I had witnessed in her, the realignment of our relationship and the sex had almost inured me to further surprises. I tried to absorb what she had said and concluded I was not up to it at that moment.

I looked at her standing a couple of paces away from me, and could not hold back the words; "I love you, my darling."

She looked at me for a moment, and I saw tears glistening in her eyes, then she stepped towards me and put her arms round me. It was not the hug of a woman seeking sexual gratification. It was the hug of someone seeking comfort and affection.

An old man came stomping over the bridge, looked at us curiously, then passed on.

I said softly to her, "Shall we go and look at the rest of this place?"

We spent the rest of the afternoon wandering round the village.

Returning to the pub, we saw the dining room was crowded again with the convention people and no tables were available. The host led us to the separate room again, and to my amazement, it had only soft lighting and the table was set with candles.

When he had gone I said, "Does he take us for a honeymoon couple, or what?"

Mother laughed and said, "I don't think we can put this down to your father. I think it must be the host's idea, although how he could conclude we are honeymooners I don't know, as we have separate rooms."

We let the mystery remain.

We ate an excellent meal, but were very frugal with the alcohol, no doubt to the sorrow of our host who saw his profits diminishing through our moderation.

We were asked if we would like coffee, and mother suggested that we take it in her room.

We retired to her room and shortly after there was a tap at the door, and the coffee was brought in by an impertinent

girl who gave me what passed for a "knowing wink" as she left.

As we drank, we talked over our trip so far, carefully avoiding any further mention of the previous night's activity. It was a painful exercise because it was clearly to the forefront of both our minds.

The afternoon's hand in hand wander, the romantic candlelit dinner, the subdued light of mother's room and being alone with her, whether my mother or not, was putting something of a strain on me.

I was sitting in an armchair, and kept trying to sit so as to hide what was happening to my genitals. I wanted to excuse myself and escape so that I could masturbate.

About ten o'clock I thought I could decently retreat, and rose saying, "Time for bed, I think." I went to where mother was sitting to give her a restrained peck on the cheek, but she rose before I reached her.

She put her arms round me and laid her face alongside mine saying quietly, "Not tonight, darling. Don't leave me tonight. I've been without a man's love for so long and it's so little to ask of you and it would mean so much to me. In the morning,

if you've hated it...you don't like me like that, then I'll never bother you again...but just this one night."

This plea cut me to the heart. I was near to tears, hearing this lovely woman who had born so much rejection, begging me for just one night of love. It should have been me pleading with her. I wanted to take from her the pain of the past, to hold her forever and protect her from all that might hurt her.

But this knight-errant feeling was not all I felt. I was past all rational arguments. I no longer had the moral strength to fight my overmastering desire for her. I wanted her like I had never ever wanted a woman before. Whatever consequences resulted from my coupling with her, and throughout history men have literally given their lives for just one night with their beloved, I would have her tonight.

Overcoming what might be called "romantic nonsense," I simply said, "Yes, Eve."

"Come darling, undress me."

Standing there I took off her jacket then her jeans and shirt. Underneath she wore only panties and bra, and I removed these.

This was the first time I had ever seen mother naked, as the previous night hardly counted as "seeing her." Her beauty staggered me, and as I took in her body, I saw that she had no pubic hair. Following my glance she smiled and said, "Your father; he told me he disliked women's pubic hair, so I spent a fortune having it permanently removed. You don't mind, darling?"

I was beyond minding any such detail, and managed to croak out, "No," as she removed my clothes.

We stood facing each other, she gently caressing my penis saying, "My boy, my lovely boy," while I touched her breasts.

I knew that her breasts were firm because of the times she wore no bra under shirts or blouses. I had seen them briefly exposed the other morning, but now...Like the rest of her complexion they were slightly dark in colour, but the nipples were pink, set in light brown aureoles and standing out firmly with her arousal.

She knew I wanted to look at her, to take in all her beauty, so she stepped back a pace. Just to look at her almost brought me to orgasm. The precum was dripping from my penis, so she drew me to the bed and laying down she parted her legs and said, "Enough time for playing later. Just come into me now."

I came between her legs and she guided the crown of my penis to her opening. I could feel she was drenched with her lubricant, and I felt the soft warmth of her inner vaginal lips against my crown.

I penetrated and had about half my length in her when another glorious surprise awaited me. Her vagina fitted very snugly round my shaft, but suddenly I felt as if a powerful hand had grasped it and was dragging me into her. She was flexing her unusually powerful vaginal muscle, an experience I had never had before with anyone.

I wanted to scream out with rapture. I was in my seventh heaven. I certainly cried out, "Eve, Eve, I love you so much..."

Then she was whispering, "Don't hold back, sweetheart. Let it all go, just put it into me..."

I do not think I could have done otherwise. The combination of my own burning arousal and her sucking muscle left me beyond all restraint and I felt the first violent, pumping lurch as I detonated into her. I came with eruption after eruption and just when I thought there was none left, she seemed to drag more from me right to the last drop.

In my previous sexual experiences, once I had gratified myself, all I wanted to do was to withdraw from the girl, dress and leave. Usually I stayed with them almost, as you might say, "out of politeness."

With Eve, I had no need of this courtesy. I didn't want to pull out of her, and as she continued to clamp her vaginal walls round my shaft, we seemed to be of one mind.

We lay murmuring our love and desire to each other. I was thinking, "My God, how could my father want other women when he could have this." In the process of this thought I unintentionally spoke aloud one word, "Father."

Eve, comprehending what was going on in my mind said, "His women are like the rest of his toys, he always has to have the latest. His current girl will find that out, poor creature."

It was drawn home to me that I had been going from one girl or woman to another. I hope it was not with the same callous disregard for their feelings as my father. Perhaps it was all part of growing up; of experimenting, but as I lay inside Eve, I had a strong feeling that that sort of experimenting was over.

My penis was hardening again and this time my need was not so urgent. As I slid my shaft up and down in Eve's vagina, she worked with me, releasing me as I pulled back, and dragging me in as I thrust down.

She began to give little squeals and gasps, and started to plead with me to stop; yet still dragging me into her. Saying, "No, darling, please my sweet...I can't stand it...I don't want to...don't make me..." she began to tremble.

Her legs wrapped round my buttocks and her cries changed to "Oh yes...don't stop...please don't stop...I...ah..."

Her whole body began to vibrate and her cries changed to screams and howls, her words becoming incomprehensible and in the midst of this climax, my own orgasm arrived. I surged into her already sperm filled vagina and this new injection together with her own lubricant discharge began to flow out of her onto the bed.

As we came down from the heights, relaxing but still united, we looked into each other's eyes, and she smiled.

After we parted I thought she might have had enough so I moved from her slightly, but she sat up with her back against the padded end of the bed. She took my head in her hands and drew it towards her breasts. With one hand she took

hold of her breast and held it so as to make the nipple prominent.

"I nourished you there, my love, let me suckle you again now."

I took the sweet nipple into my mouth and sucked on it as she stroked my face and hair saying, "I was so happy when you were born. I had someone to give my love to, and feeding you at my breast was marvelous."

We came together for a third time and then we slept our arms about each other.

When I woke Eve had gone from the bed and I heard the shower running and she singing. I lay listening to her and her happiness was obvious. My own thought took a serious turn. I had experienced something last night that I knew was likely you bring about dramatic changes in my life.

It was as if I had found the magic word to open an Aladdin's cave of erotic riches. Having opened it, I found that I did not have the word to close it again. I had fallen in love with Eve, my own mother, and wrong though this might be, that was the case.

I may have gone on being content with going from girl to girl, at least, until I found one I might want to marry, but now this new found relationship with the forbidden woman had intervened.

It was as if I had been content to assuage my thirst with glasses of water here or there, and then suddenly came upon an ever-flowing fountain from which I might always drink without let or hindrance. This I now knew was what I had been searching for, and found in the most unlikely and hazardous place.

Eve came bounding into the room naked and still singing, then she called out, "And how is my beautiful lover this morning?"

Her joy was infectious, and I was caught up by it and replied, "As happy as the one he loves."

"Then get up, you lazy beast. We're on the move again today."

I had forgotten about our next move, but at her chivvyng I got up and showered.

After breakfast we loaded up our vehicle and headed off for our next stop.

This was remains of an old penal settlement – the largest on the island – one of the many hells to which Britain sent her criminal rejects.

The trip took us over the central mountain range that, despite it being summer, still had odd patches of snow here and there.

Mother was in a happy bubbling mood and had become the young girl she had been a couple of days before. As I drove she adopted her favourite position of her head on my shoulder, and kept up a running commentary about the scenery we were passing through.

At one stage and apropos of nothing in particular she suddenly said, "I love you so much, Blake."

This was too much for my driving concentration, so I slowed and pulled into the side of the road.

I sat staring ahead for a moment or two while Eve questioned me, "What have we stopped for?"

"I've stopped because I have to tell you I'm in love with you."

"Oh darling, that's perfect."

"Is it," I asked. "What about the future? How badly are we going to hurt each other when we have to part, like at the end of this holiday?"

"Blake, if I say to you, 'Let's enjoy each other for the rest of the holiday, and leave what happens afterwards to me,' will you trust me?"

"But..."

"Trust me?"

"All right."

"Don't worry, just enjoy, and I promise that it will turn out just as you want it to, when you have really decided how you want it. Now let's get on with this drive."

There were a number of motels in the area and of course, we were booked into the most expensive one again.

We had two rooms, one of which was now superfluous, as Eve and I had every intention of sleeping together for the rest of the trip. We went to the reception desk on arrival, but Eve said to me, "Darling, why don't you see to the luggage while I fix things here?"

I went off with one of the motel staff leaving Eve at the desk.

Once ensconced in Eve's room, she suggested a shower to, as she put it, "Get the dust of the road off." Her further suggestion was that we might take the shower together.

It proved to be an interesting shower, as Eve began to wash my penis and I her breasts and genital region.

We ended up having sex standing up with the water pouring over us.

Eve's comment was "I've always wanted to do that."

Back in the main room, still naked and drying ourselves, Eve gave proof of her stamina by sitting on the edge of the bed, opening and raising her legs and saying, "Can you think of anything interesting we might do before we go out?"

Her genitals, being without pubic hair, were clearly visible, and struck me as being very delectable. I knelt before her and pulling aside the outer lips, I exposed the inner petals. It was like opening a rose to reveal the inner bud.

Eve pulled my head to her sex organ and I began to savour her. For a while I pushed my tongue into her opening, tasting her lubricant and reveling in her woman's fragrance.

If I had thought Eve had no more surprises in store for me, I would have been wrong. I lifted the hood of her clitoris, that gathering of nerves that provide so much pleasure to a woman, and about to start licking it, I stopped and stared.

Eve had the biggest clitoris I had ever seen. All the girls I had been with presented only a little nub, Eve's clitoris was like a small penis.

Seeing my attention focused on her clitoris, Eve gave a shaky sort of giggle, and said, "Yes, it is, isn't it, my love? The doctor told me it's about as big as they come. Do you think you can enjoy it?"

"I'll see that we both enjoy it," I replied.

With that, I began to stroke the delicious organ, treating it as if it were a tiny penis.

Eve began to writhe and sob. I was to learn that weeping was one of the signs of her sexual joy, especially her orgasm.

Instead of simply licking the clitoris, it was large enough for me to take it into my mouth. I started to suck on it and Eve's sobs began to intensify, and she was saying my name and declaring her love for me continually.

I felt her orgasm approaching and heard the cries that were to become so familiar. Her begging me to stop and not put her through the torment, then the screams, pleading with me not to stop, even if it killed her.

At the climax she raked her fingernails over my back, and beat me with her fists, and when coming down from the supreme moment she kept crying out, "What have you done to me? What have you done, you brute?"

I began to wonder if the violence of her orgasms might have terrified my father, and this, rather than his desire to have many women, was the reason he had cease sexual activity with Eve.

Actually, I don't think that was the case, as any man worth calling a man would revel in her fire.

When she calms down the other side of the coin emerges. Her sweet tenderness, the soft pliancy and yielding of her body, her verbal expressions of love. These are just some of the aspects of this woman, and I had never experienced this with anyone else to the same degree of fervour.

I was desperately in love with her and the thought of being without her some time in the future distressed me.

The Aladdin's cave was certainly opened, and I now dreaded I might find myself outside it and unable to remember the magic word to open it again.

Eve moved into the middle of the bed and said, "Come here, darling, let me do something nice for you."

I moved over to her and she gently pushed me on to my back and began softly kissing the crown of my penis. After while she said, "Whenever you want to, darling," and took my shaft into her mouth."

I had never ejaculated into a woman's mouth, and was troubled that I might have misunderstood her, but it was too

late. I felt the sperm coming and held her head to me. I discharged the whole lot into her mouth but she was unable to swallow it all and it came flooding out of the corners of her mouth.

When I finished she came over me and said, "Now we can taste each other," and kissed me.

She with my semen still clinging to her mouth, and I with the residue of her lubricant, thrusting with our tongues, struggling to mingle our fluids and tastes, we experienced each others and our own flavor and aroma.

We lay back gasping, I trying to focus my feelings - the impassioned love and lust I had for this woman. I wanted to consume her, or she me - to become one with her in some eternal bond.

Eve must have been struggling with similar feelings because she moaned, "Oh Blake, Blake, I love you so much. What are we going to do?"

We slept for a while in post-coital relaxation.

When I came to Eve, was looking at me, her head resting in her hand, elbow on the bed.

Strangely, the turmoil we had both experienced before sleeping seemed to have passed away. We were both relaxed and at peace. Eve had that soft contented look that seems to come to women when they have been well and truly loved. She looked young and alive. As it is said, "All woman."

"Sweetheart," she said, "we've just about loved and slept the day away. Time to eat, but I think we'd better have our third shower for the day, or we'll go into the dining room smelling of sex." She gave a bubbly sort of laugh.

We managed to shower without being sexually entangled with each other again, but only just.

Going to the dining room, and in the dining room itself, I became aware of people looking at us, and whispering and giggling.

"Why is everybody looking at us," I asked Eve.

"Well I'm not sure, sweet, but it may be something to do with us being a honeymoon couple. It seems to have that sort of effect on people."

"What do you mean, "Honeymoon couple?"

"Well, you see, darling, I thought that was the best way."

"Look, will you tell me what's going on?"

"It's really rather simple, darling. I thought as we intended to share the same room, it might become obvious that the room booked for you was not being used, so I told the girl at the reception desk there had been a mistake. I told her we'd just got married, and had only meant to book one room. She was perfectly nice about it, especially as everything has been paid for in advance, and we would not be looking for a refund."

Eve gave another of her bubbly laughs, and I could not help but join her. In fact, she used the same ploy for the rest of the trip so we got the "Honeymooner's" looks everywhere we stayed.

Looked at objectively, there was nothing incongruous about our being honeymooners. Mother had always looked far younger than she was, and her current contentment made her look even younger. I, on the other hand, have always looked mature for my age, so if we did not quite meet at some age central point, as it were, we were not far off.

The rest of our island holiday was almost a dreamtime. Eve said, "This has been our paradise island," and she was right.

The more I had of her, the more I wanted of her. Eve seemed almost insatiable, as if trying to catch up on all the years of not being loved.

But the end of the holiday came, and the future had to be faced. Eve had indicated that she knew what to do, so I clung to that.

On our last night before taking the ferry back to the mainland, we were lying peacefully just after making love, and Eve was playfully running her fingers over my face. She looked at me with an enigmatic smile on her face and said, "Darling, had it occurred to you that I might get pregnant?"

I sat up, startled. It hadn't entered my thoughts.

Eve laughed, "It's all right darling, no need to panic. I put myself on the pill well before we began this holiday."

"You mean you knew...?"

"Of course...at least...I thought there was a good chance we would...you see what a cunning mother you've got. I planned to seduce you right from the start. I suppose my

point is, would you be devastated if I did get pregnant to you?"

I hardly knew what to reply. I made a mumbling effort. "I suppose...but you're really my mother...I mean...a baby. I wouldn't mind having a baby, but..."

"You mean it would be all right to have a baby as long as it's not with me?"

I felt terrible. I really thought it would be great to do some real baby making with Eve. But my mother...?"

"Let's leave it for now, sweetheart. We can talk about it some other time. What I want to talk about now is your father and I. I shall wait until you go back to university before I tell him I'm leaving. I don't want you around when he starts exploding." "When the dust has settled I shall contact you and tell you what I propose. This will give you time to consider what you really want."

"But Eve, I know what I want..."

"You do now, darling, but time can do some strange things. So just be patient, and work out what you think is best for you."

"Eve, you won't...I mean someone else...you'd tell me truthfully..."

"My dearest love, after what we have had on this holiday, do you really think I'd want someone else?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Trust me, my love."

My university course was Classical Studies. Not a very high profile course these days, but my intention on completing the course, was to go on to art school.

The university I was attending meant I was not in my home city. On returning to start my third year of studies, I began the wait for mother to contact me. We exchanged letters and spoke at least once a week on the telephone, but she said nothing beyond vague bits of news and nothing about her leaving my father.

Six months went by, and I was about to go home to confront her when the telephone call came.

"Darling, I want to come and see you. Is there room in your flat for me?"

The flat was another of my father's offerings.

"Of course, mother."

I met her at the airport and was struck by how tired she looked. We went to the flat and I settled her in. I only had one bed, but that was a double. It was a purchase of my own, and was intended to accommodate some of the girls I used to spend a night with or rather, they with me.

I was not sure how things now stood with mother so I asked, pointing to the bed, "Will this be okay?"

"Of course, darling."

Feeling a bit grimy from her journey mother took a shower, then said, "Well, haven't you got something for me after all this time, or has the flower faded?"

Ye Gods, didn't I have something for her? I think I must have been secreting a barrel full of semen for her.

I was soon busy pumping this overflow of my baby manufacturing fluid into her, apparently to the satisfaction of both of us.

It was when we had both calmed down, and our libidos were temporarily relaxed, mother spoke of the situation.

She had left my father and was filing for divorce. Father, not wanting to go through the courts to arrive at a settlement, had made a generous offer which mother accepted. She was now living in a small flat that she rented. She said she would not purchase a flat or house until such time as she could be reasonable sure of her future.

"That is where you come in, darling," she said to me.

"How?" I asked.

"I won't beat about the bush, my love," she said. "What I would most like to have happen is for us to set up home together, and I don't mean primarily as mother and son. I mean as lovers... what do they call it? 'Partners.' Ideally, I should like us to be man and wife, but that is out of the question."

I went to answer, but she cut in.

"Here me out, darling. It's better you know everything I have in mind before trying to give an answer."

I nodded.

"If you should want to be with me, you must understand that from my point of view it would be a permanent relationship. I know we can't predict what might happen in the future, but that would be my intention. I shall be faithful to you, and I would look for you to be the same to me. To parody the old wedding ceremony, you would have my body that I will never deny to you. You will have my 'worldly wealth,' which is substantial, my support in your intended work as an artist, and if what I have just said does not cover it, you will have my love. Now is the time for you to speak, I think."

"Your love covers it all, Eve. I can't offer you anything nearly so generous. I've loved you for as long as I can remember. On the island, that love changed its form, but not its strength. Whatever it is you can see in me and want from me, I shall do the best I can to give it to you."

"Silly boy, I'm still your mother, you know. Of course I think you're the best."

"Then we live together?"

"There is one other thing, my love. I said on the island we would talk about it, and perhaps now is the time. I can still bear a child. If you should want that, it would be my joy to have your baby."

As I write this, we are living on the island. I have my own workshop and gallery and my paintings sell well. None are better than my nudes of Eve, of which I have done quite a few, and sell for a criminally astronomical figure (there must be some of my father in me).

Eve was always interest in antiques. She did the appropriate studies and is licensed as an antique dealer, so alongside and working with the gallery, she has her own antique shop.

I must cease writing now because our little Jenny needs changing, and it's my turn.

Pat's Lover

Now, I can assure you that I am not the sort to foist blame for my actions on to another person. On the other hand, and in this case, I think my husband Edgar was in part responsible for what happened.

Before getting to the important aspects, let me introduce myself, and treat you to a little of my history.

I am generally known as “Pat,” Pat Cooper that was. Like many people, you might assume that Pat is a contraction for Patricia, Patria or suchlike. You would be wrong. Parents, who should have been locked away in a mental institution, named me “Petronella”.

Should any one wish to bring about a sudden end to their earthly existence, then try calling me, “Petronella,” or for an especially painful demise, “Pet.” To all, except my husband Edgar, I was “Pat,” and nothing but. I will explain about my name and Edgar shortly.

Edgar and I had been married for twenty-two years, and if you want to know, that put both of us into our forties.

In the first three years, we manufactured two children, Wendy and Edgar the 2nd. Both have long departed the family home, Wendy to a distant city as a nurse, Edgar the 2nd to an even more distant university to study law.

At the opening of my story I was suffering from what used to be quaintly called, "The Empty Nest Syndrome." To compensate for the departure of my children, and more practically, the lack of any skills that anyone wanted to pay me for, I volunteered like mad. Red Cross, St.Johns, Rotary, the local Church, these and many others fell victim to my volunteering.

Edgar and I were left to occupy a four bed room house with lounge, family room, play room, kitchen and the rest of the usual. We considered moving to smaller premises, but somehow didn't get around to doing anything about it.

Thinking of "doing nothing about it" reminds me of my love life with Edgar.

I married Edgar on the "rebound." As I said, I don't blame others for self-induced problems. At eighteen, I had an affair with a married man. I knew he was married with children but I just went ahead anyway. When crunch time came, he suddenly found he preferred his wife and children to me.

Crash followed crunch. I went around for months in dark despair, then met safe, secure Edgar. You might say it was a case of crash and grab. I seized upon that poor mild and stable fellow with all the verve of a drowning man (or woman) clutching a straw. We married.

With the experience of a truly fervent and uninhibited lover in my curriculum vitae, I can hardly claim that bedtime games with Edgar had ever been what I would call, "stunningly passionate." Edgar's idea of sex was to stick it in, off load an excess of semen, pull out, roll over, and go to sleep. Orgasm for myself was something I had to attend to solo after Edgar had given his less than inspiring performance.

You might have noted my use of the past tense. There is a particular reason for that.

Around the fifth year of our wedded bliss even this desultory sexual offering diminished until it reached vanishing point, and masturbating became an even greater factor in my life.

For those interested, my favourite way to masturbate was to put on thin shorts without panties and go cycling. The clitoris and vagina are rubbed by the bike's saddle, which brings me to orgasm. I actually devised a little gadget to fit

to my saddle to give extra pressure where I wanted it. I often wondered what those people I passed on my bike would have thought if they knew that I was masturbating publicly. Of course, one problem with this method of masturbating was orgasm time, when I had to stop because my steering became erratic.

One of my troubles was inertia. I mean this not simply in the common usage of the word to mean plain laziness. I use it in the more scientific sense of an object in space, once impelled in a certain direction, continuing in the direction it has been shoved until a new force impels it in another direction.

So, there I was, five years into marriage, sexually pent-up, and playing the happy families game with Edgar and the two children.

In other words, "I did nothing about" my situation, just as Edgar and I did nothing about changing houses when the kids cleared off.

I might have sought my gratification with someone other than Edgar. There were a couple of reasons why I did not do this. The first was that my one experience with a married man had left me somewhat paralysed when it came to seeking gratification in the same manner again.

The second reason is one related to self-image. Despite the fact that I did notice men turning round to take another look, I gave myself no high score in the beauty stakes. Thus, I gave no thought to seeking an unmarried man, believing they would be more interested in someone younger and unattached. How wrong can you be?

I did go as far as chatting with a few female friends about my intimate problem, and as far as I could make out from their evasive answers, about fifty percent of them were in the same predicament. This being so, I surrendered to what I perceived to be the inevitable, and made love with my vibrator and bicycle.

To bring about any change in my situation, I needed a big force to overcome my inertia by giving me a hefty shove in a new direction. Unwittingly, it was Edgar who provided it.

Coming home from work one day he began, "Honeeeey..."

Oh God, how I hate that form of address, especially when he uses his whining voice. Whenever he calls me "Honey" in that tone, I know he is about to ask me something he knows will be disagreeable to me.

He has two other forms of address for me; "Dear", when he wants to put me down, and "Darl'" (Darling), as a sort of

general purpose title that has lost all its original meaning of one who is especially beloved. I believe he has all but forgotten that I have a name.

So, back to Edgar's entrée:

"Honey, you know we've got three bedrooms we aren't using now..."

Thinks: "Yes Edgar, I know we've got three bedrooms we aren't using, and I'm wondering why I'm not using one of them instead still bedding with you."

Aloud: "Yes Edgar?"

"Well, honey, I've had an idea about what we can do with one of them."

Thinks: "Oh, hell, what's he coming up with now."

Aloud: "What, Edgar?"

"We could take in a lodger, honey."

“We could what?”

“Now don’t get upset, dear. It’s just a suggestion.”

“A suggestion that we run a boarding house?”

“Not really, dear.”

“What gave you this idea?”

“Well, you see, dear, we’ve got a young fellow joining us at the office from one of our country agencies. The manager was asking us if we knew of anyone who could give him somewhere to live...just temporarily, dear, until he gets settled.”

I should perhaps explain that Edgar had risen to be under manager for an insurance company – he’ll always be and “Under” something, he’s that type – that has agencies in many country centres.

Edgar went on, “He wouldn’t be much bother, honey, and you could keep the extra money.”

Trust Edgar to think of the money.

“You cook for two now, honey, cooking for three wouldn’t make much difference, would it?”

“And do the extra cleaning and washing as well, I suppose?”

“Only for a little while, honey.”

“What do you know about him? You said he’s young. He could give us all sorts of problems, you know what our son was like.”

“According to our manager he’s a very bright young chap, and he’s about twenty-five. It really would be a help and keep me sweet with the manager.”

“Yes,” I thought, “trust Edgar to try and sweeten the boss.”

Never the less I was beginning to relent. Perhaps it would be a change to have someone young around the place. It might brighten up life a bit.

“What’s his name?”

“Jeremy Clarke, would you believe,” Edgar said in a derisive voice. “ With a name like Jeremy he sounds a bit of a wimp, don’t you think?”

“Sounds a nice name to me. All right, let’s meet him, and then decide. He might not want to board with a middle-aged couple.”

“I knew you’d come round, darl. I’ll let the manager know tomorrow.”

“I haven’t ‘come round’ yet, Edgar, so be careful what you tell the manager. When does this Jeremy arrive?”

“I’m not sure, darl. The manager will know, but I’m off on country branch visits for four days, but I’ll telephone you from the office before I leave. By the way, will you pack for me – enough for four days - darl.”

“Yes, master,” I thought perhaps a trifle unfairly, “I sometimes wish I could pack enough to keep you away for the next twenty years.”

Aloud I said, “Right.” I had performed this packing service for him many times, and supposed I’d be doing it until the day he retired.

I packed, and Edgar departed next morning in cheery mode, as he usually did on the country branch visits. I often wondered what there was about country branch visits that caused him to be so buoyant.

A couple of hours later Edgar rang to say that Jeremy would be arriving six days hence, and he would bring him home from work to effect the introductions. He ended the call with that generally meaningless phrase, "Love you", and rang off.

Over the following days I found myself with mixed feelings about our potential lodger. On the one hand, I was apprehensive about what he might get up to – late nights, sneaking girls in, smoking pot in his bedroom. On the other hand, I fantasised a handsome, lively fellow who would bring sunshine into the usually rather shadow life we lived.

Reality of course, also occurred to me. As I have already related, the extra cooking, cleaning, bed making and washing, and no longer feeling free to roam about the house in a state of semi nudity.

Perhaps Edgar was right, and Jeremy would be a wimpish fellow and dull like many insurance people are. "Ah well," I thought. "Wait and see."

After four days, Edgar returned home looking rather fit and tanned. “How does he get a tan visiting country branches,” I wondered, not for the first time.

The day of the Jeremy manifestation arrived. As the hour for his epiphany drew near, I found myself taking extra care about what I should wear. I changed three times, and was still not satisfied that I presented a desirable image. Likewise my hair and makeup.

The problem was, I didn’t know what image I wanted to present:

1. The fearsome, “We don’t allow no carryings on ‘ere,” landlady.
2. The charming middle aged, “How nice to meet you,” lady.
3. The sexy, “You and me’ll get on just fine, kid,” female.

None of these images seemed to sit on me comfortably.

I thought, “I’ll just be myself,” but telling yourself to be yourself is like other people telling you to “just be yourself,”

it leaves one floundering as you try to remember what yourself is.

I ended up settling for nothing in particular, and when Edgar arrived with Jeremy, and introductions were carried out ("Darl, this is Jeremy. Jeremy, this is my wife Pat"), I simply opted for, "Would you like a cup of tea or coffee, Jeremy?" To which he replied in courteous tones, "Coffee, please."

Surveying the in flesh Jeremy, I saw no sign of Edgar's predicted wimp. Jeremy stood about six feet three inches tall. I sought for a description of his physique, and came up with "Adonis," the handsome god loved by Aphrodite.

Later I was to learn that Jeremy's favourite sport and one that he played and did not simply watched, was rugby.

For those unfamiliar with this game, I shall explain: The game does involve a ball, but it plays little part in the actual contest. The main thing seems to be to break as many noses, arms, legs, fingers and ribs as possible, and to knock out teeth. No armour plating is used, unlike the knights of gridiron football. Rugby players emerge, clad only in shorts and shirt.

Followers of rugby will realise that I know little of the game, but I believe the winning side is the one that still has a man standing when “Time” is called.

I must say that Adonis – I mean Jeremy – showed no signs of the battering physical violence of his chosen sport, and when he smiled, which he did often, his teeth were white and unbroken.

In short, Jeremy seemed very masculine.

Along with his physical qualities went an easy politeness, and as I was to learn later, a readiness to be helpful. Among his other virtues he always made his own bed and helped with the washing up, activities totally unknown to Edgar.

This first meeting with Jeremy had a two-fold effect on me: the first was a warm carnal quivering. The second was, I felt an aging frump in his presence. I was not sure which of these responses alarmed me the most.

After the initial introductory salutations and the presenting of coffee, Jeremy opened the conversation.

“It’s very good of you to agree to take me in like this, Pat. I wasn’t at all sure where I was going to stay. I didn’t fancy a

hotel or motel, and boarding houses are pretty poor places these days. I much prefer the home atmosphere.”

I didn’t know I had agreed to “take” him in. That was supposed to be for discussion. But that’s Edgar. He takes everything for granted, including me.

To be fair, however, I certainly was not inclined to refuse Jeremy house room. This young man was far too appealing to let go. He touched my female sensibilities, and brought to mind long lost memories of someone else – someone before Edgar.

So, arrangements were discussed and agreed upon, and financial matters settled. Jeremy seemed delighted with his room and the fact that he had his own bathroom and toilet. Thus, the three of us were satisfied, each in their way. Jeremy because he had a “home atmosphere;” Edgar because he had his own way and would keep “sweet” with the boss; me because I would have what I believe is referred to as a “young hunk” around the place for a change.

At first, as is common in such situations, we were all politeness and careful speech. It is the process of feeling one’s way into the other person and finding out what is acceptable and unacceptable. Another way of putting it is, to discover how much of one’s worst side one dares to show.

Quite quickly we passed out of this “careful” period and became increasingly open in relating to each other. Just how much of Edgar and I Jeremy saw as our “worst” sides is hard to tell, but Jeremy only seemed to improve on further acquaintance.

It became noticeable that he related much more to me than to Edgar. With me, he spoke of his parents, especially his mother, and of his brother and sister. In part, this relating to me might have been because Edgar preferred watching the sitcoms on television in the family room, while Jeremy and I talked or read in the lounge.

Actually, Jeremy had been invited to use the television set in the games room more or less for his private viewing, but he made little use of this, clearly preferring to be with me.

I told myself that this was because of the affection he had for his mother, and missing her, found a substitute in me. I felt there to be nothing objectionable in this apparent maternal attachment.

I discovered no signs of drug abuse by Jeremy, and he was always moderate in his use of alcohol. On Saturdays and some weekday evenings, he went off to his game of rugby,

and thankfully, he always returned with nothing more than some bruises.

One thing did emerge to trouble me a little. There were no signs of a female in Jeremy's life. Like many women, I did not believe it possible for a man to manage without a woman, despite the bedtime evidence to the contrary with Edgar. I did wonder for a while if Jeremy was gay, but there was no sign of a man in his life either, apart from his rugby mates and work colleagues. I finally concluded that Jeremy was of a kind that could get along quite well just masturbating, which after all, was what I had to do.

Since I have mentioned masturbating, I might as well confess that quite soon after Jeremy's arrival, my masturbation-induced orgasms had him as their central fantasy. For one who was trying to be the maternal substitute, this was somewhat disquieting.

Another disclosure I may as well let you in on was my growing tendency to joke with Jeremy. By that, I do not mean simply the telling of funny stories. My jokes were of the double entendre variety. You know the sort of thing I mean. The joke that may be a joke or may have a more serious content lurking within, and that possible content usually being sexual.

I suppose it could be said of me, I was “leading him on.”

I would draw attention to certain physical aspects of him or me. On occasions, I passed Jeremy scantily clad in his underpants, and noting what looked like his more than adequate manhood, I would comment how cute he looked.

On the other side I would remark that some time he really would have to see me in my bikini and find out what an old lady I really was. This was of course, a ploy to get him to tell me that I couldn't possibly look like an old lady, which to my satisfaction, was his usual response to those sort of remarks from me.

Often this back and forth bantering went on in front of Edgar. He took no particular notice and this gave the raillery pseudo innocence. After all, it could not be serious if I said it with my husband present, could it?

Edgar continued to go away on his visits to the country branches, and it was noticeable that during the period of his absence, Jeremy and I became more sombre in our relationship. I suppose it was a sort of defensiveness that said that it was all right to flirt while Edgar was around, but highly dangerous in his absence.

Originally, Jeremy was only supposed to be with us until he “got settled.” I had never asked how long “getting settled” would take, but Jeremy’s time with us came to extend over a year, and still there were no signs of his departure. I did wonder from time to time just when Jeremy would leave us, but it was with a feeling of disquiet because quite frankly, I did not want him to go, I was enjoying his presence in my life too much.

I was still trying to tell myself that Jeremy could not possibly be sexually interested in a woman my age, and after all, he was of an age to almost be the son I might have had with my pre-Edgar lover. That being so, I continued to tell myself that my interest in Jeremy was entirely maternal.

As you my reader will no doubt be quick to tell me, I was lying to myself, and I knew I was lying. My frequent feelings of sexual arousal when he was close, and his presence as my fantasy during masturbation, clearly demonstrated my failed attempts at self-deception.

Worse than the straightforward sexual attraction I felt for him, I knew myself to be in love with him.

That Jeremy had never demonstrated openly any feelings of sexual attraction towards me, was my last line of defence. When our conversation strayed in the direction of matters

sexual, and especially when it referred even remotely to a possible attraction between us, Jeremy would pass it off with a laugh and a joke.

There came a time when I was considering telling Jeremy to leave. A battle raged inside me. I wanted him to go because the sexual tensions in me had reached the point where I was becoming irritable and snappy with both Edgar and Jeremy.

Edgar, in his usual bland, unobservant and probably disinterested way, wrote off my irascible behaviour as “early menopause.” He even suggested that I go and see the doctor to find out if there was any medication that might, as he put it, “fix” me up.

If only Edgar could have known how far off the mark, he was!

In the struggle to come to terms with my feelings, I tried many ploys. On the one hand, I tried to keep Jeremy at a distance with a sort of aloof peevishness. On the other hand, I sought to draw his attention to me.

I would wear a dress with a very loose neckline and no bras, and leaning over in front of him, try to display my breasts to him. For all that they had suckled two infants, my bosom

was still in good order, and often-caused men to take another look.

Likewise my legs which, a little marked at the top of the thighs with childbearing, were also still capable of drawing male eyes. I took to wearing shorter skirts, or letting the hem ride up when in a longer skirt.

If poor Jeremy had any sexual interest me, he must have been very confused at my mixed signals.

Thus, two people seemed to be at war in me. One struggled for the old safety and respectability, the other demanding gratification whatever the cost. With such utter confusion raging within me, there had to come a crisis time.

It came as might be expected, during one of Edgar's absences on branch visits.

It had become a habit to give Jeremy a peck on the cheek when leaving for and arriving home from work. He also got a peck when we said goodnight.

The second evening of Edgar's absence Jeremy and I had been watching a video that had some rather explicit sexual scenes in it. We had been sitting side by side on the sofa, and when the film ended, I was in a tumult of sexual arousal. I

looked over at Jeremy, and his condition was, unlike mine, very visible.

His penis was sticking out like a great tower. I still did not associate this with me, but with the video, we had just watched. I decided to flee, fearing, not what Jeremy might attempt, but what I might do.

I stood to say goodnight and Jeremy stood with me. "Good night, Jeremy," I managed to gasp, "I must have a shower and go to bed."

"Goodnight, Pat."

I reached up to give him his usual peck on the cheek, but he turned to face so his lips met mine. They were soft and warm.

I fled.

Showered I fell into bed, emotionally exhausted. The confusion, the endless craving, and now the sight of his erect manhood and that gentle kiss, had driven me to the point where my mind had to retreat from its tumult. I escaped into sleep.

Even in sleep I could not escape what I was now forced to admit. Age barriers and the fiction of maternal affection departed. I dreamed and the dream would not let me lie. I wanted Jeremy as I had never wanted any man, even my erstwhile-married lover.

In my dream, Jeremy lay beside me, tenderly caressing my breasts. I sighed out my love for him, but as is so often the case with dreams when the critical moment comes, as his hand sought my vagina, I began to wake.

It was a slow awakening as I fought to hold on to my dream, longing for the completion I craved. Then in the haze of coming up from the depths of sleep, while its mists still clouded my brain, I felt a hand cupping my breast through the cloth of my nightdress.

Still not sure whether I was dreaming, I had an absurd moment when I thought, "My God, Edgar has come back early and has found his virility again."

As the mist cleared, I knew. The firm body pressing against my back, the strong muscular arm reaching over me to touch my breasts, could not belong to poor Edgar. It was Jeremy.

As I was to learn from him later, he too had reached the critical point in our relationship. He had wanted me almost

from the first, but had hidden it until he learned...but more of that later.

He had slipped into my room and got into bed with me while I slept. It was the desperate action of a young man frustrated beyond endurance.

I felt him turning me on to my back. He bent to kiss me and as he did so, he drew up my nightdress to expose my breasts. They were naked under his gently caressing hand.

“I want you Pat, I want you so badly.”

For all my desire, I began to resist. Since Edgar had given up having sex with me long ago, I had ceased to take any precautions against pregnancy. As much as I had longed for Jeremy, I had never expected anything to happen between us, so I was unprotected.

“No...no...no...Jeremy. Please don't, darling, you'll make me pregnant. Please...no...not now...please...”

I went on with my pleas, but they lacked depth of conviction.

As in my dream, his fingers sought my vagina, but this time I did not wake. This was reality.

I felt him stroking my mons, and then on to softly massage the outer lips of my vagina, kneading them apart to insert a finger into my opening.

The immense discharge of my lubricants gave the lie to my protests and pleading for him to stop.

He came over me, parting my unresisting legs and probed with his shaft to gain entry into me. For all my protestations, I now surrendered to him, guiding him into me, careless of the possible outcome.

His length slid into me, the first man who had entered me for many years. It was almost like being taken for the first time, except there was no hymen to split, and I did remember some of the more pleasurable techniques of love making.

We were hot and hungry for each other, and I could almost feel the pulsating of Jeremy's heart through his blood-engorged penis as it penetrated deep into me.

I gripped him with my vaginal muscle and this brought a groan of ecstasy from him.

For myself I was aware that I was giving out with little yelping cries, but it was like hearing someone else. I was carried away in a swirling constellation of stars, spinning in a kaleidoscopic delirium of sexual seventh heaven.

We had repressed our desperate craving for each other for so long, that now there was no hope of holding back our orgasms. I know I pleaded with Jeremy not to make me climax. I don't know precisely what I said during that wild coupling, but I heard my voice, again as if coming from someone else, crying out, "Don't Jeremy, don't make me come, its agony."

My cries only increased the speed and intensity of his thrusting in and out of me. Then I felt the first distant vibrations of my orgasm. It approached like a threatening storm raising little gusts at first but coming on with ever growing force until its full power thundered over me.

My whole body was shuddering and the kaleidoscope whirled even faster flinging me into a vortex of screaming exultation.

At the climactic moment, I heard another voice, not my own, give a long drawn out moan followed by jerking yelps. I felt

hot semen being punched into me, lunge after seemingly endless lunge, driving the sweet fluid deep.

In the midst of my own crazed climax, I could sense Jeremy's frenetic urgency as he discharged into me. The poor boy's need rivaled, even surpassed, my own drastic urgency.

The storm raging in me began to abate a little, but Jeremy was still filling me with his sperm as if he would never cease. As our intermingled fluids began to flow out of me Jeremy gave a long, sobbing sigh, and his ejection stopped.

I was aware that I had wrapped my legs round him, and he had his hands under my buttocks, and still experiencing the after gusts of my storm, I clung to him, not wanting him to pull out of me until my turmoil had calmed. I need not have worried. He lay on me, heavy and relaxed, showing no sign of parting from me.

He was speaking to me and his words seemed incongruous. He was apologising, begging me to forgive him for what we had just done.

"Pat I'm so sorry...I've wanted you for so long...I love you so dearly and I tried...I tried so hard not to show it...but tonight...after what I learned today...I just couldn't hold back any more. Forgive me..."

“Forgive you for what, darling.”

“For forcing...raping you...I...”

“Darling, you didn’t rape me. Surely you could feel how I gave myself to you, readily and willing?”

“But you said ‘no’...”

“I did, but that wasn’t because I didn’t want you. I was afraid of you making me pregnant, but suddenly it didn’t seem to matter, I think I may even have wanted you to impregnate me.”

“But...”

“No ‘buts’, my love. I’ve been holding back from you as well.”

“Oh my God, Pat. You love me?”

“Yes Jeremy, I love you, but what I would like to know, is what you meant by, ‘after what I learned today’. What was it you learned that broke down the barrier?”

“About you and Edgar.”

“What about me and Edgar?”

“Well, I guessed that you and he didn’t...didn’t do what we have just done, but what I didn’t know was about his other woman.”

“What are you talking about, Jeremy? How could there be another woman? To put it bluntly, Edgar hasn’t been able to get it up for years.”

“Oh my God, then you don’t know...”

“Jeremy, I may love you, but you’re beginning to annoy me. I want to know what I don’t know, now.”

“Pat, Edgar has had another woman for years.”

I was flabbergasted and still somewhat disbelieving. “Who is this supposed woman?”

“There’s nothing supposed about her, Pat. Edgar takes her away with him when he goes on his branch visits. Everyone in the office knows about Edgar and what they call “His fancy bit.”

“Who is she?” I yelled.

“She used to be the receptionist at the office years ago. She and Edgar started an affair. When the manager found out what was going on, he asked her if she didn’t think another place of employment might suit her better. He even went so far as to get her the offer of another job. She left but the affair continued.”

“I don’t know how she works it, but whenever Edgar goes on branch visits, she goes with him. People in the branches thought at first she was his wife, but eventually it came out who she was.”

“Did they tell you how long its been going on for?”

“I gather for about sixteen years.”

My God, so that was it. The rotten swine couldn’t screw me because he was screwing his other woman. No wonder he

always looked so happy when he was off on his visits, and returned looking nicely tanned and relaxed. They must enjoy some lying around on beaches between business. I wondered what she found in such a mediocre lover.

The lousy bastard! I'd gone without all those years, while he was...I was humiliated, and felt utterly foolish for not having guessed what had been going on all that time. I began to cry.

Jeremy had by then withdrawn from me, but he held me in his arms saying, "I'm sorry Pat, truly sorry. I thought you must have known. I thought you and Edgar just had a convenient arrangement."

"Convenient," I exploded through my tears. "Convenient for him, certainly, but what about me? Nice little woman keeping home for him, looking after his kids, and all that, and he's off fucking someone else. My God, Jeremy, if I'd known, how long do you think I'd have kept my hands off you?"

"Jeremy, you said you love me. You'd better be sure of your words, because, by God, I love you and I'll cling to you like a leech."

"What about Edgar?"

"I'll deal with him, the deceiving bastard. It's you I've got to be sure of."

"I love you, Pat. Almost from the time I first met you I've said to myself endlessly, 'If only she were married to me'."

"And how would you feel being married to a pregnant old woman?"

"It's you, who say you're old, Pat not me. All the people at the office can't understand how, having a lovely wife like you, Edgar can go off with the other one. I have never seen her, so I can't comment, but that's what they say."

"Suppose I'm pregnant?"

"My worry would be your welfare."

"Not having to support a kid?"

"No."

"Is it love or just sex talking?"

"I've said I love you, Pat. I don't say something like that idly."

"Right, Jeremy. We've made a terrible mess in this bed and so, we are going to take a shower, change the bed sheets, and begin at the beginning."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, if we are going to be lovers, we'll do it properly. You're the first man I've had in years, and my love, if you mean what you say, you'll be the only man in the rest of my life. I shall be totally available to you, okay?"

He laughed, "Okay."

We showered together, paying particular attention to each other's erogenous zones. At one point, I was picked up bodily, and then felt Jeremy's penis slide into me. It was another brief coupling with barely any movement. It was as if just being inside me was sufficient to bring Jeremy to orgasm. "There's going to be some changes there," I thought, as we engaged in another bout of genital cleansing.

Returning to the bedroom, we changed the sheets, laughing at the sticky mess that we had made during our recent congress.

I did not need to trouble myself about instituting change; Jeremy did that without any prompting. It was play time, and he became an ardent lover of my body, and I of his.

We lay facing each other, our mouths locked together, tongues seeking the inner recesses. Jeremy's hands roamed my breasts, gently squeezing my nipples until, breaking from our kissing he took a nipple into his mouth and suckled me.

I have often wondered about the attraction of the breasts, and especially the nipples. Why is it that one's sexual partner longs to suck those little nubs, and why is the recipient so captivated by this action?

Is it because the cessation of breast feeding is such a traumatic event for both mother and child, that ever after there is a longing to return to the primal source of nourishment?

I don't know the answer, but I do know I felt the joy of Jeremy's suckling. Waves of tender love flowed through me,

and I longed to nourish him with my mother's milk, but of course, there was none.

As his lips and tongue continued to caress my nipples, I felt his hand seek my vagina, and finding my clitoris, he gently circled it with his finger, bringing me almost to screaming point.

I reached a level of arousal when restraint broke. For all his strength and size, I broke from him, pushing him onto his back, and sat astride him, bringing my vagina to his lips.

He knew what to do, and with his hands holding on to my thighs, his tongue flashed into me, licking and probing for my depths. I pressed down on him, forcing his tongue to my clitoris.

This time there was no preamble to my orgasm, no warning of its approach. It exploded in me, dragging out screams of rapturous exhilaration. I felt a sudden burst of my lubricant that must have soaked Jeremy's face, and as the summit of my climax passed, I poured out my love and desire for him, weeping and sobbing with joy.

As I calmed a little I began to kiss my way down his body until, reaching his penis, I took it into my mouth. I heard him

cry out with delight as I first licked the head of his manhood, then gradually worked my way down his shaft.

I tasted his precum that was flowing liberally, and carefully felt his testicles with my hand. They seemed tender and swollen. After two ejaculations into me, I wondered at his ability to produce so much sperm. In the midst of this thought, I felt his hands behind my head. He was pulling me firmly onto his shaft.

He lunged, and with a cry of "Oh, Pat, my love," his sperm exploded into me. I tried to swallow it, but it was too much. It began to run out of the corners of my mouth on to his lower belly and thighs.

Just as I thought he would never stop discharging, he sighed and relaxed. I tried to suck the last of his semen out of him, and then saying, "Now taste yourself, you beast," I kissed him, pushing his sperm into his mouth. At the same time I could smell and taste my own fluids still bedewing his lips and face.

We fell apart, joyously relaxed, exulting in the happiness we had brought to each other.

Nothing in my limited experience with lover and husband had matched this union. If, however, I thought it was over for that night, I was wrong.

Jeremy's hand was once more fondling my breasts. I was lying on my back, and after a few moments of breast touching, Jeremy spread open my legs and entered me again.

The wild urgency was gone, and for a long time, he was content to lay with his penis inside me, unmoving. It was as if he simply wanted to be at one with me, to enjoy the sense of unity, a man with a woman, belonging.

We spoke almost in whispers of the love we felt for each other, at times unable to find the words to describe the depths of our emotions. It was as if we had entered some spiritual realm, where all words are inadequate.

At last he moved, but not with the explosive energy he had exhibited before, but slowly as if savouring every moment, every flex of my vaginal muscle.

Then he came. I was totally relaxed and receptive, not seeking another orgasm, but longing to take possession of his sperm again.

I felt the first impact of his ejaculation, and then he seemed to just pour himself into me. I felt this not an act of lust, but an expression of pure love. It seemed to say, "From now on, I am your man, and you my woman."

When he had finished, he stayed inside me for a long time, and when he finally withdrew, it was with a sigh of regret.

We slept wrapped in each other's arms.

The morning found me singing as I took a shower and prepared breakfast. I knew I was loved and loved in return. But there is always a serpent and a stern Jehovah in the Garden of Eden, and my serpent and Jehovah combined was Edgar.

He was my serpent because he had brought the object of temptation into our house. My Jehovah because I pictured him in judgmental mode when he learned, as he must eventually, of the relationship between Jeremy and I.

At that point, self-doubt crept in. Was I deluding myself? Did Jeremy love me with the ardour he professed, or was I just a convenient screw for a young man?

I heard him whistling in the shower. That held something of reassurance. He was happy. If that were so, then surely his happiness arose from our mutual love? I waited to see how he would greet me.

He burst into the kitchen where I was still working, and coming behind me, cupping my breasts with his hands said, "Good morning my love. I hope you feel wonderful because I do."

I turned to face him, and we kissed, long and tenderly. My doubts fled, but Edgar remained.

"Jeremy, about Edgar..." I began.

"I'll tell him if you like," he said.

"No darling, not yet. Give yourself time. You might find out..."

"No I won't," he said firmly, anticipating my suggestion that he might want to get off the hook."

"All right, Jeremy. Edgar has got to know some time, but not just yet."

“But how will we...”

“I know, darling. We shall just have to be very careful, but I do have an idea. I’m as anxious as you are for us to make love, but before I tell Edgar, I want to find out if I’ve become pregnant.”

“But...”

“Give me four weeks, probably less, that’s all I ask. We’ve waited a year before we came together, we can wait four weeks, and we won’t have to be totally deprived, there will be times.”

Reluctantly Jeremy agreed. I knew it would be difficult for both of us, constantly in each other’s presence, longing for intimacy, but I had my reasons.

The first of these reasons was, if I was pregnant, then I wanted to tell Edgar. To be able to do this would probably circumvent long and tedious arguments about whether we were to break up our marriage or not. My pregnancy would surely settle that quickly. It also had an element of revenge.

The other reason was my still deep down lurking doubt about Jeremy. He thought he loved me, well, he would have time to change his mind, whether he wanted it or not.

Much to both our regrets, Jeremy had to go to work that day. As he left the house, there was no peck on the cheek. It was full-blown passionate kiss that made me almost beg him not to go.

He said, "Have a beautiful day, my love."

I felt tears coming. No one had ever said that to me before. I called after him, "Come back safely, darling." I had never said that to anyone before.

Fortunately, it was my Red Cross morning, and working there to some extent stemmed the tide of jumbled thoughts. The afternoon was a different matter. Doubts arose, dread that Jeremy would change his mind and dealing with Edgar floated around in my head like fiery demons.

When six o'clock arrived, and with it Jeremy, the demons fled. He came with flowers and champagne. "To celebrate our love," he said as he held me close. "Perhaps I should have booked a candlelit table at a restaurant, but I really wanted to be alone with you."

Reassured once again, I felt a little ashamed that I had not prepared a grand evening meal, but this didn't seem to trouble Jeremy. In fact, he held up the preparations because he insisted on taking me bending over the kitchen table, and this didn't bother me because I was ready and willing.

It was a rather hurried coupling because, I suppose, he had built up a substantial bank of sperm during the day, but it held promise of more to come.

After we had eaten and drunk the champagne, it was on my suggestion that we showered and went to bed. I had in mind a slightly new approach, and was not sure how Jeremy would take it.

Once in bed Jeremy smothered my face and neck with kisses, then worked his way down to my breasts, to suck my nipples. I held him to me, relishing the feel of his lips and the gentle bites he gave my long pink nubs.

I asked him to lie back and let me do something for him. Having got him into position, I used my hand to smear some of my vaginal juices over and into my anus. I checked to see that Jeremy was discharging precum, and then sat over him, and gently lowered my anus to his penis.

My old lover had introduced me to this aspect of sex, and had opened me up initially with some pain. It was now more than two decades since a penis had entered me there, and of course, I had closed up again.

Jeremy was lying back with his eyes closed, no doubt anticipating vaginal penetration. I very slowly let the tip of his penis enter me. Jeremy's organ was larger than my old lover's was, so I had to be very careful not to rush the insertion.

It was not until he had entered me about a quarter of his length, that Jeremy's eyes flashed open. He was feeling the tightness of my passage, and the absence of lubricant.

"What is...are you..."

"Ssh, darling, just lie still for a while."

I gradually let his full length enter me, and it did so with far less discomfort than I had anticipated. I took Jeremy's hand and drew it to my vagina, then placed one of his fingers against my clitoris and said, "Just keep moving your finger round it, darling."

He obeyed, and his own precum was now lubricating me sufficiently to make movement up and down on him smooth and comfortable for us both. The tightness of the fit animated both of us and despite his ejaculation into me earlier, I knew he would soon be erupting into me again.

My own orgasm approached and it was another kaleidoscope of spinning colours, an agony of beautiful rhapsodic torment. I would have done anything – been anything – this superb and loving man wanted me to do or be. I felt myself to be and wanted to be, totally in his power.

As I passed the pinnacle of my orgasm, Jeremy gave the groan that always accompanied the first detonation of his sperm. He began to drag me down as he writhed under me. His eyes were closed and he gave out little cries with each spurt. Just as I had been, it seemed as if he was on the rack of delicious torture, a torture he never wanted to cease.

Again I wondered at his power to produce so much sperm, and with that thought, came a dread that I should be unable to satisfy him. It is the proud boast of any passionate woman that she can wear her man out long before she must call halt.

Jeremy had awakened the sexually zealous woman in me, and I had gloated at the thought I could outlast him in sexual vigour. Now I was not quite so sure. Would he be patient and show mercy if I could not keep up with his need?

We were on a journey of exploration. We were seeking to know each other in that way that only a man and a woman deeply in love can experience. I had learned much about Jeremy in a general way over the preceding year, but now we were searching each other in depth. We wanted to know and be known, totally open to each other.

Jeremy gave a final gasping sigh as his last convulsion shook him, and then he was at peace. My kaleidoscope stopped turning, and with his slackening length still in me, I drooped over his body, sated yet filled with love for him.

Jeremy's eyes opened to fix on me. We said nothing, but looking into each other's eyes, no words were needed. We both knew we had found in each other what we had for so long sought, our other half, that other that completes us. Whatever the return of Edgar might bring, however he might react when he knew of our love, we both knew that death alone could separate us.

I pulled away from Jeremy slowly, aware of the still sensitive nerves in the crown of his penis. Careful as I was, he still gave a little gasp as I finally came away from him.

I wanted to say something to him about the joy I had in him, but realised that no words could express what I felt. Jeremy

must have felt the same, but he struggled to express what he was experiencing:

“Pat, oh Pat, that was...was...was magnificent.”

I smiled at him and said, “Yes, darling, it was.”

I fell down beside him and he wrapped me in his arms, then began kissing me and fondling my breasts.

Pressed against me I felt that already he was on the way to another erection. When he was hard, he came over me to enter my vagina, but I said, “No, darling, not there. Put your penis between my breasts.

He sat across me, his length lying in the valley between my breasts. Placing my hands one on each side of my breasts, I squeezed them over his shaft. “Move in there, darling,” I said.

He began a slow rocking motion and after a minute or two his hands took over from mine, pressing my breasts tightly over his penis. I felt the throbbing warmth of his manhood, now discharging precum and thus lubricating my cleavage.

What happened next was totally unexpected by me. I had assumed, incorrectly, that his reserves of semen must by now be depleted. They were not.

Jeremy began to speed up his movements, and suddenly he gave out with his groan, and he was ejaculating as vigorously as ever. With every forward thrust great gouts of sperm splashed over my face and hair.

His cum ran down my face and neck, flowing on to the bed. Normally silent except for his cries and groans, Jeremy now struggled to verbalise his feelings.

In wild passionate tones he cried out repeatedly, Pat, darling...I love you...I love...don't ever leave me..."

I tried to soothe him saying "I'll never ever leave you Jeremy," but his cries of anguished love went on.

He came to an end with his usual gasping sigh. I felt as if I was bathed in his semen. We smelt of post-coital odour, that slightly fishy smell that some, like me, find seductive, yet others find repugnant.

It was Jeremy's turn to fall back on the bed beside me. We were wrapped in each other's arms, for the moment physically sated, yet still enfolded in a bond of love.

The bed was a dreadful mess and bore witness to the violence of our loving, with sperm and lubricant soaking the sheets. There was nothing for it, but a shower and change of bed linen, unless we were to try to sleep in our own discharges.

Completing our ablutions and bed linen changing, we crept back between the sheets.

Jeremy turned me so my back was towards him, and he slipped his penis between my legs and gently entered my vagina from behind.

Once his full length was inside me, he lay still for a long time. This enraptured me; just lying there joined in a nexus of tenderness.

When finally, with gentle movements, he ejaculated, we did not separate, and I went to sleep with him still inside me.

The night before Edgar was due back, there was an air of desperation in our lovemaking. It was almost as if we felt we

should never be joined again. Four times Jeremy ejaculated into me, and once more, we slept still coupled together.

I had in mind several maneuvers with Edgar. The first of these I began soon after his arrival home.

“Edgar, I’ve been thinking, we don’t really need to sleep together any more, do we? I mean, we haven’t had sexual intercourse for years, so I don’t see the point. We would probably sleep better apart, don’t you think?”

I had expected some sort of protest, even if nominal, so I was surprised at the mildness of his response.

“Do you think so, darl? You’re probably right, but who’s going to move out?”

I had thought about that, and decided that it would create less fuss if I were the one to move. The problem with that was, all the other two vacant bedrooms had only single beds, as Jeremy’s had, and I fully intended that Jeremy would join me quietly at night, even if only for an hour or two.

I presented the matter to Edgar along the lines that I would move, but “I really would have to have a double bed as I was

so used to one." I added that I would be prepared to pay for the bed out of the money I got from Jeremy.

Again, no objection. "Whatever you say, darl."

I was amazed at the apparent ease with which Edgar had gone along with my suggestion, and as I had no wish to continue sleeping with him, I said I would move out that very day, and use the single bed until I could order the new bed.

This may sound odd, but I had become so committed to Jeremy I felt it would almost be an act of adultery if I slept with Edgar again even though there was no sex. Apart from my own anguish over separation from Jeremy, I could imagine his own pain as he lay in bed at night knowing I was with another man.

I chose the room my daughter had used when she still lived with us, as more conveniently set up for female occupancy and moved all my gear into it. It also had the advantage of not being immediately adjacent to where Edgar would be sleeping.

It was a great relief to know that Jeremy and I could continue our passion, even if on a restricted basis.

When we were alone I explained the situation to Jeremy, pointing out that if he came quietly to my room we would be able to make love. Smiling, I also told him that our coupling would have to be less noisy.

He came that night, and despite the confines of the narrow bed, we were at least able to gratify each other.

Within a week, my new bed arrived, and a nice big one it was. Jeremy came to me every night and we engaged in our gasping, noise suppressed unions.

I was now waiting to discover whether one of the enormous numbers of spermatozoa Jeremy had pumped into me, had found its target.

I was due to menstruate a couple of weeks after Jeremy and I had first made love. Sure enough, he had fertilised me. I knew I should need medical confirmation to be absolutely sure, but I decided not to wait.

I wanted to face Edgar alone when I told him. He would feel less threatened if Jeremy were not around. I waited until Saturday afternoon when Jeremy was off playing rugby, and confronted Edgar.

Managing to catch Edgar when he wasn't watching a sports programme, I began:

"Edgar, I've got something important to tell you."

"What, darl."

I was tense and shaking, but came out with it directly.
"Jeremy and I are lovers."

"Ah!"

There was a pause.

"Is that all you've got to say, Edgar? We started while you were away."

"Took you long enough."

"What?"

"I thought you two would be screwing each other long before this."

“Edgar! You don’t care?”

“No.”

I played my next card. “I’m pregnant, Edgar.”

“Careless.”

“I want to be pregnant to Jeremy.”

“Bit old for it, aren’t you?”

“There’s a lot of women having babies in their forties these days.”

“How does Jeremy take to the idea of being a daddy, after all, he’ll have to keep you and the kid, I’m not going to.”

“He doesn’t know for sure yet, but he’s said he’d be very happy if we had a child.”

“Very domestic of him.”

My female ego was getting a severe battering. Why was he not like most husbands would be, ranting and raving? I flung down my last card in a desperate bid to get some emotional response from him.

“I know about you and that woman.”

He did not seem surprised and came straight back at me.

“Been a bit slow on the uptake, haven’t you.”

“Why Edgar, why. Why did you stop...”

Now he flared up. Mild Edgar finally showed some emotion.

“I’ll tell you why,” he snarled. “You’ve always had disdain for me. I know about you and your lover before we married and that I was second best, if that. Judith thinks I’m terrific, and says so. When I’m with her, I don’t feel as if I’m getting someone else’s leftovers. I would have left you and married her long ago, but like me, she’s already married, and also like me she got second best with her husband. I’ve stuck around with you because it’s been convenient, and she done the same with her husband. Now things might be different. The kids are grown up and gone, you have your paramour, and

her husband has had his slut for years. We might just get together fulltime now.”

He stopped and I felt a ripple of guilt run through me. I also saw that Edgar had set Jeremy and I up. He had brought Jeremy into the house in the hope that we would become lovers, and he could feel justified in his own affair.

I found one last shot. “Jeremy and I will be sleeping together from now on,” I said, “What you do is up to you.”

“Do you intend to move out of the house?”

“Well, no...”

“I’m not moving out,” Edgar jeered. “I might move Judith in here with me.”

“But...”

“No use protesting, unless you want to go to law on the matter.”

I knew about “the law’s delay,” and the costs. I didn’t want to go down that track. I was at a loss to know how to go on.

“Think about it, Pat. Is your lover worth a house, or perhaps still retaining a house, but having another woman living in it with you?” He gave a derisive grin. “And what about if one of the kids comes home for a visit, how do we handle that?”

“What about your lover, how will he take it? We can easily get divorced. Will he want to marry you, or would he eventually find a younger woman? You’d better ask him, Pat.”

With a final derisive smile, he walked away to watch television, just as if we’d been discussing something as mundane as what we were going to eat for supper.

I was utterly baffled and fearful. With unerring accuracy, Edgar had zeroed in on my most vulnerable areas. Above all, he had targeted my still lurking demon of doubt about Jeremy. I sat down and began to cry.

I indulged in self-pity for about five minutes, then snapped out of it. “Damn it,” I thought, “I’ve come this far and I’m going to see it through to the end, no matter what the consequences.”

As many people do in such situations I fled into action and busied myself preparing the evening meal. If and how the three of us would sit down to eat it, I had no idea.

Jeremy arrived home from his rugby match festooned with a black eye and the news that his team had won, just. There was no time to talk to him as he raced off to shower and change. By the time he was ready, so was the meal.

Amazingly throughout the meal, there was not the slightest hint of the drama that had taken place before Jeremy's arrival. The only possible sign was that Edgar and I were carefully polite to each other. Edgar asked Jeremy about the rugby match, and Jeremy responded with enthusiastic descriptions of the game.

As the meal came to an end, Edgar rose and said, "I expect you two will be wanting to talk," then he left the room.

Jeremy looked across at me with raised eyebrows.

I ignored the querying look and began to clear away and wash up. Jeremy helped me. As we finished I said, "Edgar was right, Jeremy, we do have to talk."

I led him to the lounge and shut the door. We sat facing each other in armchairs.

"I've told Edgar about us," I said.

"You should have let me..." he began.

"No, Jeremy, it was my place to tell him."

I went on to give Jeremy the essence of what had passed between Edgar and I. I was careful not to omit the essential points, especially the challenge concerning Jeremy's feelings for me, but I did not mention my pregnancy. I wanted no suggestion of blackmail to enter into our discussion. Jeremy must freely choose.

Jeremy remained silent for a while, then began checking back with me to discover whether he had heard correctly.

"You said he suggested that we either leave this house, or accept his woman... er...Judith?"

"Yes."

"He accepts that you and I will live together as lovers?"

"Yes."

"He's willing to go ahead with a divorce?"

"Seems happy to."

"He raised how you would feel if one of your children came home for a visit?"

"Yes."

"How do you feel about that?"

"I'll deal with it if and when it arises."

He was silent again for a while, then, "What do you want to happened, Pat?"

"Jeremy, before I answer that, I must ask you something."

"Oh?"

"Are you really sure of your feelings for me?"

"Of course I am, you know..."

"There's no, 'of course,' about it, Jeremy. You had better be very sure of what you want, because there could be a hard road ahead for us if we stay together."

"Hard road or not, I'm staying with you...if you want me to?"

"I told you I'd hang on to you like a leech, Jeremy. That was a bit of an exaggeration, but I think it makes the point."

"Loud and clear. We stay together no matter what?"

"No matter what, my love."

"Do you want us to start house hunting?"

"This is a big house, darling. Neither of us knows anything about this Judith. Why not try it with her here? As far as Edgar and I are concerned, there's no real emotional bond left, it went long ago. Judith might be a very nice person and we'd all get along very well. After all, we wouldn't need to live in each other's pockets, would we?"

He thought for a while then said, "All right, my love, if you can accept that situation, so can I, but this time, I want to be the one to tell Edgar. He's put doubts in your mind about my love for you, and I'd like to put him right on that. Silly fool doesn't realise what he's lost."

"He hasn't lost anything, darling, because in truth, he never had it. He said quite plainly that he had saw me as second best. Turn that around and I must have been second hand goods as far as he was concerned. Am I shop soiled goods to you?"

"No you are not Pat. There are secondhand cars, clothes, washing machines, and so on, but there are no second hand people, and especially is there no second hand you."

He came to me and bending over kissed me tenderly.

"I'm going to talk with Edgar now," he said, and left me.

I have never found out in detail what passed between Edgar and Jeremy that evening, but two things were clear. Judith would be brought to the house and introduced, and decisions would then be made. Secondly, Jeremy was in a hurry to get me into bed for our first night with all the

revelations behind us, except one, and the freedom to make as much noise as we liked when copulating.

After giving me two of the most beautifully agonising orgasms I had ever had, I decided to tell Jeremy.

We were lying back gathering our energy for the next coupling when I said, "Darling, I am pregnant."

I waited anxiously for his response.

"That is just wonderful, sweetheart."

"You really are pleased, Jeremy."

"Of course I'm pleased." He laughed and went on, "Wouldn't like to think of all that sperm I've pumped into you going to waste."

We both laughed and ceasing to gather any more energy, he entered me to pump some more sperm in, even though it could no longer have an outcome.

The introduction to Judith held no surprises. She was a rather mousy little thing who clearly adored Edgar. She had

already left her husband and was living with her parents. She had responded positively to the idea of moving into our house, and Jeremy and I made no difficulty.

I suppose it will seem strange to many, but we settled down to life together as if we were married couples, except that the only really married couple no longer coupled, so to speak.

Judith came to be quite an asset in my life, as she shared the household chores and gave me further opportunities to plague organisations with my volunteering.

Edgar the 2nd was the first to come home to the new menage. Youth, resilient as it is, and given the current views of sexual morality, seemed to find no difficulty in accepting the situation as long as his bed was made and meals provided.

He stayed for a week and daughter Wendy to whom Edgar the 2nd had hurriedly passed on the news quickly followed him. She was equally unperturbed by the situation, but did comment, "I wish I could get a hunk like Jeremy."

This had me troubled for a while, as Wendy is an attractive girl who might lure Jeremy away from her mother. I watched them jealously, but Jeremy showed no signs of being attracted, and was no less ardent in bed.

Sara arrived more or less on time with Jeremy – and would you believe – Edgar and Judith present at the birth. Jeremy was exultant, proclaiming almost before the poor little thing was out of the womb, that she would be as beautiful as her mother.

Well, I have heard that the Bard said, “Beauty is in the eye of the beholder,” so as long as I was beautiful in the eye of Jeremy, who am I to complain.

After Sara, no more pregnancies occurred, despite our continued efforts in that direction.

Wendy eventually got married, but I don’t think he is the “Hunk” that Jeremy is. Edgar the 2nd discovered he was gay, and has got himself a very nice boyfriend.

At the time of writing, I have entered my fiftieth year. “Uncle Edgar” and “Aunt Judith” are generous relations where Sara is concerned. Big brother and sister never forget to send her birthday and Christmas presents. Edgar and I divorced and we had a double wedding at our local church, Edgar to Judith and I to Jeremy, of course. The following day, we had Sara baptised.

How Judith and Edgar are getting along, sexually speaking, I don’t know, but they seem happy with each other.

Jeremy and I are still ardent lovers, and he still seems to be able to produce vast quantities of sperm. After vaginal penetration, his favourite seems to be coming between my breasts. I agree with his choice of vaginal sex, and as a second choice, I love giving him oral sex. Perhaps it is the challenge of trying to swallow all his semen that gives me this particular penchant.

As to my doubts that Jeremy would stay with me, well, love does some strange things, don't you think?

Paula's Story

A woman, who swore that it had happened to her, related this story to me. I have embellished it a little for the sake of continuity and changed names, but substantially this is what she told me.

Chances and Changes.

It is strange how life can take swift and unexpected twists and turns. Just when you've decided that you are have settled into a routine and nothing new is likely to happen, then bang, and you are shocked into a whole new situation.

There was I, about four years ago, living the life of a suburban middle class housewife, and a whole new dimension suddenly opened up for me. At the time, I was thirty-eight. I had been married to John for nearly nineteen years and we had one son, Peter, who was then, eighteen. John is the manager of a hardware store, and Peter had just left high school and was about to start university. The house we live in is the same one John and I bought just before we got married. It is situated in a pleasant suburb and we have good respectable neighbors.

My life centred on home, family, and a few voluntary organisations including the local church. Life with John was

good in the sense that he cared for Peter and I, but there was nothing exciting left in our relationship. Our sex life had long ago settled into a Friday night routine that from my perspective held little of real passion. I suspected that from time to time John had other women. He is good looking and personable and shouldn't find it too difficult to attract women. I suppose I could have checked up on him and created a fuss, but as our lives seemed to flow along peacefully enough, I let my suspicions go.

As for me, I lived without the passion I occasionally fantasised about. Not that I had to. It is hard to be objective about one's own appearance, but I am five foot six tall with dark hair, nice legs and not overly large, but nicely shaped and firm breasts. Even at thirty-eight I found that men still turned round to have another look, and on social occasions the males wanted to engage me in extended conversation much, I suspect, to the chagrin of their spouses. So, I assumed that I looked all right.

The problem was that there was no one I really fancied, even if I did decide to satisfy myself elsewhere. John had his wider world where he met many people. I was somewhat limited within suburban confines. Also, there is the aura of respectability that a middle class Church lady needs to present to the world.

This is how it was for me four years ago. I assumed my life direction was set and nothing very dramatic was about to happen. I was wrong.

The Big Bang.

It happened one warm summer day. I was working in the kitchen clad only in my bikini. I must admit it was about the skimpiest you could buy. I always removed my pubic hair, so it was safe to wear this sort of garment. I did not wear it to be provocative and always kept a light housecoat ready to hand in case of unexpected callers. The fact is, I don't really care for clothes, and if I can get out of them, I will. To be honest, if I am sure that no one is going to call and the weather is warm enough, I get around the house naked. I just enjoy the freedom.

On this day, my son, Peter, was out in the garage with his two mates, Nathan and Simon. I had known these boys almost since their birth, and they had always been frequent visitors to our house and garden. I couldn't possibly count the number of sandwiches, cakes and drinks I had supplied to the over the years.

John had bought Peter a new (secondhand) car for his birthday. This car seemed to need constant looking at, and this is what the boys were doing. Every now and then, I

vaguely heard the hrrrum, hrrrum, of an engine being revved. Eventually I heard the car being backed out of the drive and then take off up the road. "Gone off on some jaunt I suppose," I thought to myself.

All was silent as I worked away at the kitchen sink, but suddenly I was startled by a noise behind me. A voice said, "Hello Mrs.Knight." I turned to see Nathan standing at the kitchen door with Simon just behind him. I had thought that they had gone with Peter, so I asked, "Where's Peter?" "He's gone to get a part for the car," Simon responded.

Nathan stepped into the room and said, "Peter said it would be all right if we asked for a drink." "Of course," I replied, "I've got some home made lemon drink, will that do?" "Yes thanks," he said, and came a little further into the room with Simon following him. I noticed that they were looking at me rather intently.

I went to the fridge and got out the jug of lemon drink, found two glasses and poured. I turned with the glasses in my hands. Nathan came over to me, but instead of taking the glasses from me, he suddenly bent over and kissed me on the lips. It was a very gentle kiss, but at the time, my mouth must have been slightly open. This turned the kiss into something more than a routine social greeting, which was in no way my intention.

Nathan was a tall boy, almost five foot eleven with still some growing to do, slender without being thin. Simon was slightly shorter, but stockier. They were clad only in shorts and their young bodies glowed with good health and energy.

Even if I could have, I would not have put on my housecoat. These boys had been in and out of our house so much, and seen me in my bikini so often, I thought nothing of it.

Nathan kissed me again, and as he did so, his hand came up to gently cup my breast. The bikini top was the sort that is little more than under lift, just about covering the nipples. Thus, a large area of the breast was exposed.

I tried to push Nathan away, saying something like, "Don't do that, Nathan. You mustn't." He said nothing, took the glasses from my hands and put them on the table, then looked across to Simon and nodded. Simon crossed over to me and they stood one on each side of me. I went to step away from them, but suddenly they took my arms and half-dragged and half carried me out of the kitchen and down the passage to the bedroom.

I was now protesting loudly saying things like, "Stop it boys, I'll tell your parents, you'll get into terrible trouble..." Still they said nothing. I was pulled into the bedroom and laid

down on our king-sized bed. By now, I could be in no doubt about their intentions. They were going to rape me. It seemed incredible. Boys that I had known since they were toddlers were going to sexually assault me.

My protests turned to pleading. "Please boys, please, please don't do anything to me. Don't hurt me, please." I had heard that it is better if the woman does not resist. That way they can avoid injury. I decided that if it was going to happen I'd better not struggle.

The boys were standing on either of the side of the bed looking at me. I could see Nathan's erection through his shorts. I looked at Simon, and a wave of horror thrilled through me. He too had an erection, but his penis extended above the waistband of his shorts. The head looked about the size of a small apple. "My God, I thought, he can't put that into me. Please God, don't let him." I tried to get up to make a run for it, but they were too quick for me.

Taking turns to hold me down they pulled down their shorts, and as they did so, Simon's erection sprang out like a great column. They turned me face down on the bed and I felt Nathan's hands undoing my bikini top. Simon was busy pulling down the bottoms. Having now got me naked, I was laid on my back again.

They were not harsh. When I didn't struggle, everything was done very gently, I might almost say tenderly. I began to wonder where they had learned to handle a woman like this. Nathan bent over me and began to kiss me, gradually parting my lips to take his tongue. I felt Simon's hand exploring my vagina and moving his fingers into me. Nathan moved down to take a nipple into his mouth, as Simon ceased stimulating me with his hand and began to lick and suck my clitoris – something John had never done to me and therefore my first experience of oral sex.

I confess this was all starting to have an effect on me. I felt my vagina getting wet, and from feeling fear of what they were going to do to me, I felt a growing desire for them to take me. I tried to deny this, struggling against my own growing sexual arousal, but it didn't work. The foreplay they were using on me, was more than I had ever experienced with John. The more I tried to pretend I didn't want this to happen, the more I wanted it to happen, with one reservation, I was terrified at the thought of Simon's massive organ penetrating me.

They changed places with Simon sucking my nipples and Nathan giving me oral sex. Then I was laid on my side and Nathan moved up behind me. I felt his penis probe between my legs to find the opening to my vagina, so to make it easier I raised one leg to allow him clear entry. He slipped in very easily and began to move up and down inside.

Meantime Simon had moved his massive penis up to my mouth. I knew about giving men oral sex, but I had never done it. I looked at the huge head of the penis, then taking a deep breath I gathered it into my mouth. It had a slightly bitter taste, but not really unpleasant. I began to suck on it carefully, and felt the pre-ejaculation discharge start. I swallowed and again, found it not really unpleasant.

All this was somewhat bewildering. Two boys – young men – simultaneously engaging me in sexual activity, much of it never experienced before by me, left me unable to concentrate on any one action. I felt Nathan start to ejaculate into me, but I was unable to chime in with his rhythm as I was also trying to focus on Simon's penis in my mouth.

Finishing his orgasm, Nathan withdrew from me and Simon took his penis out of my mouth. I felt myself being rolled onto my back and Nathan opened my legs raising the knees as he did so. I was now spread wide open. Simon came between my legs, and I felt the head of his penis nudging the opening to my vagina.

I was terrified and commenced pleading again. "Please Simon, don't, don't do it to me, you'll hurt me badly. I'll do anything else for you, but don't try to get inside me." I attempted to close my legs, but Simon was too firmly

wedged between them. I tried to push him away, but Nathan grasped my arms and held them above my head.

Simon was now pressing the head of his penis against my opening, struggling to enter. He was utterly relentless forcing himself harder and harder against me. I knew he would carry on until he had entered, so, giving up the struggle, and trying to minimise the pain I would feel, I opened my legs as wide as I could, to try and give him the biggest possible opening.

Suddenly he burst through. I was wet with my own discharges and Nathan's sperm, so I was very lubricated, but on first entry, there was a searing pain, and I screamed out. Simon paused for a moment, then slowly pushed himself up inside me. The pain subsided until he reached my cervix, the entry to my womb. "He must be fully inside me now," I thought, but he wasn't. He continued to push, then with a sudden rush and another searing pain, (once more, I screamed) he was through. He had penetrated to the centre of my womanhood.

He remained still for a couple of minutes, both of us breathing hard. Then slowly at first, he began to slide his penis up and down inside me. Then the pace picked up and soon he was groaning as he injected massive amounts of sperm into me. It flooded me and began to run out of my vagina onto the bed.

He finished and stayed with me for a while, then withdrew. He rolled away from me and lay still. Nathan was on the other side of me, seemingly half asleep. I was now in a terrible state of sexual arousal. I had not had an orgasm and could barely keep still with the intensity of my sexual agitation.

My emotions became overlaid with anger. These boys had taken me, had what they wanted, and left me stranded. They would not get away with it. Nathan had been the first to discharge into me, so he was to be my first victim. He was lying on his back, so I took his penis and began to stroke it. I did this slowly at first, gradually increasing the pace. He groaned, and slowly his penis came erect. Once fully erect I sat across him, taking his organ and sliding it inside me.

As I worked him up and down inside me, he began to verbalise for the first time between his cries and groans. "Oh yes, I want you, I want you, don't stop, please don't stop." I was in command now and I took him ever more fiercely. I felt my orgasm approaching like the distant rumble of a large vehicle. It approached closer and closer until it burst upon me in a frenzy of screaming and weeping. I felt Nathan's orgasm coming, and then we were crying out together, pleading with each other never to stop.

Simon had been watching this, and his own enormous erection had returned. He almost dragged me from Nathan and pushing me down on my back. This time he had to use little force to enter me and was soon wildly thrashing up and down inside me. Then something happened that had never ever occurred to me before. I felt a second orgasm approaching. Simon was penetrating to my depths, pushing harder and harder, as if he wanted to insert his whole being into me. As he shot sperm into me, I was screaming again with sheer ecstasy. All pain was gone, leaving this delicious orgasmic tumult bursting over me in wave after wave as if it would never stop. Sperm and my sexual fluids poured out of me onto the already soaked bed.

Eventually we subsided. Simon rolled away from me and all three of us lay trying to recover from this extraordinary explosion of passion.

After about twenty minutes I said, "You boys had better take a shower, while I change these sheets." Without a word, they rose, and soon I heard the sound of water running in the shower. I changed the bed and awaited their return. They came back into the bedroom and I said, "Now I'm going to shower, but I want you two to go into the kitchen and stay there until I'm finished." A little sheepishly, they went out of the bedroom to the kitchen to wait for me.

While showering, I had to decide what would happen next. I could charge them with rape, but to be fair, it had not ended up like that. I had just had the most passionate sexual experience of my life, and rather than charging them, I should be rewarding them.

I dried, went into the bedroom, and put on my bikini again. No point in being modest now. It was too late for that. I went to the kitchen and the boys, now clad again in their shorts, were sitting at the kitchen table. I stood looking at them. They lowered their gazes. They must have been wondering and talking about what was to happen now.

"So," I began, you two have had a wild time, haven't you?" They didn't answer. "Well you can at least tell me whether you enjoyed it or not. You've used me so at least tell me whether I was worth using."

Nathan spoke up. "Mrs.Knight," he began with a stammer, "we don't know what to say. We've done a terrible thing to you, but we've wanted to do it to you for so long we... we kept seeing you in your bikini and... You look so..." "So what?" I intervened. "So clean and sexy," he said with a rush.

I realised they were not going to be able to adequately explain their actions and the feelings that led them to assault me, I said, "You two can go now, but I want to see you

tomorrow. I shall be alone, so be here at ten sharp. I shall have something to say to you. And you can put any further rape attempts out of your mind. I won't be such an easy target next time.

They went, leaving me to consider what I was to do. Peter did not return for another hour, and as I had been with Nathan and Simon for about two hours, he had been gone for at least three hours. Did it really take so long to get the car part? I decided not to ask.

Conclusions

John came home from work, and I still hadn't determined whether to tell him or not. As it turned out, I didn't tell him, if for no other reason than I dreaded the thought of all the trouble there would be. Probably court cases, family feuds, the boys going to prison, and sly remarks like "Well, she asked for it," going round the community. So I let the opportunity to tell all, pass. If I didn't say anything now, it would look very suspicious if I came out with it later.

I slept very poorly that night as I struggled with what I was to say to the boys in the morning. There was the moral and religious factor. I had only ever had sex with one man, John. I might be able to quiet my conscience by telling myself it was rape, but although it started out as that, it soon turned

to consenting sex. If I had to advise other women what to do in the same circumstances, and I was being totally honest, I would say, "Don't fight it, and cooperate as far as you are able. That way you are less likely to get hurt, and it might even turn into something pleasurable, as it did for me." I finally concluded I would be very blunt with the boys..

Promptly at ten next morning the boys were at the front door. I took them into the lounge and told them to sit. They sat huddled together on the sofa not looking directly at me. I sat opposite them in an armchair.

"I've given this a lot of thought," I began, "and I've decided to tell you where I stand on this matter. I can say it very briefly, and when I've finished you can have your say, all right?" They just nodded.

"Yesterday you two set out to rape me. You both must know that after a while I was not only going along with what you were doing to me, but eventually I was actively encouraging it. You got me so worked up I couldn't fight it anymore. But that is no excuse for what you did. It obviously didn't occur to you that you could simply have asked me if I wanted sex with you, you just grabbed what you wanted."

"On my side, I agree that I must have provoked you by the manner of my dress. Never the less, however I or any other

woman dresses, is no excuse for rape. Also, I must admit, that if you had asked me for sex I would have refused. You see, I've known you two almost from birth and one forgets how children grow up, and how their needs change. In my head, you were still children, but now I can see you are young men. You have all the needs and drives of young men, including sexual drives."

"Having said that, I make my confession. You two gave me the most thrilling, satisfying sexual time of my life. I have never had such a wonderful time in bed. If in future you want sex with me, you can ask, but no more rape. Equally, if I want sex with you, I shall ask. Do you understand?"

They were sitting there amazed. I am sure it hadn't occurred to them that I would offer them future sex with me. "I repeated the question. "Do you understand."

They nodded, and Nathan said, "You really mean we can have sex with you whenever we want?" "No," I said, "When we both want."

Nathan started to go on, "Then can we..." "I'll save you the trouble this time," I cut in. "I would like you boys to take me to bed for the day. If either or both of you would like that, then let's go to the bedroom now."

Simon was to the fore this time. He came over to me and planted a soft kiss on my lips. We started for the bedroom, and Nathan followed.

After that, the boys visited me frequently, sometime together, at other times separately. We have explored many avenues of sex I never knew existed when I only had John.

That was four years ago. Nathan is away at a distant university now, and Simon works on an oil rig a long way off. I had some wonderful times with them, but I always knew it would come to an end one way or another.

There are some things that have always puzzled me. On that first day, why was Peter so long away from the house? And, over the years, how did the boys always seem to know when I would be alone for any length of time? Did my own son set me up to be raped? I shall never ask, but, if he did, I bless him for it. I wonder if some older woman has cared for his sexual needs? Perhaps Nathan's or Simon's mothers? Who knows?

I am well into my forties now, and probably wouldn't attract young men any more. But if one should come along...

Rhea and Me

It was when I was eighteen that it began. Looking back, it was a casual word from our neighbour, Mrs.White that seemed to set things going.

I was out in our little front garden helping mum put in a plant, when Mrs.White stuck her nose over the low dividing fence and said, “Man of the house now, eh, Rhea?”

Mum smiled and I think I made some facetious answer like, “Well, boy of the house, anyway,” and no more was said at the time.

I don't think it was only my helping mum in the garden that caused Mrs.White to make her comment. I'd left school just before I was eighteen and had been extremely lucky to get an electrical apprenticeship with a firm of contractors called “Electus.” This had started to make a difference in my and mum's life.

I should explain about mum and me.

I've never got the full story of how I came into the world, but from bits and pieces I have heard from mum and gran, I came to believe that mum was raped or seduced by an uncle

when she was sixteen. By the time it was out in the open mum's pregnancy was too far-gone for them to risk an abortion, so into the world I came.

It was not an easy world. At first, we lived at gran's and grandpa's place. I don't remember anything about that, and by the time I became conscious of living anywhere, we were living in the small State Government house that we still live in.

The house was one of many occupying two streets in a large government housing estate. The houses in the two streets seemed to be reserved for women like mum. What are now called "single parents." In addition, there were a few people like Mrs.White, mainly widows on the pension. We were all dumped in these houses to form one great heap of "social problems."

At first mum got the single parent allowance, but being of independent inclination, when I started going to primary school, she got jobs cleaning, washing and ironing for well off people.

As a child, I didn't realise just how hard mum worked, and how much she gave me and denied herself. It was not until later that I understood how all her clothes came from the Salvation Army Opportunity Shop. She never had anything

new, except perhaps her underwear. My clothes were always new, and among all the other bills she had to pay, there were my school fees for compulsory extras, books and school uniforms.

Throughout my childhood, I was very close to mum. I used to tell her she was the prettiest mum in the world, and all that sort of thing. When I got into my teenage years, for a while I became an obnoxious little bastard and once or twice I made mum cry because of my nastiness. If I'd been mum, I think I'd have given up on me, but she never did. Even when I made her cry, she still seemed to love me.

I think one of the turning points for me, was when I was about sixteen, and we were visiting Gran. I was browsing through a photograph album and came across some photos of mum when she was a teenager.

They were pictures of a bright, gypsy faced young girl, staring full of confidence into the camera, a smile lighting up her very pretty face.

I looked from the photo across at mum where she sat talking to Gran. The dark hair and eyes were still there, and the slightly curving nose and full mouth, but it all looked tired. In the photo, she looked as if she had a fantastic figure, but now that too seemed tired - somewhat fragile.

At that moment, looking across at mum, I understood how much she had sacrificed for me, and I wanted to repay her. I foolishly thought, "I want to make her young again."

It was after that time I tried to not be so obnoxious and started helping mum with little jobs around the place like the garden. Actually, we had a nice garden because mum was a keen gardener. Most of the other people in our street used their gardens as a sort of rubbish tip.

Another thing that I had become conscious of over the years, was that so many of the kids in our street had "Uncles" who came to live with them for a while, then left, only to be replaced a week or two later by another Uncle.

I used hear the sounds of the fights and squabbles in the houses around us, and the police having to come and break things up.

Mum never did anything like that. I did wonder about her sexual activity once I became aware of that aspect of life, but if she did anything with a man, it wasn't at our house. If she did the whole street would have known about it, and the other kids would have said something to me.

She was still a nice looking woman, even though she had that tired look, and I was suspicious about a solicitor she cleaned house for, but I was never certain.

As for me, well, I mucked around with a couple of girls at high school, but it was never really – well, comfortable, if you know what I mean?

The high school, like most of the area, was a bit of a social shambles. I overheard one of the teachers' say to another teacher one day, "Coming into this place is like entering hell everyday."

I was lucky compared to most of the kids in our street. None of us had any chance of going on to tertiary education, and jobs for teenagers were hard to get. They were particularly hard to get because as soon as a prospective employer looked at your address, they thought, "Can't be bothered with kids from disadvantaged homes."

Some of the kids ran away from home and became street kids, and others, when they left school, hung around the shopping mall pinching old ladies handbags and stuff like that.

I was lucky because I was good at physics and maths, and I think it was this that got me the apprenticeship, plus the fact

that mum made sure I was neat and clean before I went for the interview. Once I started the job and was getting the apprentice's wage, things got easier for mum.

I remember the day I came home with my first pay slip. I rushed in and cuddled mum and dangled the slip in front of her: "Look mum, my first pay in the bank. It's all for you."

She looked up at me, and the tears started to well up in her eyes. "No, Alec," she said, "let's share it."

So we sat down and discussed this sharing that worked out about a third for mum and the rest for me.

With money in my pocket I could have got plenty of girls, but instead, I did things like taking mum to see a film, and a couple of times bought her some new clothes. The trouble was, every time I did something like that, she wanted to cry.

The big thing was a car. I wanted a car so I could take mum out into the country. Of course, that was a long way off. With the little money she had earned, mum had learned to be very canny where finance was concerned. If she couldn't pay cash for something, she went without. "I'm not throwing money away making interest repayments," she would say.

I was influenced by her attitude, and started the impossible task of trying to save for a car. We still don't have the car, but each year my wages increase, and when I have enough for a hefty down payment, I'll take out a loan, perhaps with the bank.

So, back to where I started. It was my going to work, and seeing me helping mum in the garden, that prompted Mrs.White's comment about my being the man of the house.

I was not sure at the time whether Mrs.White was being humorous, or just a sentimental old lady who saw me as the son she'd always wanted. Actually, she had a son, but he was doing fifteen years in jail for robbery with violence.

Mrs.White withdrew her nose from the fence, and nothing further was said at the time. It was only later that night while we were watching television, that mum said something.

She gave a throaty sort of laugh and said, "Do you feel like the man of the house, Alec?"

I laughed in turn, and said, "If I knew how the man of the house is supposed to feel, I might be able to answer that. As it is, I don't know how I'm supposed to feel, so I can't say 'yes' or 'no'."

Nothing further was said on the subject that evening, and I suppose I didn't expect it to arise again, but it did.

A couple of nights later mum and I went out to see a film. While we were sitting there, my hand brushed against hers – or it could have been the other way round, with hers brushing mine. Anyway, as our hands touched, she took hold of mine, and remained holding it for the rest of the film.

Now I want to get this straight with you. Mum was thirty-six at the time, and still a nice looking woman. With the money I'd started to bring in, she'd been able to give up some of her ironing jobs, and she was looking a lot less tired and anxious.

Even before she started to look better, I knew there were kids of my age who got horny over her. In fact, I'd had fight with one kids when I was fifteen because he said, "I'm going to fuck your mum." I made sure he never tried.

As for me, I never really thought aloud to myself anything sexual about mum. I mean, I never thought to myself, "I'm going to fuck mum one day." So it was a bit of a surprise, first, because mum wanted to hold my hand, and secondly, that I liked it so much, I started to get twitchy in the groin.

On the bus going home from the cinema, mum sort of leaned against me as we sat together.

Arriving home after a seeing a film, we usually had a cup of tea before going to bed. We sat on the sofa in the lounge drinking our tea and chatting about the film we had seen. While we talked mum started to stroke my hand in what seemed an absent minded sort of way, and changing the subject she said, "It's a pity you don't know what a man of the house should feel like, Alec."

A bit taken aback by the change in conversational direction, I asked, "Why is that, mum?"

She was looking at me with her eyes half closed, but from what I could see of them, the pupils of her eyes looked very large and shiny.

"Well you see, Alec," she said in a sort of contralto, slow voice, speaking very softly, "Traditionally the man of the house had certain rights or privileges."

I laughed. "Better not let the feminists hear you say that, mum."

She joined in my laughter and went on, "I did say 'traditionally', darling."

Now mum did have affectionate terms for me like, "Sweetie" and "Love," but she'd never called me "Darling," before. I mentally registered the word, but went on, "What sort of rights and privileges."

Mum didn't speak for a minute or so, then said, "When you feel like the man of the house, you'll know." Then getting up rather hastily, she said, "Time for bed, I think."

That ended the matter for that night.

Next day at work this subject of being the man of the house kept popping into my mind.

I asked Doug, the electrician I was working with, "Doug, how do you know whether or not you're the man of the house?"

He looked at me quizzically for a moment, then grinned and said ambiguously, "I suppose when you've got a woman of the house."

I tried to press him to say more, but he just laughed.

That evening I took the matter up with mum, trying to get her to tell me about the rights and privileges. When she answered she looked strange – sort of soft and warm, and she took my hand again as she replied, “There will come a time when you’ll know the answer to that without being told. When you know the answer you’ll also know whether you want those rights, and if you do, whether you’re man enough to take them.”

I was feeling somewhat frustrated on two counts. First, because I did not seem to be able to get a direct answer to what I thought a fairly plain question. Second, because when mum took my hand it had been resting on my thigh, and she was now running her hand up and down my thigh, and I was getting horny.

I tried to take the matter up from another perspective.

“Mum, would you say you are the ‘Woman of the house’?”

“Since I’m the only female in the house, yes, I suppose I am the woman of the house. Why do you ask?”

“Well, that must mean that as I’m the only male in the house, I must be the man of the house.”

She chuckled and looked at me in that half-closed eyes manner again. “Darling, if you’ve decided you’re the man of the house, then you must know what your rights are, and whether you want them or not, and if you do, whether you’re man enough to take them.”

I didn’t know about wanting my rights, but what I did want was to flee to my bedroom to masturbate. Mum’s slow massaging of my thigh had brought on a first class erection and with it a high level of sexual frustration. On the other hand, I was also frustrated by the obscure answers I was getting to my questions.

“Mum, why can’t I get a direct answer to a simple question?”

“Which simple question, darling?”

Her hand seemed to be massaging very close to my erection now, and she surely must have been able to feel it.

“Mum, for God’s sake, what are these rights the man of the house is supposed have?”

All interest in the television had disappeared, and mum rose to go and turn it off. Turning from the set she stood looking at me for a moment, then spoke very slowly in a dreamy sort of way.

“Darling, do I have to lead you all the way?”

“What do you mean, mum, can’t you speak plainly?”

“Very well, Alec, you may hate me for this, but here goes.”

She raised the hem of her skirt until it rose above her thighs to reveal her crotch. She had no panties on, and there, open to my startled gaze, I saw a little bush of pubic hair running down to her neat cleft that seemed to be shining wetly.

“There you are, darling,” she whispered. “That’s for the man of the house. If you can see something you like, then it’s yours by right from now on.”

She moved towards me coming to stand over me as I sat on the sofa. She reached down to touch and hold my penis through my trousers.

My mouth had gone dry and I was shaking. I tried to speak, but only got out, "Mum...!"

"Is the man of the house man enough to take his rights, because I can see and feel what he wants? No? Perhaps the woman of the house has to help him?"

She pushed me on to my back and slid open the zip of my trousers. She drew out my penis, which by now had a throbbing erection, saying, "We'll see what sort of a man you are," she sat across me with legs wide, and dropping down, drew me into her.

I felt the moist warmth of her vagina embrace my shaft, gripping it with her vaginal muscle. The girls I had played around with had always felt soft and smooth inside, but mum's vagina almost felt as if it had teeth. She gripped me with it and seemed to suck me into her.

"Let it all go, darling, don't hold back," she was whispering. "Just put it all into me, it's what you want."

I didn't need any encouraging. I felt the beautiful pain of my ejaculation building up, then with a moan I shot into her, grunting with every thrust of my discharge as she moved up and down on me with exquisitely slow movements.

When I had finished, she continued to hang over me, my penis still inside her, as if unwilling to part from me.

“Better, darling?” she asked.

“Yes,” I gasped, not sure if all this was real or a dream.

“Good,” she said, “Because you’re going to have to make me feel better a bit later. When you do, I’ll let you experience some of the other rights you have.”

She removed herself from me and flopped down beside me.

“I think you can do something for me right now she said.”

She took my hand, and drew it down to her sex, and making me extend my middle finger, she placed it on a little nub. It was what I later learned was her clitoris, and said, “Just move your finger gently round it, darling, and don’t stop until I tell you to.”

I began a circular movement round the place indicated, and she began to give little squeals and sighs, occasionally speaking my name: “Alec...oh Alec darling...oh darling...”

Suddenly I felt her become tense, and she started to moan, "Don't stop, darling, don't stop..."

Then as suddenly as she had tensed, she relaxed and started to shake all over, clinging to me and screaming, "Oh darling...oh darling..."

She came out with one tremendous shriek, and nestled softly into me making a sound like, "Ah...um...ah...um," on and on.

She was soaking wet, and so was my hand, and with a final groaning sigh, she lay still.

"You can stop now," she said weakly. "I've finished."

She still held on to me, and she felt very soft and warm. I almost expected to hear a purr of contentment.

"Lovely, darling, lovely. More soon... When we go to bed."

"Mum...?"

She cut me off.

“Surprised, darling? Surprised at mummy wanting you? Mummy is going to want more of you, so I hope you’ll want mummy, because mummy is going to make you pay up, my darling.”

“What do you mean, ‘pay up’?” I asked.

“Darling, I’m going to tell you some facts of life – or at least, some of the facts of my life.”

“You know the story of my uncle raping me?”

“Yes.”

“Well, he didn’t rape me. If anything, I raped him. I wanted him like hell, and I tantalized and tempted the poor man in every way I could. In the end he couldn’t hold back, and my God, didn’t we fuck!”

“I had no interest in him on a permanent basis; I just wanted to fuck a few times with an experienced man. I got pregnant with you, and that was the end of it. When my parents, your grandparents, wanted to report him, I told them the truth –

that I'd done everything I could to get him to fuck me, and pointed out that I would say exactly that to the police if they were brought in."

"That quieted them off. Of course, if the police had come into it, he would still have been charged because I was under age. I just made sure that didn't happen."

"And so, my darling, you came into the world and my life, and for a long time that was enough. I deliberately deprived myself of a man because I didn't want to disturb our life together. Then when you went to high school there were a couple of men..."

"The solicitor?" I interrupted.

"Yes, he was one, but for the last couple of years there's a guy I've been hankering for. That guy is you."

"Now we've introduced ourselves to each other in a new way, you, my darling, are going to pay the price for all the years I went without a penis in my vagina. This time, however, I shall not be fucking, I shall be loving. I hope you will be loving too. I'll tell you why I shall be loving some time in the future. Are you man enough for it?...No, don't answer that, we'll find out as we go along."

I was still somewhat dazed by the events and the revelation. I had just had sex with my own mother, and found it good. I had a strong feeling it was going to get even better.

Mum stood up and went on, "Let's have a cup of tea, a shower, then bed. By the way, you'll be sleeping in my bed in future, I'm not going to make love on that single bed of yours."

I'd often wondered why mum had a big double bed!

Tea drunk, the showers began. In all the years we had been together, I had never seen mum naked before. It was a very pleasant sight. Her breasts are not overly large, but nice and firm. The nipples are a light brown and are surrounded with darker brown circles.

Her facial complexion is dark, as if she has a permanent suntan, and this extends over her whole body. As I said earlier, she has a gypsy look.

Her neck is long and slender and her near black hair flows down it to cascade over her slim shoulders. She is slender but swells out smoothly at the hips in a way that makes me want to grasp them and pull her to me.

Her legs are long and tend to be thin, but when she wraps them round me, I can feel their strength.

As we washed each other's genitals, both of us got worked up again and mum got me to come into her standing up with the water still splashing over us. That meant another round of genital washing.

When we got into bed I already had another hard and mum was pressing her self against me, so I was sure she was ready for another round of loving.

She came over me and started to kiss me pushing open my unresisting mouth with her tongue, and began some exploration.

When she broke away she said softly, "Now then, you sexy beast, I know you've been groping a few girls, but mummy is going to teach you properly."

With that, she took one of her breasts into her hand, and holding it so that the nipple was extended, she said, "Suck me, darling." While I sucked on her nipple she drew my hand down to her sex, and I was circling her clitoris with my finger again.

Mum was well and truly in command, and this suited me. I was game to do anything with her or to her, but I'd let her point the way.

I felt her fingers close over my foreskin, and she began to jiggle it rapidly back and forth over the crown of my penis, producing a feeling of intense pleasure, so much so that I almost came. But mum must have felt my approaching orgasm because she stopped.

"No you don't," she said, "There's a couple of other things we've got to do before we get to that."

She shoved me over on my back, and sitting across me pushed her slit up to my mouth.

"Lick me there," she commanded.

This was something entirely new to me, and I was not sure I cared for the idea, but mum was in command.

She dropped her slit onto my mouth, and I could smell her vaginal odour, and began to taste her fluid. Very soon I found myself enjoying it, especially when she got her hands behind my head, and began to jerk her cleft over my mouth. Then she started her crying out again.

She was dragging my head tight to her, and the juice was pouring out of her all over my face. She was screaming out my name again, "Oh God, Alec...Alec...don't let it ever stop...Oh God..."

It did stop, and as soon as it did, she had my shaft in her mouth, sucking and licking her way up and down it. I was already right on the edge, so I blew into her mouth. It was my turn to make a noise as she tried to swallow the cum I was spurting into her.

When I finished, she was over me, kissing me again, but this time we tasted a cocktail of our emissions.

Our faces, groins and the bed were a hell of a mess. I was moaning out, "I love you mum, I love you..." Mum was crying with whimpering little sobs. Both of us were gasping for breath.

When we'd recovered a bit mum asked, "Well, darling, do you know what your rights are now?"

We both laughed weakly and I answered, "Yes, and I'll be enforcing them very frequently."

“You’d better,” she said.

After that, it was bed linen changing time, a shower, then another, longer and less energetic coupling, then sleep.

In the morning I cursed the fact that I had to go to work, but I did manage to grab mum before she got out of bed, and took charge myself this time. It was nothing spectacular, just something to see us through the day.

In the past it had never occurred to me, that mum was such a needy person, sexually speaking. She was home when I arrived back at the house, and I didn’t even have time to change or have a shower.

She almost dragged me to the bedroom, shedding her clothes as she went. I tried to get out of my garments, and nearly did myself an injury tripping over my half way off trousers.

When she did drop onto the bed it was with her lying face down, her feet on the floor, legs wide open. She laid a finger on the pink opening to her anus and said, “Take me there, Alec.”

She pushed her fingers into her vagina, and then began to smear her juice over and into her anus. Then she felt my

crown, and getting her fingers wet with my pre-cum, she worked that around and into her anus.

“Come into me now, Alec,” she said, “But slowly at first. I haven’t had one as big as yours in me before.”

This was another first for me, so I approached it cautiously.

Pressing the tip of my penis against her anus, I gradually increased pressure until it started to slide in. I pushed in slowly, stopping to make sure mum wasn’t experiencing any pain, then, once I’d got my full length into her, I moved gently up and down.

Mum said in a muffled voice, “Give me your hand, darling.”

I put my hand in hers, and she moved it to her vagina, and asked me to do my little trick round her clitoris.

Soon I was riding her hard, and she was bucking in rhythm with me. I was the first to come, and shot my load into her.

Once I’d finished I continued working on her clitoris until she was screaming and heaving with an almighty climax.

When it was over I pulled out of her and we both lay on the bed for a while.

“Hungry, darling,” asked practical mum.

“Do you mean for food, or...”

“Yes, food. The other can come later. Come on, let’s shower.”

The “other” did come later, but not all that much later. As soon as we had cleared up, mum took me by the hand and pulled me to the lounge room.

“Undress,” she commanded.

I obeyed while at the same time enjoyed watching her self-revelation.

Once stripped mum lay on the carpet and said, “Come and kiss me, Alec.”

I began kissing her, and in no time, we were running the whole gamut of lovemaking preliminaries. Then there was another new experience for me.

Mum got me sitting across her chest with my penis between her breasts. She put her hands on the sides of her breasts and folded them over my shaft. It was a wonderful warm, soft feeling that nearly drove me out of my mind.

“Move up and down in my cleavage,” mum said.

I began to move, and quickly I shifted her hands aside and I began squeezing her breasts over my length.

Her cleavage was wet with my pre-cum and Mum was panting with ecstasy and saying. “Come over me, shoot it over me.”

I didn't need telling. The sperm shot out of me like a shell from a gun. It not only flooded her cleavage, but splashed onto her face as well. With her fingers she tried to wipe up the semen on her face and then licked it off.

When I had fired off my full complement of love fluid, I sat there languidly, both of us looking into each other's eyes.”

“I love you, Alec,” she murmured.

“And I love you, Rhea,” I responded.

It was the first time I had ever called her by her name. In the situation, it seemed inappropriate to call her, “mum.” Our relationship had changed. We were now lovers as well as mother and son.

Having begun this new relationship, we had no desire to stop it. We were both infatuated with each other, and in the early stages of our sexual union, we could barely leave each other alone.

It was an amazing thing, but Rhea seemed to grow younger and more beautiful every day. I told her so and asked if it was because of the sex we were having.

“Partly that,” she said. “But more importantly, it’s because I feel I am loved.”

She was right about that. As much as I may have loved her as a mother, I was now deeply in love with her as a woman. Any thought that there might come a time when we would not be together, not making love, was anxiety provoking.

This uneasiness was overcome only to be replaced with another.

One evening Rhea and I had been enjoying each other on the lounge room carpet, when she said, "Darling, you're going to be a daddy."

Not grasping the implication of what she was saying, I made a bit of joke of what she had said.

"Daddy to whom, you?"

"No, I mean daddy to the baby I'm going to have."

I sat up rather suddenly, a cold shiver running through me.

"You mean you're...you're going to have...you're pregnant?"

"Yes, darling. Why else do you think I've been having unprotected sex with you?"

"But I didn't know... you never said..."

"No, I have been cheating, haven't I?"

“You mean you actually wanted me to make you pregnant?”

“Of course.”

“But why?”

“Well, darling, I wanted to have another baby before I got too old for it, and I couldn’t think of anyone I’d rather have it with. Aren’t you just a little bit pleased?”

I was utterly confused, but through the confusion, a bit of male pride started to make itself felt. Yes, I was a “little bit pleased”. In fact, as I began to calm down, I decided I was a big bit pleased. Rhea was going to have my (careful Alec) “our” baby.

“You’re sure...really sure, Rhea?”

“As sure as I can be until I see the doctor.”

“Bloody marvelous, Rhea. We’re going to be a proper family...er...will you be okay...I mean...you’re not...”

“Too old?” she said, finishing my question. “No darling, and we could probably have a couple more if we wanted them.”

I decided I’d like to think about that, so leaving aside the matter I kissed Rhea and said, “Thank you, my love.”

“It’s my pleasure,” she said with a smile.

“And mine,” I responded, returning her smile.

To prove the point, we took up where we had left off, but this time it was an unusually long and tender act of love.

After Amelia was born, Rhea and I agreed that one more baby would be nice, and that is where the matter stands at the moment. Rhea has not got pregnant yet, but we are having a lot of fun trying.

In case you are interested, my grandmother, grandfather and Mrs.White next door, still haven’t worked out who daddy is. They think Rhea has been having it off with some guy she cleans for, like the solicitor, and I think they feel bit sorry for me having to put up with the situation.

Rowena Awakes

Rowena was tired. Rowena was always tired. She was tired when she went to bed, tired when she woke up, tired all day long.

She took a last look round the room she had just finished preparing, noting the main items. "Bed. Quite an adequate desk – it was the one dad gave me for my eighteenth birthday. Good swivel chair. Armchair, wardrobe, dressing table, bright curtains and a rug, gas fire. Yes, it should be all right." She sighed wearily.

"Wish I'd never volunteered," she muttered to herself. "Having to look after someone else, cook for them, and I suppose wash and clean for them. Why couldn't I keep my mouth shut?"

Two Sundays before the minister had announced in church that people with spare rooms in their house were being sought to take in university students. The students came from inland rural areas, and there was a shortage of accommodation for them. Most of these students had never been away from their families before, so it was thought desirable for them to be boarded with families in the city.

Rowena had sniggered to her self in a weary sort of way. She thought, "I should imagine one of the last things these young people wanted was another family breathing down their necks. What they'll be after will be the freedom to get into all sorts of trouble."

After the service, she noted that few people seemed to be rushing to take on these students. "They probably realise the difficulties they might be getting themselves into, taking on seventeen and eighteen year olds," she thought.

Despite her gloomy prognostications about what might be expected from youth, and on the spur of an altruistic moment, she volunteered.

"I've got that whole house to myself," she told the minister. "There are three bedrooms, and I could turn the big one into a bedroom and study." Now she regretted her impetuosity. She foresaw and foreheard, loud music, feet clumping, riotous behaviour, foul language and perhaps even drugs.

The minister had been doubtful. Not that he had said so, but you could tell by his attitude. He knew Rowena was a woman always in a state of depression, always brooding over her loss. She was a loyal church attendee and he did not wish to offend her, so he said, "I'll let you know Rowena when I've got all the names of those volunteering."

Rowena was only thirty-two but looked and behaved as if she was fifty. Those who had known her only since her beloved Ken had been killed five years before, would never have believed she had once been a scintillating and attractive young woman. Young men and not so young men had pursued her in those days, but in vain. It was not until her lovely Ken had taken her by storm, that she succumbed. Her wedding day had been the happiest day of her life. Both she and Ken had married as virgins. In the few years that followed their love had given rise to a great passion. Their marriage seemed to lack nothing, except the one thing they both longed for, a child. When Rowena announced to Ken that she was pregnant, it was a day of high celebration for both of them.

Three months later Rowena opened the door to find a policeman standing there. She knew before he even spoke. She simply said, "Ken!" He nodded. Ken had been killed in a car accident on his way to work. Rowena fainted, and the shock caused her to abort the child.

Since that awful day Rowena had wandered across an emotional wasteland. At first, nothing could console her for her double loss. She told her story to anyone who would listen, and wept endlessly. Later she ceased weeping and seemed to close off from life.

She carried on the daily routines, but with a weary resignation. She rarely spoke to anyone, and those who did try to converse with her found her remote, looking all the time as if she was in some distant place and not hearing them. Physically she seemed to age suddenly, walking with bowed shoulders and shuffling feet.

In the weeks after she had volunteered to take in a student she heard nothing further. In fact, the minister had hoped he would not have to take up her offer. Rowena was relieved. "I won't have to be bothered after all, " she thought.

Fortunately or unfortunately, depending on your point of view, the minister found he had one student he had been unable to place. Despite his doubts about the wisdom of it, he was forced to resort to Rowena.

"He's a young fellow from a cattle station up north," he told Rowena. "His name is Steven and he's nineteen years old, and being so isolated he's had a bit of a battle to make it to university. He's never been to the city before and his parents are concerned that he will be a bit lost."

"I had hoped it might be a girl," complained Rowena. "They're not so noisy and messy as boys." Having three teenage daughters the minister thought otherwise, but maintained a diplomatic silence on the subject.

"We really do need a place for Steven," said the minister. "If you won't take him I don't what we'll do."

So Rowena had reluctantly agreed, and awaited the arrival of her student boarder.

The minister brought him to the house, introduced them, and left. Rowena and Steven weighed each other up whilst trying not to look as if they were.

Steven's first impression was "Probably a spinster disappointed in love. Might look all right if she wasn't so slovenly."

Rowena was a little more favourably impressed in a grouchy sort of way. "Hmm, a big chap," she thought, "Looks as if he's got a lot of muscle. Not bad looking, and I suppose he's got a few brains or he wouldn't be going to university."

She showed Steven the room she had prepared, and he thanked her and said it was "very nice." She invited him to come and have a cup of coffee in the kitchen thinking, "And I won't make a habit of that."

Over coffee, they continued the surreptitious examination of each other in a little more detail. Steven was very quiet and not the rumbustious country bumpkin Rowena had anticipated. He seemed very shy and reticent, giving only brief answers to her hesitant questions.

Having a male in the house after so many years of living alone, Rowena was finding it more difficult than usual to make conversation, yet deep inside her self a little spark seemed to ignite. Could it be an ember of unruly interest? Rowena stamped upon it firmly.

Steven, whose life on the cattle station had not brought him into much contact with women, apart from his mother and two sisters, was still aware of the basic difference between men and women. In the manner of most males meeting a female, young or old, he surveyed Rowena with a touch of libidinous interest.

"Pity about her hair," he thought. "Could do with a comb through it. Nice face, if she didn't look so sour. Good Lord, she's got great breasts. She should show those off a bit more. Can't see her legs. I wonder what they're like? Must have a look when they come out from under the table.

These assessments went on under cover of hesitant and polite conversation, and when the coffee was finished and

Rowena had instructed Steven as to meal times, washing days, bed sheet changes and so on, a silence fell upon them.

From Steven's point of view, it was a question of how one was supposed to behave in a strange house with someone you had never met before. Should he continue to sit in the kitchen or go to his room? If he sat in the kitchen, would he be unwelcome? If he went to his room, would he appear impolite?

Rowena saved the situation by suggesting that Steven go and unpack. Both parted with some relief.

In the following weeks the pair got to know each other a little more. Steven spoke of his life on the cattle station, his parents and sisters. He also occasionally talked about the agricultural science course he was doing, but he spent a great deal of time either at the library or working in his room. He seemed to have no social life at all.

Rowena's worst fears were not realised. Steven continued very quiet and she saw no sign of the drugs she had been sure would be in evidence. She revealed very little of her own life, her conversation being mostly limited to domestic matters and church activities. The little ember that had glowed the first day was still not quite extinguished, but she wrote it off as a "motherly interest." Steven on the other

hand, had taken the earliest opportunity to inspect Rowena's legs, and concluded, "Not bad, not bad at all."

Rowena, having now lived alone for some years had, like many people who find themselves in this situation, become neglectful of her personal appearance. Such people have no one to please, no one to remark how nice they look, it does not seem to matter how they are, who cares? Add to this Rowena's usual state of depression, and you have someone who might be called, "A bit of a mess."

The advent of Steven into her life having, as it were, got rid of one side of the equation, namely, being alone, the other side of the equation, her depressed state, also began to disappear. Rowena actually smiled occasionally.

I do not suggest that Rowena suddenly became her old radiant self, rather I would like you to understand that a gradual improvement in her appearance and demeanor seemed to occur.

It is possible that it was simply the passing of time and the diminishing of her bereavement for Ken at the dictates of nature that brought about this slow, evolutionary change, and not the presence of Steven. Certainly, the people at the church took this view. But you see, they did not dare to take any other view, or they might have to admit that the arrival

of a young man in the life of "Poor old Rowena," might have been the agent of change. That would be naughty.

Whatever the agent was, the practical outcome was, that Rowena actually went to a good hairdresser and had her hair cut and styled. She dug out from the recesses of her wardrobe garments she had not worn since Ken was killed. They were perhaps a little behind the times, but were a considerable improvement on the tatty skirt, blouses and cardigans she had normally been seen in.

Even more dramatic changes emerged. She found some old make-up and occasionally applied it. She showered more carefully, and noticing that there was a considerable bush of under arm hair, attacked it with a razor. She stopped short of assaulting her pubic hair with the cold steel, but decided that her legs were long overdue for a shave.

I should like to point out that, like all evolutionary changes, Rowena's were incremental and slow. Steven hardly noticed any changes in Rowena until a critical moment arrived, but this was largely because he was so immersed in his study he hardly took time to notice anything else.

The end of the academic year arrived. Steven was due to go home for the coming weeks. Rowena found herself regretting his departure. From being sorry she had ever

volunteered to take a student, she had come to enjoy the presence of this quiet young man. The thought of being alone in the house did not appeal at all. She wondered if she should volunteer again if the chance came. Steven settled the matter for her.

A few days before he was due to leave Steven approached Rowena as she worked in the kitchen. "I've got a favour to ask," he began. Rowena wondered what was coming. "I shall be returning for my second year," he went on, "and I wondered if you wouldn't mind if I came to live here again? I mean, if I've been too much for you, I could probably find somewhere else now I've got used to the city, but I have liked it here."

Rowena's heart gave a little lurch, and for some reason she could not quite diagnose, her hands started to shake slightly. Her mind seemed to go into a sort of spin, making it difficult to answer the request.

Pulling herself together, Rowena managed to say, "You'd be very welcome to come back, Steven, and you haven't been 'too much' for me."

"Oh, thanks," said a relieved Steven, "but there is one other thing. I'd like to come back before the new academic year starts. I haven't really got around much all this year, so I'd

like to do a bit of sight seeing and go to one or two shows. Would that be all right?" Rowena felt another lurch of her heart.

Dates were arranged for Steven's return, and a few days later, he was on his way to the inland and the cattle station.

As she expected, Rowena found his absence and the emptiness of the house oppressive. This did not, however, have the effect of returning her to a state of depression or the careless condition of her personal appearance she had previously suffered from. "He's coming back, and I won't be alone again."

Rowena started counting the days until Steven's return almost as soon as he left. For no particular reason, she found herself going to the room occupied by Steven and adding little touches to make it more comfortable and cheerful. He had left some of his belongings behind, and Rowena just happened to pick up one or two items sometimes, and they would be hugged to her breasts.

During the year of his stay with her, there had been nothing overtly sexual in the behaviour of Steven and Rowena. After the death of Ken, Rowena had almost completely shut herself off sexually. When on rare occasions sexual tension had overtaken her, she resorted to a dildo, fantasising that it was

Ken still with her. Now she found that sexual tension was making itself more evident, and her fantasy was no longer Ken, but...She would not admit who it was to herself.

Rowena had seen no signs of girls in Steven's life, "Not," she thought, "that he had much time for that sort of thing with all his studies." But she did wonder about his sex life. "I suppose he masturbates," she thought, " poor boy."

As the time for Steven's return drew near, Rowena decided that a change in her wardrobe might be in order. Armed with the means of financial transaction: cash, credit card and chequebook, Rowena set forth.

She started from the skin outward, and began by purchasing some rather sexy underwear not normally considered fitting for a widow, even if young. Slack suits, which she had never worn before, dresses that displayed more of her than was formally on show followed and, most audacious of all, a bikini swimsuit, "Just in case I go swimming," she persuaded herself. (She had in fact not gone swimming since Ken's death).

When she got her purchases home and unpacked them, she began to feign having regrets. "I don't think I'd dare wear some of these," she muttered, but at the same time smiled a

secret little smile, and went out again to have her hair attended to.

The day of Steven's return found Rowena quivering with anticipation and a knot in her stomach. When he arrived looking brown and fit Rowena did something she had never done before, and hugged him, giving him a kiss on the cheek.

Steven was somewhat surprised by this affectionate welcome, and recovering sufficiently to return the kiss said, "That's a very nice welcome. It's great to be home."

This statement seemed to cause a pause in conversation. It was the realisation that for Steven, "home" was no longer the cattle station, but here, with Rowena.

It was Rowena who broke the momentary silence saying, "Its lovely to have you home, Steven." There was another pause as they stood, arms still about each other, and then Rowena led him into the kitchen for the meal she had ready for him.

The old routine of Steven spending the majority of his time in his room studying would not start until the beginning of the academic year. That was three weeks off. Instead, Steven began the sightseeing he had promised himself.

One night he went off to see a play, and on his return, Rowena was still up. "How was it?" she asked. "Oh, great," he replied, "but..." "But what?" asked Rowena.

He paused for a moment, then said, "Its not much fun on your own."

Rowena, who had hardly been out to see plays or films, or anything much at all for some years, agreed. "Yes, its not so good going on your own."

Steven spoke quickly with an edge of nervousness. "Would you come with me sometimes?"

Rowena, whatever her daydreams might have been, was not prepared for this. She hesitated and Steven taking this to mean he had stepped out of place, started to say, "Perhaps it's not the sort of thing you like, but I...

"Oh, no, no," cut in Rowena, "It's just that I think you'd have much more fun with someone your own age."

Now his time away from Rowena had given Steven the chance to see her in a new light on his return. While staying with her, he had noted some changes in her, but it was seeing her after the break that gave him a new vision of his

"landlady." What he had perceived as a woman with potentially good looks, shall we say a caterpillar, had now emerged as a rather attractive butterfly.

Steven, not having had wide experience in the world of male/female relations, was not sure how to proceed. Like many shy people whom, when they do speak out in awkward circumstances, often put the matter directly, he blundered on.

"I don't know any girls to take," he blurted out, then realising that this was not very flattering to Rowena, resorted to rather old-fashioned style and went on, "But of course I'd be proud to be seen out with you."

Rowena wanted to laugh at this rather inept attempt to date her, but feeling a great tenderness for him in his plight, she responded, "And I'd love to go with you."

"That's great," said Steven. "How about tomorrow night? We could go and see a film."

Rowena, having been startled by Steven wanting to take her out at all, decided that she might as well go with the flow, and agreed.

They pored over the newspaper to find out what was showing, and made their selection.

Once started, the going out together did not stop. There were more films, plays and of all things, ice skating, which Steven had never experienced. He departed the ice rink with a few bruises and a slight limp.

All was going very happily and one evening Steven suggested they should go swimming in the sea next day if the weather was fine. Living deep in the inland he had never swum in the sea, in fact he had hardly seen the sea at all. Rowena had now got used to accepting his ideas about where they should go and what they should do, so she agreed without much thought. It was only when she retired to go to bed that a thought struck her. Having disposed of her old one-piece bathing suit, she would have to wear the bikini she had bought.

She had never been sure about the wisdom of the purchase, and the thought of wearing it in public and in front of Steven made her feel rather apprehensive.

She took out the garment and tried it on. "My God," she thought, "Its even briefer than I thought it was." The top was more an uplift for her breasts than a cover, this meant she was exposed almost to the nipples. The bottom half seemed

to her little more than pieces of string just hanging together. This was a slight exaggeration of the facts brought on by her nervousness at the thought of wearing the thing on the morrow.

For all her reticence about wearing the bikini, she did note that her pubic hair extended outside the little sliver of cloth that ran over her genital area. She retired to the bathroom where she wielded the razor very effectively because thereafter no pubic hair displayed.

She retired to bed with mixed emotions about the coming visit to the sea and the wearing of the miniscule pieces of cloth. The thoughts of appearing so revealed before Steven brought upon her disturbing feelings, and to relieve them she had to resort to the dildo.

The day dawned fine and warm. Rowena put on her bikini in place of underwear, and slipped into a loose dress. Steven had also put on his swimming shorts, so there was no need to change at the beach. Rowena got out her now aging car, and off they drove.

It was still early in the day when they arrived at the beach, and there were few other people about. They divested themselves of their outer garments, Rowena simply letting her dress slip off her shoulders to fall onto the sand.

She was not looking at Steven at the time, but suddenly had the feeling he was staring at her. She glanced up at him and saw he was looking at her with eyes wide open. She felt a flush that seemed to start at her feet and flood upward to the top of her head.

This was the first time Steven had seen so much of Rowena, as it were, in the flesh. He had long ago concluded that her figure was okay, but seeing her now he was stunned. He took in her full breasts that although being given some support, looked as if they did not need it. Her smooth flat stomach and exquisite thighs, and the little vee that showed through the cloth passing between the top of her long legs.

"Oh my God, she's beautiful," he thought. "How is it I didn't know how lovely she is before this." Of course, the answer was obvious. He hadn't seen her nearly naked before.

To cover an embarrassing erection brought on by this sight of Rowena, the poor lad had to rush into the sea. This proved to be a lot colder than he had anticipated, and rapidly deflated his projection. He had not, however, been quick enough. Rowena had glimpsed through his swimming shorts an erection of such a size as to be what all men should aspire to.

Rowena, now red with what she told herself was embarrassment, but was more akin to delight at being viewed so intimately and apparently approvingly, also fled to the sea.

They had their swim, and as the day was heating up and there was little shade to be had on the beach, it was decided to return home. They drove back in silence.

On arrival at the house they each made excuses to retire to their rooms, where they relieved themselves of the tensions they had inspired in each other.

Rowena, as her back arched upwards in orgasm, for the first time whispered out the name. "Steven. Oh Steven."

Steven also murmured a name as his sperm spouted upward. "Oh my God, Rowena."

They continued to go out together, but a new unease had entered their relationship. It was a tension many of us are familiar with, a sort of impasse.

Once it is recognised earnestly that a particular person is the object of one's sexual desire, there is rarely any going back to a formally disinterested, sexually speaking, relationship. The

struggle is, to find the way forward. One wrong move could destroy the connection permanently.

On his side, Steven felt that he might have overstepped the mark with his blatant stare on the beach. He endeavoured to make amends by trying not to look at Rowena at all. This was not easy since he now knew the delights that lurked beneath whatever she was wearing. In addition, he tried to behave in an extra polite and formal sort of way.

Rowena met the situation by hauling out some of the clothing she had worn when she first met Steven, endeavouring to play the "landlady" once again.

It was all too late. Sexual passion for another person, once acknowledged, even if only to oneself, is not so easily dissipated. But the real problem is to know to what extent one's desire is reciprocated.

Questions arise which can only find an answer through action, which action might bring all crashing down. For example, "If I kiss her and touch her breast, will she reject me?" Or, "If I should lay my hand on his penis, will he think me a dirty old woman?" The twelve years age gap played a large part in Rowena's thinking, but virtually none in Steven's.

Who then would make the first open move and in what circumstances?

Rowena, haunted by the sexual arousal brought about by Steven's proximity, thought of telling him he had better find some other place to stay. The very thought of him leaving made her weep, so she cancelled that idea.

Steven had similar thoughts. He was constantly tormented by the sight of Rowena and masturbated more and more to try to gain relief from his desires. To leave, to be separated from the object of his lust – or was it love? – would be as painful as his staying.

The transformation of the situation came about through insomnia and those dead hours in the morning when we are especially vulnerable, and all things seem either possible or hopeless.

Rowena had been tossing and turning in her bed, unable to sleep. Using the dildo no longer brought her relief from sexual arousal. She had used it three times that night and still she was swamped with her desire for Steven. Finally, in desperation, she got out of bed and went to the kitchen to make a cup of tea.

Steven, in a similar sleepless plight, and like Rowena unable to disperse his sexual needs, entered the kitchen, as she was about to pour the tea.

They stood looking at each other. Rowena was in one of the very see-through nightdresses she had bought and Steven in his night shorts.

Steven could see Rowena's erect nipples through the flimsy cloth, and Rowena could see his huge erection pressing against his shorts.

Nothing was said for almost a minute, but at that time when the ego is not on guard things are said we would be unwilling to say at other times. Steven, shaking, uttered one word: "Please."

Rowena was more voluble: "Yes, Steven. Yes my love."

Steven went to her, swept her up into his arms, and carried Rowena to her bedroom. He lay her on the bed and stripped her, and dropping his shorts to the floor sat astride Rowena, taking both her breasts into his hands.

Rowena reached down to hold Steven's penis and stroke it. After a while she said, "Put it in mouth, darling." He moved

the huge head to her and she took it in and began to suck and lick.

This could not last for long. They were both so intoxicated with lust for each other that within a few moments Steven's penis head was pressing against the entrance to Rowena's vagina. He hesitated, then said, "I might make you pregnant."

Rowena gasped, "Put it in, darling, please put it in. I need all of you. Just let it all go."

Steven could no longer hold back. He thrust deep into Rowena as she wept and pleaded. "Deeper my love, deeper. Please, all of you." She felt his full length slide in to touch her cervix.

In a moment she was screaming with ecstasy as the orgasm wracked her whole body with wave after wave of agonising pleasure. She cried out with broken phrases: "Darling...More...So long...Never stop...I love...Oh my God"

Steven ground into her with all his strength, his own orgasm almost more than he could bear. He felt the powerful pumping as his sperm smashed into Rowena as if it would

never cease. He shouted her name with joy, "Rowena. Rowena."

It was over. These two, who had been such an agony of sexual torment to each other, had broken through to mutual fulfillment. They both knew that there was no turning back now. This was no hasty one-night stand. What they had done was born out of lust, yes, but also love. It was a love not yet completely understood and acknowledged. In their moment of ecstasy they had spoken the words of love, but that love was yet to take a firm hold over them.

In the coming weeks and months they came together nightly and sometimes during the day. They were sexually complete in each other, unable to resist an approach when it was made.

Steven returned to his studies and was much more relaxed about his work, and consequently more successful. Rowena became almost unrecognisable to those who had known before Steven came into her life. She was once more beautiful and radiant and still the church people were unable to acknowledge what might be the source of this sparkling Rowena.

Then a deciding moment in their relationship arrived.

Rowena knew the night it happened, even the very moment. Steven had been very tender and passionate. He had lingered loving over her sexual organ, kissing and licking. There had been nothing hurried in their love making that night. They had both simply enjoyed each other's body to the full.

Even as Rowena had caressed Steven's penis with her tongue, and as his lips closed over her nipples, she knew.

He had entered her and it was a tender, loving half hour, before they came to climax. As his sperm shot into her, Rowena said to herself, "Yes."

Five weeks later as they lay in bed making love Rowena said, "I'm pregnant, darling."

Since they had used no contraceptives, this was hardly surprising. Steven was silent for a moment and then asked, "How do you feel about it?"

Rowena snuggled close into him and said, "I love it."

"Good," said Steven. "When should we get married?"

Rowena was stunned. Whatever else she might have desired of Steven, marriage was one thing she had rejected as a possibility. "Darling, we can't get married. I'm far too old for you."

"Why?" Asked Steven.

"Well, I'm twelve years older than you," replied Rowena, somewhat lamely.

"So?" went on the laconic Steven.

"Think practically, darling," Rowena responded, feeling somewhat tearful. "I've always told myself that we should be together until the end of your course, then you would go away – back to the cattle station. I've never asked more of you than that, have I?"

"No," said Steven. "But that doesn't mean I don't want more."

"But we can't," choked out Rowena. "You'll go back to the cattle station, and what would your parents think, bringing home an old woman as your wife."

Steven burst out laughing. "You'd better not let my mother hear you say that," he chuckled.

"Why not," queried a puzzled Rowena.

"Well, for two reasons," laughed Steven. "First, I've already written to my parents to let them know I intended to ask you to marry me..."

"You mean before I told you..."

"Of course. You've only just told me we're going to have a baby, haven't you?" said Steven.

"What's the other reason?" asked Rowena.

Steven laughed uproariously again and spluttered out, "You see, my mother is fifteen years older than my father."

Rowena was dumbfounded. She had to realign her thinking about their relationship. Having set aside all thought of marriage she was overcome by the new vision of its now being the way forward.

"Well?" asked Steven, "When do we get married?"

"You callous country bumpkin," responded Rowena, "You haven't even asked me properly yet."

Steven laughed and drawing close to her whispered, "My darling. Love of my life, will you marry me?"

"Yes of course." murmured Rowena, "How soon?"

Using the two weeks break between university terms, Rowena and Steven went north to his parents' house. Rowena was welcomed into the family, and it was here that she was married.

Steven and Rowena returned to her, now their, house. Steven completed his three years of university studies and then they left the city to live on the cattle station.

I have been asked by them to tell you that if you should at any time be visiting our State, and decide to travel to the northern inland, just ask for Steve's and Rowena's place. Nearly everybody knows where it is. And if you care to drop by, they and their four children will make you very welcome.

She Makes Hungry Where She Most Satisfies

I was twenty-two years old when the events I am about to relate began.

Unemployed and working as a volunteer just about summed me up at that time. Well, not quite. There is a bit more to me than that, but it is not for to me to boast about my virtues, except to say I'm pretty hot with a computer, but so are many other people, especially those around my age.

No one seemed to want to employ me to play with their computers so, I was a volunteer computer teacher of over sixties for a Church charitable organisation, trying to bring the oldies into the twenty first century. The oldest student I have had was ninety-three, and the poor old dear could not even see the computer, let alone the icons.

There were about a dozen other teachers and we all worked in one big hall, and because it was one on one teaching, we all sat at our computers with our single student, trying not to notice the smells of decay and urine.

The teachers, with a couple of exceptions (three with me), were also sixty plus. The couple of exceptions were Digby, a thin, white-faced fellow about my own age, and Karin.

Karin is in her fifties, and whilst not being a great beauty, is as fresh faced and smiling as a girl. In fact, she was more fresh faced and smiling than most of the girls I know of. She was plump and reminded me of a beach ball as she bounced around smiling and laughing. She was a glittering ray of sunshine amid the atmosphere of decomposition.

One might pass her off as a pleasant, fun filled person with no particular sex appeal, but for one aspect of her bodily presence; her breasts.

I make no claim to be a breast expert or fanatic, but even given my low-level qualifications in mammareology, I think I can say without fear of contradiction, that Karin's bust is magnificent.

Her breasts swell out from her torso like twin mountain peaks. Unlike many female bosoms, they do not display as one continuous heap across her frontage, but whatever she wears, seems to sink into her deep cleavage to reveal in all their glory, the two-fold mountains of her beauty.

These centres of my fascination are, unlike other large breasts, unassertive, lacking in that tendency to aggression that frequently accompanies such large protuberances, and that often remind one of a medieval galleon in full sail. Nor

do they suggest that with the removal of that intervening device of the devil, the bra, they will collapse into blubbery flopping appendages hanging in quivering tribulation.

One might say that Karin's breasts have a welcoming look. One could get lost in them for days without boredom or fatigue. They always seem to arrive long before the rest of Karin, and serve to give notice of her drawing near.

I would be remiss in this brief discourse on Karin's mammary glands, if I did not draw attention to their crowning grandeur, her nipples. These out-nipple any nipples that I have seen before.

My country, small though our population may be, is famed for its prowess in sport. It seems a pity to me that included in the Olympic Games there is not some sort of Nipple Competition. If such there were, Karin would undoubtedly be a gold medallist, thus adding further lustre to our national athletic fame.

Again, I must say that even the demonic bra cannot hide the sweet beauty of these splendid nubs. I do not say that they are either overly large or pathetically small, but they are long, and seem always to be erect, suggesting either:

1. She is in a constant state of sexual arousal, or

2. The weather is excessively cold.

I freely confess to you, dear reader, I was in love with Karin's breasts. It was love at first sight. The first day she walked into our computing hall, I was a lost soul. From then on, I dreamed of her bosom nightly. It was the object of all my fantasies. In my mind, I abased myself before them, swearing eternal devotion and fidelity to them. Had it been possible, I would have fallen to my knees before them and begged their hand (nipples) in marriage. Now, as I view other breasts, I do so with a derisory sneer. Nothing, I assert, can match the flawless mammary glands that are Karin's.

As for the rest of Karin, she stands about five feet four inches. She has unusually dark blue eyes, and her hair is a mixture of gray and blonde, worn long and most often held in hair band at the back of her neck to form a sort of plait down her back. Her mouth is wide and lips full.

Such was the first impact of Karin. Beyond that, lay further Karinanian delights. She is a very friendly person and her warmth extended to me. When Karin smiles she displays carefully tended white teeth all her own as nature had provided.

We discovered that we shared common interests in music, theatre and books. Not that I could afford theatre and so on living on the dole. Also not being sporty people, we both liked hiking, the beauty of nature and shared a love of art.

Added to her other virtues, Karin came from a certain European country, the language being such that, when the natives of that land speak English, they tend to render it harsh to the ear. It was not so with Karin. Her accent, soft and contralto, delighted the ear, and almost made me desert my first love, her breasts, and be unfaithful to them with her voice.

In the growing intimacy that flowed between us, I learned that she was the mother of three and the grandmother of five. She was a widow whose dearly loved husband, Arie, had died of heart problems three years before I met her.

You may gather that, despite my youth, I was much smitten with Karin. I had experienced the charms of a number of females roughly of my own age, and found them wanting. They seemed brash, coarse and lacking in sensitivity. That I should find female excellence in someone so much older than I may seem to the uncultured, ludicrous, but it was not the first time I had been drawn to an older woman. If the age gap troubles, then I will let that be your problem and not mine.

Mind you, all this was in my head. Although we talked much, I had no thought that Karin considered me as anything more than a young chap she met while teaching computer to the aged. That is, until one happy day.

It chanced that Karin's student did not turn up one day. I was teaching a poor old chap, who could not remember from one week to the next, what I had taught him about a particular programme.

I sensed that Karin was standing behind us, because, as I forgot to mention before, she has a particularly pleasant aroma. It was redolent of cleanliness and general hygiene, and assailed my nostrils so as to arouse my male predatory lust.

At the end of my vain endeavour to instruct my pupil, and after his departure, she said, "Jason, I have got that programme on my computer, but it confuses me. Could you teach me how to use it?"

I began to explain that I had full load of students, but I would try to fit her in if we sacrificed our lunch break. Karin interrupted; "Jason, I didn't mean teach me here, I mean at my place."

The thought of being alone with Karin was exciting, even though I held out no hopes for anything special happening,

but at least I would be close to her physically and would be able to wallow in her delicious aroma. So, suitable arrangements were made for me to go to Karin's house and teach her.

Arriving at the house on the appointed day and time, starting at the front gate, all was in keeping with the rest of Karin. Everything seemed neat and tidy, yet it was unlike many neat and tidy places that seem cold and rigid, this place felt warm and welcoming.

Opening the door to me, Karin welcomed me with a big smile.

The inside of the house continued the theme begun outside. All was clean and tidy and furnished with excellent taste. It appeared to one in my impoverished state to be rather expensive.

Did I want tea or coffee? Was the first question. I elected to have tea, being an addict of that brew.

I examined her computer, which could be ranked at the top end of the market, with all the "bells and whistles," as they say. I did not normally get my hands on a machine of this quality, so along with the delight of being in Karin's

presence, I had the added satisfaction of having this excellent toy to play with.

Tea drunk and biscuits munched, we settled down to her lesson. Quickly something struck me as odd. Karin had said that she did not know how to use the programme I was teaching her, but she gave all the signs of having at least some basic knowledge of it. Once people have the basics down, they can usually manage on their own, so I began to wonder why she had asked me to teach her.

I was sitting very close to Karin, and the proximity of her breasts and the aroma of her body began to have their effects on me.

Now I have to admit to something that is a source of both pride and embarrassment to me. Perhaps I can best explain this by using an illustration.

I have already indicated that I had engaged in sexual activity with an older lady. The first time we stripped off in front of each other, she looked wide eyed at my genitalia and said, "My God, your hung like a young stallion."

I actually derive from a country town, having come to the city in a vain search for work. Yet despite my rural background, I had never seen how a stallion, young or old

was hung, but I took the lady's comment to be complimentary. Indeed, she seemed delighted with my equine qualities, once I began to penetrate her. We continued our liaison for nearly two months, and ceased because her husband grew suspicious and she didn't want to endanger her marriage.

The down side of my stallion-like attribute is that the damned thing will make itself felt and seen at often inappropriate times. It sticks out like an interstellar rocket for all to see. One ploy I have is to tuck it under the waistband of my trousers, but often there is no time to perform this operation in the presence of other people.

Now was one of those embarrassing moments. Karin made the situation worse by moving even closer to me, and touching me as she talked. Her eyes were very bright and dilated; she seemed to be shaking and kept moistening her lips with her pink tongue.

The talk had all been about computers, but suddenly she changed the conversational direction.

In a voice that sounded as if she had a piece of apple caught in her throat she asked, "Do you like me, Jason?"

I was struck dumb for a moment, but hoped I knew where things were heading. I strove to reply, and it felt as if I had tried to swallow the whole apple. Eventually I strangled out, "Yes, I like you a lot, Karin. I think of you as a friend."

"A friend!" she mused dolefully. "What is it you like about me?"

The damned rocket was pulsating wildly as if about to take off into outer space.

"I...I...er...I like your personality."

She echoed me again; "Personality!" "Anything else you like about me?"

"Well...we share...er...common interests."

"Common interests!"

"You're very neat and clean."

"Neat and clean!"

“Er...yes.”

“You are not telling me the whole truth, Jason.”

“What...?”

“I’m not blind. I’ve seen how you look at my breasts.”

I was trapped, so I thought a partial confession might get me off the hook.

“I think they look nice.”

“Look nice?”

“Yes.”

“Jason, I can see your erection sticking up like the leaning tower of Pisa, so don’t give me ‘nice’. I think, in fact I’m sure, you want me like hell.”

“Yes, Karin.”

“Yes, Karin! Then for God’s sake let’s get on with it, Jason. I’m soaking my knickers over you, so let’s get to the bedroom.”

With shaking legs, I was led by the now obviously quivering Karin, into her bedroom. The most important piece of furniture, the bed, was of huge dimensions. One could luxuriate and spread oneself upon it, beloved maneuvering beloved into the most desirable positions when engaging in coitus.

Our first move before we entered the bed was to kiss. With our open mouths still clinging to each other, I began to undo the shirt she was wearing. My longing was to see her wonderful breasts, naked.

I got the shirt off and moved back from the kiss, and stared at her stupefied. I had been prepared to take off her bra, but she had none on. “My God, it’s all her,” my bewildered brain registered.

Karin followed my thoughts and said, “I never wear a bra. Too damned uncomfortable. Don’t need one anyway.”

She was right. Her twin mountains stood out firm and proud, a soft ivory colour, and the long nipples pink and set in deeper pink aureoles. Never before, and I suspect never in

the future, had I seen such gorgeous breasts. They were all they had promised to be and more.

I reached out to touch them, running my hand from the base of the breast up to the nipples. Firm as they were, they also felt yielding and inviting. I wanted to bury my face in them, to suck on her nipples.

During this preliminary erotic skirmish, Karin had commenced undoing my belt and removing my trousers. I stepped out of them and she set about getting my underpants off. This achieved she surveyed the result.

“Dear God in heaven!” It was her turn to be astounded.

“I thought it was big, but not as massive as...as...this.” Her hand closed round my shaft. Her hands are small, and her fingers did not reach all the way round, but they were soft and caressing. “Heaven help me, I’m going to enjoy you, Jason.”

We completed undressing and stood for a moment reveling in each other’s nakedness. Karin certainly did not adhere to the so-called “ideal female figure,” as presented by the media. She was plump and curvaceous, and as with her breasts, so with the rest of her, one could happily be lost in her for an eternity.

I saw the little marks at the top of her thighs and the slight wrinkling of her stomach, which were the marks of childbearing. Perhaps it will seem quirky to you, but I found this enhanced, rather than detracted from, her sex appeal.

I noted the absence of pubic hair, and Karin, once more following my thoughts, said, "My husband didn't like pubic hair, so I had it permanently removed. Do you mind?"

"Er...ah...no, of course not." I was not really sure whether I minded or not because I had never seen a woman without pubic hair before.

She came to me and pressed herself against me in another deep and lingering kiss. Her breasts were pulled against me, and her lower abdomen was rotating over my penis. She seemed to want to draw my shaft between her legs, but she was too short and I too tall for this to be comfortably successful.

She lay on the bed, spreading her legs to expose her genital region to me. It was the first time I had gained a full view of her cleft, and must admit to a slight feeling of disappointment. The absence of pubic hair gave it full exposure. It seemed to me huge. Starting on her lower abdomen and passing out of sight towards her anus, it was

plump, seeming almost swollen. It made me feel that even my more than adequate equipment would be lost in there.

I need not have been troubled. Karin was lying on the edge of the bed, her feet drawn up, legs wide apart. I decided it was an invitation to pay my dutiful respects to her sex organ. Kneeling before the entrance to paradise, I parted the outer lips to discover that they gave a false impression.

Exposed to me were the sweetest, most delectable pink inner lips I had ever seen. They were like rose petals wet with dew, and they covered a tiny entrance into her womanhood. I even feared I might not be able to gain entry, so small it seemed.

I paid my homage with kisses and licks, tasting her fluid she giving little squeals of delight as I gently nibbled on her clitoris.

Things seemed to be moving in the right direction, and although my activities in and around her vaginal orifice were pleasurable, I longed to fasten my attention on my first love, the ravishing pleasure domes.

I eased her over to the centre of the vast bed, and began deep kissing again. At the same time, I fondled her breasts, gently squeezing them and giving little pinches to her nipples.

I bent over Karin's breasts and began suckling them. Karin meanwhile had taken my penis into her hand and was playing with it. This went on for a couple of minutes as I distributed my focus first on one nipple, then the other.

Lurking in the wings was a pleasant surprise for me. Suddenly Karin ceased toying with my shaft and began to quiver and give little moans. The shaking grew more agitated and her cries progressively louder, becoming begging and pleading; "Don't stop, darling...please don't stop..."

I had to hold on to her tightly to retain her nipple in my mouth, and her cries became a long, wailing scream.

It was the first time I had ever experienced a woman having an orgasm through breast stimulation alone.

I stayed with her until I felt the shock waves of her climax had diminished to the point where she would not feel I had left her "hung up."

Her legs were already drawn apart and she was flooded with her lubricant. I came over her and she guided the crown of my penis to her entrance. I hesitated for a moment, recalling

how small her opening had seemed. Then, very gently I pushed, and my shaft slipped in without apparently causing her any discomfort.

From the moment of entry, it was as if I was no longer in control. Karin seemed to suck me into her, engulfing my length in a soft, warm and wet milieu. "Dear God," I thought, "she's all woman". She was welcoming, receptive, drawing me into her and flexing her vaginal walls round my shaft. The 'Great Earth Mother'.

My own experience had led me to the conclusion that older women are more giving, more satisfactory, than the brassy young girls that play sexual games without the experience to give the luxurious gratification a Karin can fulfill.

I was in that wonderful world of dilemma wherein one wants to complete the sexual act, yet dreads the tragedy of its finality. My testicles, filled with the juices of love, were impelling me to discharge their contents into the delectable fields of heavenly bliss. Yet, I knew that such ejection would presage the end of my union with Karin.

I fought the battle for as long as human strength would allow, then detonated into her, pouring the fluids of love into her responsive passage.

I was both amazed and exhilarated when, as I reached my own climax, Karin again began to vibrate with orgasmic passion. We clung to each other, sobbing our love and desire for each other, until the climatic moment passed, and we were gasping in each other's arms.

I lay within her, unwilling to disengage from that which had given me such completion, yet dark thoughts crept into my mind. Would she now declare that I was but a moment's gratification, a toy she had played with?

She had opened the gates of bliss to me, would she now close them again, laughing at my callow attempts as a lover?

She answered my qualms almost as soon as they assailed me.

"Oh Jason, that was magnificent. Stay with me, my love."

Since my penis was still in her vagina, I took this to mean that she wanted it to remain there for a while. Previous experience had suggested to me, that withdrawing from a woman as soon as ejaculation is achieved can seem rejecting and even cruel, to the lady involved.

I sought to reassure Karin. "I won't withdraw, Karin."

Given our situation of post-coital bliss, Karin's response seemed a bit snappish.

"Don't be so obtuse, Jason. I didn't mean...Oh never mind, we can discuss it later."

This was just as well, because although my space rocket had initially started to diminish, it was now in a state of resurgence. I began to feel in sympathy with Shakespeare when he wrote of Cleopatra, "Other women cloy the appetites they feed, but she makes hungry where she most satisfies." For "Cleopatra", you may read, "Karin."

With a slight contorting effort, I managed to begin kissing Karin again, while fondling her breasts. The rocket was now eager to go into action as it throbbed on its launching pad, but this time I was able to maintain a controlled take-off that extended over half an hour. The amazing Karin managed three climaxes in that time, and by the time I had once more shot baby making juice into her, we were both in a highly relaxed condition.

For a while we dozed in each other's arms, but Karin, waking up, said, "Come on Jason, a shower and something to eat."

"Ever the hygienist," I thought.

We showered together, giving particular care to each other's organs of pleasure. This was followed by a cold meal that oddly seemed to have been prepared for two in advance. My arrangement with Karin had not included staying for a meal. But it had not included a number of other things either.

Towards the end of the meal Karin reverted back to her words, "Stay with me, Jason."

"Jason, I meant, come and live with me."

I saw complications in this. Age difference, for example, and all that this implied about seeing life and the world from the perspective of different generations. If her invitation implied, as it obviously did, that I was to be her ongoing lover, for how long could this continue? How if I met a girl I wanted to marry and have children with? What about Karin's family, how would they look upon their mother taking a man half her age as a live in lover?

My hesitation must have been obvious, because Karin picked up the thread again.

"Jason, did you enjoy what we have been doing?"

“It was wonderful, Karin.”

“Wouldn’t you like to be doing that with me very often?”

“Of course I would.”

“Then I’m offering you the chance to do just that. Regarding accommodation and meals, you would be very much better off than where you are now.”

I had told Karin about my circumstances, that I lived in one room in a hostel, it being all I could afford with my dole money. Then an unpleasant thought struck me;

“Karin, I couldn’t afford to pay much board money.”

“You silly boy, you don’t think I’m going to charge you for living here, do you? My husband left me quite well off. I don’t need your money, but what I do need is your virility. I want someone young around the place, someone that still has some fire in them. I chose you very soon after you started teaching at the hall. It was only a question of how I could get you here to see what I had to offer. Look, if it doesn’t work out, you can always go back to the hostel.”

She was right. I could be very comfortable here, and also very satisfied, if you know what I mean. I raised some of my other concerns, but she said:

“Let’s deal with those when they arise. I’m not going to put a chain on you. If I have you with me for a month, a year, ten years, then I will have had that much enjoyment, and no regrets. Come and live with me.”

I girded up my loins and decided. “Yes, I will Karin.”

“Good, then let’s get back to bed. My turn to do some work this time.”

If I was puzzled about what Karin meant by doing “some of the work,” my curiosity was pleasantly overcome. I spent most of the afternoon lying on my back, while Karin moved between inserting her nipples into my mouth, letting me ejaculate into her mouth, and sitting across me for vaginal sex.

She had referred to my virility, but I was beginning to get the impression that it was nothing compared to hers. I lost count of her orgasms, and by late afternoon was not too sure how many I had experienced. Actually it didn’t seem to matter, because orgasm or not, we enjoyed each other’s bodies so much.

I moved in with Karin two days later. She did a considerable amount of charitable work for the Church, and I think fortunately for both of us, she was out quite frequently. I was also still on the hunt for the allusive job, and not having any luck.

Karin made our sex lives a constant joy, always seeming to have little surprises up her sleeve. For example, one morning, just after breakfast, she suddenly said, "I feel horny, darling, take me like this". Pulling up her skirt and taking off her panties, she bent face down over the table. I took her from behind standing up.

Most of the time we proved very suited to each other sexually, but there was one occasion when I hurt her. It was when for the first time she asked me to give her anal penetration. I felt sure that with my size, I would hurt her too much for it to be satisfactory, but she was insistent.

"Arie would never do it with me, darling, so please, try. Just be as gentle as you can."

I felt that her admission she was an anal virgin meant an even more painful penetration, so I carefully wiped her anus with some of her own lubricant and my pre-cum.

I began by positioning my crown against her anus, and pressed in gently. I could not enter, and told her so.

“Push harder, darling, please.”

I took hold of her hips firmly, and then dragging on them I thrust forward and burst in.

Karin screamed and bucked and her movement plunged me even deeper into her. She cried out to me:

“Darling, stop for a moment, please stop, it’s hurting me so badly.”

“Shall I pull out, Karin?”

“No...no darling, just give me a moment to get used to it.”

I waited for her to signal what she wanted, and after a couple of minutes she said:

“Move again now, darling, but slowly, please.”

I began a slow movement up and down in her, at the same time reaching round to her vagina to stimulate her clitoris. She seemed to settle down, and after a while said:

“Move faster now, my love.”

She began her vibrating movements that presaged the arrival of her orgasm, and I was right on the edge of mine. Then our culminating moment arrived. We howled and cried out our words of love and lust for each other, I felt my sperm thudding into her, as time seemed to stand motionless.

I began to emerge from my climax slowly. I was still inside her, waiting for her to subside, which always took a while. As I felt the last waves of her orgasm pass away, I withdrew. To my horror, I saw a smear of blood on my penis.

“Karin, darling, I’ve hurt you, you’re bleeding.”

She did not seem particularly disturbed by this, only cryptically commenting; “All of me will be there for you now.”

It seemed that no great damage had been done to Karin because a week later she asked me to give her anal sex again, and this time it went forward with much greater ease.

One side of our living together that troubled me was her family's response. Her children and grandchildren came to see her, of course, and at first there was clearly suspicion about what I suppose among themselves they referred to as, "Mother's toy boy," or some similar pejorative phrase.

It took nearly a year before they became reconciled to my presence in their mother's life. It was Wendy, her eldest daughter who made the peace with me.

"Look, Jason, the family have asked me to have a word with you. At first, we thought you were just some young guy on the make, but we can see now that you have some genuine fondness for mum, and certainly, she has for you. You've made a big difference in her life. She's always been a...a...a" She struggled to find words that would convey her meaning without actually speaking those that would make it plain.

"Mum has always been an...an... emotional person," she finally burst out with. "We're glad to see her so happy and contented. She even looks younger. If you leave her, Jason, do it as gently as you can."

I suppose the thought of my leaving Karin at some time was related to the big age gap between us (over thirty years). Yet strangely, the longer I lived with Karin, the less I noticed the

age difference. She was giving me everything I could ever want in a woman, except, of course, children. But no thought of parting from her had entered my head, and I told Wendy so.

One pleasant bonus that came out of my talk with Wendy, was a job. It was one of those situations where Wendy's husband had a friend who had a friend, who was looking for someone with my sort of talents. It was really a two-fold sort of job in which I had to carry out the rather boring task of keeping the stock lists up to date on a computer, and unsnarl other people's computer problems. This work gave me the chance to begin to make a realistic financial contribution to our joint lives.

It was some time in the second year of our co-habitation, when I first began to notice a subtle difference in our relationship. To begin with, we could hardly bear to be in each other's presence without having sex. We could not leave each other alone so enamoured were we of the other's body.

By the second year, the first flush of our passion having calmed a little, Karin seemed to take on a mothering role in addition to the lover role. It did not mean less sex, nor did it mean less fervour in that sex, but imperceptibly at first, the change took place.

Perhaps I can best describe it by saying that when we made love, it was as if Karin was a tender, loving mother, seeking to show a beloved son her devotion to him and her ardour for him. At times I had to lie prone, completely relaxed, while Karin took total command.

Occasionally there was no penetration of her at all. She would fondle my penis, then with her fingertips cupped over the crown; she would gently but quickly run them back and forth over it. Then suddenly she would thrust the foreskin back hard, producing an exquisite pain.

All the time she would keep up a sort of running commentary: "Darling, I'm going to make you feel so good. I'm going to go on doing this, and I won't let you come. I'm going to give you some lovely torture..."

And so it goes on until I beg her to finish me, which usually meant taking my penis into her mouth as I begin to ejaculate.

I have wondered from time to time if the fact that Karin can have an orgasm when I simply stimulate her breasts, has something to do with this mothering aspect to our lovemaking. I have further wondered if my own fixation on her breasts says something about a need I have for a mother figure.

If this should be the case, then I can only be thankful that we have found each other, and complement each other's needs.

As I write, we have been together for three years. Neither of us has shown any desire to part company. We are still passionate lovers, always seeking to expand the frontiers of our sensual pleasure.

I suppose many people would look with derision on our relationship. On the other hand, I feel rather sorry for the young men who have not had the benefit of a loving older woman.

Being realistic, I suppose the time will come for us to part, but that is not in the near future. But then, who can guarantee the future of any relationship?

Sonia Takes a Stroll

Prologue

Sonia was taking her daily stroll through the local park to see what was happening in the world. She passed others either out for a walk, or using the park as a short cut across to the high street.

Everybody seemed to know Sonia whether they were young or old. Children greeted her, "Allo Sonia." Older people said, "Good morning Sonia." Youths yelled out, "How's it going, Sonia." Yes, everybody seemed to know Sonia.

No doubt they all had different reasons for knowing her, but all their reasons were bound together by the one fact that Sonia had been born, bred and still lived in Balaklava Terrace in one of London's older working class suburbs.

She had been born fifty-two years ago, got pregnant at seventeen, married at seventeen and a half, and widowed at forty-two. No further offspring resulted for her marital union, and that might have been her history, except that Sonia had one or two qualities that made her a bit special.

The overarching feature that embraced these qualities might best be described as "compassion," or perhaps "sympathy," or even "empathy." I leave it to the linguists and psychologists to sort that lot out.

Put in practical terms, if someone was hurt or in trouble, Sonia was always the first one on the scene making a cup of tea. If someone was about to be kicked out of his or her house for failing to pay the rent, Sonia somehow managed to find the money to pay up. If a child fell and cut its knee, Sonia was there to wash and bandage. When a pregnancy was going wrong, Sonia seemed to know what to do. In short, whatever the problem someone always said, "Better send for Sonia."

In youth, she had been the prettiest girl in the street, and if life had brought its troubles and lines upon her, she could still present a reasonable face and figure to the world. Her five foot three inches moved with dignity. She was nobody's fool, as anyone who tried to take her for one soon found out. As she would put it, "I sent 'em off with a flea in their ear."

So Sonia was something of an icon in Balaklava Terrace, and that is to use the word in its correct sense. She was the one through whom the other Balaklava residents saw the world. For example, at election times if Sonia was voting Labour, all the Balaklava people voted Labour. If she voted

Conservative, they voted Conservative. Wise candidates made sure they cultivated Sonia.

On national and international affairs, she was the acknowledged expert, and Balaklavovians took their views from her. On medicine, law, psychology, theology, and all other notable matters, Sonia had but to pronounce to be followed, at least, in Balaklava Terrace.

But Sonia had one other side to her nature, and this is the one we shall concentrate on now. As she took her morning constitutional, she kept a weather eye out for signs of troubled ones. She was just passing a rather bad statue of Mr. Gladstone when she spotted her first needy case. A young man sitting on a park bench, shoulders bowed, head in hands, presented as a case of abject misery.

Sonia had known this lad since he was but a twinkle in his father's eye (that's another story). She approached the despairing youth and addressed him. "Hello Sid. What's up?" "Nothin," choked the melancholy Sid. "Don't give me that, young Sid. I know when something's up, and you certainly do have something up." "That's just the trouble, I haven't," moaned the boy. Sonia thought she saw light.

Now it was the case before English people became addicted to the poisonous brew they call "coffee," the solace for all

woes was tea. Sonia had never veered from this view, so she decided that as a preliminary step, tea was the thing for what ailed this boy. Thus she said firmly, "Come and have a cup of tea."

It might have been the case that this youth had no desire to sup tea with Sonia, but as any Balaklava resident will tell you, no one says "No," to a tea offer from Sonia, unless of course, they desire to spend the rest of their lives ostracized by all. So did the woebegone youth trail after Sonia to her residence, namely, number 24 Balaklava Terrace.

Diagnosis

Entering upon the Terrace's equivalent of the Royal Palace, the youth was directed to the front parlour, which is Sonia's consulting room, and Sonia set about preparing the remedial brew in the kitchen. When all the necessary rituals for this exercise had been performed, and the cups filled, with royal tread she conveyed the steaming liquid into the parlour.

Once settled in her consulting chair, she commenced. "Now no nonsense, young Sid. What's up?" The problem was elucidated in a single word, "Women." "Ah," said Sonia, "and what about women?" "I can't do it," cried our forlorn hero. Sonia "Ah'd" once more, and gave herself time to consider.

Realising that further symptomology was required she pressed the point.

"Just exactly why can't you do it, Sid." She dropped the "young" because the presenting problem was clearly one belonging to more mature years. (Sid was eighteen). Sid cleared his throat, wiped some tears from his eyes, and muttered, "It won't stay up."

Sonia refrained from ahing this time and instead said, "Oh." This done, she felt that something more ought to be expressed, so she asked, "Does it stay up when your pulling yourself off in bed?" "Yep," said Sid. Forswearing both "ah" and "oh," Sonia moved into a state of profundity and said, "I see." Many times had this condition presented itself for her ministrations over the years, so she decided to go down the tried and true track that had usually worked in the past.

The remedy she had in mind meant some preliminary preparation on her part. She excused herself to Sid and vacated the parlour. Sid, left alone, whiled away the time looking at yellowing photographs of Sonia's grandfather who was gassed in the First World War, and her grandmother who died of alcohol poisoning.

Sounds of a returning Sonia sent him back to his seat, which was just as well because shock treatment was about to be

administered. The Sonia who reentered the parlour was not precisely the one who had left it. The departing Sonia had been cardigan and skirt clad. The entering Sonia was black lace clad, and the lace left little to the imagination. Sid's eyes shot forth from their sockets. Never had he seen this Sonia before.

Sonia, as befitted her status as Balaklava icon, seated herself in the consulting chair with great dignity, and put the crucial question. "Who you been trying to screw, Sid?" "Mavis Harrow," confessed Sid. "So," responded Sonia, "That little hot arse." Sid said nothing. "Any others?" queried the icon. "Marjorie Snow, Tina Thomas, Pauline Hog and Vanessa Vanderville," admitted Sid. "Hmm, well full marks for trying," said Sonia.

"Now I tell you how it is, Sid. You could go to one of them trickcyclists – you know – the head shrinkers, and they'll give you all sorts of reasons for your trouble, and not one of them will tell the same story. On the other hand, I can tell you your problem in one word. Sid sat up expectantly. Sonia looked even more profound. When she felt her profundity had reached sufficient proportions, she gave forth. "Confidence."

The diagnosis hung in the air like an elephant's fart. Sonia's profundity reached massive proportions to the point where she looked as if she would erupt. Sid stared into space for a

full minute, and forestalling Sonia, he erupted. "Confidence!" "Yep," pronounced Sonia, "That's what it is."

Sonia decided that the moment had come to expand upon her diagnoses. "It's like this, see. A young fellow like you tries to get into a girl who knows as much about what to do as a lamppost. In fact, less than a lamppost because the lampposts around here have had quite an education in these matters, or at least, experience in the vertical variety."

Sonia drew in a deep breath, made sure her lace was pulled apart sufficiently wide to give Sid a slight view of her nether regions, and came to the significant part. "You see, a lot of these girls aren't giving enough, not encouraging enough. They make a bloke feel small and insecure with some of their remarks. On the other hand, you blokes don't help. What do you do before you try to stick it in?" "Ask if I can stick it in," answered the innocent Sid.

Treatment No.1.

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear," mourned the consultant. "We have a right one here. I think this requires an extended course of treatment. Come with me." Sid was escorted down the passage and into a bedroom that in fact was Sonia's operating theatre. It was like no other bedroom Sid had seen in Balaklava Terrace. The walls were painted red and it was

furnished with a double bed graced with black silk covers. In addition, there was a lamppost and an imitation brick wall. I mean, his own bed was a collapsing iron thing covered by aged surplus army blankets.

"Right," said Sonia, now I don't reckon you're likely to get into bed with them, at least, not for a while, so that leaves the gasworks wall or a lamppost. Which do yer fancy?" "The gasworks wall is a quarter of a mile from here," complained Sid. "Right," said Sonia, "Well have a go with the lamppost."

Sonia planted herself with her back to the lamppost, and said, "Give us a kiss." Sid pecked at her. Sonia sighed. "No, no, no. Now let me have a go at you." Sonia grasped Sid round the neck with her arms, pulled his mouth down to hers, and shoved her tongue down his throat like a ferret after a rabbit.

Sid might have gasped if there was room for a gasp, but instead his face turned crimson with approaching asphyxiation. Sonia finally withdrew her lingua from the expiring Sid, and said, "See, that's how it's done when you want a girl to get her knickers off for you. Now you try it on me." "Half a mo," wheezed Sid, "Got to get me breath." "Just like his dad was," thought Sonia.

Having achieved some semblance of recovery, Sid had a go. When he broke, Sonia pronounced, "Not bad, but get that tongue in deeper and thrash it around a bit. That's what warms 'em up." Sid had another go, and this time Sonia beamed at him. "Yer a quick learner, Sid. I think we can go on to the next lesson now."

Still standing before the lamppost, Sonia pointed to her generous bosoms. "Now yer next target is these. Of course, I'm making it easy for yer with this thing on." She indicated her black lace. "Out there in the real world you'll probably have to fight yer way through a cardigan, blouse, a couple of vests if the weathers chilly, and some heavy gauge boulder holders. So, let's give it a try." Sid looked puzzled. Sonia sighed once more. "Try and get yer hand into my dress and take hold of me tits."

Sid obediently shoved his hand into the black lacy thing and grabbed a fistful of warm Sonia flesh. "Oh gawd," moaned Sonia, "You've got no finesse. You put yer arms round me, kiss me like yer did before, and then slowly slide yer hand in."

Sid approached this slightly complicated maneuver with some trepidation. It was the coordination that bothered him. Never the less, with some prompting from Sonia he ended up giving a creditable performance.

Having got to the point of squeezing Sonia's breasts, she decided that enough was enough. "Right, Sid, that's enough for one day. Now I'll be free tomorrow at 11-15 a.m. Be here sharp to time because I've got a busy schedule." With that she escorted Sid to the front door and bade him farewell with a final admonishment not to be late.

Treatment No.2.

Arriving promptly as commanded, Sid was ushered into the bedroom by a still lace clad Sonia. "Okay," she said, "Let's recapitulate." "Don't talk filth," snapped Sid. "I mean," said Sonia patiently, "Let's go over what we done yesterday." "Oh, right," said the abashed Sid.

He managed the exercise in one, and Sonia thought, "He's a lot quicker than his dad was." "Now," went on Sonia, "Yer got yer arm round the girl, and you've got one of these in yer hand." She indicated the breast that was being clutched by Sid. "Now yer see that little brown thing?" She gave the nipple a squeeze. "You, suck on that." "Yer what?" roared Sid. "You suck it," Sonia repeated. Sid looked at the indicated flesh and then exclaimed, "Erk!"

"Don't you come that with me my lad, or you'll get a right hander quick smart. Now do as I say, and suck." Having heard about Sonia's right handers, Sid decided it was safer

to comply. He took the morsel into his mouth and duly sucked. When ordered by Sonia he desisted, and Sonia asked, "Well?" "Not bad," said Sid, "Tastes a bit like Gran's chocolate cake. Can I have another go?" "No you can't," Sonia retorted, "We got to get on. I haven't got all day."

"Now if you get as far as this, and she's still not screaming for her mum, you go on to the next move." "Which is?" queried Sid. "You put yer hand down here." Sonia pointed to her groin. "What for," asked a puzzled Sid. "Just shut up and listen," snapped Sonia. He shut up. "Yer put yer hand down here until yer can feel her crumpet. Now have a go...let go of me tit yer silly bugger, yer can't do both properly up against a lamppost."

Sid's hand went in the general direction of Sonia's private parts. He groped around and suddenly Sonia shrieked, "Get out of there, that bit's for the postgraduate course. Get more round the front." After more groping, Sid finally found the entrance to the vagina. He pulled his hand away quickly. "Yuck, it's all wet and slimy," he complained.

"Well of course it is, stupid, that's how it's supposed to be. Try and get in when its dry and you can tear the skin off yer cock." "Oh, right," said the now enlightened Sid, "But it's all hairy too." "Well ain't you hairy down there?" snarled Sonia. "Suppose so," muttered Sid. "Well stop complaining then,"

Sonia admonished, "and shove yer fingers in." The fastidious Sid complied.

"Right, that'll do for the moment," said Sonia. "Now, there's a couple of things to watch out for when you get to the crutch groping. First, if she's got ordinary stockings on, you're all right. You can get straight up and get in between the knickers and the leg. But if she's got those panty hose things on, you've got to get right up the top of them, and then come down again, and that includes her knickers. Yer got to be very careful because I know of one young fella who dislocated his wrist doing that. Now off yer go, lad, and same time tomorrow. This'll be the big one (she gave a little snigger), so get a good nights sleep, and no tugging yourself off. I want yer in good shape for tomorrow." Sid departed.

Treatment No.3.

On arrival, a Sonia now clad in female defensive armour greeted Sid. This included, cardigan, button up blouse, mid calf skirt and, as he was soon to discover, one petticoat, one vest, one liberty bodice, heavy duty bras, one pair of all purpose knickers and panty hose.

"Now this time," Sonia began, "You've got to find yer way round and through this lot," and taking up her accustomed position against the lamppost, she went on, "Now, you've

got the girl up against the lamppost, so what's yer first move?" "I kiss her," replied Sid. "Right," crowed the triumphant Sonia, thinking to herself, "This boy's one of the best I've had," then out loud saying, "Right, get going."

Sid applied his lips to Sonia's and shoved a groping and lashing tongue into her mouth. He continued this for about a minute, with Sonia's tongue trying to rival his. Then whilst maintaining the kiss, and without any prompting from Sonia, he had a grope for her bosoms. At this point, he came up against his first obstacle.

"Right," said Sonia. Yer doing okay. Now at first just have a feel around through her clobber. If she don't give yer an upper cut or shove her knee into yer groin, start to undo her cardigan and move in from there to her blouse." Sid proceeded as directed, but then ran up against the inner defences.

"Now you've got ter box exceeding clever here," explained Sonia. Yer objective is to get hold of at least one of her tits and get it out so yer can suck her nipple. Now there's two schools of thought about the best approach to this. First, there's the over thrust. Yet get over the top of her underclothes, and then shove yer hand down. The second is the under thrust. With this one yer come in from underneath and shove yer hand upward. Personally I favour the under thrust, but it's up to you. Which one will yer go for?"

Sid contemplated for a moment, then said, "The under thrust." "Right," said Sonia, " then go for it." Sid squirmed his hand down the top of Sonia's skirt and found the bottom edges of her inner garments. He then proceeded to push them up like a bulldozer shoving earth. Sonia made noises of encouragement and praise for his initiative, but suddenly Sid's bulldozer hand came up against the twin rocks of the heavy-duty bras. He came to a sudden stop.

"Thought they'd bring you to a halt," chuckled Sonia. Now you've got a number of possibilities here. If yer lucky, she'll be wearing those modern boulder holders that fasten in front. Most likely though, she'll be wearing the ones that do up behind. If she's got the front fasteners your in clover, because as soon as you undo them her tits will spill out all over the place, and away yer go. But to be on the safe side, we'll take the worst case scenario, as they say, and assume she's got the back fasteners.

"Now here," Sonia continued, "you've got three alternatives. You can take a firm grip on the bras and shove them up over her tits, or you can pull them down. The third choice is one that is fit only for hero's to attempt. You work yer hand round her back and try to find the clasp. Yer can only probably use one hand, so if you do find the clasp, you've got to get the clasp undone with that hand. Not easy. Of course, if she's a big fat girl like Tina Thomas, you probably

won't even be able to reach the clasp, but you've got to play according to circumstances. So what do yer reckon?"

"I'll go for the big one," enthused the now thoroughly involved Sid. "Good boy," cackled Sonia. Sid commenced "Operation Tit Free."

His hand wormed its way up the inner defence zone of underclothing then, once more striking the last bastion(s) defending the Twin Peaks, he made his attack on the rear. His hand streaked round Sonia's frontal defences and moved across her back, his fingers groping for the fastener. Like the true adept he was now becoming, once found, he latched onto the offending hook and, after a brief tussle with the lightly held position, he was victorious. The defences crumbled, and Sonia's might mountains came tumbling down.

With Sid's hand embracing Sonia's mammary gland, the said lady howled with delight. "Well done, Sid. You went at that like a pro. Next move, then." Down went Sid's mouth to the nub of the matter and, taking it therein, he went at it like a powerful suction pump.

Now I should point out that all this activity had at last got Sid a little excited and, consequently, his manhood had started to participate by extending itself. Sonia, sensing this

growing aspect of Sid's physicality, spurred him on to the next phase of the operation. "Get down below now, Sid."

Sid needed no further prompting. Releasing the fleshy lump, his hand now fought a rearward withdrawal down the underclothes, and, having already noted the panty hose, drove down to the next objective.

His hand found the new ring of defences, namely, the top of the panty hose plus the knickers top. There was a brief but fierce struggle for the position, but our hero proved victorious once again. He broke through the elasticated defence ring and raced for the final barrier, the barbed wire of Sonia's pubic hair. Cutting his way through, he reached the goal as his fingers plunged into the warm, wet inner sanctum of Sonia's womanhood.

Sonia had been watching the wall clock. "Ten minutes from start to finish. You're a champ, Sid." Sid grinned his delight at this praise.

"Now," said Sonia, "we come to the last phase." "What?" asked Sid, as he continued to pump his fingers in and out of the entry to paradise. "You've got to get yer cock in," said Sonia. Sid, now flushed with his triumph, asked, "How? How?"

"Right," went on Sonia. "First, get yer hand out of me crumpet." Sid unwillingly complied. "Now this is tricky," continued Sonia. "Yer first move is to grasp the top of the panty hose and knickers." He did so. "Then give a sharp downward jerk, and with any luck they'll start to descend. Once past crumpet level, and if she ain't got soddin' great thighs, they might fall down round her ankles. If not, you'll have to drag 'em all the way down.

Sid carried out this field exercise with comparative ease, especially as Sonia had quite nice, but slender thighs. This done, Sonia continued her instruction. "Now if she's experienced, she'll probably have yer trousers undone and yer 'old man' out by now. If she ain't, then it's a do it yourself job. Anyway," she went on as she undid the front of Sid's trousers, and gave a delighted gasp as she noted his manly firmness, " We assume it's out, which it now is."

Truth to tell, not only was Sid well and truly ready for love, Sonia, despite her professional objectivity, was also getting emotionally involved.

"Right," she said in a slightly shaky voice, "She's got her panty hose and knickers round her ankles, so she can't move her feet apart. But you've got to get into her crumpet, which means parting her legs a bit." "How do I do that?" asked Sid doubtfully. "If yer shut up a minute I'll tell yer," said Sonia, with an edge of irritation in her voice. "You get yer knee

between her knees, and then you sort of lever until they come apart. She'll be sort of bow legged, and her crumpet'll be open just enough for you to get in."

Sid sized up the situation, and came to the conclusion that his six feet one inch wouldn't co-ordinate well with Sonia's five feet three inches. He managed the knee and levering bit, but when Sonia said, "Right, now get in," he hesitated. "I can't," he lamented.

"What d'yer mean, you can't?" quibbled Sonia. "Yer too short for me," Sid quite logically pointed out. "Cor," blew out Sonia, "You do expect things easy, don't yer? You've got the poor girl with her tits hanging all over the place, her knickers are round her ankles, she's bow legged, so what do you expect? Want her to grow another foot just to oblige you? Why do yer think it's called a 'Knee Trembler?' Now stop moaning and get in."

Sid tried a couple of postures, and finally opted for a sort of bowlegged position. This lowered him sufficiently to enter Sonia, and having done so, he howled, "Cor!" "All right is it," questioned Sonia. "Bloody hell, yes," groaned Sid. "Well get to work. Move it up and down," wheezed Sonia, who was now entering the initial phase of orgasmic self-expression.

Sid began a sort of up and down bounce on his legs which, after settling into the rhythm, produced, if not a mighty rip roaring orgasm, at least a satisfactory one. Sonia hung on a bit longer to him and suddenly began a series of violent jerks which ended with her collapsing weakly against the now fragile Sid.

Sonia gave it a couple of minutes then said, "Right, yer can take it out now." "I can't" whined Sid. "Why not?" Sonia asked a little troubled. "Me knees won't straighten," sniffled Sid. "Oh, is that all," sneered Sonia and, unhooking her lower portions from Sid, she commenced to kick his knees until they moved back together.

"Okay, then, said Sonia, as she straightened up her disarrayed garments. Button up and we'll have a cup of tea."

Tea was taken in the front parlour (consulting room) again. Sonia, seated in the consulting chair, summarised the situation. "You've done exceeding well, Sid. The unhooking of the boulder holders was masterful. Now you notice that you got through right to the end without losing momentum or cock rigidity." "That's right," crowed the ecstatic Sid. It all happened so smoothly he hadn't really noticed that his old trouble had not emerged.

'Now," continued Sonia, "You've completed the basic course, and you've got confidence. What I suggest is that you go and try out what you've learned for the next six months. After that, if you want to, you can do my advanced courses." "What's those?" queried Sid. Sonia listed her further offerings for him. "They're, Anal sexology, Oral Stimulation, Cliterology, Tit Drenching and for the really advanced students, seminars on the Philosophy, Science and Theology of Sex."

Sid, amazed and bewildered by this glittering array of scholarly and incomprehensible possibilities, thought he might pass, but said nothing.

Sonia wound things up. "Right, lad, off you go, and if there are any problems, make an appointment and we'll sort 'em out. Good luck, and watch out for your wrist during the initial crutch groping."

With many cries of enthusiastic thanks, Sid departed. Sonia watched him go down the Terrace, walking tall, shoulders squared. "Hmm. Much better performer than his dad," she said to herself.

Epilogue.

Sonia, who of course knew everything that happened along the Terrace, kept her eyes and ears open for sight and news of her student during the following weeks and months. The first thing that came to her visual attention was two days after Sid's departure. Returning in late evening from purchasing her weeks supply of ale from the nearby Off License, she spotted Sid screwing Marjorie Snow against the lamppost outside number 27. "Good lad," she muttered happily.

She was completely overwhelmed and overjoyed when at four months she learned that Sid had received five paternity summonses plus three possibilities, and that was only from the Balaklava girls. Her pride knew no bounds when it came to her attention that Sid had actually graduated to Vanessa Vanderville's bed. This came about because Vanessa's parents thought themselves a cut above the other Balaklava residents, and didn't want their daughter getting screwed against a lamppost on a cold night in case she caught a chill. They invited Sid to take advantage of Vanessa's gas heated bedroom.

To briefly return to the day after Sid's final lesson. Sonia was taking her daily perambulation through the park and, about to pass a statue of Lord Palmerston that had even less merit than Mr. Gladstone's, she saw a youth, head couched against the Palmerston feet, shoulders heaving with sobs, and clearly in a most distressful condition. It was a Balaklava youth well known to Sonia.

She approached the heap of misery and asked, "What's up, young Fred...?"

Storm Island

"Damn it, Philip, don't be so bloody selfish. You've got three months' vacation from university, surely you can spare three weeks? You know very well that I can't go, I have business to attend to. Your mother can't go down there on her own."

It was strange how my father always had "business to attend to" when mother went of on her trips.

My mother is Dr. Anna Bridges, a geologist of considerable repute, working for the State Geological Centre. Even on her annual leave she could not stop working, but followed her own lines of interest.

The present point at issue with my father was my mother's upcoming three weeks stay on Storm Island. He wanted me to accompany her because he couldn't, or more likely, wouldn't.

To explain why mother should not be on the island alone require some description of the island's location.

Off the southern edge of the continental mainland is a large island that constitutes one of our seven States. Off the southern coast of that island is a smaller island reached by ferry. Then again off the southern tip of that island, and about two kilometres distant from it, is another tiny island, that is Storm Island.

Storm Island can be walked around in about two hours. It's coastline is mainly cliffs, with occasional coves. Most of the time huge seas come crashing in from the Southern Ocean, creating a constant roar audible wherever you are on the island.

In earlier colonial days, some venturesome colonist had tried to farm on the island with little success, as witness the fact that nobody tries to farm there now, but the old house that the would-be farmer had built, still stands there.

The present owner of the house lives on the coast of the island opposite Storm Island, and having modernised the house to some extent, he rents it out to people who like to spend their holidays in isolation. The only way to get across to the island is by the small boat he owns.

The crossing is often hazardous, as the strait separating Storm Island from the other island is often wild. Once on the

island, the only communication is a telephone that connects to a telephone in the owner's house. It is not connected to the main telephone network.

Supplies for those stopping on Storm Island have to be ferried across the strait in the small boat. As the owner is only willing to do this once a week, it is necessary to take with you enough to last for that period, with something added for emergencies like it being too rough for the boat to get across.

The attraction for my mother is the unusual geological formations and fossils. It seems that these indicate that Storm Island had never been part of the nearby land, and the fossils were those of species unknown outside Storm Island.

The attraction for me was nil. As a languages student, geology held no great interest for me, and the only other occupation for me on Storm Island was fishing and a bit of photography. There were no girls and therefore no chances of copulating, and at twenty-one, that is a serious deprivation.

That is how the matter stood, and despite my mother's reassurance that she would be "All right on her own," I could see the need for someone to be with her. My father is a "Money Man" or what some people call, "Something in the

city," and as far as I was concerned, he held a perfect trump card, my allowance.

For as long as I was a "needy student," I needed his money. True I could have gone and washed dishes for some chain fast food outlet, but having seen how some of my fellow students struggled when they had to do that sort of work, I would rather not.

So, I was stuck with the task of chaperoning mother on Storm Island.

The first leg was to fly to the State Capital of the main island. From there, we drove in a hire car to the ferry, which carried cars. That took us across to the next island. We drove down its length to finally arrive at the promontory where the owner of the Storm Island house lived.

The owner, Mr. Harper, engaged in much head shaking and statements like, "I dunno, looks like she's gonna blow up. Better wait 'til termorrer, love."

Mother got stern, and when mother gets stern, thing are inclined to happen.

Mr. Harper took us across to Storm Island in something close to a flat calm.

We off loaded our supplies, and as an excuse not to help us carry them the three hundred metres to the house, Harper said, "Better get back love, before she blows up."

Mother had made sure we had plenty of supplies, and it took us some time to cart them to the house. By the time we had finished, we could see the dot of Harper's boat approaching the far shore. It was still a flat calm, and remained so for some time.

I had been to the house once before some years ago. I think I was about fifteen or sixteen then. From my memory of it, it didn't seem to have changed much.

There was one fairly large open area that might be called a combination dining and living room. For heating, which was often necessary so far south, there was an open wood fire. Trees were not plentiful on the island, and suitable fallen timber even less so. To try to supplement this, driftwood was needed. Fortunately, there was a reasonable stock of this outside the back door.

Off this living area, three doors led to a couple of bedrooms and the kitchen.

The kitchen had an old solid fuel cooking range and a more up to date gas stove fed from a gas bottle located outside the house but just behind the stove. The gas bottle also fed an ancient gas refrigerator and hot water heater.

Another door in the kitchen led into a short passage off which there was the bathroom, toilet and finally a back door to the outside of the house. The bathroom and kitchen were supplied with hot water, again via the gas bottle to a gas water heater.

Lighting in the house was by kerosene lamps and candles. There was a tank of kerosene under a shelter against the outside back wall. We had, however, brought with us two gaslights that attached to gas bottles.

The present toilet was connected to a septic tank, but out the back of the house still stood the old toilet shed, known as the "Dunny" in Australian jargon, that had once contained a tin can. This had to be manually emptied whenever full. This shed now contained the old can, ropes, broken spades and forks and assorted other useless objects.

One of the bedrooms contained a fairly new double bed, the other a creaking single bed. Mother pretended to argue about who should have what bed, but we both knew who

would end up with the double bed. I assisted mother to get her things into the bedroom.

By the time we had got ourselves organised, darkness was beginning to close in. To conserve our gas, I lit a couple of kerosene pressure lamps. We had brought fresh food with us, but having had a long day we were not inclined to spend time preparing and cooking, so we opened cans of something or the other.

Shower time followed, and as with the gas, we had to be sparing, because the water was supplied by outside tanks that were replenished only when it rained.

Mother took her shower first, and finishing, entered the living area carrying the candle she had used for light, and wrapped only in a towel, en route to her bedroom. She came to me, kissed me goodnight, but instead of the usually peck on the cheek, she kissed my lips. It was a soft, slightly moist and warm kiss.

"That was nice," I remarked.

She smiled. "Like it, did you?"

"Yes, I did."

"Then you're a naughty boy."

She gave a little giggle and went into her bedroom shutting the door.

I was somewhat surprised. My usually serious, academic mother, playing the skittish kitten? "Ah well!"

I lit a candle for myself, took my shower and cursed as I tried to shave by candlelight.

I clambered into my creaking bed, and remembering all the girls I might have had, and still tingling a little from mother's kiss, I masturbated.

Have you ever tried masturbating in a creaking bed? No matter how careful you try to be, the damn thing squawks like a duck in pain. What is more, when you get to the main event and your sperm is shooting out like a volcano erupting, you don't care about the noise.

I hoped and prayed that mother was asleep. Not that masturbation was a forbidden activity as far as she was concerned. It had been mother who in giving me some sex instruction when I was about fourteen, had pointed out that

both men and women sometimes had to relieve their sexual tension in this way. Never the less, I still felt it as a bit self-consciousness being heard doing it.

Having duly relieved myself, I dropped off into a sleep induced by a long day and sea air.

I woke very late the next morning and found mother had been up for some time. She had breakfasted and was about to set off on her first rock hunting.

She was dressed in tight shorts and a T-shirt, and was in the process of putting a thermos flask and sandwiches into her rucksack. The geologist hammer dangled from the outside on a strap.

"I didn't know whether you wanted to come with me or not, darling," she said, "but I've prepared you some sandwiches."

Mother led a busy life, and when I was about fifteen she got even busier as her reputation as one of the leading geologists grew. In some ways, we had lost touch with each other. I think we both knew, and regretted this.

There were times when I wished I could be alone with her, perhaps go to the theatre or take a car drive, but she was

always either rushing off somewhere, or my father was around bleating his usual themes of investments and money.

In mid-thought I pulled myself up. Here was I, telling myself I would like time with mother, and when the opportunity came, I complained about it. What contrary creatures we humans are.

Another thing was, she almost invariably called me Philip, so it was a bit of a surprise when she referred to me as "darling." She did not even call my father darling, but that was not especially unexpected, as she seemed to have even less contact with him than she did with me.

As if she had read my thoughts, when I indicated to her that I would probably go fishing, she said with a touch of disappointment in her voice, "All right, darling, but I would like us to use this time together to get to know each other again. I'm going down to Gull Point. I expect to be back about mid-afternoon."

She hefted her rucksack, picked up a couple of cardboard boxes, and left.

I ate breakfast and taking my fishing tackle I headed for a small cove I remembered from my last visit to the island.

I spent the morning fishing from a ledge of rock at one side of the cove, and actually caught a couple of eatable fish. The hunter in me satisfied for the moment, I propped my back against a rock and ate the sandwiches mother had prepared.

I hold a certain view about preparing food for people. For example, mother had made these sandwiches for me, not because I had asked her to, or because she was paid to do it. She had made them because she thought I needed them. To me, that is a little act of love.

That thought led on to my two fish. Suppose I returned that act of love by preparing and cooking them, so when mother got back to the house I would have a meal ready for her? A return act of love? Well, I hoped my preparation and cooking would prove a worthy act of love.

I gathered my tackle and fish, and headed back to the house. Meditating on mother as I walked and scrambled over rocks, I felt a twinge of regret that I had not accompanied her that morning. Then thinking I wouldn't have caught the fish and would not, therefore, be able to prepare them I let the regret go.

Back in the house I filleted and washed the fish. I prepared vegetables and brought out one of the dozen bottles of red wine we had brought with us.

By the time I had done this it was still too early to start cooking, and anyway I thought I had better wait for mother to arrive before starting cooking. I did a bit of cleaning and tidying up, and read for a while.

Mother had said she would be back by mid afternoon. That I took to be about three o'clock. It got to four and started to worry. Four fifteen and still she had not arrived and my anxiety level had risen a few more degrees.

I knew how rough and dangerous it was around the island, and I began to have visions of mother with a broken leg, or worse.

By four-thirty, I could stand it no longer. I set off in the direction of where I remembered Gull Point to be. In my anxiety, I almost ran, and when about half way there I saw mother approaching, apparently unscathed, I was ready to drop with relief.

The poor woman was still twenty metres away when I started.

"Where the hell have you been I yelled. I've been worried out of my mind. You said you'd be back mid-afternoon. I've got a meal prepared and...and..."

Mother laughed. "Darling, you're sounding like an anxious parent or a husband."

I saw the funny side of the situation and laughed with her.

"I spotted some seals basking on a rock of Gull Point just when I was going to leave, so I watched them for a while, that's all."

"You're supposed to be a geologist, not zoologist I protested."

"I know, darling, but I'm allowed to enjoy other things as well as geology. After all, you enjoy things that are not linguistic don't you?"

She knew very well some of the things I enjoyed, so I thought I'd better not respond.

We were walking towards the house, so I told her about my fish and meal preparations.

"Lovely, darling, she said. Just what a girl needs after a hard days rock scrambling."

I had noted the number of "darlings" she was using, and the continuing excitable mood she seemed to be in. I wondered what was happening to her.

I cooked the meal, but I knew mother was keeping an eye on my efforts. It turned out a reasonable success, and the wine relaxed us nicely.

There was no television in the house as there was no electricity, so we spent the evening with the battery operated radio we had brought with us, listening to music.

I lit the two kerosene lamps and placed one beside mother and one by my chair. The evening had turned cool, so I got fuel in and lit the fire.

Mother had brought back a couple of fossil specimens she had found, and spent part of the evening inspecting them through a magnifying glass. I continued with my reading.

Around nine o'clock mother put aside her specimens and lay back in her armchair.

"Darling, let's turn off the lamps and just have the firelight. We can talk."

I turned the lamps off and sat back watching the firelight flickering on the walls and ceiling. I found it almost hypnotic, and I think I was on the point of dozing off when mother spoke.

"This is lovely, darling. It makes such a change not to be rushing off here and there. For a long time, I've thought how we seem to have grown apart. I know it happens with many children and parents, but I don't think it has to be."

"No, I suppose it doesn't. Depends on circumstances a lot. I mean, with you so busy and my studies..."

"Yes, darling, but there are other things as well. I mean, some parents can't accept that their children have grown up, that they have become adults with adult thoughts and feelings. Those parents who can accept their children's maturity can begin to relate to them in a new way, as adult to adult."

"Yes," I pondered aloud. "But what about the generation gap? The younger generation often have different tastes and values, don't you think?"

"That's true, darling but that can be part of the..."

She paused for a moment as if trying to find the right word or phrase to express what she wanted to say.

"It can be part of the excitement of discovering one another. Like you and I now. We have time to discover...to...to explore each other."

"Put like that you do make it sound exhilarating," I said with a grin. "We could be in for a stimulating time."

"I hope so, darling, I really do hope so." She said this so quietly it was only just audible and I wondered if I was meant to hear it.

"Perhaps we should go to bed now," I said. "Would you like to take your shower first?"

"Yes, of course," she said. She gave a quiet laugh and went on, "Unless we shower together and save water."

I laughed in my turn and said, "I don't think that will be necessary, but I'll keep my eye on the water level in the tank. If it gets too low we might just have to get under together."

She gave another laugh and went into the bedroom.

I lit a candle for her and when she came out, in the flickering light of the fire, she seemed to be dressed in some filmy garment.

"I lit the candle for you," I said.

"Thanks, darling."

She passed between where I was sitting and the fire to get the candle, and for an instant, through the translucent material, I saw her body outlined. She seemed to pause between me and the fire, looking at me, then moved on.

When she had left the room, I sat pondering on the vision that had just been before me. I had never seen my mother naked. Sometimes she had appeared in a bikini at the beach, and on odd occasions, I had passed her going to or from the bathroom in her panties and bra. None of that had particularly focused my attention. The picture of her between the fire and me had focused me.

What I had seen were the firm breasts of a young woman and hips that were rounded, swelling out in tantalising promise of what was between them and the top of firm round thighs.

I was finding it difficult to breathe, and I was shaking and my penis began to rise.

I shook myself. "My God, what are you thinking, Philip? Your own mother and you're getting sexual feelings about her?"

Finishing her shower mother came into where I was sitting, and as on the previous night she was wrapped in a towel. It barely covered her breasts and was close to revealing her sex organ.

She stood near me. She had washed her hair and was still drying it with another towel. As she raised her arms to continue drying her breasts lifted and the bottom of the towel rose accordingly, and for a moment I saw her neatly cleft vulva, seemingly devoid of pubic hair.

Still drying her hair she moved towards the bedroom, then turned and said, "Darling, I've left my nightdress in

bathroom, when you've finished your shower, bring it in to me, would you?"

I tried a cold shower to see if I could get my erection down. It didn't work, so I had to masturbate and this did help.

When I finished drying myself I wrapped a towel round my middle and obeyed orders, picking up the nightdress and took it to mother.

As far as the clothe was concerned and the size of the garment, it was close to not existing. No wonder I had seen through it so clearly.

The bedroom door was ajar, so I tapped on it and walked in.

Mother was sitting up in bed reading, her naked upper body clearly visible. She looked up as I came in, then after a moment's hesitation she slowly drew up a sheet to cover her breasts.

What I saw had me rising again.

"Thank you, darling," she said. "Just put it on the bed and come and kiss me goodnight."

I bent over her to kiss her on the cheek, but she cupped hands on either side of my face and pressed her lips to mine. They were soft and moist, and I could have sworn I felt her tongue flick over my lips.

"Goodnight, darling," she said, "I hope you sleep well."

I managed to wheeze out, "Goodnight, mother."

I fled from the room.

What was happening to me? What was happening to mother? I had never seen her like this before, but then, I had never experienced myself in relation to her like this before.

How could a normally grave doctor of science turn into a sexually exciting woman, especially as the excited person was her own son?

I tried to see mother objectively, which was not easy since sexual arousal tends to diminish objectivity. I had never seen my mother as either attractive or unattractive as a woman, she had always been just mother.

Of course, when I was about five or six I was often telling her she was the prettiest mummy in the world, and I was going marry her, but that's the sort of thing lots of kids say. I was no longer a kid, but an adult...My God, that's what she had talked about the previous evening – children growing up and the changing relationships with parents.

I began to picture mother, trying to work out whether I found her attractive or not. The answer came very quickly. What I had seen of her body through the nightdress, and the glimpse of her upper body in bed, convinced me that any red blooded male would desire her. After all, if her own son could become worked up over her...!

Her face? Yes, short dark hair and curiously elongated brown eyes with almost an oriental appearance. A slender nose, a little long according to media fashion, but beautifully moulded to make her look like the traditional idea of an aristocrat. And her mouth, yes, my experience of a few minutes before told the story. Soft full lips over excellent teeth.

Yes, I found her attractive...very attractive...

I jolted out of my mental contemplation of mother with the realisation I was viewing her as any other man would, as a desirable woman. I knew I had to stop this. I had never

before had any conscious incestuous feelings about mother, so it must stop right now.

"Easier said than done," I thought. I still had a throbbing erection as the result of what I had seen and felt when she kissed me. I had to get rid of that and control the erotic feelings.

I masturbated and as I came, it was mother's image that I fantasised. It was into her vagina that I wanted to pump my sperm. "So much for controlling erotic feelings", I thought.

Before I could quell my libido sufficiently to get to sleep, I had to masturbate twice more.

When I awoke, I had my usual morning erection. I had to relieve myself of that, then I got up resolved that there would be no more lusting for mother. I would be a loving, dutiful son, and nothing else.

I was up before mother so I set out the breakfast and made the tea. By then mother was up and dressed, and seemingly her normal business like self.

"Would you care to come with me today, Philip?" she asked.

I noted the change back to calling me "Philip".

"Where are you going?"

"Back to Gull Point."

I remembered a ledge of rock that would provide a good place to fish from, so I said I would go with her.

This decision had a couple of underlying reasons. One was because after her late arrival back at the house yesterday, and my thought that she might have had an accident, it decided it was safer if I was with her.

The second reason was one I managed to keep deep buried, even to myself. I wanted to be near her.

Thermos flask filled, sandwiches made, rucksack loaded and hefted – by me this time – I got my fishing tackle and we set off.

Cutting across the island instead of following the coast, it took us about half an hour to reach Gull Point.

The point was a rocky ledge that thrust out into the sea from the cliffs. From the top of the cliffs, mother pointed out the rock where she had seen the seals. There was still one there, basking languidly.

We picked our way down what may or may not have been a path to the base of the cliffs. It was the base that was mother's interest, so I left her there to go to the ledge I intended to fish from.

It was a beautiful day again, and "she" hadn't "blown up" as Harper had predicted. This side of the island was open to the Southern Ocean, but instead of the crashing rollers, the sea was heaving in a long swell and flopping against the cliffs to rebound and collide with the next incoming wave.

I optimistically threw in my line and sat down to wait for a bite. Behind me I could hear an occasional chink chink of mother's geological hammer.

I felt at peace, and thoroughly virtuous because I hadn't developed any salacious feelings for mother...so far.

The morning wound away slowly with mother occasionally calling on me to hold this or lift that. The fishing was uninspiring and nothing was caught.

When the sun was overhead mother called out, "Let's eat, shall we?"

We sat with our backs against the base of the cliff, eating our sandwiches and watching the hypnotic motion of the sea. I think we both became drowsy and our conversation slowly faded away until mother asked:

"You don't mind being here with me, do you?"

I took it she meant at Gull Point, so I replied, "Might as well fish here as anywhere else."

"No darling ('Darling' again!), I meant here, On Storm island."

I felt I had little alternative but to tell her I didn't mind, but at the same time, I had visions of what I might be doing had I not been on the island.

I don't think mother is a mind reader, but she is sensitive enough to get the feel of what a person might be thinking. She was on my wavelength now.

"I wondered if you might be missing things...you know, people, friends...girls...that sort of thing."

"I suppose so...a bit...but it's only for three weeks...and anyway," I laughed..."I've got a lovely girl here..."

I should have had my tongue cut out at birth! What a senseless thing to say, especially after my virtuous resolutions.

Mother said nothing for a moment, and then she leaned against me and said, "What a lovely thing to say, darling."

She stayed pressed to my side, but against my bare arm, I could feel the pressure of her breasts. I was getting hard again.

The situation was saved when my rod that I had wedged in a crack in the rocks, started to leap wildly. I got up and ran to retrieve it.

Whatever was on the hook must have been huge and my tackle had no chance of holding it. There was mighty heave on the line and it went slack. When I reeled in the hook had gone.

I put the rod down and went back to mother. She was pouring tea from the thermos flask.

"Must have been a small shark," I said. "Had no chance of holding it with what I've got."

We drank our tea and mother returned to her fossil hunt. I put a spare hook on the line and tried again.

The afternoon seemed to laze by, and I lost interest in fishing, and turned to watch mother working at the cliff base. She moved like a lissome young woman and I noted her shapely long legs. As she bent to look at something, I thought I could see through the cloth of her tight shorts, the moulding of her sex organ.

I found myself wondering what it would be like to penetrate her, and gave myself a mental slap.

I drifted off to sleep.

"A fine fisherman you are. Just as well we're not relying on you to get food."

Mother was standing over me, her rucksack on her shoulder and holding the two cardboard boxes.

"I didn't get anything either," she said, "Come on it's time to go."

I reeled in the line and we set off.

Back at the house, we had the meal to prepare and cook, and mother suggested we have another bottle of wine.

The weather had cooled down again so I lit the fire, but at mother's suggestion, I lit a couple of candles instead of the kerosene lamps.

We had what might be called "A romantic candlelit dinner."

Both a little cheerful from the wine, we cleared up, and mother suggested we open another bottle.

I pointed out that at this rate we would run out of wine in a few days, but mother countered by saying we could telephone Harper to bring more bottles when he came across on the boat next Saturday to re-supply us.

Mother said she would go and change her clothes, so I poured the wine and I found some rather romantic Delius music on the radio.

I was slumped back in my armchair lulled by the music. I heard mother come into the room, but paid no attention, until she sat at my feet and leaned against me. Then I did take notice. She had on her transparent nightdress.

She was not silhouetted this time, but the top of the dress hung low over her breasts, and what part of her breasts it did cover left little to the imagination.

She started to stroke my thigh saying, "Isn't this lovely, darling, firelight, candlelight and music?"

She sipped her wine and I gulped mine. The bottle was beside the chair so I poured myself another glass.

"Careful darling, you'll get sloshed," she chuckled.

Given the state I was getting in over her nightdress, her proximity and the slowly stroking hand, I felt getting "sloshed" might be a good idea.

She was inflaming me and there was nothing I could do short of getting up and bidding her goodnight.

I was almost on the point of taking that escape route when she said, "Isn't it wonderful that we can be here, two adults instead of mother and child?"

"Er...yes," I mumbled, my throat feeling too constricted to allow me proper speech.

"As I said the other night, darling, we have the opportunity to explore... to enjoy each other. I think it's a priceless opportunity, don't you?"

"Yagh," I choked out.

"I think we should take full advantage of our situation. After all, it may never come again. That's a sad thought, isn't it?"

"Sperso."

She rose and began to move round the room, which gave partial relief to my tattered and lecherous feelings.

"Darling, could you help me a moment?"

I looked up and she was sitting on the edge of the table doing something to the top of her nightdress.

I rose and went towards her. "What is it?"

"Look darling, there's a piece of ribbon that goes round the top of my dress, but its come undone and slipped back under the cloth, could you see if you can get it out?"

My hands were trembling and she must have felt it. I made an attempt to find the end of the ribbon, my hands brushing over her breasts. I had no hope of retrieving it and I said, "We need more light. Shall I light the kerosene lamp"

It doesn't matter darling, it can wait until the morning, but thank you for trying."

She drew me closer to her and kissed me. There was no mistaking it this time. Her warm, moist lips writhed over mine, and then her tongue was in my mouth, thrusting and searching.

It was beyond my human strength to resist. I reached for her breasts, warm and yielding beneath the thin fabric. I felt her

unloosen my belt, and my trousers dropped to my feet. My underpants followed them.

My penis was erect and throbbing with every heartbeat and I could feel the pre-cum, wet on the crown.

No word was said as mother raised her legs to place her feet on the top of the table. Her sex organ was wide open to me, and she put her long fingers down to spread the lips of her vulva as if to invite me in. Her other hand guided me to her opening, and I slid into paradise.

She was drenched with her lubricant and her tunnel was warm and soft, until she suddenly gripped me with her vaginal muscle.

For the first time since our kissing, she spoke and it was in a husky whisper.

"Darling, oh darling, I'm so glad. I've wanted you for so long. I thought we never would...you wouldn't...oh darling, come into me...I want to feel your sperm in me..."

She began to make little sobbing noises as standing in front of her I began to move back and forth inside her. Suddenly she seemed to give a violent jerk and clung tightly to me.

"Darling...oh yes...darling yes..."

She was coming and so was I. I felt the first jerk of the semen up my shaft, and then I was spurting into her, crying out that I loved her as her sobs increased in intensity and rose to an abandoned outcry of orgasmic torment and exultation.

As we began to calm down, I stayed inside her, and she began kissing and licking my face while I fondled her breasts.

"That was so beautiful mother," I moaned.

"I only wanted it with you," she said as she continued sobbing, the tears running down her cheeks.

We stayed holding each other for a long time, until finally I withdrew from her.

That ugly word, "Incest," reared its head. The act seemingly universally condemned and maligned. Had I defiled my own mother?

In the midst of these thoughts, I heard her speaking.

"Darling, we've broken down the barriers, let's shower and go to bed. I think we need to talk, and do other things."

She coaxed me to shower with her, and in the process, she washed my sex organ, touching it as if it were something precious to her. As I washed her vagina, I felt the sensation in reverse. I touched it as if it were a sacred place. "Through here, life begins," I thought.

I had never felt this with other women I had coupled with. Always they had been a convenient and pleasant way to unload sperm. With mother I began to sense the creative force contained within a woman's body, and with that understanding, the male desire to set that creative process in motion.

I was experiencing the wonder and beauty of woman, and with it, God help me, the desire to impregnate this particular woman – the woman who had given me birth.

However I might struggle to deny it, I wanted, not "a" woman, but this particular woman, as I had never wanted a woman before. "The two shall become one," it says in the bible, but that was speaking of husband and wife. Yet condemn myself as I might, my desire to become one with this woman, my mother, was not to be denied.

We retired to her bedroom and she sat on the edge of the bed, just as she had sat on the table, her legs up, spread wide.

Having no pubic hair, I could see the light brown lips of her vulva, glistening with her female emission, the sign of readiness for penetration. As before her hand reached down and her fingers opened the outer lips, and this time I saw clearly the soft, pink, inner petals like little rosebuds.

We seemed to know instinctively what the other desired. I knelt before her and kissed her vagina, letting my tongue pressing in through her entrance, probing into the mysterious world beyond. I inhaled that exciting aroma that is women and tasted her fluid.

I lifted the little hood over her clitoris, that centre of female excitement, first touching it with my tongue, then gently circling the sweet little nub with my finger.

I felt her approaching orgasm as she began to tremble, giving out little cries, "Oh-ah-oh-ah", these rising to a screaming crescendo as her whole body shook violently. There was one final shriek, and then diminishing cries of, "Ooo - ah -oo - ah", these fading away as she became tranquil.

I moved her over to the centre of the bed and parted her legs, ready for my penetration, then in frightening reprise of my own earlier thoughts, she said, "Fertilise me, darling, make me pregnant."

I slipped into her, feeling the warm, moist paradisiacal world of her enigmatic womanhood. Now the desire for union with her, the longing for the oneness of total melding with her possessed me. Nothing in all my previous experiences had prepared me for this moment.

At first mother lay open and yielding in a posture of surrender as I thrust into her, but unexpectedly, considering she had climaxed only a few minutes before, she began her build up to orgasm again.

The cries that began softly and rose to a climax, her legs winding round me, desperately trying to drag me into her, the growing urgency of my own thrust, all combined to make our union a glorious battle.

It was not a battle in which one would win and another lose, but one in which both might win through the sweet fertilising of the ovum by one tiny spermatozoon.

Our struggle to create over, we lay side by side for a while, then mother leaned over me, stroking my body as if contemplating me.

"I made this marvelous body," she said softly. "It went away from me for a while, but now I have it back again."

Still touching me, she went on, "Darling, we have stepped over boundary. There is no going back."

"Mother, we've committed incest," I said.

"Yes, darling, but you see, I had to know."

"To know?"

"Mmm. To know you in this way."

"I don't understand."

She paused for a while, then as if making up her mind launched into an attempt to explain her thoughts and feelings, she said:

"You know I was pregnant with you when I got married?"

"Yes."

"Your father took me when I was still a student. In the back of his car, to be precise. In those days he wasn't like he is now, focused on his bloody money and investments. I felt that he really loved me, and I still think he did, only later he found something he loved more."

"You were a beautiful child, and I wanted more children, but he denied me that. I might have coped with that, but then he began to deny me the sexual gratification I needed. I even demeaned myself by begging him to...to fuck me. I'm a passionate woman; I need that sort of love. I would cry myself to sleep at night in sheer frustration."

"As you know, your father and I have slept in separate rooms for years now. It was not my idea, but his. One night, after a desperate attempt on my part to arouse him, he said, "If you're going to go on like this, I shall sleep apart from you."

"That was enough. I had some pride left, so I screamed at him to go and sleep elsewhere. He did just that."

"He was obsessed with his world of business and money, so I took on an obsession of my own."

"I had a good degree in geology, so I flung myself into that, working to gain my doctorate, then building up a reputation for my work."

"You know, darling, one can sublimated sexual drive through work, but that drive does not go away, it is still there with its demands for gratification. That is the other side of the matter, which involves you, I'm afraid."

"You see, when you got to about fifteen, and I could see you developing into sexual maturity, I found myself wanting you. I told myself these feelings were wrong, and had to be destroyed. It was then that I started to get frenetic about my work. I flung myself into it, taking on more and more. That's why we lost touch with each other."

"In those years it was almost like three strangers in one house. Your father with his business affairs, me with my conferences, seminars and field trips, and you with your studies, all of us so busy we didn't have to look at the problems that divided us."

"I tried to make sure you never knew my feelings for you. You were going out with girls, and I guessed what you did, and I was so bitterly jealous. Those young women getting what I wanted so badly."

"I could have had other men. I'm not completely undesirable as a woman. Male colleagues at work, even your father's business acquaintances, have tried to persuade me to have sex with them. But, God forgive me, I only wanted one man."

"That's how it was when I decided on this trip. I really did intend to come on my own, but for whatever reason, your father started to insist on you coming with me. Come to think of, it is strange. It has never bothered him before."

"Whatever his reason, he did start to make a fuss about my being alone on the island. Had I wanted to I could have shut him up, but I saw an opportunity. If I had you alone with me, I could find out. I had to know you see. I had to know if you would reciprocate my feelings...my desires, or whether you would be revolted and turn away from me."

"I knew the dangers. I knew that whatever your response, things would never be the same between us again. There is one more thing I must tell you. I know I've already revealed it, but now, while we are calm, I want to tell you."

"I love you dearly...passionately. When you were a child I loved you as a mother, now I love you as a woman loves a man, and beyond sex for the sake of sex, I wanted you to impregnate me. Any reasonably desirable woman can get a man to impregnate her, but I wanted it to be an act of love, not just lust."

She stopped speaking, and although I felt I should say something, I did not know what. Mother came to my rescue with a question.

"Tell me, darling, do you regret what we have done?"

"Mother, I can't regret what we've done, it was too exquisite for regret, but I do fear the consequences. What if you are pregnant...what about father?...he'd have to know if you are, and it won't take much for him to work out who made you pregnant."

"No, it won't, and for myself I don't care. I've stayed with him for your sake. I wanted to be sure you'd reached an age where you were mature enough to deal with your own life. You've another year to go before you graduate. If it's a matter of money, I earn a big enough salary to keep a dozen people."

"But it's incest, mother," I protested again.

"My love, neither of us are children. It's not as if I've sexually abused an infant. We are two grown up people who know what they want, and have taken it. There is one thing though. If I am pregnant, I shall not hold you responsible. I wanted a child before it was too late for me to have one, and I wanted it through your impregnation. If I have that, then it will be sufficient. If you want no further part in it, I shall understand."

"But I can't...I mean...I do want a part in it...with you...Mother, after what we've done, what I've experienced I...I want you."

This had stuttered out of me in a rush, but it was truly felt. For me, this was "The Woman," nothing, no one else would do."

"Are you sure, darling. I've had years to consider what I wanted – you – you've had a few hours."

"There have been others, but none like you. I want you."

"Then, my love, I think we'd better drop the "Mother" title, don't you? What about Anna? After all, if we are going to be lovers, I think it's more appropriate."

So "Anna" it was, my lovely, beloved Anna.

Her hand had been gently stroking my penis towards the end of our talk, and it had risen to its full power. Now she began to move my foreskin over the head in quick little jerks and I felt myself beginning to come again.

Anna must have felt it too because she took my penis into her mouth and began to lick and suck along my shaft.

I came in a flood of semen, pumping into her mouth as she tried to swallow my copious discharge. It was too much for her, and it began to dribble from the corners of her mouth. When I finished, she came over me and started kissing me, letting sperm drip into my mouth.

"Taste yourself, you beast," she said with a triumphant note in her voice.

I tasted, then slept.

Anna had the habit of exercising when she first got up in the mornings, bending and stretching, things like that.

When I woke, she was standing beside the bed naked, and just about to start her exercises. I watched idly as she carried out her movements, but became very alert when at one stage she bent over to touch her toes.

Her back was towards me, so I got a full view of her vagina. An erection came in a hurry, and I jumped out of bed and as she bent, I pressed myself against her.

In a muffled voice she called out, "Yes, take me like this, darling."

I probed for and found her opening, then entered. I held her hips to give her some support and began rapid thrusts. In that position, the feeling was firmer and tighter, and soon Anna was giving little squeals. I began to fire into her, and as her climax came, instead of her usual screams, she gave off little sounds like, "Ah-ah-ah-ah," then a final long drawn out "Oooooo".

The position was too uncomfortable for me to stay long in her once we had finished, so I withdrew and fell back on the bed. She dropped beside me, laughing and saying, "Well, that's different way of exercising, my love. Perhaps we should do it that way every morning."

I thought I would be quite happy about that.

Anna had indicated that she was a very passionate woman. I was now about to discover how passionate. If, as she said, she had not engaged in sex for some years, she was bent on making up for it now.

She did not go fossil hunting that day and I did not go fishing. We spent a great deal of time in bed carrying out some interesting explorations, getting out of bed only when sustenance was required, and even then, she insisted I take her on the kitchen table as I had the first time.

My testicles seemed to have a greater recovery rate than I had once thought possible, but in the end, Anna outran them. My ejaculations into her became a wretched dribble.

"You need time to recover your sperm count, darling, she chortled, so if you don't mind using your fingers or tongue, I do feel like another orgasm. And darling, if you use your fingers you could suck my nipples at the same time.

By early evening, my sperm count had recovered a little, but the final event on demand was anal sex.

"I've never had that, darling. Please try it," was Anna's plea.

I had experienced it once with a girl, but it had not been a first for her, so she had already been opened. Tackling this first time for Anna seemed a bit daunting, especially as there was no lubricant available.

Remembering what the girl had done, I took some of Anna's natural lubricant that she seemed to have an ever-flowing supply of, and wiped it over and into her anus. I then pushed the crown of my penis that was covered in pre-cum against the pink little orifice.

I don't claim to have a huge penis, but I am relatively well endowed, and I wondered how it was going to enter such a small opening. I hesitated saying, "Anna, I think it's going to hurt you too much."

"Just try, darling, I'll tell you to stop if it's too much for me."

Anna was lying over the edge of the bed with pillows under her stomach to give her greater elevation, her feet on the floor. I began to put a steady pressure against her anus, but could not penetrate.

"I can't get in," I told her.

"It's not hurting, darling, push really hard."

I took hold of her hips and dragged on them as I thrust into her. I felt myself go in, and Anna convulsed and screamed.

"No darling, no, it's too much...too painful." Please stop.

I stopped and pulled out. There was blood on my penis and around her anus.

"Oh God, I've hurt you, Anna, you're bleeding."

"It's all right," she moaned, "I don't think there's any great damage."

I carried her to the bathroom and carefully washed her anus, inspecting it for damage. The little pink opening looked raw, but the bleeding must have been coming from deeper inside.

There was no more sex that night.

On Thursday, Anna telephoned across to Harper giving our order for supplies to be brought across in the boat on Saturday. There seemed to be a lot of wrangling going on and Anna went into her stern mode.

When she put the telephone down she said, "Harper says, 'She'll be blowing by Saturday'." We both laughed.

On Saturday, it was still calm, and Harper brought our supplies across. When we had off-loaded, he made ready for the return trip commenting, "She'll be blowing afore I gets back."

We watched him cross the millpond still strait until he became a dot too small to focus.

Anna had ordered a liberal quantity of food and gas bottles to replace those we used for lighting when empty, and plenty of red wine. Not that we particularly needed the wine, being intoxicated with each other.

"Just in case Harper's prophecy does come true one day, and 'she' does blow," she chuckled, examining one of the bottles.

We had concluded that having had our first burst of abandoned coupling that our craving for each other would diminished a little, Anna would get back to her fossil hunting and I to my fishing.

I was, however, determined that Anna would not be out of my sight. I would go with her to wherever she was going to

do her hunting, and either fish or if required, help Anna. If a suitably comfortable spot was handy, this arrangement did allow for a lunchtime coupling, which usually meant me with my back on the bare earth or rock, while Anna sat astride me.

The time of real lovemaking was after our evening meal, when, often to the accompaniment of music from our radio, we licked and sucked, and generally tried to eat each other.

One interesting feature of our sexual relationship was, penetration did not seem to be the immediate objective. We loved to hold and caress each other, and tell each other of our love. We might do this for an hour or more before attempting our final orgasmic climaxes, however these were achieved.

After the experiment with anal sex, it was decided that there would be no further adventuring in the direction. Apart from that, every corner of our bodies seemed to be available for sexual purposes.

One night about the middle of our second week on Storm Island, Harper's prediction finally came true.

We had just finished our evening meal when the first gust of wind struck. It seemed to shake the house, then subsided to be followed by another gust.

Within half an hour, there was a howling gale blowing, and above its noise, we could hear the ocean rollers, now thundering in to hurl themselves against the cliffs.

I have always felt it was that night when it happened. Anna has never been wetter, softer and more yielding. While the storm raged outside another storm raged within. It was the storm of our lust for each other, the primordial drive to perpetuate the species.

From the beginning of our new relationship, we had felt driven to pour out our words of love and desire, but on this night, in our frenzied hunger for each other, we outstripped ourselves in cries of devotion.

Anna murmured constantly, "Darling, fertilise me, make me pregnant...please...make it tonight."

She had orgasm after orgasm, howling with anguished delight, and I seemed to implant my seed into her deeper than ever before.

I wanted to consume her, to have her body and soul. It was an experience not only beyond any other I had had with

other women; it was beyond anything I had experienced with Anna.

I cannot claim to have been able to match her constant stream of orgasms, but I ejaculated twice into her vagina, once into her mouth and once between her breasts, in the process splashing her face and hair with my sperm.

It was a strange, lusty yet loving experience. In concert with the storm outside, I raged into Anna that night, and if there had been any doubt before, after that night my course was set. My life was fettered to Anna's more surely than any marriage ceremony could have bound us.

I have heard people say that they have, at the time of copulation, experienced what I have tried to describe, but they conclude, "When I woke up beside her in the morning, it gone."

When I woke the next morning, and saw Anna beside me, I had no such feelings of negation. My thought as I looked at her, and she continued to sleep was "Is it possible that I can have and keep such beauty?"

The storm outside continued to rage the sound of the pounding waves more uproarious than ever. Inside the

house, and between Anna and I, there was peace and contentment.

That day Anna had a strange, blissful look. She kept touching me and telling me she loved me and all would be well. When I asked her what she meant by "All will be well," she simply answered, "Wait and see, my love."

With the storm still furious outside, and the rain beating down, we could not go out that day. Oddly, given the fire of our sexual coupling previously, and without tasks to distract us, we only engaged in sexual intercourse a couple of times. We both seemed content just to be together, listening to the radio, eating and dozing.

In a couple of days, the storm blew itself out, so we were able to get to work again, and Anna could take up her fossil seeking. The sea, however, continued to rage against the island with great ocean breakers careering in.

"If this keeps up," Anna said, "Harper won't be able to get across to us. Just as well I ordered plenty of food."

She was right. Saturday was the day Harper was supposed to cross over to take us off the island, but it was obviously out of the question. For as long as the big seas kept up, we were marooned.

I had no objection to being marooned with Anna, and thinking of our return to home and father, I wished the big seas would go on forever. Of course, this might help my sexual hunger for her, but might not be so attractive when the food ran out.

The seas did keep heaving and a telephone call to Harper elicited the obvious.

"Too rough to cross."

"Yes, we know. How long do you think it will last?"

"Might calm by Tuesday, but I reckon she could blow up again."

Monday brought a telephone call from Harper. Mother took the call and afterwards she summarised the conversation.

"Your father wants to know what the hell is going on, and when we will be back. Harper told him the sea was too rough to pick us up, and anyway, 'She might blow up again'. The instructions are, that as soon as we are off the island, we are to telephone to let him know we are on our way."

By Tuesday, she hadn't "blown up again," but somewhere out in the ocean, demonic waves were being formed to be flung at the island.

Anna and I were continuing to enjoy our selves hugely and by Thursday, and our supplies starting to look a bit low, the sea started to calm down.

At that point, as we ate our lunch seated on a rock, Anne said: "Darling, I should have menstruated three days ago. I'm normally very regular. It's far from certain, but you know what it could mean?"

"Your pregnant?"

"Yes."

"Father will have to know."

"Yes. When I'm more certain I'll tell him."

"My God, he'll go raving mad."

"Probably."

"Do you want to keep the baby?"

"Of course I do. Do you think I would have had unprotected sex with you if I wasn't prepared to get pregnant?"

"Do you mean you deliberately set out to get...to get..."

"Yes. Once I knew you were coming with me I set out to seduce you into making me pregnant."

"You mean, all you really wanted from me was to fertilise you?"

"Darling, what we've been doing for the last three weeks should have told you I wanted something else along with getting pregnant."

It was undeniable. I don't think she could have been so sexually abandoned if all she only wanted pregnancy.

"Prove it I said," jokingly.

"I'll prove it right where we began," she laughed, and slipping off her shorts and panties, she sat on the kitchen table and lifting up and spreading her legs, she put her feet on the top. Like the first time, her fingers opened the lips of her vulva, and I entered her.

Thursday the sea calmed down to a millpond calm and Harper came for us. We left Storm Island sad to be leaving our rather wild Heaven on earth, and I at least wondering what hell on earth awaited us at home.

Anna telephoned to let him know we were on our way, and putting the receiver down, looked puzzled.

"That's odd," she said. "I telephoned the house without thinking, but normally your father would be at work. I wonder what he was doing at home? By the way, I think you'd better go back to calling me 'Mother' for the time being."

When we got home father was there to greet us. He did not look particularly pleased to see us, but made no comment about our delayed return, except to say, "Thought you might never come back."

He actually sounded as if he wished we hadn't.

Things now settled into their old routine. Father and mother went off to their work places, and I, rather unsettled, and having no desire to proceed with the plans I had prior to Storm Island, wandered around waiting for mother to come home, and our coupling in her bedroom late at night.

It went on like this for a fortnight, and then mother told me she would have to tell father she was pregnant. She was going to do this in my absence, but I insisted on being present.

She chose a moment when we were all together in the lounge after the evening meal.

"Ernest," she said, addressing father, "I'm pregnant."

This flat announcement did not seem to register with father for a moment, then his eyes shot open.

"You can't be. We haven't...haven't..."

"Fucked for years?" said mother, completing his sentence for him.

There was another pause while he stared at mother, then his face darkened.

"By God, you've been fucking with someone."

"That is the usual way women get pregnant," mother responded, calmly.

"You...you...how long have you known?"

"I'm probably two or three weeks over due."

I could see his arithmetical mind calculating.

"But you've been on Storm...Oh my God, you two have been..." He turned on me.

"You filthy little bastard, you've seduced...raped your own mother."

Mother waded in. "You can stop that, Ernest. If anything I seduced Philip."

Father went white and stammered and spluttered for a while, and finally came out with, "You foul incestuous pair." He turned on mother; "You're a slut, an evil slut. You should be burned at the stake...you..."

I stepped over to him and laid one finger on his chest. "Father, you can call me what you like, but if you speak to Anna like that again I'll..."

"Oh, it's Anna is it. You have been getting cozy on that island...and you'll do what, my depraved little boy?"

"I shall find it necessary to hit you, father."

"Stop it Philip." Mother took my hand from father's chest and went on: "Ernest, have you taken to wearing women's underclothes?"

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"If you haven't, then how do you account for these?"

Mother put her hand into the pocket of her jeans and took out a little piece of flimsy fabric. She gave it a shake, and it

was revealed as the scantiest pair of women's panties I had ever seen.

Father looked shaken for a moment, then tried to stammer his way out of it.

"I...I...I...they're yours...I didn't..."

"Come on Ernest," said mother, "I know why you wanted Philip to come with me to Storm Island. It wasn't inconvenient to have him around the place while I was away. I knew that even before we left for the island. If you want to have some of your nice little girls here, fine, but don't come the outraged moralist with me."

"All right," yelled father, "I had a girl here, but at least it wasn't incest and she's not pregnant."

"Ernest," mother went on, "I know what Philip and I have done is incest, but at least we've done it in love. I hope the same is true of you and your little lady. And next time, tell her not to leave her knickers in the bathroom."

"As far as you are concerned, Anna," father raged, "You can get out of my house." I'm not living with a depraved pair like you. Go and do your incestuous fucking somewhere else."

"It is not your house, Ernest," mother said quite calmly. "It is our house. If I leave it, then a suitable financial settlement will be necessary."

Father knew she was right, and mumbled something about seeing his lawyer.

From then on things moved a quite a pace. Anna went in search of a house, and when found, we moved in. Soon after we learned that father's lady friend of the flimsy knickers had joined him in the old home.

At the time of writing, Anna is seven months pregnant and looking lovely. In fact, Anna is looking so good, I'm wondering if we might risk another pregnancy in the future. I really must discuss that with her some time.

The Ancient Curse

“If I might advise you, Miss Carstairs-Browne, I don’t think you should be alone in Carstairs Manor. I mean, a great rambling place with not even a servant left.”

“I know Mr.Roberts,” I said, smiling, “and I know the story that is told about the curse, but you see, I don’t believe in old curses.”

I was talking to Mr.Roberts, the agent who managed Carstairs Manor and land. It had fallen to me to inherit the crumbling old house and the few remaining acres of what had once been a huge estate.

I was the last of the Carstairs, my parents having failed to produce any more children. The “Browne” came from my mother who before her marriage to my father was Amanda Browne, and being an independent woman, insisted on her name being linked to the Carstairs name.

My parents were dead, and there was no one else to take on the old ruin. I had dragged myself away from the novel I was writing, to come to Carstairs le Moor, as the village is called, to try to sort out the situation. My intention was, to sell the place for whatever I could get for it.

The story I referred to goes, in brief, something like this: One night in eighteen hundred and five, Sir Lucas Carstairs was carousing with a group of his cronies in the Great Hall.

A young maid was serving them their wine, and at one point, Sir Lucas pulled her on to his lap. The girl started to struggle, begging to be released. This aroused Sir Lucas, and in his drunken state he decided to show the girl who was master.

With the aid of his intoxicated companions, the girl, a virgin, was stripped naked, and being held down by four of the men, Sir Lucas raped her.

When he had finished, he invited his companions to enjoy the girl. She was subjected to multiple rapes, and her screams were heard in the servant's hall. One of the servants, a footman, was the girl's brother. Hearing his sister's screams he made to go to her rescue, but was restrained by the other servants who feared the power of Sir Lucas.

The young footman managed to break loose and raced into the Great Hall. Seeing one of the men in the act of raping his sister, he tore the man from her. He was seized and while being held was forced to watch the remainder of the men take his sister.

When they had all taken their turn, Sir Lucas turned on the young footman and struck him across the face saying, "You've just seen what serving wenches are good for."

Then young man, now insane with what he had witnessed, broke free and struck Sir Lucas. One of the rapists took a knife from the table and drove it into the footman's back, inflicting a mortal wound.

As he lay dying on the floor, the footman pronounced a curse on the Carstairs family that went like this; "May all Carstairs women be defiled as my sister has been defiled, until the day a Carstairs woman surrenders her body to a footman."

Sir Lucas drove the toe of his boot into the dying man's side saying, "Carstairs women do not give themselves to menial scum." The young man died.

The raped girl, deranged though her experience and seeing her bother murdered, staggered from the Great Hall, and climbing the stairs to the east wing, she flung her self to her death from one of the windows.

Sir Lucas was the local magistrate, and such inquiry as there was, found the murderer of the footman had acted in self-defense, and the girl had committed suicide in a fit of madness. No one was ever punished for the crimes.

No one was punished, unless, if you believe the tales that are told, the Carstairs women.

In the succeeding generations of Carstairs, wives and daughters of the Carstairs men are said to have had strange things happen to them. Some committed suicide, others went insane and on three occasions, the women appear to have born children that could not possibly have been the offspring of their husbands, and claimed a ghost had raped them. Indeed, one had no husband, being an unmarried daughter.

Apart from being Carstairs women, they all had one thing in common. They all told stories of being raped in the night by an unseen assailant. Investigation of these claims found nothing, and since the three pregnancies took place before the time when satisfactory tests for paternity were available, nothing was ever proved.

The male line of Carstairs, apart from the problems they had with their womenfolk, were never assailed in any way. My parents had never lived in Carstairs Manor, so my mother was never “defiled.”

I did not believe these tales, and as I entered maturity, I took a rather cynical view of the women’s stories of being

raped by someone unseen. “One way of accounting for bit on the side,” I commented to my father when he spoke of the matter.

Whether he fully believed the stories I do not know, but he did say, “Ushas, don’t ever go near that house.”

Mr.Roberts was speaking again. “If you insist on going to the Manor, Miss Carstairs-Browne, I’m afraid you will find it unprepared. I didn’t expect you so soon or I’d have got the place ready for you.”

“It’s okay,” I said. “I’ve brought some food with me, and presumably there’s somewhere I can cook?”

“Oh yes, the electrical power is still on, and by the way, you’ll find sheets and blankets in a cupboard on the first landing. I’ll send young Gresham along in the morning, and you can go over the inventory with him.”

“I want to get rid of it as soon as possible, Mr.Roberts.”

“Hmm. Not a particularly good time to sell a property like that, but, we are at your service.”

I rose. "Thank you, Mr. Roberts. I'll be on my way then. I'll be in touch."

We shook hands and he saw me to my car. I was about to get in when he said, "Oh, I forgot to mention it. The telephone isn't connected."

I shrugged. I couldn't think of any particular reason why I should need it for the short time I intended staying.

I drove the couple of miles out of the village along the road to Carstairs Manor wondering what I should find. I had only ever visited the place once, and that was with my father to see my grandfather. I never knew my grandmother. She was one of those who, about five months after giving birth to my father, had committed suicide.

Grandfather had never married again, and he had disapproved of my father marrying my mother. "Not a gel of our class," he is alleged to have said. We did not stay overnight, so if there were any ghosts wandering around, I wasn't there to see them.

I came to some rickety gates with a sign that read, "Carstairs Manor." The gates must have been imposing once, flanked as they were by stone pillars surmounted by lions sitting on their haunches holding the Carstairs coat of arms. The gates

themselves were stained with rust and a couple of the iron bars were missing.

After a struggle I managed to open the heavy gates and continued up the weed festooned drive to the house, which came into view round a bend.

In its finest hour, the place must have been truly imposing. Three stories high, and with dormer windows set in the roof ("Servant's quarters I'll bet," I thought), it must have had at least sixty bedrooms. Now it showed all the marks of unpainted neglect.

I pulled up in front of the main entrance and got out. The place was strangely silent. No bird sang. No tree or bush rustled. Out on the road as I opened the gates, I had felt a slight breeze. Here, there was nothing.

I went up the steps to the door, and taking from my bag the huge key Mr.Roberts had given me, I pushed it into the formidable looking lock. I turned the key, and much to my surprise, it moved easily.

"Well, something around here works," I thought.

Stepping into the large entrance hall, I found it in reasonable order. The servants had left over week before, so I supposed they must have given the place a last thorough tidy and clean up.

I tried a light switch, and a massive chandelier sprang into life. "Something else that works," I congratulated myself.

Picking up the hall telephone, I discovered Mr.Roberts was right, it was dead.

I went back to the car and after making a couple of trips back and forth, I had all my gear in the hall. "Kitchens," I thought, and started the hunt for them. It took a couple of false starts before I lit upon the right passage.

The kitchens were gray and gloomy as if designed and decorated to produce the maximum depression in whoever used them.

It looked as if the equipment had been haphazardly upgraded over the years, with old solid fuel stoves still in place, and a couple of large cast iron gas stoves that appeared to be about vintage 1902. Then in one corner I spied a small modern, if 1950 can be considered modern, electric stove.

“That’s for me,” I thought, and went to bring my food supplies in from the hall.

The next task was to find a suitable bedroom. I went up the curving stairs to the landing indicated by Mr.Roberts, and found the cupboard with bed linen. I then proceeded to open doors to see what was available for sleeping purposes.

Most of the rooms looked as if they had not been used since the nineteenth century, but I came upon one which, almost before I turned the doorknob, seemed to open of its own volition.

I walked in and the first thing that I saw was a truly magnificent four poster bed. It was of gargantuan proportions with splendid hangings of a golden coloured cloth. Unlike all the other beds, it gave the appearance of having been freshly prepared, with clean silk sheets and soft blankets.

“Might as well sleep like a member of the aristocracy for once in my life,” I said aloud.

I thought I heard a faint rustle behind me, but turning, there was nothing.

There were huge floor to ceiling windows, a dressing table that must have been made by some master craftsman in the eighteenth century and, much to my delight upon opening a door, a bathroom and toilet. I tried the hot water tap, and behold hot water! "Must be an electric hot water tank somewhere," I said, once more aloud.

Another faint rustle, and again, nothing. "Watch your imagination, girl," I said, but making sure it was not aloud this time.

A further hunt revealed a large cupboard with the hot water heater, and an abundance of warm, fluffy towels.

"Well, that's settled the cooking and sleeping arrangements," I thought. "Now, where to eat?"

I went back to the kitchens and on investigation found a side room no less depressing than the kitchens themselves.

"Must have been where the servants ate, poor buggers," I thought. "Well, it's either this, or that bloody great dining room, so here it is."

By the time I had finished cooking and eating my meal, the sun had disappeared over the horizon and I had the lights

on. I decided on an early night preceded by a bath in the magnificent cast iron receptacle provided for the purpose.

Carting my suitcase with spare clothing up to the bedroom, I stripped off and ran the bath. I luxuriated for about half an hour, and after drying myself, I wrapped myself in another towel and went back into the bedroom.

The room was filled with soft light from concealed lighting controlled by a small panel set beside the bed. I switched on the bed reading light and extinguished the others. I had brought a book with me, and after reading for a while, I put the book aside, turned off the reading light, and went quickly to sleep.

I don't know how long I had been asleep, when I awoke with a start. The room was pitch black. I had pulled the heavy curtains across the windows before my bath, and if there was any starlight or moonlight outside, it did not penetrate the room.

Everything was very still. One might say, "It was deathly silent." I reached for the lighting panel and flicked a switch. Nothing happened. I tried another, then a third. Still nothing happened.

“Damn,” I thought, “a fuse must have gone.” Having no idea where the fuse box might be, and having no torch even if I did want to go in search of it, I had to accept the situation and go off to sleep again.

I settled down again for sleep, but before I could go off, I heard that faint rustle again. I listened intently, and the sound grew louder I began to distinguish words. They echoed round the room so that I could not pinpoint a source.

“Carstairs...Carstairs...Carstairs...” They went on and on softly vibrating all around me.

I called out, “Whose there?” but the voices went on and on, “Carstairs...Carstairs...”

I felt an icy terror grip me and I begged, “Please, show yourself...tell me who you are...”

“Carstairs...Carstairs...”

A dim, wavering light took shape above me, I wanted to scream, but no sound would come.

The bed clothing seemed to float away, and I lay naked and exposed. Unseen hands held my wrists with an unyielding grip, and my arms were raised above my head and outwards. I tried to resist, but some power or constraining force seemed to have taken control of me, rendering me incapable of sound or movement.

I felt something soft, yet unyielding clamp round my wrists, rendering my arms immobile.

Then my legs were drawn apart and clamps came upon my ankles. I was spread wide open, helpless.

The light hovered over me for a few more seconds, and then descended to my breasts. I felt what might have been icy hands grasping them and start to squeeze. I felt glacial lips close over a nipple and there was a sucking sensation.

Then slowly but inexorably the light approached my genitals.

The light hung over my vulva for a moment, then descended to it. I felt the outer lips moved apart, and at the same time the echoing voice or voices grew louder, more intense.

“Carstairs...Carstairs...”

Something entered my vagina. It was hard and cold, like a bar of steel. It moved back and forth in me, slowly at first, then with ever increasing speed until finally, with a deep thrust, I felt the discharge of what must have been ice cold semen.

I was not a virgin, and had experienced the warm semen of a man on several occasions injected into me in an act of love. This ejaculation was one of hate, of revenge; it drove into me as if by so doing it would slay me.

Unable to utter a sound, I was screaming inside. Shivering as waves of horror coursed through me. I felt a spinning sensation in my head and heard the voices laughing in derision. I heard one last “Carstairs” pronounced in a cry of malevolence, and I fainted away.

When I came too, I had no idea of how long I had been unconscious. My arms and legs were free and the bed covers over me. The room was still dark, but faintly I could hear a sound I had found absent on my arrival. I heard bird song. It was morning.

In the vain hope it might work, I reached for the lighting panel and flicked a switch. Light flooded the room.

I lay bewildered and frightened then, recalling the ice-cold ejaculation, I sat up and searched the lower sheet for signs of sperm. There were none. I put my fingers into my vagina, seeking the residue of sperm I had felt pound into me. There was nothing.

“My God,” I thought, “it was a nightmare. All that talk and thinking about the old stories must have been buzzing around in my brain, and I had a bad dream.”

I rose and went to the window and pulled aside the curtains to let light flood the room.

“A dream, a bloody dream, you silly cow,” I said aloud.

I heard a rustling behind me. I whirled round. Nothing.

“My God, Ushas, pull yourself together, girl, or there’s no knowing what you’ll start imagining.”

Convinced though I was that I had only dreamed the terror and its penetration, I never the less took a bath, paying particular attention to cleansing my vagina.

After dressing, I went down to the kitchens and breakfast.

Mr.Roberts had said that “young Gresham” would be coming to go over the inventory with me. He hadn’t said what time young Gresham would be arriving, so I took a wanderer round the old pile.

I quickly came to the conclusion that the place would not fetch in much cash, but whoever bought it would have to spend a heap to get it in order. “It’d have to be an American or an oil rich Arab,” I thought.

I heard the clatter of a bell in what must have been the servant’s hall. “Ah, young Gresham,” I thought, and hastened to open the front door.

By contrast with the surrounding dejection of the house, young Gresham was a brilliant ray light. Tall, slim and smiling, he extended his hand and asked, “Miss Carstairs-Browne?”

I took his hand, which was warm and firm, as much to gain some sensation of another living being as in greeting.

“Yes,” I replied, trying to return his sunny smile. “But please call me Ushas.”

He hesitated for a moment, then made the comment that most people make. "If you don't mind my saying so, that's a most unusual name."

"Yes. Name of a Hindu goddess of the dawn. She's also said to be a willing young wife who likes to look after the home. My father was lecturer in comparative religion, and an optimist, as I'm not sure I fit either of those descriptions."

We both laughed.

"Well, you've certainly got a big enough home to look after here," he said with a grin.

"I don't think I shall be doing much 'looking after', I want to sell it as soon as I can."

"So Edgar told me."

"That's Mr.Roberts, is it?"

"Sorry, yes. We have an inventory of what's in the place, but I'm afraid I have to ask you to check everything, and then sign. It's going to be a big job."

“How long? Three or four hours?”

He laughed. “More like three or four days, I’m afraid.”

I was somewhat disgruntled by this. I wanted to get out of the place as soon as possible, not wanting to spend another night there.

“Look, couldn’t I just sign and go.”

“I’m sorry Ushas, but we have to cover ourselves. Look, I’ll get us through it as fast as I can, but it has to be done thoroughly, I mean, we have had people who have accused us of stealing their property and selling it on the side...”

“All right Peter, I understand. Where do we start, from the top down or the bottom up?”

“Let’s start from the top.”

I had not ventured up into the servants quarters, and when we got there I felt compassion for those whose only privacy was in their wretched room, and who had to sleep in it.

With a couple of exceptions, they were sparsely furnished with iron bedsteads, a single hard chair and a small table with a mirror over it. There was only one bathroom and one toilet for what at one time must have been a staff of at least fifteen.

The two exceptions were rooms with title plates on the doors, "Butler" "Housekeeper." These had more space, better beds, one armchair and one hard chair, desks, and proper dressing tables.

Most of the rooms looked as if they had not been in use for decades, thus indicating the decline in the Carstairs fortune.

One of the rooms presented Peter and I with a puzzle. Hanging up on a hook was a uniform. It was the sort of garb you see on footmen in historical films, and certainly not an item any modern servant would wear, yet it looked almost new.

"That's odd," said Peter, riffling through his papers. "We don't seem to have any record of this. We went over the place very carefully, I don't understand how we missed such an obvious thing. Oh well, I'll write it in now. You see why we have to get you to check with us?"

“Yes,” I murmured thoughtfully. “It must have been worn by a footman ages ago.”

I took the uniform off the hook and turned it round. In the back was slit surrounded by a huge stain.

Peter had been gazing at his lists, so I called his attention to the stain.

He stared at it intently for a moment, then said, “You know, that stain looks like blood. Pity, we might have got a very good price for it. Wonder if we could get it cleaned and mended?”

I heard the rustling behind me again and turned quickly.

“What’s the matter?” Asked Peter.

“Didn’t you hear it, Peter? A sort of rustling sound.”

“No. Might have been or mouse or something.”

I decided to leave it at that, so I said, “Yes, you’re probably right.”

For the rest of the day, we plodded our way through what seemed like endless lists of items to be checked. Boring as it was, the cheerful companionship of Peter helped to make the task less onerous, but by late afternoon, we were still not half way through.

“Time to call a halt for today,” Peter said.

The sun had not yet set, but a late afternoon gloom began to pervade the generally dismal house. If one went outside, one was bathed in the late afternoon sun. Going back into the house, it was as if night had already descended upon it.

Peter was gathering his things together prior to leaving, and I felt a shiver of apprehension pass through me. I would be alone in the house all evening and night, and with the telephone unconnected, no outside contact. I suddenly did not want to lose Peter’s company.

I spoke to him cautiously. “Peter, have you got a wife to go home to, or something you have to do?”

He looked up at me from his paper shuffling and smiled. “No, I don’t have a wife, unfortunately, and I have nothing in particular I have to do. Why?”

“Well, I know it’s a bit impertinent, but I don’t want to spend all evening alone in this dismal hole. I wondered, if I offered to pay, and if there’s anywhere decent to eat, you would have dinner with me?”

He looked at me with frank amazement for a moment, then seemed to recover and said, “I’d love to have dinner with you. The local pub, “The Orb and Sceptre”,” turn on a very good meal, but I don’t know about you paying. I mean, I’d be very happy to pay for the company of such a pretty lady.”

That began one of those fruitless arguments that often arise in such circumstances, but we finally settled it by agreeing that if I paid for the meal, Peter would buy the wine.”

I raced up to the bedroom and put on the one decent set of clothing I had brought with me, a fawn slack suit, did a quick makeup job, then deciding I looked satisfactory, muttered, “Thank God I’m out of this place for a few hours.”

There was a rustling behind me. I did not turn round, but went hastily out of the door to the waiting Peter.

We went to the village in his car, and although I am normally a fairly independent sort of woman, I felt secure in his presence.

The Orb and Sceptre proved to be one of those low beamed, “Queen Elizabeth the First slept here,” sort of pubs. As Peter had said, it turned on a very good but plain meal.

Peter bought a very expensive bottle of red wine, which, while pleasant enough to drink, did not live up to its price or pretentious label.

Yet, even if the meal had been mediocre, which it wasn't and the wine less pleasant, I would still have enjoyed the company of the cheery Peter. He regaled me with the history of the pub (“First opened in 1586”). Then went on to details of village life, what he thought of the political scene both national and international, and then wanted to know how many novels I had written, was I working on one now and, “I'd better read one of them hadn't I?” He was one of the most entertaining companions I had ever had, even though he hardly flattered my writer's ego.

Towards the end of the evening, the landlord of the pub came across to have a word. Peter introduced us, and at the sound of my name, the landlord sucked in air through his teeth.

“You baint astoppin at the Manor, be ee?”

When I answered in the affirmative, he shook his head. "You baint there alone, be ee?"

When I again answered in the affirmative, he said, "I baint afeared of man nor beast, but ee wouldn't get me astoppin there alone. 'Ave ee seed the mad footman yet?"

"No."

"Here, stop it Fred," Peter laughed, "You'll have the lady frightened going on like that."

"Ah well," said Fred ambiguously, "I'll bid ee goodnight then." He retired to the saloon bar still shaking his head.

"Take no notice of Fred," Peter said, "He just likes to revel in the gory details of local history."

I almost told Peter about my dream, if it was a dream, of the night before, and of the rustling sounds I had so frequently heard, but I thought he might be like most males, and write me off as an "hysterical female."

He drove me back to the Manor, and I think even the cheery Peter sensed something of what I now felt to be its sinister brooding quality.

“Ushas,” he asked with a note of concern in his voice, “would you like me to come in with you for a while?”

Had it been most men and in other circumstances, I would have suspected that this was an attempt to get into my bed. With Peter, I felt no such suspicion. He was so open and honest. Had he decided to try and bed me, I felt sure he would come straight out with it, saying something like, “Could I have a sexual intercourse with you?”

The thought flashed through my mind, “If only a man like him would love me.” Then I stamped on the thought. “You’re being ridiculous, my girl, you’ve known him less than a day. It’s all this dreaming and talk of mad footmen that’s getting to you. Pull yourself together, you’re living in the twentieth century, not in the Dark Ages.”

Putting on the mask of the “Now” woman, I thanked Peter for his offer, but said I would be perfectly okay, then felt constrained to soften the refusal by saying, “I’ll look forward to seeing you tomorrow.”

“Goodnight then,” he said. “And thank you for the evening. I really enjoyed being with you.”

I got out of the car, bade him good night, then as he drove away I put on a bold front and strode into the house. Immediately I felt as if I was being watched.

“Imagination, Ushas, imagination,” I told myself, but I made sure I switched on all the lights I could find as I proceeded to the bedroom, and left them on.

As I entered the bedroom, the feeling of being watched intensified. I settled for a hasty bath, then with the curtains left open, and all the lights switched on, I put on my underwear as if cladding myself in a suit of armour, and lay on the bed.

I did not read, but lay there, determined that if what I had experienced the previous night was a dream, I would not dream tonight. If it was not a dream, and the story of the ghost was true, it would not find me such an easy victim.

I struggled to stay awake, and several times, I almost dropped off to sleep, jerking myself awake again just in time.

The house was silent – oppressively silent. Then, after what seemed hours, the lights flickered. I became alert, but they steadied up again.

“Power fluctuation,” I thought.

Then they flickered again, and this time they began very slowly to dim until the room was in total darkness.

I had noted that the night was moonlit but no moonbeam penetrated the windows. It was as if they too had been blackened to exclude all light.

I tried to leap from the bed, but the frightening paralysis had me in its grip again.

Then the echoing voice or voices began, “Carstairs...Carstairs.”

The light hovered over me. The underwear I had put on seemed to drift away from my body. The irresistible bondage, the cold, malevolent penetration, the icy venomous sperm thrust into me. Then the light hovered over me briefly, then it faded and I was released from my confinement. The lights slowly came on to illuminate the room.

I was terrified and exhausted by the ordeal, but I gathered enough of my scattered wits to penetrate my vagina with my fingers, feeling for any trace of sperm. Once more, there was nothing.

“I’m going mad!” I thought. “If I told anyone what I was experiencing, they’d have me put away.” I wanted to telephone someone – Peter – but even if the telephone was working, I did not have his number.

I recalled the stories of the Carstairs women who had been driven insane, and now I knew why.

I huddled in the bed until morning trying to fight off sleep, but towards the dawn I was overcome and went into a fitful doze.

A thunderous knocking awakened me. “Peter!” I had overslept. Utterly drained I dragged myself from the bed, and having no dressing gown, I put on my coat. I staggered down to the front door and opened it.

Peter started to say, “Saw your car and knew you must still...” He stopped, then, “My God Ushas, you look terrible. What’s wrong? Are you okay?”

I longed to tell him what had happened, but knew it would sound crazy, so I said, “Had a bad night. Couldn’t get to sleep.”

“Do you want to cancel our work today?”

I wanted to get out of the house as soon as possible. If we didn’t continue the trek through the inventory, it would only delay my departure.

“No Peter. If you can give me half an hour I’ll be ready and we can carry on.”

“Are you sure, Ushas?”

“Yes. I’ll be with you as soon as I can.”

We continued our task, but by mid-afternoon we had only completed a little over half the house. As I thought ahead about the night to come, I felt a creeping dread start to take control of me. In desperation, I turned to Peter.

“Peter, I don’t want to stay in the house tonight. Is there somewhere I could get a room?”

He looked at me with a quizzical smile. "Haven't seen the ghost of the mad footman, have you?"

"No," I replied, not willing to reveal what I had seen and felt. "It's just that the place is so gloomy and oppressive, I feel I must get out of it."

"Well," he said, "There is the Orb and Sceptre. They have rooms there..."

"Somewhere else, Peter. Fred might start his talk about ghosts again."

"If you don't mind travelling a bit further, there's the "Ploughman" in Colford. That's quite good and it's only ten miles away. I live in Colford, so I could drive you there and bring you back with me in the morning."

"That will be fine, Peter. I'll just get my things, and we can be off."

I wanted to be out of the house before the evening, when night seemed to enter the house long before it was evident outside.

I hastily packed and looking around the room, as I was about to leave it, I said aloud, "I've spent my last night in here."

There was a sound. Not the rustling this time but a sinister laugh. I fled from the room and down the stairs, but the laughter seemed to follow me, reverberating round the walls, in the air all around me.

I almost rushed past Peter, but he grabbed me saying, "Hey, what's the hurry?"

"Did you hear anything?" I quavered.

He looked puzzled. "Not a thing. The place seems as quiet as a tomb. Why, did you hear something?"

"It must have been the wind," I lied.

We went outside and I hoped Peter would not notice that there was no wind. I locked the door with a sigh of relief and we left for Colford.

Arriving at Colford, we went straight to the Ploughman. It was much more elegant than the Orb and Sceptre and I was

soon ensconced in the warm embracing environment of a pleasant room.

Peter had come with me to the room, carrying my luggage, and he asked, "Could we have dinner together again tonight?"

I was at first inclined to say no as I was so tired, but thought, "You must eat something, Ushas, so why not in the congenial company of Peter?" So, I replied:

"I'd love to have dinner with you Peter, but I am very tired, so if we can just make it the dinner with no long conversation after, yes."

"Fine," he smiled, "I'll book a table here and as soon as we've finished eating you can go straight up to bed."

We arranged that I would meet him in the foyer at seven o'clock. I had a shower, and feeling a little refreshed changed into my pants suit, and went to meet Peter.

As we had planned, we ate our meal and after arranging for him to pick me up in the morning, we parted company, he to where he lived, me to my room.

I stripped off and fell into bed, and looking at the illuminated bedside clock, I noted it was nine p.m. Turning off the bed reading lamp, I was instantly swallowed up by sleep.

I came awake slowly, blearily wondering what the time was, and I glanced over at the bedside clock, but could not see it. I reached for the switch of the reading light and flicked it on. Nothing happened.

Safe in what was virtually a public building, with people sleeping in rooms around me, and a night staff on duty, I had no fear of a repeat of the past two nights, but then I heard malignant laughter seeming to hang in the air.

I tried to scream, "Oh God, not again, please." But the numbness had already taken hold of me. I could neither move nor speak of my own volition, a prisoner of whatever power was assailing me.

Once more, I was forcibly spread-eagled on the bed, the cold, hard shaft thrust into me, working itself in and out of me until the explosion of the freezing sperm, smashing with relentless force against the top of my vagina.

Whatever it was that penetrated me was withdrawn and a voice whispered, "No escape, Carstairs, no escape until the day you die...unless...unless..."

The voice died away and having turned on the light switch before my ordeal, the light slowly flickered on, gradually increasing in intensity, and the clock re-illuminated.

I broke out into hysterical weeping. "No escape" the voice had said. I knew now. Once I had entered that frightful house, the ghost, spirit, power or whatever it was had united itself with me. Now, wherever I went, it would be with me until the day I died. Every night from now on, I was to be defiled by that cold penetration and icy ejaculation.

Still weeping, I seemed to fall into a black hole, and was mercifully engulfed by sleep.

Next morning Peter was waiting for me in the foyer. He took one look at me and asked, "Another bad night?"

"Yes." I didn't tell him how bad.

I didn't care now whether I went to the Manor or not. There was no escape for me, except in death. I even began to contemplate suicide and recalled the ravished serving girl who had flung her self from an upper window of the east wing.

We continued the interminable task of going through the inventory and when we called a halt, we still had not completed the task.

“A three or four hours tomorrow should see it done,” Peter said.

I no longer cared. My life, what ever was left of it, would from now on be a perpetual hell. I was destined to live in a constant state of stygian emotional darkness, dreading the coming of every night.

Peter asked me to have dinner with him again, and in my state of not caring one way or the other, I agreed.

I must have been a wretched companion for him. I could not converse or engage in any of those niceties that go with being with an attractive man.

Peter was very concerned for me, asking if I felt unwell, was I just tired, could he help.

I made lethargic responses as my mind was now focused on the night to come and what I must endure.

I heard Peter say, "If you're still around tomorrow evening, I'm afraid we won't be able to have dinner together, as much as I'd like to. I've got a club meeting, and I'm the secretary, so I can't miss it."

"What club," I asked, not really caring.

"It's an athletic club, running. You know, racing round the track or over the fields. Helps to keep me fit. It's called, 'The Footmen Fliers'." He grinned. "Corny, isn't it. The members are called a 'Footman'. I'm Footman Gresham, would you believe?"

Something seemed to explode in my head. "Footman Gresham"!

"May all Carstairs women be defiled as my sister has been defiled, until the day a Carstairs woman surrenders her body to a footman." The words resounded in my head.

My apathy dropped away from me – "Surrenders her body to a footman". If...if I were to...if Peter would...How could I ask him? What would he think of me? Would he be..." What did it matter, I had nothing to lose except his good opinion of me, and in the face of my nightly torment it was worth the risk.

I looked over the table at him, struggling to find the words I needed.

“Peter, would you do something for me?”

“Of course, if I can Ushas.”

He looked so caring and in earnest, it seemed a pity that he must soon think ill of me, but I must ask him.

“Peter, I know this may sound awful, but would you come to my room and have a sexual intercourse with me?”

He stared at me, for a moment he seemed unable to find the words to respond. Then he began to stammer:

“Ushas, did...did... you say...have a...a sexual...sexual...”

“Intercourse,” I said finishing his sentence for him.

“But Ushas...I mean...I don’t...we’ve only known...”

He seemed to recover some degree of composure and spoke more connectedly.

“Ushas, I don’t want to sound pompous, but I probably will, but, you see...Well, I know about one night stands, casual and so-called recreational sex, but I don’t...I mean it’s important...or it is to me...it’s...er...well...its love.”

“Peter, you do like me, and you don’t find me repulsive, do you?”

“Well no. I think you’re lovely...and...and if I’d dared to I might have hoped that...Well, we might one day...”

“I’d like to tell you why I’m asking this of you, Peter, and I might be able to in the future, but if I say it’s absolutely vital that you have sex with me...”

“I can’t imagine why it’s so important to you, Ushas, but of course, it would be easy for me...I mean...I’d want to...if...”

“I’m begging you, Peter.”

“Ushas, you don’t have to beg. You would never have to beg any man. I’ll come with you to your room.”

We went together to my room, and rather shyly took off our clothes. Peter looked at me appreciatively and said, "You are lovely, Ushas."

When we got on to the bed he started to kiss me and fondled my breasts, but I wanted him to penetrate me quickly. I needed to break the curse in that instant.

"Please, Peter, just come straight into me. Take me quickly."

He penetrated me and I lay there, submissive, waiting to receive his seed.

He shot into me, and as he did this, I heard a hissing sound, "Sssss," that faded away into the distance. I am sure Peter did not hear it.

After waiting about a minute I said, "Thank you, Peter. I hope one day I shall be able to tell you what a wonderful thing you have done for me."

I felt that the poor man would find that hard to understand, having had sex with something resembling a lifeless rag doll.

Realising he was being dismissed he rose from the bed and dressed. I wanted to tell him I was not always so unresponsive and ungiving, but I dared not at that moment. I wanted him to leave me alone to face the night, so I could discover whether the curse was broken.

“I went to him and kissed him on the cheek, thanking him again. He left me, I believe, a very puzzled man.”

I lay awake, the light on, waiting to find out what would happen. Would my malevolent spirit come once more to invade me, or had I broken the curse?

In the early hours of the morning the light began to flicker, then fade. I wanted to scream with terror and frustration. The curse was not broken and only complete insanity or death lay in front of me.

There were no echoing voices this time, only the faint rustling I had heard before. The light came to hover over me, and although I could not move or make a sound, I was not spread-eagled to receive the penetration of my sex organ.

The light continued to hover for some time, and I felt it was looking at me, scrutinizing my body with unseen eyes. Then, with the hissing sound I had heard before, it seemed to

dissolve, the electric light came on and I was freed from restraint.

Weak from fatigue, I slept.

Next morning I joined Peter in the foyer and we were off to the Manor. We started plodding our way through the remaining inventory items. We had hoped to finish by lunchtime, but there were still a few more items to check.

Peter suggested we went to the Orb and Sceptre to eat, and I agreed.

During the lunch the landlord came and spoke to us.

“Still baint seen the mad footman, then?”

“No.”

T’was a vile deed and terrible curse, so t’was. How’d in go now, ah...”

I quoted it for him.

“May all Carstairs women be defiled as my sister has been defiled, until the day a Carstairs women surrenders her body to a footman.”

“Ah yes, but that baint all the curse.”

“You mean there was more?”

Oh, yes. Now ‘ow did it go? “May all Carstairs women be defiled as my sister has been defiled, until the day a Carstairs women surrenders her body to a footman, and remains his bondwoman until death parts them.”

Having enjoyed his gruesome moment, he bade us good cheer and departed.

Peter was staring at me over the table, his eyes narrowed.

“So that was it? ‘Surrenders her body to a footman’. Footman Gresham. You have experienced the mad footman, then?

I nodded miserably.

“I hoped it worked for you.”

There was hurt in his voice, and I understood why. I had used him in the most intimate physical relationship possible

between a man and women, a relationship that had deep meaning for him.

Gently I said to him, "It worked in part, Peter, and I wondered why it did not work completely. Now I know."

"Why did it not work completely?"

"You heard the rest of the curse – the bit I didn't know. 'And remain his bondwoman until death parts them'."

"Yes."

I went on speaking very quietly. "I know you're hurt, Peter, because you think I only used you to break the curse. We did something that is important...sacred to you...and I feel that way myself...I'm not a...a slut. I don't give myself easily, but if it's any comfort to you, I have thought, 'If only he could love me'. We've only known each other a few days, but if, somehow, we could have gone on meeting, talking and learning about each other, I could have...I would have..."

"Made love with me?"

“Yes. If you could have forgiven me...and been patient with me...and I’m not really the...unresponsive woman you were with last night. I was under a terrible strain and I saw you as my saviour. If one day I can tell you what I’ve been through, and you wanted to hear...just a little time...”

His hand was resting on the table, and I reached across to touch it with mine. He took it and held it.

“Whatever time you need, Ushas.”

We sat, holding each other’s hand, looking into each other’s eyes.

The landlord, Fred, came past, stopped for a moment looking at us, and said, “Ee make a right ‘andsome couple,” and laughing, moved on.

“His bondwoman until death parts them,” I quoted.

Peter gently squeezed my hand. “Until death.”

We shook ourselves out of our tender trance, rose, and headed back to the Manor.

There was little left to do, and with only a few items left to be checked Peter said, "There's something I want to look at, Ushas. You just check the last items and I'll be back shortly."

He went off and I continued working. In a few minutes, he was back wearing a puzzled look.

"Ushas, that footman's uniform we saw the other day in the servants room, did you move it?"

"No, why?"

"It's not there. I looked in the other rooms in case I was mistaken about which room, but it's gone, vanished. Unless someone broke in and stole it, but..."

"It doesn't really matter, darling" (The 'darling' slipped out without my thinking about it). "Perhaps we only imagined we saw it." I laughed, but I had a strong suspicion I knew what had happened to it.

"Well, it's your property my love. (Did that slip out unnoticed too?) "But I know we saw it. I was going to take it to the cleaners in Colford to see if it could be cleaned and repaired. Very odd."

We finished the last of the items; I signed the documents, and breathed a sigh of relief.

“Thank God that’s over,” I said. “What about dinner in Colford tonight?”

“Thought you’d never ask,” he grinned. “You can pay for the lot this time, after all, even if the market value is down on this sort of property, you’re going to be a well off woman when it is sold.”

He suddenly looked gloomy and I understood why. He was not the sort to “take advantage” of a woman with money. I decided to settle that aspect right away.”

“Yes, I suppose I shall be fairly rich. Of course, money is at its best when it’s shared with someone. You know, someone you love.”

I put my arms round him and kissed him, making sure the kiss communicated my feelings of warmth for him. Pressed against him, I could feel his penis starting to harden and I was starting to get wet between the legs.

If he had made the suggestion, I think I would have let him take me there and then, perhaps using the bedroom I had

occupied but, “No,” I thought. “Wait Ushas, wait until you can make it really beautiful for him.”

“Come on Peter, I said briskly, your bondwoman is hungry, and she has yet to bathe herself so she may be a delight in the eyes of her lord.”

Laughing we left the mouldering pile, hand in hand, and on the drive to Colford I sat with my head on his shoulder.

It was some week later, and in the intervening period, I had received no more nightly visitations. I had gone back to my flat in the city, and settled down to finishing my novel. I went down to Colford at weekends, stopping at the Ploughman, while Peter and I went through the “getting to know you” phase of our growing relationship.

For those of prurient disposition, I can say that we had engaged in no further sexual intercourse.

It had been decided that most of the removable items in the Manor would go up for auction. I did not wish to attend the auction, but I did have to see Mr.Roberts prior to that event.

Mr.Roberts had become aware that there was what he called, "An understanding" between Peter and I, so on my arrival he called in Peter to his office.

After some brief discussion about the auction, and the setting of reserve prices on some of the more valuable items, Mr.Roberts went to a cupboard and drew out a large cardboard box.

"When the men were bringing up the items in the cellar," he said, "They came across an old trunk we seem to have overlooked - I have added it to the inventory of course. In the trunk they found this."

He took off the lid of the box, and there lay a mouldering old uniform - a footman's uniform. It must have been very ancient. It was in fact a decayed duplicate of the uniform we had seen in the servant's room.

I glanced at Peter, and he gave a bewildered shrug of his shoulders.

I went to pick the uniform up out of the box, and Mr.Roberts said quickly, "Careful, it's very decayed and could fall apart easily."

Very delicately, I turned the uniform over to display the back. There was no slit and no bloodstain.

“Interesting,” I commented, trying to sound casual. “Not worth keeping, is it?”

“A museum might be able to do something with it,” Mr.Roberts said doubtfully.

“Let me have it, Mr.Roberts. I might have a use for it.”

“Can’t imagine what, Miss Carstairs-Browne, but it is yours.”

He put the lid on the box and handed it to me.

When we left the office, I asked Peter, “Can you get away for a couple of hours?”

“Yes, why?”

“I want to go out to the Manor. There’s something I have to do. There are some tools in the garage, aren’t there?”

“Yes. Why, what are you going to do?”

“Wait and see.”

We drove out to the Manor, and to my surprise, it seemed to have taken on a more friendly aspect.

I got Peter to collect a spade, pick axe, hammer and chisel and a crowbar.

We went down to the cellars and searching around I found a likely spot.

“Darling, lever those bricks up, will you?”

“If you say so.”

He took up a couple of dozen bricks to reveal bare earth beneath.

“Dig a hole, darling.”

He dug, and when he had got down to box size, I put the box with the uniform into the hole.

“Cover it up, Peter.”

When he had done so, and replaced the bricks, I stood for a moment in silent prayer. I asked that the souls of that long ago murdered footman and his sister now be allowed to rest in peace.

When I had finished my little prayer, I asked Peter, “Will you marry me?”

“You bet I bloody will, was Peter’s response.”

“You see,” I whispered to the place where we had buried the box, “His bondwoman until death parts us.”

There was a faint hiss in the air.

“What was that noise?” asked Peter.

“You heard it too?”

“Yes, what was it?”

“Just someone acknowledging your bondwoman’s surrender.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I’ll tell you one day, my darling.”

Yes, for those that want to know, that night Peter and I began our lovemaking in earnest.

The Manor was sold, not as I had predicted, to an American or oil rich Arab, but to a company that runs unusual tourist hotels.

The auction didn’t take place because before it could happen the people buying the Manor made an offer for the lot. They wanted, as they said, “The authentic gear.”

I made a lot of money out of the deal, but I believe the “Carstairs Manor Hotel” is making a packet by spreading the story about the mad footman.

They even have people who don’t really know anything about the place or the footman story, taking groups of guests over the place, telling them anything they can make up. I

sometimes wish the ghost still walked (or hovered), and frightened the life out of those tour guides.

Peter and I decided to have our wedding ceremony in the Carstairs le Moor church.

One evening we had been chatting with the Rector about the arrangements in the vestry, and when we had finished, I took a wander round the church. As I did, I came across one of those tombs one finds in old churches. The inscription read, "Sir Lucas Carstairs. Died 17th of December in the year of Our Lord 1810." Nothing more.

There was an effigy of Sir Lucas on top of the tomb; his hands folded in an attitude of prayer.

The Rector was standing behind me and he said, "It's an odd thing, but just take a look at the eyes."

I looked and saw stains running from the eyes of the effigy and down his cheeks.

"It's strange," the Rector continued, "those stains only appeared a few months ago. It's almost as if he's weeping."

“Repenting his sins,” I murmured.

“I beg your pardon?” said the Rector.

“Oh, nothing,” I replied.

“I suppose we should clean the stains off.”

“Perhaps he wants them to remain.”

“Hmm, perhaps so.”

When Peter and I married, I was around two months pregnant. Mr.Roberts gave me away, and Fred was best man.

As the rector pronounced the final blessing, I could have sworn I heard a faint rustling in the air.

Our first baby was a girl, and we found the name of another Hindu goddess for her, Uma goddess of light. She was almost born on the first day of the twenty-first century, but delayed her entrance by one day.

I am now pregnant with our second child. We hope it might be a boy. I wonder what name of a Hindu god we can find for him?

Thinking of pregnancies, I have sometimes wondered about those three Carstairs women who claimed to have been made pregnant by a ghost. Remembering my own experiences with the ghost and the absence of any sperm in my vagina after the penetration...? "I was right, they had been naughty girls." I chuckled.

Did I hear an echoing chuckle?

The Beach House

When Frank died, I made one of those over-hasty decisions that people often make when in a state of bereavement.

If I might offer a piece of advice, wait until at least a year after the death of a loved one before you make any drastic moves.

Frank and I had always planned to sell our suburban house and move permanently into our beach house when he retired. Six months after his death I did just that – sold the suburban house and went to live in the beach house. It was a mistake.

In leaving the suburbs, I also left old friends and relatives. Of course, we said those things that people do say as they part – "We shall see each other." "I'll be coming up to town quite often." "We'll keep in touch," and things like that. But when you are three hundred and fifty kilometres apart, it is not as easy as you think its going to be.

Frank was sixty when he died and I was fifty-four. I was, and am, in excellent health, and went for a run and swim everyday. That side of living in the beach house is fine, but it is people you miss.

The house is on the edge of a very small community and isolated behind a swathe of bushland. There is a track leading from the house to the road about two hundred metres away, and another track that goes down to the beach about one hundred and fifty metres long.

There are only a few local people living permanently in the area, the rest coming and going at holiday times to their "beach shacks." The "Locals" are mainly line or lobster fishermen, and outside the community are some scattered wheat farmers and sheep pastoralists. The people are friendly enough, but I did long for my old friends and relatives.

I suppose I could have returned to the city suburbs, but having made the "Big move," I was disinclined to make another. I suppose I was too lethargic, too apathetic after Frank's death to once more pull up stakes and move.

Right up until a year before he died, Frank had been one of those men full of energy. Perhaps "ebullient" best describes him. We were very libidinous and therefore an extremely sexually active couple. I must confess that both of us had affairs during our marriage, but somehow always came back to each other.

During the year of his illness Frank's potency diminished and ceased. I think it is sad how often this happens in a woman's life. Just at the time she no longer has to be concerned about an unwanted pregnancy, and the annoying use of contraception is no longer necessary, her man goes cold for one reason or the other. Small wonder well off older women buy themselves a young gigolo.

Another response to the deprivation is to shut up the sexual shop, go into granny mode, and purse the lips and look severe at the mere mention of sex. I suppose it is a sort of defence mechanism. If "Their man" does not want them, then nobody else will, they think, so they will not take the risk of rejection.

Do think again, ladies.

I mentioned "granny mode," and this is really the beginning of my tale. I was about to enter granny mode myself. I had in fact been a granny for around eighteen years, but I don't think I had entered the "mode."

The beach house, is in fact two houses. In the early days of our marriage, we built to accommodate three or four people. As time went on, and children arrived (two), then grandchildren (five), and throw in visiting friends for good measure, we found the house too small. As result, we

doubled its size. The two halves were joined together by a communicating door, but for all essential purposes, the two parts were completely self-contained.

My daughter, Jean, had been in the habit of spending a fortnight at the house every year during the summer, bringing her twin boys, Travers and Ward. This year I had got a message from Jean to the effect that she couldn't get away because of work commitments, but would I mind if the boys came for a couple of weeks?

I happily agreed to this, especially knowing that it would probably be the last time I would have both the boys together. They had just finished school and were going on to university. In the coming years they would probably be off leading their lives apart from the family, that is, until they started bringing the great grandchildren to the house.

On the appointed day, Jean drove the boys to the house and stayed overnight. During her brief stay, she shared one of her concerns with me. Jean and her husband lived in one of the provincial towns in the north of the state, and the boys had to go to the city to attend university. Her worry was their accommodation and whether they would look after themselves properly. Having no useful suggestions to make, I muttered a few comforting platitudes, and the matter was left at that.

After Jean left, I began to discover what it is like to have two healthy, hearty young men living in the house. They both seemed to take after their grandfather and his exuberant ways. The place seemed to be in a constant ferment of coming and going. Swimming, surfing, running along the beach and getting out Frank's boat and tractor, hauling the boat down to the beach and shoving it into the water, and off fishing. I might add eating, which they did in gargantuan doses.

They raced about the house naked – they had done this since they were little boys, but I must say, they were far more intriguing now. As they came out of their showers in the morning, with those shower relaxation induced erections, I thought to myself, "Hmm. As good as, if not better, than Frank's."

I loved this bustle and noise. It crashed through the monotony of living alone, and brought me to life. I sometimes ran and swam with them. On occasions I joined them in the boat and went fishing.

Travers and Ward are more or less identical twins. Like their mother, I can tell them apart, but strangers find it very difficult. The only really distinguishing mark is that Travers has a small mole on his right shoulder, which Ward has not. Needless to say, the boys got up to many tricks, swapping identities to confuse people. They were very close to each

other, and shared a great deal, including, if Jean was right, a girl who was happily willing to accommodate them both. Perhaps she did not know they were two different men!

And so the house was full of noise and thunder, singing and whistling, music and slamming doors, and cries of "Nic, is there anything to eat?" I should point out that they had always called me "Nic." They had picked it up from their grandfather, who used it as an abbreviation of my name, Nicole.

Now it will not take much imagination on your part, to realise that, having not had a man around me for a very long time, and certainly no vibrant and clearly libidinous young men, it was more than the dull routine of the house that was being disturbed.

Whilst I thought it ridiculous for a woman of my age to daydream, and even nightdream, about young men, especially my own grandsons, doing loving and sensuous things with me, never the less, I did so dream.

Comforting myself with the words of the old song, "You can't get in jail for what you're thinking," I let my flight of fancy ramble on. It is nice to contemplate the possibilities, even when they are impossible. I think I was rather like the gambler who is always waiting for "The Big Win." It might

happen, but the chances are remote. Anyway, it was not costing me anything except a little clitoral excitation.

At least, that is how it was until the fifth day of the boy's visit. In the early afternoon, I was stretched out on the big couch. This piece of furniture had often been used as a bed, and those who had slept on it declared it was more comfortable than any bed they had ever slept in.

I had developed the habit of reading for about half an hour after lunch, and on this very hot day I had put on a very simple loose garment, rather like a very flimsy nightdress extending down to mid thigh. The boys had gone out in the boat fishing, so I did not need to maintain grandmotherly respectability.

I was just lost in a passage in the book that described how the hero was reaching for "her full swelling breasts," when the door burst open and Travers erupted into the room. The dress had ridden up to just below pubic level, so I hastily tried to tug it down, and said, "I thought you had gone out in the boat."

"Damn thing wouldn't started," responded, Travers, "Ward is trying to fix in now. Is there anything to eat, Nic?" He plumped himself beside me on the edge of the couch.

I saw his eyes look appreciatively over my legs (always a great favourite with Frank), and move on to take in my breasts, which the low cut of my garment did little to hide.

Whilst neither of the boys had ever seen me naked, at least as far as I knew, over the years there had been plenty of chances for them to observe me semi-undressed when I went swimming, or wandered round the house in shorts. So why the interest by Travers now?

My own eyes gave the answer. He was wearing only tight shorts, and I could see he had an erection in full flight with a little patch of precum staining the cloth. He had one of those random erections which young men get when their sperm count has reached the overflow pipe. He needed a woman or to masturbate. I did not flatter myself it was me he was being disturbed by. He could have used any woman within reason.

No word passed between us and his hand came to rest on my lower leg. That was often Frank's opening sexual gambit, and I responded by reflex action and laid my hand on Traver's penis. He gave a little groan and leaning forward, kissed me. I responded, sucking his lips and then thrusting my tongue into him. In an instant, we were almost eating each other.

His hand moved to pull up the bottom of my dress to reveal my sexual organ and his fingers plunged into me. I managed to undo his shorts and he worked them off. Still without a word being said, he came over on top of me and entered.

Travers' need was urgent, and I felt his approaching orgasm and moved to chime in with its rhythm. As I did so I was dimly aware that the door had been opened again, and Ward started to say, "I've got the..." and stopped.

Travers did not miss a beat. He unburdened himself into me with great gouts of sperm crashing against the end of my vagina. He started to wind down, and as he did so, he spotted Ward. He removed his penis from me and stood. Ward came over and looked down at me.

The activity between Travers and I had him thoroughly aroused. I could see his erection throbbing. I looked up at him and said quite simply, "Yes." He ripped off his shorts, came down between my legs, and almost as soon as he entered me, he let loose with a mighty ejaculation.

I had never had two men in quick succession before, and I was elated, but certainly not satisfied. It had all been too quick for me to have an orgasm. Ward had removed himself from me, and now stood with Travers, looking down at me, no doubt wondering what happened next.

I looked up at them and said, "You boys have got me into a hell of a state. I think you'd better do something about it." They looked at each other, and in silent agreement they very tenderly picked me up and took me to my bedroom and the double bed.

They removed my garment and Ward began to kiss me while Travers sucked my nipples. Their potency was such, that they had already recovered their erections, and I certainly needed no stimulating. Travers came in first and lasted about five minutes. Ward following him finally brought me to the point. As he was about to come I dug my nails into the poor boy and screamed and screamed.

As we lay on the bed after side by side, I began to laugh I was so happy. The sperm from four ejaculations into me was running out of me onto the bed. I was still somewhere up in the clouds and ready to go again. The boys, however, needed a little recovery time. I recalled that originally Travers had asked for something to eat, so laughing again, I said, "I'd better get you boys some food."

In the following days there was no discussion about what had happened, but I was pursued from morning until night, and well into the night. They could not leave me alone. Fishing diminished. They took me in bed, on the couch, over

the kitchen table, in the shower and in the sea. I was not even safe on the beach, I am happy to say.

I experienced the joys of simultaneous vaginal and anal sex, vaginal and oral sex, anal and oral sex and any other combinations you can think of. Covers and bed sheets had to be constantly changed and washed, as they became soaked with their sperm and my fluids.

I was bewildered with sexual stimulation, and loving it. I was determined to get every last drop I could out of these boys, and none of it seemed any effort for them.

The only worry was, what, after all this activity, did I do when they had gone?

Light dawned for me. Jean had expressed her concern for the boys when they left home to go to university. "Who would look after them." Who better than "dear old granny?" Frank had left me well provided for, and I still had the money from the sale of our suburban house. So, why not go back to the big city with the boys and reunion with old friends?

The question was how would the boys feel about granny living with them? I asked them, and after very little discussion, the answer was, "You can live with us any time, Nic."

I live with them.

Have you noticed how very active life can become in your fifties, ladies?

The Bend in the Road

Prologue

He was not concentrating properly. As he rode his motor bike down the wet winding road from the hills to the city plain, he took a sharp bend wider than he anticipated. The front wheel hit the slippery white line in the middle of the road; the bike slithered, went out of control and hurtled towards the steep drop at the side of the road. Patrick went over with the machine. They bounced down the slope and crashed against a rock at the bottom. A flash of light went through his brain, and then oblivion came.

The Lovers

Patrick had been wild throughout his teenage years. He had been an endless worry to his parents, and more than once

had come to the attention of the police. He had made a complete hash of his school life and it ended by his being expelled.

He was a good-looking boy, abounding in energy, most of which was wasted in living as riotously as he could. Girls were drawn to him because of his daring and defiant ways. There had been a number of sexual relationships, all of which Patrick engaged in with the same casual attitude he took to the rest of his life.

Then when he was twenty-two, Patrick met Sally.

He had applied for a job with a steel fabrication company. He had little chance of getting the job because he lacked reasonable educational qualifications, and the few casual jobs he had managed to get had not trained him for the position he was applying for.

He had approached the reception desk with the sort of bravado often used by swaggering youth, to try and demonstrate that he did not care one way or the other. There at the desk was Sally.

Companies that have some semblance of intelligence know that their front desk receptionist is vital to them. She – it is usually a she – is often the first contact with a potential

customer. Sales and contracts can be won and lost according to how they are met initially. The "Steel and Engineering Company" for which Sally worked, knew they had a star.

Sally was twenty when Patrick first set eyes on her. And let me be frank, she was not fantastically beautiful, although not plain either. I shall at this time skip the usual statistical details, and simply say, that when Sally smiled, she seemed to light up everything around her. The recipients of her smile, no matter what their mood, whether fair or ill, suddenly felt that the world was a better place than it had been a minute ago.

One other feature I should like to point out to you, are Sally's eyes. They are hazel with long eyelids, but it is their intelligence and compassion that I should like you to bear in mind.

Patrick's usual survey of a female was centered on whether "She did, or didn't, " and whether he fancied her or not and whether he was, as he put it, "In with a chance."

Swaggering up to her desk, Patrick suddenly found his world turning upside down. She looked at him and he was transfixed. She smiled at him, and he was lost. She said "Hello," in her soft contralto voice, and he was struck dumb.

I have said that Sally was not particularly beautiful, by which I meant, not in the TV soapy and mush magazine sense. But let me be very clear, in that moment of first meeting, for Patrick, she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. He could not see her legs under the desk, nor did he look at her breasts, which were usually his first port of visual call on meeting a new girl. He was simply...well, need I go on?

Because this tall good looking young man was apparently struck dumb, Sally asked, "Can I help you?" Patrick started to stammer out, "I...I've come..." It was Sally to the rescue again. "Are you the young man Mr.Walters is expecting?" Patrick managed to get out, "Er...yes." "He's expecting you, I'll just let him know you've arrived," said Sally. She picked up the telephone, pressed in a number, and spoke. Meantime Patrick remained in his semi-paralysed state.

Patrick was escorted to the office of Mr.Walters and invited to sit down.

Now a very odd thing happened in the interview that arose out of two factors. First, Mr.Walters is intelligent and perceptive. Second, Patrick's meeting with Sally had brought about something of a personality change in him. For once, the bluster and swagger had disappeared, and something like the real Patrick had emerged, even if only in embryonic form.

Patrick, while still in swagger mode some days before, had applied for a job well above his existing abilities. Mr. Walters was quick to perceive this and in his mind ruled Patrick out as a viable candidate. On the other hand, he saw something in the young man that had apparently escaped his parents, teachers and the police. Lord only knows what it was he saw, but whatever it was, it led him to make Patrick an offer.

"Look," he said, "I can't possibly offer you the job you've applied for, it's well beyond your training and experience. But there is something I can suggest and if you care to take it up, I think I can promise that you could move on in the company. Do you want to hear my suggestion?" Patrick nodded enthusiastically. Meeting Sally, and now being treated as if somewhere inside him was a worthwhile human being, was both daunting and inspiring.

What Mr. Walters had to offer was that Patrick start work in the steel bays. This was a hard labouring job, "But," Mr. Walters went on, "If you care to take an interest, keep your eyes and ears open, then as other positions come up I shall keep you in mind."

Patrick at that point asked his first bold question of the interview. "You really mean that? You will keep me in mind?" Mr. Walters looked into Patrick's eyes, and said, "Yes."

Getting a little ahead of myself in the story, I wish to point out that Mr.Walters' "Yes," always meant, "Yes." His "No," always meant, "No." Strange, is it not?

And so Patrick exited from Mr.Walters' office with a job, in consequence of which he was walking on air. On the other hand, he was also partially paralysed from his meeting with Sally. A very complex emotional condition, wouldn't you say?

So on the following Monday Patrick made his start in the steel bays. It was hard, and at times dangerous work, but for Patrick it became a challenge. Some time he had to make good or go under, and this time he was going to make good if he died in the attempt.

As he got to know some of his fellow workers, and hoping he sounded as if he was making a casual enquiry, he asked "What's that girl's name who works in reception?" The men laughed, and one of them, in elegant manner, said, "Don't get your hopes up there. A lot around her have tried to get their hands up her skirt, and got nowhere."

Patrick was not unused to this sort of assessment of girls, but when used in relation to Sally, it was different. He could have hit the speaker, but refrained because he now had a larger target in view; his future in the job.

It was strange, but in all his behaviour, both at work and outside work, Patrick began to measure his words and deeds by Sally. Put simply, almost unbidden there arose in his mind the thought, "What would Sally think?"

Patrick's parents began to notice a change in him. His old aggressive swagger was replaced by an easy self-confidence, and he was even known to be considerate of other's needs and feelings. At first they thought he might be sickening for something, but finally decided it was because he had managed to hold a job for longer than a fortnight. The Sally factor was still hidden from them.

The "Sally factor" was, of course, founded on the one and only meeting with her. Working in the factory he rarely saw any of the office staff, and he had not set eyes on Sally since he began the job. She continued to exist for him as an unattainable being, a sort of angelic wonder.

One day, things changed just a little. The factory supervisor told Patrick Mr. Walters would like to see him, and he was to go to the office straightaway. Patrick made his way to the office and approached the reception desk. His heart was thumping as if it would break out of his chest. As he reached the desk, his heart ceased its agitation and fell. It was not Sally sitting there, but another girl.

Patrick blurted out, "Has the other girl left?" "No, she's having lunch," responded Sally' substitute.

Patrick lived again.

The substance of the interview with Mr.Walters was that the factory supervisor had been sending in good reports about Patrick's work and attitude, and a vacancy had come up in the machine section. If Patrick would like the position, training would be provided. Patrick leapt at it.

Once more, he exited Mr.Walters' office on air. This was really his lucky day. As he walked down the corridor there came towards him, Sally. She stopped in front of him, smiled and devastated him with her eyes. "Hello, how are you getting on?" she asked. "J...j...just g...got a sort of promotion," he stammered out. "What?" asked Sally. "I'm moving from the steel bays to the machine section," replied Patrick, now sufficiently recovered to be fully coherent. "Good Lord," said Sally, "You've only been here three months. It usually takes about eighteen months for that move. You must be doing well." "Hope so," Patrick responded enthusiastically. "Well good luck," smiled Sally, "I hope I see you soon." She walked on.

With those slightly ambiguous words from Sally, I should now like to turn to her side of the story for a moment.

Like Mr. Walters, Sally was perceptive. On the first meeting with Patrick, she had seen something she liked in the staring, stammering young man. I do not suggest she fell desperately in love with him on sight, but he did keep popping into her mind. She hoped they might run into each other again.

This is the bind some young people find themselves in. Take for example, Patrick. Had Sally been the sort of girl he usually consorted with, he would have known just how to deal with her. Most likely he would have dated her and screwed her in the back of the car the first night. Sally was a very different prospect, and he knew it. Thus, he was in no way equipped to approach her with a view to a closer relationship.

Equally, Sally had no idea how she might to get to know Patrick better. She was not, shall we say, "the brazen type," and in any case had never had to approach any male for a date. Dating offers there had been aplenty, and she was well equipped with reasons for not accepting most of them. The central point is, Sally would like to be asked out by Patrick, but had no idea how this could come about. But the gods were on the side of Patrick and Sally, and they provided the means for the fulfillment of the young people's desires.

Patrick and his younger brother Stephen (a much more stable youth than Patrick had been, and two years younger) were invited to a birthday party. You have guessed it. Sally had been invited as well.

The meeting was to say the least, momentous for the pair. First, they had a legitimate reason for conversation; to wit, "I didn't know you knew Audrey." "How long have you known her?" "Do you know her brother, Ken?" And so on.

Secondly, if Patrick was able to muster his courage, there might just be an opportunity to ask Sally for a date.

Patrick did muster when, at the time of the party breakup, and shaking with anticipation of rejection, he asked Sally to accompany him to see a film later that week. Sally, in her straightforward way, said, "Yes. I would like that."

In romantic movies, this is usually the moment when the strings sweep up with a triumphant melody. I always think it sounds ridiculous, but at Sally's "Yes," a mighty symphony with double orchestra soared on high. Shall we say it was Patrick's "Symphonie Romantique"? It continued its soaring in the coming days.

For Sally the moment was a little less noisy, taking on more the sound of a Chopin nocturne that reverberated across her days and nights.

In trying to describe that first date, we have to take account of a couple of circumstances. Let me begin with Patrick.

When dating girls in the past Patrick's main objective was what happened in the back seat of his car sometime towards the end of the evening. Nine times out of ten he "scored." Most times when he failed it was due to bad timing in the girl's menstrual cycle. Any refusal to perform on other grounds meant no more dating.

In Sally's case, she was accustomed to attempts to get her into the back of the car, and having to make repeated demands that she be taken home. Sturdier means of repelling the forceful youth usually resulted in his having a severe pain in his nether regions and a walk home for Sally.

So you see, Patrick and Sally approached their first dates from opposite ends of the spectrum.

It is difficult for me to give specific details of this date, but even given the above, I must say first, that Patrick very badly wanted to make love with Sally, but had no intention of

doing so. Sally wanted to make love with Patrick, but hoped he would not try.

Given this difficult situation, they both managed very well. Patrick did not even try to hold Sally's hand, and not once did Sally behave in a coquettish manner. They actually found that you could have an interesting conversation between a man and a woman without it ending with sexual union.

Here I would like to point out the dangers of this situation especially where young people are concerned. You see they might start to respect each other, then they might fall in love, and this can be followed by the even more deadly malady of loving each other. This in turn can lead to a lifetime commitment, and is this not a sad outcome? Well, is it or not?

On other occasions, I have found my distinguishing between "Falling in love, "and" Love confuses people By my definition, "Falling in love," refers to that mad time when two people are all in all to each other. When they are so wrapped up and obsessed with each other that for a while they tend to exclude all other relationships.

"Love," or "Loving," is for the longer haul. It is the caring; supporting, companionship and that bond which can include others, especially their children.

So all these dangers stood in the path of Patrick and Sally. Perhaps Sally understood these matters better than Patrick, women often do. If she did, for the time being she kept them locked in her heart, and accepted another invitation from Patrick. Patrick saw her to the door of her parent's house up in the hills, bid her goodnight without even attempting to kiss her, and got into his car with the symphony orchestra going at it hammer and tongs. Sally entered the house accompanied by Chopin.

Date now followed date, but it was not until the fourth date, and what is more, at Sally's urging, Patrick kissed her. As they sat in the car outside Sally's home she said, "I'm not made glass you know, you can touch me. When do I get a goodnight kiss?"

Patrick placed his hand on her cheek and turned her face towards him, and very gently, kissed her on the lips. "About time too, Patrick," said Sally, "Goodnight." She laughed her throaty contralto laugh, and was gone.

After that the "In love" stage had definitely been arrived at. Patrick was lost. Sally was elated. They no longer needed specific reasons to be together, it was sufficient to be together. Then towards the end of their third month came those most sinister of moves in the progress of love, meeting the parents.

Patrick's parents were amazed at their son's audacity in courting such a lovely girl. His brother, Ken, considered whether he could ever capture such a prize. Should they ever marry, which Patrick's mother thought unlikely as Sally was sure to discover how awful Patrick was, Sally would have no problem being accepted into their family.

Sally's parents were a little less enthusiastic. Her father played the old fashioned dad and asked about Patrick's prospects. Their attitude is understandable in that they knew what a prize the man who married Sally would have won. On the other hand, Sally did not see herself as something to be won. She was too straightforward to play those sorts of games.

There came the night, sitting outside Sally's house in the car when Patrick said words he had only ever used before to manipulate some girl into getting her knickers off. He said, unhesitatingly, firmly and with utter conviction, "I love you, Sally."

Sally smiled a secret smile, and said, "Good, because I love you. When do you think we should get married?" Patrick was confounded. He protested, "I'm supposed to ask you, and I was just going to." "I know you were," replied Sally, "So I thought I would save you the trouble." She flung her arms round Patrick's neck and kissed him. She finished by saying,

"By the way, you haven't said 'Yes'." They both burst out laughing.

Now there followed those mad whirlwind things that seem to need doing at the approach of weddings. Parents meeting parents, this and that to book, measurements taken, dresses ordered, clerical gentlemen to be interviewed by, and the myriad other details to be attended to.

One week before the wedding Patrick and Sally had the house to themselves. Sally's parents had gone to see an opera. Patrick, decided that as he would be travelling on his own, he would ask brother Stepehn if he could use his motor bike. Patrick liked an occasional spin on the bike, and he and Ken used each other transport from time to time.

Now it may amaze you to know that no sexual intercourse had taken place between Patrick and Sally. It was not that they did not desire to come together, on the contrary, but, at the risk of sounding corny, it was something to be treasured. The time had to be just right for that fulfillment of their love. They had not even discussed this, it was just something each knew the other understood.

On this night as they sat on the couch in front of the fire Sally, without preamble, said, "Patrick, I think now is the time." Without her having to say more, Patrick understood what

she meant. He said, "Yes." Then he took her in his arms and kissed her long and hungrily, and began to undress her.

Finally, she stood before him naked. There was no giggling modesty; she simply stood proudly before him, wanting him to see her.

Patrick was overwhelmed. He had never seen her naked, and he cried out, "Oh God, you are so lovely." She helped him undress. He touched her very tenderly, running his hands over her breasts as if they were the most precious things in the world, which of course, in that moment for Patrick, they were. He laid her gently on the couch and explored her clitoris with his finger. As he felt her become ready he started to enter her, and felt her wince. "Did I hurt you, my love," he asked. "I'm still a virgin, Patrick," Sally murmured.

Patrick was astounded. They had never talked about this, even though he had confessed his own past. He had just assumed somewhere in the recesses of his mind, that at some time Sally had...but he was to be the first."

He stopped penetrating her and buried his face in her hair. "Oh Sally, I love you so much, I don't want to hurt you." "Go through, darling, please go through quickly, I want you to, but be quick."

Patrick made a sharp thrust into her. Sally gave a cry, and then said, "Oh my love, my darling. I'm so glad you are the first." Patrick was deeply moved, and felt tears pressing against the back of his eyelids. "Sally, my lovely Sally, you'll never know how much I love you," he gasped out. "I do know," said Sally.

Patrick came into her.

Afterwards they lay together for a long time saying nothing, but holding on to each other. About eleven o'clock they dressed. Shortly after Sally's parents returned and Patrick prepared to leave, putting on his motor cycle gear.

At the door, Patrick and Sally held each other in a long embrace. Patrick went to the motor bike and started it. Sally ran over to him for one more kiss, then he moved down the drive and onto the road. It had been raining.

Epilogue

As Patrick rode the bike down the winding road his symphony orchestra soared again, this time with great chords from a mighty concert organ added. He was brimming with that joy that only fulfilled love can inspire when it is known that what has been given will be given again and again. He thanked whatever gods there might be

for the gift they had given him in Sally and shouted out aloud, "I love you, Sally."

He approached the sharp bend in the road.

The Black Kite

Prologue

Joanna sat by the riverbank watching the Black Kite dipping and soaring. "How beautiful it looks," she thought, "yet how cruel."

Birds in the trees along the river sounded their alarm cries and took to flight at the approach of the predator. Small animals, if they spotted the raider, fled for burrows or quivered beneath fallen tree trunks and foliage. The unwary continued their foraging.

Suddenly the kite seemed to stop in mid-flight, hovered for a moment, then plunged down, streaking into some bushes and out of Joanna's line of vision. A moment later the kite rose again, in it's claws a small animal, perhaps a mouse or a lizard, still squirming. It flew up to a high branch on a nearby

gum tree and there gave the coup de grace to the little creature. The kite gave a long, and rather dreary sounding whistle, perhaps of triumph, or to warn off other predatory rivals, and commenced the meal.

As she rose to walk back to her house Joanna saw in the fate of the little animal a parable of her own plight. "The Black Predator tearing at its victim," she thought.

Joanna the Quarry

That is how Joanna saw herself, as a victim. She felt herself to be the prey of her own sexuality. It was like the predatory Black Kite, swooping on her and tearing her to pieces.

In plain physical terms, Joanna always felt her self to be in the grip of unfulfilled sexual desire. As she stated at a later time, "I was always wet and ready for a man." Her carnal hunger tormented her and was felt almost as pain.

Behind this constant desire for sex was the deeper need for love and security. At thirty-six years of age Joanna could look back on a life laced with sadness. Her mother died before she was one year old leaving Joanna's grandmother to bring her up.

Her father at the time of the death was away in the army. By the time he returned Joanna had bonded with her grandmother, and it was decided she would stay with her. Later her father married again, and Joanna, feeling she was something of a Cinderella, came to call the cold and uncommunicative woman, "wicked stepmother."

The atmosphere in which she grew up was very narrow and religious. She was controlled in her behaviour by a number of pieces of blackmail, one such being "If you don't behave you'll get sent to live with your father." To live with father meant also living with "wicked stepmother", and this was a fearful threat for little Joanna.

As she entered puberty, her grandmother's threat became, "If you have sex before you're married I shall have a heart attack and die." Another blow to Joanna's need for a sense of security.

The Church they attended reinforced these threats. Here the love of God gave place to emphasis on sin and punishment. Joanna, along with most of the membership, was made to feel that if they did something that they enjoyed, they must have been sinning. The received doctrine was, that every pleasure must be paid for, usually through some unpleasant consequences.

Joanna's life revolved around the Church. Apart from attendance at Sunday services morning and evening, there was Sunday School on Sunday afternoons. During the week there was a whole series of church activities like netball, tennis and various church clubs to be attended. She would even have gone to a church school if her grandparents or father had been able to pay the exorbitant fees. As it was, they had to settle for the State School, but they kept a wary eye on whom she associated with.

At seventeen Joanna fell in love with one of the young men in the Church. His name was Don, and he was tall, good-looking, and obviously attracted to Joanna. As she put it, "I only had eyes for Don."

Like Joanna, Don came from a strict religious home, which if anything was narrower than hers was. Their relationship, once discovered by his parents, was strictly controlled. Almost never were they alone together. If they were inside the house they were not left in a room alone unless the door was wide open. If they went out, they had to be accompanied, usually by Don's younger sister. How they were able to discuss getting married is a mystery, but they managed it somehow.

With marriage in view a further parental regime was dumped on them. Joanna was working in a secretarial capacity and Don on his way to becoming an accountant.

They must save money to buy a house. They must save money to buy furniture and household appliances. They must save money for when the children arrived and for their old age. They must save money just to save money. So went the parental creed.

They were engaged for six years, then one day as Joanna came into the kitchen for breakfast, she fainted. Her grandmother took her to be examined by a doctor. Being reasonably astute, he was able to diagnose at least some of Joanna's problem. She had been kept waiting for her marriage far too long. What he did not say was that on top of all the other anxieties that had been loaded on to her by church and family, Joanna was extremely frustrated sexually.

At twenty-six Joanna married her hero. Having had no premarital sexual experience, she was not sure what to expect. She had some idea gleaned from surreptitious reading of forbidden literature, that there should be a wonderful climacteric moment. Don was equally ignorant of how to conduct operations, also having had no sexual experience, and having done even less covert reading than Joanna had.

The result was a rather messy, painful splitting of Joanna's hymen, leaving her feeling sore, and both of them depressed. During the following weeks and months things sexual did improve but again, in Joanna's own words, "Not much." At

the time she concluded this was how things were for everyone, and it was only years later and after she had experienced some truly passionate lovemaking, that she realised how poorly Don had served her sexually.

A major marital crisis erupted when Joanna, coming home unexpectedly early from a church meeting, found Don watching television clad in one of her night gowns. For some time she seemed to keep losing items of nightwear and underwear. Now she discovered why.

Brought up as she had been Joanna was horrified to discover her husband was a cross-dresser. Things got even worse when Don, even in his incompetent manner, found he could not perform sexually at all unless he was dressed in women's underclothes. This repelled Joanna and such sex life as they had began to move towards zero point. Don's plea now was for Joanna to masturbate him, which she did, but he did nothing for her. As she later said, "God knows what he fantasised while I tossed him off, but it wasn't me."

Further woes were piled on to the marriage. When Joanna was thirty-four her grandfather died, followed a few months later by the death of her grandmother. Even after she was married her grandmother had managed to oversee Joanna's life. Not long before her death she said to Joanna, "I'm worried about who is going to look after you when I'm dead."

Her death might have brought Joanna freedom from oppressive oversight, but because this oversight had kept Joanna dependent on her grandmother as her only source of security, it left a raw wound.

In her bereavement she sought comfort from her husband, and got none. Don was, as a lot of men are, unable to face sickness and death. Any attempt by Joanna to gain consolation from Don was repelled, often abusively, as he tried to block out the thoughts of death.

Very soon after these two deaths, Don's mother died and two years later his father. The tyrant had continued to exert his influence over Don's life, but his miserly ways meant that he left Don a considerable amount of money. With the money, and now no longer having the parental eye on him, Don, unlike Joanna, celebrated his freedom.

One of his first acts was to drag Joanna into a women's clothing shop, instructing her to buy underwear, supposedly for her, but really for him. He insisted that she buy sizes that fitted her which, as she later said, "Made him look even more ridiculous, as everything was many sizes too small for him."

Another sign of Don's freedom was his taking to drinking alcohol. In both their families this was a forbidden and sinful

substance. Don's first experience with the "demon drink," took place at an office Christmas party. He arrived home a little tipsy much to the amusement of Joanna. In the coming years she ceased being amused as Don's drinking increased. Every evening and weekend he was, and is, drunk, and even he has faced the fact that he is an alcoholic.

Somehow in the early years of their marriage they had produced two children. Joanna, who had more and more grounds for getting out of the relationship, hung in for the sake of the children and, as she believed, because Don might suicide if she left.

In all this time Joanna's Black Kite, her predatory sexuality, still hovered over her. She was still always badly in need of sexual love. She tried to meet her needs with a vibrator, but it made her cry because, as she said, "I need the real flesh and blood thing." So her sexual needs, instead of finding their outcome in a joyful sex life, became a hunter that preyed upon her.

This was her situation as she rose from the riverbank and made her way home.

Breakout

The first sliver of light penetrated her sexual darkness some six months after the death of Joanna's grandmother. She was still nursing the emotional wound the death had inflicted on her, even to the point of making her physically unwell. She had vague pains in her stomach and would suddenly burst into tears unexpectedly, and surprisingly, her sexual drive had got even more urgent.

One day she had a male visitor from the church. He said he had "just dropped in to see how she was." Joanna was not reticent in giving voice to her troubles, and as they sat side by side on the sofa she gave forth with her miseries. This led to weeping and that in turn led to his arm about her. She took one of his hands, and somehow it got placed against her breasts!

The gentleman concerned was in fact a predator in his own right, much given to comforting distressed and attractive women. Joanna was, despite her many woes, still very attractive in a wan, "please comfort and protect me," sort of way.

The gentleman, (I shall we call him "The Hawk") struck. At considerable speed Joanna had her pants removed, her legs parted, and she was given The Hawk's delightful version of the coup de grace, his penis in her vagina. There was little by way of foreplay, it was straight to the objective. The Hawk

delivered his load of sperm into Joanna without her having any orgasm.

She had never had an orgasm and was of the opinion that she was the sort that never would. Never the less, this was a sexual intercourse the like of which she had never experienced before. The exercise was carried out with vigour and joy, unlike the dreary and apparently burdensome efforts of Don in the days when sex still happened between them.

The Hawk, having disposed of his immediate carnal needs, elected to depart. Thereafter he visited a few more times, but as he had a number of unhappy and lonely housewives to attend to, and since his occupation allowed him to "go out to see a client," he was kept rather busy. In any case, being a married man, he did not want to be seen visiting one place too often, and like the real Hawk, once he had devoured the prey, he was more intent on finding the next meal than lingering over the one just eaten.

Joanna was not particularly worried by The Hawk's negligence. She was happy to have learned that sex could be so much more than she had previously experienced. In addition, seeing that The Hawk had succumbed so easily, she concluded that there must be other males who would interested.

She was right. After her first experience with The Hawk a number of men came and went in her life. She found no difficulty in attracting them, but it was not easy to arrange times when they could get together for sex. First, they were all married men and at the time Joanna was most available, they were at work. Secondly, she did not want Don or her children to know about her extra marital activities. Thus there were constraints on the frequency and regularity of her sexual intercourse.

A New Dimension

A further change in Joanna's sexual circumstances came about in an unexpected manner and from a surprising source.

Joanna was having a lot of fun with her lovers but her relationship with them had done little to ease her feelings of bereavement, and she was still the victim of the Black Kite, in other words, she was always ready. Her sexual activity had not produced an orgasm, and she went on believing that she was one of those women who would never have one.

The situation was such that most of her partners were hurried in their use of her, and tended to leave fairly soon after they had ejaculated. Still relatively naïve in matters sexual, Joanna did not appreciate that her need was for a real

lover, one who would take time with her and care as much about her gratification as his own.

The chance for Joanna to meet her barely understood needs came about with the arrival of a new minister at the church. He was some ten years older than Joanna who was thirty-seven at that time. Chatting with Joanna he quickly perceived that she was a troubled woman and soon paid a visit to her home.

Joanna had now reached a point where she used her troubles as a sort of bait to hook men. She got their sympathy first and their penis second. It had become a sort of reflex action whenever she found herself alone with a man. She went into action with the new minister (I shall call him Andrew). He did not rise to the bait, but simply listened to her problems.

Andrew said he would call again, but before this happened Joanna called on him.

Andrew's house was only about two minutes walk away from Joanna's, and she arrived on his doorstep at around 10 a.m. one Monday morning. Ever since his visit to her she had been sexually fantasising about him, and despite his resistance to her charms during that visit, she was not going to give up without making at least one more effort.

What she did not know at the time, but learned later, was that Andrew's wife had ceased to be sexually active with him for the past five years. They slept in separate bedrooms and she went out to work each weekday.

On being invited in by Andrew, Joanna was escorted to the study. Once more Andrew settled to listen to her story, but this time drawing her out with occasional questions which led to Joanna telling of her life with Don, and the somewhat promiscuous sex life she was now leading.

Joanna had dressed carefully for this visit. It was in the days when skirts were worn very short, and she had put on her see-through blouse, omitting a bra, so her breasts were tantalisingly visible. Her personal grooming had received extra special attention, and on the whole she presented a very desirable picture.

Andrew seemed unmoved by these efforts. Even when she sat so that her skirt "accidentally" rode even further up her thighs to expose the sliver of panty material passing under her crotch, he hardly seemed to notice.

As she tried out all her naive little sexual ploys on him, Joanna got more and more frustrated and angry. How was he able to resist when others had surrendered to her? She concluded that he was cold, impervious and sexless. She left

after an hour and a half, to go home and try to ease her frustrations with the vibrator. It helped hardly at all.

A small group of married couples from the church met on a Saturday evening once a month taking it in turns to use one of their homes. The Saturday after Joanna's visit to Andrew was one such occasion. Joanna turned up for the meeting with a more or less sober Don. Andrew also attended with his wife. The subject was something to do with education.

As the evening went on Joanna noticed that Andrew seemed to be looking at her a great deal. It began to occur to her that the seed she had tried to sow on Monday, and which she thought had fallen on barren soil, might after all be flourishing. She clung to this hope for the rest of the weekend, and when Monday arrived she was once more on Andrew's doorstep.

For this occasion Joanna had taken a different approach regarding her appearance. "Perhaps he likes the modest look," she thought. So, while working hard on her grooming, she chose clothing of a non-revealing kind.

The interview began in much the same way as the previous ones. Joanna talked and Andrew listened, throwing in an occasional question for clarification. This went on for about half an hour, then just when Joanna was about to give up her

attempt at seduction, Andrew said, "I would like to have a sexual intercourse with you."

Joanna was dumfounded. On previous occasions the arrival at sexual intercourse had been via one of two avenues. There was the Hawk avenue that began with Joanna weeping followed by his arm round her, and then steadily more intimate touching until the goal was arrived at.

The other avenue was the verbal confusion approach with many broken off sentences such as, "I thought you meant...." "When I said what I said I thought you meant that I..." "I didn't mean what you thought I meant when I said..." "You said that you thought what I said was what you meant when..." And so on until the two parties ran out of breath and surrendered to the inevitable.

Andrew's "straight to the point" approach left Joanna floundering for a response. Andrew, no doubt perceiving her confusion, went on, "Don't say yes or no now. Think about it and give me your answer when you are ready."

Little more was said after that, and Joanna made her way home in a mist of bewilderment. The mist did not last for long. Next morning she was again at Andrew's door. When he opened it she said, "Yes, I think we can make music

together." Andrew drew her in and there in the hallway kissed her and asked, "Now?" "Yes," she replied.

He led her to his bedroom and undressed her and himself. He laid her gently on the bed and lay beside her.

If Andrew's original request to have sex with her had been laconic, there was nothing laconic about his lovemaking. There now began for Joanna a sexual experience such as she had never had before. There was nothing hurried or fumbling about it, and yet she was not made to feel that she was the subject of clever sexual techniques.

Andrew constantly indicated his joy over her body. He kissed her deep and hungrily, telling her how soft and warm her lips were and how good her tongue felt in his mouth. He kissed her over and over again, moving from her mouth to her eyelids, her forehead, then down to her shoulders, moving gradually to her breasts.

Before taking a nipple into his mouth, he fondled her, telling her how beautiful he found her breasts. He gave the truth to this by spending a long time sucking her and gently caressing her with his hand. Joanna was beside herself with sexual arousal. She thought, "He must enter me any moment now," but he didn't.

To her amazement Andrew did not at that moment touch her vagina. He went to her feet and kissed them, working his way up her legs with his kisses. It was as if her whole body was one great sexual organ that he wanted to possess. He lingered over every part of her, kissing, licking and sucking, until finally he laid his hand tenderly on her pudendum using a gentle pressure that nearly drove Joanna out of her mind.

Andrew's fingers entered her and he sliced them in and out of her, and finally he parted the outer lips and kissed her opening then, lifting the little hood that covered her clitoris, he pressed his lips against it and started to suck and lick.

Joanna was lost in a wild passionate sea of carnal lust. She had done nothing to Andrew but respond to his initiatives. She moaned and whimpered at his tactile stimulation, giving herself up to his possession of her.

After almost half an hour of this "play," he entered her. In the days when she and Don still had sex she got used to comments like, "You're all slippery." Andrew also commented, but in a very different mode. "You're so warm and soft inside, it feels wonderful," he whispered.

Even after all his foreplay Andrew still did not rush. He moved up and down in her, but pausing at times to luxuriate in the sensation of the walls of her vagina surrounding and clinging to his penis. He continued to talk, telling her

lovingly of delight that he had in her. For once she really felt desirable, even beautiful, and as is the case with many women, when they are made to feel beautiful, they often are.

After nearly another half-hour had passed, Joanna felt a sensation she had never experienced before. Andrew had angled his penetration so as to move over her clitoris, and the first warning of what was to come began with vibrations that gradually swept her entire body, passing through her in wave after wave. She was frightened at what was happening to her, and heard herself crying out "No, no, please...stop, stop." He would not stop.

Then the climactic moment burst upon her. Intense surges of agonising pleasure racked her as she wept and screamed. In the midst of this she was dimly aware of Andrew thrusting himself deeper and deeper into her and his sperm jetting out in great spurts as his groans joined her cries.

Then except for Joanna's gentle sobs all became quiet. Andrew stayed inside her as she climbed down from her orgasm. Joanna held on to him murmuring, "Oh Andrew, Andrew, oh God, I've never had...its never been like that...Oh Andrew..."

He waited until he was sure that she was at peace, and then withdrew. He leaned over her and kissed her, his hand softly

touching her breast. Joanna became still and quiet letting waves of love for this man wash over her. Never had she felt so sexually replete and yet so desirous for more.

Dénouement

Andrew did not disappoint Joanna. Within an hour he was again loving her body, but this time she chimed in with her own manipulations and sucking of his manhood. When they had finished again, a doubt crept into her mind. The old insecurities, the needs for love and reassurance, reared their heads.

She had at last found that which she had all along unknowingly desired. Would she now lose it? Would Andrew be just another short-term lover? Could he make such profound love with her, and then desert her? She wanted to ask, but did not know how.

Andrew answered her unasked question with a question of his own. "Shall we come together often?" She answered quietly, "Yes, very often, please."

At that time they had no idea of the long road that was before them. They have travelled that road now for twenty-six years. It has brought Andrew to old age and Joanna to the

edge of old age. It is been a road that at times has been difficult but strewn with love.

For many years Andrew and Joanna were able to be together three and even four times a week. Sometimes at his house, at others, hers. In the latter years their sexual needs have grown less demanding. Once or twice a week seems to give them all they need in this respect, but they still come together to sit and talk, or engage in some project.

When Joanna left Andrew after that first time together, she ended any other sexual affairs she had been involved in. Andrew was to be all sufficient. She bound herself to Andrew, but in those very bonds she found herself a free woman. She was now free of her fear of the Black Kite. She was no longer a prey to her sexuality, but now a joyful recipient of its infinite pleasures.

The Board

“The bastard! The rotten lousy bastard!” Ten years of marriage and he comes home and tells me he’s in love! Not with me, of course, but some slut in his office.

Do you know, he even cried: “I’m so sorry. I didn’t want to hurt you, but this is the real thing, sob, sob. I’ve got to with her, sob, sob.”

He’d been with her all right. All those “Working late at the office, darling” nights. At least that was true, he’d been working, but not office work unless humping some woman on the office carpet passes for “office work”. My God didn’t he work! Slinking home at one in the morning! There’s devotion to the job for you.

“I’ll see you right, Ellie,” he whimpered. God he was a pathetic sight, and I’d make sure he’d see me “right”. Ten years of fidelity, keeping his home nice for him, opening my legs for him two or three times a week – not that there’d been much of that the past few months – and doing accountancy work for him at home. Oh yes, he’d see me right, the shit. Among other things I knew where the money was hidden away from the tax man, so he’d “see me right”, or else....

He was at least smart enough to know that if we went to the court for a settlement I'd take him to the cleaners. He'd be lucky to have a pair of underpants to wear when I'd done with him. So he settled nice and quietly. I'd always wanted children but we hadn't managed it. Now I was glad we hadn't.

He got the house and I got a nice pile of money and the beach cottage. I rented a nice place in town and contemplated offering my accountancy skills around, but decided to hold off for a while. Instead I took a run down to the cottage.

It's a lovely little place about a hundred kilometres from the city, and still rather isolated. It had been a fisherman's cottage, probably about a hundred and twenty years old. We heard about it being for sale because the last fisherman to occupy it had died and none of his relatives wanted it.

Mind you, I didn't blame them. When we first saw the place it looked neglected and a bit tumbledown, but I've got an eye for that sort of thing and could see what it might be. So, a few thousand dollars later we had what people call, "A charming seaside cottage." Very quaint but I also made sure the quaintness included all the Mod. Cons.

Some of the guests who had been with us over the years said they found the place a bit spooky. It didn't affect me that

way, but I heard from one of the locals that there was supposed to be a ghost haunting the place. Something about a young fisherman who had been in love with a girl and she went and married someone else with more money, so he hung himself from one of the beams that spans what we called "The Lounge."

Prior to my going down to the cottage I had been so busy moving and organising my new life I had hardly time to draw a breath. Now, arriving at the cottage, everything seemed to come to a screaming halt. For the first time since Alec told me he was leaving me, I broke down and cried. As they used to say, "I let it all hang out." I not only cried, I screamed, raged and cursed Alec to hell. After that I felt a bit better.

I had arrived mid afternoon and just at dusk I decided on a short walk along the beach. The tide was out and as the light faded little seashore birds skittered about seeking their prey and a couple of pelicans did a lumbering take-off to some night roosting place.

As I turned back towards the cottage the light had virtually gone and looking towards the cottage I thought I saw it ringed with an aura of light. I stopped and stared for a moment, wondering if I was hallucinating. I closed my eyes and shook my head, and when I opened them again the light had gone.

“You’re seeing things, Ellie my girl,” I told myself. “Must be all the emotional strain you’ve been under.”

I approached the cottage and for the first time experienced what others had called, “A spooky feeling.” This feeling was intensified when I saw a flash of lightening far out to sea. For some reason I felt apprehensive and hesitated to enter the cottage.

“Stop being so bloody stupid,” I told myself. “It was just lightening. There’ll probably be a storm tonight.”

I pulled myself together and entered the cottage, making sure I switched on plenty of lights. I hadn’t eaten so I set about preparing a meal. As I performed this commonplace task, I got the distinct impression I was being watched. I kept telling myself not to be so stupid, but never the less kept looking around to see if anyone was there. Of course, there wasn’t.

It was late when I finished eating and clearing away, so I decided on bed and a book.

The section of the book I was reading proved to be very erotic. Given that I had not had sexual intercourse for some

time, certainly not since Alec went cold on me about three months before he left, it was hardly surprising I got that little throbbing feeling in my clitoris.

Even when I was having regular sex with Alec I loved to masturbate. One of my favourite techniques is to start by tweaking and pinching my large nipples. The touch on my nipples causes a sensation in my genital area and starts my juices flowing. I have large nipples and for that matter large breasts.

I then lie on the bed on my back in a reclined position. My legs are spread very wide and I massage with my second, third and fourth fingers making sure to get my clitoris nice and lubricated with my vaginal juices.

While massaging my clitoris in a circular motion and moving my hips to meet each stroke, I am simultaneously sucking and biting my nipples and fantasising. As my nipples get larger and harder, my clitoris gets larger and longer with increased sensitivity. As I feel the wave of the orgasm building harder I hold my breath and I have an intense ejaculating orgasm.

I put aside my book and began to gratify myself. I can clearly recall my fantasy. I had been abducted by four handsome youths. They had tied me down on a bed and as I lay helpless

they enjoyed my body. It was their fingers in my vagina, their lips and teeth biting my nipples, and although they were raping me, I was revelling in it.

I like to hang back from orgasm for as long as possible, and it must have been for about ten minutes that I was lost in my paradise of surrender when I suddenly felt dragged out of my sexual Eden. Someone was watching me again.

I lay, my fingers still in my vagina, hand on my breast, but unmoving. I looked around the room. There was nothing – no one. I whispered apprehensively, “Is anyone here?”

There was no answer, but I heard what sounded like a rustle and a sigh. For a moment I think I was paralysed with fright, but an even bigger fright overtook me. Through the window I saw a nearby flash of lightening followed almost immediately by an immense clap of thunder.

The storm that had been creeping in from the sea had arrived and it seemed in an instant the wind sprang up into a howling gale, and rain lashed down on the cottage roof.

Lightening and thunder followed in quick succession, shaking the cottage as if it would carry it away in the shrieking wind.

I lay still for a while, telling myself that my previous idea that I was being watched and the rustling sound and sigh, had been the first touch of the storm round the cottage.

While everything seemed to rage outside the cottage I recommenced my masturbating. Fantasy returned to me, but it was not one fashioned by me this time. It seemed to somehow come to me from outside myself, unbidden, invading me.

The four youths had gone to be replaced by one. He was tall and dark and very handsome. I was no longer tied down, but still in a posture of surrender, open to my fantasy lover.

At first he stood beside the bed, naked, an immense phallus, beautiful with a light brown shaft and a purple crown glistening with pre-cum, stood upright, engorged with blood and throbbing with every heart beat.

I entreated him, "Take my, my love, take me."

At that moment, with the storm raging outside, a storm began to rage inside me. At first like the distant stroke of lightening and soft rumble of thunder I had seen and heard as I walked back to the cottage, my orgasm began as both threat and promise of exquisite pain and ecstasy.

My fantasy lover came between my legs but before the joy of penetration could occur, the full force of my orgasm struck with a power I had never felt before. I seemed to be discharging lubricant like a male ejaculation of sperm, and I screamed and writhed, wanting to stop but at the same time wanting the agony to go on forever.

Wave after wave of shaking orgasmic spasms shook me until I thought I might faint, but then the frenzy of my climax began to calm and as if in sympathy, the storm outside began to move away.

I was exhausted and despite the power of my experience, I felt that something was missing. I tried to determine what it was that left me with the vague sense of dissatisfaction, and then it hit me. Of course, my fantasy lover, for a moment he had seemed so real, more real than any of my previous fantasies.

In past masturbating I always knew my fantasies were fantasies, this time it had seemed real, and only at the point of penetration did that reality break down. I had so much wanted that penetration, so desired that large blood swollen organ to enter me, that now I felt it as a loss, a deprivation.

I was tempted to go straight to sleep, but I had made such a mess of myself and the bed I had to get up, change the lower sheet and take a shower.

As I returned to bed I felt the sense of being watched again, but this time I felt no apprehension. I told myself it was my imagination enhanced by the emotional turmoil of recent weeks, and the amazing reality of my phantom lover.

When I got into bed and had turned off the light, I fell into a dreamless sleep.

When I woke next morning I could here the sound of the breakers on the beach. "Tide's in," I thought. "I might do a bit of fishing from Annie Rocks."

After the storm of the night before the morning was clear and bright, everything looking newly washed. I breakfasted and taking a hand fishing line and an old kitchen knife I made my way to Annie Rocks, a sort of rocky ledge jutting out a little into the sea, with deep water on three sides when the tide is in.

In fact the tide was beginning to recede, but I knew I could get in a couple of hours fishing before it had ebbed too far out.

Using the knife, I prised clams off the rocks to use as bait. I twirled the line three or four times then let it go to splash out some distance into the water.

Annie Rocks was the only place near the house convenient to fish from, but past experience had taught me that the fishing was more an exercise in optimism than the reality of catching anything. It was therefore with delighted amazement that after the line had been in the water for only a couple of minutes, it started to indicate with spasmodic jerks that something was on the hook.

I hauled in, and I'd caught a beauty. I took it off the hook, rebaited and cast out again. Another few minutes and I hauled in another fish.

I looked out to sea where, at a little distance from the shore, two or three small boats were anchored, their occupants fishing. It was hard to see properly, but there were no signs that they were catching anything.

After about twenty minutes I had caught four fish, and decided to call a halt. "No point in catching more," I thought, "there's only one person to eat them."

I wound up my line and stretched out for a while on the rock, dozing in the sun. In that half awake half asleep manner a mental image of my phantom lover of the night before hovered in my mind. "If only...if only..."

The vision of my lover intensified and I jerked awake. "Dreaming the impossible dream, Ellie," I scolded myself.

I gathered my catch and line and made my way back to the cottage, and then it was cleaning and filleting the fish, three to be put into the freezer and one for the evening meal.

In the afternoon I decided to have a bit of a clear up round the cottage. All sorts of things had accrued in drawers and cupboards over the years. I sometimes have the strong impression that they breed while we aren't watching them.

Once I started I got a little tearful as I saw things that reminded me of the times Alec and I had been here together. The old teapot with the broken spout that was always going to be mended one day but never was. A broken fishing rod from the time Alec caught a "whopper" and he refused to cut the line.

I came across the old ouija board that we had had fun with when we'd had guests at the cottage. At least, we'd had fun until one oversensitive female guest became hysterical and

started to see spirits all around her. “We’ve called up Satan” she screamed. It took us nearly half a bottle of another sort of spirits to calm her. After that we never used the board again.

I sorted things out, some went into a big plastic garbage bag for disposal at the dump some four kilometres down the road, and the rest was tidied away.

I always find it a bit of a bore cooking just for me, but having, like some skin clad female of Stone Age times, caught my own supper, I was not going to pass up on it. So prepare and cook I did.

It was getting dark when I finished eating and clearing up, and seeing it was such a calm and tranquil evening, I sat on the small veranda for half an hour, listening to the distance hiss of little wavelets on sand and watching the occasional swoop of a bat in search of its supper – or would it be breakfast for a bat?

Going inside I noticed I had left the ouija board out, so placing it on a table I got a glass and putting it on the board, sat with my finger on the upturned glass. I wasn’t sure if the thing was supposed to work with only one person using it. In any case, I’d never believed it worked. It was just a bit of

fun, and I accepted that one of the participants was pushing the glass, but pretending not to.

After a while I started to slide the glass over the board without thought of asking a question. About half a minute of doing this and I began to feel as if I was being watched again. I stopped pushing the glass and I glanced round the room. There was no one, yet I felt a presence intensely. Perhaps our hysterical guest had been correct, and you could actually call up something with the board, but what?

I gave myself a mental shake and told myself not to be silly. I was letting my imagination run away with me.

I decided to put the board away, but before I could do so, a voice behind me said, "You've come to me at last, Ellie."

I whirled round, and standing there was a tall young man.

I am not sure now whether I wanted to scream with fright or protest at him entering my cottage uninvited. Perhaps I was about to do both, but I suddenly felt a wave of tranquillity pass over me. I had no fear of him, and he had a perfect right to be in the cottage. I had no need to ask how he knew my name; of course he knew it, as I knew his, Aaron.

“Yes, darling,” I said, “I’ve come to you at last.”

Not only was he tall, but also very powerfully built in a beautifully proportioned way. His complexion was dark, and he was one of the most handsome men I had ever seen.

“It has been a very long time, Ellie,” he said.

“Yes darling, too long a time.”

I moved to him and putting my arms round him, stretched up to kiss him. His lips were soft and warm and as I opened my mouth his tongue flickered in and quickly we were almost eating each other.

I was rotating my hips, grinding my lower belly against his crotch, and I could feel his hard manhood pressing against me.

“Take me to bed, darling, I whispered.”

He swept me up into his arms without a word, and carried me to the bedroom. He undressed me very tenderly as if relishing every new exposure of my body.

When he had done, and I was completely naked, I began to undress him. He was clad only in shirt and trousers, but the trousers especially seemed somehow out of date. Instead of a zip fastener they had buttons and the cloth was rough and heavy.

Standing before me naked, I could see his massive penis, hard and throbbing at my touch; then I knew; he was my phantom lover of the previous night.

Still standing I touched the crown of his penis with my fingers letting them become wet with his pre-cum. Then I put my fingers into my mouth to taste him.

As if by some reciprocal agreement his fingers touched my vagina, letting them soak for a moment in my lubricant, and then placing them in his mouth as he tasted me. Then we kissed as if to mingle our fluids in each other's mouths.

I was lifted on to the bed and he knelt beside me. His hands began to explore me. They were large and well shaped hands, and amazingly gentle in their touch. He began with my hair, running his fingers through it then traced the shape of my face rather like a blind man. At one point he bent to kiss my lips, not in wild passion but very softly.

We seemed to be in no hurry and Aaron's hands continued to explore my body almost as an act of reverence, as if I were some sort of holy place.

He cupped both my breast, then leaned over to kiss my nipples. His eyes seemed to look deep into me as if he would penetrate my very soul.

I reached out and took his penis into my hand and began to flip the foreskin over the crown, and for the first time he gave a groan of pleasure.

I had to release his organ as he put his hands under my buttocks and with seeming ease raised them up so my vagina was exposed and elevated, then he bent forwards to kiss it, his tongue exploring my entrance, then licking my clitoris.

"Oh my dear love," I whispered, "Won't you take me now? We've waited so long."

I felt him open my legs and come between them. I reached down and felt his crown as it probed to enter me. Its size seemed immense, yet I felt no fear; I knew he would never hurt me.

I was soaked with lubricant and he slid into me easily and groaned, "Oh my dear love. I've waited all these years for you."

I felt him penetrate into my depths, the thickness of his sexual organ pressing against my vaginal walls. I gripped him with my vaginal muscle, and this elicited another groan of ecstasy from him.

He began to move in me, and just as he had explored my body slowly and reverently, so his movements were slow, as if he wanted to relish every stroke.

I felt the vibration of my approaching orgasm and was fearful of its potential power. Aaron was moving faster and more deliberately now, and I knew we were going to come together. I wanted to beg him not to make me orgasm, not to unleash that agonising and delicious pain in me, but no words would come, and I was chiming in with his rhythm.

It was almost upon me and Aaron gave a mighty thrust heralding his ejaculation.

I was crying out, "Oh my God, my God, spear me to the heart my dear love..."

I woke with a jarring start, my head hanging down as I sat in the chair, my hand still on the glass. Oh, dear God, I'd fallen asleep. There had been no Aaron, no reverential love, no coming orgasm, and yet....

I could feel the warm wet discomfort in my panties and between my thighs. I was still in a state of extreme sexual arousal. I fled to the bedroom and masturbated, weeping as I did so for my lost Aaron.

I ended my mad self-relief, but was not relieved. I descended into a pit of self-pity berating myself, my deserting husband and the universe for my wretched state. I asked a question that millions must have asked over the centuries; "Why have we been given such powerful emotions, and then are denied their fulfilment?"

A quotation came into my head from high school days. We had battled our way through Shakespeare's play, "King Lear". I think I found it dreary at the time, but now words came back to me; "As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods; They kill us for their sport."

Yes, that was it; we are objects of divine derision. Things to be played with and made sport of. Suspended, as it were, before us are hopes, dreams, desires and hunger; dangling to tempt us, and as we go to grasp them, they are snatched away.

Through my tears I began to see the joke on myself. I'd had a wet dream, and was now wailing like a spoilt child because it was a dream. I laughed, but somewhat bitterly I think; laughed at myself and my foolishness.

Aaron! Who was Aaron? I knew no Aaron so why in dream did I conjure him? The handsome looks, superb body and gorgeous phallus; all of them of my own making, my imagining; there was no Aaron except in my own head; a projection of my own lust.

I slept fitfully that night.

As I woke in the morning I struggled to return to sleep. I did not want to face the day, or perhaps it was my self I didn't want to face. But the morning was insistent and refused me the escape into sleep, what the Bard had called, "A little death".

I had a thumping headache and for breakfast I managed only a cup of coffee. To try and rid myself of the headache and in an attempt to restore some equilibrium to my thinking, I decided on a walk.

Behind the beach and the sand dunes there runs a wide strip of bushland consisting of sea air and poor soil resisting trees and shrubs. I had hardly ever walked through this strip largely because it contained, among other things, small but highly venomous snakes. Normally I would have chosen the beach to walk along, but there was the chance of meeting people also out walking from a small group of shacks about three kilometres along the coast. I wanted to meet no one.

So I set out to walk through the snake infested bush. Actually I saw no snakes, but the fact that it was generally believed that they lurked there meant there were no people made tracks either. I had to do my own snaking, twisting and turning round bushes, finding my progress frequently blocked, and having to backtrack.

At one point I came to a small clearing in the bushes and there I saw a phenomenon not altogether uncommon in our country. There was a lone headstone that clearly indicated a grave. There are many such graves to be found in places which, if not now, were in the earlier colonial days, remote.

I went over to the gravestone to investigate. I pondered how it got here. Someone must have cared enough to go to the trouble of ordering the stone in some distant town where there was a monumental mason, then having it transported to this place.

The grave had obviously been neglected for many years. Climbing plants had wound their way round the headstone, obscuring anything that might be written on it, so I, feeling that I had nothing better to do, and being curious, began to clear the weeds.

Chiselled words began to appear and when I had cleared the stone I sat back on my haunches to read. As I did, I felt the blood drain from my face; incised in the stone were the words; "Here lies Aaron Robins, Fisherman. 1875-1902. He died for the love of Ellie." In the bottom right hand corner of the stone were the letters, E.J.

I wanted to flee the place, but a paralysis seemed to have laid hold of me. I could not tear my eyes from the inscription. "Aaron", "Ellie"; the names beat into my brain and I felt a dizziness sweep over me.

Had I made love with a ghost? A love lorn fisherman who had hung himself in the cottage when he lost his love? "You've come back to me at last, Ellie." Those were the first words, almost the only words, the lover of my dream had uttered. And I had responded, "Yes darling, I've come to you at last."

My God, what had I raised with that ouija board? Or was it anything to do with the board at all? Was there...had there been...some other force at work?

Power returned to my limbs, and I fled the place. Uncaring about venomous snakes, I ran heedless back to the cottage. My first thought was to leave it immediately and never visit it again, but sanity managed to exert itself.

As a rational human being, trained in the somewhat less than inspiring profession of accountancy, I tried to add up the columns.

I had, as some American fellow had once said, “Dreamed a dream”. In my case that was all it was, a dream. My sexual frustration had set me off on a course that had led to my...what? Why Aaron? I hadn’t even known that name to be associated with the cottage until seeing the headstone. “Get real” as unreal youth is won’t to crow. I tried to get real, but the columns wouldn’t add up.

After a desultory lunch I decided on another walk, but this time I would avoid the bush. The beach was safe and I might even meet people who even by a “Good afternoon” would keep me in touch with reality.

When I got to the beach I saw a small half-cabin boat riding off shore. Between it and the beach there was an even smaller aluminium boat being rowed ashore. For no particular reason I stood looking at the progress of the little craft.

It shissed against the sand and the occupant got out and pulled it up the last few metres above high tide. Assured that it would not be carried out to sea, he looked around until his eyes lit upon me.

I knew him immediately; it was like a déjà vu experience, I had seen him before in my dreams. I got the strong impression that he also knew me, but neither of us acknowledged the recognition. On my side the lack of acknowledgement derived from the embarrassment of telling someone I knew them because I had met them in a dream, especially the sort of dream involved.

As he approached me he smiled and said, "Hello, I'm looking for an old fisherman's cottage. A distant relative of mine once lived in it. Would you happen to know where I might find it?"

I pointed to where the cottage lay but which was screened by the bushes from anyone standing on the beach. "I think you might mean the one I own," I said. "It's just over there."

“I’m camping at Rogues Bay,” he said. “I was out fishing, and got a hankering to have a look at the place. Lucky I met you. Would you mind if I had a look at the place? My name’s Aaron Jensen, by the way.”

It was no shock to hear the name Aaron because I knew it to be his name even before he spoke it. We shook hands, and I looked at him closely as I said, “I’m Ellie Pritchard.”

He showed no startled reaction at hearing the name Ellie, so I could not be completely certain if the name meant anything to him or not.

We went together up the track to the cottage with Aaron chattering away about how his relative had once lived in the place, and how his family had often talked about the cottage, and the fact that the relative had committed suicide.

“You mean Aaron Robins,” I said.

“You know about him then!”

“Yes, some people say he haunts the cottage.”

“Have you ever seen his ghost?”

"I'm not sure," I replied. "I never used to believe in the ghost, but just recently..."

"Something happened?" he asked eagerly.

"Well, yes, but I don't know what to make of it."

"What was it that happened?"

I didn't want to come out with the full story of what had happened, so I fobbed him off. "Oh, just some strange noises; it was probably the wind or something."

He didn't pursue the matter but instead went on, "Aaron Robins was my great grandfather. Not that I ever saw him, but that's where I got the name Aaron from. He gave a brief chuckle and said, "All the first sons in our family have been given the name Aaron. It's a sort of family heirloom. My father is Aaron and so was my grandfather."

"I found Aaron Robins' grave just today," I said. "Perhaps you'd like to see it? But let me offer you something to eat and drink."

“Thanks, a cup of tea would be nice.”

The formality of our conversation was astonishing, given that on my side there was an inner turmoil churning away. I felt a bit like the girl who passed a field on her way to work every morning. One particular day the field, as usual, was empty as she went to work. On her way home she was accompanied by a young man who also had to pass the field every day. As they passed the field together the girl saw an elephant standing in it. The girl thought she must be hallucinating so she said nothing and pretended she couldn't see the elephant.

The young man accompanying her was in a similar quandary, so they both walked on saying nothing about the unusual sight of an elephant in the field.

What neither of them knew was that while they were at work a circus had arrived in town, together with the elephant.

So Aaron and I went on talking as if neither of us could see, in our case, the metaphorical elephant.

Our tea finished we made our way through the scrub to the grave. Aaron was particularly interested in the letters E.J. “My great grandmother, Ellie Jensen,” he said.

The anomaly didn't strike me until we got back to the cottage.

"Aaron, if Aaron Robins was your great grandfather and Ellie Jensen is your great grandmother, why have they got different names?"

He grinned. "Ah you've hit upon the skeleton in the family closet. I've only got the story as it's been handed down, but it seems that Ellie and Aaron were deeply in love. Ellie came from a well-off farming family just inland from here, and they weren't going to have their daughter marry a poor fisherman."

"The son of a neighbouring farmer had been picked out as the potential husband much to Ellie's distress. It was a time when girls, especially country girls, did as father commanded, so the wedding date was fixed."

"The day before the wedding Ellie sneaked away from the farm and went to Aaron. The upshot was they made love for the first and last time."

"After the wedding next day as Ellie and her disliked husband prepared for bed, she told him of what had

happened with Aaron. He refused to come near her, telling her he wasn't having anything to do with a whore, and the marriage was ended before it had even started."

"Ellie was sent packing back to her parents and there then followed a tremendous row. It was Ellie's father who stormed off to horsewhip Aaron, but when he got to the cottage he found Aaron's body hanging from a beam."

This stirred things up even more, with Ellie suffering from melancholia as they called it then, and to cap it all, after a few weeks it was clear that Ellie was pregnant. After all the legal tangles that you had to plough through in those days, her husband succeeded in divorcing Ellie. Using a bit of bribery Ellie's parents found another farmer's son who was prepared to take on Ellie and the son she had given birth to. That son was, of course, my grandfather.

"So that's our sordid family story." He grinned at me, "These days it would mean very little, but then, well..."

"The poor young people," I murmured. "And so it was Ellie who had the stone erected over Aaron's grave. I wonder if they found each other again in another life?"

Aaron spoke very quietly but with great solemnity; "Not until now."

“What do you mean, Aaron?” I asked, half guessing what he would say.

“We know each other, don’t we Ellie?”

“Yes.

“You have dreamed, haven’t you?”

“Yes.”

“So have I. We were in each other’s dreams.”

“I think so.”

“It wasn’t the cottage that drew me here today, it was you.”

“But how did you know I was here, in this cottage.”

He rose and went to a door and said, “That’s your bedroom in there, isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“You were carried into there last night and undressed.”

“Yes.”

“Who was it who carried you and took your clothes off?”

“In my dream, it was you, Aaron. But how can you know?”

“It was my dream too, if it was a dream in the usual sense.”

I felt my face flushing and my heart was beating like a hammer as I recalled what had happened in the dream.

Aaron gave a wry smile; “We didn’t finish, did we?”

“No, I woke up. I’d fallen asleep at the table. I woke up in a terrible state.”

“Yes, me too,” he said.

I looked at him as he sat across the table from me. He was the beautiful young man of my fantasy. I wondered if he really had such a large... I felt a growing wetness between my legs. Confused I tried to change the direction of the conversation.

"You...you er...you're not a fisherman?"

He laughed, "Only in the amateur sense. I'm in the rather less exciting profession of accountancy.

"That's odd," I said, "I'm an accountant too."

"Another coincidence," he responded, "If they are coincidences."

"What else could they be?"

"I want to say something to you Ellie that might make you think I'm mad. I know it's going to sound at least ridiculous, but I love you."

"Yes, I know Aaron. I love you."

"Then we're both mad," he laughed. "Perhaps I'd better go."

“Aaron, how is it you can say you love me, then say you’d better leave me?”

“I thought you might want to be rid of me and ...well...it’s starting to get dark and it’s a fair distance back to Rogues Bay. Don’t want to try and navigate in the dark.”

I looked out of the window. It was not only getting dark, it was dark.

“Stay the night with me, Aaron. Let’s finish what we began in our dreams. Tomorrow we don’t ever have to see each other again if we don’t want to, but just stay with me tonight.”

He came to me and kissed me, then picked me up in his arms and carried me to the bedroom.

I woke next morning to a world that seemed to have changed during the night. I had a feeling of lightness, as if my life had made a new start and all the miserable old baggage had fallen away from me.

I looked across at Aaron who was still asleep, and wondered whether he would elect to go or stay. Had our night of love drawn him closer to me, or put a barrier between us?

As I looked at him he began to stir, then coming fully awake he smiled across at me.

"I'm a morning person, darling," he said. "Do you mind?"

"No, I don't mind, but gently, darling, I'm a bit fragile this early."

I pushed back the bed clothes and opened my legs for him. He came over me to lie between them and no, the dream had not lied as I had found out during the night. I gave a little gasp and he a groan as his large organ entered me. He moved very slowly as if enjoying the journey as much as he anticipated the end.

He had said it many times during our night couplings but he said it again now, "I love you Ellie."

"Don't leave me Aaron."

"Perhaps the ghost is laid now," he said.

Did I hear the distance sound of gentle male and female laughter? Perhaps and perhaps not, because I was just beginning my umpteenth earth shaking orgasm and Aaron had just started to ejaculate into me, and that can be a bit distracting.

Aaron stayed a week with me and then had to return to work. He came to the cottage at weekends and any other times he could manage. Whatever I had in common with the unhappy young Ellie was added to when I found I was pregnant. Actually I was delighted and highly pleased that I had a husband who was in the process of divorcing me.

Thinking of Alec, there came to mind all the times he had tried to make me pregnant and failed. Aaron had practically done it one go.

When I told Aaron of my condition he was beside himself with happiness and tried to overwhelm me with male protective dominance.

“You can’t leave me now, and we’ll have to get married.”

“Darling,” I responded mildly but with the iron fist in a velvet glove, “I don’t have to stay with you and I don’t have

to marry you. Whether I had got pregnant or not, I was not going to leave you and you were certainly going to marry me. So, as soon as all the divorce nonsense is finished, you can start making the wedding arrangements."

That is really my story, or is it our story? Just as an after word for the curious; I had a son but we broke with the tradition and called him Michael. We got married and since the coming of Michael, Alice has arrived and I have another soon to emerge on the world scene.

Michael and I now work for A. & E. Jensen, Chartered Accountants, In other words, we have our own business. We have only one employee who is forty and plain, just in case.

No, that's unfair. Aaron shows no sign of losing interest and I certainly haven't. Well, I ask you, where would I get someone with the same endowment as Aaron?

No ghosts now lurk around the cottage, and to make sure the ouija board has long gone to the rubbish tip.

One strange phenomenon concerns fishing at Annie Rocks. Aaron can often go out fishing in his boat for hours and come back with little or nothing. Whenever I throw a line in at Annie Rocks, I catch fish. Other people might occasionally

be fishing off the Rocks, but they too catch little or nothing. Don't you think that strange?

The Boy Across the Street

Now, right from the start, let's get the details over and done with.

My name is Jan, well, Janet actually, but let's stick with Jan as everybody else does.

I'm fifty-two at the time of writing, but was fifty when the events I shall relate took place.

I am five feet six inches tall. Buxom, in fact very buxom, but its all firm. Nothing flops about, including my bosom - 40 C if you want to know, but then, I don't often wear a bra because I like to show off my nipples. I've got very nice, strong legs, sturdy but not thick, if you know what mean, but after all, its what's at the top of them that counts, isn't it?

I've been married to Tom for thirty odd years. He's about five years older than me, and gave up getting intimate with me about ten years ago. We're a bit of a laugh when seen together because he's a couple of inches shorter than I am and thin with it.

I once overheard some horrible male say to another after seeing the pair of us; "It'd be like a pimple on an elephant when those two are at it."

Well, we are no longer "at it," but in early days, Tom did manage to sire three kids on me, and that currently leaves me with four grandchildren.

I didn't mention my face, did I? It's a bit hard to assess one's own face, but I think it looks okay. I've got wide set brown eyes that I enhance by having my hair dyed blonde. I always think brown eyes and blonde hair look good together, don't you?

I have a sort of snub nose and what I believe is called, a "full mouth." Talking of "full", I've always taken great care of my teeth, so I've got a really nice set of white "pearlies", all my own.

That takes care of the personal stuff so now let me give you the setting.

I live in a nice suburb of the city, you know, good neighbours, nice gardens and trees along the street.

In the house opposite ours lives a widow, Stella, and her son, Steve. Steve was about twenty-two at the time I'm telling you about.

When we first moved in Steve was about seven years old. I watched him grow up, and he turned out to be what I think is called these days, a "real hunk." If that means he is a nicely shaped, sexy looking young man, then that's what I mean. I used to think, "My God, if I were twenty-five years younger I'd have his shoes under my bed."

Stella's husband, Dan, died of cancer when Steve was about sixteen. He was a nice fellow, and Steve looks just like him, that is, before Dan was wasted away with cancer.

I suppose Dan's death could have embittered Steve, because he got on well with his father, but it didn't. He sort of became serious, and took on the job of being the "man of the house," looking after his mum, doing the gardening, and so on.

I don't know what Steve did about sex, but I never saw him with any girls, but I'm sure he would have had no trouble getting them with his body and looks. I thought perhaps that he just kept them well out of his mother's sight.

Steve turned out to be a bit of a computer whiz – went to university and did a computer course that started out with

say, a hundred students and ended with ten, it was so tough. Steve was still there at the end. When he graduated Stella held a party for him, and the whole street went to it.

It was at that party I first noticed something strange. No, I lie, I had an inkling that something was happening some time before the party, and in fact, it first came to my attention when Steve was about seventeen. But it was at the party that it really became clearer to me.

There were plenty of local girls at the party, some of them quite pretty, but Steve almost ignored them. I began to wonder if he was gay, but he didn't latch on to any of the fellows either, and some of them were pretty too.

It was me he glued himself to. You know, getting me drinks and food, and chatting away. He hardly left my side all evening.

Even though I got a bit wet between the legs with him so near and attentive, I told myself that he was opting for safety with a woman about the same age as his mum.

Talking of his mum, it reminds me, it was that night of the party when she came over to speak to me, she told me that Steve was not going to go after a job with some company,

but was going to start his own little business working from home.

Now, don't ask me the in and outs of it because, although I now have a computer, what goes on inside that box thing is a mystery to me.

Anyway, Steve was going to be doing something with or about computers working from home. Stella showed me the front room that they were going to make into an office or workshop, or both – something like that. That room looked straight across the street to our house.

Steve started his little business and I noticed computers coming and going, so he seemed to be doing all right. I also noticed something else.

Steve had a sort of desk and workbench by the window. Every time I appeared I could see him working, and I could also see he looked up at me, and kept looking up as long as I was in sight.

At first, it was disconcerting having a pair of male eyes focused on you whenever you were out the front. I wondered what the attraction was. Then I fell in, I was the attraction. "My God," I thought, "I do believe that boy fancies me."

Then I began to recall how for some years, as I said before, he seemed to be interested in me. I'd taken no notice of his stares and how, if I were in the front garden, he would come across and chat with me, and seemed to take an inordinate interest in my breasts. Mind you, he wasn't the only one with that particular hobby.

Again, I must say, that despite my fancy for the horny youth, I put his mammary fascination down to "growing up," whatever that means.

Now that I seemed to capture Steve's attention every time I appeared out the front, I let myself think that this would pass eventually, but it didn't. The result was, I began to enjoy his attention, and started to get evil thoughts about that young man.

My husband Tom did nothing around the house, including nothing in the garden. It was all left to me. And when Tom wasn't at work, he was mainly off to play golf with his mates.

You could say that the flower of romance had wilted where Tom was concerned. As for me, I was fond of him and had no desire to part from him, but I had been left with quite a hole in my life – no pun intended, although he certainly left that hole empty.

I know there is a view held by some that when a woman gets to forty or thereabouts, she shuts up the sex shop and settles for knitting and television. Let me tell you, it is not true. At fifty, I still hankered after a big fat male organ in my nice little cleft.

Put your self in my place, if you can. Here was I, a virile matron longing for some hero to come and give me the joy of his body, and of course, I would give him the joy of mine, and across the road was a lovely penis looking for a home, or so I thought. Action was required.

The question was how could I lure that male organ into the vicinity of my genitalia?

I began with a programme of tantalising.

As I said, I may be buxom, but it's all firm. I therefore began by dressing so as to stimulate. Not, of course, the bikini that is so popular and evident in these sorts of tales. Such a garment was not really suitable for me. Instead, I dressed up in very tight shorts and an equally tight top.

The purpose was to display my female charms to the best advantage. The shorts were of the sort that the cloth passing under the crotch sank into my cleft, while the top, with no

bra underneath, displayed both my cleavage, that is deep, and my nipples that are long.

Thus clad, I would proceed to the front garden and commence some real or imagined horticultural activity. I made a point of bending over some of the time with my buttocks pointed in the direction of Steve's workshop. This displayed the firmness of my posterior, and gave him some idea of the position of my vulva and its desirability.

At other times I would face his window and pretend I needed a stretch, so as to display my breasts to best advantage, and also demonstrate that I did not have a sagging belly.

That it drew his attention was obvious. He must have thought that I could not see him through the window because he actually got a pair of binoculars and focused them on me. I gave him all the stretching and bending I could decently manage, and thought, "If this doesn't get him out here, nothing will."

Sad to say, my ploy didn't work, although I tried it repeatedly. I think he must have rushed off to his bedroom or the bathroom to masturbate.

I had to think of something else, but what. If only I could get him out that room and into my house.

Then the obvious struck me, and I could have kicked myself for being so slow. He was a computer whiz. I had a computer. What if something went wrong with my machine?

Now, as all you computer owners know, if you don't want anything to go wrong with the damned thing, it invariably will. But just you try to get it to go wrong deliberately. I punched every key and pressed every button. I tormented icons and played merry hell with the menu bar, and the rotten thing just would not go wrong.

Well, I would just have to play a more subtle game. Picking my time carefully so as to be as sure as I could that Tom would not be arriving home for a few hours, I crossed the great divide and knocked on Stella's door.

Stella came to the door, her hands covered in flour, and I asked with sweet innocence, "Do you think I could have a word with Steve, my computer has gone wrong?"

"Of course, I'm sure Steve would love to help you if he can, go in and see him."

I made my way to Steve's office/workshop, knocked and entered. One of the first things my eyes fell upon were the binoculars on his desk.

"Steve dear," I began, in my best maiden in distress voice, "I wonder if you could help me, my computer has gone wrong?"

I moved close to him, pretending to take an interest in some computer parts he had on the desk. My nearness seemed to disturb him, which was of course, the idea.

"What...er...what exactly has...er...gone wrong?"

"There's all sorts of funny lines on the screen."

"Do...er...do you want me to...er come over and...er have a look?"

"Oh, would you? That would be lovely. You are a darling. I'll pay you, of course."

"That...w-w-wont be...er...necessary, Jan."

“That is kind of you, but I’m sure there’s something I shall be able to do for you in return.”

He gave a gulp and said, “D-d-do y-you w-w-want me t-t-to c-c-come now?”

“If you could just give me ten minutes. I’ve got something I need to do, and I would like to watch what you do.”

“Ok-k-kay.”

I departed triumphant. I would have him in my wicked female clutches.

The ten minutes were spent in preparing myself for the main attack. I took off my panties and put on my shortest and tightest shorts. I put on a top that plunged so low at the neckline it almost reached the bottom hem.

In this battle array, I went to answer the door when Steve rang the bell. I think he was well on the way to an erection before he saw me, but when he clapped eyes on me, I saw the formidable swelling in his shorts rise to tower like proportions.

I thought the fight almost over. Victory was mine. Not quite, however.

Remarkably, Steve had more resistance than I had been given to understand most men have. He did not collapse into my arms, begging to be relieved of his agonising lust for me.

Feigning sweet innocence I said, “Darling, when I got in the trouble seemed to have cleared up, but I would appreciate it if you would have a look at it in case it happens again.”

“Er...yes.”

I took him to the computer and he sat down in front of it and commenced to view various and unintelligible mysteries.

At first I stood behind him pretending to watch what he was doing, and becoming interested, I leaned forward so that my breasts were brushing against his shoulder, and he could experience my gentle breathing on his neck. I could feel him quivering with tension as he tried to ignore my proximity, cope with his arousal and deal with the computer.

After a few minutes of this, I drew out my deadliest weapon. I moved to stand so that my crotch was near his face as he sat. I had removed my panties for the dual purpose of letting

my lubricant be seen soaking the cloth of my shorts, and in order also to let him smell my sex organ.

This latter ploy was a gamble. Some men are repelled by the woman smell, and others are driven nearly berserk with lust by it. Fortunately for me, Steve was in the last category.

His face flushed and his fingers gripped the edge of the desk. I expected him to turn on me in mad sexual passion that very moment, but he did not.

I had one last throw of the sensual dice to make.

Still acting so that it was possible I was merely looking at the computer screen, I leaned over him so that my breast, and particularly my nipples, were close to his face.

“If you won’t let me pay you,” I said seductively, “I’m sure you can think of something nice I can do for you. You’ve been so kind, coming over to help me.”

As I said this, I let my hand wander briefly through his hair.

That did it. The male animal was released from its sexual restraint and was crouching ready to spring and devour me. Well, not quite.

There are some people, male and female who, when it comes to sex, have no difficulty asking the desired person outright, "Can I have sex with you?" Sadly, they seem to be in the minority. The rest of us mess around playing endless games before the penis finally enters the vagina. I think the basis of this problem is, we have a fear of rejection and the humiliation when we are rejected.

We often hear talk of the "predatory male," but as many of you ladies will know, it is frequently we members of the "fair sex," who must give the male beast a final shove. Well, that is what I had to do.

"Surely, I whispered close to his ear, "I've got something you'd like to have?"

"I-I-er-Oh J-J-Jesus, J-J-Jan, I-I-I w-w-want t-t-to..."

I could tolerate this delayed animal leap no longer and made the pounce myself.

"You'd like to fuck me, wouldn't you Steve."

“I-I-I was...” Then it came out with a rush, “going to say I want to make love with you.”

At least he had a politer way of putting it than I did, but whether it was love or not was a debatable point. Personally I had no desire to debate it and what’s more, I didn’t care.

“Well, for God’s sake, Steve, let’s get on with it.”

“I don’t want it as a payment, Jan.”

My God, this boy was meticulous. “Steve, it doesn’t matter whether it is or not. If it is a payment, let’s call it a ‘win-win situation’.”

I pulled down my shorts, which was a relief because the lubricant soaking the crotch was getting uncomfortable. I then ripped off my top to reveal my naked self before him.

He was standing by now and staring at me, especially my breasts.

Frustrated at the further delay in events I started to get his shorts and underpants down, and for a moment it was my turn to stare.

What I had thought looked like an adequate male organ, was larger than I had anticipated. Released from its sartorial enclosure, it reared up like a sturdy, light brown column, topped with a purple cupola and engorged with blood. It gleamed with pre-cum. I could have eaten it, and given the chance, I'd have a good try.

"My God," I thought, "Poor old Tom could never produce half that, even at his most robust."

Steve was still standing, staring at me and I was eager for the action to begin. Then in a groaning, gasping sort of voice he said:

"Jan, I didn't know you'd be so...so...so...er..."

"Sexy?" I inquired.

"Hmmyus," he mumbled.

Things were reaching crisis point. He still made no move, yet I could see he was nearly firing off his load of cum.

“He’s going to shoot before he even gets near me,” I thought. This would be annoying because I’d only the other day had the carpet cleaned, and I didn’t want a mess on it so soon.

Steve is a big lad, powerful, if you know what I mean? In normal circumstances, I wouldn’t try anything too physical with him, but I was getting desperate. I tried giving him a push to get him to lie down on the carpet, but it was like trying to push over a cliff.

In a voice of sexual frustration and despair I cried out, “Steve, will you damn well lie down so I can fix your little...big problem.”

He seemed to shake himself out of his salacious reverie and obediently lay on the floor. With sigh of combined relief and passion, I sat astride him and poising my door to paradise carefully over his manly projection, I let myself down onto him.

He fitted tightly against the walls of my vagina and as I dropped lower to take his full length, I felt his crown touch my cervix. I could take him all in, but only just.

I wasn’t expecting a great deal for myself on this occasion as the poor boy was too far gone to last long.

It is an interesting feature of having sex with someone for the first time, that it can be a roaring success or a miserable failure. In the latter case, the man may fail to maintain his erection or fail to come. With the woman she might not lubricate successfully or won't get an orgasm. It's usually a case of what people call, "Nerves". Persistence is the answer to this problem.

In the case of Steve and I, it was successful up to a point. As I guessed, he couldn't hold back, and he was no sooner in than he was erupting like a volcano with great gouts of sperm, and accompanying it with moans and howls.

My impression was he had not offloaded for some time, because he went on and on emptying himself into me. This was enjoyable, but a girl does need something for herself, so when he finally ceased his flood irrigation and started to pull out I said, "Whoa, where do you think you're going, young man?"

"I thought it was over," he replied.

"Not on your life, sonny," I said. "That was only the first installment with lots and lots more to come."

“You mean, you want me to...”

“Yes I do mean...” (Why was I always finishing his sentences for him?) “I’m going to go and wash out that love juice you’ve put into me before it gets on the carpet, and you can clean up as well. I’ve got to give you your next payment, and we’ll carry out the transaction on the bed this time.”

After a little genitalia scouring we retired to the bedroom and clambered onto the bed – or at least, I clambered on, he stood by the bed.

I thought, “Oh my God, are we going to go through the staring routine again?”

I needn’t have worried because it became clear this boy knew what he was doing. I wondered where he had learned his trade. I made a mental note ask him some time.

After briefly surveying the scene, he came beside me on the bed and combined some tongue thrusting deep kissing with breast manipulation. The latter consisted of his hand starting under my breast at the base, then slowly stroking upward to end by gently pinching my nipple.

This combination proved very potent and almost brought me to the point of orgasm, but I fought it down in an attempt to prolong our loving.

He went on to another combination of sucking a licking my nipples while his hand made a tentative exploration of my vulva and inwards. When his finger finally found my clitoris, I was nearly going out of my mind trying not to come, but determination won out, and I still held back.

Having made his voyage of discovery round the island of clitoris, Steve pushed a couple of pillows under my buttocks, spread my legs and opening the outer lips of my vulva, commenced thrusting his tongue through the heavenly gateway, to lick up my female juices.

He ended this sequence with his tongue flicking round my clitoris until in squealing weeping misery I begged him, "For God's sake, Steve, get into me, I'm hanging right on the edge."

He complied and I let rip. The rumbling threat orgasm had been shaking me for some time. It was like a minor earthquake I once experienced, when it seemed to start a long way off and then came rushing towards us, then finally shaking the ground beneath our feet.

Now my orgasm no longer restrained came like an avenging fiend. I was shuddering from head to foot, screaming and yelling I don't know what. Steve was working with me, drawing back and thrusting in powerfully, then suddenly, and just as I reached my climax, he was firing into me again.

Looking back, I am surprised that the noise we made did not set all the neighbourhood dogs barking and howling.

We ended up still coupled, gasping for breath, and I was luxuriating in the most exquisite post-coital relaxation I had ever experienced. That boy certainly knew what to do with a woman once he got going, and I had a shrewd suspicion he knew a few more things that he had not let loose on me this time.

Once we had calmed down and Steve had pulled out, my curiosity got the better of me, so I took my chances and making it sound like a humorous question, I asked, "Where did you learn to do all that?"

I did not expect him to answer, but quite ingenuously he replied, "With mum."

I was stunned and wondered if I had heard correctly.

“Did you say your mother, Stella, taught you?”

“Yes. You see, I rather took over when dad got too sick to do anything with her any more. She’s always been a very sensual woman and what with looking after dad during his last illness, and going without sex, she got really depressed. She asked me if I would comfort her, “After all,” she said, “it will help you to learn how to please a woman.”

I could scarcely credit what I was hearing. Stella, who is a few years younger than me, is attractive enough, given her age, but she had never struck me as a “very sensual woman.” She always seemed to be so shy and reserved, so it just goes to show you can’t always tell by the outside.

There was something that disturbed me about this revelation. If Steve was having sex with Stella, and she found out what Steve and I had just done, there would be hell to pay. On top of that, I don’t like being in the second rank with a man I make love with, so I fronted Steve with it.

“Do you mean, you’re having sex with your mother, and now you’ve had it with me?”

“Oh no,” he protested. “Mum and I stopped some time ago. She said she felt a bit insecure having sex with her son, as she thought it wouldn’t last. Now she’s found herself a

boyfriend about her own age. They might even get married, so she couldn't very well carry on with me."

"To tell you the truth, Jan, I've wanted you for years, so I'm afraid mum was a sort of substitute. I like older women, you know."

"Yes, Steve, I rather gathered that. So what do we do now?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, since we've had a taste of each other, do we want to continue eating, or do we say 'enough'? Put it another way, shall I pay you some more installments?"

"Yes please," Steve said with hasty fervour, "Now?"

"Don't tell me you can manage another one?"

"Well, yes, if it's all right with you, Jan."

"Where you're concerned, my darling boy, any time will be all right, but it isn't quite what I meant. What I wanted to work out was just when we could get together. I mean, your mother might not like the idea..."

“Mother’s got her boyfriend, I don’t see why she should complain if I’ve got my girlfriend.”

“I’d rather Tom didn’t know,” I said. “He doesn’t do anything with me these days, but it might still hurt him if he knew, and I don’t want that.”

We made times when we could safely get together for some conviviality, and then we proceeded to join in congenial sexual congress over the next couple of hours.

Over the following weeks Steve and I continued to make each other very happy and contented, but I still felt a bit apprehensive about Stella.

This situation was resolved when one day, while I was working in the front garden, and trying to tempt Steve to cross the road to me, Stella emerged from their house and came over to me.

She started in without preamble: “I’m so glad Steve has found a nice friend in you. I somehow thought you two might get on well one day because he’s often talked about you. He was getting quite surly, you know, Jan. Now he seems so happy and relaxed.”

“I might be getting married again soon, Jan, and if I do Arthur, my intended,” (she grew a little demure) will come and live with us. I’d hate to have Steve feeling resentful because...”(I think she pulled herself up just in time) “because there was another man in the house.”

“I’m sure he’ll be just fine, I assured her.”

Stella kissed me on the cheek and went back into her house.

As I said at the beginning of my tale, I am fifty-two at the time of writing. When things began with Steve, I didn’t expect them to last. I thought I would be an interlude between his mother and some young girl. After all, why should he go on wanting a woman more than twice his age...?”

Sorry, I have to stop writing. I can see Steve crossing the road and...

The Boy Next Door

He ejaculated into me. I felt his sperm pumping into me, and he was saying over and over again, "I love you Stella, I love you so much."

It may seem ridiculous to you, but I really felt as if I was in the garden of paradise. I had the most luscious orgasm I had ever experienced, causing me to scream and sob. His loving touch - his gentleness - made me feel almost like a tender mother towards him. I wanted to give and give again, to let him sate his hunger in me – to soothe him.

I longed to respond to his words of love, to say, "I love you my darling," but even in this moment of ecstasy I dared not. It seemed too absurd, he a boy of twenty-two and I a thirty-six year old divorcee.

He gave a gasping groan and he had finished. I waited for him to withdraw like Stan, my ex-husband, who would pull out and turn away as soon as he had shot into me.

Allen stayed in me. I had thought his loving words were like those of other men at the height of their passionate hunger, to be forgotten as soon as their appetite was appeased. It was not so with Allen. He continued to speak of his love for me,

his desire and, as he saw it, my beauty (I make no claim to that for myself).

As his rod slackened within me I seemed to go into one of those post-coital dream-like states. I went back over the situation that had led up to Allen and I coming together in my bed. More than that, I recalled how I had first met him, and how the years had changed both of us.

He was eight-years old when I moved into the house next door to his parents as a twenty one-year-old bride. I felt myself to be very much in love with Stan, and longed for our first child. I never had that child. It seemed almost as soon as we were married that Stan began to change. It was as if, having, as it were, won the prize, he no longer valued it.

Before our marriage he had made love with me. After our marriage, this changed. I can only describe it as "being fucked by him." He didn't seem to care about my feelings and needs. He would simply off-load his sperm, and then turn away.

No child arrived because Stan always took extreme precautions to see that I did not get pregnant. He insisted that I took the contraceptive pill, and always used a condom himself. So even when I cheated and did not take the pill, I still did not become pregnant.

Allen was a lovely boy and he soon became a regular visitor to our house. His main concern in those days was to play with my two dogs and walk them. I supplied endless biscuits, cake and soft drinks in those years, and I suppose showered on him the affection I wanted to give to a child of my own.

As he entered his teenage years, I had expected him to cease his visits. Most young people, especially boys, want to reject the adult world and its "Thou shalt nots," at that age. Never the less, his visits did not cease.

I suspected I heard a lot more of his ventures, especially those with girls, than his mother or father did. Good and kind people though they were I don't think they would have welcomed confidences about sexual experimentation.

I was able to advise Allen about safety in sexual activity – whether the girl was using any sort of contraception, and the use of condoms, and the avoidance of establishing a long-term relationship too soon.

Stan left me for an eighteen year old girl from his office when I was thirty-four, and while the marital experience had been less than a happy one, I was distressed and confused at being left like that. "No more men in my life," I resolved. Just the

sort of rash decision people make when at the height of emotional turmoil.

At that time Allen was undertaking a course in computer programming at the university. I had for some time been writing short stories that were taken up by some magazines. I wrote on an old typewriter, and it was Allen who pointed out the advantages of a computer.

With his advice I purchased a machine and immediately began to curse both it and Allen. I almost wept for my lost typewriter, but instructed by Allen I eventually became a reasonably competent computer operator, and discovered its advantages over the "old banger."

Allen had grown into a good-looking, very intelligent young man, the pride and joy of his parents. Finishing his university course he went on to work for a local high-tech company. With his knowledge of computers it must have taken considerable patience to come and sort out the tangles that "the silly woman next door got into" (my words not his).

It was one of those "tangles" that caused me to telephone him one hot night to ask if he could come and sort it out for me.

I suppose I was foolish, but I was wearing my bikini. I did not think for a moment that it would affect Allen. Over the

years he had seen me in it many times. But then, I had not understood what was going on in his mind during those years.

Allen arrived and, as usual, with me seated in front of the computer and he standing behind me, he told me what to do.

When we had finished I was about to ask him if he would like a drink, when he said very quietly, "You know I love you, Stella?"

We were silent, I sitting rigid before the computer. I understood very well what he meant, but I tried to dodge the issue by taking up what he said in a way I knew well that he did not mean.

I said, "Of course, darling, we've been friends for years."

"Yes we have," he responded, "but you know I'm not talking about that. I love you, and I want you like a man want's a woman."

He had flushed me out of my hiding place, and I was out in open country, and like a hunted fox I tried to make a run for it.

"Don't be silly, Allen. You can't want me like that. I'm years older than you are, and we've been almost like mother and son, or at least, older sister and brother.

He placed his hands gently on my bare shoulders and said, "Stella, I haven't felt like a brother towards you since I entered puberty. I never said or did anything because you were married to Stan. When you and Stan divorced I still said nothing because I had nothing to offer you. I was still studying, and couldn't afford to keep a wife...

That shook me to the core. "A wife!" He had actually thought of marrying me. I decided to bring the conversation to a close, and started to say, "Now Allen..." but he cut in to finish what he was saying.

..."But now I have a profession and a good income, so..."

It was my turn to cut in. "Stop it, Allen..."

I couldn't go on. His hands had slowly moved down to my barely covered breasts and were lightly caressing them. "I love you, Stella. I want you so badly. I've wanted you for years."

I know I should have tried to physically stop him, but in truth, I did not want him to stop. I continued to make my verbal protests, "You mustn't, Allen. You can't want me. Think of your mother and father..."

He had removed my bikini top and his hands now held my full naked breasts. Stan had never been so gentle and loving. He had been rough with me, but Allen was squeezing my nipples to just below the point of pain - squeezing and letting go again. I felt my clitoris begin to throb and my vagina to lubricate.

Despite my protests, my body was making itself ready for penetration. It was as if my physical self knew what it hungered for, and was announcing that the long famine was over. Whatever my rational self might protest, my body was demanding satisfaction. It would no longer be denied the fare it craved.

Through a haze of emotional conflict I heard Allen speaking again.

"Stella, tell me you don't want my love, say I can't have your body, I'll go away and never bother you again. But only reject me if you truly want to reject me."

I tried to speak the lie – to tell him I didn't want him, but my voice failed me.

I was seated in an office chair and now Allen swung the seat round so I was facing him. He looked me straight in the eyes. "Tell me now to go, if you must."

I made a last desperate attempt to dismiss him, but all I got out was, "I...I..."

My emotions were in such turmoil I thought I might faint, but at that point, having failed to reject him, Allen kissed me. This focused me very suddenly.

His lips were soft on mine, his tongue exploring them until, unable to hold back, I opened them to let him enter my mouth. His kiss was long and searching, and when he broke away he removed my bikini bottoms. Putting his hands under my buttocks he raised my vagina and lowered his mouth to it.

"Oh God, his tongue is inside me, exploring, licking and thrusting. He's lifting the hood of my clitoris." I wanted to scream with joy at the sheer rapture that I was experiencing. " Allen, Allen, what are you doing to me? You'll drive me mad."

He stopped, but only to lift me in his arms. He carried me to the bedroom and lay me on the bed.

Any thoughts of protest or rejection were out of the question now. It was all too late. My body hungered for him. My whole being yearned for him. Yet, in the deep recesses of my mind there arose the fear, unspoken, but present. "Oh Allen, is this just satisfaction of your lust? Will you take me, then loathe me? I've been hurt before, please don't hurt me again. Don't speak to me of love, if it is only lust you feel. Don't ask for my love, only to throw it back at me."

I was ready for him – more ready than I had ever been with Stan, even at the time I loved him. My vagina was saturated and as Allen stripped I could see the precum glistening on the crown of his penis. I wanted to lick it off, but he was too urgent for me. He slid into me, and as I flexed my vaginal muscle round his shaft he gave a little cry and said, "Oh Stella, that's so wonderful."

So now I lay with him still inside me, but I was snapped out of my dream state, as I became aware that his penis was erect again and he was moving inside me once more.

The love thoughts I dared not utter went tumbling through my mind again. "Oh, my darling, my love. I want you so

badly. Kill me with your love, but don't condemn me to the death of being without you."

My orgasm approached and I felt Allen moving faster in me until, placing his hands under my buttocks and with a loud outcry, he plunged deep into me. I responded by wrapping my legs round him, struggling to drag him even deeper into me.

It was the mighty instinct of procreation. The impetus to force his seed into my depths that I might be fertilised. Yes, if ever I had wanted to be made pregnant, it was in that moment with Allen. As he punched his semen into me I prayed it would impregnate me.

We began to climb down from our climax, Allen still holding me and murmuring his love and devotion, and while everything inside me screamed to respond with words of my love, I could not.

"Allen was now asking me, "Can I stay the night with you?"

"What about your parents?"

"They're away for the next two days."

"Then stay."

Allen stayed, but while he was ready to tell his parents of our new found relationship when they arrived home, I would not let him. I understood how it would distress them, their beloved son "having it off" with a thirty-six year old woman, and their neighbour to boot.

Overriding Allen's protests and his continuous suggestions that we get married, or failing that, he move in with me, it was finally agreed that he would continue to visit me much as he had in the past. The difference now being that we made love. It was quite clear that Allen's intention was to have a long term relationship with me.

Allen's avowals of love for me did not diminish, if anything they grew more ardent. I had still not declared myself in this respect. It may now seem foolish, but I feared being hurt once more, so I remained silent.

One thing was obvious. Neither of us could get as much of the other as we needed. Occasionally Allen was able to spend the night with me. To say we had sexual intercourse three or four times during that night would be to mislead. Allen would hardly withdraw from me. After ejaculating into me, he would lay inside me waiting for his penis to harden again so he could continue. It was a source of puzzlement to me

how he managed to produce such large quantities of sperm, but in the end I thought, "lucky me to be the recipient of it."

If his penis was not inside my vagina, then it was most likely to be in my mouth or alternatively, his tongue in my vagina – or both simultaneously.

My breasts were a great favourite with him, and we would lie for ages kissing while his hands fondled them, fingers pressing my nipples. At times he would hold a breast and just look at it, murmuring, "It's so beautiful, so very beautiful." Then he would take the nipple into his mouth and suckle me. It was almost like having a child at the breast, and I wished I had mother's milk to feed him with.

That I loved him was without question. When we were apart I craved for him – longed to feel our naked bodies pressed together in the act of love. I have said that the first time we coupled, I felt I was in paradise. It continued to be like that with every union, but more than that, it was if we were in the Garden of Eden, where all was new and innocent. Perhaps that is what sex joined with love is, an act of innocence.

The truth of love is not to be found until love is tested. Allen and I had united in the act of love many times, but it had not had a real test.

One night the test came. Allen had just ejaculated into me, and was, as usual, lying with his penis still inside me, reluctant to withdraw. I whispered into his ear, "Darling, we are going to have a baby."

He did not move, and said nothing for a long time. I thought, "Now I shall discover whether his talk of love is true. Will he want the fruit of our deeds, or will he, like so many men, flee?"

He was quiet for so long I moved to look at his face, and saw tears flowing down his cheeks.

I was at a loss for a moment, then asked, "Darling, what is it?"

"Its wonderful," he sobbed, "but will you be all right?"

"Darling," I replied, "No doubt it is wonderful in its way, but not surprising. Heaven knows how much sperm you've pumped into me, and since we did nothing to prevent it, and I'm still a fertile woman, it had to happen some time. What's more, I'm not such an old lady that I can't give birth safely. Lots of woman are having their first baby at my age."

"You'll have to marry me now, won't you," he said jauntily.

"No, I don't have to marry you, but I will if you ask nicely. And by the way, I've never told you this, but I love you passionately."

"Stella, I ask you nicely, will you marry me?"

"Yes."

"I suppose we won't be able to have sexual intercourse now until after you've had the baby?"

"What," I shrieked. "A lot you know about women and babies. You get that penis of yours into my vagina, and you keep doing that until the day I tell you to stop. And when we do have to stop for a while, I shall see to it you get some gratification."

As I suspected, Allen's parents raised hell when they heard he was going to marry me, and what's more, I was pregnant by him. What they would have said if they knew what our sex life had been like, I dread to think. As it was, they said some searing things about me.

I silently forgave them their awful remarks, and the whole picture changed once they saw their granddaughter. I think they were under the impression that I had produced the lovely little creature just for them, and I was forgiven my sins.

Allen and I discovered that we have a propensity for reproducing the species, and at present I am carrying the third member of the human race to be implanted within me. After this one, I think I shall make sure that Allen's spermatozoa are neutralised.

Just an after thought; I shall of course make sure that my beloved Allen does not give up trying to fertilise me.

The Broken Ankle

Fantasy can be brought crashing down very quickly by the intervention of reality, and perhaps it should be.

Yes, Jackie was beautiful. Yes, I thought this was the woman I wanted to spend my life with. In my eyes she was the loveliest and sweetest creature I had ever met, and I was deeply, passionately in love with her.

I had spoken to her of marriage and she had smilingly gone along with my flights of connubial fantasy. Not for one moment did I doubt her fidelity and our future together.

I had met her when I was twenty four and at university. I was working for my master's degree, with the hope of eventually gaining a doctorate in geology. She was twenty and studying with the Department of Education with the aim of becoming a teacher. I was completely captivated by her as soon as I saw her.

Of course, many other males were also captivated, and it was with amazement that I found myself to be her "chosen one." A least, I thought I was chosen.

Within a month we began our sexual relationship. She shared a small flat with a couple of other girls, while I still lived at home; so many nights were spent in her flat.

There had been girls before her; girls I had been “in love” with, by which I mean, “infatuated with.” They had ranged from one night stands to a few weeks of “having a relationship.” With Jackie I decided, “This is it”.

For almost a year I went along in my illusory heaven. Marriage, home and children with Jackie, what more could I desire, unless it was the far off doctorate? Yet even that would be for Jackie. Not only would geology be my other love, it would be the means of giving to Jackie.

It was towards the end of our year together that I first experienced a change in our relationship. It began with little things like telephoning her to be told by a flatmate that Jackie was not there and, “She has just popped out for a while, but I’ll tell her to get back to you.”

For a while she did get back to me, but ever more infrequently. We seemed to see less and less of each other. “Darling, not tonight, I’ve got an essay to write.”

A few times I called at her flat without prior contact with her, to be greeted by one of her flatmates who would inform me,

“Oh, she’s not here Brent. I’m not sure where she is, but I’ll tell her you called.” Formally I would have been invited in to wait for Jackie and be offered a cup of coffee. Now the door was almost being shut in my face.

It was the night I decided to wait for her in my old station wagon in the street outside that the crash came. It was past midnight and I was about to give up and go home, when a car’s headlights swung into the street. It pulled up outside the building that contained Jackie’s flat. By the light of a nearby street light I saw a man get out of the car, go round the other side, opened the door, and out got Jackie.

The man locked the doors of the car and together they went towards the entrance of the building. Right near the street light they stopped and embraced. I could clearly see their hips grinding together, just as Jackie and I had done in the past. They went inside holding hands and laughing.

Under the street light I had recognised the man. He was studying in the School of Business Management, and was well known as the son of a local multi-millionaire. He splashed his father’s wealth around with great abandon, on cars, clothes, women and what passes for “The good life.”

I felt as if the blood had drained from my body. There was a roaring sound in my ears and I suddenly want to defecate

and urinate. Bile rose in my throat and my emotions tumbled over each other ranging from impotent rage to snivelling self-pity.

In seconds my world seemed to fall apart. Had all the love and planning for the future been a hopeless self-delusion? Amid the turmoil I was experiencing a nasty little voice kept saying, "But it was you, not her who was always planning for the future."

I sat in my vehicle until four in the morning, and the man did not come out from the building. My imagination added excruciating detail to what I knew in fact to be happening up there in the flat.

I drove home just after four and went to bed, but not to sleep. I lay there weeping for my shattered illusion and the humiliation that went with it.

My mother called me for breakfast at the usual time, but I made no response. She must have assumed I had decided to take a day off from the university and was sleeping late, because she did not call again until lunch time.

"Brent, you'd better get up and have some lunch."

I made no reply.

“Are you all right, Brent?”

No reply.

Her head came round the door and a look of concern came over her face. “Brent what’s the matter, you’re as white as a sheet?”

She came to me and sat on the bed. “What is it, darling? What’s happened?”

I had always confided in mother, telling her of my hopes and miseries, my joys and despairs. She had always been a great support and comforter. She knew of my plans for Jackie and me, and if she had been a bit doubtful about Jackie and me getting married, she had said nothing.

Now I told her of what I had seen the previous night. She tried to find acceptable reasons for what I had seen. Could it have been her brother? No it couldn’t as she had no brother and I knew exactly who the man was.

After a few more futile attempts to find explanations she gave up and said, "Telephone her, Brent, there might be a perfectly innocent reason for what you saw." We both knew there was no "perfectly innocent reason."

Never the less I telephoned, and this time Jackie did answer in a bright cheerful voice. At least, it was bright and cheerful until she learned it was me on the other end.

"What do you want, Brent, I'm busy."

I halting told her what I had seen and got her response.

"So what, you don't own me."

I spoke of our plans to be married and she laughed. "They were your plans, not mine. I never said 'yes' to them. Look, Brent, I tried to let you down softly by not being available. If you chose to spy on me and didn't like what you saw that's your problem."

"But..."

"There's no 'but' about it, Brent. If you thought I was about to spend the rest of my life with dollar a week rock chipper,

that's your fault. Frankly, I've had a better offer, so goodbye."

She rang off.

I ran to the toilet and vomited until there was nothing left to vomit on, and I lay with my head resting on the toilet bowl.

Thus ends self-delusion.

I ate nothing that day despite my mother's urging. She must have told my father what had happened because when we were alone briefly that evening he said, "Had a bit of let down, old chap?"

"Yes."

"Give it a bit of time, you'll get over it, and there'll be someone else."

I think I said something like, "Humph," and went and hid in my bedroom again.

For two more days I ate nothing, and obviously my mother was deeply concerned. She talked about a doctor and things

like that, but it was my father who made the really bright suggestion.

After his first rather cliché response to my woes, his wiser self prevailed. “Look, old son, have you got any field work that needs doing?”

In fact I had a need to get out into the field to do some work in relation to my thesis, so I told him so.

“Get out and do it then,” he said. “If you can get off for a week or even two, and bury yourself in work away from that girl and the things that remind you of her, you’ll start to mend.”

For want of a better idea, I prepared to follow his advice. Despite Jackie’s scorn for my financial status, I was in fact not completely penniless, or rather, my parent’s weren’t. Whilst having nothing like the wealth that my rival with Jackie had, we were what people call, “comfortable.” As I could afford the trip at my own, or at least my parent’s expense, I had only to contact my thesis supervisor and let him know that I would be off on field work for a while.

I hurriedly, and I must admit rather carelessly, loaded the station wagon with supplies of food, put some spare cans of petrol in the back together with a small tent, and set out next

day for an area where I had intended to do some research at some time.

I drove out through the city suburbs; passing by the building where Jackie's flat was located, feeling a lurch in my stomach. Then I was out in the green rolling hills with the farms dotted here and there.

I was initially heading for "The Hill" some six hundred kilometres north east from the city. I drove through small prosperous looking towns until finally I left the fertile region behind and was out on the arid plains.

The railway line came to run alongside the road, and the little, almost derelict towns that had once existed to service the needs of the railway, were the only signs of habitation. I reflected that these places looked almost as bereft as I felt.

Emus, wallabies and kangaroos made an occasional appearance. The kangaroos and wallabies were less frequent, but at night they are inclined to come on the road and fascinated by vehicle headlights, stand mesmerized to be mowed down by passing trucks. The roadside bore witness to this in rotting carcasses preyed on by hawks, crows and very occasionally wedge tailed eagles.

My mood was such that I began to feel I had brought my self into a world of desolation that matched my own bleakness within. In a better personal state of mind I would have recalled how for all its apparent harshness, this region has a vibrant life of its own. The stranger's eyes may not see this life, but the dwellers in this region know of it.

I crossed the State border and shortly began to approach The Hill. A strange place in some respects, as it looks as if a city suburb has been translated into the desert, yet has a life that was peculiarly its own. A city built for the mines which have been its reason for existence, it now faced the closure of those mines as the seams containing the silver, lead, zinc and tin ran out.

The city, despite the closure of mines, was still optimistic and vital. Tourism was its future, and in addition and almost unexpectedly, a community of artists had grown up, scattering art galleries across the city.

As I drove into The Hill at that time, I cared nothing for its past, present or future. I intended to spend one night in the place, add any supplies I needed, and move on, dragging my misery with me like a starved horse trying to pull a heavy cart.

I booked a room in a motel and actually managed to eat a meal at a nearby pub. After drinking too many beers I weaved my way back to my motel room, fell still clothed on the bed and descend into a restless alcohol inspired sleep.

I woke next morning with a thumping headache and a mouth like sandpaper. I managed to make my self feel slightly more human with a shower, and ate some of the unappetising breakfast provided by the motel. From there a brief shopping expedition to purchase a few things I had forgotten to load at home, petrol tank filled up and a couple more cans of petrol purchased, and I was on my way.

I drove North West out of the town, passing through an old ghost town now inhabited by a few artists and a museum keeper, and continued along a dirt road. After a few kilometres I came to the brow of a hill, and stopped my vehicle to stare out across a vast plain of salt bush and blue bush. In the distance I could see my goal.

There was a line of low hills seeming to hang on the horizon like blue grey ghosts. Looking at them one might be unsure if they were really there, so indistinct they appeared. The map reassured me they were there, and I set off again down to the plain.

Passing over a rough wooden bridge that spanned a dry creek bed, I came to a track running off from the road going in a westerly direction. Perhaps even “track” is too significant a word for it. It was a couple of vehicle wheel marks on the baked ground.

I turned on to the track and began to bump and lurch my way along it. No one graded or attended to the track. Only vehicles had made it, and while generally it looked as if it had not had any use for a long time, there were signs that one vehicle had passed that way recently. There was just one line of new wheel marks, and as the track came to an end at the hills I was heading for, the vehicle must have been going in the same direction as I, and had not yet returned.

I cursed whoever it was ahead of me. I had come for solitude not company and it looked as if I was to have the doubtful pleasure of someone, probably a geologist, to engage me in geological talk.

In the hope that I would pass them on their way out I continued my journey, the wagon leaping and bucking over the ragged and rock littered ground, and kicking up clouds of dust in my wake. “My God,” I thought, “If I broke down here...” For a moment I was glad there was someone else ahead.

The hills drew closer and took more tangible form. "Hills" is perhaps too grand a title for them. They were little more than large rocky outcrops but as I had been warned, did have some dangerous declivities which, if one fell into them, could mean serious injury. Injury in that country could mean death by starvation or thirst.

The track ran alongside the hills for a while before they curved to loom up in front of me. I slowed down searching for a place to camp, then a couple of hundred metres ahead I saw a vehicle. It stood by a tumbledown corrugated iron shed. The shed, I conjectured, had been put up long ago by a pastoralist running sheep or cattle in the days when mustering was done on horse back. It probably had contained emergency supplies and some tools. Now, with most of the mustering carried out on motor bikes, off-road vehicles and even helicopters, the hut had become irrelevant.

It should be noted that in this country you did not ask how many head of sheep or cattle were run to the hectare, but how many hectares for each animal.

I pulled up a little distance from the stationary vehicle, wary in case I got a hostile reception. I got out of the wagon and tried to brush off the dust that covered both me and the vehicle. No one was in sight or sound. Alongside the vehicle was a tent, so I walked over to it. The flap was open and

glancing inside I saw a camp bed with a neat pile of blankets, clothing and other paraphernalia that goes with camping, but unlike my own tent when I have been out on field work on other occasions, all was clean and orderly.

A glance at the clothing told me nothing about the wearer. There were a couple pairs of jeans, some loose looking tops and socks. I noted that a rope had been strung between two stunted trees. From it hung another pair of jeans, two tops and a pair of socks.

Since my own supply of clothing was very limited – one change only – and I never washed clothing, or often myself, when out in the field on my own, I was a bit overawed by my neighbour's high standard of cleanliness.

The vehicle gave no further clue as to the identity of its owner, but looking into the ramshackle hut I was surprised to see a large gas bottle and two gas rings for cooking. I intended to heat up my own Spartan supplies in an old saucepan and frying pan over an open fire.

A thought struck me about the washing. Out here one of the most scarce and precious things is water. I had brought several jerry cans of water which, following normal practice would not be used for wasteful things like washing clothes – or me.

I decided to investigate this phenomenon of apparently bountiful water supplies. I looked in the tent again, and then in the back of the vehicle. There was nothing that looked as if it contained water. I tried the old shed, and there stood two jerry cans of water I had not noticed before. One seemed to be full, the other around half empty. Also there were a couple of buckets and a large bowl, alongside which were soap and towels. This person's hygiene was beginning to irritate me.

At that point a voice behind me asked belligerently, "What the hell are you doing nosing round my things?"

I whipped round to be confronted by the owner of the voice, a girl! Well, not so much a girl as a woman. She looked at first glance to be about twenty four or five. Being no more than about five feet three or four tall, and as I'm six feet two, she was looking up at me.

She looked wary and had an aggressive stance that was enhanced by the way she held a geologists hammer in her right hand. In the other hand she held a canvas bag with something in it.

I am a man of peace, so I sought to placate her wrath with soft words. "I'm terribly sorry. I was just wondering who was here. I didn't touch anything."

"Who are you and what do you want?" My placating didn't seem to have gone too well.

"My name is Brent Wilde. I'm a geology student. I'm here to do some investigating up there," I pointed to the nearby rocks.

"Ah!"

"Yes, I'm interested in the possibility of mineral deposits. May I ask about you?"

"Smith. Norma Smith."

"I see you have a geologist's hammer, are you one of our fraternity?"

"Amateur. Just interested."

One certainly could not accuse Norma Smith of being garrulous. I decided not to pursue the matter for the time being, and asked, "You don't mind if I camp over there?"

"Can't stop you can I?"

"Well, if you really objected I could try and find somewhere else."

"Don't bother. The track ends here anyway. How long you staying?"

"A week, perhaps more. Depends on how I get on?"

She had been sizing me up as we talked, and suddenly she seemed to relent.

"Look, I'm sorry if I seemed rude, but you have to be careful out here, especially if you're a woman on your own. You can call me 'Smithy', most people do."

"It's okay," I replied, "of course you've got to be careful, especially when you find a strange guy nosing round your camp. Call me Brent."

I extended my hand to shake hands with her, but she ignored it and seemed to recoil a little. "Man hater? Lesbian?" I queried to myself.

"I'll set up my camp over there," I said, pointing to what seemed a likely spot. "By the way, I see you wash your clothes, is there some water around here?"

"Just over there," she said pointing to some lower rocks. "There's a trickle of water draining down from the higher rocks. It runs into a sort of natural rock bowl then spills over just down there. Look you can see the bit of green."

She was right. In the midst of the prevailing grey and brown there was a splash of green extending away from the rocks to disappear about a hundred metres from them.

"There always seems to be the trickle of water, even in the worst drought," she went on. "God knows how it keeps going."

"You know about this place then?"

She paused before replying, and then said, "Yes, I know about it, used to come here with my dad when I was a kid.

He runs a pastoral lease and this is part of it. We sometimes came this way at mustering time."

I had been surveying her as we talked. She was really quite pretty in what I can only describe as a "serious sort of way". She had dark hair cut short and although somewhat dishevelled at the moment, showed signs of having been well styled. Her face was slightly elongated in what some might call the "aristocratic manner". Her mouth was small, and despite her serious demeanour, looked as if it could smile easily with its upward turning corners.

In male fashion I had taken in her breasts which were not large, but were obviously unbridled, showing neat pointed nipples through her thin top. Her jeans clung closely to her body and displayed a feature that I have always found attractive in a woman, a swelling mound above her sex organ. Her legs I could not judge as they were covered by the jeans, but her buttocks were high and tight.

One feature that I found most attractive about her was her voice. Always sensitive to the female voice, one of the questions I ask myself about a woman is, "Could I live with that voice?" Having lost its hard tone at our first confrontation, I discovered that Smithy had a beautifully modulated voice, rather like that of an unaffected actress, if there is such a creature.

Had I not been so impotent from my shattering experience with Jackie, I might have taken more than a passing interest in Smithy.

She was still going on about the water and the pool. "Look, if you're going to use the water, for God's sake don't do what one of the stockmen did once, and bathe in it. It takes ages before the pool clears again. If you want to use it for washing, then bring some down in a pail. If you haven't got a pail I can lend you one."

"Thanks," I said, "I might take you up on that. I'll go and make camp now."

She nodded and I left her to get on with my task.

Having got my tent up and the camp bed erected (I never have learned how to achieve that task in one go and always end up pinching my fingers); I looked around for some wood to make a fire.

It is not always an easy task to find fuel in this environment, but fortunately there were a few stunted and dead trees whose remaining branches broke off fairly easily. I dug the obligatory trench, and with the aid of some dry brush got my fire going. Out came my blackened old saucepan and into it went the splendid feast; one tin of baked beans. This would

be more or less my standard fare for the time I remained here. Variation would come with the odd tin of spaghetti and some slices of bacon I had brought. No doubt a dietician's nightmare.

I saw Smithy depart in the direction of the pool carrying two pails, and shortly after she staggered back, the pails obviously full, and disappeared inside the old hut.

I took no further interest in her activities and settled down to heat and consume my beans. Finishing, and having been slightly inspired by Smithy's obvious hygiene, I thought it would be a good idea to wash the saucepan. No need to wash a plate since I had eaten straight out of the saucepan.

Unwilling to broach my own water supply, and not having brought a bucket with me, I decided to take Smithy up on her offer to loan me one.

I ambled over to her camp in search of her. She was not in the tent or the hut. I innocently walked round the hut and was pulled up short when I got to the back of it, by the sight of Smithy, stark naked, standing in the large bowl I had seen earlier, washing herself.

I was just beginning to stutter an apology when she started to scream.

“You filthy bastard, you rotten man, you just can’t leave women alone, none of you men can.”

The abuse continued and my hasty retreat was encouraged by a large bar of soap hurled with great force and accuracy at my head.

I felt somewhat aggrieved by this response to a perfectly unplanned sighting of her nudity, but I felt thoroughly reprovved when, her abuse subsiding, I heard sobs.

There was nothing I could do, as any intervention on my part would probably appear as another attempt to molest her. I made my way unhappily back to my own camp and its fading fire.

I decided that a mug of tea might settle my crushed spirits, and as bake bean residue does not go well with tea, I relented and washed the saucepan from my own water supply. I filled the saucepan and set it on the remains of the fire to boil.

As I waited for the water to boil I saw Smithy out of the corner of my eye flit from the back of the shed to her tent wrapped in a towel. I settled down to drink my black sugar loaded tea, and saw no more of Smithy that night.

Darkness having descended leaving only the light of the stars, that are sharp and clear in the outback, I decided on bed.

However hot the day may have been, there is always the strong possibility that at night the temperature would drop dramatically in the arid country. I wrapped myself in blankets and for the first time since my Jackie crisis, and even given my Smithy crisis, I slept well.

I woke in the morning feeling refreshed and even a trifle cheerful, until I recalled that at some stage I would have to face up to Smithy. However we might try to avoid each other, it was almost impossible for us not to come into contact.

I allowed myself a couple of slices of bacon for breakfast. The fire of the night before still had some feeble embers, so with the aid of some more brush and branches, I got it going again.

As I prepared my own meal there wafted across to me in the still morning air, a delicious aroma emanating from Smithy's camp. She seemed to be having the same meal as I, but doing it with more refinement.

I ate my own shrivelled meal and drank a mug of tea, then contemplated my day. Smithy's attention to details of cleanliness had made me somewhat self conscious about my own condition, but I found myself in a dilemma. My hasty and ill thought out preparations for this trip meant that I had no bowl, no bucket and therefore, no adequate means of carrying out personal ablutions.

I wrestled with the problem for a while, considering if I might pluck up the courage to face Smithy, and ask for aid. I decided on this course, and approached her camp cautiously, ready to flee if she appeared with a bar of soap in her hand.

I got to within a few metres of her tent and not seeing her, called out. Her head appeared round the opening to the hut.

"What do you want...don't come any closer."

"Look, I'm terribly sorry about yesterday evening, I really wasn't trying to perve on you. I just wanted to borrow your bucket. You know...you said..."

She stepped out from the hut looking fresh and clean in her jeans and top.

“Yes, I know what I said, and I’m sorry. It’s just that...well...what can I do for you?”

“I left for this trip in a bit of a hurry, and I’ve forgotten all sorts of things, including a bucket, and I want to wash and...”

“You want to borrow mine?”

“Er...yes.”

“Got a bowl to wash in?”

“No.”

“Got soap?”

“I think so.”

“You think so! Got towels?”

“No.”

“Bit bloody useless aren’t you? I thought you geologists always organised your field trips carefully.”

“Well, we normally do, but you see, I was...well...”

“Never mind. Borrow the bucket and if you like you can use my bowl and this.”

She held out her hand which clutched a bar of soap. I stepped backwards, tripped over a rock and went down on the ground.

“God, you need a nurse to look after you. Get up and you can borrow a towel as well. Wash behind here where I was. I won’t come creeping round to look at you...”

“Look, I said I’m sorry...I didn’t mean...”

For the first time her face lit up with a smile, and in doing so I saw how she really was a very attractive woman.

“I’m just joking, Brent.”

“Oh. Well thanks very much.”

I was still very wary and stood waiting for her to make a move. She remained by the hut opening.

“I’m not your servant, you know. Just come and get the things.”

I approached her and took the soap. She handed me a bucket and said, “When you’ve got the water you can use my gas ring to heat a kettle full. I’m going off to look for specimens, so help your self to the bowl and towel.”

Getting close to her for the first time my other fetish about females came into play. I dislike women dripping with perfume or deodorant. Smithy smelt of nothing but a faint aroma of soap. Had she been quite plain to look at, her lack of artificial smells would have seduced me.

“Thanks very much,” I said. “You’ve been very kind. If there’s anything I can do for you...”

She gave a lovely tinkling little laugh and said, “I think not, Brent. I mean, you’re a bit of a walking disaster area, and you’d probably make any problem of mine worse, but thanks for the thought. I’m off now to do my specimen hunting. I’ll leave you to it.”

I felt a bit like a little boy who had just been admonished by his mother, but decided not to get upset since I was about to use her property.

I took the bucket and made my way to where the rock pool was. It was like a rock dish, and Smithy had been right. Only a little trickle of water flowed into it at one end, and spilled over at the other to dribble down to the earth below. The water was clear and unpolluted, so I filled the bucket and went back to Smithy's camp, and using her gas, kettle, bowl, soap and towel, had my wash.

That finished I at last began my days work. Long before prospectors had gone over this region in search of something to make them money. Some had struck lucky, but these hills had yielded nothing. With this in mind I did not expect to do any better than they, so it would be a negative chapter in my thesis no doubt.

Never the less, I set to working my way slowly seeking any signs that there might be worthwhile minerals. This continued for the following days and I discovered nothing of note, except I did find a piece of soap among my gear, and didn't need to use Smithy's any more.

I sighted and spoke to Smithy only before we set out for the day and when we arrived back at our camps in the evening. Apart from the soap I still used her other gear, and actually washed my clothes.

We spoke little as Smithy did not seem to invite conversation, and I noted she recoiled from even chance physical contact. I had not even dared ask her what she was looking for on her trips into the hills.

Whether one could say it was fortunate or not, had I been my "usual" self, I might have found it hard being in an isolated place yet having an attractive woman close by, to have been shut out from closer contact with her. As it was, my experience with Jackie had made me wary, and I had even made a half-hearted resolve to forswear female company.

It was on the sixth day after my arrival that misfortune struck. I had finished my day's searching and was back in camp. Smithy was usually preparing her evening meal when I arrived, but on this evening she was not there.

I began my own meal preparations, expecting to see her arrive at any moment. She did not. Darkness began to set in and still she did not arrive. Real anxiety about her took over. I knew about the danger of the declivities and I wondered. Then with the darkness gathering I could stand it no longer.

One thing I had remembered to pack was a powerful torch. Taking this, I set out to begin a search for Smithy. If she was lying somewhere injured I gave myself little chance of finding her at night, but I had to try.

Picking my way slowly over the rocks I kept calling her name then listening for a response. For two hours I tried before finally hearing a faint cry, "Brent...Brent." I tried to locate the direction of the voice and kept calling out.

It was a moonless night, so there was only the starlight and my torch to serve as illumination and the torch battery would not last for ever.

Still calling out and listening, I went off in the wrong direction several times, her responses getting fainter. Then I found my self drawing nearer to the sound until I found my self standing on the edge of one of the declivities. In the light of the torch I saw the white face of Smithy looking up at me.

She was hunched up with one foot at an odd angle.

"I think I've broken my ankle, Brent."

“Bloody hell,” I thought, “this is all we need.” How was I going to get her out of there in the middle of the night and her with a broken ankle? Even if I did, I was not sure of the direction of the camp. I would need daylight to find my way; in the meantime I could hardly leave Smithy down there. The night cold was creeping in, and she only had her jeans and light top on. Come to think of it, so had I.

“I’m going to try and come down,” I called.

“No don’t,” she called back. “That’s how I fell and broke my ankle.”

I ignored this and searched the walls of the declivity with my torch for any means of getting down.

It didn’t look as difficult as I feared. There seemed to be projections of rock scattered over the surface of the walls, so slinging my torch over my shoulder on its strap, I began to make the descent.

It was no more than five or six metres deep, but feeling for foot and hand holds in the dark was difficult. Never the less, I made it, and dropped down beside Smithy.

“How does it feel?” I asked.

“Bloody painful.”

I had done a bit of first aid so I said I would like to feel her ankle. She made no fuss about the physical contact and my quick examination suggested that she did indeed have a broken ankle. The area was badly swollen and it was obvious there was no hope of her being able to walk.

Had I been using the Geology Department's vehicle, I would have had a two way radio available and could have radioed for help. Smithy's vehicle also lacked this equipment, but in any case, there was the question of getting back to the camp in the dark.

I knew that I could not leave Smithy alone. She was already shivering from shock and the encroaching cold. I decided that Smithy would have to set aside her apparent dislike of physical contact, and I would have to try and keep her warm with body heat until morning.

I told her I would stay with her for the night, but we should have to cuddle up. I think she was in too much pain to care about her anti-contact feelings, so after trying to settle her foot comfortably I lay beside her drawing her close.

She curled into me like a frightened child whispering her thanks. I had little hope that she would sleep, so I began to talk to her, asking her how she came to fall, what was she looking for – anything to try and distract her from the pain and cold. Eventually to my amazement, she went to sleep.

Unable to sleep myself, my back feeling like a block of ice, I actually had beautiful protective feelings. I held her like a little one, sharing my body warmth with her as she slept. Somehow this was more intimate, more stirring than sexual contact. I wanted to hold her, to keep her from the night cold.

Finally, towards dawn, I dozed off myself.

I was awakened by Smithy stirring. She was still curled against me and my arms were round her. Her eyes were open, her face pale and drawn and her first words were like those of a helpless infant: “It hurts, Brent.”

I was still trying to work out what to do next. I could leave her and find my way back to the camp. Drive to The Hill or the nearest place that had a telephone or two way radio and summon help. That seemed to be the common sense thing to do.

Then a thought occurred to me. Smithy had said her father ran the lease for this country, perhaps their residence was close.

“How far is your home,” I asked.

“It’s quite close,” she muttered through teeth clenched against the pain. “Only about seventy kilometres.”

“Oh my God” I thought, “‘Only’!” It would take hours to get there along the track and the dirt road.”

Another thought; if I got to the road, I might flag a passing truck, they all carried two-way radios these days. But often did trucks pass along that road?

Whatever I did it meant leaving Smithy where she was. She had not eaten since breakfast the day before, unless she had carried something into the hills for lunch. She might have been carrying a bottle of water, but there was no sign of it.

The sun was up, and while we were still in shadow down in the declivity, before long it would be blasting down on her. I would at least have to go back to the camp, get some food and water for her, return with it, and then go back to the camp again.

I decided I would make a dash towards The Hill.

I asked Smithy where the nearest habitation was in the direction of The Hill.

"There's nothing until you get to within twenty kilometres of The Hill," she replied.

"Bugger it," I thought.

"Look, Smithy, I've got to leave you to go and get help, and..."

Suddenly she clasped me tighter. "Don't leave me Brent. Don't leave me here alone...please..."

"Smithy, I've got..." I stopped in mid sentence. What I hadn't noticed before and should have done, was that the declivity at the far end sloped up to the higher level ground. If I could get Smithy up that slope we might have some chance of getting her to the camp. From there, using one of the vehicles, we could get to help.

"Do you think you could get up that slope?" I asked.

She looked out through pain narrowed eye lids at the slope.
“If you could crawl,” I encouraged.

She said nothing, but struggling to get on to her hands and knees, she began to edge toward the slope.

I had to hand it to her she was a girl with guts. She made it about two thirds of the way up the slope where it suddenly steepened.

“I can’t go any further,” she whispered.

I once more weighed up the situation. If I could assist her...manage to just get her out of the declivity.

“If I help you, Smithy...try and support you...”

“I just can’t.”

I was feeling desperate. My only recourse seemed to be to leave her and make the dash for help. Then I decided on one last attempt to get her out.

“If you could get on my back I might be able to carry you out.”

“You couldn’t.”

“For God’s sake, Smithy, let’s at least give it a try.”

I knelt down in a position where I thought she might be able to scramble onto my back. After a couple of minutes of struggling she was on, clinging to me, her arms over my shoulders. So I began the climb, the last three metres, to the top.

Several times I felt myself slipping back and tore my hands as I grasped at rocky projections, but we finally made it.

Smithy slipped off my back and I lay gasping and sweating from the exertion. I looked back to the bottom of the declivity and saw the torch and her hammer lying there, but I could not be bothered to go and get them.

I was trying to work out the direction of the camp because in my night time search I had probably gone round in circles.

Smithy seemed to sense my difficulty and said, pointing, "It's over there."

Having got her to the relatively level ground, I could not leave Smithy exposed to the sun. I would have to try and get her back to the camp.

"Do you think you could manage to move if I supported you on the side of your injured ankle?" I asked.

"I'll try," she answered.

Looking at her, hungry, thirsty racked with pain and exhausted, I gave us very little chance. Still she tried.

We were on a smooth section of rock that extended for about a hundred metres, before the going became really rough. We made it with me supporting her, to the end of the smooth going, but a few metres into the rough, and she could go no further.

I resorted to the previous expedient of getting her on to my back, and began a staggering progress in the direction Smithy had indicated. As I battled on, a vision of old western movies kept popping into my head.

The hero, perhaps a cavalry officer, finds himself in some desert like place accompanied by the "heroine." Somehow they have lost their horses and are being pursued by hordes of bloody thirsty "Injuns." As they run the heroine, naturally, falls, twists her ankle, and is unable to proceed. The hero sweeps her up into his arms and walks about a hundred miles carrying her like that to the fort.

The "Injuns," always about the hundred yards behind the fleeing couple, and riding horses at full pelt, never catch up with their victims. Still carrying the heroine, and with no sign of fatigue, the hero strides in through the gates of the fort. The gates are closed; the "Injuns" come hurtling up to them.

A few shots from the fort and a thousand "Injuns" drop dead, the remainder fleeing, to be pursued by a detachment of cavalry officered usually by the rather nice but soft looking guy usually played by some poor English actor who needs the money.

Hero is in love with heroine. She promises to give up serving as a prostitute in saloons, and become a respectable officer's wife. They ride together into the sunset through the place where the "Injuns" had been slain, but whose bodies have miraculously been cleared away.

The Colonel in charge of the fort looks after the departing couple, and sagely comments, "The only good injun is a dead injun."

Scene fades. House lights up.

"Don't how that fellow carried the girl like that all that distance," I thought. I was gasping and sweating as I stumbled and staggered along. Fortunately Smithy knew these hills, and guided me by the shortest and easiest route to the camp.

We got there, and ever since I can't for the life of me recall how we managed it, except it was painful and exhausting. Clearly I am not the western hero type.

Smithy slipped from my back and flopped down on the ground. I fell beside her. I suppose this should be the moment when I reached for her full swelling breasts as our lips clung passionately together. The strings of the studio orchestra would swell as we realised we were in love.

Well, I didn't and the orchestra strings didn't. If there had been an orchestra, and it played according to my mood, it would have been a very brassy and discordant noise. I felt a sort of resentment that "the silly bitch" had been stupid enough to try climbing down the declivity in the first place, and follow this with the unforgivable sin of busting her

ankle, and thus putting me to great inconvenience, near frostbite and physical ruin.

Mind you, after Smithy's initial kindness in loaning me her washing goodies, I had said if I could be of help any time. She had pointed to my bumbling uselessness, so now at least, she would have to eat her words.

After lying there for five minutes, I went in search of water and food. I found some dry biscuits and one of those large sausages. I got water from her jerry can and returned to feed the wretched woman.

We sat eating and drinking for a while, and then I recalled I had some aspirin with my gear. I made my weary way to my camp, got the pain killers, and returned to her. I took a look at her ankle, which was now thoroughly bloated and a horrible purple colour. I gave her some aspirin, thinking it was like trying to kill an elephant by throwing a pebble at it.

I took a couple of the tablets myself to try and quell the ache in my joints. The effect was slight.

Smithy had said nothing since we got into camp. I think her pain was too bad for her to want to speak.

“Smithy,” I said, “If I can get you into one of vehicles I can drive us out of here. We can make for The Hill.

“Take me home,” she whispered. “I want to go home.”

I looked at her lying there, eyes shut and tears squeezing out from under their lids. My anger with her dissipated. On first meeting she had looked tough and belligerent, now she looked very frail and vulnerable.

We’ll use your vehicle,” I said. “It’s a lot younger than mine and built for this country.”

“Keys are already in there,” she said. I gathered she meant in the starting lock.

I managed to pick her up, western cavalry officer style this time, and got her to the vehicle. As I planted her in the seat I thought, “Bloody hell, he must have been some tough bloke. I only carried this one a few metres and I’m almost dead.”

The motor started easily, and I began the drive along the track towards the distant road. It seemed to take an eternity but we finally made it.

“Which way,” I asked. She pointed to the left – the opposite direction from the direction I had come from The Hill. I turned on to the road, and started to make better progress, even though we shook and clattered over seemingly endless corrugations.

Smithy either fainted or went to sleep and she lay hunched up in the passenger seat. I kept a sharp look out for any sign of habitation and drove on and on. Eventually I spotted a well used track turning off the road with a simple notice stating, “G. Smith.”

I turned on to it and saw at some distance a large house. It was one of those built in earlier days with deep verandas all the way round, to keep the place cool. As I approached a man came out from the house followed by two women. They must have heard the vehicle approaching.

I pulled up in front of the house and the man came striding across to me. He must have been six feet four or five, and built like a heavy weight boxer.

As I stepped out of the car he roared, “Where’s my daughter?”

I indicated the passenger side and when he opened the door I was treated to another roar.

“You bastard, what have you done to her?”

I was exhausted, aching and hungry, and this was too much.

“I’ve just pulled her out of hole, carried her God knows how far, and fucking well driven her here, look at her bloody ankle.”

The woman had come up by this time, and through the haze of my fatigue I saw an older version of Smithy. The man towered above her, but when the woman spoke, I heard the voice of Smithy.

“Get out of the way, you silly great idiot. Much good your shouting is doing!”

The giant visibly withered in the face of the woman and backed away. She looked at Smithy, and although I could not see that side of the vehicle, she must have examined the ankle. She turned to the man: “It’s obviously a broken ankle and not a simple fracture at that. I’m going to radio the flying doctor. She’s not conscious so you pick her up – and damn well do it gently – and take her to her bedroom.”

“Right, love,” the humbled giant muttered.

She turned on me. "Young man, you look just about bushed. She turned to the second woman and said, "Mavis, take him to the kitchen and get him something to eat and drink, then show him where he can rest. He looks ready to drop."

I followed Mavis and entering the kitchen I said, "A sandwich and a cup of tea will do, I'm more tired than hungry."

She nodded and began to prepare the food.

As she worked she asked, "What happened?"

I gave her sketchy outline of events, being too weary to do more. "Sounds like she could have died," Mavis commented.

"She could have," I agreed.

"Poor kid, as if she hasn't had enough to put up with."

"What?" I asked.

Mavis looked embarrassed. "I'd better not say anymore. Gordon or Marge will tell you, if they want to."

The sandwich was ready and the tea made. I was not inclined at that moment to curiosity, so I shut up. When I finished eating and drinking my tea, Mavis led me to a small bedroom.

"You look dead beat so I think you'd better rest in here," Mavis said. "I'll tell Marge where I've put you, so try and have a sleep."

I needed no second telling. I stripped off to my underpants and fell into the bed. I must have gone straight off to sleep.

I'm not sure how long I slept but the room was dark when I woke. I got up and groped near the door for a light switch, and finding it, turned on the light. Not being sure what time it was, I didn't know if everybody was in bed asleep, but I decided to venture out and see if anyone was still up.

I dressed and opened the door. It opened on to a wide passage that seemed to run the length of the house. There was a light on in the passage, and from somewhere a bit farther along I heard a rumbling sort of voice, followed by a lighter, female voice. I went in their direction and came to a door partially open and the room beyond lit.

I put my head round the door and saw the giant and Marge sitting there talking. "Excuse me," I said.

They looked up and Marge said, "Come in, we were just talking about you."

I stepped in and Marge rose and came to me, and to my surprise, kissed me on the cheek. "Thank you," she said.

The giant had risen and approached me with hand extended. "Bloody good job...er...Brent, isn't it? Gordon Smith."

My hand was engulfed in an enormous paw and vigorously shaken.

"She could have died out there. Thank God you were around."

"I...I er...well...where is she...er...Smithy?"

"Flying doctor came in a few hours ago and they've taken her to the hospital at The Hill."

“Will she be all right? I mean... the ankle... and she was lying in that declivity long before I found her, and then she was there all night...”

“Yes, we know,” said Marge. “Norma told us. You were marvellous. The ankle is very badly broken, and she’s suffering from shock, but I’m sure she’ll be all right.”

“Poor little bugger,” said Gordon, “as if she hasn’t had enough to put up with.”

This repeat of Mavis’ remark did arouse my curiosity this time, but I thought I’d better not pursue the matter until invited to do so.

“Brent has only had a sandwich,” Marge interrupted, “perhaps he would like something now.”

I suddenly realised how hungry I was, and agreed I would like something to eat. Marge left the room to prepare the food. As she left the room she said, “Gordon, you’d better tell Brent about tomorrow. ”

“Ah, yes,” rumbled Gordon, “Tomorrow, yes. All your gear and Norma’s is still there. I don’t know if you intend staying there, but Stan, my station foreman can drive you out there

tomorrow, and he'll be collecting Norma's stuff and bringing it back. If you like you can come back here and rest up for a few days."

At that moment it occurred to me that I had not given a single thought to the reason for my being in those hills at this time. Jackie had not even crossed my mind. As she came to mind now, I felt not a single pang of anguish. "So much for my undying love for her," I thought.

"How long will Smithy...er...Norma be in hospital, because I'd like to visit her, if that's okay with you."

Gordon seemed embarrassed by my question, and said, "Well, they'll only patch her up at The Hill. She'll be gong on from there to the Royal City Hospital. You see, she'll need, well, special treatment."

"Oh."

"Look Brent, we'd like you to come back here, even if it's only for a day. You see, there's something about Norma...I suppose you don't need to know, but you saved her life and...well, Marge thinks you should be told. I'm not sure why, but she can tell you better than me. So how about coming back here and spending a bit of time with us?"

Puzzled about what it was Marge thought I should know, and not averse to the idea of spending a day or two with Smithy's...Norma's – bugger it, what should I call her? – parents, I accepted the invitation.

“Good,” rumbled Gordon. “Do you think you’ll be fit for an early start tomorrow?”

“I should think so.”

“Then I’ll tell Stan seven o’clock, okay?”

“Fine.”

The meal had arrived in the form of cold meat and salad and a mobile tray was trundle over to me so I could eat sitting in an armchair.

As I ate I was questioned for details of my Norma “rescue.” It seemed that Norma had only been able to give sketchy details because of her shocked condition and the speedy arrival of the flying doctor.

I did my best to satisfy their curiosity, but I was beginning to feel weary again, and seeing this, Marge said, "I think Brent ought to be off to bed again, he's had quite a day."

I stood to leave the room and Marge came and kissed me again, offering further thanks with Gordon rumbling his in the background.

Marge came with me to the door of the bedroom and pointed out where the shower and toilet were, and asked if I needed anything. I indicated that my clothes were filthy and sweat stained, and asked if there was anything I could borrow.

Her brow furrowed at this request, but she said, "I can get you a dressing gown, so why don't you take a shower and pass your clothes out to me, and I'll see what I can do for the morning."

After the shower I fell naked into the bed and disappeared into some dreamless chasm.

I was wakened from the dark hole I had descended into by a sharp knocking on the door.

"Yes?" I called out.

“Time to get up,” said a voice that sounded like Mavis’.

“Right.”

“Can I come in? I’ve got your clothes.”

“Okay.”

Sure enough, it was Mavis carrying my own clothes, but clean and ironed.

“How did you manage that?” I asked, indicating the clothes.

“I didn’t,” she replied, “Marge did it. Washed them, dried them in front of a fire then ironed them”

“But...”

“Don’t you worry young fella, you’ve earned a medal with us. Breakfast in five minutes.”

With that speech she departed. I got up, dressed and washed, then made for the kitchen.

Gordon and Marge, together with Mavis and another man, were seated round the table eating porridge. Marge, Gordon and the man bade me good morning and Mavis indicated for me to sit.

“Porridge okay?” she asked.

“Certainly,” I replied.

“This is Stan,” said Gordon. Stan extended his hand across the table and we shook hands, or rather, he crushed my hand. “Pleased to meet yer,” he said. “Hear yer saved our girl. Good on yer.”

With that he returned to his porridge.

I briefly studied him. Even seated he gave the impression of being tall and powerful, and clearly indicated in his handsome features was an aboriginal background. As I was later to learn, he was married to Mavis, and the two of them were almost the backbone of the place.

I came to the conclusion that out here they grew the men big and the women small, but the women seemed to be at no disadvantage for all their small stature, and when they told their men to jump, they jumped. There came into mind the

somewhat imperious manner exhibited by Smithy, until her accident.

There was some desultory conversation mainly focused on my “heroism” to which I was not inclined, nor was I given opportunity, to respond.

Breakfast over, Stan looked at me and asked, “Right?”

“Sure.”

“Let’s go then.”

I added to my previous assessment of the males, “They also breed them laconic.”

Stan rose, nodded to the company, kissed Mavis rather like a little boy leaving for school, and strode outside with me following. We went out to a big shed inside which stood an array of vehicles.

The one Smithy had used was there, but Stan said, “We’ll use the Land Rover.”

We climbed in, Stan started the motor, and we shot out of the shed and up the track to the road.

There now began what for me was a hair-raising drive that Stan seemed to think was normal. As we hurtled forward he made odd comments about the passing scene, like, how many head they had mustered “over there” last year, and how the feed was sparse this year.

His one reference to the adventures of Smithy and Brent was to comment, “Bloody good job you done, son. Sweet kid. Known her from when she was a baby. Bloody awful what that bastard did.”

I ventured to ask what the “bastard” had done, and got the reply, “Not for me to say. Up to Marge.”

From then on conversation stayed in neutral, centring on head of cattle, feed and those “Bloody emus everywhere,” until in about half the time I had taken to traverse the countryside, we reached the camp site.

We packed Smithy’s and my gear, and Stan, looking disparagingly at my vehicle commented, “Reckon she’ll make it?”

“It’s all I’ve got.”

“I’ll drive behind yer in case she falls ter bits.”

Irked at his disparagement of my beloved station wagon, I thought it would be best not to respond because, truth to tell, she might “fall ter bits” on that track.

With me leading our return to the house took considerably longer, but we arrived in time for lunch.

This time only Marge and Gordon were present for the meal, Stan having gone for his lunch with Mavis in the house they occupied behind the main house. I noted that there were half a dozen other houses which I assumed correctly, were occupied by other people who worked on the station.

We ate mainly in silence, but I could feel that something was impending. When we had finished Gordon excused himself, muttering something about going to the south paddock to “have a look.”

I helped Marge clear up, and when finished she said, “Let’s go and sit on the porch.”

Her invitation sounded a bit ominous and I wondered what was coming.

We sat for a few minutes in silence, Marge clearly trying to work out what she wanted to say. I observed her more closely than I had previously. I could see the marked similarity between her and Smithy, even to the same manner of speaking. Marge must have been in her mid forties, but had retained her figure and attractive looks.

“Promises well for Smithy,” I thought.

When Marge began it was in a low voice.

“We love Norma very much, Brent.”

I could not think of a suitable response, so stayed silent, waiting for her to continue.

“She’s the only child we have, and very precious. She’s had a bad time and...well...we feel we failed her. Gordon feels very guilty.”

This time the statement that Smithy had suffered in some way was too much for my inquisitiveness and I asked, "What happened to her?"

Marge seemed to ignore my question and went on, "I don't need to repeat how grateful we are to you for what you did."

"No."

"You see, Brent, in a way it's partly our fault again – Gordon and me."

"I don't see how. It was just an accident."

"Yes, but we shouldn't have let her go there."

"Could you have stopped her?"

Marge shrugged, and then seemed to make up her mind.

"You see, Brent, something terrible happened to her there...I mean before, when she was fourteen."

"What, did she injure herself like this last time?"

“No, she was raped.”

I felt a cold shiver run down my spine. I hardly knew how to respond, so I said, “I see.”

“Look, Brent, she was the sweetest little thing, so loveable, then afterwards...well...”

“How did it happen?”

“She was on holiday from the private school she attended in the city. We only saw her during holidays in those years. Gordon was mustering prior to selling stock. He wanted to find if there was anything wandering about round those hills before he sent the men out to round them up. It would be a waste of time if there was nothing, so he sent one of the station hands, Ted, just to have a look around.”

“Norma used to go out there with Gordon when she was quite little, and she always thought she would find dinosaur remains in the hills...you know how children are. At the time of that holiday she hadn’t been out there for several years, and she begged Gordon to let her go with Ted.

We had no reason to think that Ted...well...you know, he'd been with us for years and we never noticed anything...I mean he lived in one of the houses and had a pretty wife...and well."

"Being our only one, I suppose we spoilt and indulged her, but she never became greedy or demanding, just the contrary. Gordon especially indulged her, and so he let her go with Ted."

"To cut a long story short, when they got out there he raped her. He told her if she said anything he'd kill her."

"When they came back we could see something was wrong. She was sullen and all the sparkle had gone out of her and she seemed to be in pain. Then I noticed bruises on her wrists and arms and she wouldn't say how she got them. For a whole day she said nothing, and then in the evening she walked into the kitchen and leaned against the door frame and said, 'Mummy', and fell down in a faint."

"We called up the flying doctor, and when he came he examined her, and of course, the truth came out. He'd not only bruised her wrists and arms, but there were bruises and marks all over her body. Worse still, she was not one of those girls who mature early, and her poor body just wasn't ready for male penetration, and he injured her badly."

“It was obvious who had done this to her, and Gordon went nearly mad. He went to Ted’s house and dragged him out into the yard and would have killed him if some of the men hadn’t dragged him off Ted.”

“It was terrible, with Ted’s wife screaming and the men struggling to separate them. Thank God the doctor had taken Norma back to The Hill hospital so she didn’t see what happened.”

“In some ways the rape wasn’t the worst that happened. The police came and took Ted away, but he claimed Norma had led him on and well...I suppose the police have to do their job. They questioned Norma over and over again, seeming to imply that she was a young slut who wanted Ted to do that to her. They never actually said that, but that’s how Norma felt.”

“That Ted was guilty was really obvious in the end, and he got eight years jail. But there were people, and because of the media the whole business was out in the open, who said things like, ‘There’s no smoke without fire’. You know what people say.”

“When Norma came out of hospital and the trial was over, everything looked all right at first. She’d had counselling,

and although she was quieter than usual, she seemed okay. Then it started. It was bad dreams at first with her calling out for me night after night. Soon after that we noticed that she would not let Gordon touch her.”

“Stan, the man who drove you this morning, he’s known Norma from the time she was born. He and Mavis haven’t got any children, and they really loved Norma, and she even turned on them. She called him a ‘white woman fucking nigger’, and Mavis a ‘nigger’s slut’. We nearly lost them over that...I mean...they’re not just employees, they’re very dear friends.”

“It was as if Norma had undergone a total personality change. When she went back to school we thought she might settle down again, but within six week we were asked to take her away from the school because of her violent and disruptive behaviour. We tried two other private schools, but she never lasted longer than two months in either of them.”

“Oh, they were very sympathetic and suggested that Norma should see a psychiatrist, but wrongly, we baulked at this.”

“In the end we sent her to the high school at The Hill, and I went to live there during school terms, so she could come home to me every night. All that did was to put me closer to her behaviour, and I witnessed some of her violence. The physical violence was always against girls. She never

physically attacked boys because by then she couldn't bear any male to touch her, even her father."

"She lasted six months in that school, and they really did try to help her, but it was no good. We ended up taking her out of the school and bringing her home here."

"By that time things had really got to be terrible. We had nearly lost the friendship of Stan and Mavis; none of the men would come anywhere near Norma, and Gordon and I were always fighting, accusing each other, saying it was the other's fault this had happened. In fact, our marriage was on the verge of breaking up."

"It was then we swallowed our pride and took Norma to see a psychiatrist. Of course, we had to go to the city, and the treatment called for regular sessions over a long period of time. So again Gordon and I were separated. I had to go and live in the city to take care of Norma and get her to the treatment sessions."

"This seemed to go on and on for ages, but then came the time when I was told that from then on Norma would only need to attend a session every couple of months. So we came home."

“She was calmer, more her old self, except the vitality seemed to have gone out of her. From a loving happy girl, she had become grim and cynical, and still couldn’t bear any male to touch her.”

“And that, Brent, is where we had got to when this trip to the hills was brought up. Norma had read something about returning to the place or thing where a traumatic event had taken place in your life. She called it, ‘Facing your dragons’. Like flying again immediately after you’ve been in a plane crash. She said she wanted to go back to the hills and face her dragons, and she insisted she would go alone.”

“We didn’t want her to go, but really we couldn’t stop her, except to refuse her a vehicle...well, as usual, Gordon gave in...I know he looks a great tough guy, but really he’s as soft as warm butter underneath, so we let her go. You know the rest.”

She paused for a moment, she sighed and said, “I know it’s very sentimental. But you know Brent; I’ve always looked forward to there being grandchildren. But now...”

We sat in silence for a long time, I trying to digest what I had been told, and Marge perhaps wondering if she had done the right thing telling me.

“You know, of course,” I said, “she lay all night in my arms while I tried to keep her warm. Then I carried her for I don’t know how long.”

“Yes, but it was different. She was injured and frightened.”

I agreed, but added, “She’s been injured and frightened for a long time...I mean, before this last business...injured in her mind.”

“Yes. I suppose I’d better tell you that she hasn’t gone to the Royal City Hospital just to get her ankle treated. She’s gone there to receive more psychiatric treatment. The doctor thinks that what happened to her this time might add just another trauma to the original one. Well, I’ve burdened you enough with our troubles, Brent. Thanks for being so sweet and listening.”

She rose to leave me, but I took hold of her hand and asked, “Will it be all right if I visit her when I go back home? I mean, would seeing me just make it worse by reminding her of what happened?”

“I don’t know, Brent. Can we leave that to the psychiatrist to decide? We can contact you and let you know.”

“Right.”

“I’m going to make some coffee. If you’d like some come to the kitchen in ten minutes.”

I said a distracted, “Thanks,” and she left.

I am not one of those people who in the face of a person’s pain suggest to them that there are other’s worse off than they. I understand the uselessness of such counsel. But after what Marge had just said, I did see that my crisis over Jackie had been a mere pinprick compared to theirs.

As I had already realised, if the face of what I had been through with Smithy, the Jackie affair had almost faded completely from my mind. As I thought of her now, I saw her for the self-indulgent person she was when seen alongside these people.

Apart from the initial male survey of Smithy as a desirable or otherwise, female, I had only viewed her as a person of that strange mixture of generosity and rejection. That saying that we should not judge another until we know the full story rang true for me now. But then, when do we ever know another’s full story?

Here was a young woman, her life perhaps marred for ever. Unable to relate to men and thereby cut off from marriage and children, so who was I to complain if she could be a bit sharp and cynical?

I mentally shrugged and retired to the kitchen for coffee.

I thought I had wanted to stay around the Smith place for two or three days, yet found, despite my liking for Marge and Gordon, and a budding friendship with Stan and Mavis, I wanted to leave.

I had achieved nothing towards my thesis at the hills, and knew I would have to return there some time in the future. Now I felt as if I had nothing to gain by staying and more importantly, nothing to contribute. The events at the hills, the aftermath, mainly Marge's revelations concerning Smithy and her family, had left me feeling flat - drained.

I told those white lies we are prone to use in such circumstances: "Very busy. "Must get back to work." "Parents expecting me home."

I left amid a flurry of more thanks, hand shaking and kisses, leaving behind my promise to return some time when Norma was better. I left with all the relief and feelings of guilt such situations engender.

I had left my address and telephone number so that, if it was appropriate, and her psychiatrist agreed, I might visit Smithy in hospital. In the following weeks and months no call or message came.

I buried myself in my thesis work, seeking to distance myself from the emotional content of all that had happened, just as I had with Jackie. Incongruously, I realised I had fled to the hills to escape my emotions concerning Jackie. Now I had fled from the hills, or at least the Smith household, to escape any emotional tangle I might get into with them.

About six months after leaving the Smith's place, the memory began to not so much fade, but soften. I'd had a bit of drama in my life. For a moment I had been a hero, at least in the Smith's eyes. Perhaps it is true that we are all destined for five minutes of glory in our lives.

I had generally cut myself off from social contact, especially with women, and buried myself in my thesis, so it was a surprise to me when, coming home from university late one afternoon, my mother greeted me with a knowing look saying, "There's a young lady waiting to see you. She's in the lounge."

"Who is she?" I asked.

“Says her name is Smith. Seems a nice girl. She’s the one you got out of that hole, isn’t she.” It was a statement not a question.

I had told my parents only the bare details of what had happened at the hills, and nothing of what Marge had revealed to me, but I felt I could safely assume that mother and Smithy had been having a significant chat.

Wondering what had brought Smithy to our house, and recalling the unpredictable moods Smithy could exhibit, I put on a neutral face and went into the lounge anticipating the worst.

I almost didn’t recognise her. No longer clad in jeans and a top, her hair now worn longer, the girl I confronted wore a dark green dress that displayed the legs I had not been able to see before, and they looked good, very good. The veil of suspicion and apprehension she once displayed had given place to a very pretty open countenance. However, one feature remained.

As I walked in Smithy rose like an avenging angel from the armchair where she was sitting, and with eyes blazing said, “You bastard. You lousy bloody man. Not once...not once

did you come to see me. No note, no telephone call. I waited day after day, but nothing...”

“But...”

“Don’t you ‘but’ me, Brent Wilde. How a nice woman like your mother could produce someone like you I’ll never know.”

She had come close to me and stretching up kissed me on the lips.

I was astonished on two counts. First, what had happened to her revulsion over physical contact with men? Second, how did an outburst like the one just delivered warrant a kiss?

“Oh, do sit down Brent, you make everything look so cluttered standing there.”

To my amazement I obeyed.

“I said once before, you’re a walking disaster area. If the prime minister ever sees you he’ll declared a state of national emergency. Why didn’t you come to see me?”

My brain cells were working overtime trying to keep track of the flow, or rather, torrent that had poured out of her, so I stammered out, “Your mother said...”

Oh, did she? And you took notice of her?”

“Well, she said the psychiatrist would...”

“Would he? Did anyone bother to ask me what I wanted? A pause, then, “Well, did they? No, they bloody well didn’t.”

“I’m sorry, but they said you didn’t like men and...”

“Ah, they did, did they? And you of course just accepted that, eh?”

“Er, yes. After all I had noticed...”

“Oh, you do notice some things then? I’ve told your mother I’m taking you out for dinner, so where would you like to go?”

“Smithy, are you feeling okay, I mean, aren’t I supposed to ask you out to dinner?”

“If I waited for you to ask I’d be an old woman before it happened.”

“Please, Smithy, can we slow down a bit. I don’t know what all this is about, but can I just clear up a few things with you?”

She gave that lovely smile I’d seen before, only this time it was truly radiant. “It’s all right Brent. I’m only playing with you...not about the dinner though. You say what you want to say or ask?”

“Truly, Smithy, I didn’t come to see you because I was waiting for your mother to tell me it was all right to visit. I heard nothing, so assumed either you didn’t want to see me or the psychiatrist thought it not a good idea.”

“Yes, I know Brent. In fact the psychiatrist was a bit ambivalent about your visiting, and my parents, knowing how I’d been behaving towards men, decided not to contact you. You see, it wasn’t that they didn’t want us to see each other. What they were doing was leaving it up to me to make contact if I wanted to.”

“But you don’t really like men, do you Smithy.”

“I’ve got a couple of things to say about that, my boy. First, I’ve had my head turned inside out for the last few months and have got a bit better perspective on men. I mean, they can’t all be rapists, can they? The other thing is, I spent a whole night cuddled up to a man, who after that proceeded to carry me on his back for I don’t know how far, so that has to say something in his favour, even if he is a muddle headed idiot.”

She had been sitting in an armchair, but now she rose, came over to me and said very quietly, “Thank you, you wonderful man. I shall love you for ever for that.”

She kissed me again.

“And, you lousy male, you haven’t even asked me how I am. And don’t bother to say I haven’t given you the chance because it’s true, I haven’t.”

I held her hand. “How are you, Smithy?”

“I feel wonderful. I’ve got a bit of a limp, though. The doctor says with some therapy it might go away eventually. Now, about dinner, where do you want to go?”

“Could we go somewhere quiet,” I asked, “Somewhere where you’re not allowed to bully me?”

She suddenly became very serious. “Brent, do you think you could ever come to like me?”

“Well, it’s rather difficult to dislike a woman you’ve spent the night with, then carried thousands of kilometres...at least, it felt like thousands. Of course I like you Smithy, you’re such a complicated woman, so how could I help but like you?”

“That’s good, Brent. You see I’ve thought about you a lot in all these months, and although I shouldn’t say it to you, I think I love you.”

“It’s just gratitude, Smithy.”

“Perhaps, but I’m staying in town for some time. I’m still getting treatment for my ankle as well as my head, so I shall be pestering the life out of you until you tell me to clear off or until I find it is just gratitude. In the mean time, I’ll settle for loving you because it feels so nice. Is that okay with you?”

“Suppose I say it isn’t okay?”

“Can you tell me where the soap is kept?”

We both broke up laughing.

That night's dinner was followed in the weeks and months after by many outings. At one time I would have been bedding the girl as soon as I could, not so with Smithy. I never sought to touch her, but always let her make the physical contact. She held my hand and leaned against me in theatres. Sometimes she would drape my arm round her shoulders. I wanted to do nothing that would make her recoil.

One evening sitting in the car outside the house where she was staying, she snuggled up to me and said, “I've found out, Brent.”

“Found out what?”

“It is love, not gratitude. Is that all right?”

“Well, yes, I suppose so.”

"I finished all my therapy. The last session was this morning, and as you see, I hardly limp at all now. I'm okay, I mean, I'm in my right mind if that's what your wondering."

"No, that's not what I'm wondering."

"Brent, I would let you...I mean I want to but...but I'm still frightened...it hurt so badly."

"I know. Let's not worry about that yet."

"Could you ever love me, Brent? Please tell me the truth. Don't just say something to please me or keep me quiet. It's too important to me for that."

She was leaning against me and I experienced that same fragility, the vulnerability, as the time I held her in the hills. If I had to hurt her, now and not later was the time.

"I don't know, Smithy. I don't know if I ever want to love again."

"Ever love again? You've been hurt too, haven't you?"

"Not as badly as you, Smithy, but yes, I've been hurt."

“Could you tell me?”

“I had never mentioned Jackie to her, but rather than make her feel rejected for no reason other than the thought that I found her unlovable, I told my story.

When I finished she still leaned against me, and she said, “I understand, but there is just one thing I want you to know. If ever you loved me, I would never reject you, ever. There, I have no pride, have I?”

“Love doesn’t need to bother with pride, Smithy, it’s sufficient to itself.”

“Yes, I suppose so. My parents want me to go home.”

“Are you going?”

“I don’t know it depends on you. If you want me to go, I’ll go, or stay if you want me to stay.”

“If you go, how soon will it be?”

“Early next week, probably.”

I felt the same sort of lurch in my stomach I had experienced with Jackie. I had come to cherish her companionship, the talk, the warmth of her presence. I had loved one who had used me, why could I not let go and love one who had declared her love for me?

I was at war with myself again, and I think Smithy sensed this.

“Look, Brent, don’t say any more now. Just let me love you without any strings. I know I haven’t given you what most other girls would have given long ago. I’ve still got that barrier of fear to overcome and I truly believe you’re the only man I could overcome it with, but you’d be taking a big chance with me, I know that...”

“No, Smithy, it’s not like that, I promise you. I’m glad in a way that there’s been no sex. I’ve got to know you in so many other ways, and I’m grateful I have. But you’re right, let’s not say any more tonight.”

She kissed me very tenderly and said, “Good night, love of my life.” Then she was gone.

I saw a yawning void opening up before me, far more threatening than that declivity Smithy had fallen into. That was a situation that called for practical responses, however demanding physically. Now the call was for emotional responses, and they were to be responses to that most delicate of all our emotions, that of love.

Love can be wonderful and uplifting. It can also be near annihilating when it goes wrong, as it did with Jackie. The yawning void was one which was before me. I was standing on its edge. Somewhere on the other side but for now invisible there might be a place to come to rest on. There was no guarantee. Should I leap out into the void trusting that all would be well?

These were my thoughts and feelings and, as sometimes happens, something or someone steps across your path, and you find yourself moving in a new direction, either in retreat or advance.

In my current dilemma it was at first my mother who focused me.

It was the day after Smithy had told me she might go back to her parents. I was being miserable over a cup of coffee in the kitchen, while mother was preparing something. She made the chance comment, "Lovely girl, Norma."

I made some non-committal sound. She went on, "Have you ever thought you might like to marry her?"

"She's going back to her parents."

"That doesn't stop you thinking about marrying her, does it?"

"I suppose not."

I had never told my parents about Smithy's rape and the devastating sexual after effects. Perhaps they thought Smithy and I were having a sexual relationship since we had seen so much of each other, and they could see there was no other girl in my life.

My father had been sitting opposite me buried in a newspaper, but as always alert enough to pick up the trend of the conversation.

"Bloody mug if you don't snap her up. That's if she'd have you. Bloody sight more human than that other one you wanted to marry."

“Still, if she’s going back home, you won’t be seeing much of her, if at all,” mother went on.

I got that lurch in my stomach again.

Mother managed to add a pain to the lurch. “Pity, she’s such an attractive girl.”

“He’ll just have to look for another one to take out,” my father said.

That did it. Without really considering what I said I burst out, “I don’t bloody well want to take anyone else out.”

“No need to get upset son, it was only a passing comment.”

I said nothing further but thought a lot. “No Smithy, no one to be with, no one to...” I stopped myself forming the word in my head, but it was there none the less.

My father got up and muttered something about going down to the shed to do some work.

Silence reigned for a while then mother asked, “Something wrong, love?”

“Yes.”

“What?”

“Smithy.”

“What about her?”

Not only had I not told my parents about the rape, I had not said anything about Smithy having psychiatric treatment. As far as they knew she was just getting her ankle treated. Now I needed to talk to someone, preferably female. Who better than mother?”

So I told her the story, including Smithy’s fear of sexual contact.

Mother was quiet for a while, then stopping her work she came and sat down at the table.

“I understand, Brent. She’s said she loves you, and you’re the only one she wants to have physical contact with, but she’s also said it’s a risk?”

“Yes.”

“If you don’t love her, Brent, then let her go, because it is going to take a lot of love to help her overcome her feelings. If you do love her, then she will need all your patience and tenderness to overcome the problem.”

“You see, Brent, there are men, lots of men, who demand, insist and can get rough with a girl, even when it isn’t technically rape. Anything of that sort could bring her crashing down again. Only you know for sure whether you love her or not, but if you do, then be very, very gentle with her.”

“I don’t know if I can love her as she needs to be loved, mum.”

“You told your father you didn’t want anyone else.”

Although I had spoken those words unthinkingly, my mother repeating them brought them into sharp focus.

“Is it love, mum, when you feel like that...I mean...not just infatuation, not just wanting to bed a woman, but not wanting to be without her?”

“If it isn’t love, Brent, it comes pretty damned close.”

Peace seemed to settle on me. I felt as if the problems and doubts had dissipated. It was both as simple and at the same time, as profound as that. I didn't want to be without Smithy in my life.

I could have telephoned her, but knew that what I had to say must be face to face. I rose, gave mum a kiss and said "Thanks mum, I'll be gone for a while."

She gave a little laugh and said, "Be very nice to her."

I grinned and responded, "I will, I promise you."

I drove to where Smithy was living while in town. It was an aunt's place, and it was the aunt who opened the door to my bell ringing.

"Brent, you'll want Norma I suppose?"

"Er...yes please."

"She's not here at the moment, her mother's come down here and they've gone out together to do some shopping. Do you want to come in and wait?"

“Yes please.”

I was led into the kitchen and offered tea or coffee. I settled for tea.

“They’ve been gone about two hours,” the aunt said, “I don’t think they’ll be too long.” now.”

We talked about the weather, the state of her garden, the price of lamb chops and the prime minister’s latest faux pas.

No Smithy and mother arrived. The aunt told me she had to “get on,” without specifying what she had to get on with. She left me to do her getting on.

Impatience took over. “Where the hell is Smithy? How dare she keep me waiting like this! Perhaps the aunt was lying and Smithy was off with a lover! All the business about not wanting to be touched could have been a fake, and right now she was in the arms...”

“Brent, what are you doing here?”

I had been so engaged tormenting myself with visions of Smithy in a passionate embrace with some vile seducer, I had failed to hear her arrive.

"I...well...you see...Don't bloody well go."

"Go where?"

"Don't be so obtuse. Don't go home."

"Oh, I see. Why shouldn't o go home?"

"Damn it, Smithy, because I don't want you to go."

"Why?"

"Because I love you."

"Oh, good. The thing is Brent, I already knew that. It was you who didn't know it."

"How did you...?"

“Never mind about that now. Have you thought of a date for the wedding?”

“Wedding?”

“You haven’t, have you? Really Brent, it’s like dealing with a child. Never mind, I can see to things for us. By the way, mummy and I have been out looking at wedding dresses this afternoon. I think I’ll go for something simple.”

Marge had entered the kitchen so she chimed in. “I think she’s right, Brent. She doesn’t really need anything elaborate or showy.”

Smithy picked up the theme. “It’s all right, darling. We haven’t ordered anything yet, so if you want to you can have a say about the dress.”

I was bowled over. I struggle to speak, trying to inject something into the flow of words, and finally came out with, “I haven’t asked you to...”

“Oh, but you were going to, so I saved you the bother, but if you’d like to ask me you can.”

"I er..."

"Yes. There, that's settled. I do love you, Brent, you're so decisive."

Marge left us, assuming no doubt we were about to engage in romantic and embarrassing discourse.

Smithy did one of her quick personality changes. "I love you very much, Brent. When we do, you will be gentle with me...you won't hurt me?"

"No I won't hurt you, my love. It will only happen when you're ready for it to."

She snuggled up against me, and I felt her fragility once again. She raised her face and said, "Kiss me, Brent."

It was not a passionate tongue lashing kiss, but very warm and loving. The protective feeling I had felt for her before came back to me. Yes, I loved her...loved her very much.

I have no wish to expand on the intimate details of our sex lives. Let it be sufficient to say that after our third night of

marriage, next morning we were both very happy. We have been very happy ever since.

Five years down the track Marge has her grandchildren...well, two of them.

There is a rather odd epilogue to my story.

Our youngest child, Robin, had recently started school, and one day it was convenient for me to meet him after school. He came running out, but then stopped to say something to a group of children.

As I waited for him a teacher came to the top of the steps at the school entrance. I idly glanced at her, and then looked back at her again. It was Jackie.

She must have sensed my looking at her because she stared across at me for a moment, and then fled back into the school.

I felt no pain, and merely wondered what had happened to her "better offer."

The Cabin

I drove into the driveway of my parent's house. My mother must have heard the sound of my arrival because even before I was out of the car, she was at the front door waiting for me. I had barely visited the old home over the past year, and it was a sorrowful letter from mother that had given rise to my present visit. As we approached each other I could see the dark stains under mother's eyes, and neglected appearance of her clothing.

The letter had arrived some three weeks before, and it contained the news that my father had left mother. I felt the anguish in almost every line of the letter and decided that I must go home, even if only for a few days.

My parent's house was a thousand kilometres from where I now lived and worked. Following my father's example, I worked for a firm of architects and had been with them for almost a year. I had not taken any leave, so I approached the senior partner and explained the situation. He was very understanding, and after rearranging some work schedules, he suggested that I should take three weeks leave.

I rang my mother and told her I was coming home to spend time with her, but she put an alternative suggestion, we should go to "The Cabin." This was a place my parents had

built a few years after they were married and was situated in the hills about two hours drive from the suburb where they lived. It was in a very isolated spot, and I was not sure if it was a good idea to go there at this time, but mother was very insistent.

As we met in the driveway she clung fiercely to me for a couple of minutes, just repeating, "Oh, David. Oh David." Once released from her embrace we stowed her gear in the car and after locking the house, we left for the hills. I had made a half way stop overnight in a motel on the journey over, so I was reasonably fresh and capable of driving without falling asleep at the wheel.

As we approached the hills, I noticed that clouds were beginning to pile up on the horizon. "It'll be a wet night," I thought. About four kilometres into the hills I turned off onto a side road cutting through a forest, and after a further fifteen minutes we came to the dirt track that led to The Cabin. We bumped along this for a while, then, crossing a ford over a stream and climbing up a low hill, we arrived.

The Cabin was built as one of those "get away from it all" places. It was of generous proportions and had been built when the "open plan" space was all the rage for homes and offices. Initially it consisted of one very large room with separate combined shower room and toilet. For sewage, this was connected to a septic tank.

The open plan had not stayed like that for long. Fairly soon a screen wall with a door was put up, and this became my parent's bedroom. I assume that they wished to perform their more intimate acts unobserved. There were three other beds, each with the foot pointing to the centre of the room. These too had been slightly de-open planned, and now had mobile screens beside them to give some degree of privacy.

There was no gas or electricity, and cooking and heating was done via a wood burning stove. Lighting was achieved by the use of pump up kerosene lamps, hurricane lamps or candles. The system usually was that the pump up lamps were used until everyone was in bed, then this was turned off and the hurricane lamp lit and left to burn all night. This enabled anyone who needed to get up to move about without tripping over things.

We unloaded our gear and supplies from the car and carried them in to the cabin. I had expected mother to use the separate bedroom, but she opted for a bed in the main room. When I questioned this she said, "I couldn't sleep in there."

I lit the wood stove and mother set about preparing a meal. I made a tour of inspection seeing if any possums or other small animals had managed to get in, and carried in more wood for the stove. The place had not been used for nearly a year, and I noted that undergrowth and a few saplings had

started to appear round the cabin. This is a dangerous bush fire area, and all foliage needs to be cleared away from buildings. I listed this as a job to be done while I was there.

After our meal mother and I sat, talking by the stove while soft music played on the old radio (no television). It was a strange sort of recital by my mother, in that it was so unemotional. She simply set out what she saw as the facts.

My father ran his own architectural consultancy business and employed a few people. About a year ago, he had employed a new girl to serve as receptionist. Not long after this girl started father began to ring home with "working late at the office" messages. These got increasingly frequent until the day he came home and baldly announced, "I'm leaving you, Mary. It's no use making a fuss because I'm going now and there's nothing you can do to stop me."

Mother was numb with shock, and simply stood and watched him as he packed a few things, then saying, "I'll send for the rest of my stuff," he walked out. It seems that he had found the "deep and meaningful" love of his life in the new girl, who was barely eighteen to his fifty-three.

By the time mother had finished telling the story it was time for bed. The threatened rain had arrived, together with strong gusts of wind that shook the cabin, flinging rain like

pebbles against the windows. I banked up the fire with wood for the night, lit the hurricane lamp and hung it from a hook suspended from the ceiling, and extinguished the pump lamp. In the dim light mother and I went to what I suppose might be called "our booths."

The room was warm from the heat of the stove, so I did not veer from my practice of sleeping naked. I assumed without particularly thinking about it, that mother did the same, as I knew it was her habit to sleep nude as well.

I did not sleep immediately, but lay there listening to the rain beating on the roof and trying to batter its way in through the windows and the wind sighing through the treetops in the nearby forest. My thoughts went to mother and the curiously unemotional way she related the story of my father's departure. Knowing her devotion to him, and seeing the strained look on her face suggested that she had not told the full story.

I heard mother moving restlessly on the other side of the screen and a vision of her lying there, naked and restless, entered my thoughts. "He must have been mad to leave a woman like her. Loving, devoted, she had always been there to support him, and to fulfil his needs. He must be going through a late mid-life crisis to clear off with a girl almost young enough to be his grand daughter."

Mother was ten years younger than father. "He must like them young," I thought facetiously. I began to consider mother's looks. Oddly, this was not as easy as it sounds. I loved her with that love a son can have for his mother that has nothing to do with her looks. As a child I used to say to her, "You're beautiful, mummy," but the beauty I saw in her was her caring, her loving, and not simply face and figure.

I tried to focus my thoughts on her physical appearance. I had always rejoiced in the way she carried herself – so slim, straight and tall, not like some of my friends mothers, many of whom were fat or scraggily thin, walking with ponderous step or back bowed, slouching along. I was always proud to be seen with her when she occasionally met me after school, or on other occasions when we were out together.

Her hair is ash blonde and cut to shoulder length. Her eyes a fathomless dark brown that always gave me the feeling she was thinking thoughts beyond my reach. Her nose has a little bump in it about halfway down, and her mouth was wide with fairly full lips.

One of her features I had never actually seen properly were her breasts. I had some idea about them because she always wore a two piece swimming costume when swimming. They were large without being obscenely big, and the thing that struck me about them was what seemed to be their unusual firmness. Often she would wear a dress or shirt with no

support for her breasts underneath, and you could see that they needed no support. She put on bras, as she said, "When I'm being respectable."

Slender without being thin, she was supported on long legs with finely defined thigh and calf muscles. I thought again, "My fool of a father left all that when scores of men would have prized her." I later learned that a week after my father departed and the word got around, her next door neighbour called and informed her that they could have "a meaningful relationship." Mother sent him scurrying back to his wife and three children.

In the midst of thinking about mother and the situation, I drifted off to sleep. I awoke some time in the night. As I came to, I tried to focus on what might have awakened me. Perhaps an extra blast from the storm still raging outside? Some falling limb in the forest? Then as my eyes focused, I saw in the dim light of the hurricane lamp, mother standing by the window staring out into the blackness and storm. She was very still, and rather than invade her reverie, I remained silent. She stood for what seemed to be a long time and I lay watching her profile in the faint light.

Eventually she moved to sit on the couch still looking out at the night, then she made her first audible sound. It was a gasping shuddering intake of breath that foreshadowed the sobs that followed. I knew the moment had come for me to

intervene. This was the pent up emotion she had blocked off as she told me earlier of father's leaving.

I crossed to her and sat beside her putting my arm round her. She leaned into me putting her head on my chest and gave full vent to her grief. Between heart breaking sobs she cried out, "Oh David, David, David." My love and compassion for her brought me to tears, and I wept with her. I made no effort to stop her weeping, I let her cry herself out as I held her and stroked her face. Her anguish rivaled the storm beating against the cabin outside as she beat a hand against my chest and cried out in her tear-wracked misery. Finally, and still clinging to me and between the gasping aftermath of her emotional outpourings, she began to speak. As I had thought, she had not told me the full story. Now it began to come out in broken words, interrupted by residual sobs. "He said he had never loved me," she choked out. "He only married me because I was pregnant. Oh God, David, all the years, all the love, all the love I gave, all the fidelity, oh God, David, David, I want to die. He's taken my life away...what did I do? Tell me...what did I do not to have his love? Why couldn't he love me?" Her eyes went to their old bedroom; "We used to...to..." she looked back quickly to stare blindly out of the window again.

"David," she choked, "For me you have always been the fruit of our love. It wasn't ugly, David, I promise you. I loved him and wanted him, I gave myself to him and it was exquisite. He was the first man ever and he was so gentle, he did

everything he could not to hurt me when he broke through. Why didn't he love me, David? Can't you tell me? Can't someone tell me? Why? When I knew I was pregnant, even though I was only eighteen, I was happy. I didn't even ask him to marry me; it was he who insisted. Why didn't he love me, David? I gave him a beautiful child and all the time I thought, 'This child is beautiful because of the beauty of our love.' And he never loved me. Oh dear God, he never loved me. He's broken my heart."

She clung to me now crying quietly. I had let her cry and talk to a stop. Then, for the first time I spoke. I understood the uselessness of false words of comfort, but I spoke the truth, as I believed it to be. "He loved you mother, and perhaps he is now going to find out how much he loved you and what he has thrown away." I then said words that rose up out of the depths of my childhood past. Back in those happy times, I would say to mother, "Mummy, when I grow up, I'll marry you and never leave you." Perhaps they are words that are said by many sons to their mothers in the days of childhood. Now the words came out as, "I won't leave you mother."

I hardly knew why I had said them. Compassion for this broken woman? Or more powerfully, profound love for my mother? I rose and found a towel and brought it to mother. I helped to clear the tears from her saturated face, neck and shoulders. The tears had also run down over her breasts, and looking at them, I became aware of her nakedness – and

mine. We had been so caught up in the great storm of naked emotion; our physical nudity had counted for nothing.

I handed mother the towel so that she could continue to wipe herself. When she finished she dropped the towel to the floor, and leaned into me once more. Having now become conscious of our nudity and the vulnerability that this gives rise to, I also became aware of her breasts pressing against me. I tried to ignore this, but for all my effort, my penis began to stiffen. It is extremely difficult when you are with a naked, attractive woman, with her warm flesh pressing against you, to not get aroused, even if that woman is your mother.

Mother lay quietly in my arms for some minutes, staring into space and wrapped in some inner world of thought. After a while she stirred and began, "David, could you...? Would it be...possible? I mean could you bring yourself to...? I won't ever ask you again, I promise. But just this once... just tonight, my love..." She stopped speaking, unable to say what she wanted to say. I saw the soft sad look in her eyes and this nearly reduced me to tears again.

For a few moments nothing further was said or done, then suddenly she moved to rest her head against the arm of the couch, and drew one leg up onto the seat. In the dim light, I could see her vagina. Her hands reached down to part the outer lips and reveal the inner petals and whispered. "Just for tonight, my darling, console me. Please."

I moved over on top of her, placed the head of my penis against her sex organ, and entered the warm, sweet world of her womanhood.

There was nothing wild or mad about our sexual communion. I stayed with mother for as long as I could hold back my orgasm. We spoke words of love and endearment. At times I didn't move in her at all, but simply lay quietly in her, while I stroked her face and kissed her lips, my hand gently squeezing her breasts and nipples.

Mother sighed and said over and over, "Lovely, David, lovely my darling." Once more, the thought flashed through my brain, "And my father walked out on all this?"

I am not sure if mother had an orgasm. After about half an hour of this sweet and tender lovemaking, I could hold out no longer. As I ejaculated into her I heard mother whisper, "Oh, my love, my darling, I love you so much." Was that for me, or my father?

We did not share a bed that night, but went back to our own rather narrow single beds. In the morning, I was woken by the sound of mother singing. I found I was relaxed and at peace, which was surprising given the emotional storms of

the night. The storm outside had passed and the sun shone through the trees and I heard the forest birds singing. It was strange, I seemed to see and hear things as if for the first time.

Mother, observing I was awake, came over to the bed and smiled down at me. "Come on lazy. Breakfast. Get out of bed, we've got a lot to do today." She had on one of those shirts she wore with no bra. I could see those lovely nipples thrusting proudly against the cloth, and there flooded back to me the memory of mother and I locked together, loving each other.

I got out of bed and rather tentatively approached the table for breakfast. I was not sure what might result from our night's activities. Mother, who had gone over to the sink to get something, turned, and I got my first good look at her from a perpendicular position. I was confused. "My God," I thought, "she's radiant. Where has the woman gone who sobbed so pitifully in my arms last night?"

Mother looked at me, smiling. "Come on, we're going out today." I didn't ask where because I was too overcome by mother's appearance. "She's relaxed and beautiful, she has the look of a woman..." I knew that look. It was the morning after a night of love look. Perhaps you know that look? It is the look of a woman, who has loved and knows she is loved, a woman who has given her body and knows that her gift has been received with tenderness and passion.

Yet our sexual coming together had been so quiet, so gentle, and to give rise to this...? I could not pursue the thought.

I finished breakfast and showered. Mother informed me that our "going out" really meant we were going for a walk through the woods. We went out into the sunshine and started down one of the trails she and I had walked many times before in the past. She took my hand and held on to it as we walked.

Out in the clean rain washed air the rest of the world seemed a million miles away. I felt I could walk forever in the company of this lovely woman whom I had difficulty identifying as my mother. If I had dreamed of a woman I would want to be with like this, she was exactly the one, the dream woman - except, she was reality.

After a couple hours wandering along through the drying forest, we came to a halt. Mother stood, leaning against a tree and I was enchanted by her loveliness set against one of nature's fairest offerings. I leaned towards her, kissing her on her lips, my hand reaching to touch her breast.

No sooner had I touched her than I pulled back. Last night she had said, "Just this once." We had not made a single mention of what had happened between us and now I was

overstepping the bounds. I had been allowed just once to enter the depths of her female mystery. I, a mere man and her son, had been given that inestimable privilege. What had occurred gave me no right to invade – even violate the wonder that is mother and woman.

"Sorry mother," I said. She was smiling such a tender, loving smile. It was as if all the beauty of the word was caught up in that smile. "No darling," she said very gently, "I said I would not approach you again, I did not say you must not approach me." She slipped out of her panties and undid the front of my trousers and raised her skirt. I entered her as she stood against the tree. In the midst of nature, I was penetrating the source of my being.

That night, and every other night thereafter, we used the double bed. The ghosts had been laid for her by the new focus, not simply of her love – I had always had that – but by the new dimension that love had entered.

We talked and talked, striving to find and reveal the truth. The truth about the feelings we had long had for each other and had hidden, not only from each other, but also from ourselves. I believe this is true for many mothers and their sons, but it is a thought, a desire, that is pushed down into the sub-conscious, there to be held prisoner, unless some traumatic event, such as my father's departure, frees it from its chains.

Our loving was the most wonderful I had ever experienced, and as the time for us to leave the cabin drew near, I knew I must fight to hold on to this love and the sexual fulfillment it gave. I loved mother and was now so obsessed with her; I could hardly leave her alone.

Everything about her enchanted me, her lovely breasts. The faint smell of roses that came from her sweet body. The taste of her female fluids as I licked and sucked her clitoris. Her tongue running over my penis. Above all, and unlike the first time we came together, the power of her vaginal muscles to pull me into her, grasping me, and drawing out my sperm to flood her.

I had always loved mother, now I was "in love" with her. I knew she felt the same towards me. Indeed, we never seemed to tire of pouring out our love to each other. But the time was approaching when we had to decide what to do after we left the cabin. However I felt about mother I had to return to my work. I was in the very early stages of developing my career, and to mar it now might prove ruinous. The only other viable alternative was for mother to come and live with me.

At that time, my residence was a rather small flat and my salary wouldn't run to anything bigger. On the other hand, my father, unasked and no doubt in part to placate his conscience, had made a liberal financial arrangement with

mother. So at her suggestion, she would inform my father she was vacating their house, and moving. At that time, she did not say where she was moving.

From the time of her leaving the old house and our moving in together took about a month and a half. Then began the most satisfying time in my life - a satisfaction that has continued I hasten to add. I had work I enjoyed, and I lived with a woman I loved and adored, and I knew I was loved in return.

Only one serious matter arose to make me fear I should lose mother, or, Mary as I now called her. About twelve months after leaving mother, father turned up on our doorstep. It had been easy for him to trace us and get our address. Not that we had gone out of our way to hide it anyway. We lived together quite openly and what people made of it was up to them.

The purpose of father's visit was not so much to ask, but to order Mary to return to the old home and take up life with him again. He stood in our living room and quite blatantly said, "Mary, I've come to take you home," as if he was doing her an enormous favour.

Through the architectural grapevine, I had been able to follow something of his history since leaving mother. The

girl he had left her for had stayed in his life just long enough to soak him for all she could get, and then cleared off. Obviously, now he found himself on his own his thoughts turned to mother, and it was convenient to have her back in his life.

It was clear he knew nothing about the true situation between Mary and I. No doubt he thought it was just a mother housekeeping for her son. He was about to be enlightened.

At father's command to go home with him, I saw mother turn pale. "I thought, oh God, she's going to leave me and go with him." I underestimated her strength and love for me.

She seemed to steady herself and began, "Clive, you might as well clear off now. You hurt me too deeply; you treated me too carelessly. You had all my love but did not cherish it, and you threw it back at me. I think I've forgiven you, but I could never live with you again."

She stopped and I breathed a sigh of relief. Father sneered, "Decided to be the coddling mother for the rest of your life, have you?" Now mother said something that shocked me, and devastated father. "Not quite a coddling mother, Clive. David and I are lovers."

He was visibly shaken. There was silence for a moment, then he erupted. "You filthy pair. You filthy, loathsome scum." He turned on me, "You incestuous bastard. You mother fucker, I'll see that this goes all round the architectural fraternity." He moved across the room raising his fist to strike me. As he struck out I grabbed his arm and held him. "Father," I admonished, "I'm younger and stronger than you. I don't want to strike you, but if I must, I will." He backed away.

One of the ironies of the situation was that only two days before, Mary had announced to me that our first child was on its way. I was almost on the verge of telling him this, but refrained. He had had enough shock and pain for one day, and he would no doubt soon hear about it anyway.

As he moved to leave, I said, "Father, you may spread the news around the architectural fraternity as much as you like, but how much notice do you think they'll take of a man who leaves his wife for a girl nearly young enough to be his grand daughter? And in any case, I think you'll find that we are not living in a primitive tribal society now, with its incest taboos. Mary and I are adults, and have chosen as adults how we shall live. Goodbye."

He left, and I could not but help feel a twinge of pity for him. For the sake of one crafty young gold digger, he had lost a woman of inestimable worth – lost her to his son, thank God. I turned to Mary, and saw she was crying. I went to her and

put my arm round her, fearing she might still change her mind, but she said, "It's so sad. He threw away years of love for nothing. What a waste."

I smiled, and sitting beside her on the couch I said, "If it wasn't for him, we would never have met."

The Campus Woman

"Oh Cathy, Cathy. Oh my God, Cathy."

I was taken a little by surprise. I had not expected him to come so quickly. We were lying naked on my bed, and I had just been gently stroking his penis, when he began. I had been expecting full penetration, but he was too needy, too desperate, and probably too inexperienced, to hold back. Perhaps he was the sort of young man who did not masturbate, or he produced unusually large amounts of sperm. Certainly, when I briefly fondled his testicles they seemed very swollen, and now I found out why.

With his calling out of my name I realised he was about to come, so I speeded up my stroking, and suddenly great globules of thick creamy sperm exploded out of him. It spouted upwards and cascaded down to soak my hand, my face and his belly. He writhed in ecstasy, still calling out my

name, and I thought he would never stop. I had received the sperm of young men before, but never in this quantity.

He came to an end with a last cry of "Oh Cathy," then he snuggled into me between my breasts like a child. He seemed almost a child. Not more than eighteen and his first year on campus, he had aroused the mother instinct in me.

He had seemed so shy and withdrawn, yet when I invited him to come home with me, he accepted eagerly. I don't think he expected to make love with me, but simply have a cup of coffee and company to assuage his loneliness. When, seated at the kitchen table with his cup of coffee, I had kissed him softly on the lips and said, "Come to bed with me," he hesitated. He was very shy and I think, immature, so I tried to reassure him like a mother telling her son that all would be well. "It's all right, Martin, I'll see to everything for you, I'll make you feel so good."

Now, as he lay close to me, the mothering instinct took over again and I grasped one of my breasts and drew the nipple to his mouth. He might have been sated by the outpouring of his semen, and no longer interested in my body, but no, he took the nipple and began to suckle me like a baby. I felt a wave of regret that I had no milk in my breasts that I might nourish him with it, as I had once longed to nourish my baby.

We lay together, he at my breasts, for almost half an hour. I felt his penis rising again, and this time I determined that he should penetrate me. I withdrew my breast from him, turned over on my back and parted my legs saying, "Come into me, darling."

He came over me in a rather awkward manner, and I felt a wave of love at his innocence. I guided the tip of his penis to my opening, feeling it throbbing to the rapid beat of his heart. I could tell that he had never had a woman before. I thought to myself, "There's nothing more wonderful than a sexually untutored young man with his fresh hard youthful penis, and an older, experienced woman. The boy with healthy ardour, the woman with knowledge of how to give and receive the joys of sex. I had been with such young men before, but, as it turned out, never one I felt such love and compassion for as Martin.

He slid into me whispering diffident words of passion, trying to express what he was feeling, I responding with words of encouragement, reassuring him that I felt his manhood and desired it. Yet in truth, it was once again almost a motherly feeling. I wanted to comfort and sustain him, to pour myself out for him, to let him have from me all he could desire.

In all the times I had been with other young men, I had never felt quite the same as I would come to feel with Martin. I

wanted to yield to and indulge him. In all sincerity, I wanted him as my child, which according to our ages would have made me a very enterprising little girl of nine. Never the less, on this first occasion of our loving, that is how I felt.

Having mentioned that there had been a number of other young men, I suppose I have made myself sound like something of a slut. I do not seek to justify myself to you, but I do wish you to understand how this came about.

I met Roy on campus when we were both eighteen, he studying engineering and I education. It was, as they say, "Love at first sight." Very quickly, we became lovers, and, eventually married.

I suspect that there are few couples as devoted to each other as we were, and our great longing was for a child. It was a great joy, therefore, when I was able to tell Roy I was pregnant.

As Shakespeare wrote, "One woe doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow." The first "woe" that struck us, was the death of our baby son a few hours after his birth. I had barely held him and Roy not at all, and he was gone. People tried to console us, telling us, "You'll have others." It did not help. We grieved for our lost baby.

It was possibly this grief that brought upon me the next "woe," only seven months after the first.

Roy was by then employed with a civil engineering company, and was working on a bridge construction site. Probably he was not concentrating properly, and during an inspection he slipped and fell off a high part of the structure. He was killed instantly.

I was totally distraught, and for months had to undergo psychiatric treatment. People say, "Time heals," and no doubt, this is true, but scars remain. There was a large financial compensation payment for Roy's accident, but money did not alleviate my grief. At the age of twenty-three, I was a childless widow. I heard people whispering, "She's a good looking girl, she'll soon get someone else," but I didn't want "someone else." I wanted what I could not have, Roy and my dead child.

It might have been best if I had tried to take up some professional work in teaching, but the compensation money lured me away from this. Being without things to occupy me, and as the worst effects of my bereavement diminished, I began to visit old haunts -- places where Roy and I had met and loved.

One such "old haunt" was the university cafeteria. It was here that we first met over cups of the awful cafeteria coffee. It was to the cafeteria I often resorted, trying to relive a past that was literally dead. It was here that I began the trail that led to Martin.

One day, about the third or fourth time I had gone to the cafeteria, I found myself sitting at a table occupied by a rather melancholy looking young man. I recalled how it could be in one's early days at university. The enormous pressure of the studies, the confusion about one's values, often being away from home for the first time, friendless, and struggling with one's sexuality in often frustrating isolation.

I think my own unhappiness had made me sensitive to unhappiness in others, and seeing the woebegone expression of the young man opposite me at the table, I tried to make conversation with him.

It was not an easy task to get him talking. After verbally circling round each other for some time, I learned that his name was Barry. He began by talking about the battle he was having with his studies, but soon went on to complain about his loneliness. I ended up inviting him to my house, and I swear that my intention was no more than to give him a bit of company for the evening, and to reminisce with him on my own days at university and my meeting with Roy.

As you have no doubt guessed, we ended up in bed for the night. His loneliness and my need for consolation translated itself into sexual desire. Surely, this is not so surprising? Sexual contact can be one of the most beautiful human experiences, but, I hasten to add, it can also be one of the ugliest as well. It seems to me in the nature of things, that what is most beautiful and good, carries within itself the potential to be the most ugly and evil.

I was not in love with Barry, or he with me. We were simply two people finding mutual comfort in each other.

Other nights followed until Barry met a girl he did fall in love with, and his nights were from then on spent with her. I had sought no long-term relationship with Barry. I suppose I would have to say we used each other for mutual comfort and sexual gratification. I did, however, miss that comfort and gratification, and the thought came to me, "If I did it once, I can do it again. The university is swarming with lonely, sexually frustrated young men, so why not?"

Thus began what might be described as a career in giving, and hopefully receiving, solace and sex.

I soon found another young man to invite home and quickly got him into my bed. This relationship also came to an end,

and I found yet another to take his place. I chose very carefully. I seemed to have an instinct for selecting lonely, unhappy young men, and never once did I have one who was violent. The main danger was the possibility that they would fall in love with me. This I did not want at that time. My love was still with my dead Roy and baby.

Eventually, however, the solace aspect of my need diminished. I began to relish the sex for its own sake. I had always enjoyed sex, and now I gave myself over to it. I even risked group sex on one occasion, when I entertained four young men at once, enjoying the multiple orgasms they provoked in me. This excess of orgasms was brought on by a game of rape we played as they tied me to the bed. They tormented me with a dildo, and took it in turns to penetrate me briefly with their penises, bringing me to the edge of orgasm, then withdrawing from me. This nearly drove me mad, and I begged and pleaded with them to let me finish.

They laughed at my dire sexual arousal, but finally decided to be merciful, and actually drew lots to see who would finish me off.

When I did come it was the most incendiary orgasm I had ever had. It raged through me like a grass fire, consuming me as I screamed with anguish and delight. The big surprise, however, was that the other three boys all made me climax,

and all four of them having finished, they came into me again.

Delightful though this group experience was, I have never repeated it. I think what I needed was the one to one relationship with that special intimacy you cannot have with a group.

As I have said, I escaped violence with my boys, and disease was unlikely, as most of them were "first timers." Yet looking back I am surprised that I did not get pregnant with the first two. No contraceptives were used, but after those two, I put myself on the pill.

I was twenty-five when I began with the first boy, and over the following three years I think I must have engaged in every sort of sex imaginable – vaginal, oral and anal sex. Sex in bed, on the floor, on the edge of tables, sitting on chairs. With the four boys I was tied down and raped (pretending), as I was with a number of other boys on their own. I had sperm ejaculated over my face, breasts, and in fact, over almost every part of my body.

Sometimes I would masturbate the boy first, so that he would take longer when he finally penetrated me. Nearly always, I had to be the teacher, the initiator. I was determined now to experience every possible form of non-

violent sex. I sometimes wonder how I thought up some of the things I did with the boys.

In mentioning non-violent sex, I should add that I am not adverse to a little sexual pain, so I was tortured occasionally with a dildo and nipples and other parts of my body were bitten. I returned the compliment with my own bites and by doing something rather special with a thin stick to the little slit in the crown of the penis. I had many a boy howling for mercy with that one.

A few times I ended a session with a some bite marks, bruises and sore nipples, but gave as good as I got. I must have experienced every size of penis possible, and some that people say are impossible. A couple of the boys declared themselves to be in love with me, and wanted to marry me. I was not ready for this and did not desire it. I had to get very stern with them.

Most of these relationships lasted for a few months and ended usually by the boys taking up with a girl on campus. After their time with me, they were highly desirable lovers, and starting out as they did as shy boys, I turned them into ardent young men.

I was happy with things that way. I thought that after Roy I would never commit myself permanently to another man.

This, however, did not take account of the woman lurking deep inside me. My brief time with Roy had been wonderful. Sex with him had been spectacular, and in addition, our mutual love and caring drew us together in love until death parted us.

Therein lay my dilemma. Whilst refusing to accept a long-term relationship, my happy experience with Roy made me want it. It was a struggle between the fear of being hurt once more and the desire to love and be loved as Roy and I had.

This was the situation at the time Martin came into my life. He is a lovely looking man, and I fully expected him to end up with a campus girl.

The problem was, after he had pierced me the first time, it seemed as if a sexual demon was let loose in him. He could not and would not leave me alone. Not that I objected, but I was astonished at the rapid rate at which his erections occurred, and the amazing amount of sperm he produced.

Starting out with hardly any knowledge of a woman's body, on our second night together, I instructed him in the anatomy of my vagina. I recommend that any older woman taking on an inexperienced boy carry out this little piece of education. You will find that he will increase your pleasure and derive far more satisfaction for himself if he knows what

he is doing. After all, the vagina is a complex organ, and unless instruction is given, can remain something of a mystery to the poor male.

I went about teaching Martin with few words and much showing. I spreading my legs so he could see my genitals clearly and pointed first to my mons. "Darling, if you massage that gently the woman will begin the first stages of arousal." I went to the outer lips. "You can sensitively rub and squeeze these but they are really like the outer petals of a rose, and if you gently pull them apart like this," I opened them, "You see the inner bud or lips."

He gave a little gasp of surprise. "That's beautiful," he said. I was delighted by his response. Not all men, unfortunately, respond to the sight of a woman's genitals in so positive a manner.

I pointed out that the inner lips were more sensitive than the outer ones, and were very like our mouth. "Would you like to kiss me there?" I asked. He leant down and pressed his lips to them.

I invited him to pull the inner lips apart and in so doing, he could see clearly my vaginal opening. "That's where your penis goes into me, darling. Just carefully push your finger in and feel." He did so for about a minute before I stopped

him. "Would you like to put your tongue in there?" I asked. He did not hesitate, and thrust in firmly, then flicked his tongue in and out of me.

I basked in the pleasure of this for a while, then once more stopped him. "Let me show you this, darling." With that, I pulled back the little hood over my clitoris. From what I have read, I have a slightly larger than average clitoris, and it was clearly exposed to his view.

"This is a very sexually sensitive area," I told him, "and if you touch a woman there she will probably become very sexually excited." He stared fascinated at the nub of my clitoris. "Just move your finger gently round it, darling, and feel it." He did so, getting me thoroughly worked up. "Try licking it, my love." He did, and I was going out of my mind.

I decided that I had given enough instruction on female genitalia for one session, so I turned over to him.

Disengaging him from my vagina, I moved down to his penis. Before I took it into my mouth I told him what I was going to do to him, and went on, "When you want to come, just let it go. Don't worry, you just give it all to me."

Taking him into my mouth, I began to slide up and down his shaft, sucking all the while. I heard him groaning and once more calling out, "Oh Cathy, Cathy."

I had him in my power. I think he would have done anything for me just then. I tormented him by slowing down, then speeding up. I drew him to the edge of orgasm, then pulled back making him beg and plead for release. Finally, I decided to put him out of his exquisite misery and let him come. He blew up like a long repressed volcano. I tried to swallow his sperm, but it was too much for me. It ran out of the corners of my mouth, down his shaft to his groin, then on down to the bed. He was writhing sinuously still crying out my name, and as his ejaculating subsided I tried to suck the last drops out of him.

Martin pulled me up so he could bury his face in my breasts and suck my nipples. He was stupefied at what I had done to him. He struggled to come to grips with the beauty of it, and clung to me like a child that had just passed through an overwhelming experience.

Having had no orgasm of my own I was in a terrible state of lustful desire, but knew I had to await his next erection. This did not take long. His shaft rose up like a tower, and I sat over him and let it glide into me.

Speaking quietly I said, "Let me have it in me, my love. Put it in deep." He looked at me, and I had not seen such a look since my time with Roy. It was a mixture of lust and love, as if I was the only woman in the world who could satisfy his deep thirst.

I was on the very edge of orgasm and at its approach, I had that response so many women experience, of rejection and insane desire. I started to scream out, "Don't darling, please don't make me...please...the agony is too much...please don't make me..." At the same time I was thrashing up and down on him in complete denial of my pleading.

As the orgasm burst upon me my screams changed. "Oh my love...yes...yes... deeper...deeper." Dimly I felt him winding up for another ejaculation, but by now I was beyond the world outside myself. I was beating up and down on him, desperately forcing him ever deeper into me as I climaxed. We were two howling, groaning, shrieking beings, lost in the fires of an all-embracing passion.

Martin finished but the after shocks of my orgasm continued to agitate me for some time, and I gave out little whimpers and shakily spoke his name. "Martin, darling, ...Martin...Oh Martin." He didn't leave me, but stayed until I had calmed down.

I had experienced wonderful orgasms before, but there was something different about this one. It was, as it were, a warning sign, which at that time I chose to ignore.

Martin visited me often after that, and I continued his lessons in making love. As the weeks and then the months went by, he became more self-assured, not only in matters sexual, but also in the whole of his life. I think I can truthfully say I made a man of him. I now waited the time when he would announce that he had taken up with some girl on campus. It didn't happen.

A further warning sign emerged when he started to bring some of his books and work to my house, and they seemed to take up permanent residence. He spent more and more time with me until he hardly used his room at the college at all. In short, he gradually moved in with me until he finally asked if it was all right if he gave up his college room and lived with me all the time.

Thus, after eight months from our first coming together, he was my live-in lover. I no longer went to the cafeteria in search of lonely young men. My time was taken up being a sort of mother-lover to Martin.

It was at that point I finally admitted that not only was he in love with me, but I was in love with him. The question that beset me was "What was I to do?" I had managed to avoid this sort of emotional entanglement until now. Should I get rid of Martin before it was too late and I made some sort of permanent commitment with him?

Martin had many times declared his love for me, even when he was not sexually aroused. This was a clear danger sign. When a young man tells you he loves you when he has just finished ejaculating in you, it is almost certain that he does love you.

I had to resolve the matter, and so, one night, just after we had finished making love, I told him about my marriage to Roy, and the lovers I had taken since Roy's death. I steeled myself for his revulsion and rejection. It did not come.

He was silent for a while, still nestling against my breasts, then he said very quietly, "I can't change the past, and neither can you, but if you love me now and are faithful, then know that I love you, and shall be faithful."

I hugged him to me and wept.

I tried to analyse my feeling towards Martin and ended up even more confused. There was this mixture of the desire to mother him and at the same time, to be his lover.

More time passed and we were still together. Feeling secure in his relationship with me, he began to stride forward in other areas of his life, especially his studies. As for me, a little thought began to eat away at me. About fourteen months into our life together I summoned up the courage and asked him. "Darling, would you make me pregnant?"

He did not even seem to weigh the question and simply said, "Yes, I would like to."

I stopped taking the contraceptive pills, and from then on, Martin and I made love with the intention of producing a baby.

My thoughts on this are, that there is nothing in human life more lovely than a man and a woman deliberately setting out to make a baby. Sexual intercourse seems to take on a new dimension. It has a sort of innocence about it, as if you are performing the act for just the purpose it was designed. When it is a matter of accident or rape, that is no doubt a different matter, but when two people come together in love for that purpose, it takes on a beauty other wise not experienced.

Although Martin had many times confessed his love for me, I had never properly expressed mine for him. Now, with the

new dimension to our love making, the chains were struck off me. I could at last pour out my words of love.

It took almost three months for me to discover and announce to Martin that I was pregnant. His joy at this announcement moved me deeply, and more especially when he began to take on the male protective role. It was as if our roles were reversed. To begin with, I was the one who felt the mothering protective role towards him. Now he was there for me, taking over tasks he thought might tire me or harm the baby.

On the danger side, as it saw it, was the fact that he now began to talk of marriage. I did not want this, and had constantly to discourage him in this idea. "Darling, I'm years older than you, and what would your parents think? In any case, don't you think marriage is a bit old fashioned these days?" It did not deter him, and it began to distress him that the child might be born out of wedlock.

I refused to relent, and eventually our lovely Alicia was born.

Martin was by now engaged in post-graduate studies and seriously considering his future employment. He clearly loved little Alicia, but he had ceased asking me to marry him. Contrary creatures as we humans are, he had no sooner

stopped asking, then I wanted him to ask so I could say "Yes."

I worried about why he had stopped asking. Had he just given up hope, or had he had second thoughts about my somewhat promiscuous past? He had certainly not ceased to want me sexually, and was if possible, even more considerate of my welfare. So where did we stand?

I had not gone back onto the pill, and so about ten months after the birth of Alicia I found I was pregnant again. I now felt myself to be in an impasse. If I told Martin, he might feel obliged to ask me to marry him. I did not want a marriage on that basis. I wanted him to marry me because it was me he wanted to marry, and not because of my pregnancy. What to do?

After careful consideration, I made my move. One night, just after we had finished our second sexual intercourse for that evening, I made my immodest move.

"Darling, will you marry me?"

He was in his favourite post-coital position with his head between my breasts. He said nothing, but began moves for a third penetration. His fingers found my opening which was saturated with his sperm and my lubricants from our

previous coupling. His touch was very loving and I felt waves of desire sweep over me. God, I loved this man. He was my lover and also a beloved son.

He came into me and took me very slowly and as my orgasm began, he moved with me to suit my rhythm. It was after I had climaxed that he spurted his seed into me as I stroked and kissed his face and lips.

When he had emptied himself into me, and while he still lay inside me as his penis relaxed he said, "Yes."

For a moment, I did not connect his "yes" with my asking him to marry me. Then it struck home. In fact, that union we had just completed was his assent to our marriage. The "yes" was almost a superfluous addendum to his agreement in sensual action.

Now I had to tell him of my condition. How would he take it? Would he feel that I had trapped him into a responsibility he did not desire?

"Darling, we're going to have another baby."

"I love you, Cathy."

"Darling, you can't manage another one...you've only just..."

"Yes, I can, my love."

He did.

The Car

*Ha...runk runk runk runk runk. Haaa...runk runk runk runk runk.
Haaaa.....runk.....runk.....runk.....
... wooo.*

"Bloody thing. Rotten sodding rust bucket." I turned the starter key one more time and got a dying whimper, then silence.

I could have cried. I knew it would cost me money I could ill afford to get the thing fixed. Like most people in our street I owned a clapped out old car simply because I and they couldn't afford to get anything better. We were like dogs chasing our tails. We could never save enough money to get a decent car because we were always spending our money trying to keep the cars we had going.

I should explain. I'm a fifty year old widow, name of Belinda, living on government welfare money. I'd get a job if I could, but I have few if any skills, and at fifty employers don't want you. I live in a street on an estate of government houses occupied mainly by people who, like me, are always strapped for money.

I got out of the car and lifted the bonnet. I had no idea what I was looking at and for.

Gloria next door looked over the low fence. "Got troubles?"

"Yes, bloody thing won't start, and now I've run the battery down trying."

Gloria was a widow like me, but she didn't live alone. She had an unmarried son living with her, Alan by name. A bloody good looking fellow of about nineteen or twenty, and very bright. He'd get out of this area one day and go and live in one of those posh suburbs. Probably marry some well off bird.

Funny thing about Alan. I'd never seen him with a girl, and his mum said he wasn't all that interested. Too busy "getting on", as she put it. He'd got or won some sort of grant and was at university studying engineering.

“Hey,” said Gloria, “Alan’s at home today. Would you like him to have a look at it?”

“Would he?”

“Course he would. I’ll fetch him.”

Two minutes later out strode Alan, very purposeful.

“Trouble?” He asked.

“Won’t start.”

“Let’s have a look.”

He stuck his head under the bonnet and began to fiddle with things. After a while he looked up and said, “Turn it over, will you?”

“Can’t, battery’s flat.”

“Ah! I’ll get my charger and we’ll give it a quick burst. How about a cup of tea while we wait?”

“Right.”

He made off in the direction of his shed and I went indoors to make the tea.

Five minutes later he was tapping at the door and I yelled, “Come in.”

We drank our tea and chatted on about his studies and the street gossip, and so on. Then he said, “Should be able to turn it over now.”

We went out and he stuck his head under the bonnet again. “Turn it over now,” he called.

I turned the key and got the Ha...runk runks again.

He came out from under the bonnet and said, “Timing has slipped and the plugs are buggered. I can fix the timing, but can you afford new plugs?”

“Suppose I’ll have to if I want the thing to start.”

“Right. I’ll go off and buy the plugs and you can pay me when I get back. Okay?”

“Yes.”

Off he went in his car. I’d been all dressed up to go out on a visit to an old friend, but as it looked like I wouldn’t be going now, I decided to change.

I stripped off down to my panties and being a warm day I put on a pair of shorts and a top. I hate bras and only wear them when I’m going out in company, and not counting Alan as company, I removed the lousy things and let myself swing free. Of course, the trouble is, I’ve got plenty to swing free. Joe used to enjoy himself enormously with what he called my “love lumps” before he got sick and died. God, I miss him.

Alan came back and got his head under the bonnet again and fiddled around for half an hour or more. I got down to some work around the house and let him get on with it.

I’d seen Gloria go out, so as it was approaching lunch time I went out and asked Alan if he’d like to have lunch with me.

“If it’s not too much trouble, Belinda,” he replied, “mum’s gone out for the afternoon, so I’d have to get my own. Er...just turn it over, will you?”

This time it ha runked, then fluttered into life.

Alan reappeared from under the bonnet and said, “Got it going, but she badly needs a service. Would you like me to do it for you some time?”

“Would you really, Alan? How much would it cost, and by the way, how much for the things you bought?”

“Have them on me,” he said, smiling, “and I’m sure we can come to some arrangement about the service.”

“Well, if you’re sure, I mean, I don’t want to impose...”

“You won’t impose, Bel,” he replied. “Be my pleasure to do it for you. I can’t do it today because I’ve got a lecture to go to this afternoon, but how about tomorrow? Say, nine o’clock?”

“That is kind of you, Alan. Are you sure I can’t pay you?”

“You’re giving me lunch, aren’t you?”

“Yes, and by the way, it’s ready.”

“I’ll just give the battery a slow charge while we eat, and then you can probably use the car this afternoon.”

I went inside to put the meal out, and a couple of minutes later Alan came in.

Now I’m not one of those silly women who try to pretend they are not the age they are. I mean, at fifty I don’t try behaving as if I was a teenager. Yet I have to say that I had noticed Alan sort of eyeing me from time to time, even when Joe was alive.

Mind you, I’m not saying I’m beautiful or anything like that, but I am buxom...not fat you understand...I’ve got what Joe used to called, “Nice rounded curves.” We’d never managed to have kids, so I had no marks on my thighs and belly and things like that.

As for my face, it’s all right I suppose. Being a bit on the plump side it seemed to have kept most of the wrinkles at bay. Even when Joe was alive I had to send one or two of his mates packing when they tried it on with me, and since he’s

died there have been quite a few just “dropping in” and then telling me we could have a “meaningful relationship.” One or two have been less polite and offered to console by “screwing me.”

Since they’ve all been married men I have rejected their offers of consolation and sent them home. Mostly I did this in a kindly but firm way, and I only had to black the eye of one of them.

Now regarding Alan; his apparent interest in me started when he was about fourteen. Joe still being alive, and keeping me well satisfied, sexually speaking, I gave no great weight to Alan’s trifling interest. After all, a lot of young fellows take an interest in older women. I think this is because they really fancy their mothers, but believing they can’t have them, they look for a substitute.

Well, I’m not about to be anyone’s substitute. If there was some unattached bloke who fancied me for my own sake, and I fancied him, I might give consideration to a joint celebration. I mean, I’m not “past it”, as some young ones seem to think. I could enjoy a “frenzied coupling” with the best of them. It’s just a matter of the right bloke.

During lunch we talked about my car and what might need doing to it. We went on from there to discuss the problems

of widows, especially those like me living alone. Mainly this was about money and the sort of jobs that crop up round the house that people like me don't know how to fix; like changing a tap washer or mending a fuse.

We didn't get on to what might be called politely, "emotional problems", but we did seem to be skirting round that aspect.

I prodded things along by asking Alan if he had a girl friend. He said he hadn't, pointing out that he'd had to work so hard at his studies, and he'd hardly had the time to get to know any girls.

I could understand that. Any kid who intended to get off our estate and have a better life, had to really sweat at it. They couldn't afford to take girls out. What's more, they couldn't afford to be saddled with a pregnant girl, or get a dose of something nasty.

I should point out that most marriages around here take place because the girl is pregnant, and there's plenty of "nasties" going around.

But enough of our sordid goings on. I was having lunch with a nice looking young bloke who was doing me some really good turns, so, I thought to myself, "Enjoy Bel", it won't come round too often.

One of the things I liked about Alan was the fact that he wasn't like most of the loud mouthed louts we have around here. He was quietly spoken and if he used foul language, I had never heard him.

I suppose that would have put him at a disadvantage with the local girls, even if he had time for them because they seemed to prefer the scruff bags. Me, I like them gentle, like my Joe, which is another reason why I hadn't taken on anyone else so far.

Even when Alan had eyed me, it was in a shy sort of way. Not like most of them, young or old, who were always trying to look down the top of my dress or up my skirt.

So I basked in the company of a young man who I thought to be a "gentleman".

All too soon Alan announced he had to go, and would see me tomorrow and service the car.

I must say his company had made me feel good. There was something invigorating about it, like a breath of fresh air blowing through my day. He kept popping into my mind until I went to bed, and even then he did not go away.

Between you and me, I had one of “those dreams” that involved him.

When I got up next morning it was with a happy anticipation of the day ahead. “Alan will be coming”, kept singing through my head. Then I’d tell myself I was being a soppy old woman, and to stop thinking about him.

Promptly at nine he was knocking on my door. “Okay if I start?” he asked.

“Yes, go ahead.”

He had brought a lot of tools, a large can of oil and some other things, and I left him to get on with it.

About half past ten I usually have a cup of tea, so I went out to invite Alan to join me. He was lying on a sort of mat half way under the car. It was a hot day and he’d only got a pair of tight shorts on. Observing his nether regions, I noticed a very impressive male organ outlined against the cloth. I felt a lurch in my stomach and a vision of that member slipping sweetly into my female cleft rose up in my head.

There was a wet feeling between my upper thighs, and through the cloth of my top I could see my nipples had hardened.

I tried to stamp out this incipient fire, telling myself not to be so silly because a young buck like Alan wasn't going to be interested in an old birdlike me. The only trouble was it didn't stop me feeling sort of warm and tender about him.

We sat down in the kitchen to drink out tea. Alan had refused to come into the lounge because he said he was all mucky.

This time Alan got around to more personal things. Did I miss Joe? What did I miss? Does it take long to get over the death of someone you love? Would I ever take on anyone else?

I gave him honest answers without getting too detailed, especially about the last question, if you see what I mean. As I'm sure you'll understand, I was feeling a somewhat vulnerable in the situation, having got a bit of a fancy for him, and I might have just said too much and made a fool of myself.

Alan went back to the car saying he'd finished the ordinary service, but wanted to have a look at a couple of other things.

He'd really got me going and around eleven o'clock I went out the front to watch him at work while I pretended to clean the front step. I saw Gloria all dressed up come out of her house, and coming to the dividing fence she called out, "Morning Bel," then addressing Alan she said, "I'm off to gran's now, Alan. You can get your own lunch, can't you? I'll be home about four."

A muffled voice from under the bonnet called out, "Right mum," and Gloria left.

I'd noticed Gloria often left the house at about eleven, and didn't get back until about four in the afternoon.

I went over to Alan and said, "Your mum really is good to your gran, she goes there every day almost."

Alan took his head out of the engine and looked at me giving a wry grin. "Yes, I suppose you could say that."

"You can have lunch with me again if you like, Alan."

"That's decent of you Bel," he said.

“Well, considering you’ve done all this work on the car it’s the least I can do.” My thought was that I’d like to do a lot more for him.

I left him to get on with it and went back into the house, but I spent a lot of the next hour or so looking at him out of the window. That healthy young body; the dark hair and blue eyes; my God, I really was starting to fancy him like mad.

I heard him start the car and heard the engine ticking over, if not like a Swiss watch, at least with far fewer noises than before. I went out to have a look, and Alan was standing beside the car wiping his hands on a piece of cloth.

“There she is,” he said, “Almost as good as new.”

“That’s wonderful, Alan. Lunch is about ready, so you’d better come in.”

“I can’t come in like this,” he said, pointing to his oily state, “My shorts are filthy.”

You’ve probably noticed that when you get all sexually worked up, you tend to get bold with it in relation to the one you’re worked up about. I was bold now as I said to him, “Come and have a shower in my place. I can chuck your

shorts in the washing machine; I've got a few other things to wash. You can wrap a towel round you while we have lunch."

"Right," he said, "Just give me a couple on minutes to tidy up here, and I'll come in."

I went back in and finished off the preparations for lunch. I was in a hell of a state over that boy. I felt as if I had a lump in my throat and I was trembling. He came in and I took him to the bathroom and he handed me his shorts modestly hiding himself behind the door.

I set the washing machine going, and then noticed that my shorts had a big wet stain round the crotch. I took them off and chucked them in the machine and raced to the bedroom to get a fresh pair. All round my sex organ I was soaking wet with my lubricant, so I went to the kitchen and tried to clean myself up before putting the fresh shorts on. Then rushing back to the bedroom I looked in the mirror to see if I was looking okay.

Back in the kitchen I was just putting the food out and in came Alan wearing a bath towel.

We got down to eating, but I had a struggle to get the food down because of the lump in my throat. When we finished I

suggested we go into the lounge and have coffee. Once there I tried to make conversation.

“Now, Alan, “I croaked, “You must let me pay you for the work you’ve done.”

“Wouldn’t hear of it, he said, it’s been my pleasure.”

I could see him keep looking at my breasts and trying not to. I could also see a lump rising under the towel. I took a big chance and asked, “Surely you can think of something I can do for you?”

“I...er...I...what did you...er... have in mind?” He said this in a voice that was just as ragged as my own.

It was one of those difficult situations where each of you has a good idea what the other wants, but don’t know how to take the final step. You can spar around endlessly and possibly end up doing nothing, to the profound frustration of both parties.

I was sitting on the sofa and Alan was in an armchair over the other side of the room. I took the big chance and tried to say seductively, “Why don’t you come and sit over here, and

we can discuss it." I thought I sounded as seductive as the engine of my car the previous day.

Never the less with surprising alacrity Alan joined me on the sofa, even sitting close.

I laid my hand on his bare chest and said, "I'm sure I've got something you would like to have, Alan. You've only got to ask, and it's yours."

"Well...it...I don't...that is...if you would...er..."

"Was it something like this, you had in mind, Alan," I asked. Then I grabbed him and kissed him full on the mouth.

He came up gasping, but his hand had reached for my breast.

I moved in for another kiss and this time tried for an open mouth tongue thrusting job. His response, or lack of it, made me realise that I was dealing with a novice in this business. "My God," I thought, "Don't tell me he's a virgin."

He soon confirmed that this is exactly what he was. I was amazed that in our day such a being could exist at twenty. His fumbling with my breasts gave every indication that he

had never fumbled breasts before. How could it be that a good looking bloke like him hadn't had some sexual experience?

I decided that the initiatives would all have to be mine, so I reached down and pulled his towel away. What was revealed made my stomach lurch again. He had a magnificent penis. It stood up erect, its purple crown shining with pre-cum and the light brown shaft hard, the whole organ engorged with blood and throbbing to every heart beat.

"My God," I thought, "He may be a virgin but I'll have that in me however awkward he might be."

And awkward he was, but rather than it being an irritation, I found it rather touching. I was going to be his sexual mentor and whom better than an older woman to teach and pleasure a young man?

I stood up and stripped off my shorts and top. It was fairly obvious he had not seen a naked woman before. He sat staring at me, his gaze roaming over my body. I felt as if his eyes were eating me so intently they fixed on me.

"I didn't know women were so beautiful," he said in an awed voice.

"It would be more comfortable in the bedroom," I said, extending my hand to him. He took it and I led him to the bed. We lay together and I pressed my body close to him as I kissed him, gradually getting his mouth open with my tongue. When I thrust it into his mouth I felt him urgently pushing against me as if trying to have my whole body in contact with his.

I moved slightly above him so one of my breasts was close to his mouth. I put a nipple to his lips and said, "Suck me there, darling." He needed no second telling. It's strange isn't it, that men are so fascinated with a woman's breasts?

Once started on my nipple, he did not seem to want to stop, and as I suckled him I experienced a wonderful wave of tender emotion possess me. I felt like a mother suckling her infant, the child I had never had, and now I had Alan at my breast. I stroked his face and hair, murmuring to him, "Enjoy me, my darling, just enjoy me."

In the end I had to almost forcibly remove him from my nipple. I ordered him to lie on his back. I would have to take the dominant role. I wanted him to feel what it was like to be inside a woman, and for myself I wanted to feel his sperm shooting into me.

I sat astride him and carefully lowered myself on to his shaft, letting it slide into me slowly. On first entry he gave a long low groan of bliss. He then closed his eyes and whispered, "Oh Bel."

I moved on him slowly at first. I was close to my orgasm but holding back until he was ready to ejaculate. I had not long to wait. He began to groan and try to thrust up into me and I released the orgasm I had held back letting it shudder through me as his sperm smashed against the top of my vagina.

Had I been capable of getting pregnant, in this moment that is what I would have prayed for. Sadly I was beyond such joy.

He finished his ejaculation and began to relax. I continued to move on him as the after effects of my climax gradually diminished. When the last shudder had gone I still sat across him, holding his shaft in me.

He opened his eyes and groaned, "That was wonderful, Bel, I didn't realise..."

"That's nothing, sweetheart," I replied, "just wait and see what I can do for you."

I moved from him, and as the crown of his penis came out of me he gave a little grunt, as the still sensitive nerve endings were touched by my vaginal lips.

I thought he might find some reason for leaving me now, but he didn't. He reached for my breasts, and to my surprise he began to suck my nipple again, while his hand began to fondle the other breast.

His fondling was a bit awkward, so I took his hand and placing it at the base of the breast, I slowly moved it up until reaching the nipple, I closed his fingers over it with a little pinch. He soon got the idea, and it was in the course of this activity something happened to me that had not happened ever before.

I had never thought of it as a possibility, but I actually had an orgasm inspired only by breast stimulation. It was a bit different from the vaginal orgasms I had experienced. It was more like waves of tender love passing through me, and I heard myself as if it were someone else saying, "Suck mummy, darling...suck mummy..."

As I came out of this gentler orgasm I felt a bit embarrassed at what I had been saying, but Alan did not seem in the least troubled by it. He told me later that at the time he wished I was his mother, so we could always be making love. I was certainly wishing he was my son, so I could be there for him, to love and satisfy his hunger.

Alan had another erection and he tried to mount on top of me. He was very cumbersome in this, and I had to instruct him how to open my legs properly and position his penis so I could hold it and guide him into me. Once more as he entered he gave a little groan and said, "Lovely Bel...lovely."

Once inside me his male instincts took over. I suppose it is the primeval drive to impregnate the female, the desire to reproduce the species that causes the male to seek the depths of the woman. He wants to implant his seed so as to give it the greatest possible chance to achieve fertilisation.

During our first coupling I had experienced the female equivalent in the wish to be impregnated, even though it was now impossible for me. Even so, the yearning to be fertilised was still there, the longing to be part of the creation in the act of bringing forth new life.

Alan thrust into me seeking my depths. I wound my legs round him opening myself to give him the greatest possible access to me. I wanted to feel his hands under my buttocks, dragging me even closer so the last few millimetres might penetrate, but he was too new to the sexual act to understand this. I would teach him later.

That there would be a “later” I at that moment had no doubts. He was clearly getting too much pleasure with me to now just walk away. He would return and return again to seek the fulfilment of the hunger he would now feel, a hunger I had created in him, and would continue to promote as I made myself available for him and taught him the ways of sensual love.

I did not delude myself. One day he would meet and desire some young woman, and my appeal would diminish. In the mean time I would lead him, prepare him for that time. When the moment came for me to bid him farewell, I would do so with regret but no recrimination. I would be like a mother who having given birth to her child and raising it has done so knowing that eventually she must let it go.

I did not have an orgasm this time, and as Alan finished I said with a chuckle, “Just as well your mother’s gone visiting you gran, or she might wonder what we’ve been up to. She wouldn’t be too keen on you having sex with someone who’s about the same age as she is.”

Alan was lying on his back, and he looked up at me with a grin. “She’d have no right to talk; you don’t really think she’s off visiting gran, do you?”

“We’ll that’s what she says.” I said, “What else would she be doing?”

He laughed outright this time. “She’s off doing what we’ve been doing with a bloke who’s younger than I am.”

“You’re kidding me.”

“No, honest Bel. She’s got a nineteen year old bloke she visits almost every day. He’s unemployed and his mum goes out to work, so they do it at his place.”

“Well bugger me,” I said, “I never thought Gloria would be up to something like that.”

“She thought I didn’t know about it, but I do visit gran, and she kept asking why Gloria never goes to see her. I kept my eyes and ears open, and I found out about her and this bloke. When I fronted her about it she said ‘Yes. What’s wrong with that?’”

“Crafty old Gloria.”

“Only trouble is, Bel, she’s talking about bringing him to our place to live. I know the bloke and can’t stand him, so I’m looking to get out.”

“It may not come to that,” I said.

“We’ll see,” he replied.

I looked across at the bedside clock and saw it was after half past three, so I said, “look, Alan, your mum said she’d be home by four. I don’t think she needs to know about us until it’s absolutely necessary, so you’d better get back home.”

“Can’t we have just one more?” he pleaded.

“Not now,” I replied, “but we can make arrangements for other times, if that’s what you’d like.”

“Oh God, Bel, of course I want to.”

As I had thought, once I’d got him going he’d want more and more. He had his studies to attend to, but we made arrangements for future times, and he left.

Talking about me getting him going, he'd got me going as well. It was two days before we could get together again, and I think I was wet between the legs most of the time wanting him.

On the day he was coming to see me he was in as soon as Gloria had gone off to her paramour. I had a little treat prepared for him this time.

He had a beautiful erection as soon as he arrived, so I got him on to his back and took the crown of his penis into my mouth."

He called out, "Bel, I might..."

I cut in, "It's all right, darling; just let it go when you're ready. Don't you worry about me."

With that, I started to nibble and suck his crown, and then worked my way down his shaft. I felt him start to jerk, and his hands came round the back of my head, holding me to him.

The first hot sperm slammed into my mouth and I tried to swallow it. I succeeded for about half the ejaculation, but then it started to get too much, and it dribbled out of the

corners of my mouth. I never realised anyone could shoot so much semen. At the end I sucked the last few drops out of him as he began to relax.

I lay briefly beside him, then got up and went to the bathroom to clean my face. Returning I found Alan recovered somewhat from his discharge and as I lay beside him he said, I read somewhere that....er...well...men can...you know...it's called 'cunny something'"

"You mean cunnilingus."

"That's it."

"Oral sex that men give to women."

"Yes, that's what I read. Could...er...could I...sort, you know?"

"That would be lovely, darling," I said, "but are you sure you want to. I mean, some men don't like it, and they won't even look at a woman's sex organ."

"I'd like to try," he said eagerly. "How do we do it?"

“Well, there are several ways, but I think I know the best way for a first time.”

I moved to sit on the edge of the bed and told Alan to kneel in front of me. Once there I raised my legs so my feet were up on the bed and my legs spread wide. I decided a little instruction in female anatomy was in order.

I began by getting him to look at my sex organ. If he was going to find it distasteful it might as well be now. Of course, at first there was little to see but a cluster of pubic hair and a slit.

“These are the outer lips,” I told him. Then placing my fingers on the lips, I drew them aside saying, “Inside them are the inner lips, there.”

He stared, fascinated, but showing no sign of revulsion. I opened the inner lips and exposed my vaginal opening. “That’s where you enter me.”

I let him look for a moment, and then he stretched out his hand to touch the inner lips, and pushed one finger into the opening.

“It’s nice for the woman if you push two or three fingers in, and move them in and out,” I instructed.

This he proceeded to do, making me start to lubricate rather heavily. I pointed out to him that this was the sign of a woman’s sexual arousal and that he should always see to it that the woman was ready before he tried to penetrate.

The lesson seemed to be going well. Alan was clearly captivated by what he was seeing, and at one point whispered, “It’s beautiful, Bel. Can I...?”

“No, not yet,” I interrupted. There’s something else you should see.

I lift the little hood over my clitoris. I’ve been given to understand that my clitoris is a bit larger than the average, so Alan had no difficulty seeing it.

“That is where the woman gets most of her sexual pleasure,” I told him. I circled the little nub with my finger saying, “It’s the centre of a lot of nerves. If you touch it like this most women will go wild with sexual passion.”

His finger took over from mine, and the result was as I had predicted, he was driving nearly insane wanting him.

“If you like you can kiss and lick me there,” I gasped.

He proceeded to do just that, and I could feel that he was going out of his mind wanting me. I got him to push his tongue into the opening of my vagina and thrust it in and out, and ended up begging him, “Come into me now darling, come into me.”

He came as instructed and in seconds I was spinning in a coloured whorl into outer space or somewhere like it. His thrusts were more vigorous and his groans louder than before. His hands clasped my breast and he smothered my lips and face with kisses.

We were both beside ourselves, calling out each other's names, pouring forth with endearments. As my orgasm struck I screamed and in that moment the first ejection of his sperm shot into me as he howled with ecstasy.

Any residual reticence there might have been had gone, the chains were off and we were in a state of pure delight with each other. Call it “love,” “lust,” “carnal hunger,” or what you will; we were meshed together in a bond of deep fulfilment.

He emptied himself into me, but I clung to him, forcing him to stay with me as I slid down on the far side of my climax.

When I had calmed, I managed to give him one more lesson in a breathless sort of way.

“Darling, when you’ve finished ejaculating into a woman, don’t pull out straight away. Try to stay with her and keep moving. A woman usually takes longer to finish her orgasm than a man. If you care about her, then you will want to please her and make her as satisfied as you are.”

I should have noted, of course, that Alan was showing no sign of pulling out of me, and he said, “But Bel, I didn’t want to come out of you,” and as good as his word, he stayed with me. In fact he stayed with me long enough for him to start getting another erection and then pumping more sperm into my already overflowing vagina.

“Bloody shame,” I thought, “all that seed ought to have done something if I was still fertile.”

For the next couple of weeks we came together as often as we could, and it was at the end of that time that things took another turn.

Alan came bursting in one day saying, "Bel, mum's bringing that clod she calls her 'partner' into the house. He's going to live with us. I've got to get out. I don't like leaving mum alone with him, but I couldn't stand being in the same house with that bloke."

Now no one can say I don't think ahead. The result is not always what I want, but this time I really hit the bullseye.

"Move in with me," I said, "You'll be close enough to your mum to see she's all right, and far enough away from her bloke not to cause trouble."

"Would you, Bel," he gasped. "Would you really let me live with you?"

"Certainly," I said, "I think we'd get along very nicely together. You can use the spare bedroom if you like."

As I hoped, he looked aghast. "I don't want to use the spare bedroom," he protested. "I want to sleep with you."

"That's what I hoped you'd say," I laughed.

He joined in my laughter.

“Well,” I went on, “I think we should have a little celebration, don’t you? Have you ever ready anything about anal sex, darling?”

He hadn’t, so we had to start the lesson right from the beginning.

A few days later, having told his mother what had been going on between us, he moved in with me.

He’s been with me two years now, but I’m not so silly as to think I can keep him for ever. In the meantime, the car runs very nicely these days, I don’t have any dripping taps, and I don’t have to worry about mending fuses. In addition, I have a regular supply of the food that satisfies a certain craving I have. I gather that Alan still finds gratification for his hunger as well.

Just a word of warning to any of you ladies who might be thinking of initiating a young man into the ways of sexual gratification. Be sure you've got enough energy for it, because their appetite seems to grow with use.

The Chef's Choice

We came to the brow of a hill and I braked to a standstill. I had not expected such a panoramic view. The motor bike engine still ticking over, I was momentarily awestruck by the scene before me.

The road dropped away to a vast plain that at first seemed to stretch on forever, then, dimly, I saw distant smoky blue hills. They might have been the product of my imagination so insubstantial they seemed, but I knew of their solidity from the map I had studied of the area.

In the middle distance, I could see a belt of trees snaking across the landscape from horizon to horizon. They followed The Great River, which here crossed the now arid flood plain that had once, aeons ago, been a great lake or inland sea.

In the midst of the aridity, and swelling like a green tumor on either side of the river, was the irrigation area with its grapevines and citrus trees. In the midst of this green, I could see the smudge of the town I was to work in, Egret Reach.

I turned in the saddle to look at Janet, sitting on her child's safety seat, buried beneath her crash helmet; she had been wonderfully patient during the ride from the city.

“All right, sweetheart?” I asked.

“Yes, daddy,” said a muffled little voice.

“Won’t be long now, my love. Not far to go.”

I thought I saw a wan smile behind the visor of her helmet.

“How could she?” I thought, “How could she?” But I musn’t think of that.

I kicked the bike into gear and took off down the hill to the plain below.

Approaching the town, I was on the look out for “The Egret Reach Motor Inn.” Given the size of the town it did not take me long to find it.

The Inn, like many of its kind, tended towards pretentiousness. It combined a varied collection of architectural styles, with Mock English Tudor predominating. The one feature that strove towards anything local was a somewhat unpleasant, poorly executed,

monster sized painted cement statue of an Egret, standing on a lawn that fronted the road.

I pulled the bike into the inn's parking area, turned off the engine and dismounted, hitching the bike onto its stand.

I began to unbuckle little Janet and take off her helmet. "I feel all stiff, daddy, she said."

I was feeling somewhat that way myself after the long ride, so I lifted Janet off the seat and made my way to the door marked "Reception", carrying her. At four years of age, she felt as if she weighed almost nothing at all.

We went in the reception area and approached the desk. I stood Janet on the floor. No one was in sight, but there was a bell, so I rang it.

There was a brief pause then a woman came through an arch behind the reception desk.

"Got here all right, then?"

"Yes, Mrs. Albright."

“This your daughter?” Pointing at Janet.

“Yes. Say hello to Mrs.Albright, Janet.”

“Hello Mrs.Albright.”

“Hello Janet. You’re a pretty little girl, aren’t you.”

Janet hid behind my leg.

“Bit shy I’m afraid, Mrs.Albright.”

“Let’s drop the Mrs.Albright, shall we? Alice will do. And of course, I know you’re Paul.”

Alice Albright had interviewed me in the city for the position of chef at her newly acquired Egret Reach Motor Inn. I had taken the job at considerably less than I could command in many of the top class restaurants in the city, but then, in a way I was on the run.

Alice had been perfectly candid with me during the interview.

“At the moment the place looks tasteless and the accommodation very average – rated three star. Most of the time its less than half occupied and the previous owner went bankrupt. I’m aiming to build it up into something really worthwhile, perhaps even making it five star eventually.”

“Pretty tough proposition,” I had commented.

“Yes. “I’m gambling everything I’ve got on the place. The Shire Council is working to build up the town as a tourist and holiday resort. It’s situated on a beautiful bend in the river, with good fishing and plenty of wild life beyond the irrigation area. They are building a marina and have bought one of the old river paddle steamers; the “Jeremy Flynn”, to run day river trips, and are generally sprucing up the town. The shopkeepers are co-operating, painting the exteriors of their shops. Also there’s talk of a winery being established in the area.”

“Sounds good.”

“Yes. There were two cooks working at the Inn when I took over. I had to sack one because he was lazy and unhygienic, the other, a local woman, is stretched to the limit and likely to end up in the divorce court if her husband doesn’t see more of her. That’s why I’m looking for more help, but I do not just want a cook, I could get one of those locally. I want

a fully-fledged chef. The present cook Agnes Dean will take on breakfast and lunches under the chef's direction as far as the menu is concerned. The chef will take over the evening dinners, and I'm looking for high quality meals."

"You mean first-class restaurant standard?"

"Yes. So far, the Inn restaurant hasn't been open to the locals, but I'm going to change that. They may constantly moan about the prices they get for their fruit, but there's plenty of money around the town, but when it comes to a decent place to eat out, there's nothing. I'm going to provide it."

"You're taking on a lot."

"I know. Now, I can't afford to pay the sort of money that you people can command these days. Also, I'm going to be asking a great deal, of whomever I employ. I don't want a fly-by night; I want someone who will stick with me. So why would a young chap like you take on this sort of job?"

I might have asked, "Why would a young woman like you be risking everything?" I decided not to.

She was a good looking woman of no more than thirty years of age, with a lovely oval face, auburn hair drawn back

severely, and with rather forbidding eyes that seemed to look into your soul. Those eyes were on me now as she awaited my reply.

“If I were offered the job, and if I accepted it,” I said, “I would do so because I want a change. By the way, I have a little girl, my daughter, who would come with me.”

“I see.”

I think she was able to read sufficiently into what I had said not to venture closer questioning.

“What age is your daughter?”

“Four.”

She became slightly agitated and her face paled. She paused for a moment, looking as if in her mind she had gone off somewhere else.

I thought she was going to terminate the interview pointing out the inappropriateness of my bringing a child, especially one so young, with me.

Instead she gave a slight shake of her head, and began to speak again.

“Well, as I shouldn’t expect you start preparing meals before mid afternoon, although I would expect you to prepare the menus for all the meals and make out orders for supplies, you could have her with you quite a lot of the time. I’d be prepared to keep an eye on her after that, and I’ll make a special bedroom arrangement for her so I can look in on her during the evening.”

I gathered from the way she was speaking that I had the job, although why she would want someone with a small girl in tow, I couldn’t fathom. Even more surprising was her suggestion that she take some responsibility for Janet by “Looking in on her.”

My conjecture was correct; I got the job, with the understanding that if after three months we found we suited each other, we would sign a two-year contract.

So here I was in Egret Reach, and Alice Albright went on, looking at Janet, “She really is a lovely looking little girl, isn’t she?”

“Yes, takes after her mo...”

Why couldn't I shake that woman out of my mind? Sybil had not only deserted me, but our little girl as well.

I had arrived home at 1.45 a.m. one night to find the house deserted and a note which simply said, "Janet with your parents. I'm leaving you. Don't try to find me."

At that moment, everything took on an air of unreality. This couldn't be happening. I had kissed Sybil and Janet goodbye when I left for work as usual. Nothing had indicated to me that this was going to transpire. I went through the house looking for I didn't know what, then I opened the wardrobe door. All Sybil's clothes had gone.

I glanced at the answering machine beside the telephone and saw that three calls had been recorded. "She's ringing to tell me it's all a silly joke," I tried to convince myself, but they were all calls from my parents.

The first two were addressed to Sybil, asking what time she was coming to pick Janet up. The third was for me."

"Paul, we think there's something wrong. Sybil brought Janet round and asked if we would look after her for a couple of hours as she had some business to attend to. It is now

eleven p.m. and we haven't heard from her. Please call us when you get home, it doesn't matter what time."

I rang and my mother answered. I read her the note.

She was aghast but said that Janet was now in bed and I could come over to them to sleep if I wished.

Still unconvinced of the reality of what was happening, I said I would stay home and call round in the morning. I suppose I still had the vain hope that Sybil would turn up. I did not sleep that night, but sat waiting.

I was setting out for my parent's place next morning when a neighbour, Mrs.Armitage, came up to me."

"She's gone, hasn't she?"

"How do you know?"

"The whole street knows about it. One of us should have told you long ago. What do you think she's been doing when you're at work every night?"

I said nothing, and she went on:

“She’s been having visits from the bloke who runs that sleazy club in town. The one where they have the male strippers. She went to it one evening with a couple of girl friends. Must have got mixed up with him then. He turned up about half nine last night, and the next thing they’re putting her clothes into his car, then they’re off.”

If I’d been in my right mind I suppose I would have thought, “Nosy old devil,” but as it was, her information not only made me feel sick, it also brought me one step nearer reality.

I started the bike and roared off to the club that Mrs. Armitage had mentioned, “The Big One.” Not only was it closed, it had clearly been vacated. I went to my parents.

Apart from all the anti-Sybil criticisms from my parents, they offered to look after Janet until I managed to sort things out.

The first thing to sort out was me. I castigated myself for having a job that left a very attractive wife alone at home night after night, but then, she had known about this when we got married.

To cut a long story short, after a couple of months of waiting and searching for Sybil, I ended up selling the house and its

contents and moved in with my parents where I could be close to Janet. I think my parents would willingly have taken over Janet completely they loved her so much, but I would not have that. I loved and wanted my girl, and however difficult it might be, she would stay with me.

I wanted to get away from the place that had caused me so much pain, and so I was now at Egret Reach.

Looking at my motor bike attire curiously, Alice asked, "Where did you park your car?"

"Came on the motor bike."

"You did what!" she exploded. "You mean you brought that little one all this way on the back of a motor bike?"

"Yes."

"You brute. A little thing like that..."

"She likes the bike."

"I don't care if she does like it...all that way...Are you all right darling?"

Janet, still clinging to my leg, said, "Yes, Mrs. Albright."

Alice moved round the desk and seemed about to pick Janet up. Janet seems to have that effect on a lot of people, but Alice drew back, perhaps not wanting to risk rejection, and instead asked, "Have you eaten?"

"Yes, we stopped for lunch on the way."

"Well, its dinner time now, and the poor child must be starving. You'd better come with me to the restaurant."

Janet was shaking my leg. "Daddy," she whispered, "I want to go to the toilet."

This was one of my difficulties. When we were out, I could hardly take Janet into the women's section of the public toilets. I usually had to wait until I saw a respectable looking woman, and ask if she would take Janet. Now I turned to Alice.

"She wants to..."

"Yes, I heard. I'll take her. You wait here."

She extended her hand to Janet, who looked up at me.

“Its all right, darling, Mrs.Albright will take care of you.”

Janet moved to her and took Alice’s hand and they moved off. Not for the first time, I felt myself near tears.

“How could she? How could she leave a lovely child like Janet?”

On their return, Alice took us first to the restaurant. Having settled Janet comfortably on a couple of cushions at a table, she asked, “Would you like to meet Mrs.Dean, the cook?”

“Of course. Daddy won’t be long sweetheart, I’m just going to meet someone.”

I had thought that Mrs.Dean might resent my taking over the kitchen, but when we were introduced she said, “Thank Gawd you’ve arrived. I couldn’t have carried on much longer. When will you take over, tomorrow?”

I looked at Alice, who seemed to indicate that it was up to me.

“Look Agnes, if you could just carry on tomorrow, I want to take a look at the stock and equipment, and probably meet up with local suppliers. Can you manage?”

“I suppose so.”

I met Agnes’s assistant, Judith, a girl about seventeen, and was told that she would be working with me in the evenings. Agnes would have a girl called Molly to help her at breakfast and lunch.

Relieved that I would not have to overcome resentment, we returned to the table.

Alice said, “I won’t be able to join you, I have to attend to the front desk. Come out to reception when you’ve finished and I’ll show you your rooms.”

When she had gone, Janet commented, “I think Mrs. Albright is a nice lady.”

“I’m sure she is, darling.”

I noted that although the meal was well cooked and reasonably presented the food itself was of second rate quality. I made a mental note to look into that.

After the meal, we did as bidden and presented ourselves at the front desk. Alice said, "I don't expect any more people in tonight, so I'll take you to your rooms."

The Inn had three wings set out as three sides of a square. On the open side was the car park, and beyond the car park I could see what looked like another wing. It was towards this that we went.

As we approached it Alice said, "This was built as an additional wing some time after the others, but it was more of an optimistic investment than one based on reality. I've been using part of it as my living quarters. You and Janet will have the other part."

The part we were to occupy seemed to have been two accommodation units made into one. A door had been added, and the place now consisted of a living room, a reasonable sized bedroom with a double bed, and a smaller room for Janet. It also had the curious feature of two toilets, two bathrooms and two kitchens, indicating that the work had been done in haste, there being no time to remove the superfluous equipment and fittings.

I noticed that Janet's room had two doors, one from my side and the other, so Alice informed us, from her side. The door on her side looked new.

"I had that put in when I knew you were bringing Janet. I can keep an eye on her at night. I've got a girl starting in reception for evening work next week, and I've got my office in there," she said, pointing to her quarters.

I was astounded by the consideration of this woman. I had never had an employer go to so much trouble for an employee before, and I said so.

"Paul, I wanted the best. For whatever reason, you've accepted this job at far less money than you could have got elsewhere. It's also going to be a challenging job. Don't call it kindness, just think that its self-interest on my part. Have you got any other clothes for the little one apart from what she's wearing?"

"I've brought a few things in the panniers on the bike. The rest of our clothing and a few bits and pieces are coming by road, probably tomorrow."

"Good. Will you be all right if I leave you now?"

“Certainly.”

“Goodnight, then. I’m very relieved to have you here.” To Janet, “Goodnight, darling. Sleep well and I’ll see you in the morning.”

She seemed to move as if to kiss Janet, but drew back and left us.

The place had all the necessary basic furniture, and the bathroom was supplied with soap and towels. I brought the bike from the car park, found a covered area behind the house and parked it. I got Janet to bathe and put her into her nightclothes and then to bed. She was almost asleep on her feet.

Her last words before I left her were, “Do you think Mrs.Albright will like me, daddy?”

Near tears again I whispered, “Of course she will, you are such a nice little girl. Goodnight.”

“I love you, daddy.”

“I love you, my sweet.”

I showered, got into bed, and for the first time in months dropped straight into a deep sleep.

Next morning we made our way to reception where Alice was already stationed.

“What do you intend to do today, Paul?”

I mentioned that I had noticed the poor quality of the food, and suggested that her suppliers might be shortchanging her.

“I can deal with that if you wish.”

“I had a suspicion that might be happening, Paul. If you would deal with it...”

“Of course. I shall look over the kitchen equipment and what we’ve got in stock, then I can get on with preparing menus, probably to cover the next three or four days.”

“Wonderful, and if you are going into the town, use the station wagon. I’ve got the keys here when you want them.”

We went into the restaurant for breakfast.

After breakfast, I kept Janet with me while I conferred with Agnes and looked over the kitchen equipment. I could see that if Alice's hopes were fulfilled, the available equipment would not cope with the restaurant if it was more than half full.

Agnes also confirmed my views on the quality of the supplies saying, "We buy a lot of our stuff from local retailers, you know, the butcher, green grocer and baker. The buggers take advantage and give us poor quality stuff, but I haven't known what to do about it."

"Leave it to me, Agnes. I've dealt with suppliers like that before."

"Thank Gawd," she replied with relief.

I went to the front desk to get the car key from Alice.

"What are you going to do with Janet?"

"Take her with me."

“Couldn’t she stay here? She could play in the room back there.”

She pointed to a room connected by an arch behind the desk.

“I could keep an eye on her.”

“Well, her toys haven’t arrived yet, so...”

“I’ll keep her amused.”

“If your sure...”

“Let’s ask Janet. Janet, would you like to stay with me while daddy goes out for a while?”

I was sure Janet would say she wanted to come with me, so my ego was deflated when she said, “Yes please.”

I left them, and drove into the town.

I had taken the names of the suppliers from the delivery dockets and in calling on them found them recalcitrant. They

seemed very sure of their position as the only suppliers in the town, so in brief, I put the situation rather like this:

“Forty kilometres up stream there is another town with people supplying the same goods as you. Forty-five kilometres down stream, there is a town also with potential suppliers. No doubt, they would be happy to supply what I want. If not, I have many contacts in the city that would be happy to supply. There are trucks coming past this town all day on the highway, including refrigeration trucks. It would be little trouble for them to bring what I need. So make up your mind, do I get what I want, or do I look elsewhere?”

With surprising rapidity, given their previous cocksure resistance, they decided they could give me what I wanted.

That settled I returned to the Inn. Entering the reception area, I heard the murmur of voices, one of them being Janet's. I could see through the arch that Alice and Janet were sitting on the floor cutting out figures from pieces of paper.

I stood by the desk unobserved looking at the picture they made. “If only Sybil...” I mentally stamped on the thought.

I heard Janet speak.

“My grandma says that my mummy has gone on a long holiday but she’ll come back one day.”

This was a fiction of my mother’s I had never felt comfortable with.

Alice did not respond and Janet went on, “I don’t think mummy will come back.”

Alice did respond this time.

“Why don’t you think she’ll come back?”

“She doesn’t like me. She said I spoil her...” She hesitated for a moment, struggling with a word that finally came out as, “pleasure”. “That’s why she went away.”

This was the first time I had heard this, and I felt a lump rise in my throat and tears press against the back of my eyes. Alice, dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief, laid a hand on Janet’s hair, but said nothing.

The agony lay not so much in the words said as the way they were said. It was a mixture of matter of fact childish

innocence but said in a sad voice. Janet had accepted that the reason Sybil had left us was she. She was to blame.

I am not a violent man by nature, no matter what they say about temperamental chefs, but if in that moment Sybil had been present, I think I could have killed her. Perhaps I should have thought of my part in her leaving, or tried to think what she might have suffered. But the betrayal of innocence?

I moved away from the desk and went outside, trying to control my emotions, then made a noisy entrance.

Nothing was said, but Alice still had a tearful look. I had not assessed her as a woman who would easily cry. Despite her generosity to Janet and I by way of accommodation, and other marks of kindness, I took her to be a tough, determined businesswoman. I thought she would need to be if she was going to make a go of the Inn.

Early in the afternoon, the truck arrived with our luggage. Some time was spent putting this away, and Janet arranged her toys according to her preference, and of course, her teddy bear occupied the place of honour on her bed.

For the rest of the day, I worked on the preparation of menus, taking into account that we could not afford to waste the

existing stock. I also made out orders for supplies, determined to keep an eye on the quality when they arrived.

That evening in the restaurant I observed how big was the job Alice had taken on. Even given that it was early spring, and therefore outside the main summer tourist season, the showing was very poor. Certainly, the numbers using the restaurant would come nowhere near covering the cost of wages without taking account of any additional costs.

After eating, I went into the kitchen briefly to find out if Agnes needed any help. As I suspected, there were so few meals ordered she was having no trouble coping.

I had Janet with me, and when Agnes spotted her she said rather loudly, "Oh, ain't she a little duck." Janet hid behind my legs again.

Leaving the kitchen, I felt Janet tugging at my coat.

"What, sweetheart?"

"Daddy, I'm not really a duck, am I?"

“No darling, that was just the lady’s way of saying you look nice.”

“Oh. I think you look nice. Are you a duck too?”

“No, only nice little girls are ducks.”

I think the logic of this escaped both of us.

We made our way to the reception area to find Alice sitting there.

“Have you eaten?” I asked.

“No, I’ll have something brought out.”

“Could I take over from you for a while?”

“Well, we haven’t got any more booked in, but we might get the odd traveler. If you could just keep an eye on things for me. If anyone does come in for God’s sake get me, we can’t afford to lose a customer.”

I sat behind the reception desk while Janet went back to her cutting out of paper figures. No one arrived.

Alice returned after about half an hour, and I took Janet off to bed.

Thus ended my first full day in Egret Reach.

During the following weeks and months Judith, my assistant and I worked as if our lives depended on it. We not only had to prepare meals, but with the aid of the one waitress, we had to do the washing up as well. In addition I had to look after Janet, prepare the menus and order in stock. Alice helped whenever she could, but she had her hands full with the administration, and keeping an eye on the women who did the cleaning and linen changing. She also helped keep an eye on Janet. In fact, we all kept an eye on Janet, as she had become something of a pet with the female staff.

Every night I fell into bed and slept like a log.

At the end of three months, Alice and I had to make our decisions. Did she want me to stay? Did I want to stay?

Alice had placed advertisements in the local paper announcing the opening of the restaurant to the local

populace. At first, there was suspicion among the food conservative locals, and comments like, “I want me steak eggs and chips, not a lot of fancy foreign stuff.”

I became conservative myself and only slowly included more exotic dishes on the menu. The customers came slowly at first, but as our reputation grew the numbers swelled. As the diners grew a little more adventurous, so I expanded the range of choices. Then Alice added a new dimension. She brought in country singers on certain evenings, and from caution the mood changed to, “It’s a bloody good night out, mate.”

In addition, the summer season was well underway, and more tourists were using the Inn.

When discussing the matter of the two-year contract, Alice said, “You’ve worked a miracle in such a short space of time. We’re not only breaking even; we are beginning to show a little profit. I can’t offer you more money yet, but I can offer you regular time off.”

I had hardly had a day off for the three months, but then, neither had Alice, and the rest of the kitchen staff had been superb.

I pointed out that the kitchen facilities were now stretched to the limit, and if there were further increases in customers, we would not be able to cope adequately. There would be long waits for orders to be fulfilled, and thus a dissatisfied clientele.

Alice asked if we could hang on until the end of the summer season, and when the number of people using the inn declined, we could add to or replace the existing equipment.

I pointed out that the installation would take several days if she bought what I had in mind, so what should we do? Close the restaurant?

Alice came across with an idea I should have thought of.

"Some of the units are fairly close to the restaurant. If I make sure they are not in use for the period of installation, we could use their kitchens."

I imagined myself rushing from one little kitchen to the other, trying to prepare and cook the dishes. "I don't think it's possible, Alice."

"Yes it is," she responded. "I can persuade Agnes to help, and I'll take an extra cook on. I've been thinking that now

our clientele is increasing, we need another one for the evening dinners.”

“That will soak up the profit.”

She shrugged her shoulders. “Will you stay?”

Naturally, I had been weighing this matter for some weeks. The work had been arduous, but somehow satisfying. In many ways more importantly, Janet had settled in, and seemed very fond of Alice and the rest of the staff, who made much of her. I also knew that as Alice now had a receptionist from mid afternoon to late evening, she retired to her quarters and worked in the office, looking in occasionally to see that Janet was all right, while I worked.

“I’ll stay,” I said.

“Excellent. Here’s the contract.”

I noted that I was to have a day off each week.

The inn restaurant continued to be patronized increasingly. We battled to survive with the equipment we had, and even before the new equipment was installed, the additional cook,

Maureen, was employed. She was of similar stamp to Agnes, although plumper, but got on with the job with the minimum of fuss.

Early in the winter, with few of the units occupied, the new equipment arrived and was installed. I now had my regular day off, and tried my hand at fishing in the river. To my amazement, at my first attempt I caught two sizeable fish.

I had got into the habit that on my days off I cooked for Janet and I in one of our small kitchens. I tried cooking the fish I had caught, and found them good. It was then that the thought struck me, "Why aren't we putting locally caught fish on the menu?" From that thought, I went on to consider the fresh water lobster-like creatures called "Yabbies." "Why not those as well?"

There were a number of local professional river fishermen, so very tentatively I began buying direct from them.

The Yabbies were a little more difficult to obtain, because the amount caught was dependent on flooding followed by the dropping of the river. Then I heard of a Yabbie farm down stream that was already supplying city restaurants. From then on, the supply of Yabbies was assured. Both the fish and the Yabbies proved popular with the customers.

Things were going well. We now had an extra waitress, Joyce, and a retired local Shire Council worker who became our washer-up.

Have you noticed that when things seem to be going wonderfully, something unpleasant seems to be lurking in the wings?

I kept in regular weekly touch by telephone with my parents. One day, just over one year after I began working at the Inn, my mother gave me a warning.

“Paul, one of the neighbours from where you used to live, Mrs.Armitage, came to see me. Sybil turned up looking for you last week. When she found out the house had been sold and you and Janet had moved, she went up and down the street screaming she would ‘Get you’.”

I felt fairly confident that Sybil would not find me and told mother not to worry.

“Be careful, darling,” she said.

Then one afternoon, just after I had started preparing the evening meals, someone came into the kitchen. At first I did not see who it was, but assumed it was the arrival of Judith

my assistant or the other cook. With my back turned to whomever it was I called out, "Good afternoon."

A voice behind me said, "Hello, Paul."

The voice was hoarse and shaky, and not recognising it, I turned.

I saw a white faced woman with dark patches under eyes and sores at the corners of her mouth. Her eyes were bloodshot and hair lank and greasy. She looked thin and wasted and was dressed in clothes that looked as if they had been salvaged from a Salvation Army Op Shop throw out pile.

It took me several seconds to recognise her. When I did realise who it was, I gave thanks that Janet had now started school, and was not around.

"Sybil!"

"Yes, Paul. I've come back to you."

I was staggered. Apart from my confidence that she would never find me, I could scarcely believe that a once beautiful

girl had become a living ruin. I strove to find something to say.

“What do you want, Sybil?”

“I told you, darling. I’ve come back to you. It was all a silly mistake. It’ll be just like it was before. I’ve realised how much you’d miss me, so I’ve come back to look after you and...where is our little treasure?”

I did not answer her question. There was no way Sybil was coming back to me, and certainly, she was not going to get her hands on Janet.

“How did you get here, Sybil?”

“Hitched a ride with a truck driver. Had to pay the bastard of course...you know...!”

She drew close to me. Among other breath and body odours, I could smell that of recent sex.

Looking at me slyly she asked, “Could you let me have some money, darling. I do need to get a few things, then we can have a long talk about our future.”

I had little doubt about what she wanted the money for and I wondered where she could get the stuff in Egret Reach, but I suppose even here there were suppliers.

“No Sybil, I couldn’t give you some money, but I will take you to see a doctor.”

From what I think she hoped was a seductive look; she was transformed into a screaming harridan.

“You’ve got money, you bastard. You sold the house so you must have money, so give me my share.”

She changed yet again, supplicating. “Come on, darling, just a few dollars. You wouldn’t begrudge me a few dollars, say, a hundred!”

The sight, sound and smell of her sickened me, but at the same time I felt, not compassion, but that weakest of all our emotions, pity.

“No, Sybil, I will not give you money, but I think you badly need help. Let me...”

She screamed at me, “You arse hole. You fucking lousy shit. You stick your fucking cock into me and give me a stinking kid, and you won’t part up with a few lousy bloody dollars.”

She grabbed a vegetable knife from a knife block and made a dive at me with it. I managed to avoid her first blow, but as she came at me again I tried to grab her wrist and received a savage cut across my hand.

I was still trying to avoid Sybil’s attempts to knife me when Alice came into the kitchen. She must have taken the situation in at a glance. She grabbed a plastic water filled rolling pin and promptly clubbed Sybil behind the ear. Sybil dropped like a stone.

My hand was bleeding badly and Alice wrapped a clean towel round it and said, “I don’t know what the hell has been going on, but I’d better get the ambulance for both of you. That cut needs stitching.

She ran off to telephone for an ambulance, leaving me to shakily contemplate the ruin that was my wife. She was beginning to come round, and was groaning as she tried to sit up. I picked up the knife she had been wielding that was now lying on the floor, and took up the rolling pin from the workbench where Alice had left it.

Returning Alice said, "They won't be long. Who is the woman?"

"My wife."

Alice did not seem to know what to say. She stood staring at Sybil, then seeing her trying to rise said, "You'd better stay down there. An ambulance will be here soon."

"Don't want a fucking ambulance. Just want this bastard to give me some money."

"Think yourself lucky I haven't called the police. They may still be involved. It will depend on what your husband and the medical people decide to do."

"Get fucked."

Despite her abuse, Sybil stayed sitting on the floor.

Alice turned to me. "We'll talk later when you get back. I'll persuade Agnes to come in to replace you."

When the ambulance arrived, Sybil refused the offer of being carried on a stretcher and we both walked to the vehicle.

Alice drew me back a little and whispered, "I'll look after Janet when she gets home from school. I'll tell her you had an accident and cut your hand. You can tell her what you think she should know when you get back."

Sybil had entered the ambulance passively, but as soon as it set off she became abusive again, and seemed to lose all control of her movements. Her hands roamed constantly over her hair and face, and she was shaking violently.

The paramedic tried to restrain her and nearly got his face clawed.

Then from violent abuse Sybil changed to her wheedling voice again.

"Give me something, you can give me something. I need a fix, please...something."

When the paramedic refused she became violent once more, and between struggling to control Sybil he tried to take a look at my hand and find out who we were. I identified myself, and told him Sybil was my wife.

Arrival at the hospital was another drama, with Sybil still spitting venom at anyone within range, and especially me. It

was a relief when we were separated. Bureaucracy swung into action demanding my details, then my hand was examined and stitched. When asked how my injury had happened, I lied, saying it was an accident. I don't think the doctor believed me, but he said nothing.

I was left to rest on a bed for a while. When it was decided I could leave I telephoned the Inn, and Alice said she would come and get me in the station wagon. As I sat waiting for her a nurse approached me.

"Doctor would like a word with you before you go."

I was taken to a small office and the doctor introduced himself and said, "I believe you are Sybil Carter's husband?"

"Yes."

"Have you any idea what she's been taking?"

"No, it's more than a year since I last saw her and I don't know what she's been doing."

"I see. I'm afraid she's in a very bad way, Mr. Carter. We haven't gone very far in our assessment of her but we've

concluded that she needs far more sophisticated help than we can provide here. We need to send her on to The Royal City Hospital. She is sedated at the moment, but it looks to me as if she's not going to agree to the arrangement when she wakes up. We don't like to take away people's rights to decide, but I think she may be a danger to herself and others if we just let her go. As her next of kin, would you be prepared to sign a document agreeing to her being transferred?"

It seemed strange to hear myself called Sybil's "next of kin." It was as if the period we had been apart had formed a great gap between us. I knew, yet did not know this woman. We had once been in love and made love. I had vowed, "Until death parts us." Together we had made a baby and lived what I had thought was a "normal life." Now all I could see was the ruined woman and the wreckage of what had once been our marriage.

The thought crossed my mind, "What if she comes hunting for me again when Janet is around?" That thought helped me decide. I signed the document. If she were taken to the city hospital, it would at least give me some respite to think out what I must do for the future.

I left the doctor to find Alice waiting for me. Looking at her, I saw her in a new light. At first, it was the contrast between her and Sybil that struck me. Sybil, the wreckage of a human

being, and Alice, the strong, healthy woman, determined to succeed in what she had set herself to do.

For all her kindness and concern for Janet and I, Alice had been my employer, a business woman, and in the year long hurly burly of trying to get the Inn on a sound footing, I had not recognised in her another side. Of her personal life, she had told me almost nothing, and I had not sought to know. Where Mr. Albright was had not been revealed, and I had wondered if he even existed.

One feature that did reveal another side to her personality had been the growing intimacy between she and Janet. They seemed to love being together. The marks of affection in the shape of kissing, holding hands, Janet sitting on Alice's lap talking, had become obvious. Janet no longer mentioned her mother and I had to admit that Alice had become something of a substitute mother. She had not, however, become a substitute wife. I had simply not thought of Alice like that.

As we drove back to the Inn Alice asked, "Do you want to talk about it, Paul?"

I did. Apart from my parents, I had spoken to no one about my personal life. I had tried to bury it, but now it raged in its dark hiding place, clamouring to be brought into the light.

I tried to make a start, but Alice interrupted. "Perhaps it would be better to wait until we get back to the Inn?"

"Perhaps so," I said.

Arriving at the Inn, we went to her apartment, and I was led into her lounge. This was a room I had only glimpsed before as my dealings with Alice had only been in her office. Alice made coffee, and we sat in armchairs for our talk.

I told her the murky story insofar as I knew it. I had no real idea what Sybil had been doing since she left me, except that it was clear it had done her no good.

Alice had listened quietly, and when I finished telling the woeful tale, she asked: "What are you going to do, Paul?"

"I don't know, Alice. I suppose I still have some responsibility for her; after all, she is still my wife, and Janet's mother. She's on her way to the city hospital now, but they won't keep there forever. She came hunting me this time for money, she may well try again. I don't mind so much for myself, it's Janet I'm concerned about. However negative her memory is of Sybil, it would be far worse for her to see her mother in her present state. Perhaps I should move on."

“You can’t run away from her forever, Paul, and you may not be able always to protect Janet from her. Anyway, for my own selfish reasons I don’t want you to go.”

“You’ll be able to get another chef.”

“Yes, but he won’t be Paul. In any case, we signed a two-year contract. Perhaps I’ll hold you to it.”

“I don’t think you’d do that, Alice.”

She smiled; “No, I wouldn’t do that, but I badly want you to stay. Your loyalty and hard work have been excellent, and I don’t want you to leave just at the point where things are starting to look very good for the Inn. You and the rest of the staff have stuck by me through the hard times; I want you to share in the good times that I believe are now ahead. And I tell you, it has been the restaurant that has spearheaded our success.”

“But Alice...”

“There are no ‘buts’ about it, Paul. I’ve already received advance bookings months ahead of time. The quality of our cuisine is the one thing that is mentioned consistently. People are beginning to think of Egret Reach as a good place

to spend a week or more in, instead of the one-night stopovers. Next winter I shall be upgrading the accommodation. I need...I want you to be here with me. Give it a bit of time and see what happens."

Doubtfully I agreed to give it a few weeks. Janet was being looked after in our apartment by my assistant, Judith, so I went through the door that opened into Janet's bedroom and on into our lounge. It was the first time I had ever used that communicating door.

I thanked Judith for taking care of Janet, and said I would come to the kitchen shortly and do what I could.

Janet had only been told I had cut my hand, and when she asked how it had happened I continued the fiction of an accident. I could not bring myself to tell her of her mother's arrival.

The following weeks found me in a state of constant anxiety. I felt as if any moment Sybil would come bursting into the apartment or kitchen. I had gone back to sleeping badly, and when I did get to sleep, I had nightmares that involved wild animals, all of which were Sybil, rampaging through the restaurant, destroying everything in sight.

It was in the middle of the third week while preparing menus, when the in-house telephone rang in the kitchen. It was Alice calling me from reception.

“Paul would you come to reception, there’s a police officer wanting to speak with you.”

My stomach turned over. It had to be about Sybil.

On arrival, I found an uneasy looking policeman waiting for me.

“Mr.Paul Carter?”

“Yes.”

“Husband of Mrs.Sybil Carter?”

“Yes.” I wished he’d just get on with it.”

“I’m sorry to have to tell you your wife is dead, sir.”

Whatever else I had expected, it had not been this. I struggled to find some response.

“How...?”

“The official verdict won’t be known until the coroner’s enquiry is held, sir, but I think I can safely say, an overdose of heroin.”

“But she was in hospital...”

“That’s just it, sir. Somehow she slipped out and got what they call, ‘a fix’. She was found lying under a railway arch, dead.”

I wondered how she got the money to get her “fix,” but I would probably never know.

“You will be expected to appear in the coroner’s court, sir.” He gave me date place and time. It meant a trip to the city.

Coroner’s court and funeral followed. The clergyman conducting the funeral spoke of a “life wasted.” I couldn’t have agreed with him more.

From what I heard in the court, and other snippets of information that came my way, I was able to piece together

a rough outline of what had happened to Sybil after she left me.

Before she had actually left me the man she ran away with had started her on some sort of dope. She progressed to the hard stuff and the guy had dumped her. She worked as a prostitute for a little while to get money for her habit. When she became too physically unattractive to carry on in the "game," she came in search of me.

I returned to Egret Reach and the Inn depressed. Yes, the preacher had been right; "A wasted life."

I took up the rhythm of my work once more. I resolved that I would not tell Janet what happened to her mother until the time came when she asked the question. The female staff had all become her "aunts", and Bob, the washer-up, "Uncle Bob." She seemed surrounded with affection and was happy.

Her relationship with Alice was a little more complex. Janet spent a lot of her outside school time with Alice, even spending time in her quarters. Janet's conversations with me were heavily laden with, "Mrs. Albright says" this or that. Clearly, there was much love between them, but Alice was not an "aunt". She was still "Mrs. Albright."

Whatever gap the departure of Sybil had played in her life, it now seemed filled with the love she was experiencing. For myself the same could not be said.

Regarding relationships with women, when Sybil left me my first reaction was “No more women in my life.” A common response I believe by both men and women when they have felt betrayed by someone of the opposite gender. With the tragic death of Sybil, a line seemed to be drawn under my life to that point. Something new must now emerge, something that would fill the void that I began to now experience.

The love I had for my daughter and the task of caring for her had seemed sufficient, but now came maintenance time. Psychologists and others have pointed out that if in caring for others we fail to care for ourselves, if we seek to ignore our own needs or even deny them, then eventually we will run out of energy to continue caring. It will become a drudge, a burden and a duty, that we may end up resenting.

I cannot say that I started to resent caring for Janet, but together with my workload, I began to find things burdensome. I felt I lacked the energy and drive that had carried me forward so far. That I also understand to be a common experience when people have suffered a marriage break down or similar loss. There is a burst of energy that ends in exhaustion or even collapse.

I had reached the point of emotional exhaustion that began to take its physical toll. I felt emptiness in my life, but an emptiness that I could not or did not want to identify.

I have said I am not the temperamental type of chef, but now I started to become irritable with the kitchen staff, having to struggle to curb my tongue over minor errors. I even began to snap at my beloved Janet, and started to mentally curse Alice and what I thought of as her driving ambition for the Inn.

It was Janet who quite unconsciously – unconsciously because she was asleep – who began the change for me.

Every night when I had finished work I made a point of looking in on Janet as she slept, to see that all was well. One night I looked into her room as usual, and to my surprise saw the door open on Alice's side, and Alice standing looking at Janet. We had never coincided in this way before in our checking on Janet.

I whispered to Alice, "Just looking in before I go to bed." Then I felt a catch in my throat and my stomach muscles contracted. Alice was wearing only a nightdress, and the light was on in the room behind her. The light shone through the thin fabric of the nightdress, and I could see the outline

of her body. She was partially in profile to me, and I could see large, firm breasts, a slight swelling of her belly and firm thighs. For once her hair was loose and fell in a cascade over her shoulders.

Not until that moment had I ever consciously seen Alice as the object of my sexual desire, but now, in an instant, I lusted for her.

I am sure that Alice had no idea that she was all but naked before me, and she whispered, "She's fast asleep. Good night, Paul." She left the room and shut the door.

I stood rigid as a statue for what must have been a minute, although it seemed like hours. I wanted that woman, but I had renounced women! Any sexual relief I had needed had been dealt with by masturbating. In any case, Alice was my boss. Even if she was in the least bit interested in me sexually, I knew the dangers of sexual entanglements between the employer and employee. It usually ended in recriminations and tears. But from that moment, I came to see Alice in a different light (no pun intended).

My feelings for Alice now added to my already touchy behaviour. It also began a period of serious introspection. This wretched process finally drew me to the conclusion that it was not sex only that I wanted. I wanted to love and be

loved. True, there was mutual love between Janet and I, but I wanted adult love, the love between a man and a woman, a love that would include my daughter.

It was then that Janet came into the equation again. I realised that one side of the formula was already present. It was plain to see that Alice and Janet loved each other. The other side, me, it seemed, was not present in the equation.

One morning I was sitting at the desk in the small office beside the kitchen that I now had. I was struggling to work out menus and supplies for the coming days. Alice walked in and sat down.

“What is it, Paul?”

“I beg your pardon?”

“What’s eating you?”

“Nothing.”

“Come on, you’ve been like a bear with a sore head for some time, and your not getting any better.”

I tried to sidetrack her by talking about the tragedy of Sybil's death, but she was not deceived.

"It's not just that, Paul. Let's be honest with each other. You were worried sick that Sybil would come looking for you again, and might have arrived when Janet was around. You didn't want her back however much you might have felt responsible and sorry for her. Cruel though it might sound, by overdosing she did you and Janet a favour. You know that and so do I, so, what is it?"

She had me cornered. Even if I wanted to lie, I could think of nothing that would sound convincing. I remained silent.

"Paul, you once trusted me enough to tell me the story of your marriage problems. Why you won't trust me now I don't know, but I want to show how much I trust you. I would like to tell you the story of my marriage. Will you listen?"

Relieved to get the pressure off myself I said, "Of course."

"I've never sat with anyone and told my story before. I won't bore you with endless details, but just get out what I want to get out."

“I was married to a barrister. We had a child, a little girl. When she was four I was out shopping one day. I started to look in the display window of a women’s fashion store. I wasn’t concentrating, didn’t even notice that Peggy had let go of my hand. The first I knew was a squeal of car brakes. Peggy had run into the road. She was killed.”

Now I began to see the significance of Janet in her life.

She went on, “It was the most terrible tragedy of my life – I suppose in anyone’s life. My husband was beside himself. When the facts came out, it was I who was responsible for Peggy’s death. The recriminations went on and on day after day. I carried not only my guilt, but the burden of his growing hatred for me as well.”

It ended, of course, with his leaving me. I was very sick for a long time, and was admitted to a psychiatric nursing home. When I came out, I was determined to do something that I felt was worth while, something challenging. I wanted to pick up something that was broken and mend it.”

She made a gesture that took in the Inn. “This place. I had a tidy sum left me by my parents, the rest I borrowed.”

“It wasn’t enough, Paul. Your work here has been exemplary, but when I interviewed you, it was a little four-

year-old girl who got you the job. It wasn't hard to work out something of your situation, and I thought, 'I might be able to help a little girl like my Peggy'. You know I love her, don't you?"

"Yes, Alice, I know."

We were now exposed to each other. We were both aware of the tragic dimensions in the other's life. This freed me for more intimacy.

"Is the Inn and Janet enough, Alice?"

"No."

"What more, then?"

"You know what more, Paul, so stop running away. I've had to admit a great aching void in my life. I've admitted it to myself, and now I admit it to you. For God's sake, Paul, I can't say more."

"I love you, Alice."

"I know that, Paul. Tell me something I don't know."

“I want to marry you.”

“Good. Tell me more.”

“I want you body and soul.”

She stood and leaned over the desk and planted a soft kiss on my lips. She said, “I can do something about the body almost immediately, the soul we’ll deal with later.”

“I have another secret I want to tell you, Paul. It’s been a secret between Janet and I. One day recently she said to me, “I would really like to have a mummy. Would you be my mummy, Mrs. Albright.”

“With some difficulty because I was choking trying not to cry, I told her we would have to ask you. Well, it looks as if that matter is settled. By the way, in case you should be in doubt, Paul, I love you very much for all sorts of reasons we can go into in bed – that is, after we’ve calmed down. Shall I make the wedding arrangements with the parson, or will you?”

“I’ll telephone him for an appointment now and we can make the arrangements together, Alice.”

“Good. In the meantime, Paul, there is no lock on the door on my side of Janet’s room.”

“I’ll remember that, Alice. I’ll remember it when I finish work tonight.”

“Lovely, darling. Don’t work too hard.”

First time I ever heard a boss say that.

The Chosen One

Soon after his birth Paulos was exposed upon the mountainside as are all the babies in our land. After two days lying naked and unfed in the cold of the mountain he was still alive, and therefore fit to be brought back to the village to live among us.

When he was one moon old the elders of the village came to appraise Paulos. They felt his limbs, looked into his eyes and scrutinised his little penis.

“Yes,” said the senior elder, when they had finished their examination, “He is the Chosen One.”

At these words his father seemed to swell with pride and his mother burst into tears of joy. There would be no more struggling to scrape a living from the poor soil of our country, no more fear of hunger in the dark time, and instead of the harsh red wine of the common people, they would now drink nothing but the finest vintages and eat the most delicious fruits and tender meats.

Paulos' mother was told she must keep the boy at the breast until he was two, "So he may be nourished as the Chosen One should be," commanded the senior elder. This was burdensome for her, but since she now no longer needed to toil in the field or tend the animals, her own well-being was sustained.

Until the child was weaned Paulos' father Darius could no longer come upon his wife, "For," said the senior elder, "she must remain inviolable during her nourishing of the Chosen One." Instead Darius was given one of the younger widows of our village for his comfort. We have many widows in our village most of their men having been slain in the wars against those who seek to invade our Polis and its surrounding villages.

As the light of understanding grew upon Paulos he came to see that he was different from the other boys in the village.

Great men from the Polis came to visit him and bent the knee before him. As the seasons came and went the village elders grew ever more respectful of his person. Two among them had special care of him, one to inculcate in him the ancient ways of our people and our gods, and most especially the Sun god Helios. The other elder gave him exercise instruction.

All the boys and young men in our Polis and the villages engaged in exercises, but some of these exercises were forbidden to Paulos. He was not permitted to engage in any game or sport that might mar or injure him. He might not box or wrestle, or play in team sports that might cause him to be damaged. Running, jumping, throwing the javelin or discus and similar exercises were permitted so his body might grow and flourish in all the aspects of male beauty.

Paulos along with his parents and older brothers and sisters ate and drank finer victuals than any others in the village; they even enjoyed better fare than the village elders, and in the dark time of the year they never went hungry as the others did.

If Paulos asked of his parents or instructors why he was treated so differently, they would say only, "You are the Chosen One." For what he was chosen they would not say, and became silent and guarded.

When he approached manhood he was daily given a drink to consume. It tasted bitter and he did not like it, but he was told, "It is the juice of the herb sent to you by the Daughters of Helios who alone know the secret of its place of flourishing and its power to enlarge the phallus and make potent the male seed."

Indeed, Paulos developed a mighty phallus, and it being the custom of our young men to exercise naked, the village maidens came to watch Paulos, to see his beautiful body and mighty organ and all desired him, but they were forbidden his penetration and even the touch of his phallus.

Nor was Paulos allowed to relieve himself of his seed, and he was watched night and day to ensure that he yielded not to the temptation to emit his seed, except by nature. "Only by the will of Helios can you emit your seed," he was told, "for to do otherwise is to weaken its power."

Thus, if the other young men of the village were angry and jealous of his mighty phallus and superb body, so was Paulos envious of their coupling with the village maidens and their self relieving. He suffered agonies of desire for the maidens but he was constantly reminded, "You are the Chosen One of Helios and must remain pure until the time of your fulfilment."

“When will be the time of my fulfilment?” he would ask in the torment of his carnal hunger, but none would answer him.

Once, when his instructor lapsed briefly in his oversight, Paulos, finding himself alone and with a maiden nearby, indulged his desire to touch her breasts. She caressed his phallus telling him, “I desire you to enter me.” But one of the elders came upon them and the instructor and the maiden were put to death.

Paulos wept for the instructor and the maiden and he was admonished by the senior elder; “Had you entered the maiden or emitted your seed at her hand, you too would have joined them in the abyss of despair.”

After that, an even sterner watch was kept upon Paulos.

When he was full grown and the dark of the year was upon the land and Helios did not show his face to our people, the elders came to him. “Now is the time of the Chosen One,” the senior elder said.

Against the cold of the dark of the year they clothed Paulos in rare furs and they began a journey of one day into the

mountains. Reaching a wide plateau they were met by a group of women clad like Paulos, in furs.

One tall and exquisitely beautiful woman stepped forward to meet them.

“I am the High Priestess of The Daughters of Helios and am come to claim the Chosen One,” she said.

The senior elder bowed low to her and responded, “We give unto you the Chosen One,” and then turning to Paulos he went on, “Now is the time of your fulfilment. You must go with the Daughters of Helios, and begin your service to the god. Farewell Chosen One, and may the sacred signs of Helios be upon you.”

The elders turned away and began their descent of the mountain. A bewildered Paulos watched them as their figures diminished until he could see them no more.

A hand touched his arm. “Come, Chosen One and have the joy of the Daughters of Helios.” It was the beautiful woman who had greeted them. She took his hand and drew him away in the opposite direction from the elders.

They began to descend from the plateau and within a short space of time they entered a valley, the entrance of which was hardly visible to the uninitiated eye. A short distance further on and they came upon a large building clad in white marble and gracefully made. Paulos had never seen such a fine building even among the beautiful structures he had seen on his only visit to the Polis.

“What is this place?” he asked in an awestruck voice.

“It is the temple of Helios,” the lady replied. “It is where you will now live among us to serve the god Helios.”

Entering the temple Paulos found it to be warm after the bitter cold of the mountains, yet he could not see any fires like those in the village huts. He asked about this and the lady replied, “The fire is beneath the building and is tended by the slaves of Helios throughout the dark time of the year. The fire warms air that flows through stone channels to reach all the rooms of the temple.

The lady clapped her hands, and two lovely naked young girls hastened forward. “Conduct the Chosen One to his apartments,” she said, the turning to Paulos she went on, “I shall come to you later to instruct you in how you shall serve Helios.”

The girls led Paulos along passages soft with wool carpets beneath his feet. Everywhere naked women of all ages and great beauty came and went. Shortly they came upon bronze doors that swung open at the touch of one of the girl's hands.

"Here are your apartments, Chosen One," the other girl said.

Paulos entered and was amazed at the luxury he saw. Rich hangings of silk and wool embellished with figures entwined in the many acts of love between men and women, many depicting bodily contacts that even in the most feverish moments of his frustrated desires he had never imagine.

Not only was it men and women who embraced and coupled, but also strange creatures half man and half horse of which Paulos had heard in his instruction. He struggled to recall their name; "Ah, yes, Satyrs." They were said to live in the deep woodlands from whence they came storming out to ravish young women. The young women and girls of the villages lived half fearful half desirous for their coming. On the hangings the girls coupling with the satyrs were depicted as lost in the mists of ecstatic delight.

There were statues around the room also depicting lascivious unions, and one, the most sportive and wanton of

them all, a bull headed Minotaur, his giant phallus about to enter a rapturous young women.

The girls led Paulos to an immense couch festooned with soft cushions, and one said to him, "Come Chosen One," let us divest you of your furs and garments, for all go unclothed here."

His garments were taken from him and so stimulated was he by the female nakedness with which he was surrounded and the voluptuous decorations, that he was seen to have a mighty erection.

His phallus stood like a massive tower he had seen on his visit to the Polis. It had been the city watch tower from where guards scoured with their eyes the surrounding countryside for the approach of enemy forces.

Only once had Paulos been alone with a young girl, and she not naked, but she had died for the touch of his organ.

The two girls, seeing his huge phallus giggled and one said, "The High Priestess will be with you soon," and still giggling they left him alone.

Paulos wandered the other rooms, finding in one a massive marble lined sunken area with spouts depicting open mouthed leopards. He had seen nothing like it before, not even in the Polis.

A voice behind him said, "This is for your cleansing."

Paulos whirled round, and before him stood the High Priestess, no longer clad in her furs, but naked."

"Come," she said, "enter and bathe."

Paulos was puzzled because he could not understand how he might bathe without water.

The High Priestess clapped her hands, and simultaneously two girls, different from those who had conducted him to his rooms, entered. At the same time perfumed water began to pour from the leopard's mouths discharging into the sunken marble area.

"These are your maidens of cleansing," the High Priestess said, "They will tend you, and then bring you to me."

The girls took Paulos by his hands and led him down steps into what was now clearly a pool of sweet and fragrant warm water.

He laid chest deep in the water while the girls stroked and massaged his body, paying special attention to his phallus. This so aroused his desire he sought to touch and hold the girls, but they broke from his embrace saying, "Not yet, Chosen One."

When he had risen out of the water the girls dried him with soft towels and bade him lie on a nearby couch where they massaged him with exotic oils, again paying particular attention to his phallus that now was throbbing with almost uncontrollable desire.

Finished, they took him by the hands again, and led him to the room with the huge couch, and there, reclining, lay the High Priestess.

Led up to her, she extended her hand and said, "Come, lie with me, Chosen One. Now is the time for you to implant your seed in me."

"But it is death for both of us if I enter you," Paulos cried out.

"The High Priestess smiled upon him and said, "Not so, Chosen One. That is now past. This is the time of your fulfilment. You shall serve me once in the implantation of your seed, and from then on, every need, every delight of your imaging and beyond shall be yours. Young acolyte virgins shall be at your command; mature priestesses shall instruct you in the ways of love as you see them depicted all around you. Whatever you desire, is yours to command. Your service to Helios is to make many Daughters of Helios fruitful."

She paused for a moment, then went on, "There is but one charge I lay upon you, no matter what acts of love you desire, always your seed must be poured into the womb. It is for you to give us daughters to be the acolytes, priestesses and even the High Priestess in the future."

"But what if they bring forth boys?" Paulos asked.

The High Priestess replied, "Helios has other uses for them." She said no more.

With those words the High Priestess lay back upon the couch, and spreading her long lovely legs apart, revealed her pudendum to the fascinated gaze of Paulos, who had never seen female genitalia so exposed before.

The High Priestess placed her hands on the outer lips of her organ and opened them to reveal other pink lips beneath and a narrow entrance.

“I see you are ready, Chosen One,” she whispered hoarsely, “Enter and fertilise me; you shall find it sweet and warm inside.”

For all his long frustrated desire to know a woman Paulos was bewildered and uncertain how he should proceed. But guided by the High Priestess, he lay between her open legs and she guided his phallus to her entrance.

“Now push gently in,” she gasped.

Paulos entered and gasped as once inside he felt his phallus gripped as if by a tender vice, and at the same time was sucked into her. He felt her warm moistness engulf his organ and he cried out, “Helios be praised, this is a wonder beyond all wonders.”

The High Priestess began to raise and lower her hips so as to make him slid back and forth inside her organ, and soon he was able to match his rhythm to hers.

The High Priestess began to shudder and cry out as she clasped Paulos to her, her legs wound round him. Paulos felt his emission approaching and as the High Priestess cried out, "Ah...ah...ah...aaaah, he gave a loud groan and for the first time his seed was released into a woman. The High Priestess ended with a piercing cry of ecstasy, then began to calm, and as Paulos ended his discharge into her they both became tranquil.

The peace that followed was unlike any Paulos had felt before. He was filled with joy at the loveliness of their union and having for so long been denied access to women, he was soon ready to discharge into the High Priestess again, but she cast him from her.

"However much you may desire to do so," the High Priestess admonished him, "You may only come upon me once." There are sufficient and more to satisfy your ardour, but it will death for any that you couple with twice. If you are ready I shall choose another for you to fertilise, but thereafter you shall choose for yourself."

Once more she clapped her hands and two acolytes appeared.

"Cleanse the Chosen One," she commanded them, "and when he has fertilised the one whom I shall send, take him

among the acolytes and priestesses that he may choose whom he hungers for."

Paulos was bathed again, and upon his return to the couch room a woman awaited him. She did not lie back ready to receive him, but lay beside him and said in a slow alluring voice, "You have expelled your seed once in haste, and now let me teach how to play."

Her lips closed over his, opening them with her tongue. Paulos felt her tongue exploring the recesses of his mouth, tasting him as she aroused him to fresh heights of desire.

She drew his hand to her breast, closing his fingers over its rounded plumpness. Paulos needed no further instruction and he proceeded to caress her and feeling her sweet nipple he desired to suck upon it.

He broke from the kiss and laid the woman on her back and proceeded to suckle her as a hungry child might.

"You learn quickly Chosen One," the woman murmured, and taking his hand she placed it between her thighs, drawing it up to her pudendum to insert a finger.

"Move you finger over me, Chosen One," she pleaded.

Paulos commenced his exploration of the female organ by touch and was amazed at its softness and complexity. He released the nipple he was suckling and said, "I desire to look upon your womanhood."

The woman smiled and replied, "Let that be for another, Chosen One. There is much time and many whom you must fertilise. Now lie upon your back that I may give you joy."

Paulos lay on his back and the woman sat astride him, lowering herself upon him until his phallus was touching her entrance, then she dropped quickly, making him cry out with pleasure at the sudden penetration.

Having caused him to enter her, the woman then became still and said, "You have a mighty organ, Chosen One, you will give pleasure to many." She gazed into his eyes for a little longer then began slow exquisite movements along his shaft, pausing at the end of each withdrawal and penetration.

After a while her movements became more rapid and intense, and Paulos saw her close her eyes and begin little cries that were unlike those of the High Priestess. At first the words sounded like a rejection of what they were doing; "No...no...no...I cannot bear it," yet she did not stop. Then like the High priestess she started to shake and her cries

changed to triumphant, "Yes, oh yes, spear me to the heart." Then came a moment when she gave a fierce cry of, "Oh by Helios, by Helios, slay me now."

At this cry Paulos felt the first thrust of seed along his shaft, and he poured into her with mighty plunges at each jolt of his emission.

When they had finished the woman lay with Paulos still inside her and said, "Praise be to Helios for such a coupling. I would that I could take you to my bed and keep you there for ever, Chosen One, but it is forbidden."

"That I know full well," sighed Paulos. "I too wish to join you in your bed for ever."

The woman withdrew from him and in a voice that hinted of tears said, "The acolytes shall tend you now." With that, she left him.

The acolytes did not bathe him this time; instead they brought a bronze bowl of water and cleansed his phallus. Then taking him by the hands they led him from his apartments to see other rooms.

He was taken first to what was called, "The House of the Acolytes." Here he saw young women engaged in various activities ranging from the singing of the sacred songs of Helios, the practising of flute and lyre to which some danced and yet others engaged the repair and making of the sacred vestments for the priestesses.

Paulos was fascinated by the music and dancers, so different from the rough peasant music and dances of his village.

"I would that they could play and dance for me," he sighed.

"Chosen One," said one of the acolytes escorting him, "they shall play and dance for you whenever you wish. Where you not told that your every desire shall be fulfilled?"

"Let them dance for me," replied Paulos, "but now I hunger and would eat."

"Come then, Chosen One; tomorrow you shall see the House of the Priestesses, but now let us return to your rooms where food and wine shall be brought to you while the acolytes play and dance."

The food and wine surpassed anything he had experienced in his village, and at first he became a glutton stuffing

himself with every delicacy. After he realised that he might eat of the finest whenever he wished he partook more moderately. As he ate hidden musicians played and four acolytes danced for him. This he found distracting because they were very beautiful and their dances enticing.

When he had finished eating he pointed to one of the dancers and said, "I desire you, come to me." She approached him, swaying her hips, and Paulos seized and hurled her to the couch and took her in the presence of the other girls, and all the time his desired one whispered, "Yes, fill me with your seed that I may be fruitful."

When he had finished with her he seized upon another dancer and enjoyed her.

If he ate more abstemiously, in one respect Paulos did not become moderate. Where female flesh was concerned he remained a glutton until his seed and energy was too depleted for him to continue impregnating further women.

Seeing this, one of the acolytes brought him a drink of a greenish colour.

"This will revive you, Chosen One, and give you much seed."

The draught was sweet and seemed to revive his strength quickly.

He soon after chose an older priestess to be his next partner. His choice had fallen upon her because unlike most of the other acolytes and priestesses, she had no hair round her pudenda.

Paulos had still not gazed fully upon the female organ, and he calculated that this one without the hair to hide her organ would enable him to see better the female mystery.

When she entered and lay with him he said, "I yearn to see your womanhood." She smiled at him and said, "It shall be as you wish, Chosen One. Place cushions beneath me that I may be more readily exposed to you."

He placed cushions beneath her firm rounded buttocks, and she parted her legs for him.

He knew from the touch of his fingers with the other women that the female was more complex than the male, but he was truly amazed at what he saw.

The High Priestess had exposed herself to him for a moment, but now Paulos gazed long at the woman's organ while she instructed him in its parts.

Her own fingers roaming over her organ she parted the outer lips to show him the pink inner lips that were already glistening with her female fluid. Then parting the inner lips to reveal her entrance she said, "Here is where you penetrate the mystery of woman to make her fruitful." Then lifting a little hood of skin at the top of her organ to reveal a small nub of flesh, she explained, "This is the place of a woman's highest pleasure, touch this and the woman will desire you."

She circled the nub with her finger, then said, "Touch me like that, Chosen One."

Imitating her movement Paulos circled the nub with his finger and the woman began to give little moans of pleasure.

After a few moments of this she said, "Come Chosen One, surely you wish to take pleasure in a woman's fragrance and taste her fluid? Touch me with your tongue and take your pleasure of me."

Paulos leaned forward and placed his tongue in her womanhood and smelt her rose fragrance and tasted her,

and found her good, and his lust for her grew until with a loud cry he flung himself upon her and sated his hunger.

As full realisation came upon him that he could have any woman he desired to implant his seed in once, Paulos grew sated with their compliance. In the House of Acolytes he saw an exceptionally lovely girl. This girl always seemed to try and hide from him when he entered their House, and this made him desire her urgently.

He signalled his desire and the girl was brought to him in his apartments, but she cowered away from him pleading; "I beg of you, Chosen One, do not come upon me, I am a virgin and fear the pain. There are many other virgins who long for you to take their maidenheads receive one of them."

One of the acolytes who had brought her spoke; "Foolish girl, do you not know it is death to refuse the Chosen One?"

The girl still cringed away from Paulos, and this only made him lust for her even more. The two acolytes who had brought her tried to bear her down upon the couch so that Paulos might enter her, but she fought so ferociously that they retreated, and one said, "I shall bring a priestess to reason with her."

When she returned with the priestess there came with the four other acolytes carrying bonds.

“You understand it is death to refuse the Chosen One?” the priestess asked.

“Yes,” quavered the girl.

The priestess turned to Paulos; “Chosen One, you may save her from death if you but say you do not desire her.”

Paulos had grown arrogant knowing the power he wielded over the women, and being aroused by her resistance he had no mercy on the girl. “I do desire her,” he said.

The priestess said, “Then there is one other way by which we might save her life.” She turned to the acolytes and said, “Seize and bind her so the Chosen One may have his will.”

The screaming and weeping girl was forced down upon the couch and tied spreadeagled upon it. The priestess said to Paulos, “She is yours; we shall leave you to plant your seed in her.”

The girl, now exhausted by her struggles, lay quietly weeping at his mercy. She no longer pleaded but lay in hopeless misery as Paulos came between her legs and sought her opening with his mighty phallus. Finding it, he pressed against her, and encountered strong resistance to his thrust. The girl's hymen was firm and tough.

For a moment Paulos was at a loss to know what to do, and then impatient to make full penetration of the girl, he took firm hold on her hips and thrust fiercely.

The girl gave a piercing shriek of agony as he burst through and seemed to faint but never the less Paulos stayed with her until he had discharged his seed into her.

When he withdrew he saw his shaft and the couch drenched in blood and he called for the acolytes.

The priestess returned with them and seeing the blood said, "You have had your will with her, then?"

"Yes."

Two of the acolytes half carried the sagging girl away and the priestess ordered the blood soaked cushions to be replaced and Paulos to be cleansed.

Paulos had received no real joy with the girl and felt shame for his deed. From then on he chose only those girls and women that showed some eagerness to be with him.

Having been told that his task was to make the women fruitful so that they might bear children who would one day become acolytes and priestesses, he realised that there must have been other Chosen Ones in the past. It therefore puzzled him that he had seen no children. He asked his acolytes about this, and they smiled and said they would take him to the House of Children.

They led him to a place of many rooms and a large area that he was told was called the Place of Happiness. Here amid the myriad toys and games, the children played under the watchful eyes and guidance of priestesses, the children's mothers.

He saw one lovely woman suckling her child at the breast, and he flamed for her and said, "I desire you."

She smiled up at him and said, "When the child is fed and asleep I shall come to you, Chosen One."

When she came to him her breasts were still heavy with milk, and she drew Paulos to her breast and placed a nipple into his mouth saying, "Let me nourish you, Chosen One," and she suckled him as she would a child. When he had drunk his fill of her sweet milk he entered her, and it was the most exquisite and tender of all his unions.

Forbidden further congress with her, thereafter in all his unions, he thought of her.

Unable to be united again with her, he went to the House of Children many times in hope of seeing her, but she was never appeared to him again.

In visiting the House of Children it occurred to him that although he had seen many girls, there seemed to be no boy children above the age of two. He asked about this and was simply told, "They serve Helios in other ways." They would say no more, so he had to rest content.

Daily Paulos went out of the temple for air and exercise. At first the weather was still cold and he went clad in furs, but as the days drew on Helios appeared more often and ever higher above the horizon. Plants that had hidden during the dark time began to peep above the surface of the earth and Paulos knew that soon Helios would look down upon them in full splendour.

One morning just after Helios had risen from his slumbers, four priestesses came to Paulos and announced, "You are to see the High Priestess today, we have come to give you your cleansing."

Paulos had not seen the High Priestess since he had first been in union with her. It occurred to him that despite her words that he might not come upon her again perhaps she had changed her mind. Thus he looked forward to their meeting.

His cleansing by the priestesses seemed to take longer, and the oils they used were more aromatic.

His cleansing over he was not left naked, but was clad in a purple garment interlaced with gold thread. He was then escorted to a great hall in the temple he had never seen before. It was magnificent with its marble columns and golden decorations of symbols sacred to Helios.

To his amazement all the acolytes and priestesses seemed to be gathered there, standing in solemn ranks, the acolytes clad in white, the Priestesses in robes of red and gold.

At one end of the hall stood an altar and on it a magnificent image of the god Helios in the shape of a great gleaming golden circle, and before the altar stood the High Priestess.

Paulos was led to stand some five or six paces from her.

The High Priestess said in a loud voice, "Chosen One, the hour of your glory has come."

She gave a signal with her hand and a priestess came forward with a large golden chalice.

"Drink of this, Chosen One, it is the wine of completion."

Paulos took the chalice and looking into it saw a dark red liquid. He hesitated for a moment, then lifting the chalice to his lips, drained it empty.

He saw the High Priestess raise her arms and begin to speak; "O Helios, we here present and offer to you the Chosen One. He has made fruitful many wombs among your Daughters and as we shall in due season bring forth, so we beseech you to bless our land with an abundant harvest. Grant that our sheep, goats and cattle may multiply under your beneficent rays and all prosper in the season of your light that we may have a plentiful store in the dark time."

Paulos had begun to feel drowsy. Whirls of coloured light seemed to spin in his head and he could hardly comprehend the words that the High Priestess spoke. Her figure seemed to undulate before his eyes and he struggled to remain standing.

He heard as if at a great distance her words now spoken in aloud voice:

“This sacrifice we make unto you, Mighty and Merciful Helios.”

Suddenly the marble floor beneath his feet seemed to fall away from him. Paulos had a searing glimpse of a massive fire burning white hot far beneath as he fell.

In the hall was heard one brief shriek of agony. The marble slabs swung back into place, and for minute there was solemn silence. One young acolyte smiled secretly as she recalled her own agony.

Then High Priestess spoke once more:

“Daughters of Helios, our offering is made. Helios is appeased. We now must await the coming of the new

Chosen One when next the season of darkness is upon the land. May Helios bless you all."

As an epilogue to this story I should perhaps indicate for those curious about the matter, the fate of boy children born to the Daughters of Helios.

All the children born to the Daughters of Helios were of the most beautiful. At the age of two the boys were divided into two groups, those slightly less favoured were emasculated, and eventually served in the depths of the temple as keepers of the fire, cooks and kitchen and garden slaves.

The more favoured were sold to the great ones in the Polis. Among the most avid purchasers of these boys were the young wives of the great ones, who kept them for the time when their husbands no longer came upon them, or when the women themselves became bored with their men's couplings.

The Conflux of the Moon Goddess Ch. 1

Each night of the full moon there meets The Conflux of the Moon Goddess. As we gather it might well be the meeting of any social club, as we stand around chatting.

There are, however, a number of things that mark this gathering out as different from most others.

First, there is the room where the Conflux flows together. It is a large circular room; the walls are clad with dark blue velvet. In the centre of the room, there is a circular shallow sunken area.

In that sunken circle is a raised spacious platform, an altar. It has a soft mattress-like top, and the whole is covered with a moon yellow velvet cloth. Above it, and suspended from the ceiling, is a beautiful symbol of the Full Moon.

The floors of the room are carpeted in deep red pile carpet. There are no chairs or seats, and those who wish to, may recline on the carpet.

The second thing that might strike the stranger as odd, is the fact that all the women are clad in moon yellow cloaks, and the men in cloaks the same metallic blue colour as the walls.

All wear masks in the shape of the full moon that entirely covers the face. Again, the women having yellow and the men blue masks.

As the Conflux members stand around talking, the room is well lit by concealed lighting. The conversations are marked by their ordinariness. They consist of sport, politics, cooking recipes, and all the everyday things people chat about.

Then a soft, slow drum beat starts, deep and throbbing. At one end of the room the velvet hangings part, and out step a man and a woman. These are the Master and the Mistress of the Conflux. They are tall and their cloaks are made up of slashes of blue and yellow that seem to flow into each other.

Their faces are not completely covered by the masks they wear. Their masks are the shape of half moons and cover only the upper parts of their faces. These half moons symbolise the great truth that man is only half-self and woman only half-self, when the genders are separated.

The Master and the Mistress stand on the edge of the central sunken circle and above the altar. The Master speaks:

Master: “Let the Conflux gather in silence.”

(The people move to stand around the central circle, positioned so that men and women alternate)

Mistress: "Has the Conflux flowed together in peace?"

All: "We have flowed together in peace."

Master: Let the chosen daughter of the last Full Moon be brought among us.

(Wall hangings part at the opposite end of the room from where the Master and Mistress entered. A woman clad in a white cloak accompanied by a male acolyte enter. The circle of people opens to allow them to stand on the edge of the circle)

Mistress: "Chosen daughter of the Full Moon, the Moon Goddess has blessed you?"

Daughter: "She has blessed me."

Master: "No man has come nigh and entered you since the last night of the Full moon, my daughter?"

Daughter: "No man has come nigh or entered me since the last Full Moon."

Mistress: "Then you are blessed indeed."

All: "Blessed is she."

Master: "Join us in peace, daughter, the Moon Goddess has blessed you. May the fruit of your womb be a joy to you."

All: "So be it."

The daughter and the acolyte step back to join the general gathering. It might be noted at this point that three other women wear white cloaks.

A brief silence ensues, then the Master raises his arms and speaks:

Master: "Let she who was chosen by lot at the last Full Moon be brought before us."

(The hangings where the previous woman and acolyte entered part again, and another woman and acolyte enter. They come to stand where the previous couple had stood)

Master: "Daughter, you are the one chosen by lot?"

Daughter: "I am."

Mistress: "Do you freely accept the honour bestowed upon you?"

Daughter: "I freely accept."

Mistress: (To the acolyte) Has the Chosen One been well prepared?"

Acolyte: "She has, Mistress."

(It is the acolyte's task to stimulate without penetration the Chosen One, so that her fluids of desire flow freely)

Master: "Let the lots be passed."

(A blue velvet bag is passed round the circle and each man draws from it a silver ball with a number on it. This number determines in what order they will approach the Chosen One)

Mistress: "Let the Chosen One prepare herself."

(The acolyte moves to relieve the woman of her cloak, who then stands naked)

Master: "There is no barrier, chemical or mechanical between yourself and the blessing of the Moon Goddess?"

Daughter: "There is no barrier, Master."

Master: "Then in reverence lay upon the altar of the Moon Goddess."

(The woman steps down into the sunken area and lays upon the altar, her arms and legs spread wide. The Master steps down and stands over her)

Master: "I pray the Moon Goddess to richly bless you, and now pay homage to your sacred places."

(He bends over her and kisses her vagina)

"May this, the entry into your mystery, be fruitful."

(He moves to her breasts and kisses each nipple)

“May these, the source of eternal nourishment, be a blessing and sustenance to the fruit of your womb.”

(He returns to his place on the edge of the circle and raises one hand. The lights dim except for a bright light shining on the women lying on the altar. The pulsating of the drum increases)

“Let it begin.”

The first action that now takes place is for everyone to discard his or her cloak except the master and the mistress. It is the task of the women to stimulate the men to ensure good erections. The method they use is left to the choice of the women, but there must be no penetration.

Some women gyrate their lower abdomens over the men's. Others stimulate by hand and some use oral methods.

The man who drew the lot marked one is ready the tip of his penis shining with pre-cum. He descends to, and climbs upon the altar. He comes over and penetrates the Chosen One. His ejaculation is quick for he has been well prepared.

The next man descends; there are fifteen men in all that will penetrate the Chosen One.

In the midst of the third man's penetration, the Chosen One suddenly cries out, and begins to vibrate. The climax comes with a great shriek of ecstasy, and the Master speaks.

Master: "The Moon Goddess has given her the Joy of Heaven. Thanks be to the beneficent Moon Goddess."

All: "Thanks be to Her."

Four more times the Chosen One received the "Joy of Heaven," as the ceremony proceeded. I watched and felt the unworthy pangs of jealousy. "How long before I am the Chosen One," I thought.

I had been initiated only three moons before this night, but hungered to serve the Moon Goddess as Her Chosen One.

I work at a very ordinary job operating a P.C. It was at work I was approached by a very attractive woman, our floor manager, a couple of years older than I. She was warm and friendly, and as at that time I had only just come from a country town to take up my job, I had few friends.

Her name is Sybille, and after a while and many cups of coffee during our morning breaks, she said to me, “Astarte, I have a group of friends and we go out to shows and barbecues and things like that. I wondered if you would like to join us?”

I thought this a good idea. Perhaps I might make a few personal friends in the group. Sybille seemed delighted that I would join them, and she arranged to meet me and escort me to their next outing, which happened to be a visit to a theatre.

The group was bigger than I expected – about thirty young men and women, I thought. An outing to a theatre is not the best way to get to know people, so it was not until I had attended a few more events that I began to notice that all the women were about my age and extremely beautiful. The men, also about my age, were also very handsome specimens.

Given that they were so attractive, one might have expected there to be some “getting together” in couples, but there seemed to be none.

I taxed Sybille about these things, and she said, “Ah, well, first, we always select only the most attractive young people

to join us. The other thing is, we all belong to a certain organisation that forbids specific liaisons."

I was eaten up with curiosity about this, and why I had been admitted into their "Certain organisation," but at the time, Sybille would say no more except, "Be patient, my dear."

In the following weeks Sybille asked me many questions about myself, especially those concerning my sex life. Actually, my sex life was none existent in the sense that I had preserved my virginity during many a car seat battle at the end of a date. Sybille seemed very pleased about this.

I began to press her to let me join their "Certain organisation," and tried to find out what it was called and what it did. It took a long time until she finally began to let out little bits of information. It seemed to amount to this:

They had a particular interest in an ancient goddess called, "The Moon Goddess." They worshipped and tried to serve Her. The exact nature of this service was not made clear to me, but had something to do with seeking the blessings of the Moon Goddess, and providing her with offspring.

After further pressure from me, Sybille finally relented and said, "There's a man I'd like you to meet. He can tell you more about our organisation."

I was taken to a luxurious apartment, and was there introduced to a tall and very handsome man. He had never been part of the group outings, and was a little older than the group members.

“So you think you would like to join us?”

“I think so,” I said, “but what does it entail?”

“It entails a great deal,” he replied. “It means a total offering of your self to the service of the Moon Goddess.”

I had heard similar sort of talk like this before. At church when I was a kid dry old spinsters used to go on about “giving all yourself.” It all seemed very boring, and I had long ago discarded it. Yet, the man who was saying this now did not fit into the “dry old spinster” picture. He looked vital and very seductive. I was disposed to press on a bit further.

“What do you mean by “a total offering” of myself?”

“In the first place it means you offer your body to the Moon Goddess in order to receive her blessing.”

“In what way do I have to offer my body?”

“My dear,” he said, “I can say no more of that just now. If you want to go on and find out more about us, there is a lady to whom you can go for further instruction in our philosophy and ceremonies. Do you wish me to make an appointment for you to meet her.”

“Nothing lost in just going to see her,” I thought, so I said, “Yes please.”

“Our sister Sybille will let you know the time and the place for your meetings.”

With that, he left us.

I was kept waiting for days before Sybille came to me at work and said, “It’s tonight, Astarte. I shall take you to meet her, but I cannot be present at the interview.”

She took me to another luxurious apartment in the same building as before. There I was introduced to a lady more stunningly beautiful than any I had ever seen.

Sybille left us, and the lady looked at me for a long time, as if she was reading my very soul. Then she spoke:

“Astarte, I must first warn you that we accept only the most beautiful and intelligent people into our company. That you are beautiful is obvious, and Sybille tells me that your present work is far below the level of your ability. However, if we are to proceed, you must first take certain tests that will determine accurately your level of intelligence. Are you willing to do this?”

“Yes,” I replied.

She led me to a desk and bade me sit down in front of it. I was given a pencil, and a piece of paper was put before me. This had a series of questions on it with multiple choice answers.

“You have ten minutes to complete this paper,” the lady said. “Start now.”

The questions were easy at first, but got harder the further one went. I completed it in nine minutes.

If I thought that was the end of it, I was wrong. Paper followed paper, all of them having a set time to complete them in. I was exhausted by the time I finished.

The lady took the papers and put them into a large envelope, and sealed it.

“These will be analysed in the next few days. Sister Sybille will let you know when you are to see me again.”

Thus, I was dismissed.

Again, a few days elapsed before I was recalled. When I was with the lady again, we sat down and the lady produced some sheets of paper.

“We have had your scores analysed and I can tell you that you have scored extremely high.”

That was a relief.

“There is one more preliminary test you must undergo before I start your instruction. It is a physical examination. We want only the most superior physical specimens to join us. Included in that test will, of course, be an examination to

assure us of your virginity. Are you willing to accept this examination?"

"Yes."

"Then tomorrow at ten a.m. sharp, you will report to (she gave the name of an exclusive private hospital). A doctor will be there to meet you, and he, together with others will carry out the examinations. Sister Sybille will again inform you when you are to meet with me again, and she will also deal with your absence from work."

Once more, I was dismissed.

The following day I underwent the examination and tests. It was the most rigorous I had ever undergone. It ended with an inspection of my vagina.

Another few days wait, and then Sybille came to me. "She's ready to see you again, tonight, Astarte."

Another few sheets of paper, and the lady smiling, which she rarely did, at least in my presence.

“Excellent report, Astarte. If you are still willing to proceed, I have permission to accept you as a ‘Seeker’. What do say, my dear, do you want to go on?”

I had come this far, and my curiosity was aflame. Clearly, there was something about the organisation that was very different to any that I had been involved with before. The necessity for beauty, intelligence, physical good health and virginity intrigued me.

I agreed to proceed.

Every evening over the following weeks I was with the lady being instructed in the philosophy of the organisation. This I cannot reveal to you except to say that they have worldwide and very long-term goals.

The ceremonies, one of which I have already described, troubled me at first. When I learned that at my initiation into the Conflux, I should of necessity have to offer my virginity to the Mother Goddess, I was not too happy. I raised my doubt with the lady.

“Where better could you offer your virginity, Astarte? To some man who may or may not be faithful to you? To some persuasive lout in the back of a car? No Astarte, there are better, more fruitful ways.”

Put like that I supposed there were “more fruitful ways” of disposing of my maidenhead, and after all, I had preserved it far longer than most girls had.

Another worry I had was what happened to the babies that the Chosen Ones produced?

The lady smiled her enigmatic smile. “If you are to be initiated, Astarte, it will be into the first order of our organisation. There are other orders that, all being well you will pass on to. Should the Moon Goddess honour you by selecting you as a Chosen One, and should you be fruitful, at the birth of the Goddess’s gift, you will pass on to the second order. Here will be selected for you a man to be your life long faithful companion and he will act as father of the child granted you by the Goddess. You will have other children with this man, and they too will be the gift of the Goddess.

“You can only be the Chosen One once, if you are fertilised that first time. Should you fail to be fertilised, you may be chosen twice more, beyond that... ” She shrugged her shoulders in a dismissive manner.

“Suppose I don’t like the man?”

This time, the lady laughed. "You have seen our young men. They are all as perfect as you are. I don't think you will find any of them distasteful. In any case," the enigmatic smile again, "the Goddess is wise and has many ways."

At the final session, I began to see the power and scope of this organisation.

"Astarte," the lady said, "None of our members are allowed to continue in lowly positions. All are raised to places of power and authority in whatever country they dwell. Some, like our sister Sybille, have power or a minor sort. Others rise to the highest places of power in their country. You too will rise."

Not only had I been overwhelmed by the philosophy and ceremonies of Conflux of the Moon Goddess, I was startled at the thought of occupying a high place.

"You are surprised, Astarte?"

"Yes, I've never seen myself as a person occupying a high place."

"When the energy of the Moon Goddess enters into your soul, you will discover many things about yourself that will surprise you."

"You have passed all the tests, you have been instructed. I may recommend you now for initiation. Do you wish this?"

"I do."

"You will be initiated into The Conflux of the Moon Goddess, the First Order of (here she named our city). You must prepare yourself. No man must enter you, and if at the initiation it is found that you have already lost your virginity, you will be rejected. Is that understood?"

"Yes, I understand."

"Sister Sybille will meet you at the time of the next full moon and conduct you to our meeting place."

That ended my sessions with the lady.

On the night of the full moon, Sybille drove me to a very select part of our city. We pulled into the drive of what, as far as I could see, was a large and tasteful house. The door was opened to us by a masked and blue cloak clad man. We were taken into a small room, and there we stripped.

Sybille put on her moon yellow cloak and mask. I was given pale green cloak but no mask. For the first and last time, my face was to be seen during a ceremony of the First Order.

Sybille led me to another room, one wall of which was hung with blue velvet. I heard the steady beat of a deep drum and voices, but I could not distinguish what was said.

After a while the blue velvet hanging was pulled aside and a man in his blue cloak stood there.

“The Master and Mistress await you,” he said, then stepped aside.

I was led by Sybille into the circular room. I was shaking, not so much with fear, as with anticipation. We came to the edge of the sunken circle and stopped. Across the other side of the circle I saw two impressive figures, one male the other female. Wearing only half masks I saw immediately who it was. One was the lady who had instructed me, the other was the tall man I had first met.

So, these were the Master and Mistress of the Conflux. The Master spoke first, addressing Sybille:

Master: "Sister, you first brought this initiate to our attention, saying you thought her worthy?"

Sybille: "I did, Master."

Master: "Do you still find her worthy?"

Sybille: "I do, Master."

Master: (To the Mistress) "Has she passed all the tests without blemish?"

Mistress: "She has."

Master: "She has been instructed in all that an initiate of the First Order needs to know?"

Mistress: "She has."

Master: "Do you find her worthy to be admitted to the First Order of the Conflux of the Moon Goddess?"

Mistress: "I do."

Master: "So be it. (Turning to me) Is it your will to be initiated now?"

Me: "It is."

Master: (Turning to the people) "Is it your will that we proceed to the initiation?"

All: "It is."

Mistress: "Let the bearers come forward."

Four men approached me and lifted me up. I was borne to a room behind the velvet hangings. The Master and the Mistress came with us. The four men laid me on a luxurious bed covered with moon yellow and blue coverings, then they left.

Master: "Divest the initiate."

(The Mistress took my cloak so that I was naked. She then took the Master's cloak so he was also naked but for his mask. He was beautiful, and his phallus hung down between his legs, slack)

"Prepare the initiate."

(The Mistress came to me with a small flask in her hand. She opened it and poured oil into her palm, then massaged it gently into my vagina)

“Prepare the initiator.”

(The Mistress went to the Master and began to massage his phallus that rose rapidly. It was a mighty shaft. She then unrolled a condom onto it. In my instructions I had learned that in the First order, only the Chosen One was allowed to become pregnant)

Mistress: (To me) “Initiate daughter, are you ready to make sacrifice of your maidenhood?”

Me: “I am willing.”

She came behind me and took my hands and stretched my arms above my head saying “There will some pain my dear, try not to resist.”

The Master approached and laid over me. I felt him search for my opening with the head of his phallus.

Once found he found my entrance he put his hands beneath me, and thrust in. I gave a scream as he burst through my hymen. I struggled in my pain, but the Mistress was holding my arms firmly. I felt his movement within me, and despite the pain I gave up struggling and surrendered to him. I felt his movements increase in pace, and suddenly he grunted, and thrust powerfully into me. It was his ejaculation.

When he had finished, he came off me. The mistress released my arms, and went to remove the condom from his slackening phallus. Disposing of it, she then approached me with a soft towel and gently mopped my vagina. When she took it away, I could see the blood.

The Mistress then put the master's cloak on him, and came to me bearing a moon yellow cloak to replace the pale green one I had worn at first.

As I stood to be covered, she kissed me on the forehead and said, "Welcome, daughter of the Goddess."

We reentered the main room where the other brother's and sisters awaited us.

Mistress: (Holding up the towel that she had used to wipe away my blood) "She came to us chaste. Welcome the new daughter of the Moon Goddess."

Response: “We welcome her.”

There followed kissing and individual welcomes. They had already had the ceremony of the Chosen One before my initiation, so I did not see it that night.

On the night I have already written about, once the men had seeded the Chosen One, she was left to rest for half an hour. Her legs were locked tight, for although much of the seed had poured out of her, she must hold in as much as possible to let the Moon Goddess's blessing work within her.

There now followed a very exciting time for the other women, the choice by lot for the next Chosen One. Some, like Sybille, who had waited two years to be chosen, were anxious

A moon yellow velvet bag was brought out. In it were a number of golden balls and one red one. Whoever got the red ball was the Chosen of the Goddess. The bag was passed from woman to woman, each putting their hand into the bag to retrieve a ball, but it was not to be looked at until the Mistresses commanded.

I clutched my ball, awaiting the command. "Let it be me, dear Moon Goddess I prayed."

The Mistress gave the command, "Show forth."

I opened my hand, and joy of joy, there in the palm of my hand was the little red ball. I was the Chosen One.

There was much congratulating and kissing, but then the Master called us to order for the official ceremony.

Master: "The Goddess has exalted you."

Mistress: "Do you freely accept the gift of the Goddess?"

Me: "I do." I was almost beside myself with rapture.

Master: "Do you swear to keep yourself from all men for three moons, beginning tonight?"

Me: "I do so swear."

Master: "Then at the time of the next full moon you shall be honoured, and I pray you will be blessed by the Goddess."

The Chosen One for the present occasion had now risen and received the kiss of blessing from the master and Mistress. But the ceremonies were not over yet. There was one more, or rather two, to be carried out.

Two people, a man and a woman, were led into the room. They were new initiates. The ceremony went much as mine had done, but with modified questions for the man. When this was done, the woman was carried as I had been, into the inner sanctum for her initiation. The Mistress did not go in this time, but was replaced by another woman.

As we stood waiting, we heard her scream as her hymen was split, and soon the bloody towel was presented to us.

Four women now carried the man into the inner sanctum, followed by the Mistress. The Master did not go with them, and was replaced by one of the brothers. The Mistress was to initiate the new member.

The four bearers emerged from the inner sanctum and joined us. We waited in silence. Then came a loud groan as the initiate ejaculated. There was a pause, and then they

emerged, the Mistress bearing a condom filled with the initiates semen that she raised before us.

Mistress: His seed has been received. Welcome the new son of the Moon Goddess.

All: We welcome him.

The new brother and sister were now welcomed as I had been.

When things had quieted down the Master said, "Let the moon dance begin, and let

all have the joy of each other." The Master and Mistress then retired into the inner sanctum to engage in holy confluence.

The throbbing of the drum, which had been with us all the time, now took on a wild beat. As the new Chosen One, I had to stand aside from what followed, but the rest of the company began to dance round the sunken area.

After a while couples began to slip away to rooms behind the velvet hangings. Soon cries of ecstasy could be heard as they had the joy of each other. The men had to wear condoms, of course, for only the Chosen One was allowed to get pregnant in the First Order of the Conflux.

Any woman who did get pregnant when she was not the Chosen One, was expelled from the Conflux, together with the man who had impregnated her. If the man the pregnant woman identified as the father of her child denied it, he was asked to take a test to prove his innocence. If he refused the test, he was expelled any way.

So, we drew to the close of our full moon gathering. In the following weeks I could barely concentrate on my work, I was so excited about the coming Chosen One ceremony. Would the Moon Goddess bless me?

Well, that's another story, isn't it?

The Conflux of the Moon Goddess. Part 2.

By Starlight

The night of the full moon draws near, the night when I open myself to receive the blessing of the Moon Goddess. No brother present in the Conflux may deny me his seed, apart from the Master. All must empty themselves into me.

As the night approaches my excitement is such that I am constantly wet with female lubricant in anticipation of what I shall experience.

My work floor manager and sister in the Conflux, Sybille, understands my state of being, and lightens my work load and passes over the errors I am making in my work. She knows that when the time comes and she is the Chosen One, she too will be engulfed with electrifying delight and anticipation.

The night of my honouring has come. Upon arriving at the meeting place, my acolyte greets me.

“Welcome Chosen One of the Goddess.”

He kisses me softly on the lips and then leads me to the anti-chamber. Already there with her acolyte and clad in her white cloak, is the Chosen One of the last full moon.

“Did the Goddess bless you, “ I whisper to her.

“She did.”

I congratulate and kiss her.

I strip but do not yet put on my cloak and mask, for the acolyte needs to have free access to my body.

There is a bed with soft coverings on it and the acolyte bids me lie on it. He begins to caress my breasts.

I hear the drumbeat begin its slow sonorous beat, and I hear muffled voices. The ceremony has begun.

The Chosen One of the last full moon is sent for to announce that the Goddess has blessed her.

My time draws near, and the acolyte now stimulates my vagina. He must ensure that my female fluids are flowing, or there will be much pain.

Finally the acolyte licks my womanhood and thrusts his tongue into me. He must go no farther, for it is forbidden for any man to penetrate me before or after the ceremony.

The acolyte bids me stand and covers me with my moon yellow cloak. I put on my mask.

A blue cloaked and masked figure opens the velvet hangings and says, "The Master and Mistress await the Chosen One. There are sixteen who will implant their seed."

We enter the main room and approach the sunken circle.

I am soaked with the fluids of desire. In a dream I hear the voices of the Master and Mistress, and in a dream respond.

I see the velvet bag with the lots for the brothers being passed. Which one will be the first to enter me?

The acolyte removes my cloak and mask so I stand naked before the Conflux.

The Master asks me if there is any barrier between myself and the blessing of the Moon Goddess, and I tell him there is none.

He commands me to lie upon the altar. I step down into the sunken circle, approach the altar, climb upon it and spread-eagle myself in abandonment to the will of the Goddess.

The Master pays homage to my sacred places, kissing my vagina and nipples.

I hear his words, "Let it begin." I am aware of the brothers and sisters discarding their cloaks to stand naked before each other.

The sisters begin to stimulate the brothers in preparation for their penetration of me. I hear the sounds of ecstasy as the brothers attain their erections and approach to the edge of ejaculation.

Now is the moment. The first brother descends into the sunken circle and stretches himself over me on the altar.

I feel him seek my opening, and he plunges into me.

Oh loving Moon Goddess, this is the first time I have felt a man with no barrier between us. What beauty you have given me!

I feel him, hot and hard within me. It seems but a moment, and his seed bursts into me.

(The women prepare the brothers well, so they are ready to implant their seed almost as soon as they enter)

I feel the felicity of his warm soft seed within me and all too soon, he withdraws.

The second comes upon me. I am lost in rapture. His seed pours in and the third is upon me. He is larger than the other two and takes a little longer.

I feel the Joy of Heaven coming upon me. I cry out, writhing under the lash of exultation. He stays with me until the climax has passed, and with the reverberations of joy still shaking me, the fourth enters me, then the fifth.

Now I am filled to overflowing with their seed, and with the sixth, the Joy of heaven comes upon me again, and I am screaming with euphoric bliss.

“O Moon Goddess, bless me I beseech you.”

The seventh and the eighth complete my Joy of Heaven and their seed is pouring out of me. I long to clasp my hand over my womanhood so as not to lose one drop of their love fluids, but it is forbidden. Eight more must come upon me, and I must lie open in surrender to the will of the Goddess.

It is not until the twelfth brother that the Joy of Heaven comes upon me again, and this time I am beyond all control. I clasp him to me with my arms. I wrap him with my legs.

The Mistress gives a signal, and four sisters descend into the circle and grip my arms and legs, pulling me open into my attitude of surrender again.

They continue to hold me as the remaining four brothers come upon me, and the Joy of Heaven does not come upon me again. I feel them press into me and implant their seed, but I am by now truly in a state of submission.

It is over, and I am left to rest.

I doze in post-coital bliss, my legs locked together to hold in the brothers' seed. I vaguely hear the ceremony to choose the next Chosen One, and the cries of congratulation for the one selected.

As there are no more ceremonies, and my time of rest is not yet complete, I dimly hear the chatter of voices around me. Then my acolyte touches my arm and says, "Time to rise."

I rise and stand before the Master and Mistress. I receive the kiss of blessing and am clad in a white cloak instead of my yellow one.

The Master gives the signal for the Moon Dance to begin and calls upon the brothers and sisters to have the joy of each other.

I cannot participate in this exchange of joy, because now no man must enter me, even if he is condom clad, for fear of defiling the blessing of the Moon Goddess.

My acolyte leads me to the anti-chamber, and there tenderly washes my genitals of the remaining seed of the brothers. The time when the Moon Goddess gives her blessing to the Chosen One has past, and if she has granted me her blessing, I can only now wait in patience for its sign.

This had been the supreme, the most wondrous moment in my life up to this time. The sweet preparation by the acolyte, the reception of the brothers' seed, the longing for the blessing and its fulfillment, all fill me with great exultation.

Should the blessing be fulfilled in me, then even greater, although barely defined things, lie before me.

I wait in patience, trusting in the power of the Moon Goddess.

The Dark Taboo

He stood by his bedroom window looking out into the garden. It was 7-30 a.m. and he watched his mother make the morning inspection of her beloved plants. Flowers, vegetables, and fruit trees grew in profusion under her Earth Mother touch. He knew that she would have risen at 6-30 a.m., this being her habit, except in winter when the dark mornings kept her to bed until 7 p.m. She moved with grace and ease, carrying her five feet eleven inches height uprightly, except when she bent to inspect some flower or vegetable.

She was a woman who could accurately be described as "Statuesque."

She knew he watched. He had watched her morning garden tour for years now, first when he was at high school, then university and now when he had started his first real job. She did not need to turn to see him. She felt his gaze just as she could always sense his presence when he was near but not visible to her. In her mind's eye she saw him, so like his

father, the "Gentle Giant." She sighed as the image of her beloved Gordon came before her.

He had been lover and friend as well as husband.

He saw her bend and was moved by the curve of her neck and the gentleness of her hand as she touched a rose. No wonder his father had adored her, that giant of a man, six feet five inches tall with a powerful frame. He had run a building business and for all his formidable appearance, he had been almost a father figure to those who worked for him. Little wonder they called him "The Gentle Giant." Always ready to hear and help with their problems, they were devoted to him, and they would have worked until they dropped for him.

At his funeral big tough construction workers had wept openly.

She remembered the onset of Gordon's sickness. The scourge of cancer that over two years had reduced this mighty man to a living skeleton until he found release in death aged forty two. She had trained as a nurse, and so had cared for him right until the end. His business had been profitable, and when, following his death, it was decided to sell it, she had been left with a reasonably adequate income – the income that had seen her son, also named Gordon, through the latter

part of high school and then university and the study of engineering. A month ago Gordon had gained his first position with the Institute of Building Science.

Where to now?

He turned from the window, his morning vigil over, and prepared himself for the day's work. When he arrived in the kitchen she was there preparing his breakfast. She had always been there. She had been his sustainer, first nourishing him at her breasts, then forever preparing his meals, cleaning his room and changing his bed. She had also been his sustainer in other things. When he was depressed about his studies, when he was in conflict with friends, and above all, and despite her own devastating grief, when his father died. As her garden flourished, so had he grown through her love and care.

She was truly "The Mother."

She turned to him and smiled. "How like Gordon he looks," she thought. "Perhaps not quite so tall – an inch or so shorter, but the same gentle strength. Now he had reached manhood, would have an income of his own, so the time was drawing near. Since Gordon's death, she had been restrained in her relations with men. What few there had been had not lasted because she did not want them to last. She had made sure

that her son never saw or heard anything, but he was not a fool, and must know that she was a woman with sexual needs. She had been very careful to avoid a pregnancy and disease.

Nothing was to stand between her and the relationship with her son.

He returned her smile and thought, "How beautiful she is." They had been on their own now ever since his older sister, Sylvia, had met and married one of his father's workers. That was four years ago, and as is often the case with construction workers, they traveled to wherever the work was, so were rarely able to visit. He wondered at times if his mother ever tired of supporting him. She had never shown any signs of wanting to be rid of him, but perhaps now was the time to turn things around. He had received his first salary and contributed a substantial portion to the running of the household. This made him feel mature and independent. It was almost as if he was her... A dark shadow seemed to pass over his mind. He could not complete the thought he had begun. He had experienced this before when thinking about his mother. Why could he not give form to it?

He ate his breakfast.

She watched him as he ate and saw the changes flit across his face. Always quiet, he now seemed to go inside himself, to some place she could not reach. There had been times like this before and she had wondered if it was girl trouble. She knew there had been girls and older women. She assumed that like his father and herself, he was very virile, and certainly, he was attractive enough to draw women to him. Now as she looked at him she felt, not for the first time, wetness in her groin and the slight pulsating of her clitoris.

"Yes," she thought, "The time is very near."

He rose from the table and prepared to leave for work. They kissed as they always had when he was about to leave the house – a gentle loving kiss. He felt a stirring in his penis at this contact with her. Whenever they touched now this happened. "A week since I was with a girl," he thought, "I need a good fuck." That is what it had been with those girls and women, a fuck, and not always good. Oddly, he always chose females who were somehow less than he might have won if he tried. As he shot into them, there was always the dark shadow between them and him. When he had finished he wanted nothing more than to escape from their cloying grasp, and so he departed as soon as possible feeling a sense of guilt and disgust.

He left for work.

She had a part time job as a doctor's receptionist. This not only topped up her finances, but had also served to distract her from her grief when Gordon died. She now departed for the morning surgery. The work was not over taxing and she had time to engage in her own thoughts. This morning, knowing that the time was near, she thought through what must be done. She was perfectly clear in her own mind how matters stood for her. Once through her period of mourning she had turned all her love and devotion on to her son. This love had imperceptibly taken on a sexual content. At first, she hid this from herself, but she was a woman who could not tolerate self-deception, so finally she had openly acknowledged to herself this desire for him.

She must be careful.

He tried to set about his work, but seemed to lack concentration. Visions of his mother kept cropping up in his mind – pictures of her standing before him naked, which he struggled to blot out. This had happened before and had caused him the physical distress of an unwanted erection and dribbling of precum. He had never seen his mother naked. He had never tried to spy on her, to try to see her in the shower or peer through a half-open bedroom door. His love and respect for her was too deep for such sordid games. The most he had ever seen of her body was when, in a modest one piece bathing costume, she swam in or lay beside their pool. He had seen long slender legs that ended with the firm indent of her vagina, and the very firm breasts and the

nipples that showed through the cloth when it was wet. He had enjoyed watching her brush her long auburn hair and even taken his turn with the brush, reveling in the lovely curve of her neck. Above all, he enjoyed her beautiful eyes, dark brown and almost oriental.

At those times she was his goddess, she was "The Woman."

She finished her work at midday and made her way home. She knew what she must do and the risk it would involve. If she failed, then everything might be at an end and two lives destroyed. If she succeeded, then life for both of them, their mother-son relationship, would be drastically modified. On the other hand, it would not be possible for them to go on living together as they had done for very much longer. At first the men she had been with since her husband's death, had taken on her husband's face as they fucked. Later, that face had been her son's. She had also noticed her son's erections at the poolside and when he brushed her hair. Despite her own need, she knew she must wait for the crucial time. Now he was mature and independent the decision could be made.

She faced the fact that he was "The Man."

His mind reeled. "My God, what have I been thinking about my mother?" He collapsed against a workbench and a black

cloud, rising from the depths of a tribal past and its incest taboo engulfed him. Those emotions un-evolved since man first rose onto his hind legs, those desires so long prohibited by man and his gods, swamped him and the burden of the imposed guilt bore down on him as he slipped to the floor crying, "Oh God, no." He heard voices and felt himself being carried. Then he was in a car and a voice said, "Feeling better now, old chap."

He managed a feeble, "Yes."

She was alarmed as they helped him into the house, and explained that he had collapsed at work. They had left and he tried to speak. "Mother, I...I..." "It's all right, darling, bed now and talk later," she said, and got him to the bedroom and helped him undress. She thought she would wait and see how he progressed before she called the doctor.

She sat by his bed until he dropped off into a fitful sleep.

She returned to look in on him at intervals and after about four hours, she found him awake, but very pale. Sitting beside him, she began to question him about what happened. His guard was down, so he half explained what had happened. "Mother, I thought some awful thoughts about you and I." She knew instantly what he meant but wanted him to say it. She encouraged him, stroking his face,

saying, "What sort of thoughts, my love?" "Sexual thoughts," he moaned. "Is that so bad?" she questioned. "Mother..." he gasped, "I...I...you...it's wrong, sinful...it's prohibited." "My darling," she said quietly, "we live in the twenty first century, not in a Stone Age tribe. Think about that, will you?"

She left him.

He lay in bed trying to come to terms with the few words she had left him with. "Think about that," Yes, but how think about it? His thoughts and emotions about his mother had been so powerful that his brain had sought to blot them out and he had collapsed. Was his mother now saying that such thoughts and emotions were okay? And if they were okay, what about their fulfillment? Was that okay too? The feelings of fear and dread that had overcome him earlier had now turned to puzzlement. What should he do and how?

He dozed off again in the midst of these thoughts.

Assured now in the action she must take, she prepared a simple meal. She went to his room and found him awake, and asked if he wanted to eat there, or would he get up? He decided to get up, saying he was feeling much better. As so often happens with our problems and anxieties, during his doze there had been a sort of resolution of the thoughts that had distressed him. He rose, put on his dressing gown, and

went to the dining room. During the meal, they touched briefly upon their previous conversation. She only asked, "Did you think about what I said?" "Yes," he answered. "Did it help?" she queried.

"Yes, I feel a whole lot better now," he replied.

When they had cleared up after the meal she said, "I'll go and take a shower." Finishing her shower she went to her bedroom and carefully chose what she would wear. It was a black, lacy little wrap around held round the waist by a cloth tie. She took a deep breath, and left her room. She entered the living room where he was sitting and walked up to within a couple of paces of him. He looked up startled. He had never seen her dressed like this before. She untied the cloth round her waist, let the wrap fall open and slide to the floor.

"I think the time has come, my darling," she murmured.

The Earth Mother

Alice was neither tall nor short. She was neither beautiful nor plain. When at age twenty she married George, she was wide hipped, with full soft breasts, generous mouth, upturned nose, and bright shining blue eyes. She was also three months pregnant to George.

It was no shotgun wedding. Alice had told George that she did not want him to marry her if he did not really want to. George, who sincerely loved Alice, had exploded. "You'll marry me if I have to drag you to the altar." He did not have to drag her.

George worked for a company in a semi-skilled capacity that made concrete pipes and culverts. The wages were not good, so they were always on a tight budget. Soon after their marriage they were fortunate to be granted a house built by the State Government for people on low incomes.

After the birth of their first child, another one was quickly on its way. Alice loved children and soon after they had moved into their house, she became a sort of substitute mother for the neighbourhood children. Many of these children belonged to single parent families, or had inadequate parents, or both, so they came to Alice for the love and consolation she so generously gave.

If they grazed their knee, they went to Alice. If they broke a toy, Alice tried to mend it. If they were hungry, Alice somehow stretched her limited budget to feed them.

Alice was the Great Earth Mother, always there for all this world's unhappy children, of whatever age.

The local men and women also came to Alice with their woes – "He hit me again last night." -"I came home and the guy from next door was fucking her on the sofa"- she had words of comfort and advice for them.

Alice enjoyed her sex life with George immensely. For both of them, it was the outcome of their love for each other.

George was a morning person and Alice an evening person, so in the morning it was a "quick one for George," and in bed at night, it was "a long one for Alice."

For Alice sex was a combination of factors. In addition to the release of sexual tension, it was fun, it was an expression of love, and, earth mother that she was it was a means of comforting and consoling George when he was troubled.

Sometimes at night, when George had ejaculated into her, she would sit across him with his penis still inside her and laughingly say, "I'm going to hold on to you all night." She would then proceed to hold on until he rose in her again and put more sperm in.

Unlike many women, she loved having her husband's sperm in her, and after his morning "quick one," she would try to hold on to his fluid long after he had gone to work. "That's part of him still with me," she said to herself.

After the birth of her second child, the first of two bitter blows fell upon Alice and George. They were told that Alice could not have any more children. To Alice the lover of children, and George who derived joy from helping her to have them, this announcement was crushing.

Alice, with her usual determined outlook on life, soon found a way round the problem. "Let's become foster parents," she said to George.

"They'd never let us," replied George. "They only want well-off foster parents, not battlers like us."

"You don't know that for sure," retorted Alice.

"All right, give it a go if you want to," said George.

An application to become foster parents was made, and there now followed questionnaires, interviews and home inspections.

George had been right about the financial angle, but it became clear even to the bureaucratic officialdom of the Social Welfare Department, that in Alice they had the eternal loving mother, ready to take any of God's unhappy creatures to her ample bosom. So, they were accepted.

There were some months of waiting before Adrian arrived.

Adrian was a surprise. He came from a family where his father had been sent to prison for twenty years for murder, and a mother who was a hopeless drug addict. There were three other children – one boy and two girls, all of whom had been taken into care by the Welfare Department and placed in one foster home, with the exception of Adrian.

The problem was, that Adrian at fifteen years old, was much older than his brother and sisters, and was on the age borderline for State organised foster care. Most foster parents did not want children who had entered puberty, with all the mad, hormone racing problems of that age group.

So, it was that Adrian was initially left out. The Department turned to Alice and George and the social worker said quite frankly, "If you won't take him, I don't know what we'll do."

After some discussion, Alice and George agreed to take the boy. At their first meeting with Adrian, they saw a thin, pale faced lad who was very withdrawn. He looked at least three years younger than his actual age, and he did not seem to possess that noisy, exuberant quality rightly or wrongly associated with the teenager. They found it very difficult to get him to speak, his replies to their questions being given in monosyllables.

"He's had a bad time of it," confided the social worker. "He's practically had to look after his siblings, and has been subjected to some pretty brutal treatment."

Adrian made no comment about the room they had got ready for him, and didn't seem to take any interest in any other part of the house or garden. What he did do, was to eat as if he had not had a proper meal for years, which of course, he hadn't.

The mother in Alice almost wept at his condition, and George was concerned about their ability to communicate with this distant youth. They approached the problem with

great care, not trying to force responses from Adrian, and in the following months he started to come out of his hard protective shell.

One of the first signs of his entering into a warm relationship with the family was his taking an interest in Alice's two young children. Alice observed him playing games with them and amusing them. The next sign was when he came into the kitchen one day to ask something of Alice, and he began with, "Mum..."

This did not impact on Alice immediately, but after he had left the kitchen, it hit her. It was the first time he had called her by any name or title.

Thereafter Alice continued to be "mum," and George became, "dad."

Alice fostered Adrian with all the love she had to give. She provided a tender female environment for him, while George introduced him to those masculine pursuits, like football, fishing, "mucking about with cars" and "doing things down in the shed."

Adrian began to thrive. His paleness was replaced by a healthy colour, and he began to develop physically so as to

look his age. Alice and George could see he had the makings of a nice looking young man with a good physique.

One problem was Adrian's schoolwork. He was way down the bottom of the class, and neither Alice nor George were exactly great scholars. They did their best to help Adrian, and although he began to improve, it became obvious that scholarship was not his line.

After talking to his teachers, and discussing matters with Adrian, it was decided that once he was sixteen they would begin a search for an apprenticeship. This was not easy, as apprenticeships were rare, and many employers insisted on taking boys who had completed the full high school course.

George approached his own employer who, aware of Adrian's circumstances, agreed to take him for a trial period as an apprentice maintenance fitter and turner after he turned sixteen.

Fortunately, Adrian was not located at the same plant as George, but in another branch of the company. Thus, he was not present when the next devastating blow fell.

Early one morning, George, still harbouring the memory of his morning "quick one" with Alice, was using a hand manipulated electric overhead crane.

He was moving a huge concrete culvert with the crane, and instead of walking with the hand set behind and to one side of the load, he walked alongside it. One of the wire hawsers gave way. The culvert swung. At that point, George was between the culvert and a solid wall. The culvert crushed and killed him.

Alice was devastated. She could not believe that her beloved George, her husband, lover, friend and supporter, was dead. Killed in such a terrible way.

Her own two children were too young to fully comprehend what had befallen the family. Adrian, having been schooled by George in what were believed to be the "manly qualities," tried to become Alice's comforter.

Throughout her grief, Alice was told by Adrian over and over again, "I'll take care of you mum." He didn't know what else to say.

Alice mourned George deeply, but she had a solid working class background and knew that life had to go on. She had her children to care for, and there was Adrian. She turned to the practicalities of their existence.

Inspections had shown that the hawser had been badly worn, and should have been replaced long before it gave way. This meant a hefty compensation pay out by the company.

Alice, always careful in money matters, saw to it that the pay out was well placed to give them a small, but steady income. Adrian also brought in a little money, and all round, they were little worse off than when George was alive.

Adrian was in his seventeenth year when Alice finally started to recover fully from George's death. It was then she noticed that apart from her self and the children, Adrian seemed to have no friends, and especially no girl friends. If he went out at all, it was on his own or with the family.

He now had a fully established apprenticeship and was doing very well. Sometimes he would save money from his wages and take Alice and the children out to see a film, or for some other treat. Very occasionally they would get a sitter to look after the children and he and Alice would go out together for the evening.

He seemed to be trying to take on the role of the man of the house. He did the little maintenance jobs around the house, and was always to hand when it came to the simple chores like washing up.

Alice, always having been very economical when it came to purchasing clothing for herself, now resorted to the local Salvation Army Opportunity shop to clothe herself. Fortunately she had an eye for just the right attire for her slightly full figure, and was often the envy of people who spent ten times more than she on clothing.

Again, Adrian did a little saving, and when he thought he had accumulated enough money, he would take Alice out to buy something new and special in the way of clothes.

"You'll look great in this, mum," he would say. And so she did.

Alice recognised what was happening. Adrian was trying to take George's place. His promises to "look after" her at the height of her grief, had been real.

One aspect of Adrian that troubled her was what she heard at night. Her bedroom was right next to Adrian's. Through the thin wall, she could hear his gasps and moans as he masturbated. Most disturbing, she would often hear him crying after he seemed to have finished ejaculating.

She hesitated to intrude or question him about this, and was at a loss to know what to do. What he needed was a loving relationship with a girl, but she could think of no way to help with this.

The situation took an unexpected turn when, on one of their nights out together to see a film, in the dark of the cinema, Adrian put his arm round Alice's shoulder. She did not object to this, in fact, she rather enjoyed it. "That's what George used to do," she recalled.

The cinema was close to home, so they walked the distance, and as they did so, Adrian held her hand. On arriving home they said "goodnight" to the sitter and drank a cup of tea. When Alice said she was "off to bed," Adrian rose, walked over to her, and kissed her lightly on the lips. "Goodnight," he said.

That night Alice thought long and hard. As she heard Adrian masturbating, she wondered.

In the following weeks Adrian demonstrated even more physical affection. When departing for work he tended to hold Alice close, and the kiss that had once been a peck on the cheek, had become a full blown kiss on the lips.

While not rejecting these growing physical contacts with her, Alice did not allow herself to reciprocate. "As if a well set up young fellow like him would want a widow twelve years older than him and with two children."

Despite this lecturing of herself, Alice was unable to deny what was happening to her. Now, as she heard him masturbating at night, she felt herself getting aroused. She had not had any sexual relationship since the death of George, and she was emotionally and physically ripe for someone to love her sexually again. And so, listening to Adrian, she began to masturbate in unison with him, trying desperately to muffle her cries when she climaxed.

So, it went on for weeks. Adrian looked at her with increasing longing, and Alice tried to pretend his touches and attention did not arouse her.

She thought of asking him to leave, but the motherly care she had lavished on him, and her genuine love for Adrian, forbade such a move.

Adrian's eighteenth birthday was approaching, and as he still seemed to lack any friends or close acquaintances, she decided to invite some of his work mates for a small party. Word got to Adrian's boss about this gathering, and he was quickly on the telephone to Alice.

"Why haven't I been invited?" he asked.

Alice was at a loss to know what to say, but finally stuttered out, "But...I didn't think you'd be interest..."

"Of course I'm interested," came back the reply. "It's just the occasion I need. I've got something special for Adrian." So, the invitation was extended.

On the day in question, everything went marvelously. Adrian, it seemed, was a lot more popular than Alice had thought. Many of those present had known her through George and her attendance at company picnics and other gatherings. They spoke to her of George, and she found that she could discuss what had happened without pain.

Half way through the evening the boss called for quiet. He made a short speech about Adrian's success as an apprentice, and ended by announcing that Adrian was the company's apprentice of the year. A certificate to this effect was handed over, together with a cheque of very generous amount. Hearty clapping followed.

Alice was amazed at all this. Adrian rarely said anything about his working life, and about his successes. She wished she had questioned him more closely.

The party over, Alice and Adrian began to clear up. "You are naughty, Adrian," Alice said with a laugh, "You've never told me how well you were doing, or how much you're liked at work."

Adrian stood looking at her for a while, then said quite simply, "When I come home I want to be with you. I want to talk about you, not me."

Alice was confounded. She had no words in reply, so she said, "Let's leave the clearing up until morning." They departed to their separate bedrooms.

Alice lay still in her bed, listening for sounds in Adrian's room. She heard his gasps and little cries begin. Determinedly she rose, left her room, walked into Adrian's room without knocking, and said, "Not tonight my love."

With equal audacity she crossed to his bed, took off her nightdress, pulled back his covers and climbing on top of him and placing her vaginal opening over the head of his erect manhood said, "Tonight you'll be a man." With this, she lowered herself on to him.

Adrian was momentarily stunned. As Alice's warm moistness enclosed his penis he felt as if he was entering paradise. "Mum...mum," he cried out, and as Alice began to move him up and down inside her. He continued this cry, seeming to have no other words to express what he was feeling.

Alice did have words. She kept up a constant whisper. "Its all right sweetheart, let it all go when you're ready. Put it all into mum. Let me have your sperm. Nothing to worry about just let me love you. Just let me have it all," and with a wicked smile added, "I know how to look after it."

Adrian came with a howl of ecstasy. As she felt the first spurt of his discharge, Alice suited her movement to his rhythm, thrusting down on to him with each mighty spurt to the full length of his organ.

Alice, so long without a man to love her like this, kept him inside her long after he had emptied himself into her. She had not climaxed, but for that, she had plans.

Adrian, having now experienced his first sexual intercourse, his first woman, was overwhelmed. Throughout all his fantasies during masturbation, most of which had Alice as their content, he had not imagined the beauty and wonder of

this contact as it really was. He had been taken to heaven, and even though the climax was past, he still hung there in bliss.

Alice brought him back to reality by withdrawing from him and saying, "This single bed is too small. Come to my room."

She took Adrian by the hand and pulled him up and without giving him a chance to say anything, led him to her double bed.

"Not a quick one this time," she thought, but knowing she could not push too far with this raw young lover, she went carefully about her tender work.

She began by kissing Adrian, gradually opening his mouth with her tongue so as to push it in and explore. Adrian soon saw the point, and reciprocated, if a little awkwardly.

She pulled his head down to her large, soft, motherly breasts. He somehow knew what to do, and took a nipple into his mouth. Alice held his head close to her, thinking, "Feeding at the breast is so beautiful, I wonder if his own mother fed him like this. Well, he can have all of me he wants."

Adrian did get all he wanted. He discovered the pleasure of caressing a soft breast as he sucked and licked a nipple. Alice guided his hand down to her sex organ and moved his finger to her clitoris, showing how to move his finger round it to pleasure her.

She took his penis into her hand to slowly stimulate it until he was crying out with delight.

Rolling on to her back she told Adrian to come on top of her, and guiding his penis with her hand, she brought him to her entrance. She laughed and said, "In you go, my love." He pushed into her.

Feeling his length inside her, Alice, holding him close, luxuriated in his young body. Even in the act of sex, she was the mother. It was the desire to nurture and comfort that gave a special dimension to her sexual loving. It was as if the man loving her was her child that she wanted to take back into herself. She sought for oneness in the carnal act.

It had been that way with George, and now, despite his inexperience as a lover, Alice felt herself melding with Adrian. With him inside her, she was complete again. She was a whole woman in a way she had not been since George.

Another aspect of Alice's sexual interaction was that for her it was always procreative. Even though she knew she would never give birth again to a child, there remained within her psyche as she joined in sexual union, the desire for new life to be implanted within her body.

Although Adrian, or any other man Alice honoured with her body, might not be able to understand or interpret these dimensions of Alice's loving, the impact was there.

Neither Alice nor Adrian were given to philosophising about the meaning of life, but as Adrian penetrated Alice, he somehow knew that this was it – to be at one with a woman like Alice.

The future implications were still far from them as they lost themselves in each other. "This night," thought Alice, "will be my special birthday gift to him." So she was ready to teach him what arts of sensual love one night would allow, and was ready to respond to his explorations of her body. "The morning is the morning," she thought, as she whispered her words of love and desire to him.

The morning came. The odour of their loving hung about them, Adrian's sperm still lingered in Alice's vagina and that which had spilled out of her stained the sheet beneath them. Adrian felt the drying stickiness of Alice's discharges.

In the soft light of early morning Adrian, his penis hardened, very quietly took Alice once more. It was a lingering, loving interlude between their night of fire and passion, and the coming judgement of the day.

Alice gave gentle little gasps as she came, and Adrian ended his ejaculation with a long sigh.

The children were now awake and Alice rose to face the realities of the day. Adrian lay still for a while. It was Sunday and there was no need to rise for work. He heard the sounds of the children and Alice bustling in the kitchen. Finally he rose, showered and dressed.

Entering the kitchen, he found the children eating their breakfast and his own food ready for him on the table. Alice was cleaning at the kitchen sink.

With the children present there was no opportunity to begin the conversation that they knew they must have. It was not until early afternoon, and the children's departure to "play next door," that opportunity presented itself for their talk.

Adrian tried to begin, "Mum...I...I...I want to tell you..." He broke off, not knowing how to proceed.

"What do you want to tell me, Adrian?" asked Alice. She dreaded his answer. Would he now feel revolted by her, the way she had initially almost sexually assaulted him. Would he recall the tumbled ruins of their morning bed, the smell of their sexual union, their fluids intermixed, and turn away from her? Would she lose him not only as a lover, but also as the son he had become over the past years?

Adrian found his voice again, and burst out with the last words on earth Alice thought she would hear from him.

"Mum, will you marry me?"

Alice was thunderstruck. Her mouth went dry and she began to shake all over.

Adrian, seeing her distress, went to where she was seated and knelt in front of her, putting his arms around her.

"Mum, I didn't mean to upset you. I'm sorry. But I do want to marry you, I really do."

There was a long silence. Alice struggled to assemble her thoughts. Gradually surfacing from her pit of bewilderment she said, "Adrian, I want to answer you, but I'm too

confused. Please...I have to think. Let's talk again tonight after the children have gone to bed."

"Okay mum," Adrian replied. He kissed her gently, rose and left the room.

Alice heard the click of the front gate as Adrian went out. She suddenly felt very isolated and perplexed. Last night she had made the boy who had been to her a son, into her lover. That she loved him she did not doubt otherwise she would not have done with him what she had done. But her action in making sexual contact with him had been to give something special to him on his birthday. The thought of him as a husband had not crossed her mind.

As she thought of Adrian's proposal of marriage the realisation came to her that he had not been repelled by their coupling. A thrill raced through her. He desired her – desired her enough to ask for a permanent commitment – but did he really understand what he asked?

And what of her? Could she join herself sexually to a man twelve years her junior? Would he, in years to come, see her as an old woman, and leave her for younger game? She knew all the "for and against arguments," but had no answers.

Adrian did not come home for the evening meal. Alice put the children to bed and read them their bedtime stories. After kissing them goodnight, she went into the lounge to await Adrian's return.

At 8-30 p.m., she heard the click of the front gate. Adrian came to her.

Both of them were filled with apprehension. Alice did not wait for Adrian to say anything, she went straight into what she had to say.

"Adrian, you know I love you – loved you as a son. Last night, rightly or wrongly, I took you as my lover. You have asked me to marry you. My answer is 'no.'"

Adrian broke out in protest, but Alice went on.

"Hear me out, Adrian. My answer is no, until one year after you have finished your apprenticeship. By that time, you will be twenty-two and I shall be thirty-four. If at that time you ask me to marry you, I shall say 'yes.' Until then there must be no more talk of marriage."

"During the next four years I want you to think about a few things. Our age difference, the fact that I am a widow with

two children, and the certainty that I can never give you any children."

"There is one other thing. I want you to be very sure you want a permanent relationship with me, and that it is not just a passing sexual desire because I am the first woman you have been with."

"To make sure I am not a passing phase in your life, over the next four years you may be my lover. Whenever you want me, you have only to approach me. This is not some selfless decision because I want you badly and will take all I can get of you. If you agree with what I have said I shall also feel free to approach you for sexual intercourse."

She ceased speaking. Again, there was a long silence.

Adrian spoke: "on my twenty-second birthday I shall ask you to marry me. Meantime, I shall be your son and your lover."

Alice smiled, "I think you'd better stop calling me 'mum', and call me 'Alice' instead. We have to start getting the children used to the new situation."

Adrian took Alice to bed and loved her.

Last month Adrian was twenty-two. Yesterday Alice and Adrian got married. I noticed that Alice seemed to have lost a little weight, so I asked her about it. She gave a tinkling little laugh and replied, "Adrian sees to it that I get plenty of exercise."

The Face in the Window

It was the lunch period and some of the employees working in the mall shops were taking their break. Simone and her assistant Alice were putting away a few dresses recently tried on by a customer.

I should tell you that Simone is not Simone's real name. She was baptised "Edith," but when some years ago she opened her ladies fashions shop in the Mall, she felt that "Simone's House of Ladies Fashions" sounded a little more classy than "Edith's House of Ladies Fashions." Thus, she became Simone to everyone except her late husband who had called her "Edie."

At one point Simone looked up and saw a young man peering in at the window. It was not unknown for men to take a look at her wares, but on the other hand, it was not

very usual. She considered whether he might be thinking of a present for a girl friend or mother, or perhaps he was a cross dresser. She had know a one or two of the latter who crept into her establishment when some item of ladies wear had caught their fancy.

Curious, she surreptitiously kept an eye on him, and noticed that he was in fact not looking at the window display, but endeavouring to see beyond into the shop. As she noted this, she recognised the young man as an assistant in the hardware store down the end of the Mall.

He stayed staring into the interior of the shop for about five or six minutes, then moved on.

Simone gave the matter no further thought, until next day at lunchtime, he was there again, still trying to see past the displays to the shop interior. Once more, he stayed for a few minutes, then moved on.

The next day and the next day he followed the same routine. Simone first wondered, and then began to be troubled, by this strange phenomenon. The only conclusion she could come to was that the young man was entranced by her pretty young assistant, Alice, who at seventeen drew most of the young men's eyes as she flounced along the Mall. On questioning Alice, the girl said she did not know the young

man, and had only seen him at his work in the tool department of the hardware shop. Further, she said, he had never shown any interest in her, despite her attempts to lure him.

It was Alice who finally pointed out the true nature of the situation. "He's staring at you," she said excitedly one day. She was right. The pair of them made a point of trying to see where the young man's eyes focused. Simone moved around while the young man stared, and it was clear he focused on her.

Simone contemplated the situation. What was it he wanted? Why did he look at her? She was fifty-two years old, and a widow of five years. She had kept herself trim, made sure her hair was always nicely cut and dyed (Ash blonde, which seems to be a popular colour with owners of ladies wear shops and barmaids), and if her bosoms were not all that might be desired, the late Mr. Simone had enjoyed them. Out in the world a little bosomly artifice never went amiss, did it?

The young man could have been no more than nineteen or twenty, so what could he want with the mother of two and the grandmother of three? Even given her reasonable state of preservation, he could hardly want to try to date or ravish her, could he? Perhaps he was planning to rob her shop, but if he was, surely he was being just a little too obvious? Any

way, she could hardly call on the constabulary because someone looked through her shop window every day for a few minutes.

After three weeks of this now unnerving situation – unnerving for Simone that is. Alice was thrilled with the sinister possibilities of this staring – Simone decided to try and break the staring deadlock.

As the young man arrived, Simone went out to the front of her shop as if to examine the display. She smiled at the young man and said, “Hello.” The youth looked at her for a moment, then giving all the appearance of wanting to disappear into the ground, muttered, “Hello,” and now stood staring at Simone with no glass to distort the vision.

Not knowing for the moment what to say, Simone sized the youth up. He was tall – around six feet, with a slender physique – but the most striking thing about him were his eyes. Set in a reasonably nice face, they were the softest, most tender brown eyes she had ever seen. They looked at her with a sort of dog like devotion when the said canine wanted a bone.

Simone, having made her preliminary survey, decided a few more words were called for. “Do you like the display,” she asked, indicating the window. The youth, without taking his

eyes from her, muttered, "Very nice." With that he backed reluctantly away, said, "Goodbye," and left, or perhaps "Fled" is a more appropriate word.

He was seen no more looking into the window in the following days.

Simone reentered her shop and related the event to Alice, who in any case had been watching avidly. "He definitely fancies you," she said. "Don't be silly," responded Simone, "What would he want with an old woman like me?" Alice began to say, "Some boys go for older..." but changed to "You're not really old."

Simone accepted and contemplated the latter compliment in Alice's statement. "What is old anyway," she thought. "If the spirit's willing, the flesh would do as it was commanded."

This is perhaps the moment to point out that Simone's husband had been a very enthusiastic lover of her flesh. In fact, he had been generally enthusiastic about female flesh. Reciprocating, Simone had enjoyed a number of liaisons over the years, but with the death of her husband, and without giving it much thought, she shut up that particular shop and concentrated her energies on selling ladies wear.

Simone's view on sexuality in the over fifties was dictated by the commonly held notion that once past the mid-century (some would make it past forty), a woman's days of libidinous ripeness are over. She held to this view despite evidence to the contrary when she had to masturbate at night to relieve her ungratified sexual tensions.

I wish it to be known that I do not subscribe to this view, taking my cue from the story of the man who asked his eighty-five year old mother-in-law, "Mother-in-law, when does a woman cease to feel sensual passion?" Mother-in-law replied, "My boy, you will have to ask a woman older than I."

So, we have reached the point at which Simone is reviewing her feminine possibilities, and in the process starting to get rather firm nipples and a little wet around the crutch. Unfortunately, as I have indicated, the young man came no more to stare through the shop window.

This might have ended the whole affair, but for a new turn of events. It was Simone's habit, after closing the shop for the day; to sip a cup of coffee at the café located in the Mall. She usually used the time to review the day's business and other happenings.

It chanced that about a week after our hero had ceased his glass peering, he too sat drinking a cup of coffee in the café. Simone had never seen him in the café before, and with that insight for which females are renown, she knew the youth was observing her, he hoped, covertly.

Simone tried to ignore his undercover observation of her, but a warm redness overspread her countenance accompanied by the menacing throbbing of her clitoris. She told herself that she was being a disgusting old woman, and to stop acting like a nubile maiden. The throbbing increased and a wet patch developed in her panties. Without finishing her coffee she fled the café and headed for home.

That night, during her erotic relaxation session, it was the face and body of the youth that filled her fantasy. Once relieved of her burdensome excitation, she told herself that "This must stop, you are being ridiculous." In saying this the youth came to mind, and further relief was called for.

Over the following days the youth continued to haunt the café. Simone thought she might cease patronising the facility, but after by-passing it one evening, she felt bereft of the youth's stare, which seemed to grow ever more sad and yearning. As if to compliment this, Simone got wet ever more rapidly.

Finally, Simone decided to take the bull by the horns, or should I say, "The calf by the horns"?

Entering the café one night, and observing the youth sitting at his usual table, she strode over, stood before him, and asked, "Do you mind if I sit here?"

The youth flushed bright red and began to visibly shake, but managed to stammer out, "N.n.no."

Simone sat, and now in full flight said, "Do you mind if I ask you your name?" "It's...er...Jarvis," quavered Jarvis.

"My name's Simone," said Simone. "I...er...know," responded Jarvis, pretending that he was not trying to look at the top of the low cut dress Simone had selected from her stock for the occasion.

"Now look here, Jarvis," continued Simone. "You've been doing a lot of staring in my direction for weeks now. I would like to know why?"

I should like to point out that as Jarvis had been doing a lot of staring for the past few moments, which staring encompassed the very visible top half of Simone's fair bosom, his manhood had bestirred itself, stretched, and

arisen. Although he sat at the other side of the table to Simone, thus rendering his nether regions invisible to Simone, Simone, with that innate sixth sense that women have, was aware of this carnal extension. Emboldened by his genital condition, Jarvis said, "I think you look lovely."

Simone needed no further confirmation of the suspicions she had about Jarvis, and this added to her own certain knowledge about her own state of arousal, led her to think upon the sad state of this lad.

Simone understood the pain of unrequited sexual desire in passionate youth. "I have a duty towards this young fellow," she thought. She tried not to add that she had a duty towards herself as well.

Mustering all her courage, she leaned sensuously across the table and said, "The coffee in this place is terrible. I make a much nicer cup at home. Care to join me?"

Jarvis hesitated not. "Thank you," he said, "I would like that very much." Off they went homemade coffeewards.

I shall not insult your intelligence by assuming you do not already know what the outcome of Jarvis' visit to Simone's house was. Clearly, coffee was but a minor aspect to the next

hour, or two, or more. I can however give you a few details of the stimulation and response that occurred.

Simone began making the coffee in the kitchen with Jarvis standing very close to hand. Simone decided that the coffee was an irrelevancy, and of greater priority was the unzipping of Jarvis. She followed the thought with action, and joyfully found a substantial male organ lying in her hand.

Jarvis sought to reciprocate by sending a searching hand up her skirt in search of the gateway to paradise, but before he reached the goal, and by dint of Simone's enthusiastic stimulation of his manhood, he shot his sperm all over Simone's hand and the kitchen floor.

He was profuse in his apologies, but Simone stopped him, saying, "Never mind, we can take longer next time."

Next time proved to be about half an hour later. Having cleaned the kitchen floor, her hand and Jarvis's penis, they endeavored to eat each other, this ending with Simone on her knees tasting the newly constructed Jarvis organ. Simone led Jarvis into the bedroom.

Jarvis decided that revenge would be sweet, so, when they had divested themselves of their raiment, he plied his lips

and tongue to Simone's genitalia, much to the delight of both of them. Jarvis followed this by making an investment in Simone's breasts, during which time his sperm once more made its presence felt, splashing democratically over Simone's bosom and face.

Simone, long deprived of this sort of play, screamed and writhed with ecstasy. Her one fear was that they would never get to the point of joining genital forces, which union she craved. She need not have been concerned. After further ablutions, Jarvis proved his male forcefulness by producing yet another erection no less impressive than the previous two.

Simone was now lost in her sexual excitation. As Jarvis placed his manhood within her, she gripped with her vaginal muscles, she pulled on his buttocks, she pushed with her hips, she wound her legs round him, all the time crying out, "Deeper, deeper."

Jarvis endeavoured to comply with this request and as I understand, succeeded mightily.

Words are said at such times and oaths proclaimed, even if they are in the main incomprehensible. "Oh God, I love you, I want...oh, oh." "Darling, don't stop, never leave me, kill

me but don't...ah, ah." With these and many other words and sounds did they mesh as one.

Jarvis, having already discharged his fertilising power twice, was able to hold out at length, much to Simone's wondering delight. Of course, the mighty climax came eventually with many heavings, screams, groans and howls.

They eventually temporarily subsided, and it was mutually agreed that, having put in such a mighty effort, and thereby exhausting himself, Jarvis should spend the night being comforted by Simone.

As I am sure you would like to know, it was thrice more.

Postscript.

Next day, and after the exchange of promises to effect that they would engage in a life long devotion to each other, they both departed to their daily labours.

At lunchtime, Simone chanced to glance out of the shop window, and her eyes fell upon Jarvis. He was standing outside the butcher's shop opposite, staring through the window. Beyond the glazing was the buxom fifty-four year old Mavis Arbuthnot, cashier to the butcher.

The Family That Plays Together

It began when one day I was bustling about my early morning household chores. I bustled a bit too energetically, because forgetting it was son Ted's late morning I raced into the bathroom.

Ted was serving his apprenticeship as a carpenter – following in his father's footsteps – and one day a week he attended what used to be called a "Technical College" for trade training. On this day he left home at 8-30 a.m. instead of the usual 6-45 a.m. Hence my error in breaking in on him.

Ted was standing there drying himself with towel, stark naked. For a few seconds I was transfixed. I had not seen him completely undressed since he was a little boy, and now I was amazed at what I saw.

I have done some reading on sexual matters, and learned that the average size penis is around 150mm (or 6"), about my husband Ben's size. Young Ted must have been nicely relaxed from his shower, and had an erection. His shaft was standing up at about 200+mm (or 8"), a rare phenomenon despite male boasting.

Having taken in this vision, I apologised and exited. I stood contemplating what I had seen, and I must have looked odd

because daughter Doreen, just leaving for work, looked at me and said, "Are all right, mum?"

I gave myself a mental shake, and replied, "Fine love," and got on with some other job.

During the day, I kept getting flashbacks to my sighting of Ted's manhood. It was not only his penis that engaged my thoughts, for like his father, he is a big lad standing about 1.9m (or 6'3"), well muscled and proportioned. My thinking was; "My God, some lucky girl is going to be well served."

I have been "well served" myself by husband Ben. He never separates from me until he is sure I have been satisfied, and he makes sure we get together very often for what he calls, "A little conviviality." On these convivial occasions, we have the whole gamut of sexual possibilities open to us, not being reticent about anything. In short, we have a lot of fun in bed.

It is remarkable really, given the marital disharmonies and breakups current these days. Ben and I were childhood sweethearts. I think the first time we held hands was in grade two at primary school. By our mid teens we were doing a lot more than holding hands, but being the days before adequate contraceptives, and youthful ignorance of what was available anyway, I got pregnant at an age I blush to mention.

So, as was the custom at the time, we got married. Hardly out of our baby nappies, and soon to be parents, we set out on the marital voyage. Within fourteen months of Ted's birth, I had Doreen. It was in the early days of the contraceptive pill and I went on that, bringing pregnancies to an end, but not our bedtime gambols.

In the days and nights following my stimulating vision of Ted, I found myself thinking and dreaming about him constantly. The dreams nearly always ended with Ted about to penetrate me. Sadly, I thought, "He never does. I always wake up too soon."

I began to become obsessive about Ted, and this affected my sex life with Ben. I became more urgent and demanding. There was a sort of desperation I brought to our coupling.

Eventually I had to face the fact that I wanted Ted, my son, sexually. I had read that mothers were usually strongly attached to their sons, but most of the writers on the subject failed to spell out the important aspect. Probably they fear the slur of incest, but reading between the lines one realises that they are fully aware of the sexual nature of the attachment.

It is also known that sons have a special bond with their mothers. This bond also has a sexual content that sometimes spills over into action.

Having faced the situation, I knew it was not going to go away and I had to decide what I was going to do. I resolved that I would have him, if at all possible, so I set about using some of my female wiles.

I began to make sure he saw me in provocative positions. I sat so he could see to the tops of my legs. We "inadvertently" met around the house when I was clad only in panties and bras. A few times, and quite "by accident" of course, I happened to be bare breasted in his presence. My physical contact with him became more pressing and my kisses moister and lingering. In short, I did everything I could to awaken his erotic interest in me, and I saw it was beginning to work.

He could hardly hide his erections from me, his penis being so large, I was able to see how he started to harden even when I was not being especially provoking. When I was reasonably sure he wanted me, I took my big gamble.

I selected one of his late start mornings, and waited until I judged he was out of the shower and drying himself. I was

naked, and I burst into the bathroom saying, "Now you, beast, take me."

I am a relatively small woman, so I pulled myself against him and virtually climbed up him, then winding my legs round him I allowed myself to slip down until his crown was pressing against my opening.

My anticipation before I entered the room had made me thoroughly wet, so I needed no arousing. Never the less, in the awkward position I had adopted, and his crown being so large, I had a momentary battle to get him into me. Then my entrance seemed to open wide, and he slid in. I felt the breadth of his manhood filling me, and his length pressing his crown against my cervix.

Ted had had no time to come to terms with what was happening, he was simply stunned with amazement. But as he felt himself inside me, nature seemed to take over. My soft moist tunnel entranced him and his hands came under my buttocks, and he began to lift me up and down on him.

It took little time for him to come. I felt as if a volcano was erupting inside me as he cried out, "Oh mum...mum...mum."

When he finished we were both overcome by the emotions and physical effort required in our position. He was shaking and I felt limp. I had not orgasmed, but I had not expected to. I just wanted him to sample me. I wanted to lure him on to an extended period of carnal coupling, to let him feel what I was like and perhaps sense what I could give him. It was a sort of deposit for future payment in full.

I managed to pull myself off him and I leaned against the wall, looking at him as he stared at me in disbelief.

"What?...Why?...Mum?"

"Because I wanted you," I replied, not elaborating.

"But..."

"Didn't you like it?"

"Yes...it...it...was fantastic."

"Then there's a lot more where that came from. You're not well enough to go to the college today. You and I are going to bed, and I'm going to give you the medicine to make you feel better."

His sperm was running down my legs and onto the floor. I cleaned up his penis and then washed out my own genitals, and after making sure there was no traces of his discharge left on the floor, we made for my bedroom.

Having laid my big stake and seemingly won, I realised that I had not planned how to go on from here. With both of us standing naked in the bedroom, I became unexpectedly bashful. I had gone in strong, and now had lost my nerve. I needed something from Ted to get things moving again. Fortunately, he gave me just what I needed. Having lost my nerve, he found his.

He came to me and took me in his arms. "God, that was wonderful, mum. I didn't know...I mean...I've wanted you like hell recently...I didn't dare do anything. Thanks for having the guts to make a move. Now how about that medicine?"

He bent to kiss me, long and tongue probing, then lifting me to the edge of the bed, and parting my legs, he thrust into me with his tongue, licking and tasting me.

If there is one quick way to make me come, that is it. The moment he started on my clitoris I began my writhing and

squealing, holding his head against me and tugging at his hair.

I heard my own voice as if it belonged to someone else: "Baby, oh baby, lovely...don't stop...don't stop...give it to me..."

A distant vibration within gave warning of what was coming and I cried out, "Hold me tight, baby, very tight."

His arms came round my thighs holding me firmly against him as his licking and nibbling intensified.

The first shuddering orgasmic shock wave crashed over me. I heard my scream, then in seemingly endless succession, vibrations shook my whole body, and I was rearing in tormented rapture, shrieking out my words of love and hunger for him.

As the convulsions diminished into spasmodic tremors, I began to sob. Ted lifted me gently, to lay me in the middle of the bed. I spread my legs to receive him as he kissed away my tears, and then I felt his mighty organ press into me.

I who had started this process so aggressively, was now at his mercy, a suppliant at the door of his passion, ready to

beg for any crumb from the table of his sensual feast. I had striven to make him mine – to possess him – and now I was his, silently helpless in my need.

I was tight round his beautiful spear and ready to die from the wounds I longed for him to inflict with it, wanting him to reach my heart and in slaying me, save me from my ecstatic anguish for him.

A cannon exploded into me. His seed filled me and I longed for the denouement of our deed, but in vain. There could be no yield to carry the proof of our fervent coupling.

We lay, victims of our ardour, enfolded in each other's arms and whispering our love and gratitude. We had begun and there was no turning aside. What we had found in each other was too deep to now be denied.

As we lay together, his hand sought my breasts, shortly to be followed by his lips at my nipples. I held and stroked him as if I suckled a child, desiring to give him what I no longer had, the milk that had once nourished him. His speed of recovery was astonishing for soon he was upon me, once more ready to fill my already overflowing tunnel of love.

But I refused him entry, instead taking his manhood into my mouth, I tasted the mingling of his sperm and my lubricant.

I let him empty himself into my mouth, gulping down what I could of his massive discharge.

Until mid-afternoon we loved and murmured, seeking the ultimate fulfillment that always seems just one step beyond. Sated we rose, knowing that the others would be arriving soon.

I was thankful that Ben made no advances that night. That of course, could not last, so in the end, I was having sexual intercourse up to seven or eight times a week, I'm happy to say.

For the next eighteen months Ted and I found what time we could to continue our liaison. It was not easy as we were rarely alone together, but we made what we could of it. Neither Ben nor Doreen knew what was going on between us, until one Saturday afternoon.

Ben had gone out to play golf and Doreen to visit a friend. I was bending over the dining room table as Ted gave me anal sex. In the midst of this, Doreen came into the room. Her friend had not been at home.

She stood rooted to the spot, just staring at us. We were both naked and in as embarrassing a situation as one could imagine.

Ted withdrew from me, allowing me to stand, but neither of us knew what to do or say next.

It was Doreen, white faced, who broke the silence.

"So this is what you get up to when you're together. Mother and son? Incest!"

I tried to speak: "Doreen it was my fault I..." Doreen cut in.

"I've held back. I said nothing all these years, and why? Because of incest. However much I wanted him, I said to myself, 'No, it's wrong, it's forbidden.' And now you," looking at me, "you've got both of them."

I was aghast. "Darling, you mean you want Ted...?"

"Don't be stupid. I want father."

"Yes, of course, the desire of the daughter for her father," I thought. "But what of the desire of the father for the daughter?"

I posed the question to Doreen as Ted and I struggled to get our clothes on.

"Of course he does, snapped Doreen. Haven't you seen how he looks at me, how he touches me. Are you so wrapped up in each other you are blind? He may be my father, but he's a man as well, you should know that, and a damned sexy one."

I tried again. "Darling if you're sure, really sure like I was about Ted, then why not?"

"You mean, you wouldn't make any fuss? Wouldn't blow the family apart?"

I could not help a little smile at that. "I've accepted the risk of that with Ted, and I promise you I'm not going to complain if you and father can come together in love."

I knew that at least Doreen was safe from pregnancy as I had put her on the pill as soon as she came to sexual maturity. There had been several boys with whom she had sexual relationships, but none of the seemed to satisfy her. Now I knew why. She was not having sex with the man she truly loved and wanted.

I went to her and put my arms round her. "Darling, if you really want daddy, then go ahead and try."

She looked at me, then whispered, "Thank you, mummy," and left the room.

Ted and I were in no mood to continue our sexual contact that afternoon, but he said, "Will she be all right, mum?"

"Are you all right, my love?" I asked him.

"I don't think my life has ever been better since we started, and my only fear is we might have to stop."

"Then she'll be all right, if your father goes along with her."

From then on Ted and I found all the reasons we could to leave Ben and Doreen alone together. I looked out for signs that their liaison had started, and noticed how Doreen seemed much more content, and made much of Ben, sitting on his lap, kissing him and always seeming to be in the same location as him.

On the other side, I found Ben less urgent in his sexual need for me. We did not stop having sex, but it was less often. Always considerate to me, he became more so.

All this I saw as signs that they were now lovers.

I let the situation ramble on for some months, then finally made up my mind it was time for some openness. Of the four of us, Ben was the only one who did not have the full picture. I put it to Doreen and Ted that it was time Ben knew what was going on. They demurred at first, but finally agreed that it had to be done, and I was the one to do it.

I waited until one night after we had finished making love, and said, "Darling, I know what's going on between you and Doreen."

He gave a start and tried to speak.

"What...?"

"And before you get into a panic, you'd better know that Ted and I are lovers as well."

There was a long silence, then he said:

"I thought there was something."

"Look, darling, I'm sure you're very happy as Doreen's lover, and I'm very happy with Ted. Nothing has changed except you now have the full picture. We still make love, and can go on doing so. It's just that we have – what shall I say? Double happiness?"

Ben took a little while to get used to the situation, but once he did our sex lives freed up remarkably. There were some nights when Ted slept with me, and Ben with Doreen.

The circle was completed when one evening Ted announced that he and Doreen had become lovers. From then on, the standard situation was that I slept with Ben, and Ted with Doreen in the new double bed we bought for them. But the standard was far from being followed, and I must admit that at times there was confusion as to who was sleeping with whom. Fortunately we could usually sort it out happily.

A new turn of events came about through one these moments of confusion over sexual partners for the night. Ted said:

"Why don't we have a foursome?"

"We haven't got a big enough bed," replied Ben.

"No," said Ted, "but we could buy some mattresses and lay them on the floor of Doreen's old room. She doesn't sleep there any more, so why not?"

It was agreed that this should be done, and I added, "Why don't we do something on the floor in here this evening. It'll be a bit hard, but it could be fun."

So, that night began a new phase in our love lives. It was a bit difficult at first, trying to decide whose penis was to go into whose vagina first, or who was going to give oral sex to whom, and so on, but practice, if it didn't make perfect, did smooth out most of the bumps. At times it was hard to know whose arms or legs were whose as we tangled together, sucking breasts, massaging penises and fingering clitorises.

A new dimension came into my personal approach to sex. One evening Doreen began to suck my breasts, and followed this up with a hearty licking of my vagina. This was the first time I had experienced this with a woman, and I liked it. Soon after I returned the compliment and suckled on Doreen's breasts and give her oral sex.

This went even further when "The boys," as Ben and Ted were now called, began to play with each other's sex organs and suck each other's penises.

A favourite game we played was "Rape." One of us "Girls" was tied down, and the rest had a free for all with her. For example, if it were Doreen, I might be sitting across her making her give me oral sex, while Ben licked her vagina and Ted sucked her breasts. After a while we would swap around, until finally both of the boys ejaculated into her, and I would get her to finish me off with her tongue.

The laughter, yells, groans and screams were extremely loud at times, and I was glad we had no near neighbours to hear.

When the foursome was over, we would retire to our beds with our partner for the night. I usually had Ted on these occasions as he was still captivated with me, and I with him, while Ben and Doreen were still really deeply in love. I don't know what Ben and Doreen did, but Ted and I nearly always had a one to one sex session. Our truly profound satisfaction, and not just fun, was with each other.

Rather than divide us, as some might expect, our relationship seemed to strengthen us as a family. Sexually speaking we had everything we could desire within the family, and there was a great deal of love and caring.

One day after about twelve months of our foursome, Doreen came to me with a mischievous look in her eye.

"Wouldn't it be great if we both got pregnant at the same time?"

I was startled, but had to admit to myself that I had thought how I would like to get pregnant again, but I saw a difficulty.

"Darling, we would have to come off the pill, and we wouldn't know who the father was. I mean, as we get sperm from both the boys, it could be either of them."

"Does that really matter? We all love each other, don't we?"

I saw her reasoning, but deep inside myself, I wanted to have a baby with Ted. Never the less, I agreed, and starting from that day we ceased to take the pill. We decided to say nothing to the boys.

It took about two months before we got pregnant, and I persuaded myself that I knew the very occasion when it happened to me. It was a very tender night with Ted. There had been no foursome, and Ted was very gentle and loving that night. Our orgasms, normally quite noisy and almost

violent affairs, were on this night very tender and long lasting. We spoke words of deep love, vowing that we would never be parted.

Ted's semen seemed to flow into me rather than explode as it usually did, and I was completely relaxed as I received it. When he finished, I closed my legs to lock his seed inside me. I know that this means nothing in terms of getting pregnant, but it was a sort of symbolic act. I was holding Ted's lovely gift inside me as long as I could.

Doreen and I are both six months pregnant now, and will probably have our babies within a few days of each other.

The boys were surprised, to say the least, when we told them of our conditions, but getting used to the idea, as men need to, they ended up rejoicing heartily. I must however add, that they have both decided to have vasectomies.

I still believe that it is Ted's child I carry within me, but if not, I at least know he loves me passionately.

The Flight of Stella

The Row

It was the most appalling row I had ever been involved in. One of those times when every hurt, great or small, every remembered insult and rejection, is hurled back and forth between the yelling, shrieking participants.

I had walked in on them unexpectedly. Normally they would have had another two hours with me absent, but I had left work early, not feeling very well.

They were naked together. His head was between her legs and he was licking her cunt. I walked all unsuspecting into the bedroom, and they obviously had not heard me. I stood there paralysed as I took in the scene. My husband with Miriam, his own sister.

It was Miriam who saw me first. She tried desperately to both cover her nakedness and warn Clive. As she pushed him away from her groin he half-turned and caught sight of me. I saw the blood drain from his face and he knelt stock still with his face remaining half turned to me. It was like a snapshot taken unexpectedly, the people in the picture frozen in time. It is a scene I shall carry with me for all my life.

Nothing was said for at least thirty seconds, and I could see Clive's erection fading like a punished dog skulking away into a corner. I was the first to break the silence. "What the bloody hell do you two think you're doing?" I screamed.

At the sound of my voice Clive made a dive for his clothes and started to try to drag them on to cover his nude vulnerability. He was shaking so much that he fumbled, putting on items inside out, and making himself look ridiculous.

It was Miriam who made the first verbal response to my yelled question. She had obviously decided upon the brazen approach. "All right, so you've caught us, so what?"

All ready feeling unwell, my mouth was dry and I was shaking all over. I gasped out, "How long has this been going on?" Miriam, a note of hysteria rising in her voice, came in to the attack. "If you must know, you stupid cow, its been going on for years. Its been going on from before you got married, and if you're too deaf and blind not to have seen it, that's your problem."

Clive, now partially dressed, tried to stop her. "Miriam, don't..." Miriam cut across him, "You haven't got the guts to

tell her so I had to. Its time it was out in the open, and if she doesn't like it, she knows what she can do."

She turned on me again. "You've put me down long enough with your patronising, high and mighty ways, you snooty bitch, well now you know that your loving husband prefers me to you, so why don't you just pack your things and piss off!"

Miriam had been widowed five years after her marriage. That was nearly ten years ago and I had wondered why no other man had entered her life. She was good looking in a sensual sort of way but now I knew the answer to my "Why" question. She had been screwing my husband.

There now ensued an exchange of insults battered back and forth at the tops of our voices, while Clive made desperate efforts to stand between us. At one point, I struck out at him, leaving a red weal across his face and me thinking I had broken a couple of fingers.

Miriam began her own re-clothing process, and as she got naked off the bed, another snapshot impinged itself on my brain. Her body unmarked by child bearing, her breasts standing out firm and proud, unlike mine, which carried the faint marks of Jamie's birth.

Eventually I staggered out from the room, went into the toilet, and vomited. When I finally came out of the toilet and washed my face, Miriam had gone.

The Flight.

Clive, now left to face me on his own, started yammering and stammering out obsequious apologies and explanations. If I had not been so angry, distraught and confused, I might even have had pity on him in a contemptuous sort of way. As it was, I did not want his apologies or explanations.

The very last words I spoke to him as I threw some clothing into a bag, were, "You filthy, incestuous bastard. Don't you ever come near me again. Don't try to see me or speak to me."

With the few things I had packed, I rushed out of the house with Clive yelling out, "Where are you going?" I climbed into my car, and took off down the street. I made no conscious decision about where I was going, but at some point became aware that I was heading for the beach holiday shack 400 kilometres away.

I suppose I was going to a place where I would feel secure. A place where I might hide away in my misery, living over and over again the awful vision of those two as I walked in on them. I wanted to see and hear no one, and the beach

shack was the very place, isolated as it was, and 40 kilometres from the nearest small town.

Of the drive to the shack, I have no memory, except continual flashbacks to the bedroom scene. I wept, and how I managed to drive through a constant blinding veil of tears, I do not know. I must have been a hazard to everyone else on the road.

I arrived at the shack well after it was dark. We normally only used the place during the warmer weather, but now, unseasonably, an icy wind was coming in off the sea.

We kept a small stock of tinned food, blankets and some items of clothing at the shack, so I would be all right for a few days at least. My main practical problems were money and what to do about my job. I had run off with only what was in my handbag, which amounted to a few dollars. How I was to get more I did not know. I could contact the company and ask them to forward what was owing to me, but that would not last long. In any case, there was no telephone at the shack, and the nearest post box was some 10 kilometres up the road where there was a small group of houses and a combined, post office, garage and shop.

These problems, however, were for later. On my arrival, I felt ill and exhausted. I had not eaten for hours, and although

I was not really hungry, I opened a tin of beans and ate half of them. After that I got into bed and tried to sleep.

I was fortunate in a way because I felt so unwell I went to sleep quickly, but my sleep was full of nightmare images of Clive and Miriam making love and laughing at me as I stood looking at them.

Next day I was, I suppose, rather delirious. I staggered about the house, lighting the wood fire and carrying in fuel from our stockpile. I ate little and vomited several times. I managed to drag the couch in front of the fire, and covering myself with a blanket, slept fitfully for hours, waking only to refuel the fire.

The next few days went by in a haze of physical and emotional misery, but as the sharp edge of my wretchedness started to blunt, the practical problems began to emerge. "What was I to do? Where could I go? I can't stop here for ever." I had always felt so secure, with Clive doing most of the decision making, and via my job having money of my own. Now I was cut off from these things.

Of course, I could have gone crawling back to Clive, but for this, I was too proud. Even if I did go back, would his sexual relationship with his sister cease? If it did stop, would there be other women? The thought of any physical contact with

him still sickened me. I knew there was no way back along that route for me.

The Arrival.

As the mist in my head began to clear, I tried to recall how long I had been at the shack. I worked it out to be five days, and even with my frugal eating, the supply of food was looking much depleted. I would have to go to the nearest town and spend my few dollars on some supplies and petrol for the car.

I decided that if I was going to the town, now was the time to write a letter to my employers, telling them I would not be returning, and asking if they would forward what was owed to me to the little post office. I could pick it up there.

I was in the midst of writing the letter when I heard a vehicle coming down the track from the road, and approaching the house. "My God, its Clive. He's worked out where I am." I felt sickness returning to me. I did not want to see him, and above all, I did not want him to touch me. As these thoughts passed through my mind, the door opened, and my son, Jamie, walked in.

"Thank God I've found you," he burst out. I had risen, and he came to me and took me in his arms. "I've hunted for you all

over the place. What the hell is going on? I got home from my trip and found the place empty. I waited all that night and next day for you or father to turn up, then I contacted anyone likely to know where you both were. Nobody knew anything, or if they did, they were not telling. I finally found dad at Aunt Miriam's. All I managed to squeeze out of him was that you had had a row and you had cleared off. He said he didn't know where you were."

So, my question about the future and Miriam was answered.

Jamie went on, "I looked around the house and saw some of your things, and most of dad's, were gone. So please, what's happening?"

I led Jamie over to the couch. How was I to tell him about the situation? Could I say, "I caught your father fucking his sister, and so I've left him"? True though it was, it is a hard thing to say to a young man about his father, so I began, "I found it necessary to leave your father."

Of course, that begged more questions than it answered, and Jamie was not going to let it go at that. "Why, what did he do?" I tried the escape hole of saying I found out Clive was having an affair, but Jamie did not let it rest at that. Finally, it was all out.

Jamie was not as shocked or surprised as I thought he would be. He said he had wondered from time to time why his father spent so much time at Miriam's, giving only feeble excuses for the visit. He had also come home a few times to find Miriam with his father, "Looking as if she owned the place."

I felt rather foolish that I had not taken note of these things, but I suppose I am not the suspicious type. I took Clive and our marriage vows on trust.

Jamie and I talked on for some time and I suddenly remembered that I had intended to go for supplies. With Jamie now with me, this errand was even more necessary. He had announced he was on three weeks leave, and now he had found me, he said he would like to stay for at least a week. I told him about the need to shop and the money problem, and he responded, "That's okay, I've got plenty." We went together to buy.

The Way of the Flesh.

Jamie had been with me for two days. Whatever physical sickness had ailed me had cleared up, and the emotional pain had diminished to the point where something like normal functions were operating.

The weather had changed and the atmosphere warmed up considerably. Jamie, who would hardly leave my side, came with me for walks along the beach and inland through the trees that came close to the beach.

The exercise and fresh air began to invigorate me and this started to reveal a problem I had not allowed for; my sexual needs. Clive had not been an ardent lover for many years, the reason for this now being obvious, but he had satisfied me to some extent. Without him what was I to do with my sexuality?

Jamie and I had decided that if the weather remained warm, we would go off to a nearby cove the following day for a swim. That night I had to masturbate for the first time since leaving Clive.

The weather favouring us, we went off for our swim next day. As we expected, the cove was empty apart from ourselves. We changed into our swimming gear in front of each other. As I looked at Jamie, with his fine body and, I must say, his very adequate male organ, I felt myself getting aroused. I pushed the thought away, and we took our swim.

After our swim, we lay sunning ourselves. I went into a doze, and when I woke, it was to find Jamie leaning on his elbow looking at me. I smiled and asked, "Time to get back?" Jamie,

still looking at me, said, "Mother, I think you look terrific." I came back with a bit of false modesty, and pointing at a birthmark said, "I'm not so sure about that. Look what you did to me." Jamie leaned over me and kissed the mark I had pointed to. "I know I can't kiss it better," he said, "so I leave my mark on you for a second time." We both laughed.

I laughed, but at Jamie's kiss a warm ripple had run along my spine, finally coming to rest in my vagina, and causing a little throb in my clitoris. The place he had kissed was at the top of my thigh and close to my sexual organ.

I decided that we had better break up this situation and said hurriedly, "Let's get dressed." I started to take off my swimming things, but this time tried to do this so that Jamie could not see my more provocative parts, like my breasts. I did, however, see that Jamie had an erection. "My God," I thought, "I'm arousing my own son."

That afternoon I took a solitary walk along the beach. My mind was in a state of confusion. On top of my trauma over Clive and Miriam, I was now experiencing sexual feelings for my own son, and it seemed, he was feeling the same towards me.

I was vulnerable and feeling the return of my sex drive, and alone with Jamie in an isolated shack. I did not fear that he

would rape me or make any sort of sexual move towards me. What I feared was what I might do.

An argument raged back and forth in my mind as I endeavoured to come to terms with my feelings. "You love Jamie, you have always loved him. Yes, but it was a mother's love without sexual content. Are you sure it had no sexual content? No, but it was never conscious. There are many incestuous relationships between mothers and sons. But they are unnatural. Are they unnatural? Surely, sexual intercourse is one of the most natural outcomes of real love. But it is against the law. Certainly, but that concerns those not having reached the age of consent. In any case, if incest is so unnatural, why do we need a law for it? What about Jamie? He is standing by you, but you saw for yourself he wants you. What about the pain he feels wanting you, but not able to have you?"

So, the argument raged on within me. One side was countering the other. The very thought of Jamie entering me roused me to a terrible pitch of sexual desire, and I had to slip into the bushes abutting the beach to masturbate.

As you will no doubt know, masturbating does little to relieve sexual tension when you desperately desire a loved person that is denied to you. Such was my case, but I knew that it was me who was denying myself to Jamie. I was as

sure as I could be that if I offered myself to him, he would take me.

I have often wondered since how many mothers have denied themselves the fulfillment of the love they have for sons. They may deny, but I am sure they live a lifetime regretting they had let the chances pass, perhaps many times.

We passed the evening in an atmosphere of growing sexual tension that was almost physically palpable. That morning, we had momentarily glimpsed each other's naked bodies, but I realised that the feelings this had sparked in me, and I was sure in Jamie, was but the culmination of feelings long hidden from each other and ourselves.

At last, we went to bed. I masturbated in a desperate effort to reduce my sexual tension and tried to deny myself a vision of Jamie as I orgasmed. It did not work. As I turned on my side to try to sleep, I heard a distant cry from Jamie. It was a drawn out, "Ahhaa." I knew it was the cry of a man ejaculating. My heart went out to him, but like a coward, I did nothing but sleep very badly.

The morning revealed the night of poor sleep. We were both very edgy, and seemed to be trying to avoid any physical contact or even verbal exchanges. Each of us, when we

thought the other was not looking, let our eyes roam over the bodies we longed to possess.

It was a beautiful day, the sun heating the atmosphere and tempting me to suggest a swim to cool off, but I dared not. I wished I had a one-piece swimming costume available to give maximum cover of my body, but I only had my very tiny bikini, which would make things worse for Jamie. His little swimming shorts were designed to barely cover his manhood, so I would be suffering as well, especially if he had an erection.

Finally, it was Jamie who suggested the swim. I thought to tell him I would stay behind, but the temptation to see his young vital body again got the upper hand, and I agreed to accompany him.

We went to the cove and in changing, tried to hide from each other. We had our swim and then lay in the shadow of a rock. As on the previous day the cove was deserted. By now I was in a terrible state of sexual arousal and looking across at Jamie I saw his huge erection.

I think I must have lost my mind temporarily, I could no longer hold back. I cried out, "Oh Jamie, Jamie, I want you so badly," and I came over him kissing him passionately as he responded and we were almost trying to consume each

other. My hand went down to remove his briefs and take his penis and he moaned, "Mother, mother, I need you so much." "I know, my darling," I whispered.

His hand found my opening and penetrated. How I wish I had the words to express the release this simple contact brought to me. I had been turned back at the very gates of hell, to find myself in paradise. We both wept as we caressed and fondled each other. Jamie took off my bikini. It was that first time, insane exploration of each other, that betokens the longer and slower searching of each other's bodies that is to come in the future.

Jamie was moaning and crying out, "Mother, I love you. I love you mother. I want you, I need you." His head came down between my opened legs and his tongue found my clitoris. I was begging and pleading with him, "Jamie, come into mother. Come in my love. Please don't make me wait, I want you so badly. Love me, my darling."

He said, "I do love you, mother," then he penetrated me. His long, thick manhood fitted tight to the walls of my vagina, and I was screaming as I tightened my vaginal muscles around him, holding on to him as if I would never let him go. It was a battle between us as he fought the grip of my muscles to slide his penis up and down in me.

I felt his orgasm approaching and releasing myself from all restraint I came with him. We screamed and wept as we passed through this wondrous climax. I felt his sperm hammering in and my own fluids pouring out of me. It was like nothing I had ever experienced before. All our denied and pent up passion found its towering fulfillment in that moment. Then we were momentarily sated. Jamie held me, burrowing into him, as we murmured words of love to each other.

What Cannot be Denied.

I think that once you have loved as Jamie and I loved that afternoon, there is no turning back. Only death can separate two such lovers, and even then, a spiritual affinity continues. I also think that it is a rare thing for two people to find themselves in each other as Jamie and I did. Mostly we settle for second best as I had with Clive.

Both Jamie and I now knew that our future destiny lay with each other. How that was to be worked out practically we hardly knew, but worked out it would be. The spiritual bond between us had always been there, now we were united in a physical bond.

For the rest of Jamie's leave from work we were hardly sexually separated, and even when we were physically apart, it was as if we were still in union.

As the time came for Jamie to leave, our plans were laid. Granted there were complications, but in simple terms, our arrangements were these: I would divorce Clive. Jamie would purchase a house that would in part be paid for from whatever the settlement was with Clive. I should go and live with Jamie.

The settlement of affairs became a bit more urgent when I was found to be pregnant with Jamie's child. I was thirty-nine, and I was warned that this was rather late in life to give birth, but I went ahead, just as I have with two more since then.

I was so certain of Jamie's love that I determined I would never use any contraceptive method, and had Jamie tried to use something himself, I should have prevented him. So, whereas I had always gone to great lengths not to get pregnant to Clive, once Jamie was born, I would always be open and without any barriers for Jamie.

I would always have been happy to carry within me the fruit of our love, but sadly, after the third child I bore Jamie, I was told there would never be any more. This did nothing to diminish our lovemaking. We are as urgent in our need for each other as we ever have been.

A Postword.

My little story of loss and the finding of love is now told. I have but one thought to add. I wonder how many mothers and sons have failed to find the love Jamie and I have, because they fear?

The Grove of Love, Desire & Freed

"Breathe normally and count from ten backward."

A mask came over my face; "ten-nine-eight - - seven - - - six - ---- fi..."

I was floating down a long tunnel that was swirling with all the colours of the rainbow. There seemed to be no up or down, and I revolved slowly as I moved towards a white light that I thought was the end of the tunnel.

I felt no discomfort or anxiety, only a sense of weightlessness and peace. Only one aspect seemed odd. I felt both inside and outside myself. It was I floating down the tunnel, but I

also seemed to be outside myself watching my body as it turned gently in its progress.

The light at the end of the tunnel drew near and I drifted smoothly out into a wide-open space. As I emerged from the tunnel the two selves, the observed and the observer seemed to come together as one, and I stopped turning to land lightly on my feet.

Looking round I found myself to be in an extensive garden riotous with varicolored flowers. There was a grassy pathway that led towards a grove of laurel bushes and dark green Cyprus trees. I set off in the direction of the grove and noticed that my feet were bare. I then became aware that I was naked, yet felt no urge to seek something to cover myself with. All around me seemed to be in a state of primal innocence in which there was no good or evil, virtue or vice. I was pervaded by the spirit of the place, and felt a wonderful purity of heart and freedom.

As I drew near the trees, I saw, without surprise, the tall figure of a man approaching me. He wore a simple long green garment reaching from his shoulders to his ankles. His raven hair flowed down his neck, to cascade over his shoulders. As he came towards me, his feet seemed hardly to touch the grassy path.

When he drew near, I tried to determine his age. It was a fruitless effort. He seemed neither young nor old. I felt that he was as young as the present moment and as old as eternity.

He raised his arms as if in blessing. "Welcome, daughter."

"What is this place?" I asked.

"This is the Sacred Grove of Atis, goddess of fruitfulness and love. I am her high priest, Amak."

"Why am I here?"

"You are a chosen one of Atis, to serve her."

"Serve her, how?"

"That you shall learn, daughter. Now you have a decision to make. You may return to the place from whence you came, or may come with me into the grove, where you will be initiated into the Circle of Atis."

I tried to remember where I had come from, but could only recall physical pain and heartbreak.

"I will come with you, Amak."

We entered the cool shade of the Cyprus trees, and as we walked along we came upon people, many of them couples walking hand in hand, and again exhibiting the same ageless quality as Amak. I asked him how this could be.

"In your world," he said, "people wear masks they call 'personality' to cover the real self that lurks beneath the surface, and to deceive others. Those, like yourself, who come to this place, yet are enamoured of the lies and deception of the place they have just left, choose to return. They return to a world in which in time the marks of their inner corruption will rise to the surface, until all can see what they have kept hidden."

"Here, we wear no masks. What is on the inside is also on the outside. What we say is what we mean. Where there is no inner corruption, there is no outer corruption."

He pointed, and looking in the direction indicated, I saw, with no feeling of astonishment or shock, a couple copulating on a low grassy bank. They murmured to each other as they clung together. I could not hear the words, but by the look on their faces, I think they must have been speaking of love.

"You see, my daughter, nothing is hidden here. Nothing needs to be hidden. In the other world, such a sight would have given rise to derision and jealousy. Foul jokes would have been made, the couple perhaps arrested."

"Here we see only the beauty of a man and a woman united in sensual love. Either of them can say to the other, 'I desire you,' and if that desire is returned, they love as you see them now."

"Love!" I felt a pang of sadness.

Amak said, "Yes, we know, daughter. You gave love to one who did not return it and who deserted you when the pain first came upon you. Then you withheld your love and body from one who desired you, despite your inner desire to be at one with him."

How he knew my thoughts I did not know, but he had spoken the truth. My love had been spurned by one and withheld from another. I recalled the feelings and the occasions of my rejected love, and my refusal to give myself, but I could not remember with whom. Only the memory of the pain and misery remained.

Amak touched my forehead. "Be at peace now daughter. Here you shall give and receive freely and openly."

As I felt his touch and heard his words, the pain faded, and I became at peace with myself and all around me.

As we proceeded deeper into the grove, I saw other people copulating, men with women, men with men, women with women, and love seemed to sing in the air. There seemed to be many pregnant women, and children playing everywhere. I commented on this to Amak.

"Yes, daughter, we serve Atis the goddess of love and fruitfulness. We desire to be fruitful, and our women delight in their fecundity. To carry a child within them is an occasion to rejoice. You will see for yourself how happy are those who are with child."

We came to a small glade, and through it coursed a stream.

"The Brook of Tranquility," Amak said. "Here will begin your preparation for the initiation ceremony."

"What is this initiation, Amak? Is it frightening?"

I knew that in the other world initiation ceremonies, especially those performed on women, could be agonising.

"Have no fear, daughter, all is gentleness and peace here."

He pointed to a wide low couch set under a bower.

"There you will lie from sunrise until the sun is at its zenith. We know that your desire is for men and not women, so any man who desires you may approach you and be joined to you, but, should you not desire the man, you need say nothing, for he will know and not come upon you. If Atis blesses you, she will fill your womb with child."

If all this had been said to me in the other world, I would have been horrified. I knew there was one who had longed to impregnate me, and I had refused him entry into me. It was strange that I could recall the circumstances, but was unable to conjure up the face and form of the one I had turned away. And to be taken with multiple penetrations would have frightened and disgusted me in the other world, but here, it seemed right and proper to give myself in this way.

Amak had drawn me to one side of the glade where there was a little arbour. Two dazzlingly lovely young girls stood there.

"These wood nymphs will attend you, daughter. Their names are Scilla and Rehmanna. They will tend you well. Now I must leave you but will return just before dawn tomorrow to take you to the place of initiation. Sleep in peace, daughter."

The sun was now low on the horizon and Scilla said, "Sister, we must cleanse you in preparation for tomorrow's initiation."

They each took one of my hands and led me to the brook. I was invited to step in, but the water looked cold.

"Step in, sister," said Rehmanna, "you will find all is well."

I put my foot into the water, and it was neither cold nor warm, but simply soothing.

The two wood nymphs stepped in with me and began to wash me. They were particularly careful to cleanse my organs of reproduction.

The two of them kept up a barrage of cheerful chatter, telling me how fortunate I was, and how on the morrow I was going to be loved as I never had been loved before.

People passed by, some of them men who stopped to look at me. They seemed to need no words to communicate desire. I felt desire for some of them, but the nymphs shooed them away saying, "Our sister is an initiate, and no man may come into her until tomorrow after sunrise." The men went on their way.

When my purification was complete, they dried me with soft towels, and then, taking me back to the arbour, they took a cloth from something standing there that I had not noticed before. It was a large mirror, but like no mirror I had ever seen before. It seemed to be made of burnished metal of some kind.

"Look at your reflection, sister," said Scilla. "See how beautiful you are."

I looked, and was amazed. In the other world I had been forty years of age and worn down by sickness and anxiety. I had born the marks of childbearing on my stomach and thighs. Lines had started to appear on my face – yet still he had desired me, but who was it that had desired me?

Seeing myself now, the lines, the marks of childbearing, all gone, I saw the face and form of a lovely ageless woman, her breast ripe, her body as sensual as a panthers.

I turned to the nymphs, but before I could ask my question they giggled and Remannia said, "It is as Amak has told you, the beauty that is within you is now open for all to see."

Scilla gave another giggle. "Many men will desire you tomorrow. You must sleep now to be rested for the initiation."

I looked for somewhere to sleep, but saw nothing resembling a bed or bed covers.

Again I was about to question the nymphs, and once more, they were before me.

"Just lie down, sister, and all will be well," said Remannia.

"But there are no covers," I protested.

"And you will need none, sister. Here the very air will cover you."

I lay down as bidden, and she was right. Beneath me, the ground was soft and yielding and I felt myself secure and at peace as a weightless mantle seemed to embrace me. I slept.

Scilla gently shaking my arm and saying, "Sister, Amak is here," awakened me. "You must eat and then there is the final lustration."

Amak came into the arbour and looked at me. "Peace be with you, daughter. You look more beautiful than even we could have thought. Surely Atis will bless so lovely a child as you."

I was given slices of something that looked like bread, but tasted like nothing I had ever experienced. It satisfied and seemed to energise me.

When I had finished eating I was taken to the brook again, and my organs of reproduction were once more cleansed.

Amak took my hand, and with the nymphs following, he led me to the couch I had seen the day before.

"Lie down here, daughter, the sun is about to pass above the horizon."

Remanniah placed a loose cloth on the couch and I lay down and found the couch moulded comfortably to my body.

Amak approached and bent over me, first kissing my genitals saying, "May Atis bless your womb." Then he kissed each of my nipples saying, "May Atis grant you a fountain of milk to nourish the blessing that you may receive from her."

Finally, Scilla gently stimulated my clitoris to ensure I was well lubricated.

The sun was up, its rays filtering through the branches of the Cyprus trees that surrounded the glade, and I could hear the murmur of the brook. The nymphs sat on the grass beside the couch, and Amak departed saying, "I shall attend you again when the sun is at its zenith."

I lay waiting and people began to gather in the glade. A man approached and whispered to me, "I desire you, sister."

I spread my legs wide and laid my fingers on the outer lips of my vulva, parting them to indicate he could enter me.

He bent to kiss my breasts saying, "I thank you Atis for this gift of beauty."

As he came over me, I studied his face. I felt I knew that countenance, but my mind could not focus on where and when I had seen it.

I took his erect organ into my hand and guided him into me. He began slowly as if relishing me. There floated into my mind dim memories of violent and abusive couplings – but where? When? With whom?

He was very tender and I felt pervaded with love. His ejaculation was preceded by a gentle moan and ended with a sigh.

He stayed with me for a minute or so, but already there were other men desiring me.

The next came upon me, and repeated the breast kissing and the giving of thanks to Atis. Again, I knew the face.

Having witnessed my first coupling he was more highly aroused and ejaculated into me more speedily than the first man.

During the first hour I received seven men, each with a face I knew – the face of one I longed for – one I should have...should have what?

I wished that the couplings could have been longer and had been preceded by pre-penetration loving, but there were many men waiting who desired me.

At the end of the hour the nymphs arose and Remanniah said, "You must rest for a little now, and be cleansed."

Strangely, I did not feel tired or sexually sated. I had undergone three orgasms, and was eager for more.

The nymphs had gone to the brook, and now returned with bowls of water and cloths. My vagina must have been full of sperm, but they explained that they could not cleanse me after each injection of semen, as the blessings of the goddess must have time to work.

The loose cloth was soaked with sperm and my own fluids, and was replaced.

After a while it began again. I was puzzled that I did not weary of the penetrations and that each face that came over me was one I knew.

At intervals I was rested and cleansed, and the loose cloth changed, until the sun was high in the heavens. Amak

returned. One last man approached me and I heard Amak say, "Her initiation is almost complete, then she will be free among us."

How many men had penetrated me I do not know, for I lost count, but I continued to puzzle that I was not tired of them. Always I was ready for the next one.

The last man came upon me and I felt his penis enter. I looked at his face, and again, it was one that I knew but it seemed to grow dim. I looked up at the trees and a haze had come over them. Everything around me seemed to be vanishing. Then, it started to whirl round and round and I was falling...falling...

There was a voice a long way off saying something that I could not distinguish at first, then it grew clearer: "Wake up, wake up, it's all over."

I fought to return to the couch and the man who had just started to penetrate me, but it was all gone.

I opened my eyes slowly and saw white walls. I was in a bed, and my eyes, as they focused, took in a picture on the wall at the bottom of the bed. It was the picture of a glade surrounded by Cyprus trees, and there was a naked woman lying on a couch with two nymphs sitting beside her.

I looked up, and there was a face bending over me - a face I knew. It was the face of all the men who had entered me in the glade and for a moment, I thought I had managed to return there.

A voice said, "All over mother and it's wonderful news. They believe it was benign. They've got to make some tests, but they say you will be a new woman."

I was struggling to clear my head of the anesthetic after affects. "A face and voice I knew. A 'new woman'. Yes, I have been made a new woman in that world of Cyprus trees and love. What is on the inside being seen by all on the outside."

"Michael?" My mouth felt dry and my tongue thick and heavy, making it hard to form words.

"Yes mother? I'm here."

I felt his hand take hold of mine. "I...love you...Michael."

"Yes, I know you do, mother, and I love you."

The one I had shut myself away from. The one from whom I hid my desire...hid it even from myself. "He loves me...does he still desire me? Am I free now to respond to his desire?"

The world of the Cyprus trees had faded, but those three words still sang in my head, "Love." "Desire." "Freedom."

"A new woman!" I said aloud.

"Yes, and when you have recovered from all this, I'm going to take you on a long holiday."

"Michael, will you take me to where there is love, desire and freedom?"

I saw a puzzled look on his face, then he said quietly, "I shall try to, mother."

"What is on the inside will be on the outside, Michael."

Again he looked puzzled and taking up my theme in the way he understood it he said, "For a woman, who has just had a serious operation, your outside is looking pretty good now."

"It will look even better before long, my love."

With his hand still holding mine, I drifted off to sleep. I did not dream of the Cyprus world, but of Michael and what would be. Perhaps Atis would bless me?

The Hands

"The fools, the stupid uncaring fools. " I was beside myself with rage. The manager of Ironside Castings, the foundry my son had just started working for, had arrived on my doorstep to announce that my son had had an accident and that both his hands were crushed.

He was full of apologies that in no way placated me. His father and I hadn't wanted Stephen to work in the filthy place, but he had been determined. He had ambitions of becoming a metallurgist, and saw working on the foundry floor for a while as a good starting point before undertaking formal academic studies. And now, just a few days into the job, a casting he was working with fell and crushed his hands, and they had carted Stephen off to the Royal City Hospital.

I listened to what the manager had to say, and then gave expression to my thoughts. I think my words and manner

left him in no doubt about how I felt. He departed, still mumbling apologies. I rang my husband who was away on business. They had to call him out of a meeting. I tried to break it to him carefully. "Darling, Stephen has had a bit of an accident at work." My approach didn't help. George knew quite well that I wouldn't have rung him at that time of day on a minor matter.

"What? What is it? What's happened?" I had to give such details as I knew.

"I haven't seen him yet," I explained, "but I'll go to the hospital as soon as I put the phone down.

"Should I come home?" George asked anxiously.

"No," I answered, "wait until I've been to the hospital and found out how bad he is, then I'll give you another call and we can decide then."

I rang off, changed my dress, and drove to the hospital.

Stephen, when I saw him, was very pale and sorry for himself. I kissed him, and asked how he felt. "Not good, mum. They hurt like hell." I had been trained as a nurse, and

so I had some idea about the meaning of his injuries. They would immobilise his hands for some time to come.

A nurse entered and loaded a syringe. "This will probably make you sleepy," she said, as the contents of the syringe went in. She turned to me, "If you would like to see Doctor Anderson when you're leaving, I can take you to him." I thanked her and she departed.

The effects of the injection were beginning to show by now as Stephen's eyes drooped and his speech slurred. "I'll leave you now, darling," I said, "I need to phone your father to let him know how things are. Would you like him to come home?" Not a really good time to ask any questions, but Stephen mumbled, "No, he'll be home in a couple of weeks, it's okay."

The nurse took me to Dr. Anderson. We shook hands and he invited me to sit. Coming straight to the point he said, "His hands are badly injured, but they're not quite as bad as they look. I need to have some further x-rays taken, but I think I can safely say that given time, his hands will be fully mobile. There'll be some scars, but I'm fairly sure that will be all." I let out a long sigh of relief.

He went on, "After the initial treatment, there's no reason why Stephen shouldn't go home, providing there's someone

there most of the time. You see, he won't be able to use his hands for some time, so he'll need help." I explained my nursing background and he smiled and said, "Excellent. We'll keep Stephen here for a few days and see how he goes. Then make a decision."

Arriving home I rang George and explained the situation, and suggested that he complete his business before coming home, as there was nothing he could do at the moment.

I paid daily visits to Stephen, doing my motherly comforting thing. We had always been very close, even to the point that I had to be careful not to arouse George's jealousy. I tried to imagine how it would be not being able to use your hands, and made tentative adjustments to the household.

On my fifth visit, it was announced that Stephen could come home next day. When I went to pick him up his hands were plastered. When we got home, I began to discover just how immobile he was. He couldn't feed or dress himself, although after a couple of days he did devise ways around some of these problems and all I had to do was zip or button him up.

One embarrassment for him was my having to get his penis out when he wanted to urinate, and getting his trousers down and cleaning him up after he defecated. My nurse

training meant that I had no problems about these tasks, but one job in particular proved initially awkward. It was showering him. We needed to keep his casts dry, and me too for that matter. We tried with his hands outside the shower and covered with waterproof plastic, and this worked to some extent, but I got soaked.

After a couple of tries, it was finally decided he should have a bath instead. This worked well except for one embarrassing matter for Stephen. On reaching puberty, he had gone into shy mode, and it was only now I again saw his penis. I recognized that it had grown since my last sighting of it, but Stephen was very self-conscious. It was made even more disconcerting for him when, every time I washed his manhood, it began to stiffen. He apologised profusely and I made noises about being a nurse and all that.

About the fourth time, this happened I realised that it was not only embarrassing for him, but also distressing. I knew he usually masturbated regularly to give himself sexual relief and I could see that this was now impossible with those hands. I had also noticed when I made his bed in the mornings, a sticky patch where he must have discharged during his sleep.

I am not afraid of the male organ but have always been careful not to overstep the bounds of propriety, especially where my son is concerned, so I approached the subject very

carefully. "Darling, that must be very uncomfortable for you."

"Oh God, yes," he moaned. I touched his penis and said, "Would you like mother to fix it for you?"

"He looked at me unbelieving for a moment, then seeing I was serious said, "Oh, would you mum, would you?"

"Of course," I replied.

I took his organ in my hand and began to stroke it. I had of course done this with George many times during our love making, so I knew how to chime into the rhythm of the approaching male orgasm. I felt Stephen's orgasm drawing near and speeded up my stroking, and as I did he started to groan, "Oh mum, mum, mum, don't stop, don't...Aaah."

His sperm shot out and cascaded down onto the bath water and my hand. When he finished, he leaned over the edge of the bath to lay his head on my breast as I knelt beside him, and said, "Thank you mum, that was wonderful."

After that, relieving him in the bath became a daily ritual and his gratitude were very touching.

Things changed when one day, instead of masturbating him in the bath I waited until I was drying him. As he started to come, he suddenly pressed himself against me, the sperm pouring out against the lower part of my belly. As he moved away, I could see his sperm on my dress slowly running down it.

His apologies were profuse, but I shushed him, telling him it was all right and not to worry as the dress would wash, but I had not missed the significance of what had happened. I had thought that while I masturbated him he was fantasising about some girl or girls. Until this moment, it had not occurred to me that I was becoming the object of his desires.

I was now in quandary. Should I cease relieving him, or carry on as if I didn't know what was happening? The other side of the matter I was still to some extent hiding from myself. Now, with the safety of time, I can confess that I was starting to become involved.

While George was away on his trips, I used a vibrator or dildo to give myself relief, and as I had my orgasm, I fantasised that it was George in me. Over the last couple of nights, the fantasy had become Stephen. I conjectured that despite the belly pressing of this morning, Stephen would not make any bigger moves, so it was up to me.

Again, I approached it carefully. Next morning I waited until I was drying Stephen after his bath, and said, "Darling, let's go somewhere more comfortable to relieve you." He made no discussion about this, and simply said, "Okay." I took him to my bedroom with the big double bed, and getting him to lay on his back, I began to use my hand on him.

As I felt him starting to move towards his orgasm, I took the big chance. I had chosen my clothing carefully that morning. I had on a full skirt and no pants. This was to make it easier to execute my plan. I took my hand from his penis and moving quickly I sat astride him and inserted his organ into me. Stephen stared in unbelief for a moment, and then, as I began to move up and down on him he started crying out, "Oh God, mum, mother, oh God... yes... oh yes...yes." He came with what sounded like a shout of triumph, shooting great bursts of sperm into me.

I had not come myself, but was content to wait. I had seen the pleasure he had experience with me, and I thought, "He'll want more and more of me now, plenty of time for my gratification."

I waited until I was sure he had slackened in me, and lifted myself from him. He lay still, saying over and over, "Oh, thank you mum, thank you, I've wanted you so badly." It was intensely moving and I found myself with tears in my eyes. My feelings were of gratitude that I had been able to

give my son the beauty of a woman's body, and understanding that there was sure to be more to come.

I was not wrong about more to come. That afternoon Stephen came up behind me and put his encased arms round me. "Come to bed with me again, mum," he whispered. We went together to the bedroom.

His hands being as they were, he could not do much to me. I deep kissed him and then lowered my breasts to his mouth so he could suck my nipples. I took his penis into my mouth and sucked and licked until I thought his orgasm was near then, denying him fulfillment at that moment, I sat across his face and lowered my vagina to his mouth saying, "Lick me there, my love." Not being able to use his hands, he tried to use his arms to drag me tighter and tighter against his mouth and flickering tongue. I could feel he had all the makings of a wonderful lover, and I was now determined I would be his teacher.

His oral stimulation of me brought me to my climax. I screamed as I crushed my vagina against his face, rubbing it all over him. When the climax had passed a little I went astride him and inserted him into me. He spurted with the same gushing orgasm as earlier in the day.

As the days passed and the time for George's return home drew near, I began to realise I had unleashed a monster in him and a veritable sexual demon in myself. Stephen could not leave me alone. He wanted me in the morning, afternoon and at night. Where he got the energy and sperm was a mystery to me. Not that I objected to this situation, on the contrary, I was enjoying myself hugely.

George had always been a more or less adequate lover, just about, and only just about, keeping me satisfied, and there was one area of sexual penetration that we both delighted in, but I had not shared with Stephen. But more on that soon. Now, with Stephen, I had found the true dimensions of my carnal needs, and dreaded having to give up the satisfaction I was getting with my son.

A decision had to be arrived at, and in the end, I was probably the one who had to make that decision. Should I stop the sexual relationship with Stephen? Should I try to arrange things so that we could carry on in secret? Should I tell George in the hope he would understand my needs? Should I leave George in the hope that Stephen would remain with me as my lover?

Other questions arose; would Stephen always want me as he did now? Probably not. What would happen when he returned to work and had his days filled with activity? Suppose he met a girl? How long could I look forward to a

sexual relationship with Stephen? Was I merely a fill-in while he was incapacitated?

These thoughts raced around in my head, and the time for a decision was very close. I determined to be open with Stephen about my questioning, so a couple of evenings before George was due home, I opened the discussion with him.

To my frankness, he responded with equal candor. "Mother," he began, "I want the sex with you to go on. I don't know how we could go on living in the same house without it. Knowing what we do about each other, and seeing each other every day without having sex would be hell for both of us."

"On the other hand," he went on. "I don't want you to leave dad, nor do I want you to tell him about us. In either case, I think it would just about destroy him. The thing is, could you cope with both of us? I don't know how often you and dad have sex, but let's just say, twice a week, "

"Three times usually," I interrupted. "All right then, three times, " he went on. "We've been having that amount and sometimes more every day. Could you handle that and dad as well."

Emotionally these were two men I loved, so from that perspective I felt confident in my power to cope. I pointed out that once he returned to work, Stephen would probably not want me so often, so I anticipated no problem on the grounds of my physical ability to survive. Any sensual woman can easily handle two men.

Stephen went on to point out his father frequently had to go away on business, and that would leave us free to indulge each other. At other times, we should have to take opportunities as they arose.

It seemed then, that from Stephen's point of view, we carried on, but with reduced frequency in actual intercourse. I admit that this is what I wanted to hear, and so I agreed. For the remaining time we were alone we took full advantage and made love even more frequently.

George arrived home in the afternoon a couple of days later. He wanted to take me immediately, but couldn't because Stephen was there, so we had to wait. Stephen and I had come together twice that morning, and George took me twice that night. The second time he used anal penetration and this is what I had not done with Stephen.

I don't know if you will think this odd, but I felt that something had to be reserved for George alone, and as a

consequence, I have never had anal sex with Stephen. Actually, he has never attempted it with me, but I suppose I could have approached him and, given the way he hurled himself into all other aspects of sexual play with me, he probably would have taken to anal sex as well.

Eventually Stephen's hands healed, and as predicted by the doctor, there was little to show but a few scars. With the freeing of his hands, more delights were added to our love making, and now, as I write, it is three years since Stephen and I came together in sexual love.

Once he started work Stephen's desire for sex did diminish a little, but there are times when he comes home from work, arriving about an hour before George gets in, and almost rapes me on the living room couch. I love it.

As to my sexual stamina, well, I usually have sex about twice a day, and believe me, where the heart is; the body doesn't have too much difficulty following.

I some times wonder how George would take it if he knew. Given his predilection for anal intercourse and Stephen's satisfaction with vaginal penetration, it could be an interesting threesome. Well, we'll see...!

The Hard Road of Love

Prologue

My story is what the title indicates; one of love and the hard road that love can entail. It concerns a number of people all of whom have effects on each other, even though they may never meet. You will meet all of them.

Meet Stephanie.

To say that Stephanie is lovely is to understate the truth about her. It is not just to say she is physically lovely, although she is certainly that. If you must have some details, then be satisfied with a couple. She has those most beautiful of colour combinations of black hair and blue eyes. I add, that the rest of her is very nicely arranged.

Stephanie's loveliness extends beyond the physical to include a bright and sparkling personality in addition to which is a depth of character. Some people may possess one or two of these qualities, but to have all three is not so usual.

That Stephanie is the sort of person she is might seem suprising since her parent's marriage came to an end when she was ten years old. After that, her mother took in a series

of live in lovers who, starting when she was about twelve, all had a go at groping Stephanie.

It might have been the very sordid nature of this situation that caused Stephanie, at age fifteen, to come to a resolution she never wavered from until forced to do so. She resolved that her virginity would be a gift from her to the man she married. Unusual by today's standards? Yes, but surely not completely unknown.

In the course of time, and by dint of her own scholastic efforts, Stephanie qualified as a Pharmacist and fortunately gained a position in a 24-hour Pharmacy near the flat that she was renting.

Enter Francesco.

Being the sort of girl she is Stephanie was never short of dates with men, but none of them had ever struck just the right note for her. Most of them seemed to anticipate easy sex with her, but she fended off all pleading, bullying, bribing and soulful weeping.

Then one day Francesco entered her life. He came into the Pharmacy with a prescription for his mother and was served by Stephanie. His dark good looks and sparkling black eyes immediately thrilled her. They engaged in a little light

banter, and he left. Other girls working in the shop made giggling remarks about this young man putting his shoes under their bed, but I am afraid they had little hope of that.

Stephanie did not altogether forget Francesco after he left. He kept popping into her mind's eye, and this made the day rather pleasant for her. If she thought that this was the last she would see of him, she was very wrong. The next day he marched boldly into the Pharmacy and asked for her by name – she wore a badge with her name on it – and when she came to him, he announced in an oddly stilted sort of way, "My name is Francesco, and I would like you to come with me to see a film tonight."

Stephanie was somewhat taken aback by this abrupt invitation. She pointed out that she could not discuss the matter just then, but if he could meet her at lunchtime, they could talk about it. He agreed to this, and they duly met, and went to see the film that evening.

I do not wish to linger long on the details, but one date led to another and after an initial attempt to get her to have sex with him, he tried no more. The whole thing started to take on the appearance of an old fashioned courtship. Francesco plied her with flowers and other small gifts, and it culminated in Francesco announcing that his parents would like to meet her, so she was to come to dinner next Saturday.

Francesco had an interesting way of making an invitation sound like a command.

Francesco met her at her flat, and escorted her to his home. If she had any doubts about the reason for the invitation, they were soon clarified. It was a general appraisal of her person. Was she a catholic? (She was in a perfunctory sort of way). Why did she live alone? Where were her parents? Most embarrassing was the mother's attempt over washing up to discover the condition of Stephanie's hymen through a series of questions about boy friends in the past.

The visit over, Francesco escorted her back to her flat, kissed her good night in the rather courtly way he had, and departed.

Another royal command was issued for the following Saturday. This time there were no further questions, and after the meal, Stephanie found herself alone with Francisco for about ten minutes. Francisco made economical use of this time and, taking a small box from his pocket and opening it, he announced, "We shall be married." The box contained an engagement ring.

Now to be fair to Francisco, Stephanie had not only fallen in love with him, but made no attempt to hide the fact from him. In fact, she had come to adore this handsome but oddly

restrained young man. Given the situation Francesco probably had some right to expect a positive response, and this he got.

When the parents returned to the scene, Francesco announced the engagement, and the usual kissing and hand shaking took place. Thereafter dates were fixed, priests were seen, and all the other pre-marital activities carried out.

Meet the Boys.

It was at the time of all this activity that Stephanie found herself doing the evening shift in the Pharmacy for a couple of weeks. Her flat being only a couple of streets away, she usually walked between it and the Pharmacy.

One night, having finished work, she was walking home when she passed three parked cars. She took no particular note of this, as cars were often parked thus. It was just after she passed the third car that she heard doors being flung open, she was seized and dragged into the car. As she struggled and screamed a blindfold was quickly wrapped around her face and a hand clamped to her mouth.

The car took off, followed by the other two that had been parked behind it. She was taken to a local reserve, dragged out and flung onto the ground. For a moment, hands held

her down, and she saw woolen Balaklava helmets covering faces. Then an iron bar was placed over her throat, and a voice said, "One sound out of you, bitch, and we press this so you can't breathe."

Their method of removing her clothing was to cut it from her. Police afterwards conjectured that cloth cutters shears had been used. She tried to plead, to tell them she was a virgin, but this only resulted in pressure from the iron bar on her throat.

The first to enter her ripped through her hymen. When he finished he must have seen blood on him from her deflowering, and a voice said, "Look what the filthy bitch done to me," and a kick crashed into her ribs.

How many men took her she could never afterwards say, perhaps ten or a dozen. The other two cars had followed them, and all three were packed with men. For Stephanie it was a nightmare of pain and humiliation. She thought they would never stop.

When they had finally finished with her, she heard someone say, "Better kill her, so she can't talk." "Another voice said, "Na, she ain't seen nothin." The iron bar was removed from her neck, and another kicked smashed against the side of her head. She sank into merciful black oblivion.

She was found, still unconscious, by two would be lovers seeking seclusion in the reserve. As she surfaced from unconsciousness some three hour later, she at first saw everything through a mist. As this cleared, she saw first a nurse standing beside the bed she was lying in, and at the bottom of the bed a man in a white coat. It came to her that she was in hospital. A female voice said, "She coming round."

Stephanie's personal world was one of excruciating pain. She in fact had sustained two broken ribs, a badly bruised head but fortunately no fracture, a bruised throat with some inner damage, a raw and bleeding vagina, and other cuts and bruises resulting from the savage treatment she had received.

She felt a slight prick in her arm, and within seconds, she slipped off into a deep sleep.

Meet Francesco's Father.

When Stephanie awoke from her sleep, she saw through the haze Francisco sitting beside her bed. Turning her head, she saw a policewoman sitting on the other side. The haze cleared, and the policewoman asked, "Do you feel like answering some questions." Stephanie, who was

experiencing the return of pain, did not feel in the least like answering questions, but never the less replied, "Yes." And so it began.

In the following days and weeks she was subjected to seemingly endless police questioning. Some of it sympathetic, some of it suggesting that somehow she had initiated the rape. Apparently the suffering and humiliation of the rape was not enough, it had to be added to.

Francesco visited her everyday, bringing flowers and fruit. He sat holding her hand and speaking words of comfort and love. His parents came to see her but for the most part sat silent.

After a couple of weeks, the worst of her injuries had started to heal, and she was released from hospital with instructions to come back for further treatment and tests. Francesco drove her to the flat and escorted her in. He did not stay, saying he had something he must do.

During the following week, there was no visit or communication from Francesco, but on Sunday night there was a knock at the door. Anticipating Francesco, she was surprised to see his father standing there. She invited him in and asked him to sit. He refused the offer of a seat and stood, coming brutally straight to the point. "My son cannot marry

you, you are no longer pure, you are defiled. The ring please."

Stephanie was numb with shock. Hardly realising what she was doing, she removed the ring and he snatched it from her and left. Stephanie stood swaying in the middle of the room as coldness swept over her. She fell down in a faint.

How long she remained unconscious she didn't know, but when she came to she tried to crawl to the toilet. She failed to reach it, and there, on the living room floor, she vomited, defecated and urinated.

A Tragic Interlude.

Stephanie returned to work about a month after her discharge from hospital. One good piece of news was that no pregnancy had resulted from the rape. But too much had been done to Stephanie. Her work colleagues and friends noticed and commented on the changes in her.

From being the loving vital young woman she had been she went into herself. There, deep in her psyche she nursed the evils that had been done to her, especially by men. The rapists, Francesco's father, and Francesco himself, too cowardly to stand up to his father. Was this the love of men?

The hatred grew within her. At work, she tried to avoid serving people, relying on other staff members to bring the prescriptions to her. Prescriptions were safe, they did not hurt or rape. Socially she refused all invitations to parties and gatherings. Shut away in her flat, her old friends and acquaintances gradually fell away, apart from a few whom had really loved her, and these all female. She would admit no men into her company unless circumstances forced it. Even then, she treated them with disdain and given the slightest opportunity lashed them with sarcasm.

She moved from her flat to a small house, perhaps because a house was more isolated. She didn't have to talk with neighbours, and those who initially tried to welcome her into the street, were sent away hurt and puzzled.

Stephanie lived her life as far as possible in isolation from her fellow human beings – she lived a dark and emotionally pain wracked existence.

Meet Gerald.

Gerald was one of Stephanie's neighbours, but had not been among those who tried to welcome her to the street. He nursed his own pain, but not in the same way that Stephanie nursed hers.

Gerald is about 5 feet 11 inches tall. Not of exceptionally powerful build, and quite pleasant looking in a freckled, snub nosed sort of way, and no, as far as I know he doesn't have a gigantic one.

As to his personality, he is a happy outgoing sort of person. The sort who would always help or do a good turn for others if he could. At least, that is how he had been until his tragedy.

His situation is easily summarised. After two years of courtship, he had married his beloved Angela. On the second day of their honeymoon she had stepped out in front of a truck and was killed.

Gerald was beside himself with grief. He cried out to God, but God gave him no answer. He begged for God to give him Angela back, but God withheld her. He offered bribes to God. "I'll pray everyday." "I'll read the bible from cover to cover." "I'll go to church every Sunday." God was not moved by these offers.

Angela he had loved deeply – as deeply as any human being can love another. She had returned this love in abundance. They had engaged in sexual intercourse from very early in their relationship, and though both of them had been

sexually active with others before they met, they found something in each other they had not experienced before. Put briefly, their sexual activity was the expression of, and not the source of, their love.

Once begun, their sexual relationship was exclusive. In most other aspects of their lives they could and did include others, but not sexually. Their fidelity was absolute. The loss of Angela, quite apart from the appallingly tragic circumstances, meant for Gerald the loss of his other half. Those words are often used factiously by husbands and wives, but for Gerald and Angela, it was the truth.

As Gerald began to crawl out from under his mountain of grief, he seemed to revert to a former time in his life. He went to every party he was invited to where he usually got drunk. He screwed every willing girl on offer. He fucked them wherever he could, and if possible brought them back to his house for the night.

The trouble was, he was still seeking Angela, and when he woke in the morning with the latest conquest beside him, he not only had a hangover, but also a load of guilt because the girl was not Angela. This gradually developed into a self-loathing that he tried to deny by engaging in even more boozy parties and girl screwing.

His life had just reached this point when Stephanie moved in next door. Learning from those who tried to welcome Stephanie, that she was a miserable isolate, he ignored her presence next door – that is, until "the great outcry."

It happened like this: One day Gerald had finished some shopping at the local supermarket and was on his way out of the store. Ahead of him, he noticed his neighbour, Stephanie, who was clearly struggling with a package and two or three bags. Knowing her reputation in the street for rejecting people, he hesitated to offer assistance, but had just decided to do so, when one of the bags dropped from Stephanie's grasp. The contents of the bag spilled all over the pavement, and Gerald hurried forward to assist her.

Stephanie had knelt to try to retrieve her goods and Gerald came down beside her. He began to pick up various items, when he became aware of Stephanie staring at him, then with shocking suddenness she struck out at him and screamed, "Get away from me you filthy beast, you animal. You were one of them." Being a bit off balance, Gerald fell over onto his back. Stephanie continued to punch and kick at him as he tried to defend himself. She was screaming over and over again, "He raped me, he raped me."

A crowd began to collect around them with some trying to calm Stephanie. The arrival of two police officers dispersed the crowd to a distance where they could watch but not

interfere, and gradually calm was brought to the situation, except that Stephanie, still kneeling, was now crying hysterically. Gerald, half-stunned from hitting the back of his head on the ground, was still on his back.

As the situation was sorted out, an ambulance arrived and took Stephanie away. The police officers had heard the cries of "rape," and so Gerald was put into a police car and taken away to be questioned.

Stephanie's identity had been established soon after they arrived at the police station. Since the police had never been able to identify Stephanie's assailants, they were very interested to talk with Gerald. After several hours of relentless interrogation, Gerald was released to go home, with a warning he would be required for further questioning soon.

A bewildered and frightened Gerald went through the motions of living for the next five days. He went to work and came home in the constant dread of a police order to come in for more questions.

On the sixth day, he received a letter from Stephanie. She had been taken to a psychiatric nursing home for treatment. Gerald has kept the letter, and has allowed me to quote it in full:

Dear Mr.Knight,

It is with the deepest and heartfelt sense of guilt that I write to offer my sincere apologies for the recent events. Can you ever forgive me for the terrible accusation I made against you?

I have told the police it was a false accusation based on nothing more than my own unhappiness and bitterness. I think they had already come to that conclusion.

I shall be in this place for a while yet, but when I come home, and if you can bear to see me, I should like to make a personal, face to face apology. Will you let me do that?

Believe me

Yours Sincerely

Stephanie Farr.

Stephanie and Gerald.

Gerald was deeply moved by the letter, and realising that what had occurred had represented a crises in Stephanie's life, he wondered if he should visit her in the nursing home. Being a bit doubtful about this he began by phoning the nursing home to enquire about Stephanie's progress. He did this a number of times over the next few days, and finally asked if it would be all right for him to visit, explaining his involvement with Stephanie. He was told they would ring back and let him know.

They duly rang, and he was told that Stephanie's psychiatrist thought it might serve a very useful purpose for him to visit. Feeling somewhat nervous, he took a bunch of flowers, and paid the visit.

This began a new phase in both their lives. As people will when they begin to gain confidence in each other, they told their stories. Stephanie was working her way through her feelings with the psychiatrist, but perhaps it was through Gerald that she gradually began to allow herself to become her old self again. Never completely, of course, because no one can go through those events without some modification to their personality, but that modified personality can take on a full life of it's own.

Through this contact with Stephanie, Gerald worked through his own problems. One evening, as he was leaving Stephanie, he gave her a goodbye kiss. This kiss lingered a

little longer than a goodbye kiss required. Gerald refused a couple of party invitations in the following week, and his visits to Stephanie became daily.

On her return home, a new restraint on their relationship came about. It was rather like one of those shipboard romances that when the trip is over, the two romancers don't know each other any more. Not that Stephanie's and Gerald's relationship would be classified as "a romance" at that stage.

It was Stephanie who broke through with an invitation to Gerald to come and have tea with her. Over tea, they began to search each other out again. Other invitations, like seeing a film together, going to concerts, and joining friends for a drink followed the tea invitation.

Poor Gerald had given up his passing sexual partnerships and was getting extremely frustrated, but now he had his eye firmly on the target. Stephanie, who if she had the support and love of Francesco might have recovered long ago, had locked away her sexuality. Yet even so, she gradually began to release the chains she had bound so firmly round it.

Gerald, understanding her trauma, never made any overt sexual approach to her. They kissed, they hugged, but he waited for her to come to him. One night, as he sat with his arm around her, she started to cry. He comforted her, asking

what the trouble was. She said quite simply. "I have lost the gift I wanted so badly to give to the man I married."

Having talked through so much together, Gerald knew precisely what she meant. He thought for a while, and just when it seemed he would not respond he said thoughtfully. "What they violently stole from you, was a piece of flesh. What they couldn't steal was your love."

That night, for the first time, and at Stephanie's urging, they made very gentle love.

Epilogue.

A couple of weeks ago I dropped in to see Mr. and Mrs. Knight and their two children. I wish you could see how two people whose lives were nearly destroyed, one by human evil, the other by tragic accident, have helped to rebuild each other. Stephanie is perhaps lovelier than ever. Gerald, never the world's best looking, is full of bounce and good health. As for the children, well, you can just imagine.

The Heart of a Child

I slammed out of the flat and without waiting for the lift, hurtled down the stairs to emerge into a back alley. Leaning against a wall, I vomited.

She had not been expecting me as I was supposed to be away for a couple of days on a job. The trip had been cancelled and I thought to give her a pleasant surprise. It was a surprise all right.

Letting myself into the flat at around 10.15 p.m. with the key she had given me nine months before, I found the place seemingly empty. She normally went to bed around 11 p.m., but on the off chance that she had retired early I went to look in the bedroom.

Opening the door I saw that the dim reading light by the bed was on, the one we kept on when we made love. Then I saw them. The bed covers were turned back and they lay naked, his mouth over her nipple and hand searching her slit.

It was she who became aware of my presence and gave a little shriek. He turned away from her breast to look at what had startled her and she struggled to sit up, covering her breasts with a sheet.

For around twenty-five seconds we stared, paralysed. She tried to say something, but I turned on my heel and fled.

When I had finished vomiting and had cleaned myself up with my handkerchief as best I could, I went in search of my car. I roared off with a screaming of wheels and nearly cannoned into another vehicle as I turned the corner of the street. I told myself to slow down. No point in getting killed – or was there?

My name is Brendon Carter. I am aged thirty-two and work for a small firm of consulting architects, specialising in high-class restoration and extension work. I have the grand title of "Junior Partner."

As an architect, I kept an eye open for what was happening in the world of art, and met Rosemary at an exhibition of modern art. She is an artist, and we got talking about one particular painting, and one thing leading to another, we arranged to meet again.

After years of on again off again affairs and one nightstands with a lot of women, I began to date Rosemary regularly. It took a month of dating before we made love for the first time, and to cut a long story short, I fell deeply in love with her.

I decided that this was it. She was the one I could spend the rest of my life with, so I asked her to marry me and she said, "Yes."

From that moment on I was scrupulously faithful to her, and assumed that she was the same to me. We had been due to get married about a month after the night I discovered her in bed with the man. In a split second, my world fell apart. The home we would have built, the children we would have, the joy in each other's company, the love and love making – it all came crashing down.

The question beat incessantly in my head, "If she did it this time thinking I would not be around, how many times had she done it before when I was away, and how often in the future would she do it?"

I was not about to find out.

As befitted an architect, I had a modest but distinctive house in one of the more affluent suburbs. Arriving home the phone was ringing as I entered the house. Unthinking I answered it, and Rosemary's voice sounded in my ear: "Darling, don't be silly, it was only..."

I slammed the phone down, not wanting to hear her excuses.

I felt ill, and was caught up in grief for the loss of my hopes and the betrayal of my love and faithfulness. I slopped out a glass of whisky and took it in a gulp and felt even worse.

The phone rang again, and I didn't answer it. I rang several more times until I unplugged the connection.

I did not sleep that night, but lay on the couch seeing over and over again the mental image of the two of them in the bed, his lips on her nipple, hand searching her cunt. Beating in my head was the word, "Slut, slut, slut..." And I wept for my lost love. In the morning, I restored the phone connection to contact the office to say I was unwell and wouldn't be in that day, and failed to disconnect again. Almost at once, it rang, and thinking it might be the office returning my call, I answered. It was she. "Darling, you're being very childish and old fashioned..."

I cut her off.

Two days later a letter arrived from her. I shall not bore you with the whole epistle, but in substance it said that she had gone to an art exhibition, got talking to this man, they had a bit too much to drink, and "You know how it is, darling! And after all, it had only happened once."

Yes, I knew how it was, and could prophesy how it was likely to be in the future. I suppose a major factor in these situations is our pride. Falling in love is to open oneself to the other person in such a way as to be hopelessly vulnerable. To be in love is to be exposed to the other person, to tell our deep secrets, to make our confessions along with our avowals of love and fidelity, and also to rejoice in the hopes for the future.

Along with this is the pain and anguish when separated from the beloved one. The constant glad thoughts of the other's presence in one's life, and the guiltless rejoicing in the act of love making.

I had loved and been betrayed. In a few seconds, my little world came crashing down, and I began that most dangerous and futile of all emotions, to hate. After my day of grief stricken self-pity, I returned to work, a depressed and heartbroken wreck, pale and unshaven. I began not eating properly and my concentration failed me, a dangerous fault in an architect.

I felt constantly unwell and became subject to diarrhea. My colleagues looked at me curiously, trying to work out what was wrong. I confided my pain in no one, but Rosemary did confide in a mutual "friend".

Rosemary had made several attempts to contact me, all of which I failed to respond to. Her final fling was to send the friend to see me. This lady no doubt meant well, but in her attempt to comfort me she made things worse, and certainly betrayed Rosemary's confidence.

"Darling," she said, using the empty term of affection used so blithely in the art world, "Didn't you realise? Rosemary's been doing what she has always done, and been screwing around behind your back. You know very well she's not much of an artist, she'll never make any money with her work, and she saw you as a nice comfortable bankroll. You've had a lucky escape, you silly boy."

She went on to deliver what was, I suppose, Rosemary's real message. She would forgive me my silly behaviour if I came to see her and apologised. She would still love to marry me and we would have a wonderful time together – or words to that effect.

I heard the "friend" out, said I wanted to hear no more of Rosemary, and bade her goodnight. I wept again, but this time for my naive blind stupidity, my inability to see when I was being duped.

Thoughts of revenge crowded my mind, but eventually I found the maturity to dismiss them. In fact, I did not need to

manufacture my own revenge, as nature did it for me. The last I heard of Rosemary was just twelve months ago, and I learned that she had become HIV positive, the result of an unprotected promiscuous life style. By that time, the only emotion I felt for her was pity.

My work became increasingly sloppy, and this led to my being called into the office of the senior partner. He was kindly in his approach, saying how he had noticed I had been looking very "off colour" lately. He went on to praise my work which, until recently, had been very satisfactory, but..."

The upshot was, I had to hand over my present assignments to "Young Carstairs." He went on, "I think a couple of weeks in the country would do you the world of good. We've had a request from a Mrs. Meredith Blye-Smyth to do something about her place. The 'old duck' doesn't want to make the place larger but, would you believe, wants to make it smaller without spoiling the character of the house."

I failed to see where a "couple of weeks in the country" came into it. It sounded like some big place in the well-off suburbs, with the owner intending to sell off part of the land for old people's unit, or some such project.

Then the partner enlightened me. "The place is up in the High Country, about 50 kilometres from a small town called, 'Bindi Bindi.' Some ancestor came out here in the eighteen fifty's gold rush and struck it rich. Instead of wasting his wealth on whores and gambling like most of them, he was stoical enough to head for the High Country and start rounding up brumbies (Australian for wild horses). He got lucky again and made money. As result, he built a copy of an English Manor House called Blye Manor up there in the hills. It has been passed down in the family and finally came to the "old girl" who wants us to do this job."

I didn't like the sound of this, especially as it was really a demotion, and the place was at least a couple of days drive, much of it through mountain terrain with winding dirt roads.

I started to protest, but the partner cut in.

"Brendon, its this or your resignation. Look, the job will take two...three days at the most. The old girl has said you can stay at the house, and I don't want to lose this contract because of what might follow."

I looked at him quizzically.

"Those hills have got lots of imitation English manor house and places like that. There are a lot of wealthy buggers buying them up for country retreats. If we do a good job on this one – and the old dear sounds as if she's loaded – there could be more of this sort of work coming our way. When you've finished you can take off to wherever you like for the rest of the fortnight. It's Tuesday today, you can start on Friday. I'll phone her to let her know you'll be there by Saturday."

I seemed to have no alternative but to take on the project. I had some comfort in the fact that I would get away for a couple of weeks, so putting a brave face on it, I accepted.

As I left the senior partner's office he called after me: "By the way, someone told me she writes arty farty novels that no one but university English lecturers want to read. I believe you like that sort of stuff – just thought you might like to know. Give you something to talk about with the old girl. Get on the right side of her."

For the next two days, I busied myself handing over my projects with bad grace to "Young Carstairs." Friday morning I began the long drive to the High Country and the "old girl", Meredith Blye-Smyth's English style manor.

The first day took me across the low coastal hills, then out on to the plains beyond. A seemingly endless ribbon of road stretch in front of me, at times nearly lulling me into sleep. Thoughts of Rosemary kept jerking me into wakefulness, and I dwelt upon my bitter memories of that night. I had decided that women were not to be trusted, and I would have no more to do with them.

The High Country appeared on the horizon, bare mountaintops rising above forests of gum trees like baldheads above Tudor ruffs. It was evening and low dark clouds brought on the darkness even before sunset. I stopped at a third rate motel in a small township, the name of which escapes me.

As I signed for my room the scruffy motel owner commented, "There'll be snow up there in a couple of days," pointing a dirty thumb in the direction of the mountains. I had not taken account of this. It was early in winter, and I should have thought of that, but I comforted myself with the hope he was wrong.

The room I occupied was intensely forgettable, and that is what I shall do, forget it.

Next day I began the climb up the winding hill's roads. I now had to concentrate on driving. It was that, or a long fall down

sheer drops. I reached the town of Bindi Bindi around midday and stopped for a meal at the pub.

I asked about the state of the road to Blye Manor. I was informed that the bitumen road ran out about twenty kilometres the other side of Bindi Bindi. Beyond was the dirt road.

I was reassured that this dirt road was "in good nick," as the grader had been up there for the last three weeks, "Getting ready for the season." By that was meant the skiers who would pass that way going to the snowfields.

I was told once more, "She'll be snowin' before long, mate."

I began the final leg of my journey, ascending by a tortuous road with bends that made you almost double back on yourself. I came to the end of the bitumen and entered upon a well-graded dirt road. The twists and turns got more agonising and I began to wonder if I would ever reach my destination.

I passed a grader working on the road and got a wave from the driver. I now discovered that despite the length of time the grader had been working on the road, it had not got any further than where I saw it. From now on, the road was pitted with potholes and corrugations.

At last, with relief, I saw a sign pointing to Blye Manor. I turned off the road, and to my surprise found myself on a sweeping bitumen drive. It curved down to a little valley, and looking across at the other side of the valley, I was amazed to see the house set on a plateau, looking as if it had been transplanted in miniature form from rural England. I stopped the car to take in this strange sight; a bit of England set in the Australian High Country bush!

Starting off again I drove up to the house, parking my car on the drive before the front door. I went up to the door and pulled on the old-fashioned bell handle. There was a tinkling sound from within, then the sound of footsteps approaching.

A woman who in the dim light seemed to be aged in her late twenties or early thirties opened the door. "Mr.Carter?" she queried.

"Yes, I've come to do some work for Mrs.Blye-Smyth."

"I know," she replied, "I'm Meredith Blye-Smyth."

I almost shamed myself by blurting out something like, "But you're not old enough," but managed to stop myself in time.

We shook hands and then she stepped out onto the front steps and looked up. "It'll snow before morning," she said, then stepping back into the hallway went on, "Let's go down to the kitchen, we do most of our living there. It's warm and I've got a meal just about ready for you."

I followed across the echoing hallway, down a short passage and through a door into a brightly-lit room. I had noted the word "we" when she invited me to the kitchen, and I wondered who the "we" was. Now I found out. A little girl about three or four sat by a log fired cooking stove, playing some sort of game with wooden blocks.

"This is my daughter, Amanda. Amanda, come and say hello to Mr.Carter."

Amanda rose and approaching me solemnly said, "You can kiss me on my cheek, Mr.Carter."

I behaved appropriately and received a wet kiss in return.

In the light, I was able to make a preliminary survey of Mrs.Blye-Smyth.

She stood about five feet seven tall. Slender, with a heart shaped face, serious brown eyes, slightly turned up nose and

a mouth that seemed ready to smile but didn't. Her most striking feature was the cascade of auburn hair that fell in wavy disarray down her long neck and over her shoulders.

I did not consider her beautiful or pretty. I think "striking" was the word that came to mind.

The kitchen seemed as large as some houses. The equipment was somewhat old fashioned, but scrupulously clean. The oddest feature was a very up to date computer on a table in a corner. It looked strange in its setting.

I was going to ask a question and began, "Mrs.Blye-Smyth," when she interrupted me, "Please, call me Meredith. Mrs.Blye-Smyth is such a mouthful."

"Then you'd better call me Brendon," I replied.

That settled I forgot my question, and Meredith began to serve my meal. I expect it was a good meal if her later offerings are anything to go by, but I was so busy taking in my surroundings I hardly noticed what I was eating.

Actually it was not so much the room and its furniture and fittings that engaged my attention, but Meredith. She moved with such grace. She seemed to have the suppleness and flow

of a ballet dancer. I forgot for a while that I was supposed to be a misogynist, and enjoyed watching her move around the kitchen performing commonplace tasks. If she had nothing to recommend her regarding looks, her movements would have captivated, but she did have looks.

Managing to remind myself that I had no further interest in women, I wondered whether we were to start talking business that evening. Questioning Meredith, she suggested that we wait until the morning, when she would explain fully what she wanted done.

Amanda was taken off to bed and on her return Meredith and I sat by the cooking stove. I decided to use the piece of information the senior partner had given me, and said, "I understand you write novels."

"Yes," she replied, "novels no one seems to want to read." I simply gave a questioning, "Oh?"

"People say they are too heavy, whatever that means. It's strange, but the closer I come to writing from actual experiences, the less people believe what I write." We talked on for an hour or so, then it was time for bed. I had not moved the car since my arrival or brought in my suitcase and other gear. Meredith suggested I put the car in the garage, as

"It will snow before morning." I began to think, "People up here have a snow fetish."

She came out to show me the garage and help me in with my things.

I was taken to a bedroom with a large double bed, and was informed, "This is the old guest room."

I was surprised to find it quite warm given the dropping temperature outside. The reason was a hot water radiator fed from a back boiler in the kitchen stove. Radiators were located in all the bedrooms.

I slept well that night for the first time since the Rosemary incident, but before dropping off I found myself thinking of Meredith, and had to speak sternly to myself.

The morning proved the prophets correct. A thin layer of snow lay on the ground. I made my way to the kitchen and found Meredith and Amanda were already up, and Meredith getting breakfast.

"Hurry up, Amanda," Meredith said, "Mrs.Armitage will be here for you soon. She's spending the day with one of our neighbour's children," she said, addressing me. It had not

occurred to me that there were any neighbours in this wild country, and I said so.

"Oh yes," she replied, "There are a lot more people here than you might think. There are the ski slopes not far from here, and they have quite a large permanent staff at The Lodge. Then there are some farmers in the valley just over the back of the mountain behind us. There are some road workers, and some men who live and work at the Hydro Dam with their families. That's where Amanda is going."

Meredith went on to explain what the senior partner had already told me, that a lot of the houses scattered across the hills were being bought up by rich people, and used as country retreats. In addition, some houses had been bought to be used for seminars and training courses for managers and people like that.

She made the place, which to me had seemed a mountain wilderness, sound like a busy metropolis. When I strolled outside for a breath of air, I found it hard to believe that it was all that busy.

The thin carpet of snow stifled my footsteps, and the air seemed to crackle with the cold. Everything was still, and not even a bird seemed to be moving. Returning to the kitchen

and its warmth, we began the run down of Meredith's requirements.

They were simply stated, even if they were not going to be so simple in the execution.

First, she wanted the house to be reduced in size, which essentially meant the removal of additions that had been tacked on over the years. In doing this, she wanted the integrity of the house retained.

Second, she wanted to modernise the place, mainly by bringing in more electrical power and using portable gas containers.

Without even looking at the place I pointed out that what she proposed would be very costly. She laughed.

"I've got all the money needed to do the job." She gave another chuckle, "And it's not from novel writing. My family has been miserly for generations. They've hoarded money until it ran out of their ears. You'll only have to look at the awful, cheap additions they built to see what I mean."

Amanda being sent on her way with Mrs.Armitage, who announced, "There'll be more snow before nightfall," we

wrapped ourselves in our parkas and went on a tour of inspection. I saw how right she was about "awful additions."

I took photographs of the house from many angles, and made some preliminary measurements. This and my preparatory notes took up most of the day.

Mrs.Armitage's prediction came true, and about mid afternoon it started to snow again.

Amanda returned in time for the evening meal, having thoroughly enjoyed her day. She came and sat at my feet beside the stove and asked where I came from? Did I have any little children? Would I be staying long? And would I play a card game with her?

The card game was her triumph. She beat me every time.

This little domestic scene reminded me of what I had hoped for with Rosemary, and I felt a lump rise in my throat. I wanted to pick the child up and hold her, but realised this would be an uninvited gesture.

When she had gone to bed, I began a rough outline of what might be done to the place. Meredith listened intently, making intelligent remarks and suggestions. In the process,

I learned that she had only recently come into possession of the place and the family wealth. She did not intend to spend all her time in the High Country, and had a house in the city.

I slept well again that night. The senior partner must have been right about getting away to the country, but in the morning, a difficult situation presented itself. During the night, a tremendous snowstorm had come in, and a telephone message had let Meredith know that the road was blocked in both directions and would remain so for some days. This meant I was stuck there.

I still had work to do, and fortunately, it could be carried out inside the house, but I was not sure I relished an extended stay.

For Meredith the snow meant that her domestic helpers were unable to get through, so anything that needed doing in the large house had to be done by those inside it. I questioned the food and fuel supply and was told that this was always allowed for in the high country, and there was plenty of both and would last for at least three weeks. "Three weeks?"

I rang the senior partner and told him of my dilemma.

"Oh well, old boy," he said, "looks like you've got your holiday in the country, doesn't it! See you when you get back.

Look after the 'old girl' won't you. Got a lot of business riding on her, you know."

He rang off.

I spent that day investigating the foundations of the place. Everywhere I went Amanda followed me wrapped in her parka. She said very little, but watched my activity with grave attention.

More than ever I wanted to hold her, to give her love, but I dare not. This was the little one I had so longed to have with Rosemary, but all that was dead. O God! Why give us the power to desire that which you so easily take away?

So deep was my hurt, that I could not even allow my self to have a moment of love for a little child. I wanted to be loved and to love, but...even a little one?

I proceeded with my work..."Please God don't let me feel ever again. Take from me this reproach of love. Let someone else love this child...O God, I wanted this so much...!

That night I returned to my pattern of broken sleep. This time not inspired by Rosemary, but by Meredith and Amanda.

My preliminary work was almost done, and if it were not for the snowfall, I would have been on my way. It had continued to snow, blocking the road even more, and the news was, that the snowplough would not be able to clear it at our end for at least three days.

Normally I would have returned to the office, prepared plans and drawn up specifications for presentation to Meredith. Unable to do this, I worked on the kitchen table making rough sketches of what I proposed, and trying to work out what the costs might be.

The kitchen was the warmest room in the house. During my inspection of the place I had passed through cold rooms that seemed not to have been used for some time, but they were furnished with items that would have raised a fortune at an antique sale.

Apart from the kitchen, the only rooms with any degree of warmth were the bedrooms, and even here, the hot water radiators were having a battle to keep the temperature up.

On the afternoon of the fourth day of my incarceration, I was working at the kitchen table when Amanda came and stood by me.

She put her hand on my knee and said; "Can I sit on your lap?"

I stopped what I was doing, and lifting her up said, "Of course."

Meredith was working at the sink and called across, "Is Amanda bothering you?" "Not at all," I replied, as Amanda snuggled up to me.

The child sat staring solemnly into space, in that way some children have, without speaking. I decided not to disturb her reverie but instead sat silent, looking at her. I could see that in adulthood she would strongly resemble her mother, even, I suspected, in the rhythmical grace of her movements.

Still staring Amanda said in a dreamy sort of voice, "When he's not busy my daddy will come to see me."

I had wondered about Mr.Blye-Smyth, if there were such a person and where he was.

Amanda followed up her statement with a question; "Do you think he won't be busy when the snow goes away?"

I felt rather than saw Meredith tense and not knowing the situation, but sensing distress, I played it safe, or at least that was my intention.

"I don't know, darling." The term of endearment was out before I could check it. "O God, why can a little child bring tumbling down our resolve never to love?"

Amanda drove the sword of her words even deeper. "Perhaps he will come soon!" There was a choking lump in my throat, so I simply said, "Yes."

She got off my lap and left the room to look for the cat.

Meredith spoke. "I suppose you've guessed that he won't be coming? She wonders why she hasn't got a daddy around like the children she plays with. Every day she asks me, 'Will he come today?'"

Without probing into what was not my business I felt I had no way of responding adequately, so I tried to return to my work, and found myself staring at the paper with tear blurred eyes.

On the fifth day I was still shut in, so I sat with Meredith for a couple of hours going over what I proposed for the house, and showing her my rough sketches.

"When I can get back to the office I shall draw everything up properly and send it to you for approval."

"No need to send it," she replied, "We shall be back in the city for a while when the snow is cleared."

I asked her where she lived in the city, and she gave an address in a suburb adjacent to mine.

I had reached the limit of what I could do until getting back to the office, so I had another prowling round the house, followed as usual by Amanda. There were books everywhere, and among them, I came across a novel by Meredith. I decided to read it. I might get some more insight into her, though why I should want to...? Well, whatever my reason, I tried.

The senior partner had been right, it was heavy going, but as I had started to read it in the kitchen and Meredith had seen what I was reading, I felt I had to slog on. Amanda had taken to either playing near me, or sitting on my lap and leaning against my chest. This evening she was playing with the cat, teasing it with a piece of wool.

Struggling with the thick text of the novel, I found my mind starting to wander. It had been over a month since I had last had sex with Rosemary. Since then, I seemed to have lost interest, but now I felt the pressure beginning to mount. I began to contemplate Meredith.

In the warmth of the kitchen, she wore only jeans and a cotton shirt. As she went about her tasks, I could see the movement of unbridled breasts, and I admired her slender waist, gently swelling hips and high tight buttocks. I wondered what her legs were like.

Since first meeting her, I had tried to find a word that would describe her. As I have said, she could not be called beautiful or pretty. "Attractive" somehow did not cover the case. The only word I could come up with was "Harmonious."

Even this did not really say what I wanted to say, but it was all I could think of. Her looks, movements, voice all seemed to be in harmony, regular, just right. The one exception was the wild array of her hair. It tumbled in waves and curls, shining and maddening. The very contrast to the rest of her made it seductive, and I wanted to bury my face in it, to feel and smell its sparkling cleanliness.

Amanda climbing on my knee interrupted my musings. When she had burrowed against me she asked, "You're not my daddy are you?"

"No, little one, I'm afraid I'm not."

"I wish you were my daddy."

"Oh God, I wish I was," I thought, but said, "That's a lovely thing to say."

"Would you like to be my daddy?"

How heart rending the innocent questions of a child can be! I said, "It would be nice."

"Would you come and see me when you weren't busy?"

Tears pressed against the back of my eyes. I knew Meredith was listening intently.

"Yes, darling, I'd come and see you even when I was busy."

"I thought you would."

She burrowed deeper, like a little animal hiding from a predator. We sat in contemplative silence for half an hour. What she was thinking I did not know, but there beat through my brain over and over again, "The child I might have had!"

Meredith said, "Time for bed, Amanda. Say good night to Mr.Carter."

"Good night, daddy."

It was too much, and pretending to go to the toilet I gasped, "Goodnight, darling," and fled.

I hid in the toilet for nearly fifteen minutes, weeping for her and myself. We had both lost something precious, and while I knew mine was lost for good, she still tried to cling to her hope.

When I mastered myself, I returned to the kitchen. Meredith was there, and without looking at me said, "I'm sorry about that Brendon. It must have been very embarrassing for you."

I said something trite to the effect that it was quite all right, then Meredith said, "I haven't asked you, are you married,

Brendon." "No," I replied shortly, then in a burst of imprudence asked, "Where is Mr.Blye-Smyth?"

She hesitated for a moment then said, "Mr.Smyth" (emphasising the Smyth)," is no longer in our lives, if he ever was."

I said nothing, waiting to see if she would go on. She did.

"He left me when I was five months pregnant with Amanda. Went off with a nineteen year old girl from his office, and has never even bothered to see his child...(she choked)...his lovely child..."

The tears came, the awful wrenching tears forced from the depths against one's will. I wanted to hold her, to comfort her, but could not bring myself to invade her private space. Coward, I feared she would repel me, add one more rejection to my life. So I sat, helpless to be of use.

She controlled herself and said, "Sorry, I don't often talk about it."

"It's okay," I said lamely.

Soon after I retired to bed. There went buzzing through my head thoughts of Amanda and Meredith. The focus finally came down to Meredith and I got an erection. I had to relieve myself with my hand, and as the pent up sperm shot out of me I had the vision of her before me, and I cried, "I want you, Meredith."

Next day the snow had stopped and we learned that the road would be clear within an hour.

I knew I had to flee this place. I was getting too involved. The child had got under my armour plating and I must get away. Worse, I had actually started to desire Meredith. I who would never desire woman again – never love again.

As soon as I had packed the car, I shook hands with Meredith and kissed Amanda on the cheek. "You'll come and see me when you aren't busy, won't you?"

I fled, barely able to see the still dangerous icy road.

I have no recollection of the journey home, but two days later I was back at the office a week before my leave was up. I wanted to bury myself in work, to excise the memories of those two in the High Country.

There was much hearty back slapping from the senior partner, "Got yourself snowed in did you?" As if I'd manufactured the snow!

I raced through the work and when the plans were complete got the office secretary to ring Meredith to let he know she could examine them and decide. The call to Blye Manor got no response, but the call to her city home did.

The secretary dropped me in it, because Meredith must have asked if I was in the office, and she said I was. "Mrs.Blye-Smyth would like to talk to you," she called out, so I had no alternative but to speak to her.

"Hello Brendon. I wonder if you'd like to bring the plans round to my house this evening, if you're not otherwise engaged. Come have dinner with us."

I was about to make some excuse not to go, but then she added, "Amanda keeps asking when you won't be busy."

The knife to the heart. I accepted.

The house proved to be a modest but well designed affair. I rang the bell and heard little feet running to answer it. There

was a struggle to get the door open, and then Amanda was there.

She extended her arms to me to be picked up. She kissed me and said, "You're not busy tonight, are you."

"No my sweet, I'm not busy tonight."

She pointed the way and we ended up in the kitchen, where Meredith was presiding over cooking pots.

"Sorry I didn't answer the door, but Amanda was so excited because you were coming, I had to let her answer."

We exchanged the usual "How are you?" formalities, by which time we were ready to eat.

Amanda kept up a barrage of questions and relating her own doings, so Meredith and I had little chance to talk.

After dinner, it was time for Amanda to go to bed. On Meredith's return, we got down to studying the plans. She seemed genuinely pleased with my suggestions and despite the huge cost that would be involved, asked me to put the job out for tender. She went on to explain that she did not

intend to live there, but once the work was completed, would advertise the place for lease. It'll suit some rich guy admirably," she said with a wry smile.

The business completed, I made to leave, but Meredith stopped me.

"Brendon, you ran away from us at Blye Manor, didn't you? I know because you told me you had a fortnight's leave, and you haven't taken it. You must have gone straight back to work. And you didn't really want to speak to me on the telephone did you?"

I tried to find a response that would not hurt her, but before I could get started, she went on:

"What I'm going to say isn't for me, it's for Amanda. You must see the effect you've had on her, and unless I am a very poor judge, I can see the effect she has had on you. She knows in her heart that her daddy is never going to come and see her, so she chose another daddy she thought would come. She chose you."

"I have no right to dictate how you should respond, but please understand that Amanda has focused her love on you. You have reached the heart of a child, and there is no more tender place than that in the world."

"I'm not trying to blackmail you, Brendon, but as her mother I felt you should be fully aware of what Amanda feels for you. She's even been boasting to her friends that her daddy was coming to see her today."

She stopped. Did she know how she had torn me to pieces, telling me what had been so glaringly obvious to me?

She spoke again, very low.

"Let me make it easy for you. Would you like to come and visit Amanda from time to time?"

"Yes."

"Good. If you could give me a ring just to make sure we are here when you call..."

"Of course."

"Do you want me to stop her calling you daddy?"

"No."

There was a long silence as we both contemplated what had been said, then: "If at any time you'd like to tell me what it is that has hurt you so badly, I'm a good listener."

"Thank you, but how did you know?"

"Because you ran away from us."

"Oh."

Thus began my regular visits to Amanda. In time, the three of us went out together – to the zoo, picnics, things like that. As trust grew, I was allowed to take Amanda on her own.

I made no move towards Meredith. After that sexual contemplation of her at Blye Manor, I had fought to set aside that aspect of our relationship. "No more women," I told myself for the hundredth time.

A turning point came one day while the three of us were out shopping. We had set out to buy a tricycle for Amanda. It was to be a fifth birthday present from me. Meredith decided she needed some item of clothing, so we went on to that department.

Meredith was just holding up a rather fetching piece of nightwear, when she froze. "What is it?" I asked.

"It's him!"

I did not need to be told whom she meant. It was her ex-husband. I looked over at the next counter and saw him.

I had once asked Meredith why she had married him, and she had answered very simply, "I mistook what I saw on the outside for what I wanted to be on the inside." I saw what she meant now. A tall, handsome man with dynamic looks about him. He glanced in our direction then began to turn away only to suddenly turn back. He focused on Meredith, then his eyes swiveled to me. I was holding Amanda's hand and I saw his eyes turn on her, dwell for a few seconds, and turn away.

A slight sneer flitted across his face and he turned to a young woman, pretty, but with a blank sort of face. He said something and she gave a brief laugh.

"You fool," I thought. "Don't you know what you're missing? The joy of having a child's little hand in yours. Trusting you, loving you. The privilege of guiding into life, to gradually

open ever expanding horizons. The sincerity of a child who in its naivete speaks the truth, good or bad, whose words of love are the most precious treasures one can receive."

In that moment I pitied and hated him. Pity because of all he had thrown away and hate because he had once had what I so dearly wanted.

"So that's the woman he left you for?" I said.

"No, she's the third since then. You see, he's empty inside."

Meredith was white faced and shaking.

"Come," I said, "Let's get you home."

By the time we arrived at her house, she had recovered some of her usual equanimity, but was still pale. Amanda went into the garden to race around on her new tricycle, and Meredith spoke.

"I always thought it would happen some day. I would see him. It's been a sort of dread, not knowing how I would react. Its over now and I don't have to fear it any more."

"What was it you feared, " I asked, being fairly sure I knew.

"I feared that the old love I had for him would still be there and I would have to go through the grief of loss all over again." "And now?"

"It was a shock, but when he could not even greet me, I only had confirmed what I had discovered long ago. He is a straw man. He looks good on the outside, but there's nothing of value within. In a way seeing him has finally set me free."

I wondered if I needed the same liberation from Rosemary, but I thought not. The circumstances were different. Meredith had been deserted when she was at her most vulnerable - the time when a woman needs care and security.

I had walked out on Rosemary and there was no unfinished business ...or was there. Was I not still a rejecter of women? But if I was, why did I associate with Meredith. Of course! It was for Amanda's sake - my beloved child...Mine?

Work on Blye Manor dragged on. I had to visit it frequently to keep an eye on the quality of the work and the progress. Amanda and Meredith would accompany me at times.

About twelve months after the work began, it was finally pronounced complete, and Meredith started the process of leasing it.

One evening when I had called on Meredith to get a final signature on a document to say she accepted the work, Amanda dropped a minor bombshell. She was now attending school, and was therefore in contact with a wider group of children. They obviously talked about their home life, and this gave rise to Amanda's explosive question.

"Daddy, why don't you live with us like other daddies?"

I groped mentally for an answer, and I could see Meredith was doing the same.

"Well...your mummy and I...we...we don't...we're not..."

Meredith tried to come to the rescue.

"We are a different sort of mummy and daddy. We like to live in separate houses."

"Why?"

"We just do, darling."

"Don't you and daddy love each other?"

"Well, in a way..."

"What way?" She turned on me, "Do you love me 'in a way' as well?"

"You know I love you very much." "You don't love mummy very much, only 'in a way'?"

The logic of a child can be very exhausting to we prevaricating adults. I decided flight was the best remedy (strange how often I had fled from these two).

I did not allow Amanda's disconcerting questions to deter me from visiting her. And that raises an odd matter! I always thought of visiting Amanda, not Meredith. Now why was that?

In these days when sex has become the substance of male-female relationships and not an outcome, it must seem strange that Meredith and I had gone so long without getting into bed together for sexual, or any other, purposes.

At the same time, you will no doubt acknowledge that we were two people struggling to overcome deep hurts. We both had the humiliating knowledge that we had made bad choices in our partners, or in my case, my would-be partner. I think we must have both been like soldiers picking their way across an unswept minefield.

I suppose we had both thought that things could go on as they were indefinitely, and certainly they might have gone on a bit longer if it had not been for Amanda's questioning of our relationship. It was this that set me off masturbating at night with Meredith as my fantasy.

Again, it was Amanda who set matters off.

"Are you and mummy married?"

"No."

"Why aren't you married?"

"Well, we just aren't."

"My best friend's mummy and daddy are married."

"Well, some mummies and daddies aren't married."

"Is it because you and mummy only love each other 'in a way'?"

"Yes...well no. We just haven't thought about getting married."

"If I ask you to, will you think about it?"

For all the disconcerting nature of these questions, Meredith was fighting to suppress her laughter at my struggle to answer.

When Amanda had left us we looked at each other and laughed. Then, for the first time since meeting her, I crossed to Meredith and kissed her. It was a very gentle, chaste kiss, and as we broke she looked up at me intently.

"Don't do that unless you really mean it. We've both been hurt enough. I know how you love Amanda, but I want love for myself as well, not love via my daughter."

I had never told her the Rosemary story, but I thought now was the time. A little child had led me to myself. She had

shown me how I could love again, and that had brought me to see I was still capable of that other sort of love – a man for a woman. I still had the courage to risk the dangers of loving. I knew who the object of that love was.

I related my tale of murdered love, and I felt no pain in the telling. It was behind me now.

Meredith listened carefully, and at the end said, "Yes, I see it's over now. Like me, you've been liberated."

I rose to leave, but Meredith stopped me.

"There is something I'd like you to know. I want you to know this, not to trap you, but to let you know you have the freedom of choice. You don't have to walk away from us again, either physically or emotionally. You can, but you don't have to. We love you very dearly, Amanda and I. Your kindness and consideration. The wonderful way you've given yourself to my little girl."

She had been very serious to that point, then suddenly she smiled and said, "Now I'm going to risk the lot. If you ask me to marry you, I shall say 'Yes.'"

"Then say 'yes' right now."

"Yes. Do you want to come to bed with me tonight?"

"No."

"What? Are you telling me you don't want me sexually?"

"No, far from it, but from her questioning I think our little girl is bit old fashioned, so let's make it an old fashioned courtship. It won't be too long to wait."

When we told Amanda of our decision to marry she gave an artful smile, but only said, "How soon do we get married?"

I took note of the "we."

It was three months later when we married. We worked out with the priest a special vow for Amanda and I – a sort of symbolic acceptance of me as her father, and she as my daughter.

As Meredith and I got into the car to leave for our honeymoon, Amanda, who was to be cared for by my newly acquired mother-in-law during our absence, drew both our

heads down to hers and said, "I knew I'd get you two together," then kissed us both.

Crafty little devil.

The Long Vacation

I had come home for the university long vacation. This covered the period November, December, January and February, and therefore included Christmas, which in our southern clime comes in the middle of summer.

I did not want to come home. Instead, I would much preferred to have gone backpacking round the country and doing a bit of fruit picking, and perhaps pick up a girl or two to have sex with, since my university regulars were no longer available.

The reason for my going home was my mother. She was alone so much of the time, and by that I mean, my father might be around, but to be with him was really to be alone. He led a life of his own and had almost nothing in common with mother.

At times, he would be away for weeks on end, claiming either work or some leisure activity with “the boys,” as the reason for his absence.

He is a barrister mainly working mainly for large corporations; his task being to bully little people in courtrooms who could not afford to hire a loud mouthed, cynical intimidator of their own to defend them. For this he received fees that stagger the imagination and he knew how to string a case out so as to receive the maximum amount of money, and wear out those with limited means.

One of the results was that we lived, as they say, “High on the hog.” The one virtue I can claim for him is that he did not keep my sister and I short of money, or at least, my sister had been included in his beneficence until she departed from home, apparently for good.

Why she left home permanently has never been properly explained to me. I have my suspicions but have never been able to bring myself to ask mother. I have a further suspicion that my mother sent Barbara money until a few years after her departure, when she married.

Mother and I went to her wedding, but father did not. He declared that he would have nothing to do with “that ungrateful slut.” My sister, Barbara, on the other hand,

swore she would never come near our house as long as that “lecherous pig” was there.

When I was about seventeen, and my father had been more than usually obnoxious both to mother and I, I was bold enough to ask her why she had ever married him. It was after all, a question I had asked myself ever since I was about six. In those childhood days, my way of approaching the matter was to inform my mother that when I grew up I would marry her. She would reply with something like, “That will be lovely, darling,” clearly not wishing to delve into the intricacies of such a union with one so young.

Perhaps some description of my mother and father is in order.

Mother’s name is Cleo. Cleopatra really, but she finds that embarrassing. She is tall – about five feet ten inches – slim with long slender legs. She is, perhaps, a little top heavy in the sense that she has a very full bosom. I can recall as a very small chap, snuggling into her cleavage, perhaps as an expression of regret at being weaned from those fountains of nourishment.

Facially she has ageless classical features, with clear creamy skin. Her neck is long and slender, and her hair is a sort of red-gold colour, worn at shoulder length.

I have heard people describe her as “a beauty,” and when, during my high school years I happened to bring some friends home, I noticed how struck they were by her, and one or two became positively horny over her. I made sure that these more enamoured boys were not invited home again.

Mother is a very dignified person; some might call her austere or remote. This was never the case with my sister and I, and we could not have wished for a more loving mother. With others, it was as if she wanted to maintain a wide private space.

Her interests included music, theatre, books and a number of charities to which she not only gave money, but also worked for in a volunteer capacity. All of these, when mentioned in my father’s presence, provoked jeers and sneers on his part.

This brings me to a description of my father. I have already mentioned his profession and his manner of conducting himself in it. This leaves his physical appearance and leisure interests.

Father’s name is Dennis. He is about two inches shorter than mother. He is also ten years older than she is. At one time, so I am told, he presented a fine, athletic figure. Now he has a

paunch, and a face flushed and blotched with over indulgence in red wine. He has a receding hairline, and always seems to have a sheen of perspiration over his face.

His general manner is one of cynical disregard of other people's feelings, and he always strives to put others down, except when he is with "the boys," in other words, colleagues of similar disposition. When they are together, they engage in a general denigration of all apart from themselves.

As for his interests outside work; he is president of a football club; he has an expensive cabin cruiser in which he and the boys frequently go "fishing". I put the word fishing in quotations because we never see any fish when he returns from one of these trips, often lasting up to a month. Clearly, he also has had a longstanding love affair with money.

I have my own idea about what "fishing" means in the father's vocabulary. He also has a serious interest in wine – mainly the consumption of it.

To my youthful question as to why my mother had married my father, she gave in substance the following reply. Father had indeed been a dashing figure when she first met him. He had come to work in her father's legal practice. In those days he was described as "a brilliant up coming young fellow."

Mother was in her late teens at the time and he in his late twenties. She became completely captivated by him, and apparently, this lovely young girl enraptured him in turn. Mother did not use the term “lovely” of herself, that is my interpretation.

He quickly asked her to marry him and she accepted just as quickly. What they did not take account of, was the opposition of my late grandparents. They were adamant that their young daughter would not marry my father. Perhaps they saw more deeply and further than my love mesmerized mother.

Grandfather had the whip hand in the sense that my father was then his employee and only in the early stages of his climb to “fame.” To be dismissed from the practice would be a serious set back.

Father, as crafty then as he is now, saw a way round the problem. Being totally enchanted by him, my mother fell in with his plan. She became pregnant with my sister. Mother was eighteen that meant that they could get married without parental approval. This they did, thus presenting my grandparents with a fait accompli.

Grandfather was trapped. If he dismissed father, he put at risk his daughter's future life, and that of his unborn grandchild. So, he and my grandmother had to accept the situation.

That explained how mother had come to marry father, but there were other questions I longed to ask like, why did my mother and father sleep in separate rooms? That had been the situation ever since I could remember. Why did mother continue to be married to father, especially after the death of her parents that gave her a large amount of money of her own? Did mother and father still make love? Why was father so often away from home? Above all, why was he so nasty to mother? What had happened between father and my sister to provoke such animosity?

Answers to these questions had to wait for several years, and even then, I didn't get, and don't think I ever will get, all the answers.

During my rather gross teenage years, I used to think, "If I had a wife like mother, I wouldn't sleep apart from her, and I'd make love with her all the time (I did not actually think the words, "make love," but something less delicate).

So there I was, home for the sake of my beloved mother, and as dearly as I loved her, I anticipated a rather boring, and with my father present, unpleasant time.

It was on Christmas Day that father announced that he would be off on a fishing trip with the boys. "Could be away as much as a month."

Neither mother nor I commented. This was partly because any comment was likely to give rise to a scene, and also because we would be glad to see the back of him.

Saying that, I feel one tiny corner of pity for him. I think he is going to be a very lonely old man who had destroyed the love of a beautiful woman, and failed to enjoy his children.

Almost as soon as he had left the next day, mother became more animated.

"What shall we do, Alex?"

Not understanding the full implication of her question, I made a desultory reply. "We could go for a walk."

“No, no, darling. I mean, let’s pack up and go away somewhere.”

“Where?”

“I haven’t been to The Peninsular for years, let’s go there.”

The Peninsular begins about four hundred kilometres from where we live. It’s coast runs for about three hundred kilometres and then melts into the enormous arid central plain stretching for over a thousand kilometres across the Island Continent.

There are industrial centres, a fishing and oyster industry. Wheat and barley are grown there and the coast has huge sand dunes, craggy cliffs, seal colonies, penguin rookeries and a very welcoming population.

I had not been there since childhood and responded enthusiastically to mother’s suggestion, but pointed out that being summer, every bit of accommodation would probably be taken up.

“Don’t be so pessimistic,” she laughed, “I’ll get on with telephoning around and see what I can find.”

“How long are we going for?”

“Your father said he’d be away for a month, so let’s also be away for a month. Now, you get the car serviced and I’ll start telephoning.”

Father had gone off in his fancy Land Rover, leaving behind a Mercedes Benz and an all wheel drive Subaru. I chose the latter as the better option for our purpose because of its four-wheel drive, and also because if we took the Mercedes and got a scratch on it, we should never hear the last of it.

Mother seemed to break out of her quiet reserve. It was like a personality change, becoming almost like a young girl in her excitement. This seemed strange for one who had traveled quite extensively around the world at one time.

There was a frenzy of packing and telephoning, and finally mother, commenting on accommodation said, “I’ve got us fixed up for the first ten days. It’s arranged so that we have stopovers of two or three days. I think we should take our chances after that, and just telephone ahead when we decide where we want to go next. It’s a risk, but if worst comes to worst, we can always head back home.”

I accepted this, and after all, it would be better than mooching around home.

The next day was spent trying to think of all the things that we might have forgotten to pack. Mother continued in her enthusiastic mood, constantly assuring me that we would have “a wonderful time, darling”. I couldn’t recall ever seeing her so excited before.

The car was ready and the gear stowed, and we set off, driving first through the city suburban traffic then out onto the highway busy with trucks going back and forth to and from The Peninsular industrial cities.

After four hours driving we reached the first of these cities, stopped, bought a couple of pies and wandered around eating them like a couple of kids.

On the road again, we headed for our first stopover, a small fishing and oyster-farming town.

The motel was reasonable, and mother had been able to book one unit that had one room with a double bed, and another with a single bed. I believe it was what they called, “A family unit.”

By the time we arrived it was evening, so we had a meal in the motel restaurant, then retired to our unit, put our feet up, and watched television until bed time. After that we showered, and I retired to the single bedroom, leaving mother to luxuriate on the double bed.

I was tired, but not so tired that I didn't get an erection. I had not had sex for some weeks, having failed to pick up any of the girls around our home area. I resorted to my only option, and masturbated.

Next day, in the morning, we wandered around the town, then had a look at some of the oyster farms. The afternoon found us out walking across some of the huge sand dunes, and watching the sea crashing in from the Southern Ocean.

We were in no hurry to get anywhere, and we wandered along, happy in each other's company, admiring the beauty of the scene and talking about whatever came into our heads.

We had our evening meal in the motel restaurant again, and this time mother ordered a bottle of excellent Shiraz. The alcohol put me in a very convivial mood.

When we finished eating mother said, "Alex, I fancy some Scotch, get a bottle from the bar, would you?"

I was somewhat surprised at this request because mother was a very moderate drinker, and I had never known her to drink Scotch. Not for me to reason why, I obeyed her request.

Mother had gone ahead to the unit, and when I arrived, she was putting a cassette into the video machine.

“Something I brought with me that I thought would be nice to watch,” she commented. “Let’s get our showers over with and we can relax and make an evening of it.”

I was happy about that because I dislike bothering with a shower just before going to bed, I like to get it out of the way early.

Mother went first, and after about twenty minutes emerged wearing her bathrobe, and carrying the clothes she had been wearing.

I took my shower, had a shave and following mother’s example put on my bathrobe. “Might as well be comfortable,” I thought.

I went into the main room and found mother had poured two liberal glasses of whisky. Like mother, I am not really a

whisky drinker, but still feeling the effects of the Shiraz I was ready for a follow up.

We settled side by side on the couch, and mother clicked on the video with the remote.

If I had been surprised at mother's request for whisky, I was even more astonished and perplexed by her choice of film. It proved to be very sexually explicit, not mother's sort of thing at all, and I found myself responding to it by getting an erection.

I kept sipping the whisky and I found myself in the situation where, knowing you are inebriated, you make efforts to not show it. Speech and movements become very deliberate, and it seems that you are somehow outside yourself watching yourself.

Although I kept sipping the whisky, my glass did not seem to get any emptier. The film, the room and mother became somehow remote, out there but distant.

Then it was as if I were drawn into the film, the salacious content not only gave me an erection, I felt as if I was part of the action we were viewing.

Precisely what happened next I have never been sure of. I felt someone snuggling up to me, and slowly turning my head, and making a desperate effort to focus, I saw it was mother.

I shook my head, because it was not mother as I had seen her just a little while ago, but a naked mother; a mother with large, firm beautiful breasts. It was a mother whose hand had crept under my bathrobe to gently stroke my penis.

She was saying something but I couldn't distinguish the words. I struggled to concentrate on what she was saying but it was all jumbled.

I was lying back on the couch and mother was sitting over me. Something warm and moist engulfed my penis. I felt myself ejaculate, but it was as if it was someone else doing it.

I can recall no more. What I do know is, that I woke up next morning in the double bed with a naked mother and a splitting headache.

As far as I could see mother looked fine, even happy.

"How do you feel, darling?"

“Bloody awful. My head’s thumping and my mouth feels like the bottom of a parrot’s cage.”

She gave a soft laugh and said, “I’ll get you some aspirin, darling.”

She got out of bed and through the haze of my hangover, I saw her walk to a small case and open it. She took out some aspirin and then went to the tap over a small hand basin and filled a glass of water.

As she came back to me I could see the sensual movement of her breasts, and the little vee of pubic hair and above it her slightly swelling mons, and below that the firm cleft of her vulva.

I saw, but felt too ill to process that I was looking at mother and seeing a beautiful, sensuous woman.

I took the aspirins and swallowed them, drinking the whole glass of water in one great gulp.

“Just lie there for a while, darling. You’ll feel better soon. I’ve ordered some breakfast to be brought to us, and we do have to leave no later than ten o’clock.”

The mention of breakfast made my stomach churn, and with a groan I lay back and slipped into a doze.

Someone knocking at the door awakened me. Mother had not returned to the bed and I heard her thanking someone and bringing a tray to the table.

As I watched her put the tray down, I noticed with no special interest that there was a near empty bottle of Scotch, one empty glass, and one with whisky still in it. I smelt bacon and eggs, and had to rush to the bathroom to be sick.

Finishing my unpleasant emission, I went to the basin to wash my face and in the mirror above it saw a white apparition that was me. I washed and went back to the main room, still naked.

Mother was seated once more wrapped in her bathrobe, eating egg and bacon.

"I don't want any breakfast I moaned."

"Darling, you must have something."

I managed a single slice of toast and a cup of strong coffee.

Mother laughed and said, "I think I'd better drive today, sweetheart."

After my meagre repast I managed to get dressed, then flopped back onto the bed and went to sleep.

I came to with mother shaking me. She stood beside the bed with another glass of water and aspirin. I obediently swallowed, and she said, "Time to go, darling. You can sleep in the car if you want to."

She had packed and loaded the car while I slept, and once on the road I followed her suggestion and went to sleep again.

I must have been asleep for a couple of hours when the cessation of the car's motion woke me. We had stopped for petrol and as the garage had a restaurant, mother decided we should have lunch.

I had recovered from the worst of my hangover and was actually very hungry. I made short work of steak and vegetables and felt a whole lot better. I informed mother I was ready to take over the driving, if she wished me to.

“No, darling, we’ve only got about another hour and a half to go, so you relax and talk to me while I drive.”

I had a strong feeling there was something needing to be talked about, but could not workout what it was.

We set off, and it was mother who set the ball rolling.

“Do you remember what happened last night, Alex?”

“Not clearly. I know I must have been very drunk, and I’ve been trying to work out why. You know I don’t drink much, so why did I take so much on board last night?”

She gave another of her contralto laughs; “Perhaps you were tricked into it, sweetheart.”

“That’s silly. Who would want to do that? And anyway, who was there to do it? There was only you and...”

I paused. Things were starting to click into place. I recalled the glass that always seemed to be full, and mother naked, and how I had waked that morning in mother’s bed.

“Mother, how did I get into bed with you?”

“With difficulty, my love. I almost had to carry you.”

“But why your bed and not...”

“I thought I’d like to have you with me, darling.”

I knew but didn’t want to admit I knew. The distant memory of mother sitting over me as I lay on the couch. The warm moist feeling as something...“Oh my God”.

This last had come out aloud.

“What’s the matter, Alex?”

“Mother...last night...did we...did I have...?”

“Have sex? Yes, just a little bit, darling.”

“But mother you couldn’t...you wouldn’t...It’s er...er...”

“Incest? Yes I know, my love.”

“But why? I don’t understand.”

Mother slowed the car and pulled into a lay by. She lay back in the seat looking at me.

“Are you so shocked, Alex? Do you find it repugnant? Do you think I’m an evil woman?”

“Well, no...but...”

“Let me ask you this, Alex; if I were anyone but your mother, wouldn’t you jump and the chance of having sex with me?”

I remembered the couple of older women I had engaged in sex with, both of them old enough to be my mother, and one of them actually older than my real mother. Neither of them had been as attractive as mother.

“Well, yes, I suppose I would, but...”

“And they wouldn’t have to get you drunk to do it, would they?”

“Do you mean you really did set out to get me drunk?”

“Yes. Disgusting isn’t it?”

I heard a sob in her voice. In all the domestic difficulties she had faced, I could not remember my mother crying.

“Mother...I...”

“How do you think its been for me all these years, Alex? You must have known. I could have had men but I held back.”

“But why? Barbara and I wouldn’t have blamed you, knowing how it was.”

“All right, Alex, I’ll tell you why. If I was going to have sex with someone again, it was going to be with someone I loved and who loved me. I’m not blind or stupid, Alex. Soon after you entered puberty, I could see how you felt about me. You wanted me, Alex...don’t try to deny it...You did, didn’t you?”

I remembered the boys I had brought home, and how I had sent any of them who got horny over mother, packing. It was jealousy, fear they might get what I so badly wanted.”

“Yes, mother, I wanted you, but I would never...”

"I knew you wouldn't. I suppose we could say, 'You wouldn't have defiled me?' Is that it?"

"I suppose...something like that..."

"I don't suppose it ever occurred to you to wonder what I might want? I have sexual feeling too, you know. I love as well and want to fulfil my love. I knew you'd never make a move, and I didn't know what to do until the opportunity for this trip came along. Then I thought out my wicked little plan of getting you drunk while hardly drinking myself."

Ah," I thought, "The glass with whisky still in it."

She went on, "I said to myself, 'Just once. Just one time to feel him inside me, to have his sperm.'"

I felt a wave of gratitude sweep over me. Gratitude that she had not held back the truth from me, and for the privilege of having been given entry into her, even if I could barely recall it. She had taken full responsibility for what had happened and therefore released me from any guilt.

"Now you know, Alex, what do you want to do."

“What do you mean, mother?”

“We can turn round and go home or we can go on with the trip. I’m the one who has offended, so I leave the choice to you. All I can add is, if we go on, I shan’t abuse you again.”

I looked across at her. She was shrunk back into her seat, a picture of misery. She was so unlike the strong mother I had known, and the young girl image she had begun our trip with, had also faded. Was this loss of dignity the price she had to pay for loving me? I leaned across to her, and kissed her softly on the lips.

“I love you mother, let’s go on with the trip. And I don’t feel abused, I feel privileged.”

She smiled wanly. “Thank you, darling.” She started the motor and we continued on our way to the beautiful city at the bottom of The Peninsular.

Having got our feelings out into the open and having spoken about the events of the previous night, the air seem to be cleared. Mother began to rally and become the cheerful person she had been when we began our trip. I felt at ease

and, I must admit, felt rather smug that I was so loved by such beautiful a woman, even though my mother.

Arriving in the city, we found our motel. This time it was a much more splendid affair. It was really a Hotel-Motel, and considerably more expensive than our previous accommodation.

Having parked the car, we headed for the reception desk. The receptionist looked up and smiled. "You have a booking?"

"Yes," I replied, "Berkley."

The girl looked up something on her computer, then said, "Ah yes, Mr. and Mrs. Berkley."

I saw mother was about to contradict her, so I nudged her leg with my knee to stop her. She lapsed into silence.

The girl was about to give us our room numbers when she said, "May I ask, did you book separate rooms, or has there been an error?"

I took the lead and said in my best-devoted husband voice, "I think there may have been an error. Cleo, darling, you made the booking, did you book separate rooms?"

Mother took up the theme: "No darling, I booked a double room for us."

The poor girl looked abashed. "I'm so sorry, there seems to have been a dreadful mistake. We have you down for separate rooms, and we're full right up. There's not a double room left."

I looked severe and addressed mother: "Darling, what are we going to do?"

I turned back to the receptionist and said shyly, "We've only just got married and...well, you understand."

The girl smiled and blushed, then said, "If you could wait for a moment I'll have a word with the manager."

She left and mother turned to me, "Alex, what are you up to. You know very well that we booked separate rooms. That poor girl..."

“Well, she took us to be man and wife, so I thought I might as well go along with it. Wouldn’t you like to...”

The receptionist returned with the manager who was all apologies and a suggestion. “We had a mother and daughter arrive earlier without a booking wanting separate rooms, but all we had was a double. If you would care to exchange with them, I’m sure they would be happy.”

“Of course,” I replied.

The manager went into action with the house telephone, then smiling, informed us that the ladies would be pleased to change and, “May I congratulate you on your marriage?”

“Thank you,” I replied, and out of the corner of my eye, noted mother trying to look like a self-consciousness new bride. “We have only been married a short time.”

“Only since the receptionist took us to be married,” I thought, trying not to laugh. I looked at mother and saw she was turning red faced as she tried to suppress her own laughter.

We had to wait while the room was tidied, and then was conducted to it by a still smiling and apologetic manager.

Once alone mother turned on me shaking with laughter.

“Alex, what are you playing it? You’ve got those two thinking we’re a honeymoon couple. And just look at this room, it’s obviously the honeymoon suite.”

She was right. There was a huge double bed with silk sheets in black and red, with pillows embroidered with red and white hearts. Above the bed was a picture of a rather erotic nymph being pursued by a satyr. I noted that a dressing table with a huge mirror was so placed that a couple on the bed could see what they were doing.

I collapsed into an armchair and joined in mother’s laughter.

As we began to recover I said, “I thought we might as well play along with it, after all, it is what we both want, isn’t it?”

Mother turned hastily to a suitcase and began to unpack things from it. I could see she was agitated, so I went across to her, and standing behind her as she bent over to the case, I cupped her breasts with my hands and drew her upright.

“You wouldn’t want me forever wondering whether I enjoyed you last night, or not, would you?”

“Alex, I...”

I turned her round to face me, and began unbuttoning her shirt.

“I think you’ve got to play fair,” I whispered. “You had your wicked way with me last night, it’s my turn today, and no booze and sexy video.”

Her shirt fell open to reveal large breasts with long pink nipples. They were without the support of a bra, and clearly needed none. I began to caress them, drawing her close and kissing her. She opened her lips to receive my tongue, and I began to explore her mouth.

I felt her yielding to me, her hips rotating, grinding her pelvis against me. Suddenly she stiffened and pushed me away.

“Alex, are you sure...are you sure this is what you want?”

“You know it is.”

“Alex, once something like this starts it’s not so easy to stop. I know I began it yesterday, and perhaps I shouldn’t have,

but for your own sake, think carefully my darling. Be very sure you want this, because there could be serious consequences, for both of us.”

“I know, and I’m prepared to face them when they come. Now, what do I have to do, rape you, because I’m going to have you one way or the other.”

I drew her to the bed and lay her on it. She was gasping with passion and no longer resisting or protesting. Instead, she was whimpering her desire:

“Oh God yes... take me Alex...Take me darling...as much as you want...”

I finished divesting her of the shirt, then took off her jeans and her panties. I undressed myself, and then spread her legs wide to reveal her genitals.

Her vulva was like a soft pink rose. I parted the lips to reveal the inner red, bud-like lips, and opening these, I saw the entrance to her vagina, glistening moistly with her lubricant. I licked her, tasting her femaleness and breathing in her woman fragrance.

Mother was making little squealing sounds and I transferred my attention to her clitoris, running my tongue round it.

I heard her saying repeatedly, "Oh Alex, darling...darling...Oh my darling..."

I felt her begin to shake with ever increasing violence, and her squeals turned into screams and cries, begging me not to stop. I had to put my arms round her thighs to hold her in contact, and her hands were behind my head, dragging me tight against her.

Her tumult reached a crescendo, and as I felt her slowly subside, I came over her, thrusting in deep to release my pent up sexual need for her.

I felt the first release of my sperm from my testes, pumping up my shaft to cannon into her. Her legs wound round me and I had my hands under her buttocks as I thrust burst after burst of semen into her, deeper and deeper.

Then we were released from the anguish of our lust for each other, and lay gasping in each other's arms.

No longer urgent in our hunger, we subsided into the warmth of tender love, whispering our devotion, promising faithfulness and uncaring of what might come of our deeds.

I thought, "We have come to the right suite, this is just like I imagined a honeymoon to be."

As I lay softly handling mother's breasts, a dark shadow thought crossed my mind.

With all this beauty at his disposal, why did my father not enjoy it? It seemed madness that having what many men would kill for, he apparently rejected it. I wanted to ask mother, but realised this was not the moment, and pushing the thought aside, I returned to losing myself in her body and her love.

I think we must have dozed for a while, and it was mother who came to and shaking me said: "Come on Alex, a shower then dinner. The weather is beautiful so let's eat alfresco."

We showered together, and if it had not been for mother's firmness, I don't think we would have gone out to eat that night. I promised myself more joy of her body when we got back.

About to leave, mother said, "You started this married couple business, so I think you'd better carry on with it properly."

"What do you mean?"

"I'd better be Cleo from now on, instead of mother."

"Ah, yes. I hadn't thought of that...Cleo."

"And you'd better put on your 'adoring husband with new wife' look."

"That won't be difficult, darling."

"Come on, let's go and eat before you start getting too potent again."

"I hope the feeling is mutual?"

"Yes, so let's go before I rape you."

Laughing, hand in hand, we left the hotel and made our way to the outdoor restaurant.

I don't think I had ever been so happy in Cleo's company, or any body else's for that matter. She was looking absolutely radiant, and I saw the eyes of the men taking her in, whether they were with a partner or not. I began to feel a trifle jealous. I didn't want other men to even look at her, I wanted her all to myself.

We were sitting close to the footpath, and had just finished our second course, when I saw a group of men and women, obviously a bit inebriated, approaching. I pointed them out to mother, and we had a bit of a chuckle at their weaving antics.

As they drew closer I saw they were made up of older men - in their fifties I guessed - and young girls. They were about to pass, when I froze.

Mother called out, "Hello, Dennis, having a nice time with 'The Boys'?"

It was my father with his "Boys." He had his arm round a heavily made up, giggling girl who could have been anywhere between sixteen and twenty.

The group stopped. Most of the men had met Cleo and, sizing up the situation, they decided to leave father to his fate, and disappeared along the street hustling their girls with them, except for the one father was with.

Father paled under the tan that extended over his baldhead.

“What, the hell are you doing here?” he spluttered.

“Like you, I’m enjoying myself, Dennis – at least, I hope your enjoying yourself.”

The girl, still clinging to him, and clearly well under the influence, stared fishily at Cleo and slurred out, “Who is she, Den, one of your old flames? Aren’t you going to introduce us?”

“Clear off Ada, go with the others?”

“Oh, but daddy said he’d buy his little girl something nice.”

“Piss off,” he snarled.

The girl backed off, startled.

“Don’t be like that, Dennis,” Cleo said, “Be nice to her or you might miss out on something.”

“Shut up, you cow,” he growled.

I stood up and stepped over to him, and said very quietly:

“Father, if you speak to mother like that again, I’ll break your bloody neck.”

He stared at me blearily for a moment, then sneered, “Little boy protecting mummy, is he?”

I gently took him by his shirtfront: “Yes daddy, little boy is protecting mummy now, and in the future. So you piss off, daddy, and buy your little girl her “something nice.”

I gave him a little push and he staggered back a couple of paces.

“I’ll have you in court, you bastard he yelled.”

“Good, I’m sure the court would be highly amused at some of the things that will come out about you. Goodbye, ‘daddy’.”

He grabbed the girl and together they continued their erratic perambulation in the direction the others had gone in.

I expected to see Cleo badly upset, but instead she was smiling.

“There was no need to be rough Alex, the poor man was just embarrassed and upset.”

Catching her amused mood, I followed up on it.

“If a lover can’t defend his beloved, then what use is he, darling? And why aren’t you upset? I mean...”

“You mean because I saw him drunk and with a girl who could almost be his granddaughter?”

“Well, yes.”

“Darling, I’ve known about his predilection for young girls for ages.”

The moment had come. I felt I could ask the question that had been puzzling me.

“Cleo, you’re a beautiful woman...it’s not just me talking...there are plenty of people who say that. So why...why did he stop...you know? I mean, look at the girl he was with...she was a...a trollop...a...”

“Alex, we don’t really know what she is and I don’t see any point in abusing her, but to answer your question; your father is like a lot of people. They see something they think they want, and soon after they get it, they no longer appreciate it, or it gets left behind as they see something else they think they want.”

“That’s how it was with your father and I. He wanted me badly enough at first, and he also saw me as a way to the partnership in daddy’s legal firm he so coveted. He got me, and eventually got the partnership.”

“In fairness to him...”

“Damn fairness...”

She overrode me.

“In fairness to your father, ask yourself a question. You are elated at the moment over the sexual relationship we’ve started. You have wanted me for years, as I’ve wanted you, and at last, it’s happened. Will you still want me six months, a year, two years from now? Or will you become tired of me. Will you want someone younger?”

“I don’t expect you to give me an answer, but just ask yourself the question, and give yourself an honest answer.”

“But I want to answer...”

“No, please Alex. If you say what I think you want to say, you may have to live by your words some time in the future, so let’s just enjoy what we have now.”

“If it’s any help to you, I shall be finishing with your father when we get back home. I hung on with him first because of you and Barbara, and then when he...when Barbara left home, I stayed on for you. Perhaps I should have done things differently, but I didn’t, and it’s no use regretting it now.”

“For now, Alex, I’m going to enjoy you and our trip, so come on, my lover, take me back to our room and make love with me.”

We rose, and once more hand in hand, we made our way back to our room.

Cleo made no pretence at modesty. As soon as we entered the room, she began to strip off her clothing, to stand naked before me.

“If you see something you like, darling, then help yourself.”

I ripped off my own clothes and together we subsided onto the bed.

“You know I love you very dearly, don’t you, Alex?”

“Yes, I know.”

I wanted to explore her from head to toe. I wanted to know every nook and cranny of her body, to possess it and consume it. I had a raging hunger for her and wanted to do all things to her at once. I wished I had the eight arms of an octopus to explore and caress her with, and multiple mouths to suck and nibble.

Always aware of her beauty, I was now overwhelmed by it. I suppose I was in a state of adoration, worshipping at the shrine of her loveliness.

I began at the top of her head, pressing kisses onto her red-gold sweet smelling hair. I kissed my way over her forehead, her eyes, nose, and her soft sensuous mouth.

I traced her chin and neck, her exquisite breasts and on down her body to that sacred place, the vulva, lingering to press my tongue into her entrance, that opening to paradise.

I kissed down to her feet and back to her buttocks and anus, then up her back to finish once more with her hair.

I knew I loved and desired her more than any women I had ever been with. I wanted to melt into her, be inseparable from her. It was even a little frightening to be so captivated by her.

I bent over her, taking a long pink nipple into my mouth as if it were some hallowed object. She was my goddess, the Earth Mother, the Giver of life and love, the symbol of all that is most wonderful and mysterious in woman.

I had wanted to possess her, but in truth, she had possessed me. I was her worshipping bondman.

I felt her hand on my penis, gently stroking it with her soft warm fingers. First in a rapid little jiggle, then with increasing pressure snapping back my foreskin to produce a delicious pain.

She pushed me on to my back and continued the treatment until she felt my orgasm approaching, then she slowed down, making me hang on the verge of ejaculation, and on feeling my orgasm retreat she began again, slowly working me to the very edge once more.

I lost count of how many times she performed this delightful torture, but finally, bringing me to the edge once more, she bent over, and taking my shaft into her mouth she licked my crown and then began to plunge up and down my length.

I discharged into her mouth like a cannon, squirting out masses of sperm and striving to find the words of love and adoration I so longed to express, but words seemed to tame, too ineffectual to convey my obsession with her.

Entering into a sexual relationship with someone changes your perception of him or her. That change in perception,

once having taken place, you can never go back to the old relationship.

For twenty years of my life, mother had been mother, even in my teenage years when I had sexually desired her. No doubt for the same number of years I had been simply her son to her. When I thought of mother engaging in the sexual act, I visualised her performing it with the same dignity and restraint I saw in the rest of her life.

Now we had become lovers, I found I was relating to a woman who, when we made love, was very different. She was passionate, open to every sexual act and abandoned. At times she seemed insatiable and in her sexual frenzy could become violent, tearing my back with her fingernails.

It was as if that which had restrained her for so many years, had suddenly broken down, igniting a blistering sensual conflagration. As well as her unexpected tempestuousness, and while she had always looked younger than her years, she seemed to lose the air of strain that had so often been part of her, making her look even younger.

On my side, I could now see that all the girls, and most especially the two older women I had engaged in sex with, had been substitutes for mother. I had been seeking her in them.

Both of us now had to relearn our relationship. We could not go back to being simply mother and son. A powerful new energy had entered into our lives and would now lead us into the unknown.

That night, and in the following weeks of our trip, we made love at every opportunity. In our hotel or motel rooms, on isolated beaches where we swam naked. Once, just for the fun of it, we had sex on the back seat of our car. Not caring much for the discomfort, we did not repeat that experiment.

As our trip drew to an end, our lovemaking became increasingly intense, even desperate. We had to decide what the future would be for us. The decision was made a little easier because money was not a problem, but something happened that finally determined the matter.

At breakfast one morning during our last week, Cleo looked very solemn, more like mother than the Cleo of the past three weeks.

“Alex, I have to tell you something.”

“Mmm?”

“I was due to menstruate over a week ago, but I haven’t. I think I’m pregnant.”

“Ah!” I stopped chewing on a piece of bacon and stared at her across the table. I was stunned.

Looking back now I can see how ridiculous this shock on my part was. I had taken no precautions by using a condom, and if I’d thought about it at all, I suppose I assumed mother was on the pill, or she was beyond getting pregnant. I had not even bothered to ask.

As I sat looking at her, I felt a sense of shame and guilt. I had just taken what I wanted without thought of what might happen to mother. I began to stutter out a ridiculous apology.

“Mother, I’m so sorry...I...didn’t think...what...” I had reverted to calling her “mother” in this crisis.

“What am I going to do?” she asked, completing my sentence.

“What...what are...are we going to do, you mean, mother.”

She gave a slow smile and said, "I may still be mistaken, Alex, and of course there will need to be medical confirmation, but I hope I'm right."

"You mean, you don't mind being pregnant?"

"Of course not, darling, I counted on it."

"You what?"

"Alex, if you'd tried to use a condom I would have torn it off you. I wanted you make me pregnant."

"I don't understand. Why?"

"Darling, can't you understand that women often want to have a child with the man they love."

She laughed aloud, then went on, "We couldn't waste all of that lovely semen you've pumped into me, could we? At least one little spermatozoa had to reach its goal, and that is just what it seems has happened."

She appeared to be treating her potential pregnancy almost blithely. I had avoided getting my past sex partners

pregnant, but on a couple of occasions there had been what turned out to be false alarms. On those occasions, the women were far from happy about the situation. Yet, here was my current partner, my own mother, happy because I had impregnated her. I just did not know what to make of her.

“Mother, please, tell me plainly, do you really want this baby?”

“Of course I do.”

“But what about...what... about your health? I mean, you are, well...”

“So you’ve now noticed I’m somewhat older than you, have you?”

“It’s not that...I mean...you could...could have a bad time...”

“Alex, do stop stuttering and stammering. I want to have the baby, and I’m a strong girl, and I’m not asking you to accept any responsibility. I told you what I suspect because if I were pregnant, you would have to know some time, and better sooner than later. All right, darling?”

"No...no, its not all right," I yelled.

"Don't shout, darling it makes you sound like your father."

That brought my volume down quickly. "Mother, didn't you always teach me to be responsible for my actions?" I said in a modified tone.

"Yes."

"So if I'm the father, I'll act responsibly."

"What do you mean, 'if' you're the father. Are you suggesting I've been having sex with someone else over the past two or three weeks?"

"No of course not. All I'm trying to say is, if...er...as the child is mine..."

There was a fierce feminist glance from mother.

"As the child is ours...I'm the father...you're the...Oh hell, I don't know what I mean...Yes I do. I shall be responsible," I said somewhat smugly.

“Alex, please don’t get pompous, it makes you sound like your father, again. I do understand what you are trying to say, and I love you even more for it, but you don’t have to be ‘responsible’. I can take care of myself.”

“Damn it, Cleo, I don’t want you to take care of yourself. If you think I’d just go off as if nothing had happened, like you getting pregnant, then you must have a poor opinion of me. I don’t understand why you wanted me as a lover if that’s how you think of me.”

She was laughing again, between gasping breaths she said, “All right, all right, Alex. Of course I don’t think of you like that, but I wanted you to have every chance to be free from the responsibility. If you were going to take me and the baby on, I wanted it to be a completely free choice.”

Mollified, I calmed down a bit. “You’re not absolutely sure your are pregnant?”

“No. I can’t be sure until the doctor confirms it, and we’ll need to wait a bit for that. But we might make some preliminary plans.”

"Ah, yes." I would have liked to act the strong male, making decisions, setting something in motion, but I hadn't any idea what to do, and I told Cleo so.

"No, you men usually don't know what to do. Well, I won't beat about the bush. Pregnant or not, I had plans for you and I. As I said the time we saw your father with that girl, I've had enough of him. That being so, I think I shall set up house near the university and take a live in lover, namely, you.

"Mother will keep house for her bachelor son. It's a pity her marriage broke up just as she got pregnant, but that's life for you." She laughed again, then went on, "I've got my man, I've got money, and above all, I've hopefully got the pregnancy I wanted with my man. Now what do you think of that for a plan."

She had rattled all this off with great aplomb, leaving me mentally breathless. I struggled to find an appropriate response. She was so happy and self-assured and I so bewildered, words would not come.

"Alex," she almost sang, "Do you want me or not?"

"Of course I bloody well want you, you silly woman," I finally came out with.

“Darling, there’s no need to swear. Can I assume it’s settled, then? We’ll live together?”

“As lovers?”

“How else? But we don’t have to tell those who don’t need to know, do we, darling?”

I could scarcely believe my good fortune. I was being offered a beautiful woman as a lover, a caring mother, and someone with plenty of money, and all wrapped up in one parcel.

I laughed, “I’d have to be a fool to refuse and offer like yours, wouldn’t I?”

“Even if you’ve got to be a daddy as well?”

“Even if I’ve got to be a daddy as well, Cleo.”

She laughed, and I thought I detected a note of relief in her laughter. She wasn’t quite as self-assured as she had tried to pretend. I think I loved her even for that little bit of doubt in her.

It was two days after we arrived home that father turned up. He was all noise and bluster, but mother was putting up with no nonsense from him.

She refused to let me be present when she told him she was leaving him, but I gathered that he made no fuss - perhaps he even welcomed Cleo's departure from his life.

I learned a couple of years after Cleo and I moved in together that he had married some young girl, who was leading him a dogs life with her constant demands on his finances.

By that time, Julie had been born and Neil was on his way. After the birth of Neil Cleo was unable to have any more children.

Cleo and I played around with ideas about what my relationship to the children was to be. We thought about, "older bother," but decided that it would not work, so I ended up as "daddy."

After university we had to move several times as I took up jobs as an engineer, so we were saved the embarrassment of trying to explain things to friends. If and when the children know the truth of our relationship, we shall have to deal with it at that time.

The Naked Tree

*"My lover put his hand to the door,
And I was thrilled that he was near."*

(Song of Songs 5:4)

Oh, why did he have to return? I had found a kind of tranquillity after he had left. Free from the daily torments of his nearness, the constant agony of unrequited desire, I could at least exist in some form of composure.

Tedious? Yes. Apathetic certainly, but for the most part beyond the rack of incessant craving.

When he was away, I could hardly work. My paintings were tasteless, unexciting, fit only for those for whom "a tree must look like a tree."

When he is present my brushes seem to take fire, and if I shall never be another Michelangelo or Picasso, at least my work takes on passion. Yet, the price in anguish is so high.

My mind and body are at war with each other. When he left, I thought for ever, I longed to hear his footsteps and his

singing in the shower. When he slipped from the bathroom to the shower naked, thinking I was not yet out of bed, I loved the sight of his body – the early morning erection of his young manhood. These sights and sounds I longed for.

When he is present, I must fight my craving. My rational self says, "No, this is too evil, against all nature."

My body cries out, "You need him, you must have him, there will be no rest for you until I am sated with him."

I hear him now approaching my studio. "Please don't let him come in...Oh yes, make him enter."

He comes in and stands watching me work for a while, then asks, "Busy?" I smile and nod.

"Thought I'd go over to Granite Hill and see Ted. I haven't seen him since I got back. Could I borrow the car?"

"Of course," I say, "The keys are on the kitchen dresser. Will you be long?"

"Be back for lunch," he says, returns my smile and leaves.

Four days since he arrived unexpectedly. Four days and he has hardly left the house – hardly left my side.

What does he want of me? If I work in the kitchen, he asks, "Can I help?" If I say, "No," he sits at the table watching me, making desultory conversation. If I work in the studio he sits there, just gazing at my work – or is it me? I don't understand what he wants and dare not ask, because whatever his answer I know I shall be devastated.

I get on with my painting. Yes, it is a tree. It is even a tree you will recognise if you know our inland arid regions. There you will see a solitary tree struggling for survival in a vast plain of salt bush.

My tree on the canvas is bare and bent, cringing away from unendurable heat in a mighty dust storm. It is stark, naked and twisted by the harsh elements it is constantly exposed to.

I began this work the day he arrived. He is, like me, an artist. He will be able to read my work, and know that it speaks of my inner chaos. Does he know from whence that chaos derives? Please don't let him know this, for I could not support his abhorrence of me.

I work not noticing the time pass. I hear the car approaching. He has returned. I must prepare some lunch.

I go to the kitchen as he walks in through the back door. He smiles, so I smile back.

"I must have stayed away a long time," he laughs. "Did you know Ted finally married Sandra and they've got a baby."

I say to him, "No, I don't get over to Granite Hill, and haven't seen or heard anything of Ted since you went away."

For some reason, the mention of a baby sets me off. I feel my nipples stiffen and there is wetness at the top of my legs. It takes such a little thing to arouse me when he is present.

I can't go and relieve myself now. It must wait until after lunch when I can pretend to go to my bedroom for a "little nap." I start to prepare lunch.

I try to make conversation. "What's Ted doing these days?"

"He bought the garage at Granite Hill. Seems to be doing all right. I never thought him and Sandra would get together, but they seem incredibly happy. Beautiful girl, they've got."

The thought of another's happiness intensified my own misery.

He goes on, "They've called her Rebecca. Nice name, sort of sexy, somehow."

"Rebecca was the name of a beautiful girl in the bible," I say. "She was loved by Isaac, and they got married."

He laughs and says, "Well let's hope Ted's beautiful Rebecca finds an Isaac to love her, one day."

We eat in silence. We finish and he says, "I'll clear up. You go and have a rest."

I go to my bedroom and manage to give myself some release from the tension. I sleep for a while, then return to my work.

I am alone for a while, but now he comes in to sit and watch. I want him to go, and I want him to stay. I don't know what I want. In his presence, my landscape becomes even harsher.

"Why are you so unhappy?" he asks.

I play the game of "Whatever do you mean?"

"I see it in every line of your painting," he says. "It is the most desolate work you have ever done."

"Oh, it's just an ordinary landscape," I say. My stomach lurches and I must struggle to control my shaking.

He looks at me, then at my painting, and back at me again, and says, "Hmm." He leaves me.

Alone, I have to sit down. I am quivering all over as if I am sick. Tears of self-pity well up in my eyes. I don't know how to pray. I gave up that "superstition" long ago, but I want to pray now. I try.

"Please, don't let this go on. Please, please, take this away from me. I have suffered enough. Suffered all the years of loneliness and this anguish of desire. I have fought it and shall go on fighting it, but if you can do all things, then make me not to feel any more."

I finish and feel ridiculous. I stop work and leave the studio. Wandering aimlessly, I go out through a little gate in the back fence that leads to a field and beyond the field a small coppice.

One of the gum trees catches my eye. I must have seen it hundreds of times before, but now its shape fascinates me. It is tall and straight, its limbs reaching upwards towards the sun. Its leaves move slightly in a gentle breeze, flashing in the way of gum leaves, grey-green and silver.

I think of the desolate tree on my canvas, the portrayal of my own inner strife, and long to be as the tree I now stand before, flourishing and at peace. I turn back to the house and re-enter my studio.

He is there, staring at my painting. As I enter, he moves to face me. There is a strained look about him. I do not know what to do or say. We stand looking at each other, then he moves.

He comes towards me and lifts me in his arms and carries me to the old couch in the corner. I can feel his hard manhood pressing against me and I know what he is going to do.

I must fight, I must protest, but he is strong and my throat is dry. I struggle, but he lays me on the couch and undoes my painting smock. I am naked beneath it. I see his penis as he lowers himself between my legs. I manage to cry out.

"No, don't, you mustn't do this to me. Please don't." I beg him not to, but he is too powerful for me. I feel him against my opening and cease crying out. I pray again.

"If I go to hell for it, let me have him just this once. Let the longing be over, I want him so badly – have wanted him for so long. Please, just this one time."

He has entered me and I am overwhelmed with exultation. I hear my voice crying out, "My love... my darling... so long...do what you want with me."

I wrap my legs round him, screaming for him to fertilise me, to fill me up, to make me a whole woman again.

I feel his need – the need I have never been sure of and did not dare challenge. Now his urgency presses in on me, deeper and deeper and he pours himself into me, and as he does, I hear my own shrieks of ecstasy. "Oh, God for how long have I waited for this moment?"

We are still. I know what follows. He is a man and he will be as all men are. He will withdraw from me and turn away. Like many he may be disgusted and hasten to leave. Having spent his passion, he will no longer want to be in physical contact.

(He will be like that other one who spoke of love when he desired me, but expressed rejection in every fibre of his being when he was gluttoned. He fled from me when I told him I carried our child.)

He does not move. Why does he not move? Why does he remain inside me, slowly slackening?

He has not spoken from the time I entered the studio. Now he speaks.

"Mother, you can't know how much I love you and have wanted you."

I try to speak, to tell him of the long agony of my desire for him, but all I can choke out is "My love."

He is lifting me in his arms again. What is he doing? Where is he taking me? I have no will or desire to resist. The barrier broken down, I long for him to do with me what ever he wants, for what he wants is also my longing.

The bedroom! He lays me on the bed and comes beside me, gently caressing my breasts. He speaks loving words to me softly.

"I shall never leave you again mother. I shall stay here and work with you. It has been so long and I've wanted you so passionately. I kept away for as long as I could, but I had to come home and find out. Now I know."

We both know and are safe in our love for each other.

He is taking me again so tenderly, so slowly.

The fullness of physical love, the multitude of explorations that sexual ardour offers and demands, lies ahead for us.

This tenderness is sufficient now, and is restoration – like the rain that comes to our arid plains and makes them alive with flowers and brings the naked tree to leaf.

The Rape of Corinth

Corinth lay motionless and sobbing for a long time. Not that she was physically hurt, but the assault had left her weak and overwhelmed.

He had caught her at a completely vulnerable moment. She had struggled as he sought to penetrate her, but he was too young and strong and his need too powerful.

As she felt him gain entry, she gave up opposing him physically. She had appealed to him, "Please darling, you mustn't ... you can't ...you'll make me pregnant ... please, don't..." But he persisted, and as she felt him spurting into her she submitted.

When he had finished, he lay inside her for a while, as if reluctant to separate from her. Neither of them spoke or moved. Then, he suddenly looked down at her, and seeing her tears, he gasped, withdrew from her, and with a gulping sob he grabbed his discarded shorts and fled from the room.

As she lay there, Corinth gradually gathered her thoughts, striving to understand and come to terms with what had happened. But initially she was still too confused, and only baffling questions arose.

"How have things reached this point?" How could she be raped by the last person she thought would commit such and assault on her? Was she somehow at fault? Why had she not known? What had she missed in their relationship, so loving and supportive of each other, not to have seen the sexual aspect developing? Or had she seen it and refused to acknowledge it?

Striving to get her mind in order, her thoughts went back to when he first showed signs of entering puberty. As his sexual needs had developed, had there been signs of his desire for her?

At that point in Francis life, she recalled, Steve, her husband, had callously announced that he was leaving them. "I'll make sure you're all right for money," he had told her (he could well afford it), and departed to join, as she later found out, his buxom new woman.

Francis had been shattered. At a point in his life, his father might have become especially important, that father had departed. Francis saw this, not so much as his father leaving his mother, but as a rejection of himself. His ensuing bitterness turned to a hatred for his father. He had refused to see him, speak to him on the telephone or answer his letters. He had turned to Corinth, and in the following years the mother-son relationship became ever more intense.

"Had it become too intense?" Corinth pondered. Obviously, it had. It would be easy to lay the blame for the assault at Francis' door, but was she partly at fault?

She recalled the times when Francis, putting his arms round her, had said things like, "If I was married to a beautiful woman like you, I'd never leave you."

Flattered, she had received these compliments in a coquettish, almost teasing manner, responding with, "I know you wouldn't darling," and similar rejoinders.

Francis was a very affection young man, and he frequently hugged her, and she recalled how often his hands had wandered near her breasts. She herself was a very tactile person, and enjoyed the body contact with a healthy, handsome young man, even though he was her son.

They had lived a very casual life-style around the house. They had not been averse to being only scantily clad, or even naked, in each other's presence. They wandered into each other's bedrooms or into the bathroom when one or the other was there, in a completely uninhibited manner.

Corinth had thought that seeing each other naked in this casual manner would make it a commonplace thing that would cease to have provocative sexual overtones. Or had this been her real reason? Had she in fact enjoyed – even rejoiced – in being able to view his strong, powerful body?

A pang of guilt speared through Corinth. Of course, she had seen his erections when he came upon her naked, and felt the throbbing in her clitoris as she thrilled to his arousal. These things she had pushed away deep down inside her. They lurked within her as unacknowledged feelings ... nameless desires.

When Steve left her, she declared her sensual self to be a closed shop. In the following years there had been plenty of offers. Everything from one-night stands to marriage had been suggested.

She was thirty-seven when the break with Steve had come, and Francis was not wrong in seeing her as an attractive woman. Men had desired her, but she was not going to risk another relationship. The pain of Steve's desertion had been too great.

Despite the close bond between them, Francis had difficult teenage years. Folk wisdom claims that the teenage years are

"The best years of your life." Such sayings take no account of those teenagers who find those years lonely and depressing.

Francis had been involved sexually with a number of girls, but none of these relationships had lasted. One relationship that had gone a bit longer than most was with a woman some twenty years older than Francis.

The woman lived in the same street as Corinth and Francis, and was a widow with two children. It had proved to be a bit of a scandal at the time, as neighbours, as well as Corinth, could not help noticing the frequency of Francis' visits to the lady.

The relationship had apparently ended about six months prior to this night of Francis' sexual assault on Corinth, and the widow now had an older man living with her.

Throughout these relationships, Francis had not ceased in his affectionate attachment to Corinth. If anything, he had become more persistent in his physical interaction with her. In addition, she knew he masturbated frequently, and this should have alerted her to the fact that for all his sexual relationships with women, he was not fulfilled.

His main activity outside his work, was attendance at the local gym. This had given him a strong and excellent body,

and Corinth was very proud of his fine appearance, and was inclined to boast about it to anyone who would listen. It was also to prove the main element in her physical struggle against his assault.

Despite her renunciation of male relationships, Corinth had sexual needs. Like Francis, she masturbated frequently, but unlike Francis, she was more careful to keep this activity out of sight and sound of him. She was fairly sure that Francis knew nothing of her self-stimulation and release.

The thought of her masturbation recalled the immediate situation that led up to her being raped.

On the evening in question Francis had gone to the gym. This usually meant he would be away for at least a couple of hours. Just prior to leaving, he had come into the lounge to tell her he was going, and as usual, he was dressed in his gym clothes. These displayed his manhood rather forcefully and had the effect of arousing Corinth.

After he left, Corinth felt the need to relieve herself of sexual tension and removing her clothes, she lay on the couch, and began to masturbate. As usual, she tried to tell herself it was not Francis in her sexual reverie, but in truth, it was.

She had plenty of time so she was in no hurry to bring herself to a climax. She gently fondled her breasts as she slowly moved her fingers over her clitoris. She hung suspended in a beautiful daydream of tender sexual arousal. Her female sexual fluid began to soak her vagina, but she refused herself an orgasm, just teetering on the edge, drawing back each time she felt it beginning.

This withholding her self from orgasm was a mistake. Francis, on arriving at the gym, found it closed for maintenance work, so he returned home. He entered the house quietly, but in any case, Corinth was so lost in her sexual preoccupation she failed to hear what sounds he did make.

Francis came upon her lying on the couch, legs parted, her hips rotating slightly as she moved her fingers over her sexual organ, and giving out with low passionate moans. He stopped at the door, but this was in Corinth's line of vision. She saw him and froze. Her mind was in turmoil of embarrassment and shame. She simply lay there, one hand on her breast, the other in her vagina, unmoving.

Francis stood staring for a few moments, then came across the room to her crying out, "mother!" Corinth tried to speak, but no sound would come. She saw Francis' enormous erection as he removed his gym shorts and come down upon

her. Her legs were still parted and she was soaked with her own self-stimulation.

Such was her state of mind that at first Corinth did not grasp what was happening. It was only as she felt the head of his penis push up against her opening that full realisation struck. She managed to pull back briefly, but as she tried to close her legs, it was too late. Francis had his body between them, forcing them further apart.

Now began the physical struggle that she was bound to lose. She might have torn at him with her nails, but somehow she could not bring herself to inflict such damage on her son. She pummeled him with her fists but this seemed to have no effect. The strength she had been so proud of was now her undoing. He was too strong for her.

As she felt his penis reach her opening once more, she changed from physical resistance to begging and pleading. She used no contraceptives, and certainly, Francis was not using anything. Although in her forties, she was still capable of getting pregnant – pregnant to her own son!

Her imploring him to stop had no effect. His need was too desperate now for him to even hear her. He slid into her warm moistness easily and thrust in deep. She felt his

urgency, and realising there was nothing further she could do or say to stop the inevitable, she submitted to him.

Quickly he was filling her with his sperm.

Now it was over and Francis had fled the room. Corinth rose slowly from the couch and on trying to stand felt her legs shaking so that she dropped to her knees.

She knew Francis had possibly impregnated her, and because of the time she had spent deliberating over the why's and wherefore's of what had happened, she knew she should make some attempt to wash out his sperm in the vain hope of avoiding pregnancy. But something inside her did not want to get rid of his sperm. It was as if she wanted to hold it in – to love it.

Never the less, she made the effort and got to her feet and staggered to the bathroom to carry out the ablutions. When she had finished, she went in search of Francis. He was nowhere to be found. Not only had he fled the room, he had also left the house.

Corinth decided that he would stay out until he thought she was safely in bed asleep, and then creep in, thus delaying the recriminations, or worse, until the morning. Drained, she

went to bed, lying there confused and wretched, alert for Francis's return.

Sleep came only fitfully and such as she had was full of bizarre dreams in which she was raped over and over again, and yet was strangely compliant.

She woke with a start from one of her dreams, and looking at the bedside clock saw that it was already mid morning. She rose and slipped into her dressing gown. Her first thought was to find out if Francis had returned home. Going to his bedroom, she saw that his bed had not been slept in. She went over the rest of the house, and could find no sign he had come home.

As sometimes happens, in the course of her intermittent sleep, Corinth had somehow come to a more settled frame of mind about what had happened to her. True, Francis had raped her, but when you came right down to it, he had not really hurt her.

She had been thoroughly aroused by her masturbation so was wet and ready for penetration. He had slid into her easily. Further, she had to admit that in the end it was not that she did not want him to take her, but the fear of pregnancy that troubled her.

Now, putting that fear of future motherhood aside, she began a mother's anxiety about Francis and his absence. Was he so ashamed or disgusted with him self that he could not face her, or had he found her sexually repellant and no longer wanted to be in her physical presence?

Gradually, throughout the day, Corinth's anxiety over Francis' absence grew. Along with this anxiety, she increasingly found the courage to face the truth about her own feelings. Yes, it was more than mother love she felt for him. Yes, she did love him as a woman loves a man. Yes, it was Francis who filled her fantasies as she masturbated. Yes, if given the right approach she would have probably given herself voluntarily to him.

As she faced these thoughts and feelings, so her distress at Francis' absence grew. The thought that he might have fled for good was agony. He had to return so they could talk and discover where their relationship stood and how it might develop. The thought that he might never return brought down a veil of dark despair over her. She would be alone and without what she now admitted, was the one true object of her love and passion.

Perhaps Francis was out there somewhere, carrying the full burden of guilt for a combination of rape and incest. Corinth

knew that the guilt was not his alone. However wrong his actions had been, she did have some share in that guilt.

Unable to eat or go about her daily routine, she waited until late afternoon before she began to make enquiries at places he might have fled to. The gym and his friends had seen or heard nothing of him. She hesitated to call the police because, firstly, Francis was nineteen and, after all, he had been gone less than a day. Secondly, if the police questioned her too closely, what could she say? "My son raped me and ran away?" She thought about going out in search of him, but did not know where to start looking. She would have to wait.

At around eleven o'clock Corinth gave up her troubled waiting and went to bed, leaving the bedroom door open so she might hear if Francis came back. Emotionally and physically exhausted she slid into uneasy sleep, to be awakened about an hour later by a noise.

She leapt out of bed and went straight to Francis' room. He was not there, but a further noise sent her in the direction of the kitchen. Francis was there, fumbling around in the dark, trying to find something to eat.

Corinth switched on the light, and for a moment, Francis stood there blinking in the sudden glare. In her relief at seeing him Corinth burst out, "Where the hell have you

been? I've been worried out of my mind about you. Didn't you give any thought to how I might be feeling?"

Francis had grabbed his gym shorts when he had fled the house, and now stood a picture of misery, dirty and unshaven, clad only in the shorts and a T-shirt.

He tried to speak, but all he managed to get out was, "Mother, I'm so ashamed..." before Corinth opened up again.

"I suppose you've had nothing to eat? And look at the state you're in. You'd better sit down and I'll get you something, and then you can clean yourself up."

Francis tried again as Corinth began getting food ready for him. "Mother, about what I did to you..." Corinth, the anxious mother, crashed in again. "Never mind about that now, we can talk about it after you've eaten and had a shower. What I want to know is, where have you been?"

There was in fact little to tell. Francis had wandered around hardly noticing where he went, and sleeping, or rather, trying to sleep in a park. Ashamed at what he had done, and fearful of the consequences that might arise out of a combined rape and incestuous assault, hunger had finally driven him home.

He ate the food Corinth had prepared, and when he finished, Corinth said, "After you've cleaned up, you'd better come to my room and we'll talk. That is, if you feel up to it. If not, we can talk in the morning."

"The sooner I say what I've got to say, the better," replied Francis, and he went off to shower." Corinth cleared away the remains of the food and went back to bed.

As she lay there, she tried to think how to approach the coming talk. Should she simply berate Francis for taking her by force? Should she be gentle and understanding of his need for her? Should she admit her own guilt in having aroused him so many times by being nude or scantily clad in her presence? Most difficult of all, should she admit to a sexual desire for him?

As it turned out, it was Francis who took the verbal initiative. Entering her room he began straightaway and spoke as if he had rehearsed what he wanted to say many times, which of course he had.

"Mother, I'm so ashamed at what I did to you. It was finding you doing ... doing what you were doing that made me give way. I would never have done anything, I really wouldn't,

but seeing you so ... so er ... so steamed up, I just went off my head. Is it possible you could forgive me?"

"Did it occur to you that you might make me pregnant?" Corinth asked sharply. "And if I am pregnant will you accept responsibility as the child's father? Did you give one thought to the consequences of what you did? What about the danger to me? Do you know how dangerous it can be for a woman my age to bear a child?"

Francis stood a picture of abject misery. "I didn't think," he mumbled brokenly. "I just wanted you so badly ... I've always wanted you ... and you were lying there looking so beautiful ... I just.... If you are pregnant, I'll take responsibility... I'll look after you and the baby...." His voice trailed off into mournful silence.

His misery melted Corinth. She decided he had been scolded enough. She lay silently looking at him for a minute, then finally deciding she beckoned him to come and sit on the bed. He came hesitantly.

"Darling," she began, "it's not all your fault. I've been thinking, and I realise now how thoughtless I've been."

Francis tried to interrupt, protesting, but Corinth cut across him.

I knew it aroused you, yet I still did it. "

"You mean you could see...?" Francis gasped.

"Yes, I could see your erections, and I confess that it even pleased me to know you could be sexually aroused by me. You see, I was totally inconsiderate as to the frustration and pain I caused you."

"But that's no excuse for rape, is it?" Francis murmured.

"No, it isn't, darling," Corinth continued, "but at least it helps us to understand that the fault is not all on one side. So let's stop talking about whose fault it is, and try to find out how we can live together in future."

Francis stared at her for a moment in apparent disbelief, then said, "I thought you'd want me to clear out and never see you again. I thought..."

"You thought wrong," Corinth responded quickly.

As she spoke, Corinth realised that all she was wearing was a very flimsy, see through nightdress. She wondered if she

had done this deliberately in the hope that just this situation would arise.

She tried to adjust the bedclothes to conceal her breasts, but the very act of doing this drew Francis' attention to them. After showering and shaving, he had put only a clean pair of shorts, and Corinth could see his swelling organ pushing against the cloth.

"Well at least he wasn't repelled by my body," she thought, "obviously he still wants me. Will he try to rape me again?" She thought not, which seemed to leave the initiative for the next move with her.

They were silent for some time, and Corinth, battling with her conflicting thoughts and emotions, finally came to a firm decision and launched out boldly.

"Listen, my love," I've got another confession to make to you. When I see you getting erections, I am stirred up too. Like now."

There was another pause as they looked straight into each other's eyes. Corinth felt a wave of dread pass through her. Had she been too open? Would he be repelled by her forthright declaration of her desire for him? Would she now lose him completely?

Francis broke the silence, speaking very quietly. "You mean, you want me, sexually?" "Even though I'm your son, you wanted me to f...have sex with you?"

At this, Corinth felt her self pushed on to the defensive. "You wanted your mother, so why should your mother not want you. I have feelings too, you know."

Francis was dumbfounded. Like many of us, he found it hard to accept the reality that other people have the same needs and desires that we have, and even when we do understand that, we can hardly believe that they would want to meet those needs with us.

Corinth, very tenderly whispered, "Darling, if you want me, then take me, but no more rape. You must take me sensitively."

Francis response was unexpected by Corinth. He very slowly and lovingly removed her nightdress, moved her to sit on the edge of the bed, parted her legs, and kneeling before her he opened the outer lips of her sex organ, bent and kissed its inner petals.

It was done with almost and awesome reverence, as if he worshipped at some holy shrine.

Corinth, almost overwhelmed by this adoration, and already soaking wet with the fluids of love and desire, through the mists of her tender passion realised what he was doing. "Oh my God, he's paying homage to the place that gave him entry to this world."

Francis pressed his lips against her vaginal orifice for a long time, reveling in her femaleness, then finally inserting his tongue into her to taste her, he then moved his lips up to her breasts. Taking a nipple into his mouth, he loving sucked her.

Corinth, now almost beside herself with longing for him, this time spoke out aloud. "My love, that was where I gave you your first sustenance, and now I shall sustain you sexually for as long as you need me."

Francis released her nipple and speaking very softly said, "Mother, I shall always need you. As long as you will let me, I shall be your lover as well as your son."

He moved up to kiss her while his hand caressed her breasts, then suddenly, he moved away from her. "Mother, you said you were afraid I might make you pregnant. I don't have anything to use, so..."

Corinth smiled up at him. "My darling, would you mind so much if I did get pregnant to you?"

Almost with a voice of anguish Francis burst out, "Oh mother, you don't know ... all the time I was with the others and when I've masturbated, it was you I wanted ... no one else ...only you ... but I never thought it would be possible ... and ... and I've longed to make you pregnant. But I can only do that if you want it too.

Overwhelmed with lust as she was, Corinth managed to smile and say, "My sweet love, you may have already made me pregnant. In case not, fertilise me now. Please, fertilise me as you've never fertilised any other woman."

It was enough. Crying out, "Oh my God, yes," Francis thrust into her.

They were both at the extreme edge of sexual arousal, but Francis began moving slowly up and down her, gradually increasing his pace as their climax drew near.

Corinth moved with him, wrapping long legs round him to drag him into her, crying out, "Oh, my darling, my love, I want you so much...don't ever stop, please ... please...deeper, please, deeper..."

Corinth's orgasm exploded just as Francis fountained into her. He added his cries to hers, "Mother I love you ... I want you ... I've wanted you for so long ... Oh, God, you're so beautiful ... Oh God, oh ...aah. He gave a long drawn out groan as his sperm flooded her, and at the same time Corinth, shuddering as waves of exultant passion coursed through her, came to her own orgasm.

Francis finished, and Corinth, squeezing him with her vaginal muscles fought to draw out the last drops of his sperm. Holding him tightly with her legs she panted, "Stay in me a little longer darling. Please stay with me...

Francis looked down at her and said gently, "Mother, I shall stay with you for ever."

"Please God," Corinth prayed, "let me have his child."

The Relief of Troy

Chapter 1. Early Days.

I was in a dilemma. It was not so much what had happened, as my reaction to it that was troubling. It had been almost nothing in itself, but...

...But I should begin at the beginning.

My name is Troy Cummings. Married – or I was – to Doctor Tony Cummings, General Practitioner Extraordinary, or at least, he thinks he is. He works in a group practice where I first met him when I was a young, newly graduated podiatrist.

Tony was handsome with a dynamic personality. He was the popular idol of the women patients, and the bane of his colleagues. I went for him in a big way and after a painful deflowering in his flat one night, and the resultant pregnancy, we married.

The romance had been so hurried I barely got to know him. It was after we got married I began to discover that beneath the scintillating exterior, lurked a man of straw.

Despite his being a doctor, Tony lacked sensitivity when it came to female needs. He was rough in the expression of his own sexual urges, and had no interest in fulfilling mine. I believe some women like this caveman approach, and while I don't mind some vigorous coupling, I do like to end up gratified.

It took only three years before Tony's sexual interest in me began to fade. It did not happen all at once, but gradually tailed off over the next couple of years until it reached vanishing point, at which time we agreed on separate bedrooms. I was not unhappy about this because when he had coupled with me he had constantly left me unsatisfied.

The decline in sexual interest on Tony's part seemed to coincide with the time I left the group practice, and set up in partnership with Pam, a girl I had become friendly with on the podiatry course. Like me, she was married and had a son. Her husband, Ben, also a doctor, worked in the same practice as Tony.

My son, Miles, was one of the things I had reason to be grateful to Tony for. Perhaps it might have been the same with someone else, but he inherited his father's good looks, but fortunately, not his character, if one could say that Tony had any character under that bright personality.

As far as Tony was concerned, Miles was a disappointment. He tried hard to draw him into his own interests, believing that he must "make a man of him". This meant taking him off to football matches. Tony was president of the local club and at the age of four Miles was carted off clad in a beanie, scarf and socks that sported the club colours of red and black.

Miles' response to these outings was at first one of disinterest that gradually turned to dislike. Tony grew angry when Miles said he did not want to go to the match, and made pointless comments like, "The boy's a bloody sissy."

The direction of Miles' interests started to emerge when he was five.

One day when Miles was playing with a toy train on the floor, I was listening to a piece of music by Bach. I had no idea Miles was listening to the music, but when it finished he said, 'That was pretty, Mummy'."

"Did you really like it?" I asked.

"Yes."

I was both surprised and gratified that he felt that way about so complex a musical piece.

At about age seven Tony gave up trying to draw Miles into his world of sport. Saturday afternoons became my special time with Miles. The State Festival Centre began to hold a series of concerts, plays and similar entertainment's mainly for children. They were called, "The Alternative to Sport."

Miles and I went along to many of these, and in addition, I took him to places of historical and natural interest.

The bond Tony had tried to make with Miles began to loosen, and Tony became less and less interested in the boy. I, on the other hand, found myself drawing closer to Miles.

Even when he was in my womb, I felt that I loved him. In the early stages of his life I tried hard to help him bond with his father. It was not my choice to be the main influence in his life and suffocate him with mother love. Once, however, it became clear that Miles was not going to follow in father's footsteps as far as sport went, and Tony lost interest, I not unwillingly took over.

When he was seven Miles decided that he loved me, and informing me of this important decision, announced that "When I grow up, mummy, I'm going to marry you."

I'd read my share of Sigmund Freud, and although he is out of fashion these days, I think he was onto something when he wrote that little boys have an erotic attachment to their mothers, and see their father as a rival. He goes on to reassure the reader, that all turns out well, because the boy learns that father is too powerful as a rival, so he eventually turns to other females to find his soul mate.

I therefore felt safe in responding to Miles' declaration by saying, "I'm sure that will be lovely, darling."

Chapter 2. Storm Signals.

As the years went past and Tony and I became increasingly two people in the same house but living separate lives, so the attachment between Miles and I grew.

Tony and I never went out together except when we had been invited to some social gathering, and we needed to put on a bit of a show of togetherness.

It was Miles and I who accompanied each other to concerts and theatre, or what Tony called, "Effeminate time wasting."

I sometimes thought that Tony's eyesight must be defective, as he evidently failed to see that Miles was growing into a

more powerful version of himself, physically. With no particular interest in team sports, Miles took to track and field activities.

Miles did seem destined to follow his father's example and become a doctor. Yet, even this did not seem to spark any interest in Tony.

When Miles entered his teen years, doctor though he was, Tony left it to me to give the boy sexual instruction. This consisted mainly of information about contraceptives, and dire warnings about sexually transmissible diseases. Fortunately, the outrageously expensive school he went to had an excellent programme on sexual development, so I was saved the task of explaining some of the more intimate details.

In his early teen years, Miles and I went out increasingly together, but our roles began to change. From me taking him out, he became more akin to my escort. He noticed what I wore, how I had done my hair and whether or not I had too much makeup on.

He was inclined to comment on these matters, saying things like, "You are looking lovely tonight, mother." At first I assumed he was merely repeating what he had read in some novel, but after a while I began to understand he was serious,

and found myself deliberately trying to make myself look attractive for him.

Then when he was sixteen, he started to change. He found reasons for not accompanying me and disappointed though I was, I assumed he had entered that Freudian stage of seeking other female company.

That he was engaging in some sexual activity became clear when, putting away some handkerchiefs in his drawer, I found a packet of condoms.

"Well, at least the boy is playing it safe," I thought. At the same time, I felt a pang of regret that my "little boy" was growing up.

I became somewhat alarmed when this growing up process started to include a widow living in the next street. I would have known nothing about it but for the local gossip. She said with an ingenuous smile, "Isn't it nice that Miles visits Mrs.Vawser so much. She must have been so lonely since Mr.Vawser passed away."

Ivy Vawser might be a widow, but she was also a lusty dyed blonde who married Tom Vawser who was fifteen years older than her. She was about eight years older than I was,

and, I thought, a very dangerous woman where a young fellow like Miles was concerned.

Unsure how to tackle the situation, and not wanting to have Tony involved, I resorted to my partner, friend and confidant, Pam.

Over the years, Pam and I had shared many of our woes, especially the marital miseries. I now explained the situation to her, asking what she thought about it. To my amazement, she laughed.

"My dear Troy," she spluttered through her laughter, "Just be happy that Miles is probably getting some good sex therapy and training. Boys often go for older women because they feel safe with them, and they get a far more exciting time than with the young girls. Just think, he's having his sex in a nice comfortable bed, instead of the back of his car."

"You mean, I shouldn't try to do something...try to stop it?"

"What for? It will stop of itself eventually. Ivy Vawser isn't going to get pregnant, she'll see to that, and as for a longstanding relationship, she's more likely to be on the lookout for another well-off old guy. Miles may get a bit of a bump when she drops him, but that's all part of the learning experience."

I'm not sure when what Pam called the "bump" took place, but after about six months Miles ceased his evening journeys in the direction of Ivy's house, and returned to his role of escorting me.

He now did this with even more seriousness, and took to saving up his allowance and then blowing it on taking me to a restaurant for dinner before whatever concert or theatre we were going to. These restaurant visits were truly delightful, and were invariably candlelit affairs.

It was after one such evening that the first storm warning appeared. On arriving home and driving the car into the garage, I went to get out, when Miles took my hand and said, "Hold on. We never finish these evenings off properly."

Innocently I asked, "What do you mean, darling?"

"This," he said, and leaning across to me kissed me on the lips. In itself a kiss between Miles and I was nothing unusual, but this time it was the sort of kiss that confused me.

It was not a kiss one expects from a son. It was soft and a little moist, and held on just a bit longer than I expected.

Yet it was not the kiss alone that disturbed me, but my reaction to it. I felt myself blush and my nipples began to harden, and worse still, I actually began to get wet between the legs.

I got out of the car in bewilderment, and fleeing indoors ran straight to my bedroom.

Chapter 3. Sons and Mothers.

Over the years of Tony's sexual neglect of me, I had not been a completely virtuous wife. There had been two men, both of them married, and in the end, unwilling to break up their families. Even if they had been, I was also unwilling to break up with Tony until I was sure that Miles could stand on his own two feet. Apart from these two lovers, I resorted to masturbation to relieve myself of sexual tensions.

I had to masturbate now, and as I came, it was Miles who emerged as my fantasy.

Next morning, when Miles came into the kitchen for breakfast, he came over to me where I stood preparing something, and parting the hair at the back of my neck, pressed a gentle kiss, saying, "Good morning, my lovely mother."

I tried to behave in a manner I thought "normal," but have you ever tried to be normal in an abnormal situation? My legs began to shake, and I became clumsy in what I was doing, and dropped the bowl I was using, smashing it.

Miles went to help pick up the pieces, but I irritably brushed him aside. Of course, it was not him I was irritable with, but me. Why was I reacting like this simply because my son was getting...I didn't know what to call it, so I settled for, "over-friendly?"

I wanted to confide in Pam again, but she was out that day visiting patients in their homes. That evening with Miles engaged in some studies in his room, and Tony out on one of his mysterious "calls," I dragged out dear old Freud from the bookshelf.

I read the section where he writes about incestuous feelings of a son for his mother. Once more, I was assured that the son would eventually turn from the mother to find another sexual object. But that was only to deal with one side of the equation. I found little about mothers having incestuous feeling for their son, and as far as I was concerned, that was what had happened the previous evening.

Next day Pam was working once more in our consulting rooms. I poured out my troubles to her.

"Pam, Miles kissed me almost like a...a...a lover."

"Lucky you," Pam declared. "I wish my son would kiss me like that."

"Do you mean, you wouldn't mind?"

"Why should I?" she asked. "If my Ben doesn't bother to kiss me, or do anything else with me for that matter, why should I worry if a nice looking young chap wants to, even if he is my son."

"But...Pam...you don't mean..."

"Don't fancy doing a bit of son swapping, do you," she laughed.

"Pam, you mean you'd let your son have...get...have intimate..."

"I'll tell you the truth, Troy, and it won't be much help to you, but I'm not sure what I'd do if David tried anything with me.

Look, we try hard to distinguish between different sorts of loving, but as you've found out for yourself, its not always easy to draw these artificial border lines."

"What am I going to do, Pam? I'm not so much afraid of what Miles might do, it's my response to it that frightens me."

"What you're saying Troy, is that you do really fancy him, and if he puts a bit more pressure on, you're going to give in."

"I don't know, Pam, I really don't know. Perhaps it's nothing at all. He was just having a bit of fun with me."

"Troy Cummings, how long does it take for you to wake up. Miles has been practically dating you years..."

"No, no. We've just gone to things together that's all..."

"For God's sake Troy, can't you see what's been happening? He goes off fucking Ivy Vawser, and why? My guess is she was a substitute for you. That comes to an end, and what happens, he goes back to taking you out and spending his allowance on candlelit dinners. Can't you see he's been behaving like a lovelorn Romeo?"

"If you can't do anything else, at least see things as they are. He wants you, and he's not going to stop wanting you. He may or he may not do much about it in a direct way, but if you open the door to him – or more accurately, your legs, he'll be in like a flash."

"You can stop him Troy by telling him 'no' very firmly. He's a lovely boy and I know he wouldn't do anything to hurt you, and one thing is certain, he's in love with you."

"With his own mother?"

"Why not, you are his mother, but you're also a very attractive woman. Why shouldn't he be in love with you? For God's sake Troy, get objective about yourself: lovely slim figure, a bust that would make Venus seem droopy, gorgeous hair and a face that makes Helen of Troy – ha, that's a coincidence – look ugly."

"You and Miles have been like a couple of peas in a pod ever since he was a child. And let's be frank, he's had not only his share of mother love, he's also had the love that your cripple-brained husband didn't want from you transferred to him. With all you've got and all you've given him, why wouldn't he want to fuck you?"

"Pam!"

"Sorry to be crude, Troy, but here's the boy wanting you and your complaining."

"It will pass, Pam, he'll get over wanting me."

In an exasperated tone, she went on, "Yes, he may get over wanting you, but will you get over wanting him? You want to be the abstemious martyr? The secular nun renouncing this world's temptations? Then go ahead. You don't want Miles? Then send him to me, I'll take care of his love problems for him."

"Pam!"

"I'm sorry Troy," she said quietly, "It's just that it makes me feel so frustrated, so envious. You have the chance of something beautiful with a fine young man, and all you can do is gripe about it."

I had always thought of Pam as strong, not easily subject to crying, but looking at her I saw her eyes filling, and the tears beginning to run down her cheeks. I put my arms round her and held her to me.

"Oh Troy," she sobbed, "it's so hard, so very hard...I've tried and tried...but Ben doesn't want...if only someone would love me like that...If David would..."

We stayed close together for a long time, but I could find no words for her comfort. I almost wished her son David would become her lover, to bring her some solace, some release, to give her the sort love she longed to give to him.

She had given me much to think about, but neither she, nor anyone else, could decide for me, if Miles made any further moves.

Chapter 4. A Gentle Caress.

Miles and I were not due to go out together for another week. It was to be a dinner only evening at a Restaurant with nothing to follow. As fate would have it, Tony was to be away that week. Miles and I would be alone in the house, and I thought to try to find some excuse for not going with him, but as he made no further amorous moves towards me, I dropped that idea.

On the evening we were due to go out, I was determined to make no special effort with my appearance, and I would be distant and aloof during the evening. However, in making

preparations to go out, I found myself being more meticulous than ever. So much for resolve!

Very self-consciously, I went to where Miles stood waiting for me. He looked at me and gasped."

"Mother, you look absolutely stunning. I've never seen you look lovelier."

I felt the blood rush to my face and there was a ticking sensation in my clitoris. So much for any ideas I had about being aloof!

At the restaurant I could hardly eat. I felt as if there was a lump in my throat. When I tried to speak my voice seemed to croak and I was quivering all over. I started to silently pray to some unidentified deity, "Help me, please help me," without knowing what help I wanted.

I tried to determine what Miles was thinking and feeling. He seemed his usual gentle, caring self, his only anxiety being my failure to eat. Before the meal was completed, he suggested we should go home, as I seemed unwell.

Trying to delay the journey home and what might follow, I said I was really quite well, but not hungry, and urged him to complete the meal.

To make matters worse, seemingly unbidden my nipples began to harden, and there was an uncomfortable wetness between my legs. I was lubricating copiously and the panties I was wearing were that type that have little more than a little shred of cloth passing over my groin. I feared the fluid I was producing would stain my dress at the back, thus making visible what I was feeling when I stood up.

At last, the meal finished and we drove home. Miles was still concerned about my welfare, and I, perhaps foolishly, continued to reassure him on that score. Perhaps I should have told him I was feeling unwell?

We drove into the garage. I made to get out, but Miles took my arm and pulled me towards him. I wanted to say, "Please, don't darling," but the words would not form because in truth I wanted him to kiss me.

His lips were very soft and warm on mine. He was not forceful, but seemed to be gauging my response. If, in that moment, as our lips clung together, I had pushed him away, I think it would have ended the matter, perhaps forever. Instead, I yielded to him.

In the awkward environment of the front seat in a car, I slipped slowly down on my seat, with Miles coming over me. Our kissing, begun very delicately, grew in fervour until it rose to a fever, our tongues searching the recesses of each other mouths, tasting each other's saliva.

Finally we broke, breathing heavily. Mile spoke in a whisper:

"Mother, you do know how much I want...need you...don't you?"

"Yes, my darling, I know."

"I've wanted you for years..."

"It's all right Miles, I understand."

His hand was sensitively exploring my breasts through the cloth of my dress – so unlike the rough squeezing used by Tony that used to hurt me.

"I know it may sound mad, mother...you know I love you?"

"Yes, darling."

"It's crazy, but I don't just love you, I'm in love with you."

"That's beautiful, Miles." My words were a combined response to what he had said, and the tender way his hand had now reached down to stroke my vulva.

"Not here darling. Take me to bed...please." There had been three other men in my life; none of them had touched me in the gentle way Miles was now caressing me.

With a soft gasp of, "Oh, mother," he got out of the car, came round to my side and opened the door.

I felt weak and was shaking with lust, and needed the help he now gave me.

Drawing me carefully out of the car, he half carried me into the house. Here I fell against him, overcome by the craving I had for him. I could feel his erect penis pressing against me, and the fluid of my own love now running down between my thighs.

If I had walked to the bedroom, it would have been with a very awkward gait because of my wet discomfort, but there was no need. Miles lifted me up and carried me into the bedroom, laying me on the bed. There he began to very slowly undress me as if he was relishing every moment of the act.

As he began to expose more of my body, I felt wonderful waves of love and desire ripple through me. I wanted him to engulf me, to melt into me. I wanted that oneness that we had had when he was literally part of me in my womb. I wanted him at my breast once more being nourished with my milk. I wanted...I wanted him totally.

He finished stripping me, and began to undress himself. My eyes feasted on him as his young lithe body came into view. His manhood stood up straight and hard, gleaming with his pre-cum, and I expected an almost instant penetration.

Instead, he sat beside me as I lay on the bed, letting his gaze range over my body, his hands beginning to explore me. This was lovemaking, as I had never experienced it before. The rough handling by Tony, and the hasty penetrations by my two lovers, had been nothing like this.

After his long visual search of my body he said, "You truly are a lovely woman, mother."

With that he bent over me and began kissing me. Again, it began gently but rose to a crescendo, our tongues once more thrusting in deep to search every crevice and corner, almost trying to eat each other.

Miles' hand was caressing my breast, stroking up slowly from the base to the nipple, until, suddenly, and as if he could hold back no longer, he groaned and bent to take a nipple into his mouth. He sucked and softly nibbled, filling me with waves of unbearable ecstasy that caused me to cry out, "I love you Miles, I love you...I want...to feed you...always."

"You shall," he said in a choking voice.

"Miles, darling, I've waited too long. Now darling, please."

He knew what I meant, and I having already drawn my legs apart, he lay upon me, and searched for my entrance with his shaft. I took hold of him and guiding him to my vagina, he penetrated.

He must have been right on the edge of ejaculation, but somehow, he held back, pushing in with his full length, he

slowly pulled back again, as if he wanted to experience every part of my vagina.

People now talk blithely of lovemaking when they refer to sexual intercourse. Often it is really lust making, or what I believe is called "Recreational sex." With Miles it was a lover making love, giving and receiving in a wonderful act of tenderness that made every move and every moment exquisite.

Neither of us seemed to want the union to end. In an agony of restraint, we held back from what in the end must be.

I was the first to surrender to the urgency of my need. I seemed to fall into a long tunnel of flashing coloured light, and as though they came from someone else, I heard my squeals and cries, begging Miles never to stop. All around me seemed to be vibrating with ever increasing force. The lights grew brighter and I was screaming in a frenzy of delicious suffering.

Then the world seemed to slow down, and at that point, Miles began to speed up his thrusting in and out of me. He gave a loud groan, and his sperm was pumping into me with great pulsating bursts.

He kept crying out, "I love you, I love you," and I desperately wanted to respond, to pour my own love over him, but I was on the downward slide of my orgasm, and was too weak and breathless to utter a word. I could only lay, my legs wrapped round him, trying to communicate love with my now relaxing body.

We finally ended the clamour and descended to a plain of post-coital tranquility. Experience had taught me that this was the decisive moment. What happened now answers the question, "Was this love or only lust?"

Tony's reaction once he had shot into me, was to pull out, turn away, and go to sleep. My two lovers had of necessity a slightly different technique. As soon as they had finished, they suddenly recalled that they had pressing engagements they must hurry off to. Whether I had been satisfied seemed of little importance to them.

Miles' first response, while he still remained inside me, was to ask, "Are you all right, mother?"

I gave a little laugh that jiggled his slowly slackening penis rather pleasantly inside me. "Darling, didn't I make enough noise for you?"

He laughed in turn and said, "I suppose it was a needless question, but I just wanted to be sure."

"And if I'd said 'no, I'm not all right', what would you have done?"

"There are things I could do to bring you off."

I offered up a silent prayer of thanks to Ivy Vawser. I'm sure it must have been she who taught him so well.

Miles went on, "Mother, do you know how long I've wanted you?"

"No, darling, I don't."

"Ever since I was seven. When I was near you, I used to get erections. With what I had they were only little erections, and I had no idea what I wanted to do with them, but I knew they had something to do with you."

"So," I thought, "There was something in this theory of infantile sexuality after all."

"You know we can't stop now, don't you, mother?"

This, I think, might have been the lurking fear I had always had. If our coupling had been an utter failure, we might have ended things now, but it had been the very opposite. The coupling itself had been monumental in its power, and the very fact that we still lay coupled, was for me, the proof of our love.

There was however, one other test of love that had to be faced.

"Miles, you do realise that we just had unprotected sex?"

"Oh, I thought..."

"I've not been taking the pill for several months. I want you to tell me truthfully, how you would feel if I was pregnant."

"If it were possible, mother, I would love you even more."

"Are you sure you know what you're saying, Miles? Its very important because of what we must talk about next."

"I don't think I've ever been more certain of anything in my life, apart from my love for you. I know what you want to talk about next. Its father, isn't?"

"Yes."

"For God's sake, mother, you have to leave him. You know he's been skating on thin ice for years with his female patients."

"I know, darling."

"He's got away with it so far, mother, but one day someone's going to report him, and he'll be finished. He'll be stopped from practicing medicine, and they'll take him through the courts until they've soaked every last cent out of him."

"I'm afraid so, Miles."

"You haven't had sex with him for years..."

"How do you know that?"

"Mother, I know you well enough to realise that you wouldn't have taken lovers if father had still been having sex with you, you're not the type."

"You know about them?"

"People will talk, you know."

"And you still wanted me?"

"Of course. Don't you believe I love you? I went through agonies of jealousy over them, but it didn't stop me loving you. I told myself, 'One day she'll understand how much I love her, and she won't need her lovers anymore'."

"I stopped needing my lovers months ago, that's why I went off the pill, but darling, if I'd known, I wouldn't have put you through that pain."

"I know you wouldn't, and I haven't been exactly the virtuous son."

"Yes, you and Ivy must have had a wild time while it lasted."

He laughed. "My God, are there no secrets any more?"

He had still not withdrawn from me and could I feel that he was hardening again, so I laughed and said, "There's one secret you can't hide."

"What's that?"

"You're ready to go again, my love."

We lay looking deep into each other's eyes as he started to move in me. I knew it would be longer this time, so after a minute or two I said. "Lay over on your back, darling."

He did as I asked and withdrew. I sat across him, my opening poised over his shaft, then slowly lowered myself to let him enter. Once his full length was in me I stopped and began to explore his body with my hands, while his hands reached for, and began to fondle my breasts.

How long we stayed like that I don't know. We were so lost in our looking at and touching each other, time seemed to stand still.

Still without any movement in my vagina, I felt another orgasm approaching. It began with a tingling in my clitoris that started to spread outwards and through me. My genitals

seemed to take fire and the heat began to engulf my whole body. I was now moving on Miles, shaking and screaming as wave after wave of orgasmic torment racked me.

Before I reached the pinnacle, Miles seized my hips, lifting me up and dragging me down with powerful thrusts, his seed shattering into me in the primal drive to impregnate.

In that moment I knew why throughout history there had been lovers who were prepared to face death for the sake of this exquisite agony. I would have died for Miles so long as I could have this love union with him.

There is a Latin proverb that states, "Every animal is sad after intercourse." I understand that, but in this coupling with Miles, I realised that there are two kinds of sadness that can come after intercourse.

The first sadness is the sort I had often experienced with Tony and my lovers. It is a feeling of guilt and a desire to reject the deed just done. I once overheard a young man stating this sadness in its most brutal form. He said, "After I've fucked her, I just want to say, 'Clear off you dirty old cow'."

With Miles, I discovered another sort of sadness. It was the knowledge that eventually we must separate. Miles would

have to withdraw from me, and our union would come to an end. This form of post-coital sadness is ameliorated when experienced by two people who truly love each other, for they know that this moment of separation is purely temporary, and they will come together in love again.

Sitting over Miles, I kept him inside me for a long time. In case he was tired of me being there but did not want to say so, I made to separate from him a few times, but he seized my hips and whispered, "Stay, just a little longer, please."

"Finally I said, "Darling, we must sleep. You've got lectures tomorrow and I have to go to work."

I pulled away from him, and as the tip of his penis came out of me, he gave a soft moan.

He drew the covers over us, and I burrowed against him. He had one arm round me, and with one hand, he held my breast. I slept the most peaceful sleep I had experienced for a long time.

Chapter 5. Came the Dawn.

When I woke early next morning, I found we had moved apart during the night. I rose quietly from the bed, put on my dressing gown, and slipped out of the bedroom.

Everything around me seemed to have been made anew. Smells I had long ceased to notice were alive again. I saw everything as if for the first times. I went out into the garden, and whilst it was in fact a beautiful day, had it been blowing a gale with rain beating down, it would still have been a beautiful day. I touched trees and flowers, their solidity or fragility thrilling me.

I felt myself to be a new person. Cares and woes fell away from me, as I knew myself to be loved and desired. I felt young, and very, very alive.

I went back into the house and began preparations for breakfast. After about five minutes, Miles appeared still naked. He came to me, and taking me in his arms, he kissed me deep and hungrily.

"How is my lovely mother this morning?" he asked.

"I feel superb," I replied, pulling tightly against him.

"Good," he said, "because I think we should start the day properly."

It was no use my being coy, and pretending I didn't know what he meant. I could feel his erection pressing against me as he held me.

He drew me to a kitchen chair and sitting on it, he pulled me to him so that, with my legs parted, I sat on his lap facing him. I knew what was wanted, so I took his penis and inserted it into my vagina. He slipped into me easily, but in our position, he could only penetrate me with about half his length.

We sat facing each other, Miles' hands roaming over my breasts. This being connected, but remaining still and simply looking at each other seemed to be something we both needed. It was a very peaceful form of love communication, a sort of calm before the storm.

After a while Miles lifted me so that his penis was withdrawn from me. I was not sure what he wanted, but I tried to follow his movements. It was then he did one of the sweetest and most loving things that a man can do for a woman.

Holding his penis in his hand, he pressed the tip of it against my clitoris, then began to move it back and forth over the little nub.

I began to give out with little cries, kissing Miles' face: "Miles...oh Miles...darling...Oh God, Miles you're making me come...don't stop darling...don't stop."

The first pangs of orgasm shot through me, jolting me with shocks of intense, sweet torture. I must have raked the poor boy's shoulders and back with my nails, because afterwards I could see the marks of my exhilaration.

Almost as soon as I had finished, I pulled away from him and dropped to my knees in front of him. I took the beautiful crown of his penis into my mouth, licking and sucking in a delirious passion to repay his gift to me.

He came with a joyful cry, his sperm pouring into my mouth. I struggled to swallow his seed, not wanting to lose a drop, but it overwhelmed me, and it began to dribble out of my mouth onto his crotch.

When he had finished, I slumped down, leaning against his knees, while he sat, drooping in the chair.

"Well," he said, "I told you we should start the day properly."

We both laughed weakly.

"Darling, if we are going to start every day like that, how are we going to get the strength to do our work? I think we'd better clean ourselves up, have some breakfast, the get about our business."

"I suppose you're right," he said, "but I'd rather we stayed home."

"Nothing doing," I retorted. "I've got a living to make, and if my plans work out, I shall soon have to make a living for both of us."

We showered and then ate our breakfast.

Miles left for his lectures and I for my work.

Chapter 6. Radiant Troy.

On arrival at the practice, Pam was already there, doing something on the computer. She looked up as I came in and started a formal greeting.

"Good morning Troy, how...My God, what happened to you?"

"Why?"

"You look...I dunno...you look...radiant...what's happened...My God, you have, haven't you, Troy?"

"Yes, I have, Pam."

"Oh terrific! How...how was it, darling?"

"It was wonderful, Pam, absolutely out of this world."

"As good as that?"

"Better, but I can't find the words to describe it."

"You lucky dame. Was it a once only?"

"Not exactly once, darling. Twice last night, then another one before I came to work."

"Wow, sounds like a honeymoon."

"I suppose it was. It was certainly a marriage of sorts."

"As serious as that, Troy?"

"Yes, as serious as that, Pam."

"You mean, it's going to go on...sort of permanent?"

"Yes."

"My God, you two must be in love. What are you going to do...I mean...about Tony and all that?"

"My plan is to leave Tony, and get a house, probably in a suburb the other side of the city. Miles has got several years to go before he graduates, and when he does, we shall probably have to move near to where he'll be working."

"You mean, you two really are going to stay together, seriously?"

"As far as I'm concerned Pam, yes. If you knew what sex with Miles was like, you'd understand. There is something else as well. We didn't use any contraception."

"Hell, you could get pregnant."

"Yes, I could."

"And you don't mind?"

"Not in the least. It couldn't be a better outcome for Miles and I."

"Well, Troy, what does one say in this sort of situation? Congratulations?"

"I suppose I should thank you Pam. It was our talk the other day that at least got me on the right track."

"Perhaps I should start talking to myself."

"What do you mean, Pam?"

"Nothing, really. Must get on and do some work now, but I'm really pleased for you Troy."

"Thanks, Pam."

Pam returned to her task, and for the rest of the day we hardly spoke at all. I got the feeling she was annoyed or angry with me, but I couldn't understand why.

Chapter 7. Gloomy Pam.

Finishing with the last of my patients, I was in a hurry to get home to Miles. I looked in on Pam to say goodbye and found her sitting at her desk staring into space. This was completely uncharacteristic of the lively outgoing Pam, so despite my desire to be off, I was prompted to ask if anything was wrong.

"Yes," said Pam, "I'm eaten up with jealousy over you and Miles. What's the secret Troy, how did you manage it?"

I gave a smile and replied, "I didn't really do anything. Remember, it was partly your encouragement and Miles' action that brought about what happened."

"That's what I meant when I said 'I'd should start talking to myself.' Do you know, Troy, I've been trying to work out all day how I can entice David. I've thought, 'Perhaps if I let him see me in my sexiest panties and bra he might try.' Pathetic, isn't it?"

"Pam, has David ever shown any signs of wanting to...to..."

"Fuck me? Not even a little bit."

"Does he ever show you any affection? I mean, put his arm round you, hug you, anything like that?"

"No, he seems to want to avoid me as much as possible."

"Do you know if he's had any sexual experience?"

"Oh yes, with Rosemary. That's why I laughed when you told me about Miles and Ivy Vawser."

"Rosemary!" I was surprised, but perhaps I shouldn't have been. Rosemary was the lady who cleaned house for Pam two or three times a week. She was around her mid thirties and quite pretty.

Pam went on, "You remember the time I was sick and came into work, then found I just couldn't carry on?"

"Yes."

"Well David was home because of the term break and Rosemary was there, supposedly doing the cleaning. They must have heard the car drive in, and by the time I walked into the lounge they'd untangled themselves, but Rosemary was red in the face and David was a picture of guilt."

"The poor things tried to cover up, with Rosemary muttering something about 'Just dusting the lounge' and David pretending to look for a book."

"They might have got away with it but for two things. Poor Rosemary hadn't had time to get her knickers on and had shoved them under a cushion on the sofa, but I spotted them. The other thing was the sofa looked untidy, and I saw a wet patch on it. I suppose it was hers or his discharge, or more probably both."

"Whatever did you say?"

"Nothing. Why should I? If David could have some sex with an older woman, I thought it safer than if he was screwing

around with the girls at college. Rosemary is a nice woman, and with her alcoholic brute of a husband, why shouldn't she try to enjoy herself occasionally?"

"So you just ignored it?"

"Yes. I was only sorry I'd broken in on them and spoiled it. I mean, as it turned out, I got a lovely contented and happy son for as long as Rosemary was with us. Unfortunately, when she finally decided to leave her husband, she moved away – too far away for her to continue working as our cleaner. So poor David went back to being his sullen and obviously frustrated self.

Thinking about Rosemary's pretty looks, I tried to assess Pam's assets. She is a little taller than I am and plumper, but in a shapely way, with what used to be called, "an hour glass figure." She had praised my breasts, but hers were truly magnificent.

We sometimes changed our clothes before and after work, and I had seen her beautiful bust, unconfined by bras, firm and ivory coloured. She has a heart shaped face with gray eyes, pert nose and a mouth with full lips. Why husband Ben was not, as Pam might put it, "fucking" her every night might seem a mystery, but like my husband, he probably had other irons in the fire – more accurately, his penis in other vaginas.

I thought most men would kill for a night with Pam.

I wanted to be helpful and wondering about David's apparent disinterest in her, I asked, "Pam, have you ever told David you love him?"

She looked somewhat abashed by my question, but after some hesitation, she said, "Well, not in so many words. I mean, he might think I'm a sloppy idiot."

"Do you love him, Pam?"

"What do you mean, in a mother sort of way?"

"I mean in any way."

"Troy, truthfully, I love that boy like hell...real hell...I've burned for him ever since he entered puberty."

I was somewhat taken aback by her vehemence and we were silent for a few moments. Then I picked up my theme again.

"Why not tell him you love him? I don't mean say, 'I love you, will you fuck me?' Just tell him you love him, and let him work out what sort of love you might mean."

Pam stared down at the floor for a moment, then looking me straight in the eyes she said, "Thanks, Troy. I might try that. After all, it couldn't really make the situation any worse, could it?"

"Of course not, darling, and you might be surprised what response you get. I must go now; I want to find out if Miles has got tired of me yet. Good luck."

Chapter 8. Troy Welcomed Home.

I fled homeward to find Miles already there. I had been joking when I said I wondered if Miles was tired of me, but had I been serious, he would have quickly dispelled my doubts.

As soon as I walked in I was in his arms and he was kissing me. I felt his stiff manhood pressing against me, and I responded, rotating my hips against him.

He began to strip my lower half until my sex was exposed, then bending me over the table he came into me from behind and ejaculated almost immediately.

When he had finished he murmured, "That's the way we should always say, 'hello'."

I was still bent over the table with Miles' penis inside me. "That's all very well, Miles," I complained in a muffled voice, "but what about me? I rush home from work, soaking wet between the legs for you, and you offload before I can get going."

"I've allowed for that, mother dear," he chuckled, "Let's go to the bedroom."

He lifted me up and carried me unresisting to the bed. He finished undressing me and stripped off himself.

We sat facing each other, my legs spread out on either side of him, then he pulled me to him, and I felt him slip into me. Once in, he did what he seemed to enjoy, and just rested there. We started kissing, his fingers pressing my nipples lightly.

His touch was too light, so I asked, "Miles, hurt me a little, just a little harder, darling."

He began pinching harder, and this stimulation together with his motionless penis inside me, brought me to orgasm.

I clung to him as the waves of delicious torment shook me, and as I passed my climax, he began to move with little jerking movements.

His emission was without any violent movement or outcry. He seemed to be treating me as if I was something fragile and precious, and he kept murmuring, "I love you very much, mother."

On the down side of my orgasm, I stroked his face and kissed him as his seed gushed into me, then it overflowed to mingle with my fluids on the bed as I spoke my words of love to him.

When he had completed discharging, we sat a while longer, touching each other and softly kissing. It was I who had to make the break, saying, "Darling, we've made a terrible mess on the bed, I think we should change the covers, shower and then eat."

"Why change the covers," he grinned, "we're only going to make a mess again later."

"Don't be so unhygienic, Miles," I scolded, but noted the promise of things to come.

Having showered and eaten, there was a hiatus in our activity. Perhaps it was the commonplace of eating together that brought this about. We had eaten together hundreds of times, but having entered into a sexual relationship, I think that it was the bringing together of the commonplace and the new that caused a certain shyness or restraint between us.

Perhaps the mundane act of preparing and eating a meal together brought home to us the fact that our relationship had changed forever. We had broken a taboo and entered an incestuous relationship, and even if it was to stop right then, nothing could ever be the same between us again.

Difficulties lay ahead for us: the final break with Tony, finding a place to live, how Miles and I should relate in public, supporting Miles as he studied for his medical degree and eventually went into practice. Above all, if I were pregnant, would Miles be so happy about it as he thought he would be?

My thoughts went to Pam. Had I done right in encouraging her to try to lure her son, David, into a sexual relationship with her?

These reflections dissipated when Miles said, "Come to bed with me, mother."

We joined each other in bed almost like an old married couple, except with considerably more ardour.

Chapter 9. What Troy did not Want

We began with kissing and caressing, and then I moved over Miles to lower my vulva to his lips. He licked and sucked my vagina and clitoris, tasting my fluid and no doubt inhaling my female fragrance.

He brought me to orgasm, but the poor boy was so worked up during this process of giving me oral sex, that without my doing anything else to him, he ejaculated with considerable force.

I felt badly about this and said, "Darling, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean it to happen like that."

He grinned up at me, his face soaked with my liquid and his belly wet with his own discharge, and said, "We've got all night."

I got a cloth and cleaned him up. There was one aspect of sex that I had to talk to Miles about and I chose that moment to speak what was on my mind.

"Darling, there's something I have to tell you...its something I don't want you to do to me."

"What is it, mother?"

"I don't like anal sex. I'm sorry if you want to do that with me, but your father did it with me once, and he hurt me terribly...I just..."

"Mother, don't you believe me when I say 'I love you'. I wouldn't do anything to you that you didn't want done and I certainly wouldn't want to hurt you..."

"Even when I ask you to hurt me?" I asked with a little chuckle.

"Well, yes, then I suppose," he grinned.

I was relieved to have said what needed to be said, and in a sense felt even freer with Miles, knowing I would not have to reject him should he have made an attempt at anal sex. I now got down to seeing that his next ejaculation occurred in the right place, namely, inside me.

We loved half the night away, and as far as Miles was concerned, I think it would have been all night. In the end, I had to put a stop to our activity since we both had another busy day ahead of us.

Miles had been right about one thing; we had to change the bed linen again.

Chapter 10. Pam Hits the Nail on the Head.

Next morning we began with what was to become a regular event for some time, our "Good morning" intercourse on the chair followed by passionate and anguished kisses as we went our separate ways.

I got to work before Pam and did some catching up on paper work before the first patient arrived.

After our conversation the previous evening, I was feeling anxious about Pam. If she had followed my suggestion of telling David she loved him, and he had been unimpressed or even rejecting, she might be crushed.

She came in late, and one look at her told me something had happened.

Normally well groomed, you might even say beautifully groomed, Pam looked pale and bedraggled. She lacked makeup and her hair looked as if no brush or comb had touched it.

She flopped down into a chair with moan and looked as if she was ready to go off to sleep.

"Whatever is the matter," I asked apprehensively, dreading what I was about to hear.

"I tried it," she whimpered.

"Tried what?"

"Your bloody suggestion. I told David I loved him."

"And?"

"I cheated."

"You cheated, how?"

"Well, I combined your suggestion with my idea."

"Come on Pam, just tell me what happened."

"I got home and everything was normal, except Ben is away at the same medical seminar as Tony – I sometimes wonder what they do at these seminars."

"David wasn't home when I arrived, so I showered and did a bit of facial repair. Then I got into panties and bra, you know, the sort where the panties are little more than some bits of cloth just about covering the essential, and the bra is just under lift, so you can nearly see the nipples. As you know, I don't really need bras, but I keep a few around for when I want to be respectable."

"Pam, you don't mean you..."

"I do mean."

"I heard David arrive and go and take a shower, I waited until I thought he'd finished and trying to time it so he was on his way back to his room, I went towards the bathroom, pretending I was just going to have a shower."

"Well, I timed it just right. He was just going into his room when along I came. 'David,' I said, 'I didn't know you'd come home. Have you had a good day?'"

"He'd never seen me wearing so little before, and his eyes seemed to jump out of his head, but he said in a grumpy sort of voice – the one he nearly always seems to use with me – 'Okay I suppose'."

"I thought, 'Now or never, Pam', so I said as calmly as I could, 'You know, David, I love you very much, my darling'."

"What happened?"

"He went quite pale and he started to shake. He only had a towel wrapped round his middle, and I could see the lump growing at the top of his thighs."

"He was standing there quivering and trying to speak, so I moved close – very close – to him and asked, 'Are you all right, darling, you look so pale?'"

"Do you know what he did, Troy? My David, my big strong son? He started to cry. Tough David was sobbing as if his heart would break."

"Well, what could I do...?"

"What did you do, Pam?"

"I put my arms round him and held him really close, you know, so my breasts were pushing against his chest and my belly against his."

"That did it. He broke down completely and started to groan, 'Mother, oh mother...'"

"I did the obvious and took him into his bedroom and sat him on the bed, then I sat beside him, and asked, 'What is it, darling, you can tell me.' It felt a bit strange, I mean, a big chap like David, and me comforting him."

"Did he say anything?"

"Oh yes, he said, 'I can't tell you because you'll hate me'. So I said, 'Darling, I love you, I'll never hate you, whatever it is. Just tell me and get it over with.'"

"Please, Pam, will you tell me what happened?"

"I'm trying to, Troy. I have to just have to try to get it straight in my mind. If you can't be patient..."

"All right, Pam, in your own time."

"He sort of hedged around and stuttered, then at last he came out with it – or at least, part of it."

"He said, 'Mother, for years I've wanted to ...to...'"

I couldn't let it go on, so taking the big chance I said, "You've wanted to have sex with me?"

"I thought for a moment he was going to pass out because if possible he went even paler. I didn't know if I'd hit the nail on the head or made a terrible mess of things. Then he whispered almost inaudibly, 'Yes'."

"Neither of us spoke. We sat there as if we were paralysed. Then I undid my bra and pulled his head down to my breasts. I got a hand under one breast and brought the nipple to his mouth. It was beautiful, Troy, exquisite. I know it sounds corny to say so, but I really felt as if I was in paradise. After all these years, the son I loved so much was suckling at my breast again. Can you understand that?"

"Yes, Pam, I can understand" - After all, had I not just recently had the same experience with Miles? - "How did it go on?"

"With a great deal of energy. Once David realised that I wanted him sexually, it was as if some barrier came crashing down. Well, just look at me. We didn't stop all night. I haven't had a wink of sleep and I rushed out this morning to get here."

"Two incestuous mothers," I said with a wry smile. "Do you think it's going to be serious with you and David? I mean, will it last?"

"I bloody well hope so, Troy. You know I've had several men, but nothing like this."

"Are you still on the pill, Pam?"

"Yes, thank goodness. If I wasn't, and the quantity of sperm was anything to do with it, David would have given me quads four times over last night. Do you think you're pregnant?"

"I'll know in a couple of weeks time."

"Tony will go mad if you are."

"Why should he? He's having his fair share of women, so why shouldn't I have a man?"

"Yes, but getting pregnant – and with your own son!"

"I'll make sure he never knows who the father is, and in any case, I'm leaving Tony."

"If David is really serious about me, then I think I'll leave Ben. He hasn't fucked me for years, and like Tony, he has his women. Fortunately, unlike Tony, he keeps his love life away from the practice."

"I'm leaving Tony no matter what happens," I said, "but as far as our boys are concerned, perhaps we'd better wait and see. They might just cool off, especially Miles if I am pregnant. It's a bit much to expect them to stay with women who are twice their age, and their mothers on top of it."

"God, I hope David and I do cool off a bit. If we don't, we'll die of exhaustion. On the other hand, where am I going to get loving like this again?"

"Good question, Pam. But tired or not, we'd better get on with some work."

We both laughed, and went to our waiting patients.

Chapter 11. Pam Gets an Idea.

On Tony's return from his alleged seminar week, I wasted no time in telling him I was leaving him. He ranted and raved for a while, threatening that I would not get the house or its contents, and he would fight me in the courts if I demanded money.

When I informed him I did not want the house, and all I wished to take with me were my personal things, he calmed down a bit and actually made me a financial offer as a sort of pay out. I wanted to depart with the minimum of fuss, so I accepted his offer.

When Miles told him that he was going to live with me, he made a sneering comment, "A couple of girls together, eh!" I think Miles was ready to punch his father on the nose, but I managed to hustle him out of the room.

I waited a full month after I was due to menstruate so as to be as sure as possible without a medical check, then announced to Miles that I was probably pregnant.

This is the moment when men tend to flee from their sexual partner, not so with Miles. He was delighted and began to treat me as if I was a piece of fragile glassware, until I informed him that I was not sick and quite strong enough to continue a vibrant sex life for some time ahead. Unfortunately, we were rather limited in the times we could come together for sex with Tony around the house, but we did our best.

From my discussions with Pam, I learned that having started the sexual relationship with David, she had let loose a monster in her life, even though a monster she was enjoying. It seemed that he could not leave her alone, and as Pam put it, "We are at it every minute we can." I must say that apart from the morning after their first night, she seemed to blossom, looking more attractive than ever.

I had to find somewhere to live, and in discussing this with Pam, she came up with an idea.

"Troy, why don't we get a place together, I mean, the four of us? It looks as if you and Miles are going to be permanent

fixtures, and I'm leaving Ben and going to do my best to keep David, so why not live together?"

I was no sure about this. Pam was a very dear friend and had been Auntie Pam to Miles, as I was Auntie Troy to David, but I recognised that Pam has a dominant personality, and while I can handle this at work, I was not sure how we would get on in the domestic scene.

"Two women in one kitchen, and all that sort of thing?" I queried.

She grinned, "I see what you mean. But don't let's close our options. Look around and see if we can find something that will suit us." She laughed, "Might find something with two kitchens."

I did not think that there was much chance of finding a two kitchen house, or one that would allow for some level of privacy. I did, however, see one advantage in Pam's idea. Houses were very expensive, and while both of us made a good income from our practice, to have someone share the cost of buying would be a big help.

I visited several agents to find out what they had available, and inspected a number of places. I had short-listed three possibilities, when one morning Pam came bursting in.

"Darling, I've found just what we need," she crowed.

"You mean you've found a place with two kitchens?"

"Not quite, but almost. You'll just love it. I've got the key, let's go and look at it lunchtime."

I tried to get Pam to tell me more, but all she said was, "Just see it, darling."

At lunchtime we went off to see this paradise Pam had found. When we arrived in the suburb my first reaction was to wail, "We couldn't afford to buy here!"

"Just wait and see, Troy."

The suburb was just north of the city centre. It had been one of the first areas to be populated by the early colonists, back in the nineteenth century. It is a fascinating mixture of large, mansion type houses built by those who got rich in the early days, and the little cottages of the less successful. They are all jumbled together in egalitarian fashion.

Pam stopped the car outside two cottages that were joined together – semi-detached I think they are called, and are now much sought after by the nouveau riche dot com young people.

The cottages were of stone with corrugated galvanised iron roofs. Pam was almost beside herself with excitement.

The main point about the cottages was that a previous owner had made them into a single dwelling by the simple expedient of knocking a hole in the party wall and putting in a door. The result, with a few other adjustments was, four bedrooms, two lounges, one bathroom and another room that had been a bathroom, two toilets and one kitchen and yet another room that had been a kitchen.

"Look, Troy," Pam burbled, all the connections are still there, we could easily restore the old kitchen and bathroom. All we'd have to do is buy a cooking stove, a bath and a few other things, and...well...there you are."

"How much?" I asked.

"It's very convenient for the city, and not far from our practice, darling..."

"How much?"

"If you think of how much we would have to pay if we bought separate houses..."

"How much?"

She drew out a piece of paper from her shoulder bag. I glanced at it and felt my knees go weak.

"Pam, are you mad! How could we ever afford this?"

"Well, you said Tony is paying up, and I'm certainly going to screw something out of Ben..."

"But Pam, it wouldn't be enough to pay for this."

"We could get a mortgage from the bank."

"And spend the rest of our lives paying it back?"

"Troy, darling, it would be lovely. The boys have always been like brothers and we...well...we get on all right, don't we? We wouldn't have to live in each other's pockets...I

mean you and Miles could live in one part and David and I in the other, and..."

"No Pam!"

"But Troy..."

"No."

Pam seemed to give way. "Oh well, I tried...but if you don't want to, you don't. You could at least have given it some thought."

We left with me in defiant and Pam in disconsolate mood.

Chapter 12. Pam's Nice Offer.

Over the next couple of days I went and looked at the places on my short list. None of them seemed to be what I wanted, and I kept getting flashbacks to the cottages. They were certainly very pretty, and had all the virtues Pam had indicated. But the price!"

I suppose the way I had balked at the idea of sex with Miles was an indication of my personality. It takes me a bit of time to come to terms with a new idea or pattern of behaviour. As

the days passed, the cottages loomed larger and larger in my thoughts.

I talked the matter over with Miles and his comment was, "I don't mind where we live, as long as we're together."

I did sums on pieces of paper and finally, with Tony making it clear he wanted us out of the place, I decided.

Late one night I telephoned Pam. "Okay, Pam, if we can get a bank mortgage, let's buy the cottages."

"Oh Troy, darling, wonderful," she babbled down the phone. "I'll see the bank manager tomorrow morning."

She did more than that. Out of her own savings she slapped down a holding deposit on the cottages, and within a week had the mortgage papers in front of me for signing. With a shaking hand, I signed.

Both Pam and I had brought personal things into the cottages, but we had to buy items of furniture and have the necessary work done to restore the old bathroom and kitchen. It was amusing to note that when it came to

furniture buying, the first item on both our lists, was a large – very large – bed.

There now began what I now think of as my halcyon days. With my pregnancy medically confirmed and the child growing within me, I basked in Miles' love. We still had our "Good morning" love session on a kitchen chair, and our "Hello" intercourse over the table. At night, in bed, we continued to love half the night away.

I am fortunate in that during pregnancy, I feel extremely well, but as my abdomen began to swell, the ever gentle Miles grew even gentler. He was determined that nothing was to harm the baby or me.

One of the really lovely things about Miles as a potential father was, that whereas many men saw a pregnant woman's swollen belly as ugly, he saw only beauty. He would run his hand over my belly saying, "You've never looked more beautiful, Troy. Since moving into the cottages, both Miles and David had dropped the "mother" and "Auntie" titles, and called us by our names.

Well before he needed to, Miles stopped penetrating me, and I resorted to masturbating him or giving him oral sex. I knew this did not completely satisfy him, but he was adamant that he would not take the slightest risk with me.

I think it was painful for both of us, as, despite the thickness of the dividing wall, we could hear the boisterous sexual revels of Pam and David as they reached their climax.

I was talking over this feeling of loss with Pam one day during lunchtime at work, saying how I was looking forward to the time when after the birth, we would be able to resume full sexual contact.

Pam became very thoughtful, then with extreme caution asked, "Do you think Miles likes me?"

"Of course he does, Pam. He's always been very attached to you since he was a little boy. You were his Auntie Pam."

"Look, Troy, don't get angry...its only a tentative suggestion...but do you think...would you mind...I mean...could I help Miles?"

"How do you mean, Pam?"

"Well, if you didn't mind and it was all right with David... just occasionally...perhaps once a week...I could...I could...Damn it, Troy, I could let him have sex with me."

She stopped, breathless. I stared at her, not certain if I had heard correctly.

"Are you suggesting that you and Miles have sexual intercourse?"

"Er...yes...I mean, only until...until you've got over having the baby...and...and if it would help Miles...it would be a loving thing to do...wouldn't it, Troy?"

I avoided her question and asked snappily, "Are you and David not contended with each other, isn't he enough for you?"

"Of course he is, Troy. I only thought as you and Miles were having sex as often as David and I, and suddenly Miles can't be with you properly for a while...well...I thought it would be nice to at least offer, that's all."

I suppose my question about she and David was superfluous, since Miles and I could hear them every night through the wall rejoicing over each other. As to her offer being "nice," I was not so convinced, so I took up another thread."

"Pam, how do you think David would feel about you and Miles having sex together?"

Oh, I already asked him. He thinks it's a great idea. He even said that if I ever got pregnant he'd appreciate the same offer from you.

That touched a nerve. Since coming to live in the cottages there had not been the sort of commune style living that had been envisaged, despite the communicating door. We still lived separate lives, but I had seen much more of David than in the past. One result of this had been my contemplation of him as a desirable male, and wondering what it would be like having sex with him. I had kept this thought well hidden, even from myself, but Pam had made it surface by stating that David would like to have sex with me.

If I had been eyeing David as a possible sex partner, however remotely, had Pam been eyeing Miles in the same way? It seemed clear she had. That David had been interested in me, made me wonder if Miles had been contemplating Pam. Perhaps most people, however they try to cover it up, looked at each other in this way, wondering what they would be like in bed?

Pam interrupted these thoughts, and in an exasperated voice said, "Look Troy, just forget it. I thought I was offering

something loving and not suggesting murder. I'm sorry I spoke."

Lunchtime was over and that concluded the conversation, but I could not, as Pam said, "forget it." It continued to rattle around in my brain for the next three days.

It got to the point where I felt I just had to test it out with Miles. I waited until we were in bed, and Miles was running his hands over my swollen belly and telling me how beautiful I looked. I started in slowly.

"Miles, you like Pam, don't you?"

"What a question, of course I like her." He grinned, "She never forgets my birthday."

"No, darling, I mean do you like her as a person...as a woman?"

"Well since she is a woman, how else should I like her?"

"Miles, what I'm asking is, do you think she's attractive?"

"Not as attractive as you."

"But you do think she's attractive?"

"Yes. David is almost as lucky as I am to have such a sexy mother."

"Then you think she is sexy?"

"Yes, she's...Look, what are you getting at Troy?"

"I was just wondering how you feel about her. I mean, have you ever thought what she'd be like in bed?"

"Well, I suppose...well, its natural isn't it. You look at a woman...Hey, what is this? Do you think I'm going to try something on with her?"

"No darling, but as we aren't...doing anything..."

"You thought I might try getting it with Pam," he said, finishing my sentence.

"Not exactly..."

"Then what, 'exactly'?"

"Miles, you won't be angry...?"

"Troy, I love you very dearly, but you're beginning to irritate me, so please, tell me what you are getting at."

"Well, Pam suggested that you might like to...to" I struggled to find a non-pejorative way of expressing it. "She said it would be all right if you wanted to...to relieve yourself in her."

Miles had still been stroking my belly, but now he stopped.

"Are you telling me that Pam would let me fuck her?"

"Yes, if you must put it like that."

"But you know I'm committed to you, don't you?"

"Of course, darling. But if you felt you needed to have someone, just until I've recovered from having the baby...then..."

"Then it's okay if I have Pam?"

"Yes."

"What about David. He's not going to like it, is he?"

"Well, you see, darling, he's already agreed to it."

"He's what?"

"There is something else, through, Miles. I think he and Pam are thinking of having a baby, and..."

"And he would expect you to do the same for him?"

"Yes. I wouldn't, darling, if you didn't want me to..."

"But it would be all right if I agreed?"

I felt as if I was on a sexual razor-edge. I knew I could accept David as a sexual partner, but I didn't want to lose Miles, who was my first love. I waited for his response.

"Troy, let me talk to Pam myself. I'd just like to get it straight with her what she's offering."

"All right, darling. The conversation seemed to have aroused him as I could feel his erection pressing against me. I asked, shall I masturbate you?"

"Yes please."

I began by flipping his foreskin rapidly over the crown of his penis, and as I felt him about to come, I finished him off with oral sex.

Chapter 13. A Kiss is a Kiss.

Over the following two days, nothing further was said about the possible sexual relationship between Pam and Miles. On the third day in the early evening, I noticed Miles going through the communicating door between our cottages. He was gone for about an hour, and on his return, looked very relaxed and cheerful. Still nothing was said.

I was getting near the time when I would give birth, but I was still attending the practice. At lunchtime, I could see that Pam had something to tell me, and I was sure I knew what it was.

To forestall her I said, "You and Miles had sex yesterday."

"Yes."

"I hope you enjoyed it, because I could see Miles did."

"If you must know, Troy, he was different."

"Different in what way?"

"I can't really explain, but it was different. Very tender and loving and taking it slowly. He made me come twice before he shot into me."

I was in a turmoil of jealousy. If I had not said anything to Miles about Pam's offer, or I had told him I didn't want him to take her offer, I felt sure that would have been the end of the matter. Instead, I had left it open to him to choose.

Lurking behind my jealousy was the fear that Miles would come to prefer Pam to me, and that would have all sorts of ramifications for all our relationships. Pam seemed to understand what I was feeling, and tried to placate me.

"Troy, I'm not trying to take anything away from you. I'll stop now if you want me to. Miles was only trying to relieve his sexual frustrations with me. As I said before, you two, like David and I, have been heavily into sex, and then for Miles, it stops. I know he was the one who stopped it, and he did it because he wants to be sure nothing will harm you or the baby. God knows what sort of a state David would be in if I were the pregnant one. Why not let me take care of Miles until after you've recovered from the birth? After that, he'll get nothing more from me."

"It all right Pam," I replied. "It's just that I've never been used to this sort of open sexual morality."

She laughed. "And you're having sex with your own son, and are even pregnant to him!"

I had to laugh with her at the ridiculousness of my words. I had scattered the bits and pieces of sexual morality I had gleaned from my upbringing, and broken through one of the most dreaded taboos, and now I was worried about Pam and Miles? When I put it to myself like that, it did seem bizarre.

I moved over to Pam and saying, "Thank you for looking after Miles," I bent and kissed her softly on the lips.

I had never kissed Pam on the lips before, and I was disconcerted when, as our lips held together for a moment, I felt a little thrill of excitement ripple through me.

Pam must have felt it too, because she said, "My God, if you kiss Miles like that, it's no wonder he wants you so badly." Trust Pam to state the matter starkly.

Flustered, I move away from her saying, "Time to get back to work." I hastened from the room.

For the rest of the afternoon, I continued to be disturbed by our mutual, if guarded response, to the brief touching of our lips.

That night in bed I told Miles I knew about Pam and he, and asked him how it had felt. Oddly, he used the same words as Pam."

"It was different."

"How different, darling?"

"It wasn't serious. It was sort of lighthearted."

In a way, I was relieved to hear this. Knowing how seriously Miles engaged in sex with me, it was a comfort to know that it was apparently more casual with Pam.

From then on Miles went to see Pam a couple of times each week, obviously in search of sexual consolation. If it troubled David at all, it seemed to make no difference to the noisy nightly couplings we could hear through the dividing wall. This I also found reassuring.

Chapter 14. A Child is Born.

The baby was born at the due time. Miles, Pam and David were all present at the birth. It was a girl whom we named Angharad, a Welsh name meaning "Much Loved."

The presence of Miles, Pam and David seemed to draw us closer together into a bond of love that also embraced Angharad. It dispersed the remaining fears I had about Pam and Miles, as I saw that the physical was in its self, less important than the love and caring that gave rise to it.

As I took Angharad to my breast for the first time, with the others present, David gave a little gasp and said, "That looks lovely, Troy."

His remark surprised me because David had always seemed so brash in his approach to life, and I had not expected him to be so affected by the sight of a suckling infant. Added to my surprise was a feeling of uneasiness, as I observed a swelling in his groin. Clearly, he was becoming aroused at the sight of my naked breasts.

Whether this arousal was seen by Pam and Miles I don't know.

Miles was almost beside himself with joy over Angharad and his new status as a father. Long after Pam and David had departed the hospital, Miles stayed on, caressing and thanking me for bearing what he called, "His little baby." I had to correct him on this score, pointing out that it was "Our baby."

At one point in this time of tenderness, he casually said, "I wonder when Pam and David will have their baby?"

I smiled and said, "I don't think she's pregnant, darling."

"Oh no, she's not pregnant, but David told me that Pam is going off the pill so that they can have a child. Of course, it means I won't be able to...to be with Pam, I mean, they want to be sure who the father is."

For the second time I felt a surge of excitement spear me. If Pam became pregnant, I knew what it would eventually mean. As Pam ceased to have sexual intercourse, David would come to me. There was no compulsion for me to couple with him, but I faced the fact that my deep self wanted him.

It was not that I loved and desired Miles any less, but my circle of love had widened. It could now embrace David as well as Miles, and also...I hesitated as I recalled that soft kiss between Pam and I. Was I...could I...? I let that aspect rest for the time being, and focused once more on my sweet Angharad.

It was to be some weeks before I could return to work, so Pam battled on, trying to deal with some of my patients as well as her own. Once I came home from the hospital, she made a point of coming in to see me every day to give me the news and cuddle Angharad. It was during one of these visits that she told me she was going to stop taking the pill so that she and David could have a child.

She said nothing about her and Miles, but when a couple of weeks later Miles ceased his evening visits to Pam, I understood what was going on.

As Pam ceased taking the pill, I started. Miles and I had discussed the matter, and concluded that any further pregnancies might have a deleterious effect on my health.

"You've had a boy and a girl, so you don't need any more," he joked with me.

When I was ready, we returned to a full sexual relationship, including the "Good morning" and "Hello" couplings.

I also returned to work, but rather than dump Angharad in a baby minding centre, I took her to work with me where she slept much of the day in a cot I had installed in my consulting room. This enabled me to continue breastfeeding her and her presence seemed to have a positive effect on my patients, rather than be a nuisance.

Chapter 15. Troy Discovers Her Self.

Several weeks went past before Pam announced that she was pregnant. She and David were in celebratory mood, and it was a champagne evening.

Toward the end of the evening, Pam, slightly inebriated, took me aside and said, "You'll help David, won't you?"

I replied, "Of course I will, Pam," that little thrill racing through me again.

Pam pressed a kiss on my lips, letting it linger even longer than the first one. This sent another dagger of excitement through me.

I started to feel that I had been going through a whole series of identity shifts as far as my sexuality was concerned. First, there had been the conservative husband and wife relationship. This was followed by two lovers, then by my son. Fertilised by my son, I had finally accepted his sexual contact with my friend, and now I desired not only my friend's son, but her as well. Clearly, my sexual scope was much broader than even twelve months before, I could have imagined.

I continued to breast feed Angharad long after Miles and I returned to sexual union. He did not touch my breasts at first, but I recalled how earlier in our relationship, I had longed for milk to feed him once more at my breasts.

One night, as we loved, I took one of those chances that one sometimes has to take in a sexual relationship. I lifted one breast with my hands and extended its nipple toward him and said:

"Darling, would you like to taste my milk?"

He gave a soft moan and brought his lips to the nipple, and taking it into his mouth, began to suck. I felt serenity spread over me, and the thought came, "He is father of my child, yet he is still my child." Love embraced me, and I began to quietly weep tears of joy. After that, and for as long as I was lactating, I suckled him as well as Angharad.

One cloud appeared on my horizon soon after Pam had announced her pregnancy. Miles started to go into their cottage again a couple of time each week. I got worried to the point where I had to confront Miles.

"Darling, I know you're having sex with Pam again. What can she give you that I can't?"

"There is something," he said. "She enjoys anal sex so she lets me have it with her."

I was at a loss to make a response for a moment. However expanded my sexual interest had become, I knew it was the one thing I could never do, not even for my beloved Miles. I told him so.

"I know Troy, and I'd never want you to do anything that would trouble or hurt you. But Pam is happy to do it with me, and I admit I like the change. Do you want me to stop?"

His visits to Pam had not brought about any diminution in his sexual contact with me, so, turning another corner in my sexual journey, I said:

"Its all right, darling. If it adds to your sexual pleasure and Pam's, why not?"

Chapter 16. A New Experience for Troy.

The time drew near when David and Pam would have to stop having sex. The nearer the moment drew, the more eager I became. I would have other hands exploring my body, another penis in my vagina. I wondered how Miles would take it, so I spoke to him about it.

"Darling, you know what I must do for David soon?"

"Yes, of course."

"You don't mind?"

"David hasn't minded about Pam and I, so why should I mind if you are generous to David? You do like him, don't you?"

"Of course I do, Miles, I wouldn't let him touch me if I didn't."

"Troy, there is one thing I'd like to say."

"What darling?"

"Pam was wonderful with me. She didn't hold back anything. You will be generous with him, won't you? I mean, you won't just lie there with your legs open...?"

"Miles, I shall give him all the pleasure I can, but you know the one thing I won't do?"

"Yes. Do you want me to speak to him about it?"

"If you would, my love. It might save embarrassment later."

Miles went on, "Look, if I can arrange it, when you and David are together, I could go to Pam. I know we can't have sex, but I could keep her company for an hour or two. It might make it easier for you both, and probably for me as well," he

grinned. "I might not like hearing you two getting noisy. I've often wondered how David felt when Pam and I were making a noise."

Next day, seeing David, I said to him, "Whenever you're ready, David, but have a talk to Pam first, will you, we need to arrange the timing."

"We've already discussed that with David," he chuckled, "Can we start tonight?"

The way I was feeling I could have started right then with him, but I was on my way to work, so I smiled and said, "Tonight it is, then, David, but make it after eight so that Angharad is asleep."

I tried to sound nonchalant about our up coming sexual contact, but don't know how convincing I sounded. Just the thought of being with David made my nipples hard, and there was a suspicious wetness between my legs. The day seemed to drag as I longed for my first time with David.

I got home and having ceased lactating some time before, I prepared Angharad's meal and fed her. Miles and I ate our evening meal, or rather, Miles ate his. Somehow, I was not feeling hungry.

After that, Miles watched over Angharad as I showered. I paid particular attention to my vulva while showering, as I wanted to be sweet and fresh for David. I didn't bother to fully dress, but slipped on a rather sexy see through little lace garment.

I went through to the lounge where Miles and Angharad were, and when Miles saw me he grinned and said, "I think David is going to have a good time. Save some for me, won't you?"

"I'm putting Angharad to bed now. Would you go and tell David to come in about fifteen minutes?"

"Right. By the way, Pam said I can still have anal sex with her for another week or so."

"Then don't go getting rid of all your juice, will you?"

He laughed and went into the other cottage.

Angharad dropped quickly off to sleep, so, unable to keep still because of my excitement, I moved around doing some superfluous tidying.

I heard the connecting door open and close, and then David walked in. He wore only a pair of pajama shorts, and his erection was clearly visible.

Despite his obvious arousal and his normally animated manner, now he looked rather bashful.

He looked at me and whispered, "Oh my God, Troy, you're absolutely...absolutely..."

He struggled to find the appropriate adjective, and finally came out with, "stunning."

He still made no move towards me, so I went to him, and pressing close so that my breasts pushed against his bare chest, I said in a low voice, "Wouldn't you like to take me to bed, David?"

I felt his hard manhood pressing against my lower abdomen, so I ground myself against him, rotating my hips.

Had I been able to think straight at that time, I might have been amazed that the once reticent mother, wanting yet fleeing from her son, could now be so brazen.

Miles had begun the task of striking the chains that had bound my sexuality, now with David, they fell from me completely.

I had always been fond of David since he was a little boy. In truth, I could say I "loved" him, but I was not "in love" with him as I was with Miles. What I was feeling was bold animal lust for him. I wanted to devour him, to suck his love fluids from him. I felt as if I wanted to tear him to pieces with teeth and nails.

Suddenly, he seemed to explode into pulsating life.

In contrast to Miles, who is tall and strong in a wiry sort of way, David is shorter and stocky with obvious muscular development. He swept me up into his arms and carried me into the bedroom, laying me on the bed.

He all but ripped my garment off, then took off his shorts to reveal a long, hard shaft already dripping with pre-cum.

He came beside me and immediately began exploring my vulva; parting the out lips to probe with his finger my inner buds, and letting it slip into my vagina. Feeling I was already soaked with my lubricant, he spread my legs wide and finding my opening before I had the chance to guide him, he pushed into me.

He began to move up and down in me immediately, pulling back until he was almost out of me, then thrusting in deep. As he did this he kept deep kissing me, and I, feeling as if I was being ravished, managed during break in the kisses, to moan out in words I had never used before, "David, oh David, fuck me to death. Don't stop...spear me to the heart."

Always with Miles my orgasms approached slowly and relentlessly, with David it came out of nowhere, a titanic series of shock waves that jolted my entire body, and with my legs wrapped round him I was screaming, "Deeper, deeper."

His hands came under my buttocks as he pressed his last millimetre into me. Then he was blasting into me as I continued to writhe under the torment of my orgasmic climax. I felt his sperm smashing against the top of my vagina and I was so overwrought, I thought I might faint.

Then almost as suddenly as it had begun, our raving madness ceased. It was as if we had come along a river of raging cataracts, to sail out onto a placid lake.

We lay, gasping, still in the final positions we had adopted for the great climax.

David began to speak: "My God, Troy, you're terrific, out of this world. I want to fuck you until neither of us can stand up. Let me give you some oral sex."

"But David," I began to protest. My vagina was full of his sperm and my fluids and I thought he would find it repugnant, but with David, it was direct action.

He drew my sex organ up to his face, but so I was looking down his body. I felt his tongue begin to explore my opening and clitoris. Before I properly realised what I was doing, we were in the 69 position, tasting our mixed fluids.

Again the shock waves struck me, and at the height of my jarring climax, David was ejaculating into my mouth. Still trying to cope with my own delicious torment, I struggled to swallow his salty seed. It flooded me and ran out of my mouth, dripping onto his upper thighs.

Again, we were out on our quiet lake, gasping as we strove to recover from our exquisite ordeal. I rolled away from him onto my back, and we lay quietly, side by side.

After a while David bent over me and began kissing, both of us once more smelling and tasting each other. It was I who started to kiss more fiercely, and then I fulfilled the ambition I had to consume him.

I must have become like a wild animal, for I was biting and clawing at him. I was in the grip of a licentious frenzy, spinning out of control.

It was David who heightened this headlong sexual fury. He almost tore my legs apart, and thrust in. It was as if some demon had possessed us, as we spun in a howling, screaming maelstrom of unbridled lasciviousness. There was no mercy and no surrender as we fought together in our insane hunger for each other.

Our orgasms came and passed, and once more, we lay side by side, exhausted by our carnal exertions.

This time we had truly finished. David rose from the bed, kissed me lightly on the lips, and said in a rather mundane fashion, "Thank you, Troy, it was wonderful." Then he left.

Chapter 17. The Best of all Possible Worlds.

I lay for a while, still recovering from the violence of our coupling. I wondered if Miles would want me, or whether he had been satisfied by his anal sex with Pam.

I rose from the bed, and seeing the mess our fluids had made, I changed the linen and went for a shower. Feeling somewhat recovered, I looked in on Angharad, then dropped down on the bed.

I heard Miles come in through the communicating door. This was followed by the sound of a shower running, and then he came into the bedroom still drying himself with a towel.

He chuckled and said, "You two must have had a wild time. We could hear the riot through the wall. Was he good?"

"He'll do," I replied, deciding that understatement was the safest way to go.

When he finished drying himself, Miles dropped into bed beside me. "Do you think you can cope with me tonight?"

"Darling, if you want me, I'm always here for you."

Miles was his usual gentle self, and although I had exulted in the violence of my coupling with David, it was a relief to now be subject to the gentle handling of Miles. I think both of us had had a riotous time, but we still both came very sweetly and lovingly.

A week later Pam had to cease all sexual contact, and I was left to satisfy both Miles and David. Miles was the lover to whom I was bound by blood ties and our child, so David was limited to being with me no more than twice each week. Never the less, I was grateful to David for initiating me into another aspect of sexual contact.

We were all present when Pam gave birth. It was another girl, and following our example, they named her after a goddess, Morrigan. I'm not sure if they knew the full implication of the name. She is the Irish war goddess, and I thought it not inappropriate, because if her conception was anything like my sexual experiences with David, then she was born out of a war.

After her recovery from giving birth, and once more taking the contraceptive pill, Pam returned to sexual activity. At first, each lover returned to their original partner, but this did not last.

The situation was that Pam and I, having experienced both David and Miles, found something that appealed in each of them. We both wanted David's rumbustious approach, and at the same time desired Miles' gentle and longer lasting coupling. In the end, we had to call a general meeting to discuss our various needs.

Pam and I had already discussed the matter, but in conversation with the boys, we learned that they too found something special in each of us females. It was something they did not want to let go. The outcome was, that we agreed that our sexual partnerships were interchangeable, but Miles and I still remained in a primary partnership, and the same with David and Pam.

Thus, we seemed to have the best of all possible sexual worlds, each of us supplementing the other in our ways of making love. And it had indeed become a bond of love between the four of us. It was this very bond that led to another step in our relationship, making our "best of all possible sexual worlds" even better.

Chapter 18. When Four is Company.

Unexpectedly it was Miles who suggested the next step.

The four of us had now started to eat the evening meal together three or four times a week. It was towards the end of one such meal, and on an evening when Miles was going to partner Pam and I David, that he came out with it.

"Look," he said, "We all know each other pretty thoroughly now. We've been naked in each other's presence, we've all

had sex with each other, so why not a foursome? We might be able to do some wonderful things together."

"That's a terrific idea," said David, enthusiastically.

"I'm game to try anything," Pam responded.

"What would we do," I asked, somewhat unsure of how one went about a foursome.

"Well, there's only one way to find out," Miles said. "Let's do it now."

We selected the lounge as the venue for our joint sexual operations, and while Pam and David raced into their cottage to collect cushions and pillows, Miles and I scattered what we had across the floor.

I went into Angharad's room to check that she was asleep, and when David and Pam returned I asked, "What about Morrigan?"

"Fast asleep," said Pam. "I've left the communicating door open so I can hear her if she wakes."

We stripped off our clothes, and for a moment there was a pause as we decided what to do next.

It was the bold David who took the first step. He pushed me down onto the cushions and began deep kissing me. I felt hands exploring my breasts, then a mouth sucking my nipples. I saw it was Miles. I could also see that Pam had come to lie close to me, and Miles had his fingers in her vagina.

Miles and David changed places with Miles kissing me, and David sucking my nipples. Miles continued to stimulate Pam's vagina.

I felt David's fingers entering me, and locating my clitoris, he began to circle it gently.

Miles ceased kissing me and brought his penis to my mouth. David moved over to Pam, and out of the corner of my eye, I saw Pam, her legs spread wide and David's head between them as he gave her oral sex.

Again positions were changed, and David was giving me oral sex, while Miles penetrated Pam with his shaft.

There was a great deal of groaning and crying going on, and I heard Pam come with the sort of shrieks I had heard through the dividing wall in the past. Miles became noisy as he ejaculated into her, and as soon as he had finished, he rolled away. David immediately took his place, and with amazing speed, Pam was coming again.

Miles lay beside me for about ten minutes, then came over me and penetrated. Having already come into Pam, he was slow in ejaculating into me. I had two orgasms before I felt his sperm pounding into me.

David and Pam had completed their coupling, and were lying side by side recovering. Miles and I followed suit.

Our first time as a foursome had been a bit of a jumbled affair, and if we were to try it again, we should need a better approach to it. That night, in bed with Miles, and after we had made love, I spoke to him about the problem. He came up with an idea that seemed to have some possibility.

"Suppose us men concentrate on you women one at a time." Once we have each penetrated one of you, we relax for a while, then work on the other woman? I know it sounds a bit formal, but it would be a start, and everyone would be able to get their satisfaction."

It was two evening later when we tried again. The two boys started with me, one kissing me, the other caressing my breasts and sucking my nipples. Then I felt my legs being parted and something soft and warm, entering my vagina. I thought at first that it was one of the boy's fingers, but quickly realised it did not feel like a finger. It was a tongue, but how could that be? Both the boys were...I managed to glance down. It was Pam. She was giving me oral sex.

Miles, who had been sucking my nipples, stopped and moved down my body, taking over from Pam. Pam replaced Miles at my breasts. I almost lost my arousal I was so taken aback.

Next, Pam was kissing me and David sucking my breasts. It seemed that Pam, like me was bi-sexual. If I was surprised by Pam's actions, I was even more surprised at my response. I was thrilled by her behaviour.

Miles and David penetrated me in turn. I came once with David and twice with Miles. After a brief rest, it was Pam's turn, and I decided to reciprocate, by giving her oral sex.

I had never tasted a woman before, although I had plenty of experience tasting the boys. I was tentative at first, then, as I grew accustomed to it, I began to understand why so many men liked giving us women oral sex.

The fragrance of her vagina and the taste of her fluid were working me up again, but the boys were ready to penetrate her. David, who always came more rapidly than Miles, was the first to take her. Like me, she only came once with him, but when Miles took her, she managed to orgasm twice.

Once David had finished he rolled away from Pam and lay on his back. I gave him a few minutes, and then took his penis into my hand and began to quickly jerk his foreskin over his crown. Once I had made him hard, I sat across him, and moving up and down on him, I brought myself off again.

David did not come, but I had brought him close to it. Miles and Pam had finished, and already Miles had another erection.

David moved Pam on to her side to face him, and with her leg curled over him, he entered her vagina. Meanwhile, Miles had positioned himself behind her and was penetrating her anus.

I lay watching, fascinated by the sound and fury of this triple coupling (or should it be tricycling?).

David shot into her first but remained joined to her. Miles came a couple of minutes later, and then after a pause they withdrew from her.

We all lay exhausted and fulfilled by our efforts.

That night there was no love making in bed with Miles.

Chapter 19. Paradise Found and Lost

We continued our foursome, coming together two or three times each week. Over time our practices became more varied. For example, one night Pam announced that she wanted to be "raped".

At first I was at a loss to understand how one who is engaging in voluntary sex, could be raped. Of course, she meant it as a game.

The game entailed tying her down. This was not easy at first, as we always engaged in sex on the lounge room floor, and there was little to tie her to. After a couple of rape sessions, the boys came up with the idea of a big wooden frame with posts at the corners. Pam was laid inside the frame, then tied spread-eagled with the linen strips round her ankles and wrists, with the other ends tied to the posts.

It is strange that Pam, who is a dominant personality, enjoyed this form of sexual humiliation, but I understand that it is quite common for such dominant people to desire this form of treatment.

The idea was to torment her. We would stimulate her to the edge of orgasm, then withdraw from her, making her plead for us to make her come. One of us would be giving her oral sex, another sucking her nipples, and the third, if one of the boys, would have his penis in her mouth, or I would be sitting across her making her give me oral sex.

One of the things that really drove her mad was for one of the boys and I to copulate with each other where she could see us. Another delicious agony was the use of a dildo in her vagina while we played with her other erogenous zones.

Eventually by one means or another, we would let her come, and this event was often accompanied by screams that nearly brought the ceiling down.

I did not allow myself to be tied down, but once we had finally allowed Pam to orgasm, and after a period of relaxation, we would see to it that each of the three of us who had tormented Pam had at least one orgasm.

Pam and I, having discovered our sexual attraction for one another, extended our sexual contact to our lunch times at work. During the hour break we allowed ourselves, we would pleasure each other, most often using only our fingers in each other's vaginas.

It was a period of sexual paradise and it was into this paradise that the bomb fell. We had known it might happen, but hoped that somehow it wouldn't.

David had completed his course and had been seeking work as a biochemist. Unable to get work in our city, he finally got an offer from an organisation in a city up north. He had no alternative but to take the job and Pam was determined to go with him. This meant the break up of our lives together and the end of my working partnership with Pam.

Pam, David and Morrigan departed with us all in tears. It was a bitter blow to us to be so far separated, and it brought about a marked modification in sexual activity between Miles and I.

I suppose the truth is our lives had become so sexually orientated – so oversexed as some might say – that copulation between Miles and I no longer seemed enough. Especially did Miles miss his anal sex with Pam, as I was still

unable to accept this form of sex. I in turn felt the loss of David's robust penetrations.

Miles and I had not lost our fascination for each other, but having now experienced the broader sexual possibilities, we felt deprived. I think we were passing through a period of grieving for our loss.

Chapter 20. A New Start for Troy.

Apart from the loss of a sexual partner, I had also lost a work partner in Pam. I struggled to keep the practice going, but it started to wear me down.

Another problem I faced was, that Angharad was now too active to bring with me to work. On the other hand, I could not stop working because Miles was still financially dependent on me, and would be for at least another twelve months. To add to the financial woes, I now had to pay the entire mortgage repayments myself.

My first concern was to do something about Angharad. Then I got an inspiration. I remembered Pam's one time cleaner, Rosemary. I managed to trace her to where she lived in a two-room unit.

I put the proposal to her that she should come and live with Miles and I, using the second cottage. It would be rent-free and in addition there would be a small wage, providing she looked after both cottages and cared for Angharad while I was at work. She jumped at the idea.

Once she moved in and had been with us for a couple of weeks, it became clear to me that at least part of another problem was solved. Miles took to visiting Rosemary, and on inquiring of him, he told me why.

"She likes anal sex."

It was not such a big jump to get her to join us to form a threesome on roughly the same basis as our late foursome. A couple of times each week Rosemary would join us for the evening meal, and afterwards, it was "play time."

Whilst this arrangement, in most aspects, worked well, especially for Miles as far as sex was concerned, I felt the absence of a second male.

Further, the arrangement did not altogether solve my work problems. Our practice was an extensive one, and I was exhausting myself trying to keep it going. I had to get assistance.

Two possibilities lay open to me. I could seek another partner, or employ a podiatrist on salary. I decided on the latter course, leaving open the question of a partnership until I found out if the person employed suited me.

It is an odd thing, but most podiatrists are of the female variety. I interview a number of eager graduates, and only one of them was a male.

Perhaps it was the unusualness of interviewing a male podiatrist or, if I am honest, the fact that he bore some resemblance to David that made me choose him. His name was Paul, and quickly I found him to be very capable in the work. If anything, our lady patients tended to increase their number of visits, and this, I feel sure, had little to do with his work on their feet, and more to do with his good looks and bright personality.

As part of establishing friendly relationships with him, I brought him home for the evening meal one night. Rosemary also joined us in our "getting to know you" dinner.

After he had gone Miles remarked on his resemblance to David, and Rosemary became coy over his good looks.

Next day on arriving at work, Paul thanked me for the meal and said how much he enjoyed meeting Miles, and, "Isn't Rosemary an attractive woman."

At lunch time Paul did not appear for about fifteen minutes, then he arrived bearing a bunch of roses, "Just to thank you properly for last night."

As he gave them to me, he bent to kiss me on the lips. I had become used to returning such kisses, and almost without thinking about it, I responded with open lips. His arms came round me and he pressed me to him. It was enough. He ended up taking me from behind as I bent over the table.

I conferred with Miles and Rosemary. The result was that just after we had finished what was rapidly becoming our lunchtime over the table coupling, I spoke quietly to Paul.

Tonight, Paul is joining Miles, Rosemary and I, for the evening meal, and I am thinking, "Much to the relief of Troy."

The Remaking of Anna Plowright

Prologue

Anna Plowright trudged grimly along the country lane towards her cottage still two kilometres distant. She was soaked to the skin. The rain bucketed down and reduced her hair to a stringy ruin, and found every available gap in her clothing to trickle down her back and between her breasts.

When she had set out that morning for her daily ten-kilometre walk with the dog, the sun had been shining, the skies clear. Then apparently from out of nowhere clouds began to rapidly pile up, and down came the drenching rain. She had now walked four kilometres in the downpour.

The dog paid no heed to the watery environment and continued to race hither and thither in search of it knew not what. Anna, unlike the dog, was not happy. She splashed on cursing herself for not bringing an umbrella or waterproof coat and hat.

Rescue.

From behind Anna heard an approaching vehicle. There were only two residences along the lane, hers and the

Seymour's place. She was not expecting anyone, so conjectured that it must be one of the Seymours or someone visiting them. An old utility truck passed her and pulled up. As she drew level with it a voice called out through the open window, "Like a lift, Mrs.Plowright?"

Anna observed that it was young Blake Seymour, a fairly recent arrival in the district. She readily assented to the lift, and heaving the dog into the back of the utility, she got in beside Blake.

They swished off along the lane and within a minute or two reached her cottage. The vehicle stopped, and Anna said to Blake, "I'd like to ask you in for a cup of tea or coffee, but I'm in such a mess I think we had better make it some other time." Blake smiled and said, "I'll keep you to that." Anna alighted, hauled the dog out of the back of the vehicle, and ran for the cottage door.

A Little Anna History.

Anna at the time of the downpour was fifty years old. She had been widowed twice and deserted by a lover once.

The lover whom she had met while at university had managed to get another girl pregnant at a drunken party,

and being a gentleman, had deserted Anna and married the pregnant one.

Anna was distraught at this desertion. Despite the fact that she could have had the choice of many ardent young men, she deserted love and sex, and fell back on the teachings of her parents on the subject of security and safety, and married Mr.Bunting, an accountant and twenty years her senior. Mr.Bunting was amazed at his good fortune. Anna was young, tall, with dark blonde hair, brown eyes, and a figure of such excellence that, if she had been facially unattractive, no full blooded male would have noticed. As it happens, she was not facially unattractive, so she could be classified as one of those women that "had it all."

Mr.Bunting made certain his luck would continue by making sure Anna did indeed feel secure. I do not suggest that the marriage was the most passionate of unions, but Anna was happy and contented enough, until Mr.Bunting died at age fifty of a heart ailment.

Anna's security continued because Mr.Bunting left her very comfortably off financially. She also had continued a very attractive woman, her looks enhanced by maturity.

During the wind up of Mr.Bunting's accountancy affairs, she chanced to meet Mr.Plowright, one of Mr.Bunting's clients.

Mr.Plowright was an orchardist in the nearby hills and only fifteen years Anna's senior. He owned an extensive property on which he grew a wide variety of fruit and profited well from his endeavors.

He courted and won the hand of Anna, and they married some fourteen months after Mr.Bunting's demise. He was a little more passionate than Mr.Bunting, but also a little more careless. Five years after their marriage, Mr.Plowright drove his tractor onto a hillside he knew he should not be attempting. The tractor rolled over crushing Mr.Plowright and thus ending his earthly life.

In addition to this act of carelessness, Anna discovered that the "Silly old fool," as she came to call him, freed from the accountancy restraints of Mr.Bunting, had taken financial affairs into his own hands. However worthy an orchardist he might have been, he had made a thorough mess of financial matters. This included some disastrous investments. In short, when all things were taken into account, Anna was heavily in debt.

To meet this situation Anna had to sell the property except for a cottage that had been part of the orchard. She also retained one acre of land around the cottage. In addition, the security conscious Anna, had retained the investments left to her by Mr.Bunting, and once married to Mr.Plowright, she left them to accumulate. Thus with Mr.Plowright's

departure, she was not financially bereft. In fact, she was very comfortably off.

Having lost two husbands, Anna decided to call a halt to further marriages, although at thirty-eight she was still looking good. Some said she was at her best as far as looks were concerned, but sadly, as some people seem capable of doing, she shut up the sensual aspect of her nature.

She moved into the cottage, produced most of her own vegetables on the one acre, ran some chickens for eggs, and involved herself in church and charitable community affairs. This had been her lot for twelve years when she walked along the lane on the rainy day and was picked up by Blake.

Just a Little About Blake.

Blake Seymour was thirty the day he gave Anna a lift. He was the only son of Arthur and Sylvia Seymour who had bought the property from Anna.

At the time Anna moved into the cottage she was vaguely aware of a rather handsome teenager belonging to Arthur and Sylvia, but soon after he had disappeared from the scene. She was told that he had gone off to the State Agricultural College to study viticulture. He turned up at the

Seymour's home from time to time, but this made no particular impression on Anna.

Over the years she heard that he had gone overseas to gain experience in his chosen field, and had taken in South Africa, France and California.

Eventually he had returned to what was now called, "The Seymour Place," and was filled with enthusiasm for his specialty. He was quite correct in this because South Australia had long been a producer of good wines, and was on the verge of entering the world markets with some outstanding vintages.

He persuaded Arthur and Sylvia to turn part of the property over to the growing of grapevines, and they let him have his head. The results eventually proved more profitable than their previous crops; so more and more land was turned over to vines.

Anna Considers.

During the brief ride with Blake, Anna, despite her physical discomfort, was aware of the nearness of a rather handsome man. Upon leaving him, and in the process of drying herself and the dog, and changing her clothes, Anna gave thoughtful consideration to Blake.

It was odd that he was not married, and as far as she knew, had no female attachments. Not, of course, that she knew him very well. She had barely spoken to him since he had returned to the district, and as she had decided to leave men out of her life, she had not registered him properly as an attractive man.

At fifty, she in any case considered herself beyond the interest of men, especially young men like Blake. "Who would want an old bird like me," she thought, when she occasionally caught herself looking at some virile youth. In this respect she was like many of us, she expected nothing, and got nothing.

It came as a surprise, therefore, when two days after the ride with Blake, he drove a tractor up to her cottage with a trailer full of logs.

Anna left her vegetable garden and went to greet him, and he said, "I noticed you have a wood fire in the cottage. I've seen the smoke from your chimney. We've been taking out the apple trees down by the south fence, so I had the contractors cut them up as I thought you might like them for firewood. Just leave them to dry out for next winter."

Anna expressed her gratitude for his thoughtfulness, and was just about to invite him in for a cup of coffee when he said, "I'll take you upon on that cup of coffee if that's all right." Anna confirmed that it would certainly be all right.

Blake had never been inside the cottage, so he took an interest in what he saw. It was furnished and decorated in a rather nostalgic style, with chintz-covered chairs and sofa, and with horse brasses and copper utensils, all highly polished, scattered around the room on shelves. In one corner of the room, he saw a computer that looked oddly astray in its environment. It was one of Anna's "Little indulgences."

Over coffee Blake talked about his plans for the Seymour Place, which consisted mostly of the pulling out of more trees to be replaced with vines. Anna asked if eventually there might be overproduction. Blake said he foresaw a growth in the market for locally produced olive oil, so he might consider planting an olive grove. "Hmm, a far seeing young man," thought Anna, who was starting to become aware of Blake's intelligence and, more dangerously, his charm.

It was this latter aspect of Blake's personality that slightly alarmed Anna, as she felt herself beginning to be more interested in him than she thought she ought. Hence, when the conversation got around to her life she proved very

reticent in giving close details. She kept it very general and focused on her garden and the many local committees she served on.

When Blake rose to leave Anna felt a twinge of regret, but as he announced that there was to be further tree removals, and he would bring her more firewood, she felt something give a little fluttering lift inside her.

Anna Takes a Step.

As good as his word, Blake returned a few days later with more wood. As they unloaded, he noticed that her back verandah needed a bit of work. Would she like him to fix it? That would be lovely, if he had the time. When he came back to fix the verandah he thought the window frames could do with a bit of paint, would she like...? And so it went. There always seemed to be yet another reason why he should "drop in."

Ana told herself (many times), that it was just a young man being kind to an old lady, but in her deeper thoughts she hoped it was not true.

Like many people living on their own, and having no one to please or consider, Anna had let herself go somewhat. Her standard dress was a tweed skirt, shirt and cardigan. She did

not bother about her hair, used no make up, and her hands bore all the signs of her digging and planting.

One day, after yet another visit from Blake, Anna, being weakened by his charming, and as she was now beginning to feel, his sensual presence, did something she had never to the best of her knowledge, done before. She took a personal inventory.

It should be understood that Blake had never made any suggestive remarks, and had always remained polite and friendly. The charm, which has been mentioned, was not some superficial, plastered on charm. It was the real him. He actually was as nice as he seemed.

Within her psyche, Anna was now getting deeply involved with Blake, but she took great pains not to show this. She continued to try to tell herself that she was "a silly old woman," but it did occur to her that she had not taken a good look at herself for some years. She determined to give herself a thorough examination.

Anna's inventory took place in front of the long mirror in her bedroom. She stood before it naked, and tried to be objectively critical. Her once dark blonde hair was now almost completely grey. Her complexion was, as the result of so much time outdoors, what people call "healthy." Of facial

lines there were few. Her breasts, untouched by childbearing and feeding, had not succumbed to the call of gravity. She turned sideways to observe that they still stood out firm and proud, with small nipples of the pink variety surrounded with darker pink aureoles.

Her stomach was flat, and a rather pleasant little carpet of pubic hair ran down to a firm cleft at the top of her legs. Of the legs themselves, one can only say they were long and strong. It was her hands that showed the ravages of ill usage most of all. The skin was rough, the nails broken.

She tried to get a view of her back, but having no auxiliary mirrors to aid her, she gave it up. She need not have worried. She had a fine straight back leading down to high, firm buttocks.

"Hmm," thought Anna, "A man of sixty plus might think me worth a second look, but not one of thirty."

With that thought Anna decided the chapter was closed. She would think no more in the night of handsome Blake. But Anna in this respect had an Achilles heel. That heel was the computer.

Now it might seem odd that a computer might lead to a dramatic change in a person's self image, but in Anna's case,

it did. You see, Anna was the secret addict of a certain erotic web site. When viewing this site, she sought for stories involving loving relationships between young men and older women. She enjoyed them, but at the same time passed them off as fantasy until, one day, she watched an interview on television between a married couple with twenty years age difference between them. The man was the younger. The contentment, both physical and emotional between them, was clear. The thing Anna noticed most sharply, was that the lady obviously took great care of her appearance.

This set Anna of on yet another train of thought. "If I had my hair permed and nails attended to, that might help." She hunted through the telephone book for places that might suit her requirements. She wanted the best she could get, and finally settled for Maison Francois. "The advertisement makes it look very expensive, so it ought to be good," she thought.

Anna Gets the Treatment.

The appointment made, she drove to the city and arrived at Maison Francois. It was like no hairdressers she had ever seen before. The receptionist was a ravishing blonde who spoke as if she had a tea strainer where her larynx should be, referring to Anna as "Medem." The waiting area was a luxurious lounge in which girls who might have graced a

model's catwalk offered refreshments. They also referred to her as "Medem," except one girl who said "Midim."

At the appointed hour Anna was ushered into a cubicle the size of a not so small room. Hairdressers she had previously attended were made up of chairs in open spaces where the customers exchanged gossip as they were attended to. Here all was private.

Within the cubicle, a young woman who introduced herself as Ahleese (her name was Alice) met her, and "Medem" was requested to be seated in a magnificent chair, that seemed capable of being convoluted in any direction. This young lady was to search out the client's requirements, and also, by carefully phrased questions, find out if there was any money to be made out of the victim.

She apparently decided that Anna was well heeled, and accordingly she announced, "I think Monsieur Francois will wish to attend to Medem personally." With that, she left the cubicle, leaving Anna to stare at her reflection in the mirror.

Msr.Francois entered with twittering flamboyance. He appeared to be about thirty- five years old, short and thin. He was dressed in pale blue shirt unbuttoned to the waist and pink slacks. In addition, he was festooned with necklaces, bracelets and rings.

Alice introduced "The Great Francois," and Francois kissed Anna's hand. Francois spoke with a phony French accent, and after work he was known by the boys at the local pub by his real name, Sid Arbuckle, and in that environment spoke with a true Aussie accent. But within the walls of Maison Francois, he was "The Great Francois."

Having greeted Anna he proceeded, "And how can my humble establishment be of service to Madame?" Anna answered, "Well, I really came in for a perm."

There was a stunned silence. Then Francois, swelling with indignation, squeaked with righteous protest, "A perm? A perm! Madame, this is not a suburban hairdressers. Maison Francois is the house of female elegance. It is the place where the full beauty of womankind is drawn out from within the soul, to be revealed to the world. If Madame requires a perm (this latter said with all the contempt Francois could muster), she requires not the services of Francois."

Anna was somewhat put out by this outburst and made as if to rise. Francois, seeing money was about to walk out the door, modified his approach. "But if Madame should put herself entirely in my hands, I can assure her she will exit from my establishment, the envy of her gender."

"Well, thought Anna, "I've got this far. I might as well see it through to the end. What do you suggest?" She asked.

Francois stood in front of her. He stared. He twittered to her left side and stared. He twittered to her right side and stared. He took up a position behind her and ran his fingers through her hair. He tutted and sighed. He returned to her front and took up her hands. He gave a cry of despair. Finally he stood behind her again and addressed her in the mirror.

"Madame, we have a situation most serious. I see before me many years of neglect. It will take much time and effort to restore Madame to the beauty that is hers by right.

Madame started to rise again, but Francois would not allow this. He pushed her down again, and went on: "Let me enumerate, Madame. You have hair most excellent, thick and strong. I perceive that Madame was, in former days, a dark blonde. Before Madame leaves today, this shall be restored to her."

"Madame's skin has been roughened by exposure to the coarse elements. This too shall be amended today. Madame has most excellent bone structure and the tissues beneath are still sound. Her eyes are the finest brown which, with her blonde hair will present the most ravishing appearance, and,

in future, Madame will allow her hair to grow until it flows down her beautiful neck to her shoulders."

"But now, Madame, we come to Madame's hands. How is it possible that such exquisite hands have been treated with such contemptuous violence?"

"I do a lot of gardening," replied Anna. Francois blenched. "Gardening, madame. Gardening?" he squawked. "Madame, the very thought offends. From such cruelty you must desist." "I can't," said Anna, "I grow my own vegetables." "We shall speak later on this," sighed Francois.

Now followed hair washing, drying and styling. Mud pack on the face, smelly dye through the hair, hand washing, cuticles shoved, nails cut and polished and finally a face in the mirror she did not recognise. It was a face fifteen years younger than the one she had brought into Maison Francois. It was a lovely face. A face to be contemplated and enjoyed.

To a self-satisfied Francois and a smug Alice who had attended her hands, Anna expressed her profound gratitude. She need not have bothered, because Francois knew he had her hooked. He gave his instructions.

"For the next three weeks Madame will attend me once a week. Thereafter, she will attend me once a month. If

Madame insists on violating her hands by gardening, she shall wear the most protective gloves. And now, if Madame will permit, I should like to draw Madame's attention to her attire. It is not fitting that such a lovely face should be despoiled by clothing fit only for disposal to charitable institutions. I wish to recommend the establishment of a close friend of mine, The House of Jean-Paul. Should he choose to accept your custom, he will attire you in the utmost elegance. If Madame wishes, I shall communicate with him immediately, to discover whether an appointment can be made.

Anna, in a state of bewilderment and ecstasy at the vision of her new self, assented to Francois' suggestion. Of course, Jean-Paul (his real name was Fred Higgs) was fully engaged, except that the wife of a prominent political figure had just cancelled an appointment because she had to fly abroad with her husband. How fortunate it was that the cancelled appointment just happened to fit in nicely with the time it would take Anna to get from Maison Francois to The House of Jean-Paul.

Anna is Measured.

Anna staggered out from Maison Francois accompanied by much hand kissing and the shock of the bill. She made her way to The House of Jean-Paul, and upon entering, found herself in much the same environment as the one she had just left. Some differences did emerge in that here they addressed

her as "Modom," and instead of tea or coffee being offered, she was asked if "Modom would care for a glass of champagne."

Anna was puzzled because she saw no wares on display. The place was all steps, stairs and pillars (polystyrene), but no wares. "Modom" was informed that Jean-Paul would be with her shortly, but he was presently engaged with the daughter of a Consular Official.

Anna asked if she might look at some of the clothing in the display area. Icicles formed in the air. "Perhaps Modom should await Jean-Paul." Anna was left to contemplate.

Shortly Jean-Paul slithered onto the scene. Somewhere in his forties, he was dressed in a grey coated morning suit with a carnation in the buttonhole. He was tall, and very smooth. He did not kiss Anna's hand, but bowed low saying, "Charmed, madam."

The girl, whom Anna had asked about the display, whispered something in Jean-Paul's ear. Jean-Paul turned and stared at Anna. "Madam is aware, of course, that The House of Jean-Paul, unlike Woolworth, has no display area. We attend only the foremost and refined ladies?"

Anna did an about turn, and, like Francois, Jean-Paul saw his profits declining and changed his tune. "I perceive that madam is among those in our society we should be honoured to serve. Such elegance, such a statuesque figure (he was not lying for once). If madam would step this way." He led her up a short flight of stairs into a large room with a catwalk stretching for two thirds its length, and what looked like a small stage covered by a velvet curtain at one end.

Jean-Paul invited Anna to be seated, and she sank into a luxurious chair that almost engulfed her. He addressed her, "If madam would care to confide in me what she is seeking?" Anna was confused and muttered, "Some new clothes."

Jean-Paul perceived that he had a problem customer on his hands, but such customers could often add to his already healthy bank balance. So, with obsequious smile he went on, "If madam would care to trust herself to me?" "Er, yes," said the puzzled Anna.

Jean-Paul clapped his hands, the curtains parted, syrupy music played, and a girl stepped out onto the catwalk. Jean-Paul announced that this was his latest creation in morning wear for the lady who wanted to look her most exquisite for the man in her life.

There now followed things for the afternoon and evening, things for town and country and things for those more "Intimate moments in madam's day."

Whatever his fault might be, it is fair to say of Jean-Paul, first, that he recognised a mature beauty when he saw one. Second, he was professional enough to know exactly what would enhance that beauty in the way of raiment. He chose superbly well, and expensively, for Anna, steering her carefully in the direction he wanted her to go.

Once choices had been made, Anna was measured in every possible direction. This done Anna said, "Do you think I could get some help in getting all these things to my car." There was another shocked silence.

Jean-Paul ended the hiatus with a high pitched laugh and said, "Ah, madam has such a sense of humour. We shall of course make dates and times for her to come in for fittings. And most certainly, myself will deliver her purchases to her residence, for the final touches.

Anna, realising she had made something of a faux pas, smiled and said, "Of course. How much deposit do you require?"

For a moment not icicles, but positive glaciers hung in the atmosphere. Again, Jean-Paul broke the ice, so to speak. "Madam has such a sense of fun. As if The House of Jean-Paul dealt with money matters. Madam's account will be sent in due course by the financial advisor to the House."

Anna staggered out of yet another establishment, but this time not knowing what the bill would amount to, but certain that it would be enormous.

She made one more purchase for that day. A pair of heavy-duty gardening gloves from a hardware store.

Anna Carries On.

Despite the outrageous cost, Anna attended Francois once a week for the next three weeks and once a month thereafter. Her eyebrows were plucked, areas waxed, and at one stage Francois said, "I perceive that Madame has a little facial hair, may I suggest we remove it permanently?" So, Anna's face was denuded of superfluous hirsute.

Jean-Paul, attended by two acolytes, eventually delivered her new clothes.

One problem beset Anna. She feared to be seen in public, and most of all, she was anxious at the thought of being seen by Blake.

It is odd, but true, that often when we make such efforts at physical self-improvement as those engaged in by Anna, the change could be so dramatic that we fear exposure to another's gaze.

Perhaps Anna had some reason for anxiety, because when Blake called on the pretext of bringing some vine cuttings to be planted by her verandah, he almost asked the attractive stranger who answered his knock, if Anna was at home, and could he speak to her.

Blake stared at Anna for a moment, then asked, "Anna?" "Yes," replied a wilting Anna, "Do come in."

Blake, polite though he was, could not resist the question. "Anna, what have you done to yourself?" "Oh," muttered Anna, "I just thought I'd brighten myself up a bit." "Brighten up!" spluttered Blake, "You look...er...look..."

As he struggled for an appropriate adjective Anna knew the decisive moment had come. Now she would know if all her efforts, or rather those of Francois and the enormous amount of money she had expended were worth it.

She waited immobile for Blake to find the word he needed. Finally he found the expression and burst out with "Astounding." Hesitantly Anna asked, "Does that mean you like what I've done?"

Blake hesitated once more. The remade Anna gave him the feeling that whereas she had previously looked as if she might have been his young mother, now she looked as if she might be his oldest daughter, if such he had. It was all very disconcerting. Mental adjustment was called for.

Making a rapid rearrangement of his Anna perspective, Blake said, "Anna, you look lovely. I always thought you an attractive woman, but now, I er..." He gave up the attempt to give expression to his thoughts and feelings.

It would be foolish of me to pretend that you, dear reader, cannot see the drift of this story. If Anna had been feeling somewhat erotic in relation to Blake, then Blake had, even before the new Anna, reached the point of being tortured by desire for her. From the time he gave her the lift in his car, he had been drawn to Anna. What made him hesitate in making overt advances was the age gap. Not that it was a problem for him, but he was under the impression that it might be for Anna.

It is sad how often we perceive a barrier to a relationship, which in fact is no more than an obstacle of our own imagining. Anna had been held back from being more open to Blake for precisely the same reason. She saw age as a barrier. It had only been the viewing of the couple on television with a twenty-year age difference that had emboldened her to attempt self-renewal. What faced her now was the need emotionally and intellectually to catch up with her new physical self.

Had Blake been any less of a considerate and loving person, and had Anna been more brazen, they would have tumbled into bed together long before. But they were not of that sort, and who knows, if they had been, it might have been a short sexual tumble, that left one or both of them hurt and damaged.

So here was Blake trying to come to terms with the re-aligned Anna, and Anna trying to come to terms with her new self. The poor creatures met this situation by resorting to their old manner of relating, that is, talking generalities. One touch of something more personal and daring did come towards the end of Blake's visit.

Anna was prominent in the local St.John's Ambulance Service, and the St.John's annual fund raising Ball was to be held that night. Anna was to make a thank you speech half

way through the evening, and was also to be involved with overseeing the smooth running of the event.

Blake said he would see Anna at the ball, and could she keep some dances free for him. Anna happily agreed. At the time of Blake's visit, Anna was wearing her old gardening clothes, so Blake had not yet seen her in the radiance of a Jean-Paul creation. At the ball she planned to wear the dark green and somewhat revealing dress selected by Jean-Paul for such occasions (she wondered what the vicar would think).

Blake departed happy in the knowledge that his beloved (that is now how he thought of Anna) would be close to him that night.

The Ball.

Anna arrived at the ball early to start her organising.

Sensation!

The other women assisting her, like Blake that morning, at first did not recognise her. Little was said to Anna about her appearance, but they whispered cattily among themselves. "Disgusting at her age." "Where did she get the money for that designer stuff?" "You'd think she had something better

to do than spend time putting on a face." "I don't think this is the class of person we want in St. John's," and so on.

Anna was not directly involved with taking tickets and money at the door. She was attending to the refreshment arrangements, seeing that the microphone was working, and getting the dance band settled. She did, however, keep an eye open for Blake's arrival.

Eventually she saw him on the edge of the growing crowd. She made to go across and briefly greet him, and then she stopped. Her mouth went dry and her legs started to shake. She suddenly felt sick. With Blake was a lovely girl in her early twenties. The girl was hanging on to Blake's arm, and as Anna watched, she saw the girl kiss Blake's cheek.

Anna thought she would faint, but she dragged herself together and tried to concentrate on the tasks in hand. Everything seemed to rush around her in a mist of misery. She did not notice the passing of time, and it was not until someone said, "Time for your speech, Anna," that she realised the evening was half over.

She had kept herself busy, or at least, pretended to be busy, and made sure she avoided Blake and the girl. How she got through the speech she would never know, but when it was done, she slipped out of a back door and drove home.

As she drove, the tears streamed down her face. It had all been for nothing. All that time, all the effort and money had been for Blake, and all the time he...!"

When she got home, she could have cut the Jean-Pauls to ribbons. She felt as if she wanted to tear off her face and shave her hair. Instead, she put on one of Jean-Paul's "for madam's more intimate moments," fell into bed, and lay awake all night weeping, the image of Blake and the girl burning deeper and deeper into her brain.

Came the Dawn.

It cannot be said that Anna woke early. More accurately, she partially emerged from a mist of distress, humiliation and self-loathing. What a fool she had been. "How could she have thought a young man like Blake would ever be interested in an old woman like her?"

Recalling her duties, and still clad only in her "intimate moments," she fed her dog and the chickens. It was as she dealt with the chickens that a tornado struck her. Blake came hurtling round the corner of the cottage, stopped, looked at Anna, then said in a voice she had never heard from him before, "Aha, there you are. And where the hell did you get to last night?"

He was obviously furious, and he went on, "I hunted everywhere for you, and people told me no one had seen you after your speech. Even if you were unwell, you could have told me. I wasn't sure what had happened to you until Joyce and I passed the cottage on the way home and saw your car left out in the drive. And what about the dances you promised me?"

Anna was confounded. If anyone was to be angry, it should be her. He had virtually stood her up for that girl. For the moment all she could think of to say was, "You'd better come inside, Blake."

The fuming Blake followed her into the cottage. They went into the lounge and stood facing each other. "I wanted to introduce you to Joyce. I'd made a point of telling her all about you." "How very thoughtful of you," snapped Anna, who had now started to recover from Blake's opening attack. "I'm sure she would have enjoyed meeting your dear old, and I mean old, friend."

Blake was momentarily taken aback. "What is the matter with you? Are you ill?" he asked with genuine concern now evident.

"I think," replied Anna, "I have been very sick, mentally sick."

"Blake accepted this at face value. "But you can't be," he said, "I've rarely met a saner person."

"I think you'd better get back to your girl friend, before you find out just how insane I can be," Anna spat out.

"What girl friend?" queried the puzzled Blake.

"Oh, is there more than one then? I was of course referring to the one you were with last night. What's her name? Joanne or something," Anna flung at him.

Silence.

"You mean... you thought...you thought Joyce and I... Your right, you are deranged. Did you really think there was anyone but...? Joyce is my cousin. She was passing through on her way north. She just dropped in to say hello to the family, stayed overnight, and leaves again in about an hour. She gets married in a fortnight."

Anna was dazed.

Blake's anger was rising again. "Do you know, I was going to introduce you to Joyce as the woman I am going to marry. Did you really think I've been hanging around here just to paint your windows and fix your verandah? Didn't you get any idea at all that I might love you? God, I've wanted you almost from that day I gave you a lift. Have you got any idea how many nights I've lain awake thinking about you, and when I sleep how often I dream of you?"

Anna was shaking all over. The Jean-Paul intimate moments were very see through and extremely brief. She felt horribly vulnerable in her semi nudity.

Blake was still raging on. "I'm sick of this. You've done nothing but keep me at a distance, and yesterday for the first time, when I asked you about the dance, you showed some spark of interest in me. Then you go and stand me up because you see me with a girl who is my cousin. Well I suppose that shows you do care about me a bit, and I'm going to take advantage of that "bit." I've had enough of your being distant."

Blake pushed Anna down onto the couch saying, "You can fight if you like, but I'm much stronger than you, and I'm going to have you one way or another."

He rapidly stripped himself and then ripped Jean-Paul's intimate moments from Anna. Pushing his knee between her legs to force them apart, he came over on top of her. She felt the head of his penis searching for her entrance, and she said very quietly, "Darling, don't take me in anger. I have so much love to give you, so much that I have never given to anyone else. It's all yours now, my darling. If you love me, take me gently this time."

She felt the anger flow out of Blake. As he relaxed he brought his lips to hers and kissed her like a famished man being given his first meal after long deprivation. Yet, Blake knew now that the fountain of her love would flow freely for him, always there to assuage his sexual thirst for her.

Anna felt his lips close over her nipple while his hand gently embraced her other breast. Releasing her breast his hand explored down her belly to reach her vagina and slowly push his fingers into her entrance. She felt the waves of vibrant passion stab through her, and she grasped his penis, gently stroking it and drawing it to her, willing him to put it into her mouth.

Blake felt her urgency and raised himself over her to penetrate her mouth, and felt the sucking and licking, as if she would draw the sperm from him by main force. He could stand it no longer. He was torn between entering her with

his tongue or penetrating with his manhood. This time, his manhood won the sweet battle, and he slid into her.

As she felt him penetrate deep into her, Anna thought, "Now he is mine at last." She sobbed with joy as he emitted a low cry and shot his sperm into her, saying over and over again, "For so long, for so long."

At last, they came apart. They half lay half-sat, on the sofa they had used as their marriage bed. Anna, now secure in her love for him and his for her, laughed, and said, "By the way, you will have to pay me for that one. I want a new "Madam's intimate moments" from The House of Jean-Paul." She lifted up the ripped garment and they both laughed. Blake said, "I shall get you one tomorrow."

He knew not what he said.

The River of Love

"We can manage it on our own," Juliet said eagerly. She was right. Of course we could manage it. Ever since I was about nine years old mother and I had taken annual trips on the river in a houseboat. True, we had always gone on these jaunts with Uncle Ted and Aunt Margareta, and that was the problem concerning the upcoming trip.

Uncle Ted's father had died, so he and my Aunt had to go north for the funeral, and to wind up business affairs. The houseboat had been booked and the deposit paid. The question was, would mother and I go on our own? We could certainly physically handle the boat and mother was as always very enthusiastic about our river vacation.

She was, perhaps, somewhat more ardent about our taking this trip than usual. I was less zealous. The thought of two weeks alone with mother on a houseboat, travelling a particularly remote part of the Great River, somehow disturbed me. It was as if the prospect stirred in me those feelings, those longings that the conscious mind managed to repress. At this point, I could not identify what it was that caused me to hesitate about the trip. There was simply a slight feeling of apprehension.

I looked up at mother and saw her beautiful but strange gray-green eyes fixed on me. Ever since I was a child, I had ambivalent feelings about those eyes. They had a hypnotic quality about them. It was as if she could read one's thoughts. On the one hand I loved to look into them, yet at the same time feared what she would see in me. Looking back, I wonder if she could read those desires that I myself could not or would not acknowledge.

I should explain that at the time I was twenty years old. Mother, whom I usually called by her name, Juliet, was thirty-six. My birth was the result of a little bit of sexual experimentation with an older boy at the same school when my mother was a young high school student.

I have never known, nor have I sought to know, who my father is. I gather that his family must have been well heeled, as money continued to be paid to my mother until the time I began my working life.

Juliet, as I shall now call her, was offered and refused an abortion. She was equally adamant about my being adopted out after my birth. The upshot was, my grandparents undertook my upbringing for the first years of my life, while Juliet continued to study. I have learned that during my first year she did breast feed me.

At that time, she was more like an older sister than a mother. When I was about five years old, Juliet began to take on more and more of the mothering role. When I was eight years of age, she had graduated as an accountant, and we moved into a place of our own. From then on, she accepted sole responsibility for my upbringing, but the older sister aspect of our relationship continued.

As I entered puberty, and became more intensely aware of myself as a sexual being, I did wonder from time to time how and when Juliet might have any sexual relationships. I had never been subjected to any visiting or resident "uncles." If Juliet did engage in sexual activity, she kept it well out of sight and sound from me. I must confess that I was not equally circumspect in my sexual behaviour, and Juliet must have had more than inkling, concerning my love life.

Our relationship as mother/sister and son/brother, was a very close one. I loved Juliet deeply, and knew that the feeling was reciprocated. From childhood right through my teenage years, I was always very proud to have such a young mother. When I brought home friends from high school, I was amused to see them staring with a mixture of wonder and desire at my very attractive mother.

At the time that the upcoming river trip had been arranged, I had decided for two reasons that it would probably be my last trip. First, at twenty the idea of a family holiday no

longer appealed. I wanted to be a free spirit. Second, it meant two weeks of sexual abstinence, as I would be cut off for two weeks from my usual sex partners. Consequently, when I first heard that my aunt and uncle would not be able to come on the trip, I thought, with a little relief, that it would be called off.

Now Juliet's eagerness for the trip made me a little ashamed at my own lack of enthusiasm. With her penetrating eyes upon me, and my sense of churlishness to make me feel guilty, I finally agreed we should go.

Our trip began on a Saturday morning. The town from which we left was the last of the closely inhabited countryside. From the north of the town and for the next one hundred and sixty kilometres, the river flowed through sparsely inhabited country, its banks lined with ancient gum trees, and young stands of trees grown up since the last great flood.

One could be very isolated here in an environment that seemed as old as time itself, the only contact with the outside world being one of the five locks that were between our starting point and the next town north. It was necessary for us to take at least one week's food supplies with us.

Sitting at the steering console of the boat, I could faintly hear the thump of the diesel motor, which only occasionally

intruded more loudly when the stern door of the main cabin was opened. We cruised up stream at about eight kilometres an hour, and down stream at nine kilometres an hour.

The main cabin of the boat consisted of three bedrooms, two with double beds and one with a pair of bunks, and the main area that combined the steering console, kitchen and dining areas. In addition, there were fairly spacious fore and after decks, the after deck being used for fishing and with a ladder that dropped into the water for swimmers.

After a couple of hours we had left the inhabited areas well behind. While I steered the boat, Juliet had been tidying away our supplies and making preliminary preparations for the evening meal. We had left the town at midday, and it was our custom to stop traveling at around three in the afternoon. This gave us time to swim, go for a walk in the forest that lined the banks, or try our luck at fishing.

Her immediate tasks completed, Juliet came to stand beside me at the console. I was seated and this brought her breasts level with my face. This must have happened many times before on previous trips, but for the first time, I was intensely aware of their beauty. She wore no bra, and needed none. Her breasts moved in that lithe, sensuous way they are prone to when unbridled.

Her closeness enabled me to catch the fragrance of her body. Ever since childhood this had fascinated and delighted me. I had never known Juliet to use perfume or deodorant. Her delicious body aroma came from a brand of soap she used, and which gave her an antiseptic smell. This was only slight, but conveyed a sense of cleanliness. As a child, I used to hug close to her just to catch that lovely odour. Now, whilst being reminded of those earlier days, I found a new dimension added as I felt a stirring in my groin.

I sought to suppress the feelings that were starting to well up within me, reminding myself that Juliet was, after all, my mother, however young and ravishing she might be. I tried to distract myself by pointing out features of the landscape we were passing through. My attempt sounded forced and artificial to my ears.

Fortunately, just as my penis began to harden inside my shorts, Juliet pointed out a small group of kangaroos standing close to the river. If this did not do very much to diminish my embarrassing physical problem, it at least meant that Juliet's attention was elsewhere, and would not perhaps notice my growing predicament.

As we went round a bend in the river the kangaroos passed out of sight. Fortunately Juliet decided to do some more stowing away, and with the comment, "I suppose we should be thinking about pulling in soon," she left my side.

I began to look out for a suitable spot to take the boat in. For those who do not know these boats on our river, I should briefly explain their design.

They are built on two pontoons and are rectangular in shape, being longer than they are broad. The method of tying them up is to take the boat bow first into the bank until the pontoons either touch the bank, or ground on the riverbed. The boat is then tied with four ropes, the up stream stern rope first, to hold the boat against the stream, thus:

Partially distracted from my sexual arousal, I shortly found a suitable spot for the boat and began to run in towards the bank. Juliet stood by with the upstream stern rope, and as soon as we touched the bank she leaped off and secured the rope to a gnarled old man gum tree. As the rope tightened, I put the engine into neutral and joined Juliet in tying the other ropes. This done I went aboard and cut the motor.

We were engulfed by silence. There is something mysterious and age-old in the silence of our bush. Some people are frightened when they first experience it; some have even been driven mad. One can believe that the ghosts of the ancient people of this continent still hunt across the plains and through the forests, and for those who like myself, love this land, the primal passions can begin to emerge. The thin

layer of so-called "civilisation" falls away, and a more primitive self emerges.

Juliet and I stood listening. The distant sound of a tree branch falling. The soft rustle of a creature moving in the bush. What sounded like the thump of a kangaroo bounding away from us.

It was as if we stood amid the first sounds of Eden, but suddenly Juliet whispered, "Look, David." She pointed, and I saw a snake slithering into the river and begin to undulate its way to the other bank.

I thought: "Yes, there is always a snake in Paradise."

"Time for us to take a swim as well," Juliet laughed, and we went on board and down to the stern.

I lowered the short swimming ladder as Juliet undressed. When I turned, she was standing naked before me.

We had always swum nude on our river trips so I had seen her naked beauty many times before. Yet never before had her female loveliness so overwhelmed me.

On previous occasions, there had always been uncle and aunt with us, and their presence somehow distracted me from what now struck me so powerfully. Now, looking at Juliet, it was as if I was seeing her for the first time. Her penetrating eyes looking past me at that moment, the chestnut coloured hair falling in natural waves to her shoulders. The full mouth, large firm breasts with erect nipples, long shapely legs with the triangle of pubic hair at the top of her thighs, and through the hair could be seen a firmly cleft vagina.

I was utterly confounded. My penis began to rise again, and to cover my confusion I dived into the river. As my head came above the water, I saw Juliet climbing down the swimming ladder. Her back was towards me, and I saw her firm high buttocks. She dropped laughing into the water and swam away.

I splashed around for a while, but realised I should have to get out of the water before Juliet. My erection was still hard and aching. I could not bear her to see the feelings she was arousing in me.

I climbed the ladder and fled to my cabin. After drying myself, I pulled on my shorts and tried to arrange my genitals so they would not show. It was not very successful.

I decided to try my luck at fishing. As I set up my rod Juliet came up the ladder. I tried not to look, but it did not help it because Juliet came over to me and looked over my shoulder. One breast was brushing against my bare shoulder. "How could I have thought this was Paradise," I thought, it's hell.

"Going to try fishing?" Juliet asked. "I tried to answer, but it felt as if there was a lump in my throat, and all I managed was a croaking, "Yes."

"I'm going for a walk," Juliet went on, and disappeared into her cabin and a few minutes later she stepped ashore. I saw her start her walk along the bank and disappear among the trees.

Alone, I tried to come to terms with my wild emotions. I told myself over and over again, "She's your mother, not some girl at college. You can't feel like this about her." But I did feel that way.

Finally, I gave in and went to my cabin to masturbate. It provided some relief, but the thought, the desire, was still there.

I returned to my fishing just as Juliet came back on board and began the final preparations for the evening meal. My fishing to that point had been even less successful than my attempts

to get sex and Juliet out of my mind. She called to me that the meal was ready, and with a feeling of trepidation, I went in.

Juliet had changed into a simple dress that hung loosely from her. It might have concealed her body and given me some peace, but instead it hardened me once more, for the dress seemed to hang from the points of her breasts in such a tantalizing way, that it sent the imagination raging.

The meal was eaten in what for us, was an unusual silence. I tried not to look at Juliet, but I was aware that from time to time her piercing blue-gray eyes were focused on me, and seemed to burn into my soul. "Oh God," I thought, "she knows what I'm thinking and feeling."

I struggled to eat the food, my stomach felt so knotted. As soon as the meal was over, I hastened to clear up so as to keep myself busy. Yet before us stretched the evening. I knew what must follow.

Ever since I was a child, Juliet and I had played our favourite game, Scrabble. Even without discussion, while I washed up, Juliet got out the board and tiles. Normally we would have played two, perhaps three, games. On this night Juliet brought me blessed relief when she said after the first game, "I feel tired, I think I'll go to bed."

I quickly agreed, and while Juliet went off for her shower, I cleared away the game and tidied up. As I finished Juliet came out of the shower room and called out that I could use it. I turned to see her coming along the passage naked. As if this were not agony enough, she came, and kissing me, said, "Goodnight, darling." The turmoil roared within me.

Hoping to give myself sufficient ease to at least get to sleep, I masturbated in the shower. It helped not at all. I lay awake trying to come to terms with the hopeless mess I felt myself to be. I wanted to flee, to leave the boat and go I knew not where. The thought of two weeks of this torment was almost beyond bearing, yet I must stay.

I masturbated again, and thus managing to gain some relaxation, I finally got to sleep.

Juliet gently shaking me awakened me. "Come on, darling, it's time we were on the move."

I didn't want to wake up. I didn't want to face the coming day, knowing what the nearness of Juliet, and the isolation we were penetrating into, would mean for me emotionally. Yet arise I must.

Breakfast was eaten in silence, and now I could feel a tension between us. Juliet, like me, seemed to be avoiding eye contact. I thought, "She knows how I feel, and now she is disgusted."

After breakfast, Juliet started the motor while I untied the boat, and then we headed upstream once more.

We were passing through beautiful scenery, but sadly, I was in no mood to enjoy it. Juliet too seemed preoccupied. After spending an hour at the wheel, she handed over to me, and sat on the foredeck seemingly lost in thought. After another hour had passed she took the wheel again, and so the day passed. Both of us seemed to be locked into our own thoughts.

Again, around three in the afternoon we pulled into the bank. We swam, and afterwards I tried fishing, but neither of us seemed to have any desire to do anything. It all seemed to be impossibly wretched, and I began to think I would try to discuss with Juliet turning back and going home.

I didn't carry out this thought because at the evening meal I was once more overwhelmed.

Juliet took a late afternoon shower, and I followed suit. When I returned to the dining area, I was stunned. The table

was laid as if we were in an expensive restaurant. White cloth, napkins, cutlery laid out and two candles burning in the evening dusk. Above all, was Juliet's dress.

She had on a diaphanous sari, through which one could catch tantalising glimpses of her breasts and the dark triangle of her pubic hair. I thought my mind would explode.

"Do you like my dress?" she asked. "I got it especially for our trip."

I struggled to reply, but finally managed to get out, "It's beautiful, mother."

Almost immediately, I realised that I had called her "Mother" for the first time in years. I think she also recognised this and smiled.

The elegance of the meal was, I am sorry to say, wasted on me. What I feasted on was this lovely woman sitting opposite me. She was no longer silent, but I was unable to respond to her attempts at conversation. Yet, those attempts were not easy for her. I could hear the nervous strain in her voice.

There was no game of Scrabble that evening. Instead, Juliet suggested that we relax with some music. Knowing I would be unable to concentrate on the game, I readily agreed to her suggestion.

Using the boat's cassette player, she put on some of the Bach Brandenburg Concertos. Whilst some might think of these as an intellectual exercise in music appreciation, for me, unfortunately, they have always been very sensuous works, and I am sure Juliet knew this. They did nothing to relieve sexual stress.

After an hour of listening to the music in the gathering dark, I said I would go to bed. Juliet said she would stay up for a while.

Once more, there was no hope of easy or early sleep but eventually I dozed off.

How long I slept for I am not sure, but I was awakened by a change in the weather. When I went to bed the weather had been calm and quiet, the water barely rippling. Now as I awoke, I realised that one of those sudden storms the river gives rise to, had come roaring in.

The river acted as a sort of funnel for winds and seemed to increase their intensity. Now the boat was heaving and

straining at its moorings, and I could hear rain pelting down on the cabin roof. I looked out of the window but in the blackness of the storm, I could see nothing.

At this point, I thought I heard my name being called. I listened and heard it again, "David." I got out of bed, and wrapping a towel round my middle, I went out into the passage. It was dark, but I could see a light under the door of Juliet's cabin. The voice came again, "David."

I knocked on her door and she called, "Come in."

Entering I saw she was naked and kneeling on the bed beside the window.

"Darling," she said, "Could you close this window for me? It seems to be stuck, and the wind is blowing straight in."

This I could see for myself, as some lighter items had been blown around in the cabin.

Trying not to look at her, I went to the window. She was very close and I could smell the alluring fragrance of her body. I was intensely aware of her femaleness and her close proximity. The window was one of those that slide sideways,

and it seemed to have become angled so it jammed. I wrestled with it for a moment, then it slipped sideways.

Still not looking at her, I said, "Okay?"

"Thank you, my love," she answered, and I made to leave her cabin.

I had just got to the door when above the noise of the raging storm, and in the faintest of whispers Juliet said, "Don't go, baby."

I was not sure if I had heard aright. I was startled because the term "Baby," had ceased to be used by her when I was ten years old, and I had protested.

I turned back, this time looking directly at her, and for the second time that evening called her "mother." "Yes, mother?" I asked in a whisper to match her own.

"I understand, darling," she said. "It's all right. There's nothing to fear." As she said this she moved from her kneeling position and stretched out on the bed. Her eyes were upon me, earnest yet anxious.

This was the turning point. If I interpreted the situation wrongly, I was in danger of destroying a relationship with one I loved dearly. My emotions raged, matching the storm that was beating against the boat, which now rocked violently. I wanted to speak or move, but I seemed to be paralysed both in speech and mobility, except that I swayed to the motion of the pitching and tossing boat.

I stood, foolish and uncertain. Then Juliet took the initiative once again and reaching out her hand, she took mine. She drew me down to the bed beside her, and without preamble, she placed my hand between her thighs.

I was shocked. I could feel that her inner thighs were soaking wet. In my previous experiences with women, I had known their vaginas to become wet, but never had I known anything like Juliet's condition. "My God," I thought, "how did she get into this state."

Then I realised. All the time I had been agonising over my own sexual arousal, she had been going through the same struggle.

I heard her speaking, very soft and low. "Darling, I've wanted you for so long. I've tried, I've really fought against it, but I can't fight any more. Please, please my love.

I let out a cry. There was no more doubt, no more hesitation. Juliet parted her legs and I came between them. Neither of us had the strength to wait. We had been frustrated too long. Juliet, as I learned later, had wanted me from the time I entered puberty. She had suffered far, far longer than I had.

There was no foreplay, no waiting. We were both too much overwhelmed by our desperate need for sexual release to hold back. The head of my penis approached her vagina. Her hand reached down to guide me into her.

As I penetrated her warm moist cleft, she gave a little squeal. Then another new sexual experience occurred. Juliet was very tight, but in addition, as I entered her, I felt my penis grasped as if in a vice. She has a powerful vaginal muscle, and not only did she grip me with this, but seemed to drag me into her deeper and deeper.

We were both so overwrought it was all over in a moment. Her little squeal was quickly followed by screams of ecstasy and my groans as I poured myself into her. The violence of the storm outside was now matched by the passionate intensity of our first sexual coupling. As the rain beat upon the cabin roof, I beat into Juliet as she tightened and relaxed her vagina in rhythm with my movements. Not only were we in fierce union with each other, but our encounter seemed to chime in with the ferocity of nature raging along the river.

After I had ejaculated into her, I could not bring myself to withdraw. Again, we seemed to be in accord with nature. As we seemed to find a moment of peace and ease after the torments of our sexual yearnings, the storm began to subside.

I lay within her warm, sweet womanhood until my penis grew erect once more. This time we lasted longer, our movements less furious. We looked into each other's eyes, smiling and speaking words of love and desire.

When it was over I eventually withdrew. I did so almost regretfully and completely out of accord with my usual post-coital behaviour. When I had ejaculated with other women, my desire was to get up, get dressed, and leave. Not so with Juliet.

It was as if I had drunk at an ever-flowing fountain of sweet water, and the very thirst it sought to quench, it in fact enhanced. She was the source to which I would ever long to return.

As I lay beside her, my arms round her, Juliet turned towards me, smiling. "I'm all sweaty, darling. What about a shower?"

We went and showered together. As I washed her breasts, I was reminded of the fact that so far I had not touched these

delicious morsels. In fact, there had been no love play at all. I anxiously wondered if I was to be allowed this delight, or whether Juliet, having experienced me so far, would not wish to go further. My anxiety was soon laid to rest.

I was not sure what was to happen next. As we left the shower room I made to enter my cabin, but Juliet said, "Won't you spend the night with me?" I needed no second bidding. We came together twice more that night.

I woke in the morning to find Juliet had left the cabin. Lying there, I heard her singing in the kitchen. Looking out of the cabin window, I saw that the storm had gone and the sun was shining. The river surface was like glass, being broken only occasionally by a fish jumping for an insect.

I rose and went to her. She was wearing the dress that seemed to hang from her breasts, and as I came up behind her, I reached round and cupped them. Through the cloth, they felt firm and warm. She moved my hands away and turned to kiss me. As her soft lips touched mine they parted, and her tongue thrust into my mouth. I responded, and reached once more for a breast, my penis stiffening as I did so.

Juliet ground her lower abdomen against me, rotating her hips. I could stand no more. I lifted her up and carried her

back to the bed, took off her dress, and laying her down I came over her breasts, taking a nipple into my mouth while my hand sought her clitoris.

Gently sucking her nipple while my finger rotated round her clitoris, Juliet began to squirm and cry out with those little squeals of delight that I had now come to recognise. She orgasmed before I had a chance to enter her, but she never the less parted her legs to receive me.

This time Juliet did not flex her vaginal muscle round my penis, but lay quiet and relaxed, yet emanating a wonderful feeling of love.

I took her very slowly, stopping occasionally to smile at her and stroke her face and breasts, at which she gave forth with gentle little whimpers and saying, "I love you my darling, I love you so much." I emptied myself into her gently, speaking my own words of love and passion for her.

We lay for a long time just stroking and kissing each other, until Juliet rose and said, "Sweetheart, all this before breakfast. I think we'd better have some nourishment before we fade away."

She was right. I was amazed that I had been able to fill Juliet with my sperm so many times, and wondered how long I

could go on like this. It had been five times now since we began in the middle of the night. I had heard that women could go on having sexual intercourse far more often than men could, so I wondered if I would be able to satisfy Juliet.

After breakfast, I went out onto the front deck. The whole world seemed to be made anew. I smelt the tang of the gum leaves and soil and the aroma of the river as if I were a child again, experiencing everything for the first time. I noticed the rustle of birds in the trees, and the gurgle of the river, and felt the wonder of being alive.

I began the procedures necessary before untying and setting off. As I did this Juliet said, " Don't let's go far today. Just travel for an hour or two, then tie up." I understood what this implied.

We set off and soon I was looking for another appropriate place to stop. I found one on the upstream side of a bend in the river with a beautiful sandbar. As I brought the boat to the bank the pontoons ground onto sand. We were in shallow water.

It was by then a very warm day, so as soon as we had tied up, we were ready for a swim. We retired to the stern and I lowered the ladder. We now wore no clothes around the boat, so we went straight down into the water. It was only

just above waist deep below the stern so we splashed and swam out to deeper water and back again.

At one point as I stood up by the stern Juliet swam over to me and, wrapping her legs round my waist, began to kiss me. I responded, thrusting my tongue into her delicious mouth, and my penis rose.

Feeling this, Juliet slipped down so as to insert my organ into her, and we made love as I stood in the water and she moved herself up and down on me partially buoyed by the water and partially supported by me.

"Oh David, you've no idea how often in the past I've wanted to do this with you. Please make it last, darling," Juliet murmured in my ear.

My sperm count had apparently recovered a little but I managed to hold back from spurting into her for around ten minutes. When I finally came, Juliet kept up a constant love murmur in my ear, "Oh darling, sweetheart, I love you, I love you. Put it all in me, please..."

When I had finished she clung to me a little longer, then broke away and swam a few strokes. Turning she stood and looked at me. There was a question in those fascinating eyes, but I couldn't interpret it, and feared to ask. She gave a little

sigh, returned to me, kissed me softly on the lips and climbed back onto the boat.

I splashed around for a bit longer, then returned to the boat. I noticed Juliet, having slipped on a dress, stepping off the bow to go for a walk. There always seems to be some jobs to be done around a boat, so I checked the water and oil levels in the engine and retied a couple of ropes that slackened.

After a bit of general tidying up, I recalled I had observed a faulty light bulb on the canopy above the fore deck. There were a couple of spares in a cupboard, so getting one of them, I took one of the dining room chairs out, and standing on it, began the job of changing the bulb. It being an outside light the bulb had become weathered and was difficult to get out of its socket. As I was battling to get the bulb free, Juliet came back on board. She stood watching me for a moment, then came across to where I stood on the chair and took my penis into her hand. She stroked my organ for a while then taking the head into her mouth, she began to suck. I stood there, fascinated and delighted. After a few minutes, she began to slide my length further and further into her mouth, and as I shot my sperm, she began to swallow it. It was not a great amount that I ejaculated this time, and as I finished Juliet stepped back, looked at me and smiling asked, "Did you like that, my love?"

I admit that by this time I was feeling somewhat physically wobbly, although ecstatic, with all the sex I had been having. I did manage a smile, however, and expressed my enthusiasm appropriately.

I succeeded eventually in my bulb-changing task, and as it was by now around midday, we sat down to eat. Little was said during the meal, and as we finished Juliet said, "Why don't you have a bit of a sleep." I thought this a good idea, and headed for my cabin. As I did this Juliet called out, "Why don't we share the same cabin for the rest of the trip, darling? Use mine." I called back, "Righto," and lay down on her bed.

Juliet had cleared away the ruins of the previous night's passion, the sperm and her female fluids that had soaked the bed, and as lay on the fresh sheet, I went off into a half doze.

It is at such times, when the ego defences are down, that buried thoughts float to the surface. Things about ourselves that normally we strive not to acknowledge seem to take over our thoughts.

I had been experiencing the most intense sexual encounter of my life. Nothing in my sex life prior to this time had matched what I had been having with Juliet. Yet, our love making had been so intense, our need so demanding, we had barely

touched the margins of sexual possibilities. A great sensual terrain lay open before us for exploration.

Into the future we would...but was there a future?

I might call her "Juliet." Our relationship might long have been more like young brother and older sister, but in fact, she is my mother. The thought floated through my head, "We are committing incest. We are breaking the law of the State, and the moral law."

Other thoughts drifted up from the depths. I had always loved her, but now that love had become something different. Or had it always been there since I became sexually active, but repressed? Had those other girls and women been my attempt to turn aside from my real sexual goal?

Now I had sucked on those breasts that had given me my first nourishment. I had penetrated that mysterious place wherein my life had begun, and through which I passed into the world. I had striven to impregnate the...Oh my God, I had sought to impregnate the womb that had been my own source of being...Yes, the snake was still there in the Garden.

I must have drifted off into a deeper sleep and was mercifully released from further semi-conscious reflection on my situation.

Juliet shaking me awakened me. "Wake up, darling, wake up, you've been dreaming."

"What...?" I mumbled.

"You were calling out, darling."

It was late afternoon, so I must have slept for two or three hours. I could recall my earlier semi-sleep reflections, but of my dreams, I had no knowledge.

Juliet, now naked again, sat beside me on the bed. "What is it, my love?" she asked. "Is it what we are doing that's bothering you? Is it because I'm your mother?"

"Yes," I answered bluntly.

"Look, David," she went on, "I'm having sex with you for two main reasons. First, I have denied myself a full sex life for years, and I need that sort of loving. Second, I want my sex life to be with a man I love and desire. You are that man. Tell me you don't love me, that you don't sexually desire me, and we stop. Can you tell me that?"

"No," I replied.

"We have many days to go on this trip, many days alone together. What we know of each other now would mean we would be in hell if we didn't give expression to our love. We should have to turn back, and probably be unable to live together again. Do you want that?"

"No, mother." My use of the word "mother" again, I don't think escaped our attention.

She looked at me with those eloquent eyes. I felt their power. She went on, "You are flesh of my flesh. I conceived you, nurtured you in my womb and nourished you at my breast. I am completely selfish where you are concerned. You are mine. I have loved you as a mother and a sister, and now I love you as a woman. From me you shall have all that a woman has to give, if you desire it. I have made my decision. You must make yours. I do not ask you to answer now, but some time before this trip ends, I want to know your wishes. For now, let us enjoy each other."

She ceased speaking. She had moved from sitting on the bed to lie beside me. Now she moved again and sat across me. "Love me, David," she murmured, and moved her sex organ up to my lips.

I needed no telling what was wanted. Indeed, I desired this myself. The circumstances of our loving had so far bypassed my giving her oral sex, but now, as she drew apart her outer lips with her fingers, I put my hands on her thighs and pulled her down.

I smelt and tasted her lovely femaleness, as her fluids of sexual arousal began to flow over my face. My tongue went first to her opening, seeking to penetrate her depths. Then I moved up to her clitoris and licked and bit it. She began to grind her vagina against my face and I heard her begin her shrill pre-orgasmic cries: "Oh God... no, no, I can't bear it... don't make me...please don't make me." Then as her orgasm struck her voice changed to a deeper note, "Yes, oh yes...yes...don't stop...make me...don't..." She finally screamed out aloud, and I felt her relax.

She withdrew from me and once more and lay beside me. I was now thoroughly aroused and I caressed and sucked her breasts. She drew away, then came down to take my penis into her mouth. This did not last long. I wanted...needed, to penetrate her. I flung her on her back and found her opening, thrusting into her, feeling the vice like grip of her vagina.

She had said, "You are mine." Now I asserted my own power. "She would be mine." She had said, "You are flesh of my flesh." Indeed, and we now would be one flesh. No one

would have her body but me. I would take all her love and give her my all.

Afterwards we prepared a meal, and when we finished, we retired to bed once more.

In her orgasmic cries she had called upon God, but more likely what we were doing was of the devil. That night the devil received his dues.

Both of us were beside ourselves with love and lust. It was as if we both wanted the penetration of her womb, a return to my place of origin. Juliet cried out time and again, "Deeper, my love, deeper, I want all of you, every particle. And I thrust into her with all the power I could muster.

During that time of darkness, we gave full vent to our passion. Nothing was barred, and in the morning, I looked upon her poor body. Her neck and shoulders marked by my love bites, her lips and nipples bruised. Her vagina must have ached with the usage it had received.

Equally, my body was covered with her teeth marks, and my back torn by her fingernails. My penis was raw from her savage bites. Our mad passion was spent. Both of us lay exhausted.

We slept.

I woke around midday. Leaving Juliet asleep, I rose and got myself something to eat. I went out on the stern to eat, watching the flow of the river. Pelicans stood in a row along the trunk of an old tree that had fallen into the water. Cormorants dived and ducks bobbed. I was a little troubled that we had lost almost two days of travelling, as we needed to reach the distant town upstream for fresh supplies, and normally this would have taken us at least six days starting from our present location.

When Juliet woke up, I discussed with her the situation, pointing out that we would have to increase our travelling hours, or return to base to re-supply. She immediately vetoed the return to base, and suggested that we travel the extra hours. She wanted us to travel even longer hours than I had proposed so that we would reach the town in at least four days, then make a slow journey back. On this, we finally agreed.

After the violence of our passion the previous night, there was now a feeling of reticence, of shyness, between us. Having exposed ourselves so violently to each other, we perhaps felt vulnerable.

So far, it had been Juliet who had made most of the running. She had the courage to bring into the open what we had both desired. Now I felt that I must assert myself. We were still both naked, and I went to her and gently stroked her hair. It was now that the other aspect of love, the tenderness, the touching and holding, came to the fore.

I drew her gently back to the bedroom and lay her down. Very softly, I began kissing her. The forehead, the sweet dimples at the base of her neck, the soft curve of her shoulders, and the indent of her navel. I turned her over and kissed her anus.

"Take me there, if you want to, darling," she said. "But please, be very gentle."

"I will," I whispered. She had never had anal sex, and so in that sense she came to me as a virgin.

Juliet moved to give me the best access, lying on the bed with her legs over the side, feet on the floor.

I parted her buttocks to reveal her pink opening. Although her vagina was sore, she was still discharging her love fluids. I took some of this on my finger and lubricated her anus, then inserted the finger into her, slowly and carefully

exploring her. She showed no signs of distress so I inserted a second finger. Still she seemed at ease.

"Come into me now, my love," she said softly. "But when I tell you, take me quickly."

I readied my shaft over her anus, then slowly slid it into her. It was even tighter than her vagina so I had to exert some pressure.

Suddenly she said loudly, "Now, my love."

I grasped her hips firmly and thrust with all my power into her. She shrieked with pain and I began to withdraw.

"No, darling," she gasped. "Stay in, but don't move until I say."

I stayed still in her, yet yearning to thrust into her again, to shoot my sperm into her.

I waited, then she said, "Move now, darling, but slowly."

I began to thrust in and out of her, slowly as she had asked, until she cried out, "Faster, darling, more, more." I spouted into her.

As I withdrew from her, I noticed some traces of blood on my penis. "You are bleeding, my love," I told her guiltily.

"It's all right, darling, I will heal," she replied. "Now you've taken me in every orifice. I am open to you for whatever you want in future."

Despite her words, I knew I must be careful with her for the next few days. Her vagina must have been sore, and her anus had its little wound. I thought I would not approach her for the next day or two. I had not taken Juliet's needs into account.

We stayed moored for the rest of the day. I had thought I would return to my own cabin that night, but when it came time to go to bed, I could not bring myself to do this. It might hurt Juliet's feelings. But that night I made no move to have sexual contact with Juliet.

It must have been around one o'clock in the morning when I woke to feel Juliet gently massaging my penis. She saw I was awake, and leaning over me she smiled and said, "What is it, don't you want me any more." Then she kissed me tenderly.

"I don't want to hurt you, love," I said.

She gave a little tinkling laugh and said "There are still things we can do, like this," and she took my now throbbing penis into her mouth and sucked until I came.

When I had finished she said, "You'll sleep a lot better now, darling," and laughed again.

I slept, as she said, a lot better.

Next morning we began our dash for the town. Fortunately, the lockmasters were prompt in seeing us through their locks, and travelling at cruising speed, we made good progress.

Sexually we were very abstemious, having only one act of congress and that very gently because Juliet was still sore.

The following day we were held up for an hour at one of the locks, but still made good time. I worked out that we should reach the town fairly early the next day. We maintained our relatively moderate sexual interaction.

The next day we passed through our last lock and approached the town. The town was not actually on the main river we had been travelling, but on one that flowed into the main stream. So just beyond the lock we took the left branch and cruised into the town and tied up.

For the rest of the day, we went about getting our supplies, and in the evening, after putting on some "respectable" clothing, we dined out at a local restaurant.

On returning to the boat and going to bed, we contented ourselves with one rather quiet sexual intercourse.

Next morning we began the return journey. Now we had time to spare, so needed only to travel short distances each day. This was just as well, as Juliet had now recovered and was eager to resume a more active sexual coupling with me. I also had built up my sperm count, and was very willing and able to service her needs.

We traveled, walked, swam and fished, and even managed a few games of scrabble, but above all, we loved, and as the days drew on and we got closer to the home base, the question of this love obtruded increasingly. What was to happen when we arrived home?

As I have already said, I have always loved my mother, but now that love had passed on to be the love and desire of a man for a woman. None of my previous sexual experiences had matched that which I had with Juliet.

Given the amount of sexual contact we had had, it might be thought that the urgency might have diminished. Not so. Every sexual contact with Juliet only sharpened the appetite for more of her. As our last day on the boat approached, I knew we must discuss the future.

The discussion took place, not on the last night of our trip as I anticipated, but the night prior to this. It occurred in bed, shortly after we had made love. It was Juliet who opened the subject. She had timed it well, as I having just ejaculated into her, and she having had her orgasm, we were at the nadir of sexual arousal, and less likely to speak under the influence of immediate sexual desire.

She began by saying, "Darling, I'm going to ask you what you want in the future in relation to our sexual contact, but first, I'll tell you what I want."

I think she chose this approach so that I had something to respond to, and was less at risk of feeling let down if she did not agree with what I wanted.

"My love," she went on, "I know that in what we are doing we are offending against the law and morality, and many of our friends and relatives will be opposed. If they discover what has happened between us, we shall probably lose many of those friends. Never the less, I am prepared to risk that and much more, so that the relationship we have had on this trip can continue."

She paused for a moment, then went on, "What has happened in the past, the relationships we have had with others, and the manner of relationship that has existed between us as mother and son, now belong to the past as far as I am concerned. I love you; I love you very deeply. If it is your wish, from now on, I am your woman and you are my man. There will be no other. The practical details of our lives together we can discuss later. Now, I think, is the time to establish whether and how we live together in the future.

She ceased speaking and waited for me to respond. Images of the future whirled through my mind. The complications, the family quarrels and arguments, possible loss of friends and perhaps even legal battles. I felt the approach of a headache.

I had been lying on my back. I turned my head to look at her. I knew in that moment that there were only two realistic choices open to me. I could leave home, separating myself from Juliet, or I could stay and continue our sexual

relationship. Knowing her now as I did, having experienced her as I had done on the trip, I could not live with her without there being sexual coupling with her. I think I would have gone out of my mind, having her so close and wanting her so badly.

I decided to try to take a middle course.

"Mother (again that strange slip), could we agree to try living together, still being lovers. If it doesn't work out, I can leave."

I was somewhat ashamed of my rather cowardly stance, especially in the face of her own bold declaration of her love and commitment. In the circumstances, Juliet took it rather well. Little did I realise how those circumstances would change in the near future.

She sighed and said, "All right, if that's the way you want it, but during this, what shall I call it? 'Trial period,' there is to be no other woman in your life. Is that agreed?"

It was no effort for me to agree with that. After what I had had with Juliet, I was not sure I could ever be satisfied with any other woman.

We did not make love again that night, but keeping the boat still well away from the town, we made very tender love several times the next day.

At first, when we returned home, no one knew or guessed what our relationship had become. The main difference that might have been noticed was that, as I no longer went out to meet girls, I was at home much more often.

About a month after our return home the crisis struck.

Lying in each other's arms just after we had finished making love, Juliet said quietly: "Darling, I think I'm going to have a baby."

Ridiculously, I was stunned. I had used no contraceptives, and had not asked whether Juliet was "safe." She had used nothing.

The amount of sexual intercourse we had had must have almost guaranteed that any fertile woman would have to get pregnant.

"What are we going to do?" I stammered.

We had been lying in the dim light of a reading lamp, and as I looked at Juliet, I saw the glister of tears in her eyes, and they began to roll down her cheeks.

"Aren't you even a little bit pleased?" she sobbed.

Being the stupid, immature fool that I was, I had not understood how vulnerable a woman is at such a time. Even in these days of the hard, self-reliant woman, at such a time a primitive instinct induces them to seek protection for themselves and the child within them. I had fallen down on the job at the first real difficulty. I hated myself for this.

I put my arm round her and asked, "You want to have this child, don't you?"

"Of course I do," she said fiercely, "I wanted you, didn't I? But if you don't want to be part of its life with me, you had better leave us."

I felt sick and ashamed, and tried to excuse myself. "I'm sorry, it was just that didn't expect this. I know I should have, but I didn't."

She softened. Touching my face with her hand she said, "You've been such a wonderful lover, I forget how young you are. Let's talk in the morning."

I slept fitfully that night.

By the morning, I had resolved what I would do. I found Juliet in the kitchen. I went to her, kissed and put my arms round her and said, "If this is what you want, I am with you. There will be no more talk or a 'trial period.' I shall stay with you until the day you tell me to go, and I shall acknowledge that I am the child's father wherever that is necessary. If I cannot be your legal husband, I shall be your partner."

Juliet sagged against me weeping and said, "Oh David, I needed you to say that."

We clung together, both of us crying.

The first to learn of Juliet's pregnancy were my uncle and aunt. On a visit to our house, they made an astonishing revelation. My aunt, taking it for granted that I was the father, said, "Darlings, its about time. I was beginning to wonder when you two would wake up to how much you loved each other, and in what way. Ted and I have only been surprised at how long it's taken you."

They had worked out long before how our relationship was likely to develop. I silently blessed them for their love and acceptance, and for the first time felt sincerely proud and looking forward to becoming a father.

I shall not go into how our lives developed except to say that following my mother's example I became an accountant. Mother had established her own practice and in due course, I entered this as her partner. We work from home, and so have time to be with little Clara and Bryan, and no doubt our third child which is due in about three months time. You see, our sex lives are still extremely active, and as Juliet says, "If we are going to do it, we might as well do it properly."

The Shape in the Mist

Hannah seemed to walk naked along a path though swirling mist. There were trees and bushes on either side of the path like unmoving grey ghosts. There was no noise of birds or animals; there was not even the sound of her footfall. All was silent. She could not feel her feet touching the ground. She walked yet did not move.

A spectral form took shape among the trees, emerging from the mist to take on vague, faceless human outlines as it drew near to her. She felt herself born to the ground by hands she could neither see nor feel.

She had no will to resist and she could feel no force being exerted on her. Even if she wanted to, she knew she could not move as the figure loomed over her. It had no distinct shape except that she knew the figure was human, and the one thing that stood out clearly with firm, definite outline, was a large penis.

The figure lowered itself to come between her legs and as it did so she felt her legs drawn apart, again, neither by external force or her own volition. She felt the head of the penis press against the opening to her vagina. She cried out, "Come into me, come into me."

The mist swirled and started to clear, and the spectral figure seemed to dissolve into the vanishing haze and was gone. Strangely, she could still feel the pressure of the penis head against her sexual organ.

There was a moment of confusion as the world seemed to blur, and she jerked awake to find herself in her own bed.

She lay quivering, and found that what in the dream had been penis pressure, was her own hand pressing against her vagina. She was wet with arousal, and as her confusion dissipated, she emitted a low cry as she became aware that this was once again the dream that constantly repeated itself, tormenting her.

She dispersed her sexual tension by masturbating, yet even as she did this she knew that the dream would return to haunt her in the future. "If only I could see the face of the shape that is about to take me. If only it would enter me!" she thought, "perhaps I would be rid of the dream for ever."

Hannah's Dream

Dreams seemed to play an important part in Hannah's life. When she was four she dreamed that there was a fire on top of her wardrobe. She awoke, frightened by the dream, and still saw the flames flickering on the wardrobe. She ran in

terror to her parent's bedroom and pushed open the door. What she saw frightened her as much as the fire.

The bedside light was on, and she saw her father on top of her mother, Jemma, moving his buttocks up and down. Her mother was weeping and calling out, "Oh Paul, Paul darling." Her father was groaning and Hannah believed that he was hurting her mother. She screamed out, "Mummy, mummy," and raced to the bed to try to stop her father.

She had, of course, caught her parents at the point of sexual orgasm, and as they heard her screams, Paul pulled away from his wife. Hannah for a few seconds saw the huge, erect shaft of her father's penis as he rapidly withdrew. He was still pumping out sperm that Hannah thought was a sort of white cream coming out of him.

Paul rolled away from Jemma pulling the sheet over his erection, while Jemma, trying to fight down her interrupted orgasm, sought to cope with Hannah.

"Daddy was hurting you. Daddy was hurting you," Hannah wept. Jemma tried to console her saying, "Daddy wasn't hurting me, darling, we were just playing a game. It was a nice game and no one was being hurt."

With these and further reassurances Hannah quieted and Jemma tried to find out why she had come into the bedroom. Hannah, who had been momentarily distracted from her original reason for coming to her mother, now recalled her panic and said there was a fire in her room. Jemma carried her back to her own room and Hannah pointed to the flickering light on top of the wardrobe.

Jemma was now faced with the complex task of explaining to a small child that the moon was shining through a gap in the curtains, and its light fell at the top of the wardrobe. The branch of a tree that was just outside the window interrupted the moonlight, and the branch, moving in a slight breeze made it look as if the wardrobe light was flickering.

The problem was finally solved, not by explanation, but by a complete closing of the curtains. The light, and therefore the "fire," having been disposed of, Hannah was put to bed, and soon slept.

Hannah's Curiosity

Hannah did not dream of fire again, but one distinct mental image had burned into her mind from that night. It was the vision of her father as he pulled away from Jemma and the great shaft of his penis spurting "white cream." For a long

time she thought about this when awake, and dreamed of it when asleep.

She was puzzled as to what sort of "game" her parents had been playing. She questioned Jemma about this, but somehow the question was never answered. It was always, "Just a nice game, darling. Mummy and daddy were just having fun," and when Hannah asked if she could play the game, she was told it was for "grown up people."

In time, the image faded a little, but it was only waiting for the right stimulus to bring it to consciousness again. This happened when she began to hear what mothers and fathers did in order to make babies. Later she learned that people did this when they did not make babies as well. She now began to understand a little of what she had witnessed on the night of the fire.

Curious about her parent's sex life, Hannah tried to find out what they did. When she knew they had gone to bed she would creep up to their bedroom door and listen. Her curiosity was frequently rewarded.

Jemma and Paul Observed

As Hannah listened at their bedroom door, she heard the joy of two people still physically and emotionally involved with

each other. She could hear the cries and moans of sexual ecstasy as her parents gave physical expression to their love.

Once the door had been left partly open, and through the narrow opening, she could see some of the details of parental lovemaking. Her mother near the edge of the bed while her father knelt on the floor before her, his head between her legs. Then her father laying on his back, and Hannah saw once again his huge shaft, now being stroked by her mother, then, taking the head into her mouth, seeming to suck and lick it.

Hannah saw her mother move over her father to sit astride him, then as she lowered herself down onto Paul, Hannah could see the long, thick organ, slide into her. As she moved up and down with increasing speed, there were cries, groans and words similar to those she had heard years before: "Jemma, oh Jemma, my love." "Paul, my love, my dearest love. Deeper, deeper."

Finally, after even louder cries, there came a sort of peace. Jemma, still impaled on Paul's now fading erection seemed to relax and droop. She was still muttering, "My darling, oh my darling," over and over again, then withdrew herself to be taken into Paul's arms and covered by a sheet as Paul reached out to switch off the bedside light.

Still not able to fully understand what she had witnessed, Hannah at least knew it was something very powerful and wonderful. Into her mind came the memory of the first time she had seen her father's penis, and she was puzzled and amazed at her mother being able to take it into her – all of it.

Hannah slipped away from her parent's door and returned to her bed. Here she did some exploring of her own vagina.

It was after witnessing her parents making love that Hannah began to have her dream of the spectre in the mist. In the following years she struggled to see the face of the figure that every time was about to penetrate her, but never did.

Hannah Grows Up

During her childhood Hannah had, like most children, been closer to her mother than to her father. Jemma had set aside her career as a speech therapist in order to be with Hannah, whereas her father, who was a forensic scientist, saw far less of her.

As she entered puberty Hannah began to focus her allegiance more on her father. She sought to bond more closely with him, and as often happens with young girls, she began to test out her femininity on him. She behaved coquettishly with him, letting him see her in panties and bra,

wanting him to tell her how good her figure was and how attractive she looked.

She came to see her mother as a rival for her father's affections, and began to behave in a snappy and deprecating manner towards Jemma. Hannah wanted to have her father to herself, and the love between Jemma and Paul, and Hannah's knowledge of what they did in bed, became a source of frustration and anger. At night she lay in bed knowing and agonising about what was happening just a wall's thickness away from her. Even as she masturbated she felt a sense of defeat. She could not have what she coveted because it belonged to someone else.

Jemma and Paul were intelligent parents, and understood what was happening to Hannah. Having that understanding Jemma was able to accept Hannah's rude behaviour towards her and Paul coped with the hardly concealed sexual advances. What neither of them knew was that Hannah had observed them making love, so they could not realise the impact it had made on her.

Hannah, of course, had seen no other male sex organ at this point in her life, so she could make no comparison as to size. What she did not know was that her father's penis was long and thick and a source of great joy and satisfaction to Jemma. Hannah simply accepted that her father's penis was what all males had.

Hannah was at this stage not so much impressed by her father's size as she was that her mother was able to "get all of that in her." Seeing herself as her mother's rival in her father's affections, Hannah wanted to have his sex organ in her, even if only to prove that she could do as well as her mother in that respect.

Jemma and Paul followed Hannah's sexual development carefully. They could see that she was growing into a very attractive, and they suspected, passionate young woman. As she came to the age of sexual consent they knew that Hannah was not likely to remain a virgin for very long.

Added to this was the fact that Hannah, in keeping with a lot of girl's from financially well heeled families, was about to take her twelve months trip abroad prior to attending university. They wanted Hannah to have a good and comfortable first sexual experience. For this they laid some prudent plans.

Jemma suggested to Hannah that she might like to go on the pill, "just in case." Hannah was surprised at the suggestion, thinking that her mother was playing a dangerous game in giving her the freedom of sex. "Who knows?" she thought deep inside herself, "If daddy knows he can't get me pregnant, he might want to fuck me."

Paul, however, had other plans for Hannah, and once she was safely on the pill, he began to invite some of his young male research assistants to spend the weekend with his family. Jemma and Paul watched to see if Hannah was particularly attracted to one of these young men, and finally decided that a rather quietly spoken boy called Dermot was the one they needed. Hannah seemed to be attracted by Dermot, and he was certainly hot for her.

Dermot was invited to arrive for a weekend stay beginning on Friday night. On Saturday morning Paul announced that he and Jemma had to go to see Jemma's mother, as some sort of emergency had arisen. Sadly they would not be able to get back until Sunday afternoon. They were terribly sorry, but these things happen. They hoped that Dermot and Hannah would be able to manage. There was plenty of food, and they were to help themselves.

Jemma and Paul departed to spend the night in a motel, leaving nature to take its course in the comfort of their home. "At least she won't lose her virginity in the back of a car, or some other uncomfortable place, " said Jemma. Paul agreed, having made some careful enquiries concerning Dermot, and ascertaining that he was well qualified to take Hannah's virginity with the minimum of fumbling and pain.

They never did find out precisely what happened during that thirty hours of their absence, but on their return they noticed that Dermot looked a little pale but happy, and Hannah also looked pale and rather depressed. They decided that Hannah's less than cheerful appearance was probably due to a tough hymen and a painful splitting. The truth was, Hannah was disappointed. She had discovered that all men were not made the same.

The Tragic Time

Hannah took off for her time abroad. There were tears at the airport and much clinging to her father, telling him how much she loved him and would miss him. Poor Jemma did not receive the same impassioned farewell.

In the following months Hannah engaged in a number of sexual liaisons, none of which seemed to meet her needs. She was initiated into many aspects of sexual activity, graduating from straight vaginal sex to oral sex, then on to anal sex. She had sperm splattered over various parts of her body and into most available orifices. She even got caught up in a gang bang of proportions she had not anticipated.

Two young men had suggested to her that a troika would be fun. She decided that she could successfully handle the desires of two men, and accepted their invitation. What she

had not expected was that these two young gentlemen would spread the word. On arrival at the appointed place, and having given satisfaction to her two hosts, she was then confronted by eight other eager youths who, despite her protests, enjoyed her body for a couple of hours.

Finally, sore and bruised, she was released from the clutches of what can only be called "her rapists," feeling disgusted and ashamed. She thought of reporting the assault to the police. She decided not to, firstly, because she had agreed to the initial invitation, secondly because it took place in a country where women were not treated with much sympathy in relation to sexual assaults ("she asked for it"), and thirdly, her parents might somehow get to hear about it. She was especially concerned that her father should not know.

As Hannah continued her tour, now refusing all sexual offers, tragedy had struck at home.

For some time Jemma had been experiencing abdominal pains. These grew steadily worse and were diagnosed as cancer. An operation, followed by chemotherapy, seemed at first to produce a positive result, then after a couple of months pain and discomfort returned. Many tests and interviews followed, but the result was, "Nothing further can be done." How long Jemma had to live was vague but, "Somewhere between six months and two years."

Paul was devastated, but he was the stoical type, and suppressing his emotions, he bent every effort to support Jemma who, being a fighter, set out to beat her sickness.

They discussed whether to tell Hannah the full import of Jemma's condition, and decided not to. They would try to let her have her time abroad without feeling the need to curtail it and return home. They simply wrote to Hannah that her mother was "not too well." Hannah replied asking for further information and this they fended off, telling her "not to worry," and to continue to "enjoy herself."

In fact Hannah was not enjoying herself. The trip had turned sour after her gang bang experience. She began to long for the security of home and several times almost booked her flight to return. The world around her seemed to have gone dark, and from the wild and joyful freedom, especially the sexual freedom, in the early days of her trip, she now felt guilt and shame.

Her dream of the faceless spectre in the mist now occurred more often and with greater intensity. She woke from it fearful, sweating and weeping. She yearned for the warmth and comfort of the love that she felt only existed with her parents.

Her feelings of guilt were added to as she began to realise how badly she had treated her mother for several years. The sexual teasing of her father she started to see and acknowledge for what it had been. She had learned a lot about the sexual arousal of men, and prayed that she had not put her father through the torment of wanting her, and having to fight against his desire.

She finally decided to continue her trip, but always with her was the desire for home.

The Return of Hannah

Hannah stepped into the waiting area of the airport. She looked eagerly for her father and mother. Finally, she spotted her father and ran towards him. She flung herself into his arms and kissed him. She looked round for her mother and could not see her. "Where's mother?" she asked. It was then that she noticed the change in her father. His tall, upright figure had taken on a stoop. As she held on to him Hannah could feel the old vitality had gone out of him. "Something serious is wrong, isn't it?" she demanded.

"I'll tell you on the way home," Paul said wearily. As they drove he told Hannah of the serious condition Jemma was in, and how she would find her changed. "We didn't want to spoil your time abroad," he said. "Oh God," thought Hannah,

"If only I'd known...If only they had known how I longed to come home."

Despite her father's words of preparation, Hannah was horrified at her mother's appearance. Jemma was now permanently confined to bed, lying there like a bundle of sticks. Had Hannah simply walked into the room not knowing that it was her mother in there, she would not have recognised her. She wanted to cry out, but controlled herself, went to her mother and carefully embraced her saying, "Hello mother."

Jemma was heavily sedated, but she managed a smile and in a weak voice whispered, "Hello darling."

Jemma should have been put into full time medical care some weeks before, but she had insisted on remaining at home until Hannah's return. Now she had one more day before she was to be removed. She asked for only the minimum sedation during that day, so she could be as alert as possible for Hannah.

Hannah sat by her bed all that day, moving away only to bring something Jemma needed or attend to her own calls of nature. Jemma had fought the cancer, but was now resigned to her inevitable death that was not far off. She opened

herself up to Hannah, telling her of the love she bore her, and the wonderful marriage out of which Hannah had been born.

Hannah had been reluctant to burden her dying mother with her own feelings of guilt towards her, but finally she said, "Mother, I'm so sorry for my awful behaviour to you. Can you forgive me?" Jemma smiled her weak smile and said simply, "I understood, darling."

Next day Jemma was moved into a hospice. Paul and Hannah took it in turns to sit by her bed until a week later she died. Three days before her death Jemma spoke her last coherent words to Hannah. "Darling, your father has been very strong. Care for him."

The Aftermath

The busyness and bustle during the pre-funeral period tends to distract even those with greatest cause for grief. When that time is over, the friends and relatives gone, and the grieving ones find themselves alone, or as in the case of Paul and Hannah, left together, there seems to be a hiatus. It is as if one exists in a void.

"Why is the world still going on, when mine is at an end?" thought Paul. "Why does the clock tell me that time is passing when I want it stop...to turn back?" Stoic as he had

been, and still was, he felt utterly bereft. The love of his life had been torn from him, and the years ahead were a blank. He saw no reason to go on living. His deepest reason for living had died.

Hannah, drifting round the house or lying on her bed, wept, but she wept alone. She could not understand why her father remained so silent. "Why does he not cry out?" she wondered. "Why are there no tears, no anger?" She prayed, "Please let him weep. Let him curse God and life, but don't let him go on in this silence."

Still Paul remained shut fast within himself, his agony and despair unexpressed.

So it went on for two weeks. Paul had not returned to work, and calls from his workplace went unanswered. Hannah began to take on the household tasks and cooking. Not that Paul ate much anyway. All his hunger was for that which he had lost and would never return.

One night Hannah awoke from her spectre in the mist dream. It had been more vivid and threatening than ever. She was bathed in sweat, and decided to take a shower. Finishing her shower, and clad only in her flimsy nightwear, she made her way to the kitchen to get a drink. As she approached the kitchen she saw the light was on, and on entering saw her father sitting at the table.

Paul, like Hannah, had decided to get himself a drink, and had come to the kitchen clad in his pyjama shorts. Before him was a cup of coffee gradually growing cold. His elbows were on the table and his head in his hands. Hannah had approached with bare feet, and Paul had not heard her. As she entered he did not move.

Hannah hesitated, wondering whether or not to disturb his reverie. She stood for about a minute in silence, then said softly, "Daddy!" He looked up and she saw his face streaked with tears. "Oh daddy," she whispered.

With those words the floodgates of his grief came crashing down. Great gulping sobs were torn from him. He beat the table with his fists, and cried out again and again, "Why, oh God, why?"

Hannah went to him and knelt on the floor beside him, holding him in her arms. This contact did not abate his outpouring of pain and anguish. "Oh Hannah, I loved her so much, so very much," he wept. "I know, daddy, and she knew you how much you loved her," sobbed Hannah, now weeping herself.

They clung to each other, for how long they never knew, crying out incoherently, soaking each other with their tears.

Emotions are strange. Psychologists may categorise them neatly, but emotions are not inclined to obey neat categories. They seem to flow at will, moving from one form of expression to another almost without warning.

As the grieving Paul and Hannah began to calm down from their outburst, Hannah was surprised, to say the least, to see that her father had an erection. His large sexual organ was clearly visible pushing against the thin cloth of his shorts.

That Hannah was surprised is a surprise in itself. They were both in a state of high emotion. Her young body had been pressing against her father. Her large firm breasts had been close to his face as he bent forward in his misery. Paul had been long deprived of sexual release.

Paul saw her glance at his hard organ and flushed. "Sorry, darling," he muttered, "I don't know why...I'd better leave you and go to bed."

He made as if to rise, but Hannah restrained him. "Its all right, daddy, I understand," she murmured, smiling at him. "He can't have had a sexual intercourse for nearly a year," she thought. "If he is anything like as virile as he was with mother, the abstinence must have been agony for him."

Hannah smiled at him again and said, "Let me, daddy." She moved his penis out through the slit in the front of his shorts and slowly and tenderly began to caress it. Paul tried to protest, "Darling, you...we shouldn't..." It was too late. His need had been so urgent, his deprivation so long, and his daughter's soft hand made it impossible for him not to come. Within seconds of her gentle touch, he was shooting out great floods of sperm. It splashed against Hannah's face and flowed over her hands as the great globules fountained upward.

As he finished Hannah felt him relaxing, and he said very quietly, "Thank you, darling." His gratitude nearly brought Hannah to tears again.

Paul rose and said, "We are a bit of a mess, darling. We'd better clean up." They went together to shower. As he was drying himself Paul tried to apologise. "Darling, I'm so sorry. I don't now how I could let you..." Hannah cut in, "Don't, daddy. Please don't spoil it. I wanted to do it for you." She kissed him, and he went back to his bed.

Hannah lay in her bed tossing and turning restlessly. Handling her father had aroused her, as she had never been aroused before. Understanding her father's powerful sex drive, a black thought came to her. She conjectured that one-day, however distant that day might be, he might remarry. "No," Hannah cried out in her head, "There will be no

stepmother." She had held his manhood, the organ that had fascinated her since first seeing it, and now no other woman would touch it..."except..."

Memories came flooding back to her: The night of the fire when she first saw her father's penis with the "white cream" erupting from of it. The times she listened to the cries of ecstasy. The time she saw them in the act of love, and saw her father's huge sex organ enter her mother. Her teenage years when she first desired him and tried to tempt him to take her.

Now she knew whom the spectre in the mist was, whose penis pressed against her. She knew who and what she craved for.

"It will be for me only," she whispered to herself.

She was now determined to take the initiative. She rose from her bed and went unhesitatingly to her father's bedroom. As she walked up to his bed he awoke from the early stages of sleep. He started to say, "What is it, darling. Is something..." "No, daddy, nothing is wrong," Hannah said firmly, "Everything is fine, and its going to get better...for both of us."

Hannah clambered into bed beside her father. She brought her lips close to his ear and whispered, "From now on you are my lover as well as my father." Paul tried to pull away from her, but she held him and she would not let go. He began to protest, "Darling, we can't. Its wrong..."

His protest was useless. Hannah's hand had found his penis, and for all his protest, it was rigid and pulsating with desire. As she began to stroke him he surrendered to her touch, and when her lips closed over the head of his penis he was finally lost. He was beside himself with craving for her, and dragged her to the edge of the bed. He knelt on the floor before her and pulling her legs apart, licked and sucked her femaleness like a man possessed.

Madness seemed to sweep over them. They bit and tore at each other. They were like two people fighting rather than making love. It was as if they were punishing each other for some offence each had committed against the other. This, of course, was exactly what they were doing.

Hannah had admitted to herself that almost since puberty she had wanted her father. Paul, the long time subject of her attempts to seduce him, had through his love for Jemma, been able to deflect the arousal his daughter had inspired in him. Now he too had to admit, if only to himself, that he had not been able completely to redirect his desire for Hannah. Such situations often give rise to a love-hate relationship.

The victims of these emotions want to punish each other for arousing such feelings in them, and then denying them fulfilment.

Now, in their first coming together, there was this boiling cauldron of love and lust, fear and hate, seething and scalding them as they poured out their long pent up and denied emotions. In the morning the scars of battle would be clear. Bite marks and scratches would cover their bodies. Hannah would have bruised nipples. The head of Paul's penis would be raw and sore from her bites. But that was the morning, and now they must make war on each other before they could finally find peace and the love both longed for in each other.

They must struggle with each other, punishing and wanting to be punished, hurting and wanting to be hurt.

Finally Paul thrust his length into Hannah. She had never had so large an organ inside her, and she was at last to resolve the mystery of how her mother could take it all in to her. She screamed out, not in pain, but in ecstasy, "Daddy, oh daddy, I've wanted...oh daddy, deeper...all the way...hurt me, daddy, please hurt me..."

Paul took her brutally, responding to her pleas. He thrust into her like a madman until, at last, he released himself into

her, filling her up with his "white cream," crying out, "Hannah, darling Hannah. Oh God, I love you."

When, in the end he withdrew, and they lay, their arms about each other, exhausted by the power and agony of their climax, Hannah smiled a secret smile, and said to herself, "No one else shall have him, ever."

She dreamed no more of the spectre in the mist.

The Troika

For a moment, I was stunned. I was no stranger to extra-marital affairs, but this was the most direct approach I had ever had.

I had taken a walk with my dog along the creek path and met Sandra walking her dog. We stood chatting for a few minutes then, without preamble, and looking directly at me, she asked, "Malcolm, would you have a sexual intercourse with me?"

I confess I had considered Sandra as sexual being from time to time, but never the less she left me floundering for a reply.

She is normally a very direct sort of person but I hardly expected her to be that direct.

She continued staring at me, awaiting my reply. I tried to delay my answer and asked, "Is that a hypothetical question or a real proposition?"

"It's real," she replied. "You only have to say yes or no."

I dragged my scattered wits together and stuttered out, "Well,...yes,...but when and where?"

"Now, at my place. Paul's not home and won't be back for another three hours, so it's all right," she stated in a matter-of-fact voice.

Jill, my wife, and I had known Sandra and Jack for some years. We had met in the local church and become friends. During that time things had been implied, rather than actually stated, which led me to believe that all was not well, sexually speaking, between Sandra and Paul.

Jill and I had been on holiday with Sandra and Paul quite a few times, and from sounds heard through thin partition walls, and from the bumps and whispers I overheard, it seemed that their sex life was not failing for want of trying.

The problem, as best I could work out, was that Jack, if he did manage to get it in, went limp rather quickly. It suggested a psychological, rather than physical, problem. Further revelations concerning this state of affairs were to emerge later, but that is to get ahead of the story.

As to my own situation, Jill had announced some years before, that our sex life was over. She was no longer interested. Her career now absorbed her life.

I suppose I could have got out of the relationship at that point, but I must admit that in other respects it was all too comfortable, especially with a wife who earned considerably more than I did.

To overcome this sexual problem I had entered into a number of sexual relationships, but none of them lasted more than a few months at the most.

If I hesitated to approach Sandra for sexual favours, it was not because I did not find her attractive, far from it. It was because of my friendship with Paul that I held back. Now approached by Sandra, I found the opportunity too irresistible to refuse.

I suppose I loved Sandra in the way that one does love close friends. It was only later that this love deepened, and my

desire for her grew in intensity. But if that love had depended on our first time together, I do not think it would have got very much deeper.

We went to her house, and if I was expecting some preliminary love making, some lead up to the big event, I was due to be disappointed.

We went into the house and Sandra led me straight into a spare bedroom with a rather uncomfortable single bed. Without preamble she took off her pants, lifted her skirt to reveal her female organ, opened her legs and waited.

After a bit of surprised hesitation on my part, I simply pulled out my penis. Got on top of her, and entered.

Not having any regular source of sexual gratification, even this rather unpolished approach to coitus did not deter me from spurting my male juices into her.

Now, it has been my experience that once the male has completed his orgasm, the one major complaint from women is that he seeks to remove his penis too quickly from her vagina. Not so with Sandra.

When I had completed what felt like a rather less than entertaining command performance, Sandra moved me away, got off the bed and said, "Thank you, Malcolm. I would like us to do this again some time. Would you like a cup of tea or coffee?"

Again I was somewhat startled by the abrupt foreclosure on events. After a moment or two to get myself straight and level, I agreed to a cup of tea.

Sitting at the kitchen table drinking tea, I referred to Sandra's suggestion that we should "do this again some time."

"Would you really like to do this again, Sandra?" I asked somewhat tentatively.

"Yes," she replied, "it was rather nice."

Given the conditions and approach to our sexual union, and the fact that Sandra had achieved no orgasm, I was not sure what "rather nice," might mean, so I asked, "You found that satisfying, then?"

"Yes," she said, "didn't you?"

Now I was in a corner. I could not honestly say it was the most exquisite sexual experience I had ever had. On the other hand, I supposed it had given me a day or two free of sexual frustration. So I felt I could with some degree of truthfulness, respond positively. Thus, with brevity to match Sandra's, I simply said, "Yes."

Sandra went straight ahead to arrange our next meeting, which, to my amazement, she wanted to be the next day. A time was arranged, and we went on to talk casually about matters unrelated to sex.

It was a somewhat perplexed Sandra lover who arrived home to consider where things should go from here.

It seemed, by implication, that Sandra was seeking an ongoing relationship with me. On the other hand, if what we had just had was to be the summit of our sexual coupling, I would not be enthusiastic for its extension. If it were to continue, there would have to be some lifting in the level of ardour and pre-coital play. The "how?" of this necessary increase in fervour, had to be considered?

By the time of our next meeting I had decided on my approach. I would appoint myself Sandra's sexual mentor, and by cautious steps try to lead her into more satisfying couplings. Should this scheme fail, then I would know that

any extended sexual relationship between us was not likely to be satisfactory.

Sandra opened the door to my knock with a bright smile and cheerful "hello." I took the initiative straightaway, and stepping inside I put my arms round her and kissed her. It proved to be quite an ordinary kiss, with little of passion about it, but at least it was a start.

She began to lead me towards the spare bedroom again, but I put a stop to this. "Hey," I said, "why the hurry? Let's sit for a while."

As I said this, I manoeuvred her into their lounge and sat her on the couch.

Without giving her a chance to argue or protest, I sat beside her. Drawing her to me I kissed her again, but this time I used my tongue to open her lips, and at the same time began to caress one of her breasts through her shirt.

At first Sandra made as if to pull away, but I was insistent, and holding her firmly I licked the inside of her mouth, my hand now softly squeezing one of her nipples through the cloth. Gradually I felt her beginning to melt against me as if surrendering herself.

I ceased kissing her and began to undo the buttons of her shirt. Sandra has very full and firm breasts, and I had observed in the past that she rarely wore bras. As the shirt opened her voluptuous bosom was exposed.

I put my hand under one of her breasts and gently stroked upwards toward the nipple. As I did this repeatedly I felt Sandra's quivers and sighs of response. I pushed her carefully against the end of the couch and leaned over to take a nipple into my mouth while continuing to stroke her other breast with my hand.

Sandra began to give little cries of ecstasy, and I heard her moaning, "Oh God, what are you doing to me? What are you doing?"

She had submitted much more readily than I expected, so I stopped stimulating her breasts and whispered to her, "Let's go somewhere we can be comfortable."

I rose and took her hand, drawing her to her feet. She made as if to head for the spare bedroom again, but I stopped her. "No. Let's use the big bed," I said firmly, and without waiting for her agreement, I led her into their bedroom with the big double bed.

She made no protest, but stood by the bed looking at me with a soft sensuous look through half closed eyes. I had seen that look of moist rapture before, and understood the signal.

As she stood there I removed her shirt to fully expose her breasts, then unfastened the belt round her skirt.

The skirt fell to the floor and she stood before me clad only in her panties. I started at her shoulders and moved my hands down over her body, lingering for a moment over her breasts, then on down to her panties. I murmured words of praise about her body, and leaned towards her to kiss her softly as I explored her.

She leaned against me murmuring, "Malcolm, dearest, oh Malcolm..." I pulled down her pants to her ankles and she stepped out of them.

All this activity had brought my penis to full stretch, and as she pulled against me I placed it between the top of her legs and slid it back and forth across her cleft, making sure I did not enter her.

Sandra cried out, "Oh God, you're torturing me...you're driving me mad..."

She sagged against me, her body shaking with emotion. I lifted her onto the bed and came beside her, and began kissing her while inserting my finger into her, seeking her clitoris. As I moved my finger over the little mound, feeling her increasing wetness, she continued to cry out, "Please, please..."

She had done nothing to me, but being thoroughly aroused, and realising Sandra was well and truly ready, I decided that now was the time to enter her.

I pulled her legs further apart, came over her, and entered.

As I slid up and down inside her she tried to move with me, but it was clear that this was something new for her. She was awkward in her movements. To try and overcome this I held her firmly and thrust in deep as she moaned and cried out.

I had reached the peak and could not hold out any longer, so I spurted into her. Sandra, feeling my sperm thumping into her, screamed out, "Yes... yes... yes..." as she writhed, trying to get me deeper into her.

As I finished I continued to stay in her, letting my penis relax. She had not had an orgasm as far as I could tell, but as I lay there with her she continued her moans, and this time they

were interspersed with coherent phrases; "Oh Malcolm...Never before...Not like this...Never like this...Oh my darling..."

Finally she calmed down and as I withdrew she gave clear expression to her feelings. "It's never been like this with Paul, never. He's never done those things to me, Malcolm, It was like being in Heaven."

These remarks gave me some clue as the source of the sexual problem that Paul and Sandra had. It seemed that there was no foreplay, no real lovemaking, between them. I knew that Paul especially came from a rather puritanical background, and this may well have led him to reticent behaviour during sexual relationships. I stored this thought away for future contemplation.

Later I was to discover that Paul and Sandra had not experienced any other sexual partner, and they therefore had little idea of the full beauty sexual intercourse could give rise to. It was only when Sandra read a book on the subject of sexual techniques that she gained some inkling of what could be.

Sandra's rather overwhelming response to our activity was very flattering to my male ego, and I determined that, all

being well, there would be enhanced versions of this in the future.

Over what was to become a regular feature of our post-sexual intercourse activity, we adjourned for a cup of tea. Sandra took every opportunity to stroke and caress me. By the end of about an hour I was ready to go again, so I said, "Let's have another intercourse."

Sandra did nothing to hide her astonishment. She declared that she did not believe I could do it again so soon. I simply said, "Try me."

She did try me.

There now began a relationship that extended over two years before a major change occurred.

On our fifth coming together, which happened in my house, I took further steps in the advancement of Sandra's sexual education.

Sandra's somewhat prim approach to our first intercourse had disappeared completely, to be replaced by an eagerness that for the sake of extended love play, I sought to restrain.

On this fifth occasion I decided to take a chance on a new manoeuvre.

We had arrived at the stage love-play where we were both ready to eat each other. At this point I moved Sandra to the edge of the bed, raised her legs so her feet were on the bed with her legs parted.

"What...what are you doing," she asked in a lost in sexual mist voice.

I knelt in front of her and looked at her sexual organ. She had a thin covering of pubic hair running down to a firmly cleft slit. I said quietly, "Do you know how beautiful you're vagina is?"

She did not speak, but gave a long whimpering sigh. I parted the outer lips and began to move my finger over her opening. As she began to writhe I lifted the hood of her clitoris and ran my finger over the little mound. Her whimpering became little screams of delight.

I moved to kiss the glistening, wet organ, and as my lips touched her opening, she suddenly fought to sit up, protesting, "What the hell are you doing to me...you can't do that...stop it..."

I wrapped my arms round her thighs and held her while I slid my tongue into her.

For a while her protests and struggling continued, but soon began to subside, and she began to cry out, "Oh God, oh God, don't stop darling, don't stop."

So far in our relationship Sandra had not had an orgasm. I had come to the tentative decision that she was one of those women who never did climax in that way. I was wrong.

As I intensified my oral stimulation, alternating between her opening and her clitoris, Sandra suddenly started to vibrate. From moans and soft screams she began to shriek, "Stop, I can't stand it...stop...stop...it's agony."

I clung to her as her whole body began to thrash up and down and her shrieks became sobs of orgasmic anguish.

As I felt her pass the climax of her ecstasy I drew her back onto the bed to lay her with her legs wide open. I entered her. Her body was bathed in sweat, and inside she was hot and wet. As I beat into her, the shrieking sobs subsided to become a gentle weeping as she covered my face with kisses.

When it was over we lay, arms round each other, in a state of post-coital peace. In this condition of contentment I decided to risk a question I had on my mind.

"Sandra, do you try any of what we've been doing with Paul?"

Sandra did not answer for a few moments, then she said, "No, it's all reserved for you, now."

I had been of the opinion that Sandra had only used me to try out her sexuality and then to transfer the results to sex with Paul. I admit that up to this point I had felt no particular sense of guilt about my adulterous relationship with Sandra, but with Sandra's statement that her sexual activity was reserved for me, a feeling of sadness came over me. I pursued my question.

"Do you mean you don't have sex with Paul any more?"

"Oh yes, I have sex with him," she said in a scoffing manner, "I just lay there and let him get on with it, or I try to pretend it's you. He doesn't seem to care. Anyway, the result is no different from what it's always been. Mostly he goes slack before he comes, and I finish him off with my hand. It's all rather boring."

"But if you tried some of the things we do..."I began, but Sandra interrupted.

"The real thing is with you, now. I could do anything with you (I made a mental note of this), but I can't be bothered with Paul, I just do my duty."

I couldn't let the matter drop. "Look, it seems a great pity that if you feel you've got to have sex with Paul, you can't enjoy it. Physically, you're the sort of women who could easily have sex with two men, even more, and get wonderful pleasure from it. So why not enjoy Paul as well as me?"

My word about her being able to enjoy more than one man later proved truer than I realised at the time of speaking. Sandra was one of those fortunate women who, once released for their sexual inhibitions, can have seemingly endless multiple orgasms. There are few men who can satisfy such women, and if she is to be fulfilled, then the man must learn to share her.

I continued to try and persuade Sandra that an enhanced sex life with Paul need not damage her relationship with me, but she turned argumentative. Eventually she asked, "Suppose I had just had sex with Paul, and for once he had managed to

put his sperm in me, and then shortly after I wanted you, would you want me with Paul's sperm still inside me?"

This was an extreme situation, and one that at the time I did not think would arise, but I said, "If after having Paul, you wanted me, I should be honoured. In Paul's case I would be certain he carried no disease, so I would not hesitate to take you."

Sandra lay gazing at me for some time, then said, "I love you Malcolm, I really do love you."

That was enough. Quickly we were enmeshed with each other again, her hot, moist vagina sliding over my hard organ.

In the following months no more was said about the relationship with Paul, until I spent time with the two of them in their seaside shack.

The "shack" is a mere euphemism for what are almost two houses joined together. In the early days of their marriage Paul and Sandra bought a block of land on the coast, some four hundred kilometres from the city. On the block they built the first part of the "Shack."

Despite the inadequacy of their sex lives, they did manage to produce some children, and these children were now producing offspring of their own. To accommodate this expanding family at holiday times an extra wing, which was virtually a self contained house in its own right, was added. The two halves were joined by a sort of anteroom with doors giving access to both parts.

The location of this house is on a part of the coast that, apart from boating and fishing, offers little else in the way of interesting things to do. After being invited for the first time to spend a week at the "Shack," Jill would have nothing further to do with the place. "It's as boring as a wet Sunday afternoon," she commented.

So it came about that I got invitations to spend time with Sandra and Paul at their Shack. I was very happy to go out fishing with Paul in his boat, but it was a kind of sexual hell because Sandra and I could not get together.

I had become thoroughly sexually entangled with Sandra and she with me. We needed each other frequently. When they were at home in the suburban house all went well. I could get together with Sandra about three times a week, and at each meeting we managed intercourse at least twice.

As Sandra advanced in her sexual experience with me through anal sex and bondage, she grew ever more demanding. She had found her true sexual self, which turned out to be an extremely passionate woman. Clearly she was moving beyond the point where I could completely satisfy her sexual needs, and this became a matter of discussion with her.

I returned to the idea that she might seek to restore and enhance her sex life with Paul. Initially she responded as she had at first, rejecting the idea, but gradually she seemed to come around.

Nothing further was said on the subject, but a few months later, when I was visiting their Shack, Sandra repeated the question she had asked me some time before. How would I feel having sex with her soon after Paul had taken her? I gave the same answer as before, "I would be honoured."

Sandra said nothing, but gave a strange sort of smile.

On the third day of my visit it was decided we would go swimming in "The Cove." This was a small, isolated inlet a little way along the coast. Cliffs hemmed it in, with a path leading to the beach at one end. Out to sea was a reef that broke the force of the incoming waves, leaving the waters of The Cove peaceful on all but the roughest days.

We swam around for a while, and then Sandra started some of those playful games people tend to enjoy when swimming. She began by splashing Paul, and this developed into ducking.

They both appealed to me for help, so I joined in and we alternately splashed and ducked each other.

Sandra broke away and raced up the beach, laughing joyfully. Paul raced after her, followed by me. He grabbed her round the waist and they both fell in a tangle of arms and legs. Wrestling around followed with again both of them appealing to me to join in and help. We were like three children in this exuberant game.

The close physical contact had started to give me an erection, and looking at Paul I could see through his swimming trunks that he was hard.

Sandra managed to break away again and ran a little way along the beach. She stopped and called out, "Come on you guys, catch me and rape me."

Paul and I looked at each other. I had no idea how to respond in this situation, but Sandra called out again, "What's the matter, can't you handle a woman?"

Paul laughed, nodded to me, and we sped off in pursuit of the delighted Sandra. She led us quite a dance, dodging and weaving, until we finally pulled her down.

I kneeled above her head holding on to her arms, while Paul, with Sandra pretending to resist, pulled down her bikini bottoms to reveal a ripe and ready vagina. He sat across her and managed to get her top off revealing her breasts with their large, hard nipples.

Paul now tried to keep Sandra's legs apart and penetrate her. He found this rather difficult as Sandra had twisted her legs together. He said to me, "I'll hold her arms and you see if you can part her legs."

As he sat across her I moved her arms so he could take her wrists and hold her arms by her side. I went to her feet, and after a struggle I finally managed to get her legs apart (I suspect with some assistance from Sandra).

Paul wedged himself between her legs and managed to get his penis into her vagina. After what I had heard of Paul's non-performance, what followed was a bit of a surprise. Sandra, still laughing kept crying out, "You beast, you beast, stop this at once." Then her cry suddenly changed. "Oh God yes, put it in me, in me...oh, aah. Oh my God..."

She gave a scream that sent the nearby seabirds flying up echoing her. Paul gave a howling sort of grunt and hammered into her.

There was a pause, and then Paul rolled off Sandra and said to me, "Come on Mal, she's asked for it."

I was in a hell of a state and needed no second invitation. I rammed my penis into her. She was soaked with her own fluids and Paul's sperm and it felt like being in a warm oil bath. In seconds she was having another orgasm. I could not hold off for long, and was soon emptying myself into her.

We all lay recovering on the sand, still laughing. Then rising slowly to her feet, Sandra said, "Let's go back to the shack." We dressed and drove off shackwards.

In the living area we lay around drinking brandy and dry for a while, then Paul said, "Come on, we're not going to leave it at that, are we?"

"Like hell, we are," returned Sandra, "but let's take a shower first."

We crammed into the shower recess, soaping and washing each other, Paul and I paying special attention to Sandra's vagina and breasts. At one stage she had a penis in each hand, allegedly washing them, but it was more like stimulation.

Barely waiting to dry our selves properly Paul and I half carried Sandra into their bedroom. I dived straight for her vagina (no more resistance games now) and thrust my tongue into her. I glanced up and saw that Paul was busy with her breasts. After a few minutes we swapped roles, with me sucking on her beautiful nipples.

A new turn in events came when Sandra decided to move on top of Paul. She positioned herself so as to leave her anus exposed, and as she drew Paul into her vagina, I penetrated her from behind.

I did not come into her in that position, but waited until she had made Paul shoot into her, and then I lay her on her back and entered her front passage to ejaculate.

It was all something of a sexual frenzy, and I lost count of the times Sandra had an orgasm with us, but it was at least six times.

We finished and lay together on the bed, both Paul and I touching and stroking Sandra. She, on the other hand, just lay there relishing this male attention, and making no move toward further intercourse.

Nothing was said, and we all dozed off. I woke around mid-afternoon. Paul had gone from the bed, but Sandra was there and awake. She was leaning on one elbow looking at me.

"I suppose you want to know what all that was about?" she asked.

I had been so involved with our crazy sexual games, once we got really started with the "rape" on the beach, I had not really given much thought to why it was happening.

Sandra continued, "I took your advice and have been giving Paul some lessons. I told him I had been reading books on the subject, and once he got going there was no stopping him. He seemed to become a different man, at least, sexually. I've been having a battle keeping up with all the new things he came up with."

"At one stage he jokingly said we could do with a threesome because I could go on having orgasms long after he's come. I didn't take that one up, but later, when we were discussing your visit to the shack, I idly mentioned that it was a shame

that you had to be without a women for so long. He doesn't know that you and Jill don't do it any more."

"He thought about that for a couple of days, then one evening he said, 'Do you think you could ever fancy Malcolm – sexually, I mean?'"

"I hemmed and hawed around that for a bit, and then said, 'I haven't really thought about it, why?'"

"He went sort of funny for a while, and then he said, 'I've been thinking about what you said about Mal being without a woman while he's with us. We might make him a bit more comfortable if...'"

"You mean you want your wife to have sex with another man? I squawked at him, playing the injured virtuous woman."

" 'Only if it doesn't take anything away from me,'" he said. 'And only if you'd find it okay. It would be nice for Mal.'"

"That's how we went on – like a couple of social workers looking after your welfare. He didn't say a word about his desire for a threesome. So I played along for a while, pretending to be doubtful but gradually coming round to the

idea. Once I agreed we planned how we would go about it, and we came up with the idea of the rape on the beach."

I was both amazed and amused by the way things had developed, but at the same time, I was apprehensive. I had grown close to Sandra, in fact, I was passionately in love with her. If she were now resolving the sexual difficulties with Paul, would this mean the demise of our relationship?

Sandra seemed to read my thoughts. "If you're worried about our relationship, don't be. I've got plenty for both of you. And now, I must go and prepare a meal. You'll find Paul doing something to the tractor." The old tractor was used to pull the boat in and out of the water.

I found Paul pumping grease into the machine, so I stood watching him for a while, waiting for him to speak. When he did, he simply asked, "Okay?"

"Fine," I said, with equal brevity. We then went on to discuss tomorrow's fishing expedition. Nothing was said about the sexual romp we had experienced.

The rest of the day passed as it usually did at the shack. We had a few drinks and played some hands of cards, then departed for bed.

I showered and shaved, and clambered into the double bed. The room had once been Sandra and Paul's bedroom before they built the other section of the house. The double bed had been their bed.

Unable to sleep, I lay thinking about the events of the day. It had been so unexpected that I began to wonder if I had somehow dreamed or imagined it. As my mind rambled on I heard the sound of a door opening followed by rustling footsteps.

The white shape of a naked Sandra entered my room. She pulled down the covers of the bed and got in beside me. "He's fast asleep," she said, "make love to me. Make love for a long time."

Not bothering to wait for any word from me, she sat across me and put her vagina up to my mouth. "Lick me, darling, please. Make me come."

I put my arms round her thighs and pulled her close, and pushing with my tongue I found her opening. I felt her squirming as I thrust in and out of her, then seeking her clitoris, began sucking it. I could hear her whimpers of pleasure, and felt her woman's juices soaking my face.

She suddenly went rigid, then began a tremor all over her body accompanied with short, sharp cries of "Mmm...mmm...ah...oh," and ending with a long drawn out sigh.

Removing her vagina from me she came over me to start licking her own fluids from my face. She kept saying repeatedly, "I love you, I want you, I need you."

She went down to my penis and began sucking along the shaft. Stopping for a moment she said, "Come into my mouth, darling." It did not take long. I filled her mouth with sperm and unable to swallow it quickly enough, it ran out of her mouth. She kissed me and I could taste the mixture of our love fluids.

She rose from the bed. "Wait for me, darling she said," and left the room.

About an hour later she returned. "I had to fix Paul up," but he's asleep again now. Let me lay with your penis inside me for a while. We lay together in sexual union.

"By the way," she said, "Paul thinks it would be a good idea if you joined us in bed tomorrow night. He seems to like the idea of a troika."

The Tuesday Volunteers

“The bloody shit, leaving me like that!”

A passing couple looked at me, startled. I realised I had spoken my thought aloud.

I was walking my terrier along the river path and for the millionth time was contemplating the ruins of my marriage. It was only the day before that the divorce had become absolute, and Vic was now free to marry his slut.

There are things that we know are going to happen, but never the less, we somehow can't encompass them until they actually arrive. I have wondered from time to time how people condemned to be executed, can go on for days, weeks, even months, without falling apart. Perhaps it is a similar thing. Its only when the moment arrives that the reality hits home.

That's how I was feeling that lovely Spring morning. The reality of being alone, without my husband of eighteen years, finally struck me in all its actuality. It had taken eighteen months to complete the divorce, and all the time he was living with his slut, the twenty-year old that had replaced me in his life. Yet, it had not seemed real, final, until yesterday.

When he first said he was going to leave me for her, I begged and pleaded. Amongst my other emotions now, was anger that I should have abased myself. He had made me feel ugly, unloved and unattractive. I was undesirable to him, and so was undesirable to any one else.

Nineteen years before he could not keep his hands off me. Then it was he who begged and pleaded. He wanted me like he'd never wanted a woman before, so he said.

He was good looking, personable, some years older than I was, and on his way to becoming a successful lawyer.

I was young, just eighteen when I met him at a party. I was flattered that this sophisticated man was attracted to me. I fell fiercely in love with him.

Despite my infatuation with him, I did not give in to his entreaties at first. He tried everything; expensive restaurants, concerts, theatres and romantic moonlight gazing. It was his endless reassurances that he would love me for ever, and I wouldn't get pregnant because he knew what he was doing, that finally brought about my surrender.

He took my virginity one night in the back of his flashy sports car.

“Anyway,” he said, “You can’t get pregnant the first time.”

How wrong he was. Within a month, I knew I was pregnant. When I told him he said, “You’d better get rid of it. We don’t want to start off our married life on the wrong foot. We need to wait awhile before we have kids.”

He arranged with one of his medical pals to give me an abortion. I can’t complain about the care I received. He was paying, and he could afford the best. Yet looking back, that abortion gives me my most virulent grounds for hating him.

We married, and thereafter, for all the seed he pumped into me, I never got pregnant again.

How naïve, how stupid I had been! For the first five years of our marriage we...no...I was going to write, “we made love constantly.” Looking back now I can only write a word I never normally use. “He fucked me.”

And how he “fucked me.” I lacked experience in sexual matters, and at first, I was horrified at what he expected me to do. Perhaps I should have written, “Demanded.”

In fairness, I must admit I came to enjoy the things into which he initiated me: as well as vaginal sex, which I had obviously anticipated anyway, there was oral and anal sex, ejaculating between my breasts and playing rape games. In fact, sexually I gave myself to him totally. If ever a man was capable of giving a girl a thorough sex education, it was Vic.

It was some time during the fifth year of our marriage that I noticed a falling off in his sexual drive. As I wrote, he is some years older than I am, twelve, to be exact, and once more, I was naïve.

I thought that the decline of his interest was caused by a combination of the time we had been having sex and his age. I actually thought that a man might lose interest sexually speaking, when he was in his mid thirties! How silly can you be?

Friends tried to warn me that Vic was playing around with other women, and I roundly refuted them. I knew “he loved me deeply”, and I loved and desired only him. “He wouldn’t think of entering into sexual relationship with another woman!” Ha!

I was so sure of my place in Vic's life, I did not even tax him with the things I was told about his, "Playing around," as some put it.

It was only when he announced he was leaving me for his slut that the truth came out.

I suppose to try to make him self feel better, he then boasted of his infidelities. Even gave me the names of some of them. They included women I had thought to be my friends.

Painful as this was, it was nothing to the final revelation. Over the years of our marriage, I had gone to many doctors to try to discover why I could not get pregnant. I had begun by assuming that the abortion had done something to render me infertile.

Nothing was found to be wrong with me.

Vic always refused to have tests saying, "I got you pregnant that first time, so there's nothing wrong with me."

On the day of his departure, he made the final hateful thrust. He told me that after my abortion, the same medical pal had performed a vasectomy on him. If this wasn't bad enough, he went on to tell me he intended to see if this could be reversed, so he and his slut could have children.

How do you live with someone for eighteen years, and not see the evil, the deception in him or her?

In the face of all this, I broke down completely. All that had underpinned my life had deserted me. Above all, my naivete and blindness rose up to haunt me. I spent two months in a psychiatric nursing home.

Now, here I was, still spitting out my venom, and doing it aloud in public. So what to do?

I had sworn there would never be another man in my life. For the period of my illness, this was no problem. Then I had desired nothing but release from the storms that raged inside me. Now, other desires began to make themselves felt.

Even right up to the time Vic told me he was leaving me, we had continued to “fuck”. I am a woman who normally needs a lot of emotional gratification, and Vic had given it me in the sense of regular sex, even if at a diminished level. Now here I was, with my aching need for satisfaction, and there was no one I could trust with my body.

Certainly, there had been several men who sought to “console” me. They usually suggested that “We could have

a very meaningful relationship.” Most of them were husbands of my girl friends, and all of them were sent packing.

I considered the possibility of a lesbian relationship, but decided that it was not for me. So there I was, night after night, trying to satisfy myself with a dildo and vibrator, and weeping with every orgasm because it was not the real thing.

What messes we humans can get ourselves into!

Walking my little dog along the river path, he seemed to be the only thing left I could safely love. I looked into the future, and saw myself year after year, walking alone with my dog along that path.

Vic, of course, being Mr.Money Bags, had graciously provided for his cast-off. At first, my pride tempted me to refuse his grandiose offer, but practicalities intervened.

Marrying young, I had never established a career. I had no particular skills to offer, so getting anything other than the most menial work was about all I could expect. I frankly admit I could not face that situation.

“Something must be done,” I blurted out aloud. I looked around hastily, but no one was in sight, I’m thankful to say.

I sat on the park bench that is just where the river bends, and watched the rosellas swoop from tree to tree, then heard their angry squawking. Oh God, even they, for all their colourful beauty, can’t live in peace,” I complained.

A young couple walked by hand in hand. I watched them sourly. “Just wait till he clears off and leaves you,” I thought.

The thought was a little dampened when two minutes later an elderly couple came by also hand in hand.

I thought about the words of one of the counselors I had attended. “My dear,” she said patronizingly, “You must realise that lifelong fidelity is totally out of date. The modern person needs to be venturesome in their partnerships.”

I later found out she had been married four times.

People went past, some jogging, some walking with grim determination, others strolling contemplatively.

“Something must be done,” I said again, but this time in my head. “I must do something with my life, but what?”

A young man approached leading a terrier. He stopped by the seat looking at Darcy (my terrier).

“Look, Annie,” he said to his dog, “another Yorkshire Terrier.”

I don’t think either Darcy or Annie were particularly interested in their mutual breed, but they did seem to take an interest in their gender difference. There was much sniffing and cavorting.

The young man sat down beside me and began that conversation beloved of dog owners: “How long have you had him/her? What do you feed him/her on? Does he/she bark much?” And so on.

After a few minutes of this conversation the young man rose and said, “Got to go now. It’s my morning at the Royal Children’s Hospital.”

“Someone you know sick,” I asked, with no real concern.

“Luckily, no,” he laughed, “I go there every Tuesday morning to visit the children and cheer them up.”

It was Tuesday.

“Due there at ten and I’ve got to get changed. Goodbye.”

I watched him stride away, with Annie giving rueful backward glances at Darcy, and Darcy straining on the lead to pursue her.

The young man was tall and dark haired, and moved with a graceful sort of ease.

“Bet he hasn’t got a care in the world,” I thought.

It seems to be the case that when we are locked into our own problems, we can’t imagine that others might also be troubled.

I rose and made my way home to my lonely house. Wondering what I was going to do for the rest of the day – or the rest of the week for that matter. I decided on the garden, and spent the rest of the day and some of the week potting and unpotting plants. I actually love gardening, but

I seemed to have no real zest for it then, just as I had none for anything else.

As I tinkered around over the following days, thoughts of the young man kept flitting through my mind. I wondered what he did at the Children's Hospital. I had no real memory of what he looked like, except he was tall, dark and moved so gracefully.

Everyday when I took Darcy for his walk, I kept an eye open for the young man.

I was not particularly disappointed when he did not show up along the river path. My reason for wanting to meet with him again was simply to satisfy my curiosity about his hospital work. My curiosity had to wait a full week.

It was Tuesday again, and once more, I was sitting on the bench by the river bend. The young man hove into view. Darcy and Annie spotted each other and there was much leaping and canine socialising.

The young man sat next to me again and began once more on doggy subjects. I interrupted his discourse about annual injections for doggy ailments.

“I hope you don’t mind my asking, but what do you do at the Children’s Hospital?”

He laughed, showing even white teeth. “I’m a clown,” he said.

“A clown,” I echoed. “What does a clown do in a hospital?”

“Make sick children feel it bit better by getting them to laugh,” he replied.

My curiosity was really aroused now. “How did you get into it?”

“Ah, well. I went with one of my colleagues to visit his sick daughter. I had a bit of a chat with her, then found myself talking to the child in the next bed, then the next. In an hour I talked to every child in the ward.”

“We were about to leave when a lady with a trolley of drinks came into the ward. I noticed she was wearing a badge with “Volunteer” on it. I had a bit of a chat with her, and learned that there were lots of volunteers working in the hospital.”

“You see, many of the kids come in from the country, so their parents can’t visit them every day. Some of the volunteers go and sit with the children, talk to them, read stories and play games. The lady I was talking with asked me if I was interested. I said I was, but my working hours made it a bit difficult. She said the hours were very flexible, so, to cut a long story short, I volunteered.”

If I had thought about such matters at all, I would have pictured the volunteers as retired people. It was fascinating that a young man should be among their number.

“How do you fit it in with your work,” I asked.

“Oh, well, I work as an under manager in a hotel. We have to have people on duty twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, so we operate in shifts. Tuesday is one of my days off, so Tuesday is my hospital day.”

“Did you volunteer as a clown.” I asked.

He laughed again. “No, I was a volunteer visitor, but one day they were holding a birthday party for one of the children. I talked with the other volunteers, and it was agreed I should dress up as a clown. It was a terrific success. You see, I can do a few tricks with cards and string, and take eggs from

behind their ears, stuff like that. They loved it and I've been their clown ever since."

"I must go now, I'm due to do my clowning again. Nice to talk with you, er...I'm Bryce Williams. Hope to see you again."

He moved off and I called after him, "I'm Nancy Nightingale."

He turned and smiled. "Not a nurse, are you?"

I shook my head.

He went on his way taking with him a heartbroken Annie and leaving behind a disgruntled Darcy. He also left behind a thoughtful Nancy.

He turned up again the following Tuesday, and I plied him with further questions about his volunteering and clowning. He was a good looking young man, and one might have expected him to be out raging and chasing the girls, or they chasing him, rather than amusing hospitalised children.

In a way, I could see why he would be good with children. He had a warm, friendly personality and smiled and laughed easily, but not in the stupid, empty way some people have.

If I was interested in his activities, he was also taking an interest in me.

“Nancy, are you thinking of volunteering?” he asked.

I didn’t know how to answer this question. I had become so embittered with the human race in general that the thought of doing something for someone else did not exactly appeal. Of course, the bitterness was more about me than the human race, but that did not occur to me at the time.

Then the thought came to me of the children I had not been able to have, and Vic’s betrayal had denied me. Perhaps I could...? I decided to prevaricate.

“I’d like to think about it, Bryce,” I said.

“Good,” he smiled. “If you like you could come with me to the hospital one day and see how you feel about it.”

“Yes, I’ll think about it.”

“Bye, Nancy. See you next Tuesday?”

“Probably.”

He was off with his graceful stride.

During the following days I cursed Bryce and his volunteering. “Why did he have to pester me with his suggestions. I was all right as I was, I didn’t need to be bothering with other people’s kids.” So ran my thoughts on one side.

On the other side, I knew of my loveless loneliness. Unattractive and desired only by randy husbands, who wanted “a bit on the side,” my deep self longed to love. I loved Darcy, but loving a dog is not quite the same as loving...who or what? Perhaps sick children would be safe to love.

Tuesday came and I had almost made up my mind not to go to the seat by the river bend. Darcy and I would walk in the other direction. I even started to walk along the path away from the seat, but after a few minutes, I turned, drawn as if by a magnet to that bloody bench.

Bryce was already there. I saw him at some distance, his little Annie off the lead playing with a ball.

Annie was the first to spot us, and hurtled towards us. I released Darcy from his lead and they rushed round each other in joyous welcome.

Bryce looked up and seeing me raised his hand in greeting. As I drew near to him he said, "Thought you might not be turning up today."

"Started out a bit later than usual," I lied.

We chatted about the weather for a while, watching Annie and Darcy argue over the ball. Then came what I knew must come.

"Thought any more about working at the hospital, Nancy?"

"Yes, I've thought about it."

A pause.

“And?”

“Could I come and have a look with you?”

“Wonderful. You’d be a real asset Nancy. I mean, most of the volunteers are fairly old, and they are fine for the grandparent image, but when they see you, wow.”

“What do you mean, ‘wow’?”

“Sorry. I wasn’t being rude or suggestive or anything. I mean, when they see a pretty lady like you...”

“Don’t be silly, Bryce.”

There was an awkward pause, poor Bryce not understanding how he might have offended me, which he hadn’t, and me trying not to think of myself as a “pretty lady.”

“No offence, Nancy?”

“Of course not, Bryce.”

“You’d really like to come with me?”

"I said so." I was not at all sure why I had said so.

"I have to go soon, can I come and pick you up. I've got a parking permit and its damned hard to park around the hospital without one."

I had not expected to be going to visit the hospital so soon, but as usual, having nothing else of any importance to do, I agreed he should pick me up.

I gave him my address, and Bryce loped off, and I hastened home.

There were unaccountable little thrills of excitement running through me. I fed Darcy, rapidly changed my clothes, put on a bit of makeup, and waited on tenterhooks for Bryce to arrive.

He rang the doorbell and I hurried to answer it. Bryce stood there in a clown's makeup and costume. I burst out laughing and he smiled. "First time I've heard you laugh, Nancy."

He had a somewhat aging Toyota and Annie was sitting in the back.

“Do you leave her in the car all the time your in the hospital, I asked?”

“Good Lord, no. She comes in with me.”

“But I thought animals weren’t allowed.”

He laughed his infectious laugh. “You are behind the times, Nancy. They found that people, especially children, recover far quicker when they can see and touch animals. Besides, Annie has a few tricks of her own.”

It was about a ten minutes drive to the hospital – a huge building, almost forbidding in its overbearing size.

In the reception area Bryce had a few words with an official looking woman, and I was handed a badge with the legend, “Visitor” imprinted on it.

We got into the lift and Bryce pressed the button for the seventh floor.

“Got the leukemia ward today.”

We got out of the lift and turned towards a ward marked 7B. As we entered, I saw that some of the children were sitting around on soft chairs, but most were lying in bed. A cry went up,

“Mr.Clown, Mr.Clown.”

Voices begged for him to do a trick for them, and Bryce went into his funny routine, mending pieces of string that had been cut, pulling eggs out from all over the place. He got them to pick cards and stick them in the pack, and after shuffling them, he turned the card up first go. Annie did little dances on her hind legs and jumped through a hoop. All the time he had a gentle patter that made them laugh.

At first, I followed Bryce as he moved round the ward. I noticed that most of the children had bald heads and were very white, most in the beds had tubes attached to them. After a while I broke away from following Bryce and began to move round the beds, talking to the children, asking them those silly adult questions like, “What’s your name? How old are you.”

I came to one bed where the child looked terribly ill. To my question about her name she said, “Petra.” She was six years old.

I sat beside her, asking her where she came from and how long she had been in hospital. To my questions she answered in whispers, so I had to lean forward to hear her. Her wasted hand reached up to touch my face, and she said, "You are a very pretty lady. Do you think I'll be pretty like you when I grow up."

A cold knife seemed to run through me. I could give no answer. My eyes filled with tears, and I rose without responding to the child. I struggled out of the ward with blurred vision. Reaching the corridor I leaned my head against the wall and broke into sobs that seemed to be torn from the very depths of my being. Even at the worst time, after Vic left me, I had not cried like this.

I felt an arm round my shoulder, and Bryce was saying, "Come with me."

He led me to a side room and sat me in an armchair.

I wept on, but began to speak through my sobs.

"Bryce I couldn't, I couldn't. Its...its too terrible...those little children... those poor little children...I couldn't...couldn't even answer her...I couldn't be a volunteer."

“Nancy, we all feel like you at first. If you have love in your heart, how could you not weep for them, but for most of them, there is at least hope. I heard what little Petra said to you, and the terrible thing is, she is one of those who have the least hope. But suppose you had said to her, ‘You are very pretty now, Petra’. Can you imagine what that would have done for a little girl? A ‘pretty lady’, telling her she’s pretty?”

“Don’t Bryce, please, it hurts too much. I don’t have ‘love in my heart’. I only have bitterness and hate. And I’m not a ‘pretty lady’.”

“I think you believe that, Nancy, but I also think you are deceiving to yourself. Your very response shows the love that is in you, and as for not being pretty, I think you feel ugly inside, so can’t see the beauty outside, but others can. I don’t know what has hurt you so much, but I do know that with these sick children, you could find healing.”

“Take me home, Bryce, please.”

His arm still round me, Bryce escorted me, a sopping wet ruin, to his car. We said nothing during the drive, yet I could feel the warmth and comfort of Bryce’s presence. I wanted to escape that too. I wanted to flee back to my castle of cynicism, to feel safe from the pains of the world.

Bryce stopped the car outside my house. "Will you be all right?" he asked. "Is there anything I can do for you."

"Nothing," I answered, more tartly than I had intended.

"Shall I see you next Tuesday?"

"I think I might be very busy," I snapped.

"Oh well, some other time, perhaps."

I turned away without another word. Entering the house, I suddenly burst into tears again. It was not only the children this time, it was also the way that I had dismissed Bryce, the gentle, loving, clowning Bryce.

I wept until there were no tears left in me. Poor Darcy tried in his doggy way to comfort me, and I ended up on the sofa, exhausted, hugging his warm little body to me.

I slept, but had dreams of white faced little children and a clown that turned into the figure of the grim reaper. I was woken by the sound of the telephone ringing. I looked at the

clock, and it was eight p.m. I went to the telephone and picked up the receiver.

“Nancy Nightingale.”

“Bryce Williams here, Nancy. Hope you don’t mind but I was concerned for you, so I looked up your number and...”

“Its all right Bryce.”

Dear God, I had treated the man like dirt, and he was ringing me out of ‘concern’! What did one have to do to turn this man away from you?

“Are you okay, Nancy?”

“I think so, Bryce.”

“You don’t sound too sure.”

“No, I’m all right, Bryce. Its just...just...I have a few things I have to sort out. Don’t you worry about me.”

“Well, if there’s anything I can do...can I give you my telephone number? I’m at work right now so I’ll give you this number and my home number...just in case you want to talk.”

I took the numbers and said, “Well, good night, Bryce.” I wanted to say, “Good night, you beautiful man,” but of course, men weren’t beautiful in my book.”

“Good night, Nancy.”

He rang off.

The experts – counselors, psychiatrists and all sorts of therapists, had probed me. None had succeeded in bringing me face to face with myself like the gentle Bryce, and that child Petra.

I had known him no time at all and apart from today; it had been fleeting conversations on a bench. Yet such was the power of the man – was “power” the right word? – I felt I had known him forever. What was that power if power it was?

I knew the answer, but was not prepared to face it. If I did face it, then my little castle of cynicism would come crashing

down. I would be defenceless. I would have to admit that there could be love, love like Bryce's. Not the love of the men who tried to get inside my knickers. Not love like that of Vic who had betrayed me. Bryce had the pure love of compassion for his fellow humans that led him to open himself to others in their need.

It was too much for me to be able to admit. It was like the love that long ago had led to an execution on a hill outside a Middle Eastern city. I didn't want his compassion, I wanted my revenge, revenge for all the pain...Petra...don't think of her...

I wasn't too busy on Tuesday. I met Bryce on our bench.

"I want to be a volunteer, Bryce."

"I knew you would."

"How did you know?"

"I felt the goodness in you. They will give you training before you start as a volunteer. You'll need to know what to do and not to do."

“That’s all right. When can I start?”

“As soon as you’ve been interviewed by the volunteer supervisor.”

“Can I come in with you today.”

“Of course. I’ll call for you as soon as I’ve got into my clown outfit.”

I was interviewed by a beautiful woman in her sixties.

Why had I always thought that people in their sixties could not be beautiful?

She welcomed me, and after some probing questions, my training course was outlined for me. The following weeks were among the busiest of my formally easygoing life.

I saw little of Bryce except for the short times on Tuesdays. But then, when had I ever seen more of him apart from the one occasion?

When we did have our brief Tuesday meetings Bryce would ask me how the training was going.

At first I had approached the course with trepidation, but quickly found myself becoming involved with it. I told Bryce what, after all, he already knew, that the course, apart from talks on hospital regulations, consisted of two main elements: First, the ability to listen properly and, second, the way to respond properly.

It was in learning about these things that I was often brought face to face with myself. Like many people I had reacted, rather than responded to what people said. This can lead to confrontation and a failure to connect with the other person.

Once let loose on the wards, I at first tended to be stilted in my responses, as I tried to apply what I had been taught as a technique. I almost despaired when my efforts struck no chord with the children, but given a little time I absorbed what I had learned so it became part of me, and my responses were much more me, and not a technique.

Working with the children began. I made a point of visiting the leukemia ward and went to Petra's bed. Another child occupied it. I asked the nurse what had happened to her, but I knew the answer in my heart. "I'm afraid we couldn't save her," she replied.

Bryce had predicted that working with the children would bring about a healing process in me. In time, he was proved right. The hate and bitterness began to diminish, to be replaced by – what can I call it? “Love?”

With the diminishing of my former negativity about people and world, came a more positive view of myself. As the children responded to me, I came to consider that I might be a likeable, if not a loveable, person after all.

Into the midst of this agreeable change taking place in me, came something that was as surprising as it was pleasing.

At one of our Tuesday park bench meetings, Bryce said, “Nancy, the State Theatre is putting on a revival of ‘A Little Night Music.’ They’ve sent a couple of complementary tickets to the hotel, and the manager has given them to me. Would you come with me to see it?”

I was wary but I hasten to add, that Bryce had never, by word or deed, done anything to bring about this response. It was the case that, although I now trusted myself with children, men were still highly suspect. They had, I believed, only one ultimate goal, and that was to get me into bed, or like my first encounter with sex, into the back of a car.

Then more rationally, I wondered why Bryce would want to be taking a woman some nine or ten years older than he was to a musical? He could surely have got himself a younger, and probably more sexually amenable, date?

Shamefully I must admit that I reverted to some of my old cynicism and replied to a perfectly innocent offer of a pleasant night out, more sharply than was warranted.

“Why are you asking me?”

The manner and form of my response would have turned most men off on the spot, but not the lovely Bryce.

“I just thought you’d enjoy it, and I would like your company.”

So ingenuous was his reply that I melted. That he liked my company was clear from the way he made a point of meeting me, however briefly, every Tuesday. Had I thought that through, I would have acknowledged that I liked his company, or why else did I make sure I was there at the park bench to meet him?

Regretting my snappy reply I said, “I’d love to come with you, Bryce.”

He looked rather happy.

I made an arrangement to pick him up in my car. This would give the double advantage of travelling in something bit more up market than his battered Toyota, and make any attempt to grope me more difficult if I was behind the wheel. Unworthy motives, perhaps, but that is how it was with me at that time.

On the night of our outing, I can safely say it was an outstanding and thoroughly enjoyable performance. One little incident occurred that modesty should forbid my repeating, but self-esteem prevails.

It was during the interval, and Bryce spotted a colleague and his wife. We went over to them and introductions were carried out. I started talking to the wife, while Bryce chatted with his colleague. Out of the corner of my ear, as it were, I heard the colleague say, "Where did you meet that beauty, you lucky bugger?" Bryce had his back to me, so I did not hear his response.

The drive home had me slightly edgy, wondering what would happen when we got to Bryce's place. Arriving there, I stopped the car, leaving the engine running.

Bryce simply said, "Thank you for coming with me. I've enjoyed being with you very much. Goodnight, Nancy. See you on Tuesday, unless we run across each other on the wards."

He got out of the car and I drove off.

Arriving home, I felt a contradictory mixture of relief and pique. Relief because he hadn't even tried to so much as kiss me on the cheek, and pique for the same reason. My female ego was abashed.

Having been invited out by Bryce, I now felt the need to reciprocate in some way. I was not at that time, or even now for that matter, inclined to the view that men should do all the inviting or all the paying. But what to do?

I finally decided on the good old standby of an invitation to dinner. Not, of course, at my house. That would be far too dangerous. The meal would be at a restaurant.

The following Tuesday, after ascertaining if and when Bryce got an evening off, I made my invitation. Bryce accepted very happily, but only on the grounds that he was allowed to buy the wine. Again, I was to pick him up.

I chose my location carefully, opting for a non-soft lights and sweet music restaurant. "No point in courting trouble," I thought.

Detail of the meal is hardly relevant to my story and the journey and arrival home produced the same result as before. Not even a peck on my cheek.

I decided to confront myself with what I thought to be the reality. "He's just being friendly towards an older woman. He's that sort of chap. He likes to do nice things for people." I accepted this conclusion and thought I'd better rejoice in having such an agreeable friend.

I had not expected any further evenings out with Bryce so I was surprised that on the next Tuesday there was an invitation to a concert.

From then on, there was always something, theatres, films, concerts, restaurants and we even got around to walks in the country.

It all seemed a bit bewildering to me because Bryce never made the slightest sexual advance. He had only put his arm round me once, and that was when I was distressed on my

first visit to the hospital. Apart from that, he did not even attempt to hold my hand. It was all very Platonic and puzzling.

I held off from questioning our relationship because I was enjoying it immensely and wished to do nothing that might bring it to an end. Eventually, however, I reached the point where I had to say something.

I chose one night after we had been to a concert, and I had just stopped outside Bryce's place, which I hasten to add, I had never been inside or he in mine.

Bryce was about to get out of the car when I stopped him.

"Bryce, I have to ask you something."

"Hmm?"

"Bryce, I love going out with you, but I don't understand, why me?"

"Why you' what, Nancy?"

“Don’t be difficult Bryce. Why are you going out with me so often? Don’t you have any girl friends?”

“Yes, you.”

“Don’t be silly Bryce. You know what I mean, girls your own age.”

“Not now.”

“Why?”

“Because, as I’ve just told you, I have a ‘girl friend’.”

“This is ridiculous, Bryce. A nice looking young chap like you taking out a woman old enough to be your mother.”

He laughed heartily at this. “Old enough to be my mother! That’s a bit of an exaggeration, isn’t it? You would have had to be a very enterprising little girl of...”

“Ten,” I snapped.

“Nine,” he contradicted.

“All right, nine if you want to be pedantic. So why an older women?”

“If you heard that chap at work – the one we met with his wife the first night we went out together – he’s got all the other chaps green with envy with his descriptions of you.”

“That’s not really an answer, Bryce. I mean, we’ve been out together a couple of dozen times, but it’s not like the dates I remember. You’ve not even...”

A sudden thought struck me. “You’re not gay, are you. I mean, you’re not playing it safe with an older women just for appearances?”

It was a thoroughly rude and uncalled for question, but being Bryce, he took it in his stride and laughed.

“No, Nancy, I’m not gay and if you want to know, I’m not bisexual either. I’m just a very ordinary heterosexual male.”

“Far from ordinary,” I thought, but did not say so.

"I know what you wanted to say, Nancy," he went on. "You wanted to say that I've never tried to get my hand up your skirt."

"Bryce!" I was shocked. The way he had put it was so uncharacteristic of him.

"Sorry, Nancy. I just had to put it crudely, because it was what you really meant, wasn't it?"

"I suppose so," I mumbled.

"I'll tell you why, Nancy..."

"You don't have to," I cut in, afraid of what I might hear.

"I know I don't have to, but I'm going to. I admit I've done my share of fumbling with girls, and having sex with them. It was all that rough and tumble stuff by people who didn't really mean much to each other. The situation with you, as far as I am concerned is that if, and I repeat, if, anything physical...sexual should ever happen between us, it has to be just right."

I was shaken partly because of his openness, and partly because what he had said indicated a very strong attachment to me. I hesitated to let myself think the words, "In love with me." That would have been too frightening for me.

Unable to cope with what he had said, and struggling for a response, I said, weakly, "I must go home, Bryce."

It was I who had opened this matter by questioning him about our relationship, and now I couldn't face his answer.

Bryce came to my rescue. "Of course. I'd better get in and see to Annie. Been on her own quite a bit today. Goodnight, Nancy."

He got out of the car, walked to his front door, went in and closed the door. I felt suddenly bereft, as if the closing of that door had also closed the door on one of the finest friendships I had ever had. I almost ran to the door to knock and call out to him, "Don't leave me Bryce." Sanity prevailed, however. I drove home to Darcy, trying to hold back my tears.

I went to our bench the following Tuesday. Bryce was not there. I waited as long as I could, but still he did not come.

Like Bryce, Tuesday was one of my days at the hospital. Occasionally I had met up with Bryce when we happened to be working on the same ward. This Tuesday I made a point of looking for him, but he didn't seem to be around.

I asked some of the other volunteers, but they hadn't seen him either. The general comment was, "Most unlike Bryce, he never misses his Tuesday visits."

I was getting seriously anxious. Had my response to his, what amounted to, a declaration of love, upset him to the point that he was not only rejecting me, but the children as well? It seemed utterly uncharacteristic, but what else was I to think?

Perhaps he was ill? Should I telephone him? If I did, would he think I was chasing him?

I took the risk and rang his home number. There was no answer. Was he away somewhere? He had said nothing about going away. Was he refusing to answer the telephone precisely because he thought it might be me and he didn't want to talk to me?

All my old uncertainties came back to me. Had he seen through me at last? Had he decided, just as I had suggested,

that I was too old to be with him? Perhaps he too had come to see how unlovely I am?

I went through a week of torment, first telling myself it was best this way, then swinging in the opposite direction and weeping for a lost friendship (A lost love?).

The following Tuesday depressed, I went to our bench by the river. It was a sort of goodbye visit...goodbye to one of the best things that had ever happened to me.

"Hello, Nancy," A cheerful voice – his voice.

I looked up, and there he was, his usual smiling self.

"Bryce, where the hell have you been? I've been ringing and ringing you."

"Missed me?" he grinned.

"Of course I damned well missed you, you bastard. I've been going out of my mind worrying about you."

He became serious. "Didn't she tell you?"

“Didn’t who tell me?”

“The volunteer supervisor at the hospital. I told her to let you know.”

“No she didn’t, and ‘let me know’ what?”

“I should have rung you. That’s what comes of relying on other people.”

“For God’s sake, Bryce, will you tell me what it is I’m supposed to have been told!”

“Ah, yes, sorry. I’ve been at work...”

“All day and all night?”

“Almost, yes.”

My insecurities came out like sunrise on a wet day. “He’s got himself some female he’s been screwing. Working! I’ve heard that one before,” I thought.

“The manager got very sick, and I had to take over. We had two other staff members off with the same problem as the manager, and on top of all that, we were packed out with a huge influx of tourists. I’ve actually been sleeping at work. Had to get a neighbour to take Annie in for a few days.”

“A very plausible story,” I thought cynically.

“Look, I’m feeling pretty washed out, but I must go to see the children today. Could we have a nice quiet dinner together tonight? Nothing too late, I want an early night, but it would be nice to have a quiet couple of hours with you.”

“Are you sure you want them with me?” (What awful things I said to that poor man).

“Nancy, who else would I want them with?”

“I thought you might prefer...you know...someone...”

“Nancy, is there something wrong? Have I said or done something...?”

My own thoughts and behaviour suddenly sickened me, and here as characteristically, was Bryce trying to take blame himself. The tears started.

“No, no, it’s me, darling. Why don’t you just drop me...find someone else...I’m no good for you.”

Right there in public, I was weeping and sobbing aloud. His arm came round me.

“What is it, Nancy? Tell me.”

“I say such hurtful things to you Bryce and you’re always so loving to me. Why do I hurt you so?”

“Because you’ve been so badly hurt your self, Nancy. I understand that, and I just hope that one day all the hurts will go away, but that won’t happen if I walk away every time you’re in pain. Besides, I still have the hope that one day you’ll come to love and trust me.”

That did it. Down crashed the damned floodgates and I really cut loose. I was sobbing, howling and gushing tears like the river right in front of us.

I was dimly aware of an old gentleman stopping to ask, "Is there anything I can do to help?" Was I the only nasty person in the world?

I didn't hear what Bryce replied to the man, but the man said, "I hope she feels better soon," and went on his way.

I was scrunched up against Bryce as if I was trying to hide in him, and he was whispering to me and stroking my hair. I felt two dogs licking my hands. I felt terrible.

"I'll walk home with you," he said.

My defences were down. I wanted him to take me home, and what happened, would happen. So for the second time in our acquaintanceship, Bryce escorted a sopping wet me.

Arriving at my house, still heaving gulping sobs, I broke another of my self-imposed regulations. "Come in and have a cup of coffee."

"I'd prefer tea."

“I’ve got some,” then, with a flash of incongruous humour, given my sobs, “I didn’t think you’d notice the difference between tea and coffee being in my desirable company.”

“You only add to the flavour, Nancy,” he laughed.

Once inside I set about tea making thinking, “My God, what have you let yourself in for, Nancy? Damsel in distress; handsome rescuer giving solace; he’s just got to have a try.”

Do you know, he didn’t! No passionate appeals, no kissing or embracing, no breast fondling or thigh stroking. “What’s the matter with this guy, he’s not human?” In my head, I’d even worked out how I was going to counter his moves. The main event, was when he said:

“I don’t suppose you’ll feel up to going out tonight now?”

That was too much. “Are you trying to wriggle out of your offer of dinner, now? Had a good look at me and decided I’m too ugly to be seen with? Well, you’re not getting out of it. You’ll take me to dinner or there’ll be hell to pay, darling.”

“That’s the second time you’ve called me darling. Could there be something in it?”

“I’m confusing you with the dog.”

“Ah. What time will you pick me up?”

“Damn you, Bryce. You ask a girl out to dinner and then expect her to collect you...”

“But we always...”

“You can take me to dinner in your clapped out jalopy, and be here at seven sharp.”

We both laughed – me through my still reverberating sobby gulps.

“I shall be here at five minutes to the hour to escort your ladyship. Unless there’s anything special you want me to do, I’d better go. I’ll be late for the hospital.”

It hit me, “My God, I’m going to be late too. Let’s go together, we can use my car.”

“I’ve got to get into my clown’s outfit.”

“We can stop at your place.”

And so together, we went to make our hospital rounds. There was something warm and uniting about that.

That evening we had a pleasant but uneventful dinner together. My emotional storm of the morning had subsided during my work with the children, but down in the depths it was saying, “I’m still here, and you’re going to have to deal with me some time.”

According to my command, Bryce had picked me up in his car, so for once it was he dropping me off at my house.

I toyed with the idea of inviting him in for coffee, or a nightcap or some such cliché. Having decided to do just that, he responded, “Not tonight, Nancy, if you don’t mind, I’ve had heavy week and could do with an early night.”

I said I understood, but was now seriously wondering if he was some neuter from outer space.

He countered this with a peck on the cheek. “Well, that’s something,” I thought. I watched his rear lights dwindle as he drove away, and felt emptiness in my heart. “I wish he had stayed and we...” I cut the thought off.

Bryce now became the centre of all my thoughts. However much I tried to push them away, they always returned with increased force. The first and central issue I had to face was why I could not accept that goodness could exist in a person. I had once, long ago, idealistically thought that it could exist, but my experience had warped that view completely out of shape.

Through the care and help Bryce had given me, and my work with the children, I had partially come to a more positive view of the world. Yet, I seemed to constantly be reverting to my old cynical self.

I could be having the most wonderful time with Bryce, but then say something hard and cutting. Not once had he ever struck back at me. "Good God, the man must really love me, even if he doesn't seem to want my body."

Why couldn't I love like that...why couldn't I at least love Bryce like...Did I...? Could I...?

I had no further contact with Bryce until our Tuesday meeting. I had battered my brain and my emotions constantly, and now felt strangely uncomfortable in his presence. I don't mean that I had decided I did not like Bryce

after all, it was just that I didn't know how to conduct myself naturally with him.

We chatted on for some time about neutral things like his work, the hospital, and our dogs. I felt a strain between us, but knew that it was on my side, not his.

Finally, the results of my weeklong cogitation and turmoil had to come out.

He was about to leave for the hospital, and I was also due there, and in this last moment I spoke up:

"Bryce?"

"Hmm?"

"Will you marry me?"

An insolent youth who was passing and heard my proposal called out, "Go on mate, say 'yes', or I'll have her instead."

Bryce seemed stunned. Perhaps I had misread him after all. He didn't care for me in that way? Finally, he found his voice:

“Yes, when?”

“Soon, very soon. I love you, Mr.Clown.”

“I adore you, pretty lady.”

“Bryce?”

“Yes?”

“You haven’t had a vasectomy, have you.”

“No, of course not, why ever did you ask that?”

“Oh, just something I learned from an old acquaintance.”

Our wedding was a remarkable affair. The church was packed inside and others filled the street outside, and most of them were children we had known in the hospital and their parents, come to see Mr.Clown and Pretty Lady get married.

Incidentally, he isn't a neuter, and he hadn't had a vasectomy, because I think it must have been on our wedding night when I got pregnant for the first time. We've managed it twice more since then.

I love Mr. Clown!

The Woman at Stable Cottages

The cold north wind howled across the "Paradise Valley Airport" as the locals ironically called it. It is in fact a strip of bitumen just about capable of bearing the weight of a light aircraft, and a galvanised iron shed for people awaiting the arrival or departure of the occasional aircraft that does use the strip, to shelter in.

Earlier in the afternoon the wind had changed to the north and was therefore blowing over the snowcapped mountains, the foothills of which began about eighteen kilometres to the north of the town of Paradise Valley. By mid-afternoon the temperature had dropped noticeably, especially on the open airstrip. I tugged the collar of my overcoat up round my ears. Damnation, why did I have to be the one to meet the old girl?

“Aden,” old Phineas had said that Monday morning, “would you go out to the airstrip? There’s a plane coming in with a Mrs. White on board. She’s the one who bought Stable Cottages. I’d like you to drive her out to the cottages and just see that she’s settled in all right. God knows why she’s coming in today. There’s no furniture in the places except an old kitchen table and a couple of chairs the last people to rent one of the cottages left behind.”

I vaguely recalled the transaction. Then I had only been working for about three months as a solicitor and accountant for “Phineas Willow, Solicitor and Property Agent,” but had no hand in the transaction. That was Phineas’s area of work.

I had had just completed qualifying as a solicitor and accountant, and was looking for a position when I met Phineas. He had advertised in one of the legal journals for a solicitor (“qualtions in acctncy advntge”) to work in his practice at Paradise Valley.

The advertisement went on, “Plsnt. Twn. pop. approx. 1 thou. Old est. pract. Outstd. op. yng man. Pos. Prtnship.” Then followed the address to be applied to. Phineas did not believe in wasting money on wordy advertisements.

I applied, was interviewed, and got the job. Having said, “Phineas did not believe in wasting money,” I must add that

the salary was very liberal. Phineas was a wily old law practitioner, but was also one of those people who saved every cent he could on small things so he could be generous in larger things. As I was to learn when I entered the practice with him, he did work for some of the poorer people in the town for what he called "A peppercorn fee."

Now, having worked with Phineas for just over twelve months, I stood on the windswept airstrip waiting for the old girl that had to be transported to Stable Cottages. "Be nice to her," Phineas had admonished, "She looks like she's well-heeled, and there could be some future business there."

I heard the buzzing of the aircraft before I saw it, then it appeared. It was single engine plane and as it circled to line up with the landing strip, it was clearly being buffeted by the wind. The pilot trying to steady the aircraft made an attempt to land, but at the last minute it was caught by the wind and tilted over so one wing almost scraped the ground. There was a roar as the engine was revved and the plane climbed to come round for another attempt. This time it made it, but only just.

The pilot taxied towards the shed and I went outside to meet it. It stopped, there was a pause before a door in the side of the plane slid back and steps were lowered. The pilot came down the steps and turned. A woman appeared at the top of

the steps and the pilot held out his hand and helped her down.

“Had a bit of a bumpy ride,” he called cheerfully, and went into the aircraft again.

The woman was a surprise. She appeared to be in her late twenties, and why I had the impression I was to meet an older person, I don't know. It might have been because we had a number of widows living in the town who had come here from Mine City some fifty kilometres from Paradise Valley, and I automatically assumed a woman on her own moving into the area would be a widow in her forties or fifties.

At one time, a piece of machinery had been used in the mine that was so dangerous it was called, “The Widow Maker.” The women whose husbands had been killed by the abomination, used some of the compensation money paid by the mine company, to buy houses in Paradise Valley, firstly, because property tended to be cheaper than in Mine City, and secondly, because Paradise Valley is a very pleasant location.

The woman who stood white faced and shivering at the bottom of the steps was about five feet five inches tall, but at that moment, she looked smaller and rather vulnerable. I

stepped forward to her extending my hand; “Mrs.White?” I asked. She nodded. “Aden Barclay of Phineas Willow. I’m to take you to Stable Cottages.”

Her hand was very small and cold in mine and she said, “Thank you, Mr.Barclay. I’ve some luggage to be unloaded.”

The pilot had started unloading suitcases, and as he brought them to the top of the steps, I took them and placed them on the ground. The last item was a canvas bag containing something I could not identify.

The last of the luggage unloaded, the pilot gave a wave and called, “See yer later.” The steps were pulled up, the door closed and after a few seconds the engine roared and the plane prepared to take off. We watched it wobble down the strip and take off for its unenviable wind battering flight back to Mine City from whence it had come.

I said to the woman standing beside me, “If you like to wait in the shed, at least it’s out of the wind, I’ll get the car and pick up your luggage.” She nodded and entered the shed.

I drove the car onto the “airfield” which in fact was no more than an ordinary field, unfenced and with no one to guard the place. Any pilot landing here had no ground control to guide them in. It was a case of, “Enter at your own risk.”

I loaded the luggage, summoned Mrs.White, and we set off for Stable Cottages with the car heater going full blast.

Stable Cottages are about four kilometres outside the town of Paradise Valley. They have a rather strange history.

Back in the nineteenth century, world wool prices had at one stage gone very high. The owner of the sheep station on which the cottages stand had, based on those high wool prices, built a rather grandiose house. Along with this edifice, he had built large stables and two cottages to house stable hands. The cottages were semi-detached; that is, they shared a common “party wall.”

Eventually wool prices slumped and the then owner found the upkeep of the big house and it’s necessary staff, beyond his resources. Most of the staff were dismissed, the big house abandoned, and the owner moved into one of the cottages.

Many years later, after the Second World War, wool prices rocketed upward again. The owner at that time decided that he needed a residence more in keeping with his newly acquired wealth. By that time, the big house was badly decayed, and much of it had been plundered for materials to be used on other constructions around the property. The nouveau riche rural millionaire decided that a new residence

was in order. It was built on a hill about two kilometres from the cottages.

The cottages were let out to rent. In the following years many people came and went at the cottages, until finally, the current owner decided to sell them together with the stables, the remains of the old house and four hectares of land. All this had come to a tidy sum of money, hence old Phineas's idea that the buyer must be well off financially.

There were questions I itched to ask Mrs.White as we drove to the cottages. Most of all, I wanted to ask what she intended to do with the place, but her demeanor did not invite questions. She seemed withdrawn, an isolated figure sitting beside me in the car, but somewhere else in her thoughts.

As we drove through the town, I asked if she needed to buy anything by way of food or other items. She simply replied, "No, thank you."

She showed no interest in the passing scene as we drove in the gathering dusk, and simply stared straight ahead through the windscreen.

Arriving at the cottages, I asked which of the two she was going to occupy. Without a word, she pointed to one of them, and I opened the door, then gave her the keys to both

cottages. Still without a word, she went inside, leaving me to bring in the luggage.

Having got her goods into the passage that ran the length of the cottage and terminating at a back door, I called out to her.

“In the kitchen,” she replied.

I found her contemplating an old wood fired cooking stove. There was an electric cooking stove, but the power and telephone were not due to be connected until the next day.

The place was bitterly cold, so I said, “Better light that wood stove. Warm the place up a bit.”

“Yes,” she replied, “but I don’t know how to. I’ve never had to light a fire in my life.”

“I’ll get it going,” I said, and headed out the back door to see what fuel I could find.

I found the spot where the logs were once stored and there were some still there. “At least enough for a couple of days,” I thought, and began to carry logs into the kitchen and pile them up beside the stove. I found some bark and a few dry

sticks, and set about lighting the stove. Of course, the damned thing took an age to get going, but once properly alight and the fire door left open, it did cheer the room up a bit.

It was now almost dark, and of course, as there was no electricity, there was no electric light. Mrs. White had started to drag her luggage from the passage into the kitchen, and I asked her what she was going to do for lighting.

“Candles. Brought some with me,” she replied shortly. With that she opened one of the suitcases and produced the candles, which she then proceeded to light from the flames of the fire. I noticed that the suitcase also contained items of food.

The cottage was the one with the old table and chairs, and surveying these, another thought struck me. “Excuse my asking, Mrs. White, but where are you going to sleep tonight? There’s no bed or blankets here.”

“Camp bed. Brought one with me and some blankets. I’ll sleep in here.”

The canvas bag, the contents of which I had been unable to identify, was now shown to hold the camp bed. Mrs. White pulled the bed out and tried to assemble the bits and pieces,

to no avail. I decided to play the Boy Scout, and offered to do it for her. She nodded, and I managed to save my male ego by getting the thing put together in one attempt.

I was reluctant to leave her alone in the bleak and empty cottage, then another thought occurred me; I had brought her to the cottage and she obviously had no transport of her own.

“Mrs.White, you’re four kilometres out of town, how are you going to get around without a car?

“I have one being delivered tomorrow from Mine City.” Then as if to forestall a further question, she went on, “My furniture arrives by road tomorrow as well.”

I was rather impressed that her vehicle was being “delivered” to her. Normally one simply went to the show room to pick it up. To have it delivered indicated something rather special, but I couldn’t think what.

Her manner seemed indicate that no further questions were in order and that it was time for me to leave.

I gave her my card, bade her goodnight, and made to leave.

“I shall call in at your office before the end of the week to settle up with Mr.Willow,” she said. “I may need your services in the future, so we can discuss it then. Thank you for your help, Mr.Barclay.”

We shook hands. The kitchen had now warmed up, and she had removed her coat and stood before me in a light woolen sweater. It was then that I noticed where her rather large breasts pushed against the cloth there were two small stains that looked as if they were spreading. I also noticed a slight sour smell that seemed to emanate from her.

I took my leave, a rather puzzled man.

The following days I felt worried about Mrs.White. It troubled me that she was out there alone, having to tackle the task of getting her house in order, so to speak. I was tempted to go out and see if she was all right, or at least telephone; always assuming her telephone had been connected. I set aside both these thoughts as I recalled her rather distant manner that did not invite interference.

It was in the early afternoon of Thursday of that week when Phineas put his head round the door of my office.

“Got Mrs.White with me. She came to settle up our business, but she wants us to take on other work for her that’s more in your line. Got time to see her?”

I was rather busy, but my inquisitiveness about Mrs.White got the better of me, so I said, “Certainly, bring her in.”

Phineas disappeared to reappear with Mrs.White, leaving her, as he said to me, “In your care.”

I invited her to sit, and for the first time, as we were neither out in the cold or semi-darkness, I was able to observe her more closely. She was very pale with a drained look about her, but behind this, there seemed to lurk considerable beauty.

She had classical features and long dark hair that was tied back to give her a severe appearance. The feature that stood out was her dark eyes. Despite their tired look they had the promise of lustrous depths – eyes that when turned upon you, made it difficult to lie or deceive.

As she was sitting, I could not judge her figure properly, although later, when she rose to leave, I saw a slender figure with disproportionately large breasts. These appeared to hang heavily and looked as if they were a burden to her.

“What can I do for you, Mrs.White?”

“I would like to put my financial affairs into your care, Mr.Barclay. At present I have an accountant in the metropolis, but I want someone nearer at hand. If I arrange to have my records transferred to you, would you be willing to take them over?”

“Of course, Mrs.White. Could you give me some idea of what this would entail?”

“Two main things. I have several investments and of course, the normal general running and domestic accounts. In addition, I shall be starting a business – possibly two businesses – I shall want these together with my taxation looked after. I would appreciate your advice from time to time, as well.”

“I should be happy to help in any way I can. May I ask what sort of businesses you intend to engage in?” I could not imagine what business could be started in Paradise Valley that was not already well catered for.

“A horse riding stable and interior decorating.”

I had to struggle not to laugh and keep a straight face. Apart from the incongruity of two such businesses, I could not imagine the residents of our town storming out to the cottages to ride horses or being in any hurry to have their interiors decorated.

Those eyes of hers must have read my thoughts.

"You don't think I shall succeed, Mr.Barclay? Perhaps I will surprise you."

"I sincerely hope so, Mrs.White."

"Very well, I shall arrange to have my accounts transferred to you as soon as possible."

"Thank you, Mrs.White."

"There is one other thing you might be able to help me with. I shall need some female help to start with. I want someone who is good with children. Is there anyone you could recommend?"

"I'm afraid I'm not very conversant with that sort of thing, Mrs.White, but Mr.Willow is very well acquainted with the people of the town, suppose I ask him, and let you know. What age are the children?"

“They are three month old twins. They are with my parents at the moment.” Her hands involuntarily moved towards her breasts. “They’ll be joining me in a fortnight.”

It was then I realised. “She’s breast feeding babies. She must be expressing her milk, that’s why she looks so uncomfortable with her breasts.” This thought only added to the puzzlement I had about this woman. Why had she come to Paradise Valley? And why the cottages?

She rose to leave, so I escorted her to the street, and watched as she got into the vehicle that had been “delivered.”

It was an absolutely top of the arrange four wheel drive. My battered Datsun parked beside it seemed to cringe away from this lordly conveyance. I waved a farewell to her and thought, “My God that must have cost her a packet.”

I spoke with Phineas about a suitable woman to help Mrs.White, and he came up with the name of a fifty five-year-old widow named Mrs.Emily Carter.

“Very good type. Motherly but not the fussing interfering sort, could probably do with the extra money.”

I rang Mrs.White and asked if she would like me to approach Mrs.Carter and arrange for them to meet. She readily agreed to this.

When I met Mrs.Carter, Phineas's assessment was confirmed. Plump and capable looking, she combined a caring with an "I'll stand no nonsense" nature. I made the arrangement for the two women to meet and left it at that. Little did I know then what a significant role Mrs.Carter was to play in my life.

Just over a week later, Mrs.White's records arrived from her city accountant. To say I was surprised would be an understatement. I had realised that Mrs.White had a considerable sum of money tied up in the cottages, stables and land, but beyond that, I had thought that a few thousand dollars would be about all she had. Her records revealed that after all the expenditure on the property, her new vehicle, furniture and other equipment she had investments and readily available money to the tune of a million and half-dollars.

Looking over her investments, I came to the conclusion they were all well placed and returning adequate, if not large, dividends. "Someone's given her sound advice," I thought.

I rang her to let her know that I had received her accounts, and got an invitation to pay a visit to the cottages, as she needed some further advice. Our clients usually came to see us at the office, but my curiosity and puzzlement over this woman led me accept the request. It was arranged for the following Saturday afternoon.

Without knowing quite why, I felt a tingle of excitement as I drove up to the cottages.

Mrs.White welcomed me with a handshake and a smile. It would not be true to say that she looked radiant, but her pallor had diminished, and instead of giving the impression I was a necessary nuisance, she actually seemed pleased to see me.

Inviting me into the cottage she said, "The place is still a mess, and will be for some time I think. You'll understand why shortly."

On entering it was obvious little had been done to arrange the furniture but from what I could see, most of it was not new, but was clearly very tasteful and, my accountant's mind coming into play, expensive.

In that way she had, she seemed to read my thoughts. "I bought most of it secondhand – well, a lot of the pieces are antique, I think they're rather lovely."

I had to agree, and I could see how excellently the pieces would fit into the cottage. Yes, the woman certainly had excellent taste.

I was conducted into the kitchen that turned out to be the one room in which everything was gleaming and in order.

Although the electricity had been connected on the second day of her arrival, so all the electrical appliances, including the cooking stove, were working, a fire was burning in the old wood fueled cooking stove.

The rickety table and chairs left behind by previous tenants had gone, to be replaced by a large scrubbed white deal table and four cottage dining chairs.

Invited to sit, I was asked whether I would like tea or coffee.

"Tea, please."

While Mrs.White set about the tea making, she began to explain why she had asked me to visit.

“I’m going to make the two cottages into one. I’d like an archway built in the party wall. I also want a number of other renovations done. I’ll show you after we’ve had our tea. By the way, were there any problems with my accounts?”

Over our cups of tea I asked her a few questions about her investments and which bank she wished to use in the town. That settled and our tea drunk, I was taken on a tour of both cottages.

I was shown where the archway was to go, and which rooms were to be used for what purpose. The end product would amount to a four-bedroom house with lounge, kitchen, bathroom, toilet and what she referred to as “The Play Room.”

I was then taken outside and we inspected the stables. Her gleaming vehicle lived in one of them. They were in a state of neglect but not beyond redemption.

“I shall want to have these put in good order,” she said, “ready for the horses when I buy them.”

I was beginning to wonder why she had asked me to come and listen to her intended alterations when she said, "I feel as if I can trust your advice. Could you recommend a builder who would make a good job of it?"

Building was a bit out of my province, but I was serving as accountant to our one local builder, George Gardener. I had heard good reports about his work, so I suggested that Mrs.White ask him for an estimate, while approaching a couple of other builders in Mine City.

"If you would like me to make the initial contacts for you, Mrs.White, I'd be happy to do that."

"If you would, I'd be very grateful. The babies are arriving in three of days, and Emily starts on Monday, so I could be fairly occupied. By the way, I think Mrs.White is a bit unnecessary now, so why not Kym?"

I smiled. "Aden," I responded. "I'll get the builders to come out as soon as possible. I suggest that you put on paper as many details of the work to be done as you can."

"I'll do that, Aden," she said.

In the warmth of the kitchen, she wore only a blouse, and I began to notice the little stains appearing again where her swollen breasts pushed against the cloth. I think she must have noticed my glance for she said, "Excuse me for a few minutes, Aden, but don't go, I've got something else to ask you."

She left me to contemplate the kitchen while, I assumed, she relieved herself of the milk burden.

I wondered again what had brought her to Paradise Valley. Her children were with her parents, but where was Mr. White? With the money she had, Kym could have chosen far less isolated places than the cottages, and why the strange combination of a horse riding stables and interior decorating?

Kym was now treating me more as a friend than her accountant; in fact, I was wondering how I could possibly charge her for the time I was spending with her. I considered whether our relationship had advanced far enough for me to ask some of my questions, but decided against it. If I was involved in a blossoming friendship, I didn't want to spoil it by stepping over the bounds into her private concerns. If ever she wanted to tell me, she no doubt would.

Kym returned and to a bachelor unversed in such matters, I thought her breasts looked more comfortable, and she had changed her blouse.

It was now fairly late in the afternoon, so I said, "You wanted to ask me something else?"

"Yes, I hope you don't mind a personal question, but are you married or anything?"

I laughed, "No I'm not married or anything, why?"

For the first time in our acquaintanceship, she looked a little shy.

"I'd like to ask you to stay for dinner, but I didn't want to get into trouble with a wife or partner. I've been more or less on my own since I arrived, and I'd like a bit of company."

I laughed again. "You won't get into any trouble with a wife or partner, and if you care to invite me, I'd be happy to stay. If I go home I have to cook my own meal or go to the pub and eat, but I do have to be somewhere at eight o'clock."

I did not tell her where I had to be at eight o'clock, but I had a little arrangement with my comfort lady in the town, an older woman, who helped me with my emotional problems once a week. It was no love affair, but two people who liked each other and served a need we both had. Actually, the affair had begun when I helped her out with her income tax forms, and she chose to show me her gratitude. I believe she showed her gratitude to a couple of other young men in the town, but made sure none of our appointments with her clashed.

So I stayed and had dinner with Kym. She was beginning to peep out from behind the reserve that had been present when I first met her. Over the meal, we discussed neutral subjects like the sort of music and books we liked, what painters we admired, and in this latter field, she proved very knowledgeable.

"I trained as an interior decorator," she said, "and a knowledge of art is almost essential if you are going to do the job properly."

That answered one of my unasked questions, so I boldly followed up with, "Do you expect to get much work in that line here?"

“Not in Paradise Valley itself, but in the mountains. You must have noticed that quite a lot of well off young couples are building or buying quite sizeable “shacks” as they call them, up there. There’s the lake for boating and swimming, the streams for trout fishing, wonderful walks and glorious views. They’re the sort of people who like to show off their wealth, and I think I might be just the person they need. In fact, I’ve already got a tentative client – someone I knew before...before I came here. If I do a good job, I’m hoping others will follow.”

I suppose I should have been aware of what was happening in the mountains, but as most of the people with “shacks” up there came and went intermittently, none of their legal or accountancy business came our way, so I just hadn’t noticed.

I glanced at my watch. It was approaching the time for the rendezvous with my comfort lady, so I rose, thanked Kym for the meal and bade her goodnight.

She accompanied me to the door saying, “Thanks for your company, Aden, I’ve really enjoyed having you here. I was just wondering, would you like to come and see my babies and meet my parents next week?”

It had been a pleasant time with Kym, but my interest in babies was minimal, and as for meeting her parents, I

couldn't really see the point. However so as not to stall the budding friendship, I agreed to pay a visit on the following Wednesday, which was the day after their arrival. I was to have lunch with them.

As I drove away I thought, "Friendship with Kym was all very nice, but how was I supposed to get on with my work when I'm out paying social calls with her in the middle of the day? Phineas might not be too happy about my absence from the office during working hours." I decided to have a chat with the old fellow.

I told him of my semi-social Saturday call on Kym, and asked how we were to charge her, and what did he feel about my visiting her on Wednesday.

"Stayed to dinner did you? Damned well done, my boy damned well done. Been living and working in this town nearly forty years, always made a point of getting to know the people. Got heaps of friends and as you can see, plenty of business as a result. Get their trust, my boy, get their trust. Let 'em get to know you. If you're going become a partner and eventually take over the business, you need to know your people and them you."

At my initial interview with him, Phineas had suggested an eventual partnership, but it not having been mentioned

since, I had concluded that it had simply been a way of hooking me into taking the job. His mentioning it now made me feel quite elated. The old devil really did mean it.

Phineas, with a twinkle in his eyes, went on, "Get to know the lady. From what I can see, it shouldn't prove much of a hardship, nice looking girl like her. Go out and see her kids and meet mummy and daddy, and never mind charging her, your salary won't suffer."

I left Phineas feeling partially elated and partially apprehensive. I recalled my father warning me, "Don't go meeting the girl's mother and father – very dangerous – never know what it might lead to. A young chap can be caught before he knows it. Next thing, it's wedding bells and waking up next morning wondering, 'What the hell have I done?'"

"Forewarned is forearmed," I thought. "No wedding bells or other sorts of tie-ups while I can get what I need for no cost and no commitment. I'll go out and meet the parents and see her kids, but no getting trapped."

Following that thought, instead of feeling pleased with myself, I felt a sense of shame. Kym had said or done nothing that indicated a relationship beyond a friendly business one. Why was I getting so defensive and suspicious? In any case,

why would a woman in her position be interested in a small town solicitor/accountant? And where was Mr.White? Clearly, I was being ridiculous!

I contacted our local builder, George, and a couple of others in Mine City, all of whom promised to go out to the cottages in the following week. On Wednesday, I made my own way to the cottages, and as I drew up outside Kym emerged to greet me.

This time I am afraid, I must use that overworked word “radiant” to describe her. Or perhaps “Sparkling” might be a better description. No matter, just say, she almost looked a different woman.

Her small hand in mine was no longer cold and the last of her reserve seemed to have fallen away from her.

“Come in and meet mummy and daddy, and look at my lovely babies,” she smiled.

For the first time I noticed what beautiful teeth, she had.

The furniture was still in disarray, and I assumed would remain so until all the renovations were completed, which would be some time well into the future. The kitchen was

still the gathering place, and as I entered a tall, military looking man rose.

“Aden, this is my father, Arnold White, and my mother, Janice.”

I began; “Pleased to meet you Mr...” I stopped and gave a foolish chuckle. “That’s a coincidence,” I said, turning to Kym, “Your single name being the same as your married name.”

There was an awkward silence, and I realised that I had made a blunder, but wasn’t sure what sort of blunder.

Arnold White saved the situation. “I’m delighted to meet you, Aden...I may call you Aden? Kym’s been telling us what a help you’ve been.”

He gave a laugh. “Actually did a tour of duty in Aden in the old days when I was in the army.”

Mrs.White shook my hand. She was an older version of Kym and still a lovely looking woman.

"I believe we have to thank you for being so kind to our girl?"

Not sure how to respond to these plaudits I muttered something like, "Not done much really."

"That's not what Kym tells us," Janice White said.

"Come and look at my babies," Kym almost pleaded.

The twins, also ensconced in the kitchen, were asleep side by side in a double cot. Looking at them, I did not know what to say. They looked pretty much like most babies, so I murmured something about them being looking nice.

"Nice!" said a voice behind me. Emily Carter had entered the kitchen unobserved by me, and now stood looking at me fiercely.

"Nice?" she repeated. "They're two of the prettiest little sweeties you're ever likely to see, Aden Barclay. Nice! Huh!"

"I was going to say something like that, Emily, if you hadn't interrupted," I lied.

“And donkeys might turn into fish,” she retorted. “Lunch, Kym?”

“Yes please, Emily.”

Over lunch, I learned that Arnold White had been a Colonel in the British army, and had served mainly in the warmer climes of what remained of the old empire.

“Thought I’d retire out here where it’s a bit warmer than the old country. Not so sure about this place though. Damned cold when that north wind blows.”

“Damned hot in the summer when it blows,” I said. “The snow’s gone and we get the hot wind from the inland.”

We got around to talking about Kym’s plans for the cottages and the stables, and I ended up wandering out with Arnold to take a look at the remains of the old house.

“Really am damned grateful to you, old chap...looking after our girl. Been through a rough time. Told her and told her not to marry the bastard, but she would have her own way...sorry, speaking out of turn. Not for me to go on about all that to you. She’ll tell you if she wants to. Quite capable of speaking up as you may have discovered.”

I could not honestly say I had noticed this facet of Kym's personality, but then, I'd only known her for a very short time, so I muttered, "I suppose so."

Despite his resolve not to go on, whatever the problem had been, he could not completely hold back.

"Damned shame. Loveliest girl you could ever wish to see. Just like her mother. Damn fine horsewoman too. Taught her to ride myself. Could have had the pick of chaps, and she chose that...Damn it, said I'd shut up, so I will."

This time he did "shut up." We wandered round the vicinity of the old house and the stables, conjecturing what might be done with them."

Arnold chuckled. "Won't make a bit of difference what we think, she'll do it her own way."

Returning to the kitchen, Janice White lured me into the ruins of the front garden on pretence of getting my advice about what could be done with it. She had her own piece to say to me.

"I'm so glad Kym has found a nice friend. It's been so hard for her...the babies and her breakdown. We were very

worried when she made up her mind to get away and come here. We pictured her all alone trying to cope...and we had the babies...and then you came along.”

Between them Arnold and Janice had added to my questions about Kym at least threefold. What had happened to this woman to drive her to leave her babies and come here?

“When she bought the place the plan was for all the renovations to be done before she moved in, but suddenly she couldn’t wait. That bloody man...”

Her voice trailed off, and I was somewhat taken aback at her use of the word “bloody.” I said, “Shall we go in?”

We went back to the kitchen, and I was a couple of paces into the room when I saw Kym breast feeding one of the babies. I could recall when my two sisters were small, my mother breast-fed them, but always away from my sight. I had never seen a baby being breastfed.

My first reaction was to be overwhelmed by the beauty of what I was seeing. I had heard that some women do not like breast feeding their child, or are even revolted at the very thought. It was clear that Kym was not one of those.

She sat in a chair her head bent to look at the baby as it suckled I noticed for the first time her long slender neck with a most exquisite curve as she watched over the baby. The thought that came to my mind was “Madonna and child.”

Wrenching myself out of this contemplation of Kym I apologised and made to leave the room.

“No need to be shy, old chap,” Arnold said, “Kym’s not worried. Not been brought up to be troubled about this sort of thing. Lovely, don’t you think? Used to get enormous pleasure seeing Janice feed Kym when she was a baby.”

Without really thinking, I spoke what was in my mind. “She looks lovely.”

Kym may not have been troubled about being seen breast feeding, but she blushed as she looked up at me and smiled.

“By the way,” I said by way of diverting the conversation, “I don’t know if they are boys and girls.”

“Girls” snapped Emily who was working at the sink. “Can’t you tell?” You don’t think boys would be as pretty as them do you?”

Not knowing how to reply, and having already stayed beyond the time I had allocated for the visit, I excused myself. "Must get back to work."

"Of course, old boy, beamed Arnold. See you to the car."

I said goodbye to Janice and Kym, and called to Emily, "See you in town some time."

Her reply was "Humph."

I found myself reluctant to take my eyes from Kym, who was now feeding the other baby. Something deep inside me that I couldn't identify stirred.

Arnold made use of his escorting me to the car to thank me again.

"Damned grateful old boy. Can go back to town feeling the girl's safe. Be damned glad not to be bottle feeding those kids anymore, even though they are sweeties."

I drove away with, to say the least, mixed feelings. I seemed to have been cast in the mould of a knight-errant that had ridden to the rescue of a young maiden. My reaction to

seeing Kym breast-feeding troubled me. I felt I had seen love in action, and this had awakened a chord of love in me.

“Careful, Aden,” I told myself. “Don’t want to get tangled up there. Stick to business and leave love to the simpletons.”

With that resolve, I began to apply myself to the future. Phineas was well past the age when most men retire. He had said quite clearly that I might become a partner and eventually take over the practice. He was not going to let me just walk in. I would have to buy my share of the practice.

My salary was good, and I had already saved a reasonable portion of it, but would now set about saving more. If when the time came for me to ‘buy in’ I did not have enough money, I should have to borrow.

Now more than ever I applied myself to the work, telling myself that I had no time to go socialising with Kym. She was no longer alone, as she had Emily at the cottages five days a week for several hours. She had no further need of me beyond care of her accounts and the odd bit of legal work for her.

A month went by, and I heard that work had started on the cottage renovations and the stables were to follow. Having

become somewhat parochial, I was glad to see that George, our local builder, got the contract.

Emily was used as a sort of go-between, bringing accounts and bills to me from Kym. Kym paid only minor bills from her personal cheque account. I dealt with the larger bills.

I was able to notice that her expenditure was well within the returns on her investments, but this would change when she had to pay for the renovations, and if she bought horses.

I met George one evening while I was having a meal in the pub.

“How’s it going at the cottages?” I inquired.

“Great,” he replied. “The places were well built from the start. Makes it easier when yer want to make alterations. The place don’t fall down round yer ears while yer working. She’s a lovely lady, ain’t she? Tell yer what, she’d be a right catch fer one of the lads round ‘ere, kids and all.”

He chuckled, “Don’t think the local boys have much chance though. Bit too rough fer her.”

He looked at me appraisingly. "Could suit you, though, Aden. Posh university boy and all that."

It was my turn to laugh. "I don't think so, George. Too busy working to be bothered with that sort of thing."

George gave another chuckle. "Wouldn't mind having a try meself, but I don't think the misses 'ud like it."

I bought him a pint and changed the subject.

Another fortnight passed, and it was six weeks since I had had any contact with Kym, then in mid afternoon I received a telephone call from her.

"Aden, how would you like to come out and have dinner tonight? The cottage renovations are nearly done, and I've got a little something to celebrate."

My first reaction was to excuse myself, telling her I was snowed under with work. On the other hand, I thought, I would like to see the renovations. After all, it wouldn't be Kym I was going to see, but my client Mrs.White, and as her solicitor and accountant, perhaps I should keep an eye on where the money was going. "No, I won't be going out there to see Kym!"

"I'd love to come," I said. ("Careful, lad," I thought).

"Come early," she said, "about six o'clock?"

("Bit of independence, Aden") "I'm rather busy. Could we make it six-thirty?" ("Huh, some independence, Aden").

"That would be lovely, Aden. See you at six-thirty."

She rang off. Why did I wish I was arriving at six?

The rest of the afternoon dragged. At last, it was time to leave the office. A shower, change of clothes, a bottle of the best red wine the pub could come up with, and I was on my way.

As I drove my throat was dry, and there was a sort of fluttering in my stomach. "Hunger, that's all it is."

I pulled up outside the cottages at six-twenty. I knocked on the door and Kym opened it.

"Bugger it, why did my heart seem to miss a couple of beats?"

“Aden, its lovely to see you. It’s been ages.”

She kissed me on the cheek.

I have read of innocent maidens blushing when the hero plucks his first kiss. I expected myself to be above such soft and feminine responses. So, why did I feel my face flush?

Conducted into the cottage I could see the changes immediately. Furniture was in place; the rooms were ready for occupation, except pictures were still unhung.

“They’ve finished in this cottage, and have only a bit more to do in the other one,” Kym said. “See the arch? Its all one house now.”

I stepped through the arch to peer into the other cottage and could see there was some plastering to be done and then painting.

Returning to first cottage I was struck by the colours used on the walls and doors. They were blue, green, yellow and orange. In most circumstances, I would have thought the colours both too many and clashing. Somehow, they had been used in such a way in the cottage so as to look just right.

I could not work out why, but Kym apparently doing her mind reading again, said, “You find the colours unusual?”

“Er...yes, but they seem to work, somehow...”

She laughed quietly. “Give them time and you’ll find they give you a feeling of serenity.”

I took her word for it, and we proceeded to the kitchen, which, it seemed, was still the domestic focus. The babies were once more asleep in their double cot, and there was a feeling of “home.”

“I like it in here,” Kym commented. “By the way, Emily has been teaching me to cook. You are going to be the first outsider I’ve cooked for – so prepare yourself for the worst.”

I must have looked surprised because she went on, “I’ve never had to cook before, but now, with the babies, I can’t always rely on Emily or someone like her, so I’ve got to learn. There are some things on the go at the moment, so dinner in about half an hour.”

The mention of dinner, which I could smell cooking in the oven, had a follow on effect. One of the babies woke up and began to whimper. This in turn awoke the other one and the whimpers began to rise to a shriller note.

Kym smiled. "Sorry, it's feeding time. You don't mind, do you?"

She unbuttoned the top of her dress. She seemed to be wearing a special sort of bra that enabled her to easily expose her breasts. She picked up one of the children, sat down, and with a hand under one of her breasts brought the nipple to the child's mouth. It began to suck avidly.

The other child was still in the cot, its cries growing lustier.

"I can feed them both at once," Kym said, "but I prefer one at a time. Would you mind holding Jessica? I won't be long."

I had never held a baby in my life and it must have shown. Kym instructed me on how to pick the child up and hold it. Following instructions, I took the child in my arms. As I sat down its cries abated and it began to make sucking noises.

"I'm afraid I can't help you, little one," I quipped, but despite my inability in the food department, it quieted completely, and lay staring at me. It was the first time I had taken a really close look at either of the children, and its eyes, even at its tender age, had the penetrating look of the mother's.

“She’s gone very quiet,” I said.

“Babies often like being held by a man. They feel the strength and security, and they...”

“I don’t know their names.”

“You’re holding Jessica and this is Tania. They are being baptised in a couple of weeks.”

I was looking at Kym feeding the baby, and the impact was almost the same as the first time I saw the baby at her breast. I struggled to find a word that would describe what I was seeing and feeling. Words like, “Divine,” “Holy,” “Sacred,” came to mind.

I sought to pull myself out of this nonsense. “Don’t be such a bloody fool, Aden,” I told myself. “You’re just looking at woman with a baby at her tit. It’s a mammary gland for stuffing food down a kids gullet.”

It was no good. I couldn’t convince myself of what I considered to be a rational view of what I was looking at.

Had I seen any other attractive woman with her breasts on display, I would have got horny. Looking at Kym, I was not getting aroused. It was something else – something more.

But what was it? What I was feeling I could not define. My lawyer and accountant brain could not fit the situation neatly into any category I understood.

I became aware that I was staring at Kym, fascinated. I looked away, embarrassed and troubled that I might be discomfiting Kym.

Those eyes of hers read me again. "It all right to look, Aden," she said gently, "some father's love to see their wife feeding..."

I looked up at her words, and she stopped abruptly. Her usual self-assurance seemed to desert her, and she stammered.

"Sorry... Aden... I didn't mean to put it like that...it's just that...that I would have liked...well...their father..."

"Its okay," I muttered lamely.

The child at her breast came off the nipple and began to cry.

Kym looked at me and said, "Sometimes they feel the emotional state of the mother."

I could feel Kym's agitation myself, and I sought to pacify the situation.

"I think seeing you feeding the baby is beautiful."

"Clumsy fool." I had made things worse. A tear rolled down her cheek, and she bent her head over the child to try and hid it.

The baby I was holding had started to cry in sympathy with the other. I let a bit of paternal instinct come into play.

"I'll just walk her around a bit, it might settle her."

My purpose was to get away from Kym as much as to stop the child from crying. I succeeded in both objectives. I left the kitchen and took the child for a tour round the rest of the place. It seemed to enjoy the movement, and began to go to sleep.

Kym's voice called me, so I returned to the kitchen. She seemed to have recovered from her emotional upset and was putting Tania back in the cot. She held out her arms for Jessica and in passing her over my hand brushed against

Kym's warm breast. I felt my stomach muscles tense, and there was a tingling sensation in my groin.

Kym exposed her other breast for Jessica, and this time I observed them unashamedly. Neither of us spoke – perhaps afraid that we might say the wrong things again.

I wanted to capture the vision. “If only I had a camera,” I thought, “Or better still, have the ability to paint them.” But then, no photograph or painting could replace the living reality of what I was seeing.

I made another effort to bring myself down to earth.

“Millions and millions of woman have been and are feeding kids,” I thought. “Why are you so wrapped up in this one?”

I could not answer my question.

Ridiculously, I felt a pang of regret when Kym had finished feeding. Tania was already asleep, and Jessica joined her.

Kym now completed preparations for our meal, which turned out to be a very simple affair of roast beef and vegetables, followed by what she called, “A lemon thing,” which was delicious. When I poured the first glass of the wine I had brought, Kym said, “I told you I have something

to celebrate. Well, it's the completion of my first interior decorating design since I came here, and its acceptance. Not bad for a mother of two who has been up to her ears with moving, builders and accountants?

We laughed and drank to her victory.

After dinner Kym put on a music CD, and she showed me some of the paintings she intended hanging on the walls. They were prints, not originals. In fact, the originals of the prints would have cost her whole fortune two or three times over.

Two of her prints really captured me. One seemed to fit in with the other business she had said she intended engaging in. It was called "Brood Mares and Foals," by George Stubbs. The other, a humorous painting by Thomas Rowlandson called, "The Merchant," or as it is sometimes known as, "A Money Scrivener."

This latter picture depicted an eighteenth century Scrooge figure contemplating his accounts, while a clerk works away in the background. It seemed an unusual picture to hang on a cottage wall, and Kym, observing my interest in it, said: "It will serve as a reminder."

I was tempted to ask, "Reminder of what," but decided I might be putting my foot into a wasp's nest.

By the time we had looked through and discussed all the paintings it was getting late. I had heard somewhere that nursing mothers often have to get up in the night to feed their babies, so I decided it was time to go.

I rose to bid Kym goodnight, but she stopped me.

"Aden, there's yet another favour I want to ask of you."

I anticipated something to do with the cottages or accounts, or perhaps a legal matter. I was wrong.

I've hesitated to ask you...and now, after what I said earlier you might think...I mean I shall understand if you say no...so please...don't feel obliged...but I would appreciate..."

"Please Kym, tell me what you'd appreciate."

"Well, it's the twins...I er..."

"Kym, say it and get it over with, please."

In a rush, "The baptism."

"Yes?"

"You see, Emily is going to be god mother, and George said he'd come with his wife, just to be there. So I wondered if you'd...just as a friend...mummy and daddy will be there..."

She must have seen that I'd just about reach bursting point at her vacillation, so she hastily said, "Would you come to the baptism?"

"Oh my God, what have I got into?" This was all getting a bit too domestic for my liking.

She noticed my hesitation.

"Its all right Aden, I only thought...I haven't been here long and don't know many people...and I just thought..."

"Of course I'll come." ("Flaming idiot. Atheist Aden off to church").

“Oh Aden, I’m so pleased. I mean...you have become a special friend. Er...would you hold one of the babies during the baptism?”

“Well you see, I don’t really believe...I mean, I don’t go the church, and all that sort of thing...”

“Its all right. You won’t have to take any vows or anything. Just hold one of them for me, that’s all.”

“Well I suppose so, yes.”

“Thank you.”

I got my second kiss on the cheek for the evening and left in turmoil.

I was so distraught I nearly climbed a tree with the car on the drive home. What was going on? What have I got myself into?

I kept telling myself, “She’s just a client who happens to be a friend...just a friend, nothing more. You are doing her a favour...just as a ...Oh, my God!”

The visit to my weekly comforter was more desperate than usual. I had a struggle to ejaculate, and she asked me if I was all right. I lied and said I was “just feeling a bit off colour.”

I found it hard to concentrate on my work, and in defending a client on a minor charge in the local magistrate’s court, the magistrate had to coax me on a point I should have seen for myself. It was that very point that got my client off the hook, so to speak, much to the annoyance of the police sergeant who was prosecuting.

I saw and heard nothing from Kym apart from a telephone call to inform me of the date and time of the baptism.

On the day of the baptism we all met outside the church. The congregation, so I was informed, was considerably larger than usual. Kym might not have many friends around the town, but she did have many people wondering about her. I suspected that a lot of them came to the baptism out of curiosity.

The baptismal party consisted of Arnold and Janice White, Emily, George Gardener and his wife, myself and of course, Kym and the twins.

Arnold was holding one of the babies. As they were identical twins I did not know which was which, but spying me,

Arnold promptly planked the child in my arms saying, “Ah, here’s the fella. She’s all yours for the duration.”

I found myself holding Jessica or Tania. I didn’t know which. The child lay in my arms giving me the penetrating look I had observed before. “Wonder what the little blighter’s thinking,” I wondered.

We entered the church and were conducted to the front pew. It was a bit too conspicuous for my liking.

The service began and was not as boring as I thought it would be. The vicar or parson, or whatever he was, seemed to talk a lot of sense. I noted that when he prayed, he did not go about asking God for a lot of favours or special treatment. He asked that we might become aware of who are hurting in our community, and we be given the insights and ability to help them. Atheist or not, I liked that.

When it came to the baptism all seven of us plus the parson, gathered round the font. Only Kym and Emily had to say anything, and the rest of us were there just as friends, except I was a baby holder.

The parson, seeing me holding the baby, looked a bit confused. Kym whispered something to him, and glancing

at me he said, "Ah. Perhaps, Mr.Barclay, you would give the baby to Mrs.Carter for the ceremony."

I handed over the child to Emily and the baptism proceeded.

I had half expected that the babies would cry during the baptism, especially when having water splashed over their heads. As it was, they behaved like little angels, and as each child was held up before the congregation there were female oohs and aaahs.

A table had been booked at the pub for a celebratory meal to which the baptismal party, including the parson, repaired after the service. Red and white wine was available, and I noted that the parson enjoyed himself hugely.

When the meal was eaten the party continued to sit around the table finishing the wine, and Arnold came over to me and whispered, "Come and have one at the bar with me."

The bar was nearly empty, and Arnold ordered a double whisky for himself and a brandy for me. While I sipped on my brandy he got through a couple more doubles, and having already had a fair amount of red wine, he grew tipsy and took on what I decided was an officer's mess way of speaking.

"Don't like to be nosy, old boy, but feel I must ask. Are you and Kym...you know...are you er...well, are you er...intimate?"

"Good lord no! I'm just her solicitor and accountant. We are quite good friends, but that's all."

"Ah! Yer see, Janice and I, we notice she talks about yer a lot. Love her heaps, old boy, the wife and I. Went a bit wild yer know...when she was a teenager. Probably my fault. Bit strict...army discipline and all that...see it now. Follow me?"

"Yes."

"Lovely girl at heart...very bright too...just went off the track, you understand?"

"Yes."

"Beautiful kids, ain't they?"

"Yes, lovely."

"Been badly hurt, old boy...very badly. Would have shot the bastard, but not worth going ter jail for...see what I mean?"

“Er...yes.”

“Don’t want to see her hurt again. Learnt her lesson, but nice looking girl, lots of money...”

“Yes, could be vulnerable, but she seems very independent and capable.”

“Oh, quite, old boy, quite. Hope you don’t mind me goin on like this, just thought I’d ask. Well set up young fella like you...could understand if you and she...but as you say, just friends.”

“Yes, just friends.”

“Glad she’s got a nice friend like you. Another brandy?”

“No thanks. I think we ought to be getting back to the party?”

“Of course. Thanks fer listenin’ old chap.”

We went back to the others who were on the point of breaking up. Kym came over to me and kissed my cheek. Thank you for coming, Aden."

"I enjoyed it."

"Did you really?"

Her eyes were on me, the truth would out. I considered for a moment. "Yes, I did, thank you for inviting me."

Kym gave my hand a gentle squeeze.

Mrs. Gardener was the only one who had stuck to non-alcoholic drinks, and Kym had been very moderate, so they now had the babies. I got bold and kissed each child on the forehead, and bade the company goodbye and left.

"Well, you can't say you haven't been warned, Aden," I told myself. "Her parents have had me lined up as a potential husband, or at least, a lover. I bet the others have similar thoughts. Better listen to your father's warning."

I made up my mind that it had to stop. I would avoid Kym and her brood in future.

Fate dictated otherwise.

Arriving at the office on the Wednesday after the baptism I looked at the appointment list placed on my desk by Anne, our secretary/receptionist. Glancing down the list my eyes glued to one name: "Mrs.White. 1.30 p.m."

"Oh God, what now?"

I got through my appointments and other work with difficulty that morning. I was so tense I could not eat my lunch. 1.30 precisely Anne put her head round my office door.

"Mrs.White, Aden."

"Show her in please."

Kym is one of those horrible people who can wear old rags and make them look as if they are fresh from a top fashion house. She looked like that now.

"Hello, Aden."

Good afternoon, Kym." ("Damn her, why does she have to look so good?") "Sit down, Kym."

("Oh God, why did she have to cross her beautiful legs like that?")

"They've started work on the stables."

"Ah." ("Its business, just business!").

"I need to start thinking about buying horses, so I thought I might see how I stand financially."

"I see." My fingers flicked over the computer keyboard, bringing up her records. Well, when you pay for all the renovation work, and assuming there have been no additional costs, you will have reduced your readily available capital considerably. I have no idea what horses cost, or how many you want to buy, but my guess is that you wont have enough ready money to cover the purchase."

"Should I cash in some of my investments?"

"That would be a pity. They are very sound investments, and while they don't return big dividends, they do give more

than bank interest on a loan. My suggestion is that we seek a bank loan. Of course, they would have to be assured that the business is sound."

"What about if I put up the cottages as collateral?"

"Yes, if you feel sure the risk is worth taking."

And so we went on for nearly an hour. It was all very business like with nothing personal entering into the discussion. To my shame, I was so concerned to keep Kym at bay that I did not even ask about her welfare or that of the twins.

We ended up with what I hoped would be a satisfactory arrangement financially, and I rose to say goodbye.

Kym shook my hand and my stomach went into knots again, and my groin tingled.

"I hope we shall see something of you soon, Aden."

"Er...yes." I assumed that what she meant by "we", was her and the twins."

Negotiations with the bank were out of my hands, so until Kym got the loan and it was handed over to me, there seemed no further reason for contact, at least, for some time.

When she left, there was slight trace of her delicate perfume left in the air.

The loan came through very quickly and was paid into Kym's working capital account.

Six weeks went by without further face to face contact. There were a few telephone calls to tie up odd pieces of business, nothing more, until early in the seventh week after her visit. She telephoned.

"Aden, the State Symphony Orchestra is coming to Mine City to give a couple of concerts. Mummy and daddy have sent me two tickets for the performance on Friday this week. Would you come with me? They're playing a piece you said was your favourite."

"Yes, I'll come."

"Lovely. It starts at eight, so if I pick you up about seven, will that be all right?"

“Fine.”

“Until Friday, then.”

She rang off.

There seemed to be two Adens battling away inside me, the trouble was, I didn't know which was the demon and which the angel.

“What the hell are you thinking of, going to a concert with her?”

“I'm only going for the music.”

“Liar. You want to see her again, don't you?”

“No. I'm going because I shall get a free ticket.”

“After all the resolutions you made about not seeing her socially again! You're mad!”

“All right, I enjoy her company, what's wrong with that?”

“Nothing. Of course, you won’t be noticing how pretty she is, and you won’t enjoy her perfume or remember how she looked when she fed the babies, will you?”

“Certainly not.”

“Double liar. You are weak, Aden Barclay. The boy who could go it alone, hah! The one who didn’t want any entanglements with females. She’s got you hooked, old son, well and truly hooked.”

“No she hasn’t. She just wants me to go with her because she knows I like music.”

“Oh yeah!”

So, it went on for the rest of the week. Many times, I resolved not to think about Kym, but she kept exploding into my head. My comfort lady asked again what was wrong; “Your not really with me, are you? What is it? Have you fallen in love or something?”

“Certainly not.”

“Seems very like love to me. Come on tell me who she is. Or have you discovered you’re really gay?” She laughed.

"I am not gay, as you should know, and I'm not in love."

"Some blokes like the best of both worlds."

"Well I don't."

"You won't tell me who she is, so I'll tell you. It's that woman at stable cottages, isn't it? And don't bother denying it, half the town have got you and her hooked up."

"What!"

"This is a small town, Aden, people pick up things. Even the tiniest incident or hint is enough to get them speculating. If you didn't want people to think you and her were getting together, you should never have turned up holding the baby at the baptism."

"Let's close the subject shall we?"

"If you say so. Come on, let's go to bed and I'll see what I can do for you."

She was right; I wasn't really with her. When I ejaculated into her, it was not she, but a fantasy of Kym. I began to see myself as a hopelessly lost soul.

Friday night Kym arrived promptly at seven. As I entered the car, the first thing I noticed was her delicate perfume. I forced my accountant self to come to the surface and thought, "Bet that perfume cost a fortune."

Unfortunately, my accountant self fled when she leaned over to kiss my cheek and say, "Thank you for coming with me, Aden."

"Who's looking after the twins?" I asked.

"Emily. She's staying over night."

"What about...er...the, er, feeding."

She laughed. "I fed them before I left and there are a couple of bottles prepared just in case." She laughed again; "I didn't expect you to be so interested."

"Well, I just thought...you know..."

We let the subject drop.

It was only about a half-hour drive to Mine City and the conversation, such as it was, focused on her stables and the two horses she had purchased.

“Of course,” she said, “I shall need at least a dozen horses, and then someone to help with them and the stable cleaning and so on. Perhaps you might ask Mr. Willow if he knows of any suitable person? They can be male or female.”

“I’ll do that,” I said hoarsely, and thought, “Why is my throat so dry and my stomach all tensed up?”

We were a little early for the concert so we hung around in the foyer for a while. The first person I clapped eyes on, or rather, he clapped eyes on Kym and I, was Phineas. He had come to the concert with his wife.

He bounded over to us, eyes twinkling; he introduced his wife to Kym, then said, “ Nice to see you two here.” He turned to Kym and winked, “Until you came along I used to think that this boy was not making friends half enough. Glad I sent him to meet you that first day. Very suitable, very suitable, eh?”

Kym smiled and said, "I'm glad you sent him."

I decided to redirect the conversation and asked him about a suitable person to work with Kym's horses.

"Think about it over the weekend, old son, let you know on Monday. Better get into the auditorium."

Mrs. Willow sidled up to me and whispered, "Haven't seen her before, she's lovely, Aden, you're a lucky boy."

The State Orchestra is excellent, and the conductor hurled them into the overture that happened to be Beethoven's Leonora Number Three. Having nearly brought the roof down with the energy of the performance, the concert was off to a good start.

The Sibelius Violin Concerto followed the overture. During the course of this work, my hand brushed against Kym's as it rested on the armrest, I let my hand remain on hers, and it was not rejected. After a while I felt her fingers entwining with mine. My blood pressure seemed to rise, and I could barely concentrate on the music.

During the interval, we saw several other Paradise Valley people, who seemed to give us "knowing glances." Some of

them had never met Kym, so there were introductions to be made. Phineas did not approach us again, but I saw him twinkling at us a few times.

While I was getting a couple of drinks at the bar one of the newly introduced men came up and dug his elbow into my ribs.

“Lucky sod,” he chortled, “Some blokes get all the luck.”

So, it seemed that everyone had Kym and I paired off. During the second half of the concert we did the finger twining again, and the thought came to me, “Aden, you’ve been getting yourself all stirred up about this woman, and people are assuming all sorts of things about our relationship, but what is Kym thinking and feeling?”

Neither I, nor the rest of the people who had us as good as married or as lovers, seemed to consider that side of the equation. Suppose Kym was merely being friendly? Suppose she was simply expressing her gratitude for the help I had given her? Handholding did not have to indicate a lifetime commitment, and many people kissed each other on the cheek.

Perhaps I had been getting myself in a state over nothing! The thought did not help. It left me more confused than ever about my own feelings.

The conversation during the drive home centred around the concert, and Kym broached the idea that we might go and see the next performance by the “Mines City Theatre Company.” I stalled on this one, saying something about having to see what my workload looked like.

Kym dropped me outside the two bed roomed cottage I rented. As I was about to get out of the car she kissed my cheek again and said, “I have enjoyed being with you, Aden. Good night.”

I got out and she drove off. I watched the red taillight until she turned the corner of the street. When it disappeared, I felt a sudden hollowness inside me. I entered the cottage that for the first time seemed very empty.

Monday morning Phineas came into my office with the names of a couple of girls whom he said were “Horse fanatics.”

“Should suit Mrs.White nicely.”

“He sat down and looked at me penetratingly for a few seconds, then said, “Suppose we’ll be hearing wedding bells soon? Good idea, old son, good idea.”

I put on a haughty manner and replied, “If you are referring to Kym and I we just happen to be friends.”

He gave me another stare. “Are you out of your mind, old son. There’s fifty blokes and more in this town who’d give their right arms to climb into her bed. Don’t tell me you haven’t thought about it! If you haven’t then it makes me wonder what you do think about.”

I felt my anger beginning to rise and boss or not, I snapped back, “If you must know, I’m concentrating on getting that partnership you talk about.”

“No need to get upset, old son. Didn’t mean to interfere, but with a gorgeous girl like that in tow I took it for granted that you’d be...you know...even with the babies...I mean, she’d be quite catch.”

Phineas was not easily abashed, but he looked it now. I cooled down and spoke less aggressively.

“Phineas, everybody in this town, it seems, has Kym and I getting married or becoming lovers. As I say, we are just friends. I have no intention of catching Kym, and I don’t think she is out to catch me.”

“You know best old son. Sorry I spoke out turn.”

He rose and got as far as the door, then turned, “You’re a bloody fool if you don’t try and catch her.”

Before I could protest, he fled back to his office.

I got Anne to telephone Kym to pass on the names Phineas had given me, and tried to settle down to work. It was not easy.

There was another long gap of time and no contact with Kym. I think it must have been about three weeks. Then one Thursday afternoon Anne put her head round my door.

“Emily Carter is here, she’d like to see you, have you got time?”

I felt a little alarmed, wondering if something was wrong out at the cottages, so I told Anne to send Emily in.

She came in looking very huffy. She did not wait to be asked to sit down; she simply sat and looked at me aggressively.

“Now then, Aden Barclay,” she said portentously, “It’s time someone had a word with you.”

“Oh?”

“Yes. What do you think you’re playing at?”

“What are you talking about, Emily?”

“What are you talking about, Emily,” she mimicked. “Don’t you play the innocent with me Aden Barclay.”

“Please, Emily, I really don’t know what you’re talking about. If I offended you in...”

“Offended me? Me!” she almost shrieked at me. “What about that lovely woman, eh?”

I decided not to pretend I didn’t know whom she referred to.

“You mean Kym.”

“Ah, he’s woken up,” she said to the ceiling. “About bloody time to you...you...you philanthropist.”

Put in context I assumed she meant “Philanderer.”

“You play around with that girl’s emotions, then don’t see her or speak to her for weeks. What’s your game, Aden Barclay?”

I decided on a dignified manner despite the quivering in my stomach and heart pounding in my chest.

“I do not have a game, Emily, and certainly not in relation to Mrs.White. She and I are merely friends. There is nothing more to it than that.”

She addressed the ceiling again; “Oh Gawd, does he really not know?”

“Know what, Emily?”

“Do I have to tell you? Been to university haven’t you? Pity they don’t teach some common sense along with all that other rubbish.”

I was angry now. “Emily, you will either tell me plainly what you mean, or get out of my office.”

“Oh, I’ll tell you plainly enough, and it’ll be a pleasure to get out of your office, Mr.Barclay.”

Threateningly, “Emily...”

“All right, all right. If you want it straight, here it is; Gawd knows why, but the poor thing loves you.”

A long silence followed. Emily looked exhausted by her verbal efforts, and I was in a tangle of emotions.

Finally, I managed to croak out, “How do you know that, Emily?”

From a shriek, her voice descended to a barely audible whisper.

“Don’t I see her day after day? Don’t she keep asking, ‘Do you think Aden will call today?’ ‘Do you think he’ll telephone?’ ‘Why do you think he’s avoiding me?’ ‘Have I done or said something to offend him?’ ‘I’ve taken the initiative each time in our friendship, but afterwards he just seems to ignore me’.”

“D’yer think I don’t know when a woman’s in love? And that poor dear with the twins, trying to get her businesses started, and my guess, someone’s given her a bad time, and now you. Don’t you think she’s had enough?”

“Have I been that bad, Emily?”

She softened towards me. “Aden, you’ve got the chance of a lovely woman – not just to look at – she’s good inside.”

“I know,” I said.

“Then what’s wrong, Aden? The babies, is that what it is? You don’t want to have someone else’s kids around? They’re hers too, you know, and they’re the sweetest little things.”

“No, no, it’s not the twins.”

“Look, Aden, if you don’t love her, then at least go and talk to her. I mean, if you’re like some people, all wrapped up in work with no interest outside – by the way, I know about you and that woman you visit – go and tell her. I don’t mean come blurting out with it, but see her and let your ideas drop into the conversation. She’s a clever woman; she’ll catch on. And if you don’t want her I hope she gets someone more appreciative than you, and then you can suffer about him getting into her bed.”

She rose. “I’ve said what I came here to say. What you do about it is up to you, but even if you don’t love her, at least be kind to her. It’s a bloody shame though, lovely girl like that with so much love to give – and who wants to receive.”

I rose and extended my hand. We shook hands across the desk.

“Thank you, Emily. You’ve really put me in the picture and made me see myself and what I’ve been doing to Kym. I promise I shall make amends.”

She smiled. “I knew you weren’t all bad.” She departed.

I sat at my desk staring into space. “Love?” I’d been “in love” many times at university, but that was the sort of love that

said, “I want to fuck that girl.” It was infatuation and it didn’t last.

But Love with a capital L. That is something different. Did I want that? Did I want to give that? To be committed, to not only bed, but to care for that person, to share their good times and their bad? To be there for them no matter what?

If once I decided to love, and such love must be a conscious decision, that is what it would mean to me. Perhaps that was why I had been holding back from Kym? It was a sort of fear of self – fear of the unqualified nature of my love once I decided to give it.

Did I want to give this kind of love to Kym, and with Kym, the twins? Did Kym want that love from me?

I thought of our relationship. A few pecks on the cheek initiated by Kym. Holding hands like a couple of lovesick teenagers in the concert. The soft warmth of her breast as my hand accidentally brushed against it when handing her the baby.

I did not know the answers to my questions at that moment, but I was going to damn well find them.

Emily had, perhaps unknowingly, hit the mark when she asked, "What's your game, Aden Barclay." I had been playing games - games with my own emotions, and apparently with Kym's. It was time to call a halt.

I picked up the telephone and pressed in Kym's number. I got her answering machine.

"Aden Barclay, Kym. I'd like to come and see you this evening. Would you call back and let me know if that's okay?"

I rang off feeling discontented. There is always something unsatisfactory about speaking to an answering machine rather than a flesh and blood person.

I tried to work, but as usual, when Kym loomed large, my concentration flagged. I was on edge for her return call, and when by five o'clock she had not answered, I had a feeling of desperation.

I was about to give up when the telephone rang. I grabbed it.

"Aden Barclay."

“Aden, sorry I didn’t get back to you before. I was out in the stables and we don’t have the extension on there yet. You want to come out this evening?”

“If you’re free Kym.”

“Yes, but you won’t be able to see the stables or the horses. We haven’t got the power out there yet, either.”

“I’m not coming to see the stables or the horses, Kym. I’ve got something important I want to say to you, and I want it to be face to face.”

I sensed her hesitating, then, “That sounds ominous, Aden. Am I broke, or something?”

“No, no, nothing like that. It’s personal.”

Another pause. “I see. Well, what about eight o’clock. The twins will be asleep by then and I will have finished clearing up.

“Thanks, Kym. See you at eight.”

I put the telephone down. My heart was racing and I felt slightly sick. What was I going to say? How could I open the conversation? All my fine legal training and accountants jargon was of no help. Again, Emily had been right. If only the university had taught me “common sense.”

Once more, I remembered my father’s advice on not being hooked by a woman, and then I gave an inner chuckle. He was a fine one to talk. He got hooked and seemed to be very happy to be landed by my mother.”

I went home and tried to eat a wretched meal of tinned spaghetti, but I didn’t seem to be able to swallow it. I showered and changed into some casual clothing, then tried to watch the news on television. I saw and heard none of it. My mind was focused on Kym and my meeting with her.

The time came to set off, and I drove with a buzzing noise in my head. I think I was tenser than when I used to sit for university exams.

Kym must have heard my car draw up, or was watching for it, because she had the door open before I got to it.

“It is lovely to see you Aden,” I got my kiss on the cheek. “You have me nervous. Are you going to give me some bad news?”

“I don’t know, Kym, I honestly don’t know.”

She led me into the kitchen that now had a couple of small armchairs on either side of the wood stove, and indicated that I should sit.

“Aden, you look so pale, what is it? Are you in some sort of trouble?”

“No, at least, not the sort of trouble I think you mean.”

“What sort, then? Tell me and I’ll help if I can.”

Damn the woman! Why did she have to be good as well as beautiful?

“It’s about you and me, Kym.”

“Us?”

“Have you heard the stories going round the town, linking us?”

“Yes. Emily likes to keep me informed,” She gave her throaty chuckle. “Is it bothering you?”

“Yes...er...no, well, sort of.”

“You don’t seem to be sure whether it’s ‘yes’ or ‘no’.”

I screwed up my courage.

“Kym, I’ve been lectured by your father, by Phineas, and this afternoon by Emily. I get all sorts of sly hints, nods, winks and I’ve almost been congratulated on our engagement or marriage or becoming lovers, I’m not sure which. I keep saying we are just friends, but nobody seems to believe me. More to the point, they don’t want to believe me.”

Kym became very serious. “I see. What did daddy have to say to you about me?”

I gave her a brief summary of his bar side lecture, pointing out that he had been most concerned that she should not be hurt again.

“Did he tell you why or how I was hurt?”

“No, although he did say you would tell me if and when you wanted to.”

“Do you want to know, Aden?”

“Only if you want to tell me...I mean...I have no right to...”

“Why would you want to know, Aden?”

She had caught me nicely. Why indeed would I want to know? I was not the scandal collecting type, always assuming there was something scandalous to collect, and so why?

Kym looked deep into me with her penetrating eyes.

“I can say why I would tell you – why I want to tell you. I want to tell you because I want to be honest with you, because I don’t want to hide anything from you. I need you to know me as I am, and what we all are is made up largely from what we have been and done. I will tell you what hurt me so deeply, because I love you, Aden.”

I was stunned by her openness. I would never have asked her if she loved me because a declaration of love must be

given without the slightest pressure or duress. It must be freely and voluntarily declared. Kym had done exactly that.

“Do you still want me to tell you my tale of woe, Aden?” She had said this cynically.

I said, “If you want to.”

“Damn it, Aden, why do you always have to be a lawyer. Can’t you give a straight answer, to a straight question?”

“Tell me.”

“I make one proviso. When I have told you, if you must, have contempt for me, reject me, but do not pity me. I would prefer that you understand, but no pity.”

“Very well.”

“Do you remember when you thought it odd that my married name was the same as my unmarried name?”

“Yes.”

“Of course, my married name was different. I use the Mrs. title for the sake of the twins, but my married name was (she mentioned a name I thought I recognised).”

“I seem to know that name, but can’t place it.”

“You should know it, he’s one of this country’s multi-millionaires.”

Then it hit me. He was best known for crude but effective television advertisements. The sort that repels, but remains in the memory, which I suppose means they do what they are intended to do. He had his fingers in many other financial pies, and was known as someone who would do anything for money and power.

“You were married to him?”

“Yes.”

I was at a loss to know what to say, but Kym continued.

“I met him soon after I had graduated from my interior decorator’s course. His was the first house I was contracted to “do over” as he called it. I was young, and as daddy told

you, rebellious. In my teenage years, I revolted against the discipline that daddy tried to impose.”

“I met this man, rich, famous, and he seemed a free spirit. He did and said what he wanted to. He rode roughshod over anyone who stood in his way. I was impressed, I even thought he was wonderful, the sort of person I thought I wanted to be, not bound by all that old fashioned moral and ethical nonsense. Just take what you want by any means you can.”

“Can you believe it, Aden, I was very attractive in those days...”

I protested, “Kym, you are lovely now...”

“Do shut up, Aden. He asked me to marry him. He was in his mid-forties, and I knew he had been married five times before, but it would be different with me. How we delude ourselves! I would find the best in him. I would make him happy. Together we would conquer the world.”

“I won’t bore you with a long story. He was a pig. He might, as the media has told us, have had a horrendous childhood, but he was a pig. He didn’t care who he hurt, who he destroyed, so long as he came out on top.”

Kym had spoken strongly to this point, but now she seemed to wilt.

“Aden, oh Aden, you don’t know the things he made me do. He was a man of power, but in bed, he wanted to be abased...to be humiliated...I can’t...I won’t tell you, Aden... Can you understand? Please say you understand.”

I was not to pity her, but what do you call it when the heart bleeds for someone?

“I understand.”

“When I became pregnant, do you know what he said, Aden? Oh, Aden, try to understand, please...”

“Just tell me, Kym.”

She slipped from her chair onto the rug before the fire and knelt there as if praying. I wanted to go to her, hold her, but did not have the nerve.

“He said, ‘Get rid of the little bastard.’ We didn’t know it was twins then. He called it, ‘An accident’. I didn’t know, Aden,

I didn't know what to do. I still thought I could show him what love could do, could be, but I..."

I hated myself. Here was someone in anguish, and I hadn't the guts to comfort her.

"Aden, when I was in hospital, just after having the babies, he was interviewed on television. I was watching him on the screen over my bed. They asked him about his many marriages. Do you know what he said?"

I did know, for I had seen that interview, but I let her get it out.

"He said, 'I marry them, then after a couple of years, when I've had enough of 'em, I give 'em a couple of million dollars and piss 'em off'."

"I was so humiliated. I felt like a slut. I was something to be used, then thrown aside. Aden, don't hate me."

"When I came home with the babies, I tried to tax him with what he said on television. He laughed. 'Piss of now, if you like, I've had all I want from you. You can have your money now, that's what you want, isn't it? I've got your replacement lined up.'"

“Do you understand, Aden?”

“I understand.”

“I got very sick with depression. They called it ‘post natal depression’. It wasn’t that, it was the humiliation of his rejection, and my foolishness in ever being tied up with him.”

“Mummy and daddy did their best. I got my ‘pay out’ from him, and bought the cottages, but I wasn’t supposed to move in until all the work was done.”

“You know, I thought I had made many friends when I was with him. When he told me I could go, most of them didn’t want to know me. They all wanted to hold on to his coat tails - to get what they could out of him - he thought he could buy love, but all he got was obsequious followers.”

“When you met me off the airplane, I was trying to run away...run way from the memory of his world and all his pathetic, money grubbing ‘friends’. It doesn’t work Aden. You have to face things as they are. I suppose that’s what I’m doing now.”

She ceased speaking, her head bent as she stared at the rug. It had been a cathartic unbosoming. I felt somehow a responsibility as the recipient of her confession.

Kym remained kneeling on the rug before the fire, weeping as if her heart would break. She was a woman who had been used, a toy to be thrown aside. One of the plastic people of our time who, when their “use value” runs out, are sent like discarded plastic wrapping to a social rubbish dump.

At last, I found the courage, or whatever it was, to comfort her. I knelt in front of her and she looked up, her eyes still filled, her face ravaged by tears.

“Well, Aden?”

“I understand, Kym.”

She crumpled against me, pressing in against my chest as if she would hide in me. I put my arms round her. I felt as if I wanted to protect her, to shelter her and her babies. She began to speak again in a voice muffled by my shirt.

“I tried to be fair to him, Aden. I had heard all about his terrible life as a child. I would even have forgiven the hurts

he had inflicted on me, but there was one thing that I could not forgive.”

“What?”

“After I left him and went to live with mummy and daddy, I contacted him about access to the twins. Do you know what he said?”

The sobs began again.

“He said...he said...’They’re you’re little shits, you keep ‘em’, and he rang off. He doesn’t want to see them, Aden.”

I knew how this man looked and sounded from his appearance on television. He came across as disdainful and brutal, and he made no attempt to hide it. I don’t like to admit it, but I think he appealed to something both basic and base in people, including me. He touched the worst, in us, almost making it seem the best. He displayed a, “Greed is good” mentality and made one think it a virtue. Yet even then it was hard to accept that he would reject his own children so crudely.

“That’s the story, Aden. What do you think of me now? ‘A slut’? ‘A money grubbing whore’? That’s what he called the women he had been married to. Is that what I am Aden?”

“No.”

“What then? Tell me what I am to you.”

This I suppose is what people call, “The crunch point.” What I said now would have ongoing consequences for our relationship. It might deepen it or end it, depending what I said. Kym came to my rescue.

“I shouldn’t have asked you that, Aden, not right now. Hearing what I had to say your response at this moment might be different from that which you might make after it has milled around in your head for a while. Come and see me in a week’s time, and tell me then, if you wish.”

Kym had gained some composure, and it seemed that I was to leave. She rose and I stood up.

“Thank you for listening to my miseries so patiently,” she said, then rising on her toes she put her arms round my neck and kissed me for the first time on my lips. It was not an erotic kiss, but tender and warm. She pressed her still wet

face to mine for a moment and said again, "Thank you, Aden."

She walked to the car with me holding my arm; I opened the car door and said, "Goodnight, Kym."

"Goodnight, Aden."

I drove away with the feeling that I was leaving part of myself with her.

I flung myself into work the following week, but her story still buzzed around in my head. My confusion over her had not been dissipated by her revelation, it had redoubled it. I suppose I could not equate the woman I knew with the image of a rebellious girl who married a coarse thug.

Then I took a mental walk up and down in my own past behaviour. The girls I had used, and even my present comfort lady. True, we both understood what the contract was but I now began to feel I was using her as a "thing" and not a person.

I went to see my comfort lady that week and ended our arrangement.

“Thought it would come to this,” she said with a sigh. “Well, no regrets, Aden. I’ve had some lovely times with you. Just you make sure that girl has some lovely times with you as well.”

We kissed and I left her. I felt a pang of regret. She was some fifteen years older than I was, and a very motherly type. Sex with her was rather like fulfilling the fantasy of many boys, of making love with their mother.

I had, as it were, burnt my sexual bridges behind me, yet I had not clearly defined why I had done that. My legal brain was tormented by this lack of a definition. Was it so I could come to Kym with “clean hands”, or more accurately, “A clean sex organ”? But there was no guarantee that I would ever have sex with Kym. The arrangement was that next time we met, and if I so chose, I could tell her what I thought about her.

There was no compulsion for me to tell her. She had said so her self, but three little words she had used kept gnawing away at me; “I love you.” They had been said almost in passing and were the reason she had told me her story. They had not been said again, but the power they exerted was disproportionate to the number of times they were uttered. They are words, often used casually by people, but in the context of my meeting with Kym, they carried the overtones of commitment.

Assuming for a moment that marriage or becoming lovers, was the matter to be decided, how did I feel about it?

Construed in the worst possible way, did I want that man's cast-off? Did I want an association with his children? Kym herself had questioned whether or not she was a "slut," "a money grubbing whore." Did I now see her like that?

I had confessed nothing to her, but the question arose in my mind, "Do I want her to see me in the light of what I have been, the things I have done? Or do I want her to accept me as I am now?"

Yes, that is what I expected of her in relation to me.

What hypocrites we humans can be. As someone said about two thousand years ago, "You judge others by rules that you don't apply to yourselves."

Kym had suggested a week to pass before we met again. It was now less than a week, but I had reached the point where I could not hold out any longer.

I telephoned asking that I see her that evening. She made no fuss about this, and a time was set for my arrival. I think we

both understood that this would be the crisis and defining moment in our relationship.

Kym was there to greet me at the door, but there was no kiss this time. We were both very tense.

Once more it was the kitchen and the chairs on either side of the wood stove, although, being a warm evening, there was no fire.

We sat in silence for some time, me not knowing how to begin, she anticipating that I had something to say to her.

Finally, Kym broke the silence.

“Aden, you asked to come and see me. Am I to take that literally – that you just want to sit here looking at me - or was there something more?”

“Something more,” I muttered.

Another long pause.

“Well, what is it Aden?”

"I love you, Kym."

"Yes, I know."

"Ah!"

"Is that it, then, Aden?"

"No there's more."

"What more?"

"You've told me about you, but I haven't told you about me."

"You don't need to, Aden. I accept you as you are now."

"But that not fair..."

"Aden, you're not arguing a case in the magistrates court now, it's me you're talking to. Remember me, Kym?"

We looked at each other and burst out laughing.

“Remember you? You awful woman! I can’t get you out of my mind.”

“Oh?”

“Can we get married, or something?”

“Now that, Aden, is a really romantic proposal. My immediate answer to your delicately put suggestion is, I’d rather pass on the ‘or something’, and since you are so legal, I shall say that I’m prepared to negotiate on the ‘get married’ aspect.”

“There are two aspects to this case, M’lud. First, my client, the proposee is not yet divorced, and secondly, M’lud, will the proposer also marry the proposee’s offspring?”

Picking up her mimicking caricature of the court room, I continued; “M’Lud, my client, the proposer, wishes it to be known that he is willing to await the final dissolution of the proposee’s previous marital bonds, and undertakes to provide due care and sustenance for her two female offspring.”

We both nearly fell out of our chairs laughing.

"M'lud," Kym, barely able to get the words out through her laughter, went on, "My client the proposee accepts the proposer's offer, and is prepared to negotiate a date for the commencement of the nuptial ceremony."

We came into each other's arms still laughing and tried to kiss. It took a while for this to be really successful.

Some comments by people during the weeks following our decision to marry are, I think, worth recording.

Arnold by telephone: "Damn glad old chap, damn glad. Wife and I couldn't be more pleased."

Phineas: "Come to your senses have you? The day you get married, you become a full partner. My wedding present to you, old son.

Emily: "Well, if she wants you, she wants you, that's all I can say."

Comfort Lady: "You be good to her or you'll have me to reckon with."

There were many other comments, but one thing I noticed there was a marked absence of the coarser remarks that often go with these occasions, even within the pub fraternity. I think this was due, not to anything about me, but a respect for “The woman at stable cottages” who had been a bit of a mystery for the town.

On the day of the wedding, the whole town seemed to turn out. The church was packed, and the street outside crowded with people who had come to see.

I had arranged with the parson an extra and special vow of which I had said nothing to Kym. It was to the effect that I would protect and accept as my own children her twins.

Kym broke down and cried, and sobs arose from the females in the congregation, and I am sure there were tears in the eyes of some of the men present.

All that was two years ago at the time of my writing this. Six months ago Kym announced she was pregnant. It seems as if she’s programmed to have twins, because the doctor has informed us that are what is on the way.

Perhaps it will be boys this time. But no matter, either sex will do. We’ll welcome either gender.

The Zip

I had only gone into the bedroom to change the sheets on Leigh's bed. I found him struggling with the zip fastener on his trousers. He couldn't get it to move.

"Damn thing," he said, "It won't move."

"Let me try," I said, and sitting on the edge of the bed I got him to stand in front of me.

A little piece of the cloth that covered the zip when done up, had caught in the teeth of the zip that had closed for about the first couple of centimetres, then jammed. I endeavoured to pull it down, with no initial success.

I recalled having the same problem one or twice with Josh's trousers when he was alive. I tried to remember what we had done then.

In the course of my manipulating, I had brushed my hand against Leigh's genitals a few times, and I noticed his penis began to harden. I was a little surprised, as I had never considered that he could be aroused by me, his mother.

I was reminded of the times similar things happened with my beloved Josh. Sometimes he would stand in front of me, as Leigh was doing now, his beautiful penis standing up like a tower, and I would fondle it lovingly. It was no moment of titanic passion, I just loved playing with him, and he clearly enjoyed it.

On those occasions I made sure Josh was not left frustrated, so after a while I would begin to stroke him until he ejaculated. Josh would say, "Thanks, sweetheart," and stow away his now relaxed sex organ.

As I said, it was no great moment of passion – we had those at other times – it was just a pleasant thing we liked to do just for the fun of it.

Looking up at Leigh as I felt Leigh's young manhood growing, he reminded me so much of Josh. Same tall figure, brown eyes, smiling mouth and he seemed to share Josh's gentle, loving ways.

I gave a final tug on the zip and it slid down to the bottom, and I started to rearrange the piece of cloth that it had caught on.

I could feel that Leigh's penis was now at full stretch, and almost without thinking, I slipped my hand inside his

trousers, pulled down the top of his underpants, and exposed his shaft.

I looked up at his face and his eyes seemed to be imploring me. I smiled at him, and began my fondling.

He gave a gasp and spoke one word, "Mother..."

"It's all right, my darling, I'll just make you feel better. Just let me help you." The same words I used with Josh.

It was strange, but even Leigh's penis looked a mirror image of Josh's. About 180 mm long and 60mm in diameter. As a bit of fun, we had measured it once. The crown stood out slightly larger than the shaft, shiny and dripping pre-cum.

I licked up some of the juice, and he gave a groan, then I tenderly felt for his testicles. They felt full and swollen. I knew Leigh had recently broken up with an older woman he had been having sex with.

"He can't have started masturbating yet, " I thought. I remembered how Josh's testicles would begin to ache when they became too loaded, so I started to speed up my manipulation of Leigh.

Within thirty seconds he came, spurting his semen high, some of it splashing against my face. His body jerked at each violent pump of his fluid, and his gasps increased in volume and frequency. It was a lovely moment for me.

He shot more sperm than I could recall Josh ever discharging, but then I always made sure Josh got frequent sex with me, especially as I had my own needs as well.

When he finished, I continued to caress him until I was sure he had completed his orgasm and his penis began to subside. His whole body relaxed, and he whispered, "Thank you, mum."

"That's all right, darling," I replied. "Feel better now?"

"I feel bloody marvelous," he grinned.

I rose and kissed him softly on the lips. "I enjoyed doing it for you. Now you'd better be off, or you'll be late for your lecture."

He left for the bathroom to clean himself up, and using one of the sheets I had come to replace, I gave myself a preliminary clean, and tried to wipe up the sperm that had landed on the carpet.

I gave an inner mischievous smile, as I had often done with Josh, thinking, "We might have put that to better use...still, there's always tonight..."

But this wasn't Josh I had just played with, and there was no "tonight." My smile vanished.

Leigh came back into the bedroom, his zip now operating again, and kissed me goodbye, apparently in no way self-conscious about what had happened.

For the rest of the day, my mind dwelt on my manipulation of Leigh. It had happened as if it were quite normal for me to do it, as it had been with Josh. I think in a way it had been for me as if it was Josh standing there.

This thought led me to contemplation of Josh's death. He had died in a car accident two years before. I had loved him dearly, and our passion for each other never seemed to fade over the seventeen years we had been married. For almost six months after his death, I was devastated. My one consolation was the lovely son we had produced. Leigh was a wonderful consoler during that time, despite having his own grief to deal with.

During that six months sex had not even entered my head, but by the end of that time, it began to make itself known again. I resorted to masturbation to relieve myself, but when you have had the real, flesh and blood contact, and had it with someone you love as much as I loved Josh, masturbation is of very little help.

About twelve months after Josh's death, and keeping knowledge of it well out of Leigh's way, I took a lover. He was some ten years younger than me, and at first things went well. He was virile and kept me satisfied, but then he began to get demanding and turned nasty. I sent him on his way.

I resolved not to try that experiment again, but this resolution did not quench my sexual fires. The trouble was, I was still looking for another Josh, but there seemed to be no such person. No doubt, it was unfair of me to measure men in that way, but that is how it was. So, I went on sexually ungratified.

At times I felt a throbbing ache in my lower abdomen, and got rather sullen. I couldn't have been very nice to live with during those times. Thank God for my patient and loving Leigh.

Perhaps you would like at this point to be told my vital statistics? Sorry, but I'm not going to give them to you. Let's

just say, I'm thirty seven and men still bother to turn round and have another look when I pass them.

Leigh came home earlier than usual. He seemed excited, in fact, he seemed to glow.

I was just about to start preparing the evening meal when he said, "No cooking tonight, mum. I'm taking the world's most beautiful woman out to dinner, so put on your best dress, and away we go."

I took this to mean I was being rewarded for my little relief operation that morning, but I didn't want him to do this. He had only his meager student allowance, and a meal out would make heavy inroads into it.

To my protest he replied that "Just for once I want to do something really nice for you, after all you did..." His voice trailed off, and we said no more. I realised that there was going to be as much pleasure in this outing for him as for me.

I set about making myself as nice as possible for him, and put on a dress I had never worn since buying it. I had bought it to please Josh. He loved me to display my legs and the tops of my breasts, and it did plenty of both.

Leigh was astounded when he saw me. "My God, mum, I said you were beautiful, but I didn't realise how beautiful. You look stunning."

I simpered appropriately, complimented him on his appearance, and off we went.

Leigh had booked a table at a very flash restaurant, and it gave me a tremor to think how much this was going to cost him. "I'll have to secretly top up his bank card," I thought.

Surprised that he had chosen such an expensive place, I was even more flabbergasted when we were shown to an alcove with candles glowing on the table.

Leigh ordered wine, and it was the finest Shiraz. The meal that followed was superb. I was reveling in the luxury of it all.

It took nearly to the end of the meal before it struck me, "My God, he's like a lover wooing me." I set that one aside as too fantastic. "Perhaps this morning was a bad error on my part," I thought.

Set it aside I might have done, but when we arrived home, rather relaxed with the wine we had drunk, the thought

reemerged. He stopped the car outside the house, turned off the engine, leaned over and kissed me – the full works.

"Don't I get invited in for a nightcap?" he asked with a laugh.

He was playing the full dating game. I decided to play along.

"All right, you can put the car into the garage until you leave." I got out and went into the house while he stowed the car.

I poured some Scotch and Dry. I found my hands were shaking, and funny things were happening at the tops of my legs. They seemed to be getting wet, very wet.

I sat in an armchair to try to get myself under control. Another minute and Leigh came in. He looked at me and protested:

"Hey, that's not the place for you to sit," and he half lifted me up and took me to the sofa. "You don't end a date looking at each other from different seats," he said.

He put his arm round me and pulled me to him. I let myself lean into him without resistance. When he kissed me,

thrusting deep with his tongue, I still went along with him. It was when his hand reached for my breasts I made my first objection.

"Don't do that, Leigh. Please stop, darling."

His animated mood dissolved and he became very serious.

"Do you really want me to stop? And don't give me the politically correct answer. Tell me from your heart, do you want me to stop?"

No I didn't. My thighs were saturated and I wanted him like hell –or should it be heaven? I wanted him like I used to want Josh, with all the abandoned passion of a woman deeply in love, and on fire for her lover.

Of course, I loved Leigh. He was the fruit of the love between Josh and I, the outcome of our hunger for each other, he was almost a clone of Josh..."

That thought brought me up with a jerk. Leigh wasn't a clone, but the coming together of Josh's seed with my egg. I had been fertilised in an act of love, and this young man was the result. I had been seeking another Josh. Had I now found him?

He sat looking at me, no longer with his arm round me or touching my breast, waiting for my answer.

If I told the truth now, I would be committed – committed to an unknown future. Perhaps in other circumstance, with another potential lover, it might have been different. I could think to myself, "If I don't really like him, I can send him away." With Leigh, it would be different. If we went ahead and made love, I knew deep inside myself, it would be an act of total commitment on my part. I would be crossing a frontier into the unknown and perhaps bringing great pain upon myself.

I reached for his hand and laid it on my breast. "Touch me, my darling."

His gentle hand fondled my breast so softly. I felt love flowing into me from the touch of his fingers as he pressed my nipple.

He kissed me and then said, "You know I love you, don't you. I've hidden it from you, but I've wanted you ever since I matured sexually. At times, I felt so jealous of dad, always being able to have you like I wanted you. I loved him, but couldn't help my feelings sometimes. Then this morning

when you...you won't turn me away, will you? I want you so badly."

"No my love, I'll never turn you away, ever. Come to bed with me."

His love was so sensitive, so perceptive of my needs. His caresses always seemed to find the desired spot at the right moment. I never had to say, "Touch me here, put your tongue in there, put your fingers in," he seemed to know by some sort of instinct. He made me feel like a beautiful, desirable woman, the object of his love.

As the recipient of his caring ardour, I was able to give myself totally to him. I denied him no part of me, often offering more than he asked, sometimes demanding from him more than his imagination could devise.

One shadow hung over our relationship as far as I was concerned. I longed to have his child. After Leigh's birth, Josh had insisted on having a vasectomy. It had been one of the few causes of disagreement between us. I wanted more children with him. He wanted just the one.

Theoretically I could still get pregnant, my menstrual cycle was as it always had been, which made me think my desire was possible of fulfillment. I lived in hope.

Some six months after we became lovers, there was a night of spectacularly sweet passion between us. It lasted for a long time, as if we wanted it to never end. Our in our kisses we seemed to devour each other. His tongue in my vagina and my mouth on his penis, bringing us to the edge of orgasm, but always retreating just in time.

He caressed my breasts and sucked my nipples until I could barely endure the ecstasy. He kissed and licked his way over my entire body, and I responded in kind. We became entangled with each, our bodies twining and untwining about each other, all the time murmuring words of love and devotion.

Finally, I became so frantic with my hunger for him, I begged for him to enter.

"Now, darling, I need you now. Don't make me wait any longer...please..."

Dear lover that he is, he came across me and penetrated my saturated vagina. Even then, he did not hurry. He moved slowly up and down in me, still speaking his raging fire for me.

He took me to paradise that night, and I hope I did the same for him. If his words are the judge, I'm sure I did.

I felt him start to come just as I finally began my orgasm. We clung to each other, he groaning with every convulsion of his ejaculation, I screaming and sobbing at the almost unendurable beauty of what was happening to me. Never before had I produced such an amount of lubricant. It was soaking Leigh as well as me, and with his semen filling me, we seemed to be swimming in what our love produced.

When it was done, we still held to each other, unwilling to come back from the Garden of Eden we had taken each other to.

I am sure it was that night. At the time, as we climbed down from the heavenly heights, the thought flashed across my mind "It will be tonight."

Today I received confirmation. I am pregnant. As I write it is almost time for Leigh to arrive home. He does not know yet, but tonight I must tell him. How will he respond? If he is happy, he will double my own joy. If he is not happy, then...?

There is a Time and Place

Looking back now it seems bizarre that it could ever have happened. How could my parents have used me so? How could I have been so pliant, so yielding to their appeal? It seems like something out of another age, a time when girls were bargaining objects for family enhancement and useful connections.

But I get ahead of things, so let me introduce myself.

At the beginning of my story, I was Dallas Reeves-Eyre. My early life was lived in what was generally referred to as “The Family Home.” On the big gates at the entrance to our drive, there was a sign that read, “The Oaks,” but none of the family or our servants used that name. It was always, “The Family Home.”

The land was bought and the house built, by my great grandfather, Septimus Reeves. The “Eyre” came later when my grandfather, Bryan Reeves, married Emily Eyre, a formidable lady of independent spirit who was not going to see her name lost.

Septimus Reeves made a fortune in mining, but when my grandfather took up the family reins, the mining became less important, and other investments became prominent. Both

Septimus and Bryan Reeves must have been very shrewd men of business, because by the time my father, Clive, took over affairs, our assets must have been very substantial.

I can recall that when I was very young we had a cook, two housemaids and a general handyman working for us. My life was lived in a very loving environment and childhood was a happy time.

The big problem was my father. He was a very kind and gentle man, but had no head for business. Although it was not revealed to me for a long time, our fortunes must have been in steady decline for some years.

It was when I was about fifteen years old that I began to notice things. Paintings that had always hung on the walls began to disappear. The silver candelabra that had been used at dinner parties were no longer in evidence. I noticed my mother no longer wore her jewelry, and when I asked about these things, I was fobbed off with answers like, "Oh, we just thought we'd make a change."

Then one of the house maids left – I suppose dismissed is the correct term – to be replaced by a "Daily," who in fact only came three times a week for a couple of hours. Then the cook and handyman went and mother took over the cooking.

By then, it was obvious that we were in what my father called, "Queer Street." The poor man had run the family fortune down to the point where soon we would have to sell up.

Another of what my mother called, "our economies," was one that touched on me directly. At the age of sixteen, I was moved from a very expensive girl's school, or "Ladies College," as they called it, to the local high school. Here I mingled with boys for the first time, and had my first sexual experience was with a lad called Gordon, who managed to split my hymen very painfully, so that I was deterred from further sexual experimenting for some time after.

The situation had now become obvious to me; we were broke. Mother was grey faced and father obviously losing weight. The last housemaid had gone and mother was now trying to cope with the huge house with the help of two daily women.

One afternoon, just after I got in from school, my mother said, "Daddy's got a visitor with him in the office. Take these things into them, will you?" It was some refreshments on a tray. I entered the office to find my father with a slightly pudgy looking man about forty years of age.

I put the tray down on the desk and was about to leave when my father said, "Dallas, this is Mr. Goldwood. My daughter, Dallas, Samuel."

Mr. Goldwood looked up from some papers he was studying and fixed a probing stare on me. "Hello, Dallas," he said in the rumbling sort of voice.

"Hello, Mr. Goldwood," I said, returning his stare.

I turned and began to leave the room, and as I reached the door, I heard Mr. Goldwood say to my father, "Fine, healthy looking girl you've got there, Clive." I shut the door and heard no more.

I thought no more about Mr. Goldwood until a week later he turned up again, this time staying for dinner. From then on, he would appear in our house two or three times a week. He began to engage me in conversation, asking me a lot of questions, some of them rather personal, about my health, my education, what sort of things I liked to do.

I had long before learned that adults can ask some pretty silly questions, but I had never been interrogated in this fashion. He seemed forever seeking my company and at first, I thought he was just a dirty old man who had a fancy for

young girls. I was soon to find out that there was more to it than that.

One Sunday afternoon my mother asked me to go with her to the office. Sitting down, she began, "Darling, you know we are in a bad way financially?"

"Yes."

"Daddy has had a lot of bad luck with his investments (a lot of bad judgement I thought). He owes a lot of money, most of it to Mr. Goldwood. If we can't pay him soon we shall have to sell the house, and you know how that would break daddy's heart."

"Yes." I couldn't see where this was going.

"Darling, Mr. Goldwood has expressed an interest in you."

"He certainly hangs around me enough."

"You see, sweetheart, he wants to marry you."

"He what?"

"Wants to marry you."

"Mother, he's an old man, at least forty, and I can't get married, I'm only sixteen."

"Well, yes you can, darling, if mummy and daddy sign a paper to say we agree."

"But you wouldn't do that, would you?"

"It depends, darling."

"Depends on what?"

"Whether you think you could marry Mr. Goldwood."

"I certainly could not. I'm not marrying an old man. I don't even like him much any way."

"He's very rich, Dallas."

"I don't care if he is rich, I'm not marrying him."

“Darling, he’s told us that if you marry him, daddy can forget about the money he owes, and even more, he will attend to our investments in the future.”

So, that was it. I was to be payment for the debt. That was the “bride price”, family freedom from debt.

My mother went on, “We have just two weeks to repay Mr.Goldwood. If we can’t, everything goes. We shall literally have nothing.”

It was hard to believe this was happening. It was like something out of the Middle Ages.

“Couldn’t we find some way to get the money?” I asked.

“Darling, daddy’s tried everything. It isn’t a few thousand, you know, it’s nearer three million.”

“Three million!” I exploded. How did we get three million in debt?”

“Interest, darling. Daddy borrowed most of the money from Mr.Goldwood, and the interest has just mounted up. Please,

sweetheart, do think about the situation seriously. Mr.Goldwood is not really old, and you would be set up for life married to him. You'd want for nothing, he's promised us that."

So, it had got that far. They had actually reached the bargaining stage over my young carcass.

"Would you let Mr.Goldwood speak to you about it, Dallas?"

"He can speak to me if he likes, but my answer will still be 'no'."

"Just listen to what he has to say, Dallas."

Two days later I found myself alone with Mr.Goldwood. He came straight to the point.

"Dallas, I know your mother has spoken to you about my wish to marry you."

"Yes, she has, Mr.Goldwood."

"Let's make it Samuel, shall we?"

“If you wish.”

“I won’t prevaricate with you, Dallas. I want a woman, a young healthy woman. One who can give me a son. I have a lot of wealth and I want a son who can inherit it.”

On the first count of his wanting a woman, I had no difficulty understanding. On the second count of his wanting a son, I was shocked. I saw myself at seventeen giving birth and did not care for the idea. On the third count of his wanting a son to inherit, I thought that sounded like something from the Dark Ages.” Why not a daughter inheriting?” I thought, but said nothing.

He went on, “I can give you this promise, Dallas, as soon as you provide me with a son, I shall not bother you again, if you know what I mean?”

“You mean, if I give you a son you won’t be sexually interested in me any more?”

“Certainly. There is only one purpose in the male-female sexual act, to produce offspring. So in that respect, you will be virtually free of me once you have given me what I want. You will, of course, continue to live in my house and, when

a little older, take over its management. In addition, you shall be well provided for on my death. I am prepared to sign a contract to these effects, if it is your wish."

To a sixteen year old girl, having got her ideas of love, romance and marriage from books and television, it all sound a bit weird, and somewhat cold.

Looking at Samuel, I tried to imagine him lying on top of me pumping in his baby making fluid. It was not a pleasing picture. On the other hand, his offer had its temptations. The thought that I should be a member of a thoroughly impoverished family did not appeal in the slightest. The idea that I should have a baby at seventeen years of age was not welcome, but I did not object to having a baby per se. It was just that I had thought of that taking place somewhere in my middle to late twenties, if I had thought of it at all.

Still an immature girl, the one feature that stood out in his offer was his wealth. The thought that I would be able to tap into that was a big plus for Samuel. I saw myself in expensive clothes and driving an exotic sports car. For special occasions, I would, of course, resort to the chauffeur driven Rolls Royce. And so my thoughts ran on, through dinner parties, boxes at the theatre and concerts, and all those things money can buy.

Yes, Samuel's money was a very big plus.

It was such a big plus, I agreed to marry Samuel, and to his credit, he began to keep his word right from the beginning. My father's debt was wiped out and further money added but under Samuel's control. As well as this, on the day of our wedding he presented me with an investment portfolio from which I could draw the interest. Even more, he said he would make a regular allowance payable into any bank I nominated.

Whatever other complaints I might have about Samuel, I must in all fairness say he was extremely generous and kept to his word.

Then came the moment for me to keep my side of the bargain, the baby making operation.

I neither loved nor loathed Samuel, and I looked upon sexual activity with him as a duty. Whatever I had expected on the first night, it was certainly not what I got. I suppose that I had the idea that the first night with an attractive young woman would inspire a frenzy of lust. It was not so.

Samuel did not kiss me, touch my breasts, which glands had been much admired by the boys at school, and of which I felt justly proud. To put it shortly, there was no foreplay of the

sort I had read about. He could barely get an erection, and when he tried to insert his not overly large and marshmallow like organ into me, I was too dry for him to penetrate.

As if he had anticipated this eventuality, he reached to the cabinet beside the bed, and took a small bottle from it. Taking off the top he said, "This might fix it," and commenced rubbing some sort of oil into my vagina. That done, he made another attempt on me and at least partially succeeded.

I was not sure how long men took to ejaculate, but Samuel seemed to go on trying for hours (it was probably only half an hour). He kept losing his erection, and gave the distinct impression he had no taste for what he was doing. At last, he managed to dribble into me (I discovered later, that most men could do a lot better than dribble). He rolled back off me with a sigh, not of satisfied sexual desire, but of relief that it was over.

I think I was more bewildered than disappointed. I thought to myself, "My God, is it going to be like that every time?" The answer was, "Yes." Samuel never improved on his first night performance. I began to think, "We'll never make a baby at this rate."

Amazingly, we did make a baby, and quickly. I think his first night drip into me might well have produced the little spermatozoa that won the race to my egg. Within two months I was able to announce, with medical confirmation, I was pregnant.

Samuel promptly removed himself not only from my bed, but my bedroom. He took up nocturnal residence in a room the other side of our vast house. I wondered if he thought that the distance between our bedrooms might deter me from journeying to his bed in order to rape him. As it was, I had no such intention. I was as relieved as he was that our connubial bliss was over.

There was only one cloud on the horizon. From the start, the child in my womb was “He” as far as Samuel was concerned. I thought, “Suppose it is a ‘She’, does that mean we start all over again?”

At that time, of course, the means to determine the gender of an unborn child was not available, so the mystery would not be solved until it made its entrance into the world.

It was at this time that I discovered the reason why Samuel was such a lethargic and unhappy lover. What I came to call, “Pretty young men,” began to appear in the house. Sometimes I was introduced, sometimes not. Occasionally

they stayed for dinner and beyond the time I went to bed, and were even seen breakfasting in the morning.

At first, these arrivals puzzled me, and then I noticed something that upset my female ego. I was in the habit of expecting young men to take a special interest in me. After all, I had been told enough times that I was “pretty,” “attractive” and even “fantastic looking.” So, why were these youths unmoved by my charms?

I finally realised; they were Samuel’s gay lovers. So, that was why Samuel had shown signs of aversion to my body. I must admit that it was with a sense of contentment that I saw now that if I did produce a son, I would have no more dribbles from Samuel.

Strangely, when I knew I was pregnant, all my thoughts of sports cars and fine clothing seemed to fall into the background. I began at first to be interested in the “It”, that I carried, then later I began to love it. At night I would lay on back with my hands over my swelling stomach, hoping to feel the child move. I would talk to it, telling it I loved and wanted it.

Samuel, for all his pleasures with his pretty young men, was very careful of my welfare. A month before the baby was due a nursemaid, Anne, was hired. He even asked me did I want

a wet nurse for the baby. I thought they had gone out with Queen Victoria, but I protested most strongly that I, and no one else, would suckle my infant. Samuel gave up that idea.

The best medical advisors were retained; a bed in an obscenely expensive hospital was on standby. Anything that would smooth the way to a successful outcome was acquired, bought or demanded by Samuel.

Looking back now, I am amazed at the aplomb with which a seventeen-year old girl coped with all this. I must have been a very precocious young woman.

The child was born, thanks be to the gods, a boy. Samuel was delighted with “his son.” Actually, I decided that as I had done most of the work, he was “my son”. Samuel was but a rather unsatisfactory auxiliary.

Samuel wanted to name the boy Samuel Zebediah, but I created such a fuss he relented and we ended up with Robert Clive.

After the first flush of joy over Robert’s birth, Samuel seemed to lose interest. I saw less and less of him. Sometimes we had dinner together, and very occasionally, I met him at breakfast with one of his pretty young men. Sexually he

never approached me again. It was left to Anne and I to raise Robert.

From the first time I suckled him at my breast, I knew I had made the right choice in refusing the wet nurse. I found feeding him both pleasurable and bonding. He was a bright light in my life, and I have never loved anything or anyone, before or since, as I love Robert.

When he was weaned, I began to feel I needed to be doing something more with my life. My decision was to take up my interrupted education. With the nursemaid Anne taking over in my absence, I attended a local Adult College that catered for older students. So as not to keep me away from Robert too long, I took a couple of subjects at a time, eventually completing my high school qualifications.

At the age of five, Robert started school, being sent to an extremely expensive establishment nearby. I proceeded on to university taking a general Arts Course, again limiting my subjects in order to be around for Robert.

My really close times with Robert were early in the morning and when he went to bed. When breast feeding him it was my habit to give him his first feed of the day while I was still in bed. Once weaned I continued to take him into bed with me when he woke up. Once he began to talk, we used the

time to chat about what he was going to do that day. As he became more vocal, it became a time for more serious talk about friends, school and life in general. We called it "Morning talk time". The other close time was bedtime, when I would read him a story and we would talk over the day.

Once Robert was of school age Samuel began to take an interest. Clearly, Robert was to be groomed to take over Goldwood Finance. As far as education was concerned, nothing but the best would do. So when Robert reached the age of ten Samuel announced he would be sent as a boarder to the most prestigious school in the country, I was shocked and horrified.

"I put his name down for a place the day he was born," Samuel announced. This he had done without any consultation with me. He had not even told me he had done this.

Samuel and I had very few quarrels, probably because we saw so little of each other, each of us leading our lives in our own way. Now we did have a quarrel, or more accurately, a blazing row. No one was going to take my beloved Robert away from me. The thought of not seeing him for weeks and weeks was more than I was prepared to accept.

The detail of the rows need not bother us now. Sufficient to say, Robert went to the school, but as what they called, “A Day Boy.” Anne and I moved into a house in the vicinity of the school, and Robert came and went to school much as he had been doing up to that point.

Perhaps a note on Anne is in order. Robert was, of course, long past the time when he needed a “Nanny”, but Anne, being close to my own age, stayed on with me as a sort of companion and general help. She had been around for Robert when I was at university and did not get home at the same time as Robert. I think her love for Robert was nearly as great as mine, and she was very devoted to me.

I went on from my university Arts course to study Business Management. I had in mind that Samuel was many years older than I, and might well die before Robert was of an age to take over, if he ever did.

Robert entered those years when all the hormones are racing and roaring around. He no longer came into my bed, but sat alongside for our talk. I couldn't help noticing that he often had erections in the early morning.

I think Robert was about fourteen when during one of our morning talks he asked outright, “Why do you and dad sleep in separate rooms?”

I was a bit flustered by his question, but as we had always spoken the truth to each other, I explained, without going into too much detail, that we had no sexual interest in each other.

“Does that mean that you don’t have sexual feelings?” Robert went on, pursuing his first question.

“No, darling.”

“You mean you do have sexual feelings but don’t do...you don’t fu...you know?”

“I think what you are trying to ask me is, do I have sexual intercourse?”

“Yes.”

“The answer is, ‘yes I do’.”

“Who with?”

“I can’t tell you that, darling.”

He was quiet for a moment, than asked, "Doesn't dad mind?"

"I don't go out of my way to tell him, but if he did know I don't think he'd care."

I suppose it was inevitable that Robert would have these questions, and embarrassing though they had been, I was glad he felt able to ask them of me outright, instead of letting them fester inside him. I hoped that the subject would now be closed, but I hoped in vain.

It was about two weeks later, and during another of our morning talks, Robert touched on the subject again.

"Mother, are you in love with the man you have sexual intercourse with?"

"Not exactly, darling."

"Aren't you supposed to be in love with someone you have sex with?"

"Well, I think that is probably the loveliest way to have sex."

“Why do you have sex if you don’t love the men you have it with?”

“Darling, your mother does have sexual needs, and its not always very satisfactory if you only masturbate.” We had not used that word in our talks before, but I was sure that he masturbated himself, but what word he used for it I did not know. I was hoping desperately that he was familiar with the word so I wouldn’t have to explain. The indications were that he did know what it meant.

“Yes, I know,” he said, then went on, “Have you ever really loved anyone?”

“Yes.”

“Who?”

“You should know the answer to that, my love. It’s you.”

He became very thoughtful, but did not pursue the subject further.

The lovers I had taken over the years had been mainly my fellow university students. I always made it clear that nothing permanent could come out of the liaison, and the longest time I had with one lover was two years. Always I was very circumspect.

The one person who was aware of the more intimate details of my love life, was Anne. She had lovers of her own, and together we shared the joys and woes of our love lives.

Remembering the horny young boys at high school and the sexual fumbling that went on, usually in the most uncomfortable environments, I discussed with Anne the matter of Robert's sexual development.

"It always seems pretty hard on them," I said, referring to the sexual development in general, "that at the time they are feeling most virile, and when they probably need some strong guidance in sexual matters, there is so little available to them."

Anne gave a strange smile and said, "Don't worry, I think Robert will be all right."

During the school vacations, we returned to the big house so that Samuel could see something of his son. It was during one vacation when Robert was sixteen that I first noticed that

Samuel seemed to be getting ailments, like coughs and colds that did not go away. He looked tired and drawn. When I asked about this he just said, "Just a bit run down."

When we arrived home for the following vacation, I was horrified when I saw Samuel. He was white faced and looked almost skeletal. I questioned him more firmly this time, and he said, "The doctor's don't seem to know what's wrong with me, and none of their treatments are working. I feel utterly worn out, and I don't think I can cope with the business much longer."

Although Samuel and I had lived very separate lives, and there had never been any love between us, I felt a sense of responsibility. It was decided that at the end of the vacation, Anne would go back with Robert and I would stay with Samuel. Anne and Robert seemed delighted with this arrangement, much to my motherly annoyance.

In the following weeks Samuel got steadily worse. There were no more pretty young men calling, and one morning, cornering one of his doctors, as he was about to leave, I asked him what was wrong with Samuel.

"To be truthful, Mrs. Goldwood, we don't know. He is totally resistant to all the medication we have tried. We can find

nothing organically wrong, so an operation is out of the question. I have to tell you to expect the worst."

It was some years later that medical science was able to give a name to the condition.

When Robert was seventeen Samuel died. Apart from a few bequests, and some further additions to my investment portfolio, everything was left to Robert, to be held in trust by me until he was twenty-five.

Samuel had realised he was dying, and not long before death took place, he had briefly discussed with me the arrangement of his will. He felt that I would be unable to cope with the complexities of his business, which in reality was a combination of his own investments, which were vast, investment advice for a fee and good old fashioned money lending.

"You can trust Coates," he said. "Be advised by him." Coates was the accountant Samuel employed, and I had heard Samuel say that he was quite a shrewd head in his own right.

When after Samuel's death I conferred with Mr.Coates, he said, "It is mainly investments. "Samuel was always bent on increasing his holdings, and did it very effectively, but if you are content with the present state of the business, and have

no great interest in expanding your assets, just leave things as they are. It should take only a small amount of oversight to maintain things at their present level, and even if some investments do go down, others are likely to rise.”

It was a holding position, and I felt that my study of business management had given me sufficient knowledge to keep things going at the level Mr.Coates had suggested. So taking Samuel’s word that Coates was to be trusted, and giving him a substantial increase in his salary, I left him to oversee the running of Goldwood Finance.

I returned to living with Robert and Anne, and somewhat to my chagrin, they seemed to have had a very happy time in my absence.

Robert now had less than a year to attend the school, and when that came to an end we could return to the big house, and then he would go on to university.

My need to attend the office occasionally, and the necessity of dealing with some paper work connected to Goldwood Finance, made life a bit busier than in the past, so I did not see quite as much of Robert as I had done. The morning and evening talks, that both now took place in my bedroom, had become curtailed, as he was increasingly busy with his final year studies.

When Robert completed his final school year, there was a three-month gap between the end of school and his start at university. It was early in this period when he came into my bedroom one morning looking very solemn.

“Something very important today, mum. I have to tell you something, and I hope I’m not going to upset you.”

This sounded very ominous and almost without thinking I reverted to our pattern of many years before, and pulled aside the bedclothes to invite him to get into bed with me.

He was wearing a dressing gown, and he slipped this off, letting it fall to the floor. Underneath he was wearing only boxer shorts, and they did nothing to hide his morning erection.

He stood for a moment as if deciding whether he should get in beside me or not. I gazed at him as he stood there, and the thought overwhelmed me, “My God, what a beautiful man I made.”

He was totally unlike Samuel both in looks and character. In fact, he looked very much like my paternal grandfather, Bryan Reeves.

From wide shoulders his torso tapered down to narrow hips. He was tall and muscular with clear clean skin. I felt a strange lurching sensation in my stomach, followed by a dull ache in my lower abdomen.

He seemed to decide, and dropped into bed beside me and snuggled up like he used to. I felt a sweet but disquieting throbbing sensation start in my clitoris.

"Something special, is it?" I asked, trying to control my emotions and make my voice sound natural.

"Yes."

"Out with it, darling." I later wondered whether this was a Freudian slip, as I could feel the pressure of his hard manhood against my upper thigh, and I was starting to lubricate copiously.

"Dad always expected me to take over Goldwood Finance one day, didn't he?"

Samuel had always made that abundantly clear. It had been one of his disappointments that Robert had proved more

interest and successful in subjects like math and science, than the more business oriented subjects at school.

I replied, "Yes, darling. I think the fact that he has left the business to you indicates that."

"Mother, I don't want to go into the finance business."

"What do you want to do, darling?" I asked.

"I want to become a civil engineer."

Certainly, Samuel would have been bitterly disappointed, since against all his sexual instincts he had gone to the trouble to produce a son specifically to take over from him. I thought, "Thank God he's not alive, because there would be the most almighty rows if he was."

I had been lying on my back, but in making my answer to Robert, I turned on my side to face him. This might be classified as a mistake. My nightdress had ridden up so that it no longer covered my genital region, and my move brought his penis into contact with me at the top of my thighs.

Now struggling to keep my voice steady and my body from shaking, I battled with myself to answer him.

“Darling, your father would have been very upset, but he’s no longer here, is he?”

“But what about you, how do you feel?”

“My God! How did I feel?” If only he knew how he was working me up into a sexual frenzy. My own son, and I was lusting for him.”

“How I feel is not really important, my love. If you are sure you want to be a civil engineer, then that is what you must do.”

I wanted to give him sound advice, but it was incredibly difficult to concentrate on anything but my burning sexual need, but I somehow struggled on.

“You have time. It’s another seven years before you would need to enter on the business. Why not try yourself out.” (“On me my sweet boy”) “Study at the School of Engineering for a year, then if you change your mind, you can take up other courses instead” (“Oh Robert, take me up now”). I won’t be upset whichever direction you choose to go in.”

("As long as you come in my direction and never change that course, dear love").

It was mad. It was as if there were two people inside me carrying on parallel conversations, one of which was spoken aloud, and the other going on in my head.

This was the most disconcerting experience of my life. I freely confess that I had considered Robert as a lover, but never consciously as a lover for me. I had thought what pleasure some lucky girl was going to get from his beautiful body and obvious virility. That I should now be actually not only weighing him up as a lover, but was hungering for him myself, was a life-shaking occurrence. After this experience, my relationship with Robert could never be quite the same again. I had seen or been shown, an aspect of myself that could not be denied. My passionate love for him as a mother had spilled over, to become the sensuous love of a woman.

In the midst of this turmoil of mind, I heard Robert speaking.

"Thank you, mother."

I caught a tone in his voice that frightened me. It was his voice, but it had that in it, which I had never heard before. Despite his hard shaft pressing to within a few centimetres

of my sexual organ, his body against mine, I suppose I had been counting on him to control the situation.

He sounded ardent and sensuous. I looked into his eyes and saw there the fires of his passion. One overt sexual move from either of us would explode into erotic coupling.

As he spoke his words of thanks, he leaned over to kiss me on the lips. We had, of course, often kissed, but not quite like this. It was not forceful but soft and tender, yet it had all the passionate fervor of sexual desire.

The pressure of his hard young manhood against me increased, and I was lost. No word was said. It was as if we both knew what must now be, or the moment might be lost forever.

I let my lips part to admit his tongue, and he explored the depths and crevices, tasting my saliva, and I his.

Through the thin fabric of my nightdress, I felt his hand start to explore my breasts, gently drawing up from the base of my breast until reaching the nipple, he tenderly squeezed it. Then, discontented with the barrier of cloth, he slipped my nightdress over my head and dropped it on the floor.

He stopped caressing my breasts for a moment, and sat looking at me. He had never seen me naked before, and now his eyes seem to take in every physical particle of me.

His voice was a murmur of love and awe. He spoke as if in some holy, sacred place. "Oh God, I didn't know you were so beautiful."

Leaning over me, he continued his caresses, at the same time taking a nipple into his mouth, suckling me as he did when a baby.

A dark voice deep inside me cried out, "Resist, resist," but my powers of resistance had fled. They had run before the insistent and relentless demand of my body, "I shall be fulfilled."

It had now been months since my last coupling with man, and now I was with a man - and what a beautiful man! - whom I had loved from birth.

Robert had taken all the initiative, but now, in a final act of submission to my desperate need, I reached down to take his shaft into my hand, and found it hot, throbbing and wet with pre-cum against my palm.

His mouth released my nipple and he moaned, "Mother...oh mother..."

Waves of love and lust coursed through me. If he had tried to break away, and stopped the progress of our move towards sexual union, I would have begged and pleaded for him to stay with me; such was the overpowering nature of my greed for him.

In the turmoil of my mind I tried to think what had led to this, but dropped the search almost before I had begun it. I was too lost in him. His beautiful body enthralled me and I longed for his penetration.

His fingers were now exploring my vagina, penetrating my entrance and softly moving round my clitoris. If he sought to discover whether I was ready for his penetration, he could have been left in no doubt. I was soaked with my lubricant.

My state was such that I could bear it no longer, and I pleaded with him. "Now, darling, now."

As he came over me I felt his magnificent lance seek for the place of entry. I guided him, and felt him pierce me as if he would stab me to the heart.

Having had experience with ardent young men over the years, I anticipated a quick ejaculation for our first sexual coupling, I was wrong. When he had fully penetrated me, I flexed my vaginal muscle round his shaft, and he gave a gasp, but made no further movement.

We lay, looking into each other's eyes as if searching each other's souls. It was a moment of exquisite, agonising wonder and anticipation in which I found my true self in him and, as he revealed later, he in me. It was a union the like of which I had never experienced before. In all the wild lustful couplings over the years, this moment of stillness made them all pale into insignificance.

"This is where I belong, my love," he whispered, and he was right. He had come from me, and now he had returned to once more be at one with me."

He began slow movement in me, and I melded in with his rhythm. His speeding up was almost imperceptible, but suddenly I found myself shaking. It felt like an earth tremor that I had once experienced, when I heard the rumbling of its approach at first a long way off, but getting closer and closer, until it finally arrived, shaking the earth under my feet.

Thus did my orgasm approach. I wanted to both escape from its intense agony and at the same time, embrace it.

Then it was upon me, shaking my entire body. I felt the first explosion of his sperm into me. He had his hands under my buttocks, and I wound my legs round him to drag him in for the fullest possible penetration.

I was tumbling down a tunnel swirling with brilliantly coloured lights, and I heard a voice that was mine and yet not mine, crying out, "Oh, my love, my baby," over and over again.

Then the tremor began to pass on, reverberating away into the distance. I came out of the tunnel into a place of tranquility. There was a silence, a peacefulness that engulfed us both. He, his ardour sated for the moment, and I basking in the after effects of the most overwhelming moment in my life, short of his birth.

He was still inside me, holding on to me as if he would never part from me again. In this post-coital quietude we strove to find words for the love and joy we had in each other, but they were poor substitutes for the glorious moment of melding we had just accomplished.

I knew then that there was no road back for us. Oh, I knew we could have said, “No more,” and parted, but we would from then on be half creatures slinking through a dimly lit world, our destiny having been denied, forever seeking the lost half of self.

We had crossed a line of demarcation. On one side of that line was the known, the things that had been and could be no more. On the other side, where we now stood, was the unknown. It was a radiant and awe inspiring land, but we had no map or compass to guide us but our love.

Still Robert was inside me, his penis slackening, but he unwilling to withdraw. I briefly wondered where he learned to be such a superb lover. I knew from my experience with ardent young male virgins, that however intense their desire, they had to learn the techniques sex. I thought I knew where Robert had learned his craft.

Practicalities began to nudge my consciousness. I was soaked with Robert’s sperm and my own fluids. There was the post sexual intercourse aroma that the lovers often find alluring, but which can be offensive to others.

“Darling,” I said, “we must shower and have some breakfast.”

He groaned, complaining that he did not want to end our bond, but never the less withdrew from me, giving a gasp as he experienced that delicious pain that goes with withdrawal.

We showered together, and our mutual washing of each other's genitals speedily had us ready for another coupling. I was insistent, however, that we breakfasted before any other move was made.

Anne had always shared her meal times with Robert and I, and she was sitting at the table just finishing her breakfast as we entered. She looked up, contemplating us for a few moments, then gave a shrewd smile and said, "And about time to." She rose and left us alone.

Her words might be understood in at least two ways. She might have meant, "It's about time you arrived for breakfast," or, "It's about time you two found each other." I have always suspected it was the latter.

We started our breakfast, and about half way through the meal, a rather frightening thought occurred to me. We had been so overwhelmed by our zeal for each other, we had not thought about contraception.

In the long period since I had last had a lover, I had grown careless, and failed to continue taking the pill, and even if Robert had some condoms in the house, neither of us were capable of thinking of them at the height of our passion.

I knew I was still extremely fertile so our action might well bear fruit. Recalling how I had become pregnant as the result of Samuel's first little dribble, I could well imagine the effects of Robert's flood of semen.

As if he had read my thoughts, Robert suddenly asked, "Dallas, can you still get pregnant?" (Without discussion, the new shape of our relationship brought the change in his mode of addressing me).

"Yes, darling."

"Please don't mind me asking, Dallas, but how much longer will you be able to get pregnant?"

"I don't know, darling. I read the other day of a woman in her sixties giving birth, but for myself I would say perhaps another eight to ten years. Why do you ask?"

"I was just wondering how many children we could have."

I choked on a piece of toast. That was one thing I had not taken into account in my preliminary thinking about our new relationship. As I have already said, I could have become pregnant from our first encounter, but that Robert would want to have children with me had not registered. I swallowed some coffee and responded to him.

“Robert, do you mean you wouldn’t mind if I was pregnant to you?”

“Well, when you boil it all down, that’s what sex is really for, isn’t it?”

“Like father like son,” I thought, but of course, with some vast differences in most respects.

“If I were to tell you I might be pregnant to you already, how would you feel?”

“Really? Do you mean that?”

“Darling, it takes about a couple of months to be sure of these things. I was just asking a hypothetical question.”

“Oh, I see. Well, firstly, if you were pregnant to someone else, I should be rather upset. Secondly, if you were pregnant to me, I should be delighted. How would you feel?”

“To follow your pattern, firstly, if I were pregnant to someone else, it would be strange, because sexually speaking there isn’t anyone else and there’s not going to be. Secondly, if you would be delighted if I were pregnant, then I’d be over the moon.”

“Wonderful. We are in complete agreement. Pity we can’t get married.”

“Robert, I think what happened between us an hour or more ago, is about as “being married” as you can get.”

“Yes. Good lord, is it really over an hour ago?”

“Yes.”

“Dallas, I think we should go and do some more baby making in that case.”

He led me back to the bedroom, but this time I was not going to let him have the initiative. I pushed him onto the bed and on his back. Lowering a breast to his lips I said, “Suck me, darling.”

He began with my nipples, but soon he was avidly drawing more and more of my breast into his mouth, his tongue washing it with his saliva. It felt as if he wanted to consume me, and I think that was in a sense what we were both trying to do. It was the longing for oneness, for wholeness.

I withdrew my breast from him, and sat so as to lower my vagina to his mouth. He knew what to do, and did it with complete abandonment, thrusting his tongue into me, licking and very gently nibbling my clitoris.

Then once more the tremors began, first at a distance, then bursting upon me, reducing me to a weeping shrieking demon. As I shook with the intensity of my orgasm, Robert clung to my thighs, dragging me to him. I responded with my hands behind his head.

I must have drenched the poor boy with lubricant, and as I calmed down after my climax, I gave him his reward. I took the crown of his sex organ into my mouth and began to slide my tongue over it. He began to give ever increasing in volume groans, and sensing his orgasm approaching I took more and more of him into my mouth, speeding up my movements.

Suddenly he clutched my head firmly and took over the movement himself. His first burst of semen hit the back of

my throat and I swallowed. Then he was gushing into me and I could not take it all. It flowed round his shaft and out of my mouth to cascade along the outside sheath of his penis and settle in a pool on his lower abdomen.

When he had finished, he lay back with a sigh of contentment. I took my mouth from his penis and lay over him to kiss him, mingling our fluids in each other's mouths, tasting each other.

After while I lay back and laughed.

"What are you laughing at, Robert asked, puzzled at my response to what we had been doing."

"Sweetheart, I thought we came to bed to try and make a baby. You don't make a baby with what we've been doing."

I laughed again and Robert joined in.

"In that case," he responded, "Give me ten minutes to recuperate, and we'll start manufacturing."

“Ten minutes!” I exclaimed. “Bet you can’t manage it again in under half an hour.” Wrong again. He managed it in seven and a half minutes.

As I write, Robert and I have been lovers (I almost said, “married”), for ten years. Our “baby making” produced three beautiful children. Unfortunately, we had to stop after our third because I was getting past the time when it was safe for me to have any more.

I hope you will rejoice with me when I tell you that Robert was never really convinced that sexual intercourse is only for baby making. He is proving that very frequently.

There may be many, even among you, my readers, who frown upon the relationship Robert and I have. It may be genuine moral outrage, or, as I have discovered, it is often jealousy, that motivates people to condemn us.

A point I want to make is one that may sound hopelessly old fashioned and sentimental. I have heard a lot of married couples refer to each other as, “My other half.” Sometimes I am sure that it is authentic, but most times, I think it is a cliché used to cover up a less than satisfactory relationship.

In Robert, I truly found my “other half,” and as he has often said, he has found his “other half” in me. There is a

completion as far as we are concerned. I believe there is an “other half” for everyone, someone with whom we are destined to find our fulfillment.

Many people are prepared to settle for less, and spend their lives wondering what is missing. But I am sure there is a time and place when the “other half” breaks into our lives, even when that “other half” has been with us all the time.

I really must stop my philosophising. It's bedtime and Robert and I have a few things to attend to.

Transcontinental

Jordan had not been keen on the idea from the start. He had telephoned his mother to tell her he was coming back, probably for good. She had been delighted. When he told her the anticipated date and time of his arrival, she had become dejected.

"Darling," she moaned, "that's the date I've booked for a trip on the Transcontinental." This is a four-day train journey from east to west across the vast island continent.

She spoke of canceling the trip so she could be there to meet him on his arrival, but with a sudden burst of inspiration she cried out, "Darling, why don't you come with me? I can easily change the booking."

Jordan considered how tired he would be after his flight, but his mother went on with increasing enthusiasm, "You'll find it very relaxing, and we can get to know each other again."

Jordan had been away from home four years, and except for very fleeting visits, he had not seen his mother during that time. From time to time he had twinges of guilt about this, but he was in the early stages of his career, and to refuse the overseas appointment would have slowed down his chances

of promotion in the Government Foreign Affairs Department.

Now the hoped for advancement had come. It was what they called a "Home appointment," and he was granted one month's leave before taking up the new position.

Finally, Jordan succumbed to his mother's enthusiasm and thought, "Oh well, I've traveled the length and breadth of quite a few countries, I suppose this is a chance to see my own country at ground level. So he said, "All right mother, I'll come with you."

Uncharacteristically his mother bubbled with excitement at his agreement, and as his flight arrived only one day before the train was due to depart, and his mother would be traveling in from a country town to the city, it was agreed that they would meet the terminal.

Jordan had already booked his flight from Singapore. It all seemed like plain sailing, but unfortunately, it did not work out so smoothly.

First, he had to cancel his booking on the flight because of a last minute task loaded on to him. Then the later flight was held up with engine trouble. He was now due in at the airport with only an hour to spare to get to the train terminal.

After landing he seemed to wait forever to get his luggage, then he had to battle to get a taxi. The city traffic seemed to be one big snarl, and the taxi crawled to the terminal.

Staggering under the weight of his luggage Jordan made for the baggage handler's counter to hand in two large suitcases. The handler took his travel document and smiled, "You're lucky sir, the train has been held up with a generator problem, else you'd have missed it."

"Thank God one delay has worked in my favour," thought Jordan, and carrying the one suitcase he was taking on to the train, he went out to the platform.

The long train with its silver carriages stood gently humming and travelers and those seeing them off were still milling around on the platform. As Jordan wove his way through the crowd in what he hoped was the direction of his carriage, a woman standing in front of the magazine stall suddenly caught his attention.

Now it must be said of Jordan that he was a normal virile male who had not lacked close sexual contact with females from the time he entered puberty. On the other hand, he was not given to casual surveying of women. The fact that this

particular woman caught his attention indicates that there was something rather special about her appearance.

His first sight of her was from the back. He noted the superb figure – not the emaciated physique of the catwalk model - but the rounded loveliness, approaching the buxom, of the truly feminine female.

Jordan took in the exquisite taste of her two piece suit, and the shapely legs that extended below the knee length skirt. He saw the black hair laced into a braid that passed over the woman's shoulder and out of sight in the direction of her breasts.

He longed for her to turn round so he might glimpse her face, and as he wished for this, she turned. His eyes followed the braid of hair that fell between and to just below her breasts, seeming to emphasise their rounded firmness. Then he stood frozen with shock.

Two shining eyes, almost as black as the hair gazed at him. The full mouth broke into a glittering smile, showing white even teeth. "Darling!" the woman exclaimed, "Oh my darling."

"Oh God," he thought, "I've been eyeing off my mother."

Ruth (his mother) flung her self into his arms, hugging him close. "I'm so relieved to see you. I thought you were going to miss the train."

Her effusive greeting attracted the attention of the people standing nearby, and they smiled at Ruth's noisy welcome of this young man.

Still holding Jordan close, Ruth said, "Our carriage is just here," and clinging to his arm, she led him to the door.

The "Host" (once called the "Conductor"), gave them a welcoming smile. As they passed down the corridor Ruth said, "I hope you don't mind, darling, but I've booked a Deluxe compartment for us."

Jordan noted the use of the singular "compartment." Having never in his life traveled on a long distance train, he had no idea what a Deluxe compartment consisted of, but assumed it must be some sort of twin room arrangement. He was somewhat taken aback, therefore, when they entered the compartment and he found, apart from a separate toilet and shower area, there was only one room.

He was even more confounded when he saw the sleeping arrangements. "Mother, its only got a double bed," he exclaimed.

"No so, darling," Ruth laughed, and reaching for a handle in the wall, she tugged down a single bed. "I didn't think either of us would be too shy to share the same compartment," she went on, but this time her laugh seemed to have a tinge of anxiety.

The rest of the spacious compartment held a table, three armchairs, a refrigerator containing small bottles of complimentary drinks, and a video player and screen.

At that moment, a voice came over the platform and train PA. "Would all guests (once called "passengers"), please board the train, and visitors leave. The train will depart in two minutes."

There was a buzz of activity as people boarded and others alighted from the train. Through the carriage soundproofing could be heard the increased hum of the two linked diesel engines that would pull the twenty-five carriages.

Faces peered on both sides of the windows on the platform side. The voice came over the PA again, "Stand clear. Stand clear please." A dull roar was heard from the engines as they

took up the strain of their load, and the train, almost imperceptibly, began to move out of the terminal.

At what seemed at first a snails pace, but with ever increasing speed, they moved through the city suburbs, past tall buildings, over and under road bridges, then out into the residential areas with their mainly single storied villas.

Jordan was now able to take stock of his mother. She had changed since he last saw her, which was about a year ago. As he looked at her and she at him, he could see the features he had always known, but somehow they seemed to flow more gracefully than he recalled. There was an elegant sensuousness about her that he had never recognised before.

"You know, mother, you've changed. I barely recognised you on the platform. What's happened? ...What have you done?"

Ruth smiled. "I've made a new start. When your father died, I was crushed. We both were, you remember."

Jordan certainly did remember. He had been seventeen at the time, and he and his mother clung to each other emotionally like drowning people are said to cling to a straw in a raging sea.

"I mourned your father's death for four years," Ruth went on. "You had your studies and then your work, but I had lived for your father, and when he died life was empty. I just didn't bother about myself – how I looked, how I dressed. Then, about a year ago, just after your last visit, I seemed to come out of my grief and wake up. I couldn't go on mourning forever, so I decided to take an interest in myself and the world around me. And that's the story in a nutshell."

Jordan, giving her yet another admiring look, declared, "Well, you look terrific." He laughed and went on, "I have a confession to make. When I first saw you on the platform I hoped you'd be on the train so I could get to know you, and here you are, but I already know you." He laughed again.

Ruth gave a strange smile and said quietly, "Do you, darling?"

There was an awkward pause, and then as if to change the direction of the conversation Ruth burst out, "Oh look at the scenery, darling."

The train had now reached the outer suburbs and was beginning the climb into the mountains. For a while they admired the terrain as they passed hillsides covered with gum trees and gorges descending to rushing streams, but Jordan, tired out from his flight and the mad rush to catch

the train, slowly dozed off and then passed into a dreamless sleep.

His mother gently shaking him awakened him. "Wake up, darling."

At first, he did not know where he was, then the compartment came into focus, and he heard the muffled rumble of the train wheels on the track. The compartment light was on, and the window blind down. He had slept through the late afternoon and into early evening.

He saw that his mother had changed into a dress while he had slept, and the sight of her caused a faint tingling in his groin. The dress was cherry red, which dramatically complimented her black hair and dark eyes. The neckline that plunged down between her breasts clearly showed she wore no bra. The dress had a slit up one side reaching almost to the top of her thighs. She wore black nylon stockings, but instead of the high-heeled shoes that might have been expected, she had black low-heeled shoes made of soft leather.

Jason recalled that he had once told his mother that he disliked women in high heeled shoes, which he said caused them to stomp and strut around. Low heels and the comfortable, smooth walk these gave rise to turned him on.

He wondered at his mother's choice of clothing.

He also noticed that two of the small bottles of complimentary spirits were standing empty on the table. He thought this a little odd as his mother hardly ever drank spirits, but he made no comment.

"I booked us in for the 7-30 meal in the dining car," Ruth said.

He tried to focus away from the woman before him, telling himself that this was his mother and not some sexually available female he had just met.

Ruth was speaking again, "Darling, it's seven o'clock now, and I thought you might like to take a shower."

"Good idea," he said, "I need one after the day I've had."

Jason took his shower and shaved, then unthinkingly emerged naked from the shower alcove to be confronted by a delighted Ruth who laughed, "My goodness, darling, you have turned into a big boy."

Embarrassed, he hurriedly dressed himself in shirt and slacks.

When he had finished Ruth came close to him. Her lips nearly touching his, she whispered, "Its lovely to be with you like this." Then as she kissed him in a rather unmotherly way, he thought he felt a slight rotation of her hips as she pressed intimately against him.

He fought a losing battle to stop himself getting an erection, while trying to come to terms with what was happening. His own mother was sexually arousing him almost, it seemed, through deliberate actions on her part. Was he imagining this, or was it really happening?

Jordan had never before considered his mother as a sexual being, yet from his first sight of her on the platform there seemed to be sexual overtones present in their renewed relationship.

They made their way to the dining car and were shown to their seats. Ruth ordered a bottle of good Shiraz, and they made their choices from the menu.

This done Jason took stock of the other people in the car. He noted with annoyance that other men present, whether with

female companions or not, seemed to be taking an inordinate interest in Ruth.

Jason was again puzzled by his own reaction to this attention being paid to his mother. Other sons might have been proud to be with a mother who was so attractive to men, but here he was, actually jealous and fearful she might respond to one of those lascivious glances.

He tried to recall how things had been in the past with his mother. After his father died he and his mother had drawn very close, comforting each other with words and hugs. This close tactile relationship had lasted for about a year, then suddenly it had ceased. Ruth seemed to draw away from him.

Jason, by then heavily engaged with his studies and thoughts of his future career, whilst he was puzzled and a little hurt by the change that he felt as rejection, did not pursue the matter. Now he wondered why that change had come about, and why it now seemed to have changed yet again to become more physical than before.

During the meal, Ruth drank most of the wine, and as Jason glanced at her across the table, she leaned forward to reveal an expanse of cleavage.

Jason, trying to distract himself from this ravishing vision, looked out of the window. The dining car blinds were not down, but the train was now out of the mountains and moving across the plain beyond. It was a dark moonless night, and the lights of the dining car made it almost impossible to see anything but an occasional pinprick of light emanating from some isolated dwelling.

Now, against his will, Jason was again sexually aroused. The sight of this very sensual woman, and the faintest fragrance of her delicate perfume, whether she was his mother or not, was overpowering him.

Jason resolved to end this inflaming situation. "Mother, I'm still feeling rather tired. Would you mind if I went to bed?"

Ruth pulled a slightly sulky face. "I thought we would spend the evening together, sweetheart." Her voice was slightly slurred from the alcohol she had consumed. "Are you really so tired?" She paused, and then went on, "I'm sorry my love, I'm being selfish. We'll have plenty of time together. You go off to bed and I'll come along shortly."

Jason rose, and kissing Ruth on the cheek, he went off to their compartment.

He was in the habit of sleeping naked, so he was able to get into the single bed without having to display his throbbing erection in front of his mother.

He thought about masturbating to relieve his sexual stress, but decided against it in case his mother returned and caught him in the act. So, he lay there in the dark trying to distract himself from his lust filled thoughts.

He had just about succeeded when the door opened and his mother entered. She did not turn the main light on, but used the low-powered reading light over the double bed.

Jason decided to feign sleep, but continued to watch his mother through narrowed eyes. He was surprised to see that she had brought a bottle of Scotch and two glasses back with her.

Ruth looked over at him, and gave a sigh. She kicked off her shoes and poured a generous glass of whiskey. She sat on the edge of her bed for a long time, sipping her drink, still observing Jordan. He could feel her almost willing him to wake up.

Finally, finishing her drink, Ruth, with what sounded like a despairing moan, suddenly stood up. She reached behind her dress and Jason heard the sound of a zipper being pulled

down. The dress fell to the floor, and Ruth stood there clad only in her stockings and a suspender belt.

Jason was staggered. "My God, she's not wearing any panties."

He had never seen his mother naked before and he nearly forgot to pretend sleep. Her sensual beauty was such that it took an enormous effort of will to keep his eyes narrowed.

He took in her breasts, which were large and firm, with up pointed nipples that stood out long and hard. He could see the slim waist, the smooth swelling hips and long shapely legs, clad in the black stockings.

After standing there for a couple on minutes, still with her eyes fixed on Jordan, Ruth sat on the edge of the bed facing him, she drew her legs up, parting them as she did so, To reveal her sexual organ.

To Jason's surprise, he saw that there was no pubic hair. He was later to learn that it had been permanently removed. This absence of pubic hair enabled him to see in the dim light, that her vaginal opening was very small and plump.

As he watched, Jordan saw his mother reach down with her hands to gently pull apart the outer lips of her vagina. This revealed the beautiful, pink inner petals. He could see the female lubricant glistening round her opening. Still gazing at him Ruth inserted one finger inside her. This evoked a soft cry from her as she began to move the finger in and out.

" Oh God, she's totally aroused," he thought. His own organ was now hard and throbbing. The sight of his mother clearly lusty for him was exquisite agony. Before he could stop himself, he gave out a long groan of sexual craving.

Ruth, with no apparent unease at being seen stimulating herself, looked at him. "You're awake, my darling! Are you all right? Did I wake you?"

She moved over to sit on the side of his bed. The compartment was warm, and Jason only had a single sheet covering him. Ruth's hand began to stroke him through the cotton, roaming slowly over his chest, then down his abdomen. Her hand brushed against his throbbing penis. They looked into each other's eyes, she still sitting on the edge of his bed, he stretched out, still and waiting.

Ruth whispered, "Is there anything you want, my love. Can mother do anything for you?"

She pulled the sheet down to revealing his young body and pulsating manhood.

"I think there is something I can do for you," she murmured, taking his hard manhood in her soft hand and gently stroking it. "So big," she murmured, "so very big."

Even if Jordan could have replied, it would have made no difference. Quickly Ruth came astride him and lowered her vaginal opening to nuzzle against the head of his penis. She smiled down at him for a moment, then let herself drop down and his length slide into her.

Jason's mind was reeling, but through his dazed thoughts, he felt the promise of her small opening. Ruth was tighter than any woman he had ever experienced, and with powerful vaginal muscles, she flexed even tighter round his length, almost dragging him into her.

"Just lay still my sweet, just let mother fix it for you," she murmured softly. "Mother loves you...loves you so very much."

Jason did not have to wait long for it to be "fixed." He gave voice to the all embracing passion he was now experiencing with groans of ecstasy calling out to Ruth, "Mother, oh mother."

In turn, Ruth gave out little murmurs and squeals as she angled his penis to glide against her clitoris. "Darling, mm...mmm...ah... my love...my dearest love..."

Jordan was lost in her. Never in all his other sexual experiences had he felt such a sense of melding with a woman. They were no longer two people, but one. He never wanted to separate from her, but orgasm approached, the moment of climax, after which came the tragedy of separation.

He fought against his own desire to pour himself into her, desperately wanting to prolong the ecstasy, but now Ruth was crying out, "Let it come into me my love... My darling... Please, please impregnate me... Mother wants your sperm so badly..."

He lost the battle to hold off, and as he flamed into her, Ruth suddenly began to vibrate. "Oh God, no...no...I can't bear it...it's too much...Oh God, yes...deeper, deeper." Her whole body throbbed, and with a great shriek, her orgasm overwhelmed her.

They cried out broken pledges of love, desire and lust as their fluids mingled within her.

Then it was over. Ruth drooped over Jordan, her lovely breasts brushing against his chest. "My love...oh my love...my beautiful boy," she moaned.

Jordan strove to give expression to his thoughts and feelings. "Mother...so wonderful... Never before...I've never...oh mother..."

They lay, Jordan still inside her, and after an initial slackening of his penis, it started to rise again.

Momentarily pulling out from her, he moved Ruth across to the double bed. Understanding his intention, she opened her legs to receive him, and said quite simply, "Oh, yes, my love." He entered her.

After the near insanity of their first coming together, there now ensued a long, gentle act of love. Jordan's hand caressed her breasts. They kissed long and hungrily as if this was the food they had craved for.

For Ruth this was no revelation. She had known long before – at the time she had stopped close physical contact with Jordan – that her sexual appetite could only be gratified through feasting on Jordan's body, and he on hers.

For Jordan it was different. He had also hungered for the satisfaction of profound sexual coupling. He wanted the table to which he could return repeatedly to sate his sexual hunger. What he had been unable to do, was to define the place that would provide for his need.

Lying locked together, Jordan now knew he had found that hunger-gratifying place. They smiled into each other's eyes, and Jordan began to move more rapidly inside Ruth's tight little organ. Once more, they reached the zenith simultaneously; cries of love engulfing them. Then they were at peace, the faint noise and movement of the train once more impinging on their consciousness.

With the warmth of the compartment, and the physical exertion of their love making, they were both bathed in sweat. The sheet beneath them was soaked with their fluids and there was the aroma that often comes from sexual activity.

Shyness now seemed to possess them, and they lay side by side for some minutes before Ruth, in an apprehensive voice as if seeking reassurance, asked, "Did you mind doing that with your mother?"

Jordan, also feeling uncertain, stammered, "Mother, it was...

Ruth interrupted him before he could go on, "Yes, darling, it was incest. Do you mind?"

Jordan did not reply for a moment, then said, "If that was incest, then I want to be always committing incest."

This seemed to break the barrier that had momentarily formed between them. Ruth laughed joyfully, and Jordan echoed this. Ruth drew close to him and put one leg over his body, and still laughing said, "My love, I think we'd better clean up."

The shower alcove being somewhat limited in size prevented them from doing what they would dearly loved to have done, shower together. Ruth showered first, and when Jordan had completed his shower, he found Ruth lying, still naked, on top of the double bed. In Jordan's absence she had manipulated the under sheet so their fluids were now no longer in the centre of the bed.

Jordan was not sure how the situation should now develop. In his uncertainty he made to return to the single bed, but Ruth, stretching out her hand to him, said, "Darling, don't you want me any more?"

Jordan needed no second bidding. He moved over to lie on the double bed.

Ruth moved over him to kiss him, her mouth wide and tongue penetrating to delve into him. As she broke away from this kiss, she whispered, "Whatever you want from me, my love, anything at all, is yours."

Jordan returned her kiss, and for long, their mouths hung together, tongues seeking every recess.

Then Jordan kissed his way down to Ruth's breasts, and took one long, hard nipple into his mouth, sucking and licking. Ruth cried out in pleasure, and thought, "That is where I once fed him, and now I feed him again, but for a different hunger."

Jordan pleased himself at her breasts for a long time, sucking and caressing, until Ruth almost climaxed. Then, instead of moving to her vagina, Jordan sat astride Ruth, laying his penis between her breasts. He made as if to fold her breasts over his length, but Ruth brushed his hands aside and herself squeezed her breasts over him, saying, "Yes, darling, yes, come in my breasts."

Jordan moved against the lovely soft flesh but as he was about to ejaculate Ruth seemed to change her mind. "No darling, no." She slid under him so his penis was against her mouth, and took it in.

He gave a cry of sexual anguish and shot into her mouth as she sucked and licked him. He was amazed at the quantity of sperm he produced, having already ejaculated twice that night. He could feel Ruth fighting to swallow his fluid, and despite her endeavour, it began to roll out from her mouth.

When he had finished and moved off her, Ruth found a tissue and wiped her mouth. She smiled and asked, "Did you like that, darling?"

"Oh mother, yes...yes," he moaned.

They lay quietly for a while, then Jordan, knowing that Ruth had not come, began exploring her vagina, seeking her clitoris.

Ruth made no move to touch Jordan, but lay there, giving little cries of delight as he stimulated her.

Jordan drew her to the side of the bed and parted her legs to fully expose her sex organ. He brought his lips to it and kissed, then inserted his tongue, thrusting, licking and tasting her femaleness.

Ruth's cries grew in volume to become a shrieking crescendo, her whole body shaking and writhing with ecstasy while Jordan struggled to hang on to her.

As Ruth descended from her climax Jordan drew her once more onto the bed, lay her on her back, and penetrated.

It was long and sweet. They smiled into each other's eyes, with Ruth giving little grunts and murmurs. She flexed her powerful vaginal muscle, drawing out yelps of delight from Jordan. Finally he ejaculated into her, and lay, still in sexual union, contented and at peace.

Eventually Jordan withdrew from his mother, and they slept.

In the morning, Ruth gently awakened Jordan. Looking out of the window, they could see the arid salt and blue bush plain stretching to the horizon, an occasional stunted tree struggling to survive in the harsh environment.

Almost unexpectedly, the train passed over a bridge with a sluggish, muddy river below, then past a small town. Most surprising of all to those who did not know the region, they went past a huge manmade lake, supplying irrigation water to the region.

"Darling, Ruth said, "The train will be pulling in at The Hill in another hour and a half. It stops there for a couple of hours to take on supplies and for a maintenance check. They have bus tours of the city and the mines, and I've made a booking for us, is that all right?"

"Of course," answered Jordan. "I've never been to The Hill before."

They showered and went to the dining car for breakfast. As they looked out of the window, they saw a line of low hills on the horizon, gradually drawing nearer. In fact, not all the hills had been made by nature. Some of them were giant mullock heaps from the more than century old mine workings.

The train began to slow, entering the city set in the midst of seemingly endless arid plain, crept into the station and stopped.

A voice came over the PA system. "The Hill, The Hill. All guests taking the city and mine tour will find their buses waiting at the station entrance."

Now began a bustling of people as some sought their tour bus, others setting out for a walk around the town on

souvenir seeking expeditions, and those going no farther than The Hill being greeted by friends and relatives.

Ruth and Jordan found their bus and sat hand in hand as it set off. They were like a honeymoon couple, laughing, touching and lightly kissing.

People around them, mainly elderly couples, had various reactions to this joyful, loving behaviour. Some simply smiled, others frowned with envy, while yet others made disparaging remarks. "Disgusting!" "A woman her age!" "In public." "It's shameful."

If they heard any of this, our mother and son lovers took no notice.

The tour took about an hour and half, and was timed to arrive back with about ten minutes to spare before the train's departure. Again, there was the platform bustle as the PA announced the imminent departure. New guests leaving The Hill, together with the now seasoned guests, clambered aboard. The diesel motors revved and the train slowly moved out of the station.

Jordan and Ruth sat watching the city pass by until the train was once more out on the seemingly barren plain.

Occasional groups of sheep could be seen grazing on what sustenance they could find. Groups of emu stood staring at the train, or sped away with long stiff-legged strides. A few daylight-shy kangaroos or wallabies could be seen by the keen eyed.

As the train settled down to its cruising speed, Ruth seemed to come to a decision. She turned to Jordan and calmly but seriously began to speak.

"Jordan. Last night I was a bit drunk when we came together for the first time. I'd wanted you for a long time, but had fought against my craving. You recall how I stopped touching and hugging you?"

"Yes, I remember," replied Jordan. "I have often wondered why you did that. Now I think I understand."

"Believe me, my love, I really did battle with my feelings for you. In the end, though, I had to know...I had to find out, even at the risk of losing you forever, whether you could accept me sexually, or if you would be repulsed."

"I have to tell you, there have been two men since your father died. It was nice with them, but I always knew that they

could not satisfy me. They were not the ones. After your father, there was only one man for me. You know who that is."

"Yes, I know," Jordan murmured.

"I confess, Jordan," Ruth went on, "that once I knew you were coming home, and your arrival coincided with my Transcontinental trip, I set up this situation to discover whether you could accept me physically. Last night's drunkenness was my attempt to get the courage to finally approach you ... to take the initiative. But that was last night, and things can happen in the night that in the morning we regret. Now, in daylight, I want to know if you regret what we did."

Ruth fell silent and Jordan said nothing for a long time. The muted rumble of the train wheels on the track was the only sound to be heard.

Jordan knew that whatever answer he gave, there would be an element of commitment involved. Last night his whole being seemed to be consumed with a combination of lust and love for this beautiful woman. He had never had such an overwhelming sexual experience before. But with his mother?

He and Ruth had crossed a boundary last night, the boundary of ancient taboos, of popular prejudice and legal stipulations. In crossing that boundary they had not yet entered new and secure territory, but were in no-man's-land.

The cries of love and commitment they had uttered during their coming together had yet to be stated in the cold light of day. Did he want to do this? Did his mother want to be committed, having now experienced his body? Had what they had done simply test a passing fancy that could now be left behind as a gratifying but fading memory?

Ruth watched him, waiting anxiously for Jordan's response.

Finally, Jordan turned to her. "Mother, I have no regrets. I'm glad you found the courage to take the first step. If it is at all possible, I want us to continue to be lovers, but if this is not possible, then I want you to know that being with you has been the most beautiful experience I have ever had, and I shall treasure it always."

Ruth leaned against him and whispered, "Thank you, my love."

What this moment meant for the future she did not know. It was sufficient at this time to know that Jordan desired her – wanted to be with her. She would take and give what was

possible during their time together on this trip. She would give herself to him in the present, leaving the future in abeyance.

Leaning against him, she felt his hand unbuttoning her shirt to reveal her naked breasts. His hand began stroking her, starting at the base of her breast, to move slowly up until his fingers gently squeezed her nipple.

There was nothing hurried, his caressing continued for a long time, until finally he lay her back on the seat and came over her to suck her nipples. As he did this, his fingers unzipped the shorts she was wearing and sought her vagina.

Ruth gave forth with little cries and murmurs of rapture. There was much they had to explore so many sexual ventures to be engaged in. Everything that love could give, she would give to him. Whatever he wanted of her would be his. Such was the overwhelming love and passion she felt for Jordan.

But nothing need be rushed. Even if their time together was to be limited, there was enough to stretch out the joys they might experience in each other.

Jordan was kissing her now, as his hand continued to stimulate her clitoris. Soon his kissing extended over her

whole body. It was if he was saying, "I want all of you, every particle of your body."

He ended up parting her legs so as to kiss her cleft and enter her with his tongue. The taste of her female fluids, and the sweet odour of vagina, drove him to near madness, and he could no longer refrain from penetrating her, his long hard length slipping into her to be engulfed by her powerful vaginal muscles.

He felt Ruth's legs wrap round him, forcing him ever deeper into her. They held together long in this erotic union, sometimes stopping all movement to look into each other's eyes and smile, and speak words of tenderness and devotion.

Outside the arid plain began to give way to green paddocks. At first fingers of green, following creeks that infrequently flowed with water drained from low hills appeared. Then the green paddocks widened out until the salt and blue bush disappeared completely. Cattle and flocks of sheep appeared increasingly, together with wheat and other crops. The train, now heading south, was drawing towards the coastal fringe of the continent.

This entering into the fertile land was a parable of what was happening between Ruth and Jordan in their compartment.

From the aridity of their lives in recent years, they had entered the fertile regions of human love and longing.

After their long melding together, and at Ruth's pleading, Jordan shot his sperm into her. As they lay together in a post-coital doze, Jordan was suddenly jerked awake. Still holding Ruth close, he asked, "Mother, is it still possible for you to get pregnant?"

He had used no contraceptives and did not know if his mother was using anything, or whether she was past the time when she could conceive.

Ruth did not answer immediately, but lay, still sleepy, letting her eyes rove over Jordan's face. Then in a drowsy voice said, "Yes, darling. I can still get pregnant."

Jordan was nonplussed. In his passionate desire for Ruth he had been, as he saw it, utterly selfish. He had declared his love for her, yet put her at risk. His arms tightened round her as he tried to find the words to express his anguished thoughts.

Ruth saved him the trouble. "Darling, would you mind so much if I did get pregnant?"

Jordan, stumbling over his words, "But...what about...how would you feel? I mean, you don't want to...you wouldn't want a baby, would you?"

"If we make a baby, I shall be overjoyed," Ruth responded, slowly and deliberately. Then she gave a deep throated laugh, "My love, if it had anything to do with the amount of sperm you've injected into me since we began this trip, I should be due for quads at least."

"You really don't mind getting pregnant?" queried the astonished Jordan.

"As I say, it depends on whom I get pregnant with. I couldn't wish for a lovelier outcome, so long as it's your sperm that fertilises me."

"But..." stammered out Jordan.

"It's all right, darling," Ruth smiled, "I know what I'm doing and I know what the outcome might be. See what a calculating woman your mother is? I can promise you I shall not ask you to take on any responsibility you do not want to accept. Now in case we have not succeeded so far, how about trying to fertilise me again."

At that moment they were unable to fulfill Ruth's suggestion as they felt the train starting to slow down as it came to an old railway town now falling into disuse. They hurriedly put on enough clothing to cover their nakedness.

They came to a stop alongside a near derelict platform. There were sad reminders of past railway glory in the building walls covered with coloured pebble tiles that had been considered very contemporary in the nineteen fifties. Now they were covered with grime and graffiti and overhead lights and windows had been smashed.

Someone boarded the train and it began its slow crawl out of the station to pick up speed and leave the dying town behind.

Ruth and Jordan recommenced their intended fertilising activity with eager fervour.

Habitations alongside the railway line became ever more frequent as they approached the southern city they were now heading for. The outer suburbs were reached and the single track they had been travelling on was joined by suburban line tracks. Roads crossed the line and they threaded their way over and under bridges.

Finally, the train now down to a crawl, they passed through the parks and gardens ringing the central city and drew into the bright modern station.

Here there was to be a two and a half-hour stop while the train was cleaned and re-supplied. There were again bus tours of the city available and Ruth had made a booking for them.

This time the happy "honeymoon" couple were a little less exuberant, having, as it were, "coupled" so many times, their physical powers were somewhat diminished, even though their emotional energy remained as high as ever. They enjoyed the tour, with Ruth laying her head on Jordan's shoulder as the bus took them round the sights of the city.

At one stopping point, they both realised how hungry they were. They had been so busy talking and making love, that they had completely missed their lunch.

Ruth, having heard about a certain "delicacy" allegedly popular in this city, and espying a stall selling this treat, they decided to try it. It is called a "Floater," and consists of a meat pie floating in a sort of pea soup. It was with some doubt that they sank their teeth tentatively into the goodies, but doubt soon disappeared as they savoured the excellent flavour.

"Ah well," thought Jordan, "Yet another new life experience."

Having pointed its nose southward for many hundreds of kilometres, the train was now oriented towards the west. Before it was over two thousand kilometres of track with only one thirty-minute stop in between, was to be traversed.

Strung out along the track as it crossed hundreds of kilometres of semi-desert country, were tiny huddles of houses set there to service the trains in the days of steam engines. Here the engines would take on water and fuel so they could continue the journey, and out from these habitations went the railway fitters to inspect and repair the lines.

Many of these places were now deserted, as their original functions were now either much diminished, or no longer existed at all. So, to the uninstructed eye the train was to cross a vast expanse of nothingness. The fact that animal life and exquisite tiny flowers grew amid the salt bush and stunted trees, would be obscured from the train traveler.

The train pulled out from the station at precisely six thirty p.m. For the first hour or two of the journey, they were to travel back along the way they had come, until they took a line branching towards "The Port."

Ruth and Jordan, still hungry and eager for their seven-thirty meal, made no attempt to engage in further sexual activity. They sat side by side watching first the suburbs slip by, then the fields and the nearby road running parallel with the railway.

The dust in the atmosphere presented a spectacular sunset of reds and purples, and after they finished their meal and retired to their compartment, they drank some of Ruth's Scotch, showered and went to bed. Cuddling naked into each other, they fell quickly asleep, deeply happy and satisfied.

They were asleep when the train pulled into The Port at eleven twenty p.m. They stayed asleep as it pulled out.

Some time after midnight Jordan awoke. His body was now folded against Ruth's back, and as he became aware of her body he felt his penis begin to extend. He placed it between her buttocks and began to probe for her vagina.

Ruth murmured awake, and feeling Jordan's penis nudging her genitals quietly said, "Yes darling," and lifted one leg to enable him to enter.

This time there was no flexing of her vaginal muscles. Ruth lay quiet, simply letting Jordan empty himself into her.

When with a soft sigh he finished, they both went back to sleep, Jordan's length slack, but still inserted into her.

They woke late and had to hurry to be on time for breakfast. The train was now traveling across "The Plain." On returning to their compartment they stared out of the window for some time, their bodies touching close.

It did not take long for their physical desire for each other to assert itself. Ruth undid the opening of Jordan's pants and began to play gently with his already erect organ. For a while Jordan let himself enjoy this pleasure without stirring himself to touch Ruth, but soon he could no longer resist the need to join in.

As he began to undress her, Ruth asked in a rather tentative voice, "Darling, have you ever tried anal sex?"

Jordan paused in the undressing process, and looking quizzically at Ruth said, "No. Why?"

Ruth, with even more hesitancy, said, "Neither have I. Would you like to try it?"

Jordan considered for a moment, then answered, "If you would like to, I don't mind giving it a try."

"You will be very gentle, won't you?" Ruth asked.

"Very gentle," replied Jordan, as he continued to undress her and himself.

Neither of them having experienced anal sex before, they were slightly at a loss to know how to go about it. In the end Ruth climbed on to the double bed and adopted a kneeling position with her buttocks turned towards Jordan standing at the side of the bed. This exposed her pink anus to him.

Both of them were thoroughly aroused, so Jordan wetted his fingers with Ruth's vaginal fluid and smeared it over her anus. This done, he made no attempt to insert his penis into her, but gently probed into her with a finger. Her anus was even tighter than her vagina, so he pushed carefully, monitoring Ruth's response as he went in.

Ruth felt Jordan's finger gradually pushing into her, producing a slightly thrilling sensation, which seemed to vibrate through to her vagina. Once Jordan had inserted the full length of his finger into her, he moved it up and down inside her for about a minute, then hearing her gentle moans of pleasure, he withdrew and then attempted to insert two fingers.

As they slid into Ruth, there was no doubting her reactions this time. She gave out with cries of pleasure saying, "More, more."

Jordan decided the decisive moment had come. He positioned the head of his penis against her anus. It was already wet with pre-cum, so he pushed carefully into her.

As he entered her anus, it seemed to consume his penis, drawing him in deeper and deeper. It was extremely tight, and when about half his length was in, suddenly Ruth convulsed.

"Oh, darling, that hurt," she cried out.

"Shall I stop," asked the concerned Jordan.

"No, sweetheart," Ruth whispered, "But take me quickly now, as if you were taking my virginity," which in a sense he was, her anus being virgin territory.

Jordan took a firm hold of her waist and then thrust in quickly and hard.

Ruth tensed, gave a shriek of agony, then relaxed. Jordan was in to his full length.

"Move up and down in me gently, darling," Ruth requested.

Jordan obeyed, and as Ruth began her cries and squeals of pleasure, he speeded up his movements.

Ruth's anus was very tight round his penis, and although he missed the wetness of her vagina, he found a new pleasure in this form of sex.

Jordan was very close to ejaculation, but he was not sure that Ruth would have an orgasm with this method if intercourse, so he reached down and finding her clitoris began to stroke it as he moved towards his climax.

He shot a mass of sperm into her, and when he had finished, he continued to stimulate Ruth's clitoris, until with dramatic suddenness, she screamed, shaking all over then finally collapsing onto the bed.

Jordan moved to lie beside her. As he did Ruth began to smother his face with kisses, crying out, "Oh darling, you're a wonderful, beautiful lover. I want you...I need you so much."

When she had calmed down they lay embracing, gradually dozing off, joyful in their new way of loving.

When they woke, it was lunchtime. They went to the dining car and once again, Jordan experienced jealous anger as nearby men eyed his mother. Having experienced his mother as an exquisite sexual partner, he wanted her for himself alone. The very thought of her with another man sent his mind into black agitation.

His stomach was so tied in knots by his dread that his mother might respond to the provocative looks around her that he hardly ate any lunch.

His mother had noted his disquiet and apparent lack of appetite, and on returning to their compartment she questioned Jordan.

"Is something the matter, darling? You hardly ate a thing, and you seemed upset about something."

Jordan found it difficult to admit to his feelings of insecurity about his mother, but Ruth, perceiving his confusion continued to question him.

She had her own feelings of insecurity about their relationship. First, there was its incestuous nature. Second, there was their wide age difference. Third, she wondered if Jordan, now having experienced her in every orifice, might be tiring of her. Something was troubling Jordan, and the sooner it was said, however hurtful it might be, the better.

Ruth pressed Jordan for an answer to her query. "Come on, darling, you can tell me what's wrong. What is it?"

Eventually Jordan came out with it. "I can't stand other men looking at you as if they want to eat you. All through lunch those guys were staring at you."

Ruth recognised the ancient monster, jealousy, at once. She knew that this emotion was one of the most destructive of love relationships. To deal with it meant that many things would have to be considered and decided upon. She took the plunge.

"I can't stop men looking at me, my love. You could see for yourself that I ignored their stares, and will go on ignoring them as long as we are lovers. Instead of letting it upset you, you might have been pleased that you actually have the woman they desire. I am for you, no one else."

"Mother, the very thought of you..." Pictures of Ruth touching another man's penis, sucking it, taking it into her lovely vagina, roared around in his head. This was the ghastly anguish so many feel when they doubt their status with a beloved one. Those who have not felt this uncertainty and fear cannot know the hell of despair it leads to.

Ruth was wiser than Jordan in these matters, and moved to bring out what needed to be said. She made no attempt to make physical contact with Jordan. All the promises of undying love and devotion spoken at the height of passion had now to be tested without the intervention of that excitement.

"Jordan," she began, "I had hoped that we might have this discussion when we were closer to the end of the trip, but I think we've got to have it now."

Jordan looked up at her puzzled. His thinking about the situation had not extended beyond his jealous feelings, but his mother seemed to be indicating broader issues.

Ruth continued. "I don't know how you are thinking about what happens when our trip is over. Does our sexual relationship cease, and what we have done simply become a happy memory? Or what? If it does cease, you surely would not then deny me the right to find a man or men to satisfy

my needs with? But as I have already said, as long as we are lovers, there will be no one else, not even in my head. If I must make you a promise, it is this; my love and body are totally yours for as long as we are lovers. I can make no promise beyond that, and for that matter, neither can you."

Ruth paused and Jordan tried to take in the implications of what she had said.

He had been so lost in his overwhelming desire for her, he had not considered how the future might run. They had touched upon the possibility of his mother getting pregnant to him, but she had said she would stand entirely responsible for this. Could he let this happen? What did he want for the future?

He tried to imagine the future without Ruth as his lover. He felt something like a cold knife pierce his heart. His emotion at this point was so overwhelming he thought he might faint.

Ruth, seeing the blood drain from his face, broke her resolve and held him in her arms. "Darling, are you all right, you've gone so pale."

Jordan struggled to speak and finally blurted out, "Mother...I...I don't want...I don't want a future without you."

It was said, and a wave of relief surged through Ruth. This had been her dearest wish that Jordan would be with her into the future. She felt Jordan shaking, and looking up into his face, saw he was weeping."

"My darling, what is it?"

Through his mounting sobs Ruth heard Jordan's anguish. "Don't leave me mother, please don't ever leave me. I want you so badly. I'll cherish and care for you...and the baby if we have one...I swear..."

This was enough for Ruth. Details could wait. She had her lover son into the future, and as he had bound himself to her, so she had to him.

The journey still stretched out before them. Not until mid morning next day would they reach the next official stop. They had been sitting on the seat, but now Ruth said, "Come and lay down, darling. Just come and relax. Everything is going to be all right."

Jordan lay on the double bed and Ruth undressed him and herself. The emotional scene they had just passed through

seemed to have exhausted Jordan, but had promoted and heightened Ruth's sexual drive.

"Just let mother make you feel good, darling," she said, and took his slack penis into her hand and began to lovingly caress it. It rose slowly under her comforting ministrations until it grew to its full length and hardness.

Jordan made as if to begin returning the stimulation, but Ruth stopped him. "Just let me," she said.

She bent down and took his penis into her mouth. Beginning with her lips wrapped round the penis head, she slowly worked her way down his shaft, then back up again, wetting him with her saliva.

Every attempt by Jordan to respond was suppressed by Ruth, and he was made to lie relaxed and unmoving as she worked on him. After what seemed an age, Ruth began to move her mouth up and down over him with increasing speed until he burst into her.

Jordan cried out, "Oh mother, mother," and gave a loud groan followed by little yelps as he spurted into her.

Unable to swallow the mass of sperm he ejaculated, Ruth let it dribble from the sides of her mouth to fall onto Jordan's lower abdomen. When he had finished Ruth moved up to kiss him, enabling him to taste his own discharge.

They lay embracing and at peace for the next two hours.

That evening, still under the lascivious glances of nearby men, two people, now feeling secure in each other's devotion, and feeling that their sexual couplings were as complete and fulfilling as any human procreative relationship could be, enjoyed the wonderful experience of love being present to love.

Jordan was relaxed about the obvious desire of the men around them to bed Ruth. In fact, he now found it exhilarating, arousing even more, if that were possible, his desire for Ruth.

After the meal, Ruth suggested that they should spend the evening in the club car. This was the first time they had thought about mingling with the other guests.

Jordan agreed to the suggestion, but on the condition they first returned to their compartment to make love. Ruth had no problem about this, as she had been wet between the legs throughout the meal.

The things they had said to each other, the words of commitment they had uttered, often stultifying of passion in many people proved to be even more liberating for Ruth and Jordan. The suppressed thoughts that their sexual relationship might end with their trip, now eliminated, ended the touch of desperation that had been present in their previous loving.

Ruth and Jordan could now begin that wonderful relationship that was both exclusive yet inclusive. Their bodies, their sexual selves, belonged without question and to the exclusion of all others, to each other. Ruth would take no other man into her. Jordan would penetrate no other woman. Sexually they were one.

On the other hand, they could include others in their relationship. Firstly, any child that might result from their couplings would be drawn into the orbit of their love, but again, to the exclusion of the sexual.

Friendships would be richer, more fulfilling, because they could safely expand into love and caring safely. In the years to come, both Ruth and Jordan would make it abundantly clear that they were one body, and no other would be allowed to trespass on that unity. In all else – social and spiritual relationships – they were free.

Returning to their compartment, they loved deep and long.

Their advent in the club car caused a stir. Other guests had speculated on the obvious loving relationship between the older woman and young man. There was no inkling that they were mother and son. As one of them had said, "She's a randy old woman being fucked by her toy boy."

Early attempts by some of the men in the club car to "get alongside Ruth" were quickly repelled by her, and as they discovered that they were dealing with an intelligent and cultured woman, they soon found that she was worth relating to for reasons other than sex.

Jordan had his own initial problems with some of the older women thinking that they might avail themselves of his services. He soon disillusioned them, and as he began to speak of his work abroad, they calmed down.

In all it proved to be, a most enjoyable evening, with many worthwhile conversations taking place.

A little tipsy, Ruth and Jordan returned to their compartment around midnight.

After they had showered and got into bed Ruth, moving her vagina up to Jordan's lips, said, "Darling, give me a goodnight lick."

He pulled her down tight to his lips and thrust his tongue into her. The "goodnight lick" extended over a long time, and ended in Jordan coming into Ruth's vagina.

They slept in peace.

The train's next scheduled stop was one of the country's oldest mining towns. This time there were no tours, the stop being too brief.

The slowing down of the train as it pulled into the station awakened Ruth and Jordan.

Neither of them had the will or energy to rise from their bed. Their frequent couplings since the very first time, had exhausted them. They lay in each other's arms, profoundly in love, but physically unable to demonstrate it.

The train pulled out from the station on the last leg of the journey. Next day they would arrive at the City in the West.

Having committed themselves to an on going relationship, Ruth and Jordan now began to discuss the practical details.

Ruth had anticipated that Jordan's new appointment would mean he would be able to live with her. It was not so. Jordan would need to live in the Federal Capital. This was far away from Ruth's house in a country town.

At first, Jordan said he would resign from the department, but Ruth would not hear of this. Instead, Ruth suggested that she sell her house and come to live with Jordan in the Capital. After much discussion, this was agreed. Thereafter she would travel with Jordan if he got further overseas appointments.

On arrival at their destination, they went to the hotel Ruth where Ruth had booked two rooms. This had been a pessimistic move on her part, assuming that she and Jordan would not have found their sexual love on the train. They spent a rather uncomfortable couple of nights in Ruth's single bed.

Flying back to their point of departure, they settled into the family home for the next three weeks of Jordan's leave. Using the giant double bed in what had been Ruth's bedroom, new experiments in loving making occurred.

One night Ruth slipped strips of cloth she had previously and secretly tied to the bed head and foot, over Jordan's wrists and ankles. He was spread-eagled and at her mercy.

Ruth tormented him endlessly, playing with his penis, biting and scratching, sliding her vagina over his body, then lowering it to his mouth. He begged her to let him penetrate her, but for long she laughed and refused.

If Jordan was left with a sore penis and some rather obvious bruises and scratches, he got his revenge another night, and Ruth nursed her bruised nipples and neck for a few days.

Thus these two, mother and son lovers, played and loved.

It was at the end of Jordan's month long leave, that Ruth announced to him that she was probably pregnant. Her doctor later confirmed this.

This news tended to move things along more rapidly. The family home was sold and Ruth moved in with Jordan.

The fruit of their Transcontinental loving was born a girl. They named her Rachel.

Two Bodies, One Soul

Having read many erotic stories of incestuous love, I have hesitated to record my own experience. So many of the couplings recorded in erotic literature seem to focus on the rumbustious, one might even say, violent, acts of sexual unions.

My experience has been rather different. At the risk of gaining the derision of the seekers after the extreme, not to say furious, aspects of sexual contact, and in the hope of touching those of more gentle persuasions, I make my humble submission.

My name is Sari. At the time of writing, four years after the event I shall record took place, I am forty-two years of age. Married to Carl for twenty-three years, the union had produced one daughter and one son.

Beloved as my daughter is to me, my special bond had always been with my son, Travis. I have heard and read of such bonding between mothers and sons, but I think ours, from the very first, went beyond the “normal”, whatever normal is.

I was once reading Edward Gibbon’s “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.” In it I came across a passage that said of two

brothers, "In every action of life it was observed that their two bodies were animated by one soul." Since the birth of Travis, that is how it had been between us.

As he grew towards manhood it became clear, not only to me, but also to those around us, that not only did we share so many tastes, desires and aspirations, we also seemed to know each other's thoughts before ever they were spoken. We constantly anticipated each other needs, and felt each other's joys and sorrows. We were there to support each other in times of distress or crisis.

I had observed in other families, that when a son entered the years of puberty, bonding often broke down. Not so, with Travis and I, if anything, it strengthened.

My husband Carl and my daughter Natala, were often aggrieved at the closeness of Travis and I, but in truth, neither Travis nor I had sought or planned our bond. It was as mysterious to us, as it was angering to Carl and Natala.

Natala's ultimate response was to leave home as soon as she was of an age to do so, to work in a distant city. Carl's response was sarcasm and constant criticism of Travis, and verbal attacks on me to the effect that I was making my son, "a mother's boy."

In fact, Travis is essentially masculine, as I am essentially feminine. It was hardly possible for a female to be in Travis's presence and not be aware of a very virile young man. In his high school years, I was all too aware of his sexual liaisons, but that's another story.

In those years of his growing sexual awareness, I became conscious of his sexual desire for me. This impelled me to consider my own feelings in this matter, and I found I had no doubts about my sexual feelings for him. It seemed a perfectly natural flow on from all the other life aspects we shared.

We each knew of the other's desire, but neither of us spoke of it. We had no need to speak of it for, as I have written, we seemed to know each other's thoughts before they were ever spoken. It was something beautiful being held in abeyance until the moment came, and we would know that it was right.

That moment came one Saturday afternoon. Carl was as usual off watching a football match. We knew that we would not see him until late that night because he would be off drinking with his mates at the pub, celebrating the victory if their team won, or drowning their sorrows if it lost.

Even the weather seemed to be favouring us. It was a lovely Spring day, and Travis and I were lying on lounges in the garden reading. It might be appropriate to write here that we were scantily clad, but it was not so. I had a perfectly ordinary skirt and blouse on, and Travis jeans and a shirt.

I knew what was going to happen, and Travis afterwards told me that he also knew. The time was right.

I was wondering if I should take the initiative, when Travis rose and came to me. He leaned over and kissed me very softly on the lips and said, "May I put my penis into your vagina, mother?"

The request was no surprise, but the quaint manner of making it was. It was something out of a past age, and all the sweeter for it.

As I had been anticipating what was to happen, I was already well lubricated and Travis's penis was erect. I spoke no word in response to his request, but simply pulled up my skirt, took off my panties, and drew my legs apart.

He took off his jeans and came over me. I guided him to my entrance. He slipped in easily and as he reached the full depth, I flexed my vaginal muscle round him. He lay very

still in me, but commenced kissing me again with his soft warm lips.

I was a stranger to this form of sexual intercourse. Carl and one or two other men I had been with, had always been violent in their approach, even inflicting pain in their lust, not so with Travis. He came to me with reverence, his penetration like that of one entering a sacred place.

For the first time of coming together, one might have anticipated urgency, a rapid climax, but it was not like that. Ours was an act of deep love, an extension of what was already between us, a natural physical outcome of the spiritual bond we had experienced since his birth – perhaps even before his birth, while he was still in my womb.

I have read in the more austere literature on the subject, that what we were doing was “unnatural coitus.” To us it seemed the very opposite. It was the most “natural coitus.”

It had all those elements of love, hunger and the drive to reproduce the species that goes with every good sexual coupling, but for Travis and I there was more. Our union was the final act of our completion as “one soul.”

We lay together unmoving for a long time, kissing, then breaking away to look deep into each other’s eyes, rejoicing

in the time of fulfillment, feeling the sweetness of the closest physical contact a man and a woman can achieve.

At last Travis spoke, using the most ancient and simple words to express what flowed between us; "I love you mother."

I responded, "You are my other half, Travis."

Then we began to move in rhythm with each other, Travis's shaft drawing back until only the tip of his crown remained in me, then plunging down into my depths.

Once more, I might wish to write of a violent eruption as we experienced our orgasms, but this was like no other orgasm I had ever experienced. In keeping with the rest of our coupling, it was what I can only describe as "harmonious", tender and loving, each wanting to give more than to receive.

Travis finished his ejaculation with a gasp followed by a sigh of satisfaction that seemed to come from his heart. I clung on to him as the fading shadows of my climax continued to shake me, and then we were at peace, still in physical union.

The deed once done, the doers of the deed must bear the consequences. Had ours been an act of simple lust, all might

have ended there and then. For Travis and I it could not be and was not so.

Sheer practicalities stood in the way of there being no consequences to our act. Carl had had a vasectomy, and one outcome of my coupling with Travis, was pregnancy. When I told Carl of my condition, without revealing who had helped bring it about, the storm raged, Carl departed, the last word from him, being that concerning our divorce.

Separation between Travis and I is unthinkable to both of us. In the simplest of terms, "We belong."

If once past the first act of our union, we have both become somewhat more energetic and exploratory in our sexual activity, there will always be something sacred about that first gentle union.

When You Walk the Dog

The connection between walking the dog and teaching computer basics to over sixties. Believe me, there can be a very real and ultimately carnal connection, at least, that is what two such dog walkers discovered.

Along the Path.

Every morning, I walk the dog. There is a path that follows the river very near my house. If you go walking at a regular time, you tend to pass the same people walking their dogs every day. Most dog walkers are inclined to make an early morning job of it. I go a bit later and so do not see so many people, but there are a number of people I do pass regularly.

Dog walkers are friendly people and greet each other with "Good morning," or "Hello." Some stop and have a chat, usually about their dogs or the weather. Often I don't know their names, so I make up names based on some characteristic feature about them or their dog. For example, there is Mrs. Poodle who obviously has a poodle. Then there is Mrs. Coal Scuttle, so named because she wears a hat that reminds me of a coalscuttle we had when I was a child. There is Mr. Brown coat and Mrs. Foot Dog (Because her dog walks backward watching her feet).

The focus of my story is, however, Mrs. Slow Coach. She got this name because her dog slowly ambles along about two or three hundred metres behind her, looking suspiciously at passersby. She has to stop every now and then to let the dog catch up.

She seemed to be a shy woman, and for a long time walked by without giving any return greeting. This came to an end when one day I caught up with her as she waited for her dog, and she smiled and said "hello". I stopped for a moment and commented about her dog's slow pace and his suspicious stare. She told me that the poor creature had been brutally treat as a puppy and this accounted for his suspicion. We spoke a little longer, then I walked on.

For the next few weeks we had further casual conversations whenever we met, then one day I happened to mention that I taught computer basics to people over sixty. She took this up, saying that she had just bought her first computer, and couldn't understand it. She asked if she would be able to attend the course I taught, and I pointed out that she wouldn't qualify because of her age.

Computers Do Make Friends.

She was and is somewhere in her mid forties. Like most men when meeting a woman, I had sized her up sexually. She is about five feet five, and has middle age spread – a little plumpness round the waist. She has short fair hair, light blue eyes and soft white skin. Her walking clothes do not offer much chance to weigh up the more subtle aspects of her physique, but I could see the strong possibility of very full breasts. I had noted the wedding ring on her finger, and thought to myself, "Her husband must have enjoyable bedtimes." She spoke very slowly with a pleasant voice, and her movements were also slow and deliberate.

She seemed mildly disappointed that she would not be able to attend the computer course I taught, so I made a few suggestions about other courses. This ended our conversation for that day, but a few days later we met again, and she presented me with a computer problem she was having. I offered a few suggestions about how she might fix the difficulty, and again, the conversation ended as we departed in opposite directions.

By now, I had learnt that her name was Marion, and it was a few days before I saw her again. I asked if my suggestions had fixed her computer problem, and she said it hadn't. I went on to enquire if she knew anyone who could come to her house and try to find out what the trouble was. She replied that she didn't know anyone of that sort.

Now as it happens, I do make a point of going to the homes of a few elderly people who have just bought a computer, and get them started on it. It usually means about four or five one-hour sessions, for which I make no charge. It crossed my mind to offer my home service to Marion, but I hesitated because I felt I had as many as I could manage at that time. I did, however, mention this home service to Marion, and said that in a couple of weeks I would be finishing with two of my current students, and would she like me to come to her house to teach her.

She seemed delighted with this idea, and said, "Would you really?" I said I would, so we made a date and time right then. We parted company with many expressions of thanks on her part and lots of "That's all rights" from me.

We saw each other a few times in the following fortnight during our walks, and it was clear she was looking forward to my "computer home visit." On the arranged day and time I rang her doorbell, and was welcomed in with smiling ceremony and questions like, "Would you like a cup of coffee and biscuit, or something." I refused these offers and was led to her computer.

I was able to do a double assessment, first of Marion and then the computer. For the first time, I saw her not in her walking clothes. She had on a simple dress of the sort many women wear around the house. It was a cotton, demure knee length

affair that zipped all the way up in front. Despite it's simplicity, it looked expensive, and was close fitting enough for me to see her figure more clearly. As I had thought, a little weight around the hips, very full breasts and sturdy but well shaped legs.

I looked at the details of the computer and concluded it was a quite powerful and expensive model. I was not familiar with this machine, and suggested that I should have a "play around with it" so as to familiarize myself with its possibilities. She said, "Of course," so she sat and watched me as I "played."

Once I had the hang of the little beast, I was ready to begin. I sat in front of the computer and she drew a chair up beside me. I went through the usual questions I asked beginners, like, "Have you got keyboard skills," "What sort of work will you be doing on the machine," and so on. Her answers made it clear that she had used a typewriter some years ago, and her main purpose in buying a computer was to keep up with her grandchildren, write letters and cards to friends and family, and keep a few household accounts. It was also clear that she had got little farther than being able to turn the computer on and off.

The preliminaries over, I got her to sit in front of the computer, and we began the first lesson. She was fairly quick in following my instructions, and we had a happy, non-

frustrating session. When we finished I had my cup of coffee and we made arrangements for the next lesson.

Who Said Computers Aren't Sexy?

The next couple of sessions went well and Marion and I met quite often during dog walking. In fact, I got the impression she was waiting around for me to come along. We talked computers and at one stage got around to talking about her husband. It was nothing very intimate; simply that he was a management consultant who traveled all over the world in the course of his work.

This answered my unasked questions about the obviously elegant and expensive house and contents, together with Marion's costly clothes. I must admit, I had been a little put out by these signs of prosperity, because Marion could easily have afforded to pay for lessons, but having started to teach her, I could hardly back out now. In any case, I admit I was enjoying her company. Lessons started to extend from one to nearly two hours, and we found we shared a number of common interests in music and literature.

During her third lesson, I got Marion to let me sit in front of the computer to show her a slightly complicated operation. Instead of sitting in the seat I had just vacated, she stood behind me and a little to one side. As I explained the

operation to her, I felt her breast pressing against my shoulder. Her face came up beside mine, and she seemed to be breathing rather rapidly, and I could feel her breath on my cheek.

I found this fairly disturbing in an exciting sort of way, and I had to concentrate hard to keep focused on the task. When I had finished, I regretfully returned to my seat beside her. At the end of the lesson, instead of the usual offer of coffee, Marion asked if I would join her in a glass of wine or whisky. Being a whisky drinker, I opted for that, and Marion had wine.

The alcohol loosened our tongues a little, and Marion talked about her husband being away from home more than he was present, and how he hardly ever saw their two grandchildren. She began to probe me about my wife, but I decided not to discuss our domestic problems and limited myself to a few general remarks. I saw that my relationship with Marion was moving beyond that of teacher and student, especially as I remembered the stirring in my groin during her breast pressing.

Arriving for the fourth session, a new Marion greeted me, or rather, I saw a lot more of the old Marion. She came to the door wearing a sort of flimsy lace coat that clearly revealed that she was wearing a somewhat brief bikini underneath. It was pleasantly warm weather and I was only wearing shorts

and shirt myself, and she said, "I was just doing a bit of sun bathing. I won't change if you don't mind." I told her I didn't mind, but thought I should.

When we entered the room where the computer was kept, I saw another change. Instead of a couple of separate chairs in front of the machine, Marion had placed a sort of double seater bench. "I thought it would be much easier for us than two chairs," she explained. "I said, "Fine," and left it at that.

The lesson commenced with Marion sitting before the computer and me next to her on one side. It quickly became obvious that the bench was really a sort of one and half seater, and although I tried to keep out of her way, I could feel her thigh pressing against my leg. To add to the growing tension in my groin, I could smell her faint female odour and that really got things coming up.

At one point during the lesson, Marion turned to ask me a question. In doing so, she straddled the bench so that her coat parted up to its light tie round her waist. I could see the slight curve of her stomach leading to her mound, and then to where her bikini moulded into the cleft of her vagina. I had no doubt where things were headed, and it was in the direction I now wanted them to go. The only question was who would make the first open move?

I was trying to hide a raging erection from her, but with little success. She stared at my groin as I was staring at hers. Then, as if some signal had been given, we both looked up into each other's eyes. I don't know who moved first, but it seemed we simultaneously came together in a kiss that began as a gentle touching of lips and worked its way up to a raging passion. We broke and I reached for her breasts.

They were full and soft – the sort of breasts men long to lose themselves in. As I gently squeezed them through her bikini top, she began to whisper, "For God's sake, take me to bed and fuck me." I might have been surprised at this quietly spoken woman expressing herself in those words, but I was past registering such things. Her hand was fondling my penis through my shorts, and mine had slid along the bench to caress her vagina.

Marion rose and took my hand and started to lead me out of the room and into her bedroom. Once in the bedroom she almost tore off my shorts then dropped to her knees and began to suck my penis. I couldn't get to her bikini bottoms, but managed to get her top off. I saw her naked breasts, as full and swelling as I thought they would be, and surmounted by pink nipples standing out hard and inviting, just begging to be sucked.

I withdrew my penis from her mouth, raised her up, and laid her on the bed, and tore off her bikini bottoms. My lips went

to her nipple and I began to suck her. She groaned and went on saying, "Fuck me, fuck me darling, fuck me now," but I was too selfish to enter her at that moment. I wanted suck and squeeze her breasts. I wanted to taste her womanhood, to thrust my tongue into her opening, to lick her clitoris.

It was a raging battle between us, with Marion begging and pleading for me to enter her, and I feeding my explosive passion over every hill and dale of her body. I wanted to consume her, to tear her to pieces. Never had I wanted a woman as totally as I wanted Marion.

At last, I entered her. As I brought my penis close to her opening she grasped it and thrust herself onto it. She held nothing back. It was like fighting with a wild thing, challenging, relentless, tearing and willing to be torn. She was screaming and crying and this tumult rose to a great crescendo as her orgasm struck. As she came, I started to spurt into her with great flaming gouts of sperm that smashed to the back of her tunnel of love. It flooded her and then began to roll out of her onto the bed, together with her own animal juices.

The tumult began to recede, and I stayed inside her as I gradually subsided. I was exhausted by the power of our lust, but also completely at peace. Drawing out from her, I rolled away and lay beside her.

Marion lay with her eyes closed as if asleep, but suddenly she opened them and said, "Darling, when's the next lesson?"

When Youth is Past

I was waiting for the man to arrive. At least he would make a bit of a change in my otherwise monotonous existence. Having someone in the house apart from my dreary husband gave me a reason to smarten myself up a bit. I got out a dress I had bought a few years ago at a time when I still cared how I looked, and tried it on. "Good God!" I thought, "It still fits."

I took the dress off again and gazed into the mirror at my reflection. I had on only pants and a bra, but not satisfied, I took them off as well. "Hmm," I meditated, "Fifty five and still not too bad. Five feet five inches (tall that is), thirty-eight round the bust. I reached for the measuring tape, "Well, forty anyway. And forty-two round the hips. Could be worse. Breasts still reasonable and the nipples not battered around. Stomach a bit rounded with a few birthmarks, but nothing very noticeable. Legs, well, they had never been my best feature, but acceptable. Acceptable to whom?"

That was a good question. Fred, my husband of thirty five years was in his sixties and had recently had his prostate removed. This left him permanently limp. Not that this was

much of a change. He hadn't been able to perform properly for fifteen years, and I had been left to satisfy myself with one or two ships that passed in the night and a vibrator. Not that I fancied Fred anyway with his breath stinking of beer and cigarettes.

Of course, many people think that when a woman gets past her mid forties she is a neuter. I don't know about other women, but I'd give anything for a good hard fucking, but there was no one on the current scene that seemed interested.

I looked more closely at my face and hair. "Yes, could do with a bit of maintenance there. Hair not bad as it had only been dyed the previous week, but those lines round the eyes and the signs of a little double chin! Not hairy like a lot of older women. Lucky that. Hey, didn't I buy some cream a few years back that was supposed to remove lines? I only used it once or twice, where the hell did I put it? Of course, in the cupboard under the basin in the bathroom."

I went to the bathroom and got out the cream. I didn't really believe it would work, but I gave it a try. "Heavens, it does seem to do something. I swear those lines are not as noticeable as before. Better have a go with some makeup."

I took a bit of trouble with the makeup. Instead of the usual dash around the lips with the old beetle blood, I applied the

lipstick to what I thought was best advantage. I used some eye makeup that must have been about ten years old, and I tugged on the dress I had selected and thought of a bold move. I wouldn't wear bras today. I'd let 'em float free. Oh God, that felt good. I hated those constricting torture garments. "Aha," I thought, "No pants either. Let the fresh air circulate. So, what if the dress only came down to mid thigh? Give my visitor a thrill if he saw anything he shouldn't. Some hope! He'd probably run screaming from the house."

The doorbell rang, and after one final check around the equipment, I went to answer it. I had expected a middle-aged tradesman, but what I got was a bright youth of about twenty or so. He'd come to repair the television set, and the sight of this youthful tradesman raised doubts in my mind as to his competence, but, he was here, so better let him get on with it.

"Mrs.Yarnold?" he asked, with a smile that would have had me with my knickers down in a flash thirty years ago. "That's right," I assented. "I'm from 'Teletronics'," he went on, still giving me the leg trembling smile. I invited him in and showed him where the offending piece of equipment was. He set about his task with apparent efficiency.

Now I know you readers aren't stupid, so it's obvious that I had hoped that I might get some middle aged rooster of a

repair man, who might, just might, take a bit of a personal interest. Hope faded in the presence of this youth. Never the less, as I was paying for the repairs I might as well get full value for my money, so I sat to watch him as he worked.

I started at the top, observing his golden hair, his wide set blue eyes, full mouth and firm chin. He had a slim torso, the bottom half of which was clad in tight jeans that displayed a great deal of promise, if you know what I mean.

We chatted as he worked. Nothing very special. I asked if he liked his job, and was there much work at the moment, and all that sort of thing. He gave appropriate replies and asked how long I'd lived in the district and what it was like. At one stage, I got around to telling him my husband was now retired, but he was out for the day. I didn't say where, but between you and me, he was fishing and boozing with a couple of his useless mates.

The television set stood on legs and to adjust a particular part, Tony (I had asked his name) had to lie on his back underneath the infernal machine. He had got the thing going by now, and asked me if I would move the aerial that was one of those cheap indoor things on top of the set, and watch the picture. Without thinking I approached the set and did as he asked. As the picture cleared he started to emerge from underneath, this brought his head, and especially his eyes, just under my dress.

He stopped, transfixed. I wondered what the matter was, then it hit me, he could see my female equipment. He still didn't move and I thought, "Surely he can't be tempted by an old woman's sexual organ?" I think a demon got into me then, so I tried an experiment. I placed my legs wider apart to give him a more accurate vision of my vital parts. He continued to stare.

Then I noticed that the marked outline in his jeans of his vital statistics had grown considerably. "My God," I thought, "This boy is being turned on by me." It had never occurred to me that I might be able to attract a young fellow like this, despite what I'd heard about young men wanting older women. I waited for a bit longer, letting him get the picture as fully as possible, and then moved away.

He got up and I asked "Would you like a cup of coffee?" With a somewhat shaky voice, he said he would, so I disappeared into the kitchen to make it. He followed me in, and now his erection was loud and clear. He stood and eyed me all over, his gaze lingering on my breasts. I thought I'd try to push things along a little bit, and asked if he had a girlfriend. He sort of croaked out something about being between girls, and in any case, he found the young ones too silly and giggly.

I thought I saw definite signs of my sun coming up over the horizon, and prepared myself to get the full benefit. We took our coffee into the lounge and I made sure we maneuvered to the couch. Sitting beside him as close as I dared at this stage, I picked up the theme of young girls. "What is it," I asked, "Is it just that you prefer the mature woman?"

"That's it!" he gasped.

"What do you consider as mature," I asked as casually as possible. "Oh, someone about your age," he panted out with laboured breath. I laid my hand on his thigh and said, "That's a very lovely thing to say."

He took the bait and the plunge (mixed metaphor there), and leaned across and kissed me. It was not very romantic, his nervousness made it messy." Oh well," I thought, "I'd better start giving some lessons."

I took up the kissing theme and gave him a deep and long one. He could hardly keep still, especially when I put my hand on his now pulsating sexual organ. "I think you'd better fuck me," I said. He made no verbal reply, but pushed his hand up my dress and found my sexual organ. He may have been nervous but he certainly knew what to do with what he found. His finger was at my clitoris in a flash and in a flash and a half I was soaking wet with my woman's juices.

He was kissing me very adequately by now while his hand continued to ply its trade. I thought I'd better make some appropriate response, and started to unbelt and unzip his jeans as best I could, given that his kissing blocked my vision and he had me so stirred up I hardly knew what I was doing. He ceased the kissing and clitoris caressing in order to render me assistance in disrobing him and, having completed this task, he went on to help me out of my dress.

This was the decisive moment. Would he take one look and run? No, he didn't. He pushed me down onto the couch and dived straight for my breasts. Quickly he was pressing one with his hand and sucking the nipple of the other.

I may sound somewhat flippant in relating these events, but believe me I was far from flippant in the situation. I was gasping and moaning like mad, and was pummeling at his penis as hard as I could go. Events took a new turn when he pulled away from me, pushed my feet up onto the couch, spread my legs and dived into my cunt with his tongue. I started to yell out and it's a wonder the neighbours didn't come running. He was driving me mad with lust for him.

I thought it was time for a little reciprocal action so I went down onto the floor and maneuvered him into the 69. We went on giving each other oral sex until I could stand it no

longer. I shoved him over on his back, sat across him, and pushed his very respectable sized organ into me.

He groped for and found my hips as I started to plunge up and down on him. We were both howling and groaning by now and I started to vibrate with my approaching orgasm. I felt the first burst of his sperm exploding into me, and our howls reach a new crescendo. Only once before in my life had I actually experienced with my orgasm an ejaculation of my fluids, but this time I felt it pouring out of me. It was the most beautiful hell you could imagine.

It seems that in the natural order all good things must come to an end. And so it was with us. We both lay soaked with sweat, sperm and my juices.

The working day must go on, and so did Tony. After recovering somewhat, and giving him a bit of a clean up, he departed.

I hasten to add that he drops in quite regularly and unofficially to see that the television set is still okay. There is no monetary charge for this service, but there is a reciprocal exchange.

Just a thought. Older ladies, have a bit of consideration for the younger men, you could be quite a help to them.

Working My Passage

My name is Adrian Kimber. I was almost born with, as people used to say, a “silver spoon in my mouth.” I say “almost” because when I was born my father had not quite made it to what he saw as “The Top.” I must have been about four or five when he finally got there, and became what they call, “Departmental Head” of a government department.

Once he had reached the dizzy heights we soon moved to a new house in a very exclusive suburb. To my young mind the house was very exciting. It had a huge garden and there were nooks and crannies both inside and outside the house where all sorts of adventures could take place. Among its other glories it had a swimming pool and a tennis court.

In fact the place was probably three times bigger than we needed. There were only three of us, father, mother and myself. In that house you could have lived separate lives and never see each other from one week to the next. The garden was beyond the capacity of my parents to cope with, so like most of the people who lived in that suburb a part time gardener was employed and in addition there were two ladies who came in to clean the house three times a week and another lady who cooked the evening meals for us.

All of this, as my father said, "Went with the territory. One has to keep up appearances."

I actually saw very little of my father. He always seemed to be going away to conferences and international gatherings, and when he was home he took little interest in me. It was only when I started school we had any significant contact, and that was to discuss my progress and reports. He always seemed a remote figure in my life.

Mother was different. I think most boys consider their mother's to be pretty, I know I did, but from the perspective of adulthood I can fairly say she was indeed very pretty, and even now she is in her late forties she still retains much of those earlier lovely looks.

She is not very tall, perhaps five feet four of five with a slender, graceful figure. She had long ash blonde hair that I loved to play with when I was little, and she was what I would now call, soft and warm.

Mother was twenty when I was born, and I know I shouldn't have been born when I was. You see, I was what people call, "Conceived out of wedlock."

It seems that when my father was still climbing the ladder to the top, mother had worked in the same departmental offices

as he. Father was some fifteen years older than mother, and it seems they got too intimate too soon, and there I was, on the way. I worked this out when I came across some family documents years later.

They had no more children and I became the focus of mother's love and care. As I look back I sometimes think that for a long time I was the only love in mother's life.

When I was six and had started school some new people moved in next door to us. The man was another Departmental Head. It was considered etiquette in those days to go and welcome a newcomer to the street (or avenue as ours was called). Mother made her visit and two or three days later the lady next door visited mother.

It was mother's habit to come and pick me up from the very exclusive church school I attended, and the lady's visit coincided with pick up time. It seems she asked to accompany mother and that is how I first met Mrs. Amanda White.

I think our liking for each other was instantaneous. This was especially so on my side because on seeing me I heard Mrs. White whisper to mother, "He's a beautiful boy, Kylie."

At that tender age one does not look for the features in a woman that one might ten years on. Never the less, what I saw was a very lovely woman who, as I later discovered, was some four years younger than mother.

She was a little taller than mother, but then, at six years of age every adult looks tall as they loom over you. She was also not as slim as mother. She was, I suppose, what we call "Curvaceous." Even at my tender age I recognised that what I thought of as her "lumps" (breasts) seemed larger than mother's. Overall one might say she was Junoesque.

On being introduced she kissed me on the cheek and said, "I'm so pleased to meet you, Adrian," and unlike a lot of people who say things like that, she sounded as if she meant it.

I responded in kind and I meant it too. Among the other things I noted at that time was that Mrs. White smelt nice. Not like a lot of the ladies, or even the men, who came to visit and left trails of strange odours I didn't like and which I now know to have been deodorant and perfume. Mrs. White smelt of Mrs. White, just as mother smelt of mother.

We went back to our house and Mrs. White and mother had afternoon tea in which I joined, not for the tea, but the cakes. As Mrs. White was leaving she gave me another kiss on the

cheek and said, "Will you come and visit me sometimes, Adrian?" Then she looked at mother and asked, "That would be all right, wouldn't it?" Mother said it would be fine if I wasn't too much bother.

When she had gone I said to mother, "She's a lovely lady isn't she?"

Mother agreed that Mrs. White was indeed very lovely.

In my limited experience adults rarely ask a child to visit them, so I wondered why Mrs. White had invited me to her house. I asked mother and she said, "Mrs. White hasn't got any children of her own but she would like one. Perhaps she wants to find out what it's like to have a little boy around the house."

Not being fully apprised of the methods of begetting I asked mother, "Can't she go and get a boy of her own?"

Mother gave a gentle laugh and said, "No darling, there are special things that have to happen to get a baby."

With the carelessness of childhood I decided the matter was not worth pursuing, so I let it drop.

Nor did I pursue Mrs. White's invitation. Nice lady though I thought her, she was an adult and had no children for me to play with, so there seemed no point in going to visit her.

My first visit to her came about through one of those typical childhood events. I accidentally kicked my ball into her garden. My mother told me to go and ask Mrs. White if I could go into her garden and get it.

This I duly did and Mrs. White came with me to help search for the ball. As we hunted she kept up a flowing conversation centred mainly about school, what I did at home, did I have many friends and did they come to play at my house.

I was amazed by Mrs. White's garden. I knew she had a gardener because it was the same one we used, but Mrs. White had lots more flowers and even vegetables growing in her garden. I must have said something about this because she laughed and said she loved gardening, especially growing her own vegetables and fruit.

Like most of the houses in our street she had a swimming pool and tennis court. She asked me if I could swim and play tennis. I said I could swim a bit but couldn't play tennis. Then she asked me if I would like her to teach me tennis. I

said I would, but would have to “ask mummy.” Mrs. White said she would do that.

I left with my ball and a happy heart, not only because I was to learn tennis, but because I had smelt the Mrs. White smell again.

My parents used to hold what they called “Cocktail parties.” They were very boring and as far as I could gather the guests were other Departmental Heads or people called “Ministerial Advisors.”

They all stood around saying things like, “My minister says this,” “My minister says that,” “What does your minister have to say about it?” The men came with their wives who all looked very old, not like my mother or Mrs. White, and if they spoke to me at all, called me things like, “Dear boy.” Mostly they ignored me.

One lady Departmental Head, the only lady head, brought her husband. He seemed a very shy man and nobody spoke to him, so he spoke to me, calling me, “Old boy.” He used that hearty, jolly voice some adults use when they talk to children.

On very special occasions a minister would come to the party. Everyone was very nice to the minister, but if he or

she left early, as soon as they had gone everyone would say nasty things about them.

These parties got better for me after Mrs. White moved in next door. Mr. White being a Departmental Head got invited and Mrs. White came with him. That was how I met Mr. White.

It's a bit hard when you're little to sort adults out, but I can recall that at first I thought Mr. White was Mrs. White's father, or even her grandfather. He looked even older than my father. He was tall with a nearly bald head, a curvy sort of nose and a little red mouth that seemed always to be wet. Mrs. White introduced us saying, "Arthur, this is Adrian one of our next door neighbours." He looked down his nose at me from his great height and said, "How do you do, young fellow," then turned away to talk to someone.

Mrs. White said, "Come on Adrian, show me your garden. I knew mother had already shown her the garden, so I suppose she just wanted to get away from the people. Showing her the garden became quite a regular feature of her party visits, and we would walk around hand in hand as she told me about flowers and trees and insects. I didn't really mind what she told me about so long as I was with her.

I had noticed that when my father went away, after a few days, mother seemed to change a little. I don't say she got nasty, but she was irritable and snappy. After a while she was even like that when father was at home. Then another change came over mother. She started to get a dreamy sort of look and seemed to be prettier than ever, and wanted to hug and kiss me a great deal.

Not long after Mrs. White started to teach me tennis, something occurred that I now understand, but it mystified me at the time.

One day all our school lavatories got blocked. It was decided that we children could go home for the afternoon because of this, and as I didn't really live far from the school I walked, or rather, ran home.

When I entered the house I went in search of mother, calling out, "Mother I'm home." At first I couldn't find her, but when I went upstairs I heard a sort of shuffling gasping noise from my parent's bedroom.

Taking it that mother was in there I entered, and then I stood stock still. Mother was in there with a man. Mother's face was rather red, and her clothes were all funny. I mean, she was wearing a shirt but the buttons were done up all wrong and it was dangling outside her jeans. Her hair was messy

which was unusual for mother and she looked very flustered.

The man was about mother's age, and I suppose he was nice looking. He had a pair of trousers on and a shirt but they belonged to a three piece suit. I could see the rest of the suit and a tie draped over a chair by the bed. He looked all flustered too.

I went to mother to kiss her as I always did when I came home, and she smelt different. She had a sort of fishy smell and I saw some of her underwear on the floor.

She stammered hello and then said, "Darling, this is mummy's friend, Mr. Hammond."

Mr. Hammond muttered hello as he tried to get the rest of his clothes on, and mother said, "You'd better go, John. I'll ring you later."

He left and mother, still sort of flustered, asked why I was home early and then said, "Darling, Mr. Hammond is mummy's special, secret friend, so don't say anything to daddy about him."

Since my father and I rarely spoke at all, I had no intention of telling him about Mr. Hammond, but mother asking me not to made me wonder why Mr. Hammond was special and secret.

After that, and when my father was away on one of his endless trip, Mr. Hammond came often to our house. Sometimes he stayed all night. I know that because I would wake up early in the morning when he started his car and left.

Mother seemed to be very happy, and as it meant she was happy with me, I was satisfied to leave well alone, except I talked to Mrs. White about it.

By then I had been given quite a few tennis lessons by her, and no longer called her, "Mrs. White". Now she was "Aunty Amanda". One day after my lesson with her we were sitting in her house drinking some lemonade. I decided to ask her about the mystery of Mr. Hammond.

When I had told her she smiled and said, "Sometimes ladies, especially mummy's need to have a special secret friend. It's good for them because it makes them feel happier, but I don't think you should tell anyone else about it because then it won't be a secret any more and it will be spoilt for your mummy."

I asked her if she had a special secret friend and she said she hadn't got one like my mother, but she did have a very special friend. I asked who, but she wouldn't say.

As time passed I spent more and more time with Auntie Amanda, so much so that I loved her almost as much as I loved mummy. It was rather like having two mothers.

One hot afternoon when I had been struggling with the tennis bat that almost overwhelmed a small boy, Auntie Amanda and I had a swim in her pool to cool down. She was great fun in the water, chasing, wrestling and tickling.

She wore one of those things they call a "Bikini," and I loved the feel of her body against mine as we played in the water. I have learned about "Infantile sexuality" since those days, and although that is supposed to relate to the desire of the small son for his mother, I think it must apply in other situations as well.

I mention this because it must have been when I was about eight, and we had been playing in the pool; I felt my little penis hardening as our bodies clung together. I had no idea what I wanted to do with or to her, but I wanted to do something. The only thing I could think of was to kiss her,

which I did. She smiled at me and said very quietly, "I love you little Adrian."

I told her I loved her, and we stood in the water, she holding me against her breasts as the water buoyed me up. We held each other for a long time, and she kissed me a lot.

After that time Auntie Amanda and I often went out together. She had asked mother if it was all right for her to take me out, and mother had said "Yes." I think it meant mother had more time with her special friend when I went out with Auntie Amanda.

She took me to look at pictures, listen to music and see things at the theatre. I didn't always understand what I was seeing and hearing, but I didn't mind as long as I was with her.

She didn't say in words anymore that she loved me, but I knew she did, just as I knew I loved her, and often in her pool we would cling together after we had wrestled, and my penis would be hard, and she would look into my eyes and stroke my face and hair. I used to do the same to her and tell her she was pretty.

My birthdays came and went as they do for all of us, and always there was a present from Auntie Amanda; at Christmas too. The time came for me to leave primary

school, and my father wanted to send me away to a boarding school. My mother would have none of it. I can remember hearing them arguing noisily about it, with my father saying things like, "It'll make a man of him," and my mother responding, "You mean like you?"

The upshot was, I didn't go to boarding school, but went as a day boy to yet another church school.

So I continued to see a lot of Aunty Amanda who along with mother had come to play a central role in my life.

With the coming of those turmoil teenage years, my physical and emotional changes brought insights into my relationship with Aunty Amanda, and I began to see her through the eyes of a sexually maturing male.

The school I went to was solely for boys. It has changed since then, but at the time I know that most of us suffered from the lack of female presence. We started to be given sex instruction. These consisted of pictures and charts of male and female anatomy and we longed to see a female body in the flesh.

Twice a year there was a school dance, and girls from another school came and we danced with them. The feel of their bodies drove us nearly out of our youthful male minds,

but the dances were always heavily chaperoned by grim teachers, so nothing happened beyond dancing.

Some of the boys sneaked in erotic magazines with pictures of nude women and we had out dirty little sniggers and jokes about them, but in our hearts we wanted the real thing.

I am not clear now how I first learned to masturbate. It is one of those things that boys seem to instruct each other in. I began to masturbate regularly, first fantasising the girls in the magazines, then girls I had seen around.

I can see now that this is all part of the maturing process, but there was one moment of shock when I was about sixteen. On my sixteenth birthday Aunty Amanda became "Amanda." She said I was too grown up to continue with the aunty title.

There had been a small gathering of some of my friends for the occasion, and I could see them looking with amazement at my mother and Amanda. One of the boys said to me, "I thought they were your older sisters. Where did you get a mother and a friend like that, Adrian?"

During the following days at school there was much banter about "Adrian's lovely ladies."

However, I get ahead of myself. After everyone had gone except mother and Amanda – father was away as usual – I escorted Amanda her to her house. When we got to the front door I said goodnight and went to kiss her. This was normally little more than a filial peck, but on this night Amanda pulled close to me and I felt her warm moist lips linger on mine, her body was close and her hips seeming to move her belly against mine.

“Goodnight, special friend,” she whispered, and was gone.

I staggered back to the house, my penis hard and throbbing. I went straight to bed and masturbated, and as I came I whispered, “Amanda, I love you, I want you.”

This was the first overt recognition of an attachment, a love I had felt since childhood for her. Even in the days when my little penis had become erect at the feel of her body, I had no openly sexual thoughts about her. She was my Auntie Amanda whom I loved.

Now that love had become something else; or perhaps what it had always been, but was for the first time out in the open. I was so worked up that I had to masturbate twice more that night, and every time it was Amanda who was my fantasy.

Images of her beautiful breasts clad only in a barely covering bikini top; the thin sliver of cloth that passed under her crotch to sink into her vagina; my hands playing with her hair as I kissed her soft lips haunted me that night.

In the morning I felt I could not face her again, although I longed to see her. In class I was unable to concentrate and twice got reprimanded by the teacher for inattention. That evening I was due to play tennis with her and almost didn't go I felt so shy about seeing her after all my thoughts about her.

As it happened her husband had returned from one of his conferences and in a way it was a relief. Had he not been around the place I might have burst out with something, and in doing so might have lost her friendship for ever.

Her husband stayed home for a long time, and given the increasing level of study I was experiencing, my emotions gradually settled down, and I told myself it was ridiculous to feel sexually attracted to a woman at least sixteen years older than me.

I went occasionally to play tennis with Amanda, but both of us seemed to have changed. Amanda was less boisterous and playful especially in the swimming pool. I held back

from her for fear of getting worked up again, thus giving myself an unnecessarily agonising time over her.

On my seventeenth birthday Amanda was overseas with her husband, and stayed overseas for three months. On her return she greeted me effusively, as I did her, but I felt it was all on the surface.

As the year drew to an end, and with it my time at school, the university lay ahead. My father gave his royal command in virtually one word, "Law". I promptly applied to enter the School of Botanic Science," my true love. He was furious, but in the face of my mother's support he submitted.

I noticed that my mother and Amanda seemed to see a lot more of each other after Amanda returned from her time abroad.

Incidentally, mother's "Special friend" still visited her regularly. I had known for several years what that meant and silently wished mother a happy time with him.

My one and only intimate contact, or should I call it a collision, was on the night of my last school dance. As we were all leaving school chaperoning was of no use. A girl and I fumbled with each other in the back of my car, and we had a miserable time, and I got nowhere near the goal. As I made

my wild endeavour she mumbled, "I might get pregnant." That ended that.

For my eighteenth birthday there was a special celebration with friends and relatives coming for all over the place. I must admit that, having seen and been involved on the edge of many parties, I find them rather tedious. However, I tried to make sure that my guests had a good time up to the point of what I thought of as "Police threshold." That is, no one called the cops because of riots in the street.

Father was at home for once, but still rather disgruntled at my choice of university course.

Amanda came and at one stage I found myself alone with her and mother. Amanda gave me her gift, a magnificent gold Cartier wrist watch." I got this for you while I was overseas she said. I've got another gift for you, but you'll have to come to my house to get it tomorrow."

It was all very mysterious, and I saw mother and Amanda exchange covert smiling glances at each other.

I saw little of Amanda for the rest of the party, and I continued to speculate what her additional gift might be. I tried pressing my mother who admitted she knew what it

was, but refused to tell. I decided it must be something fairly spectacular.

As she was leaving Amanda kissed me and said, "About ten tomorrow, then?"

"Fine," I said, trying to hide the erection even her mild goodnight kiss had initiated.

I was promptly at her house at ten next morning. She greeted me with another mild kiss but said nothing about her gift. Instead, she invited me to a game of tennis. It was a hot day and we played for about half an hour, and then Amanda suggested a swim.

We dived into the pool, splashing and swimming around for a while as we cooled off. Then Amanda started our old games of wrestling around, her body clinging to mine as she laughed and splashed.

I was continuing to wonder about the gift, and still nothing had been said. Then Amanda, seemingly as part of our game, wrapped her legs round me. There was something odd, unusual about how she felt.

She was looking deep into my eyes as we clung together and she whispered, "I love you very dearly Adrian."

Her closeness had given me a raging erection and I struggled to find words of response to what was really her declaration of love. Finally I came out rather lamely with, "And I love you Amanda."

She pressed her lips to mine in a kiss that was soft and long. Her warm moist mouth held to mine, her tongue flicking over my lips. Then she said, "Darling, here is my other gift for you." She broke away from me and I felt her pull down my swimming briefs.

She was partially buoyed up by the water, and as I was now considerably taller than her and quite strong, I felt no strain as she slowly slipped down my body and I felt the tip of my penis nuzzle up against something soft and warm. The next moment it was engulfed in moist warmth, and then I knew. Amanda had removed her bikini bottoms and my penis was entering her. I gave out with a gasping sort of groan as I felt the delicious sensation of paradise that was the vagina of one I loved.

I felt a sense almost of disbelief, but Amanda was softly kissing me and saying, "Enjoy me, my love."

Using the buoyancy of the water she began to move up and down on me and I was moaning with ecstasy. My first time with a woman and that woman my dearly beloved Amanda.

I felt the first tingle of an approaching ejaculation and Amanda must have sensed this. She began to move more rapidly, and as the first ejection of my semen thudded into her she slowed down to keep pace with each expulsion.

I was almost weeping with joy and crying out, "I love you Amanda, I love you."

I heard her murmuring close to my ear, "And I love you, my darling."

With the last thrust of my sperm into her she pressed down hard so that I was deep inside her. She clung to me like that for a while after I finished. I held on to her still telling her I loved her. Then kissing my face she murmured, "Was that good, my darling?"

"It was...was...it..." For a moment words failed me. I wanted to find some superlative to match the depth of my feelings, but nothing that I thought of would do. In the end I stammered, "It was love...an act of love."

She smiled, looking deep into my eyes; "Indeed it was, my darling."

We got out of the pool and went into the house to dry ourselves. Amanda removed her bikini top, so now we were both completely naked. The sight of her breasts, a sight I had fantasised about so many times as I masturbated, was lovelier than even my imagination had conjured. They were large but firm, with delicious pink nipples and light brown aureoles.

I reached out and touched them and Amanda said, "I think we should love properly now, don't you?"

She did not wait for me to reply but took my hand and led me to a bedroom. It contained as the main item of furniture a huge bed. She drew me onto it and bent over to kiss me, this time pushing my lips apart with her tongue, then thrusting into my mouth with it. She seemed to want to explore its deepest recesses.

I was about to touch her breasts when a jarring thought struck me. It was completely out of tune with what we were doing. I freed myself from her probing tongue and said, "Mother, she'll be expecting me home for lunch."

Amanda laughed. "No she won't my love. She's knows quite well what we are doing. We arranged it between us long ago."

"But how...why...?"

"Darling, I knew a long time ago I loved you...loved you as a woman loves a man. I made no secret of it with your mother. She understands such things. Remember her special friend? I told you a long time ago that I also have a special friend, you. I also knew what you wanted with me. I have eyes to see and I can feel. I felt your erections when we played together in the pool. Your mother and I agreed I should do this with you after your eighteenth birthday."

Another thought occurred. "Amanda, is this only for today?"

She laughed again. "Of course not my love. If you want it to go on into the future, then it will, for as long as you still want me."

I felt a wave of relief sweep through me. I don't think I was the type then, and I am not now, who seeks the one night stand, the odd coupling. I wanted and want, the ever flowing fountain; a place to which I could always return to assuage my thirst, and my thirst was for Amanda.

She stopped further discussion as she placed her hand under one breast and extending the nipple said, let me suckle you, darling. I bent to take her nipple into my mouth, and sucking a licking it I inhaled that odour I had always thought of as the “Amanda smell,” enticing and arousing.

She drew my hand to her other breast and closed my fingers gently over it. Taking the hint I caressed it, giving little squeezes to its nipple. Amanda sighed a sound of deep contentment.

“I’ve waited so long, my love,” she whispered.

Her hand drew mine to her vagina and I felt the soft moistness of it. Her thighs felt very wet, and although in school sex instruction we had heard about female lubrication to feel it in reality was exquisite.

She had opened her legs, drawing them up as she did this. “Come into me, darling,” she said.

A little awkwardly I settled between her legs and tried to feel for her entrance with the crown of my penis. I felt her hand take hold of my organ and guide me to her, and then I was slipping into her depths.

I felt as if I had entered a heavenly realm. I wanted to say over and over again, "I love you, love you," but instead I listened to her soft little whimpers as I moved up and down in her."

Suddenly I felt her begin to quiver and she held on to me tightly, her legs wrapped round me, and began crying out, "Don't leave me, don't stop, please don't stop..." I felt her nails dig into my back and she began screaming, "Deeper, deeper," and I put my hands under her buttocks and thrust in hard. She gave one final shriek, and then seemed to subside, weeping and moaning, "Don't leave me, don't leave me."

I felt the first jerk of sperm up my shaft, and then I was pumping into her again, desperately fighting to get to the very centre of her being to plant my seed in her. Inhibitions abandoned I groaned and yelled my passion for her.

When we had finished we lay sated for a while. I had been overwhelmed by my first entry into the heaven that is woman. All the smutty sexual jokes of school boy days had been washed away. Nothing in our adolescent imaginations had come anywhere near the reality.

Had I succeeded in penetrating the girl in the back of my car, I might well have found the experience a poor one. Now, as I lay with Amanda, I knew I adored her. She was the “Earth mother,” my Venus, goddess of love and fertility. In that moment I could not imagine my life without her. It was only some time later that the responsibility for our deed made itself evident.

Now in our post coital peace Amanda was speaking quietly.

“Was that late birthday present worth waiting for, my love?”

I laughed and said I hoped I would be able to have a late birthday present every day.

She looked at me solemnly for a moment and said, “Perhaps not every day, darling, but as often as possible.”

I understood what she was implying. In the elation of our love making thoughts about her husband had not been present. He was not always away at conferences. A stab of jealous pain shot through me.

“Do...do you and...your...Arthur...do you...?”

“No darling,” she said, smiling warmly. “We don’t, so there is no need for jealousy. You have no rivals to worry about. What I have to give I give to you.”

“But,” I began. I wanted to ask her why she and her husband didn’t make love but she interrupted me.

“One day, Adrian, when the time is right, I may explain to you, but not now.”

I had to rest content with that.

Another thought struck me but I did not voice it. My mother might know about and may even have encouraged this sexual relationship with Amanda, but my father was a different proposition. I could well imagine that he would raise hell if he found out. Then again I thought of my mother’s lover. He had never found out about him.

I could see that care would be needed if my newly established relationship with Amanda was to continue.

Amanda broke into my thoughts.

“Darling, you’re looking dismal. Let’s not worry about what tomorrow might bring. Look, we’re all hot and sticky, let’s have another swim and then come back here. I’ve got something I’d like to show you.”

I dropped my dark thoughts and we ran hand in hand down the stair and out to the pool. I think I shall always remember that pool, the place of my first coupling with a woman.

We swam until we had cooled down then raced back to the bedroom. Amanda leapt onto the bed and without preamble opened her legs wide and said, “I don’t expect you’ve ever seen female genitals, have you?”

“No,” I replied, “Only in pictures.”

“Come and look at me, darling,” she said enticingly, “I want you to know what I look like.”

She gave a rueful smile and went on, “Some men can’t stand the sight of a woman’s vagina, and I don’t think that’s fair. After all, we women have to look at men’s sex organs. So come and see if I horrify you.”

I knelt before her and gazed at her genitals. At first there seemed little to see except some dark hair and a mound

below which ran a slit that disappeared under her groin with what looked like swelling lips on either side.

Then with her fingers Amanda parted the two lips and revealed two more, but instead of being a light brown like the outer lips, these were pink. I thought they looked beautiful, like pink rose petals. Amanda was about to part the inner lips, but hesitated and said, "You open them, darling."

I placed my thumbs on the lips and gently opened them, and beyond was an opening.

"That's where you enter me, Adrian, but look."

She lifted and little flap of skin at the top of her vagina and said, "My clitoris, darling, that's where a woman feels an enormous amount of pleasure when it is touched properly."

I had seen this too in pictures, but found myself fascinated by the little nub beneath the flap.

I had long been aware of the birth process, and as I looked now at her sexual organs I felt a sense of awe. It was as if I were looking upon something sacred. As if by some instinct I leaned forward and kissed her clitoris.

“Oh my love,” she burst out, “No one has ever done that to me before.”

I kissed her clitoris again, this time tasting it with my tongue and taking in her aroma.

This was the Amanda smell I had long ago experienced. The taste and the smell of her womanhood sent me into something like frenzy. I sucked on her clitoris then entered her vaginal opening with my tongue. I felt as if I wanted to consume her I was so beside myself with love for her.

I felt her hands press against the back of my head, indicating I must stay with her. She gave little flicking movements against my mouth and she became extremely wet.

Suddenly she began to shake and moan. I held on to her as her whole body started to vibrate and she began screaming and crying out. Her movement and cries reached a climax, and then began to subside, her movements and loud cries ebbing away to a soft whimper.

My face was soaked with her fluid but she moved so as to kiss me and began licking my mouth and face, tasting her own discharge.

I had an aching erection and she pushed me onto my back and took my penis into her mouth. She was sucking and licking its crown and I knew I could not hold back. I tried to warn her of my coming ejaculation, but she ignored me and kept sucking, taking more and more of me into her mouth.

As I felt the first burst of sperm arriving I tried to pull away from her but she clung on to me, and I was discharging into her mouth. Once I started I made no more effort to withdraw but held her head, forcing her to stay with me until I had shot my complete load of semen into her mouth.

When I had finished and was relaxing she came away from me. Her mouth and chin were sticky with my sperm and she kissed me again, this time forcing me to taste my own discharge.

“You are my love, my darling, my lover,” she whispered. “That was the first time ever for me as well.”

We lay back, replete and happy.

By then it was late afternoon and Amanda said, “Your father is away, so why not go and tell your mother you’ll be staying the night with me. She loves you darling, but you would be

doing her favour. You see, John (her lover) is coming tonight. With you out of the house they can make as much noise as they like.

We both laughed and I went to clean up before presenting myself to mother.

When I entered the house and found mother she looked hard at me then asked, "Well?"

"Very well, thank you mother," I said. And we burst out laughing.

"Amanda loves you very much, Adrian," she said.

"I know mother," I replied, "I love her too. I shall be spending the night with her. I understand that it will please you."

She looked at me seriously and said, "Thank you for keeping my secret all these years, Adrian. One day I might be able to tell you what it has meant to John and me."

“Another revelation for the future,” I thought, but said, “Thank you for understanding about Amanda and I, mother.”

“Darling,” she chuckled, “I could see very clearly how you two felt about each other. Amanda wasn’t going to make a move and I knew you wouldn’t. Certainly from when you were about sixteen Amanda admitted to me her growing sexual attraction for you, so in the end I told her, ‘Rape him if you have to, but for goodness sake don’t let this wretched frustration you’re both suffering from go on any longer.’”

She chuckled again and said, “I take it she didn’t have to rape you.”

I grinned and said, “Not very much, anyway.”

“Off you go then. John will be here soon. And don’t bother to take any pyjamas, you won’t need them.”

We both laughed and I fled back to Amanda for what we afterwards always called our “Honeymoon” night.

In the following weeks and months Amanda and I came together as often as we could. If luck went our way, my father and her husband would be away at the same time. In

that case we spent the nights together during their absence. This was just as well because after my university course started I had less chance of being with Amanda during the day.

It was about seven months after Amanda and I began our love making that the moment of truth came. Amanda announced she was pregnant.

Had we been married or if I had had been at the end of my university studies, the situation would not have been so difficult. Then there was the fact of Amanda being married to Arthur, and, horror of horrors, my father.

I saw clearly that at eighteen I had taken on a man's responsibility for an ongoing sexual relationship. Again, being truthful, if sex was all there was in our relationship, it might have been easy to end it, but sex wasn't all there was to it. We really loved each other.

We both would have been over the moon about the pregnancy, but so much seemed to mar the possibility of celebration.

In discussing what was to be done, Amanda ruled out abortion. I had not even thought of suggesting it, being,

despite the difficulties we faced, romantic about the child as a “gift for our love.”

It was at this time that Amanda finally told me about how things were with Arthur.

“Adrian, it’s not a nice story and I’m not proud of my part in it. I don’t know what you’ll think of me when you’ve heard it, but you might as well know the truth.”

“Like your mother, before I got married to Arthur I was a clerical assistant in the same department as him. It paid just about enough to live on, but nothing more.”

“Arthur was Departmental Head, and I thought he might be a way out of my poor place in the scheme of things. I knew I had looks, and I noticed Arthur taking a particular interest in me. I thought I had him sexually interested and started to play up to him.”

“He got around to asking me to go out with him a few times and I tried to bed him, but that failed. I thought he must be some sort of Puritan, you know, no sex before marriage. I even saw that as an advantage. I’ll be frank, I didn’t really fancy him sexually at all, but he looked like a very luxurious meal ticket.”

She stopped for a moment, looking at me. "See what a conniving bitch you've taken on?"

I said nothing, waiting for her to go on.

"You know, Adrian, I had misjudged the whole situation. He didn't want me sexually before or after marriage. Arthur is gay."

She paused while I absorbed this news. "Why the hell did he marry you then?" I asked.

"In those days, darling, to be gay was to be virtually outcast if people found out, not like it is now when it's generally accepted as a sexual alternative. Arthur had kept it hidden, but the higher up the promotional ladder he climbed, the more prominent he became and his life more open to scrutiny. He lived in constant dread of being found out and disgraced."

"It must have been a shock when you found out, though, and I still don't see why you married him."

"It wasn't really a shock, Adrian, you see, he told me before we got married, even before he asked me to marry him. It

was a two-way deal, I gave him, or he hoped I would, an aura of sexual respectability, and he gave me a nice comfortable life.”

“The only catch turned out to be, that he went on with his brand of sex, but there was to be no hint of scandal where I was concerned. I mean, your mother has put a lot at risk for herself with John.”

“You know, the strange thing is, Arthur could be wide open about his sexual preference these days, and be perfectly safe in his job and social relations.”

“The other thing is I got to want a child. To do him credit Arthur did try, but he really has no sexual desire for a woman at all. He just couldn’t do anything with me. Some gay men can manage it, but he couldn’t.”

“Then you came into my life. You must have known something of how I felt?”

“I was the son you wanted?”

“I’m afraid so, darling. Obviously it became something else over time, but yes, for years you were my son. I know, because your mother told me you used to talk about me as your ‘other mother’.”

I smiled as I remembered. "Yes, that's true."

"So you see, my darling, you've got a sordid, money grubbing woman as your lover; a woman who right now would give almost anything to be with you all the time."

"Then why not, my love? I can drop university and get a job. We can set up house together."

"She gave a rueful smile. "And in ten years time you'd be looking at me and thinking or even saying, 'You ruined my life'. No my love, I'll not let you wreck your life for me. I wanted this baby with you; I shall take responsibility for it."

She had given me my escape route, but with the fervour of youth I didn't want to take it. I began my protest. "But it's my baby as well, Amanda, and..."

"I know my love, and I'm glad it's your baby as well, but you're in no position to take responsibility. I knew that when I let myself get pregnant."

I seemed to be getting shut out of the picture. Whichever way I turned I could find no viable way of being involved that was acceptable to Amanda.

For the moment I gave up and asked, "What will you do?"

"You'll have to leave that with me, Adrian. Just know that only you, your mother and I will know who the father is."

"But this leaves me right out of the situation."

"Yes, and for now that's where I want you to be. In time perhaps it will be different, but for now be sensible, get on with your studies, and leave me to handle the matter."

She sounded almost cold. She was rejecting me and as if to confirm this she said that she did not want to make love with me. I left her house thoroughly depressed and with as low an opinion of myself as I think I had ever had.

I decided to speak to mother about the situation only to find she already knew of Amanda's condition. I tried to explain how I felt cut out of things and wanted to be involved, but Amanda was opposed to this.

"Yes darling, I know, and I think she's quite right. She knew what she was doing, it's what she wanted. Women have a way of coping in these situations, you'll see."

Well, I certainly saw. I had a full round of lectures and tutorials next day, and didn't get home until late. A serious faced mother was waiting for me.

"Amanda's gone," she announced without preamble. "She left a note for Arthur and went."

"Where? Where has she gone?" I said with a note of panic in my voice.

"She didn't say. Arthur's been here and he has no idea where she might have gone. Oddly he doesn't seem much bothered."

Arthur may not have been bothered, but I was.

"Mother, you must know where she is, you two were really close."

"As close as you?" she asked. "I'm afraid I don't know, Adrian, and I don't think it's going to be much good trying to find her. I think she doesn't want to be found, and when people don't want to be found it's incredibly hard to find them."

I felt as if I was being torn apart inside. My first, and as I thought with all the simplicity of youth, my only love gone without a word. Unmanly though it might seem I broke down and wept. She had said she loved me and had gone I knew not where.

Mother tried to comfort me, but her words washed over me. I was a deserted lover. Amanda had gone carrying my...our...baby in her womb.

I said I would contact the police and tell them she was a missing person.

Mother responded that it was up to her husband to do that, and the police were not likely to take any notice of me. She was right because I did go to the police and they asked a lot of embarrassing questions, and the sergeant ended by saying, "I think it's up to the lady's husband or a near relative to talk to us, sir, and we've had no contact from them reporting the lady missing."

I felt utterly bereft, but hung on to the one hope that she would contact me, asking me to go to her. It was a vain hope.

I tried the Salvation Army who had a service for finding missing persons. They were sympathetic but because I couldn't establish a clear relationship to her, I got the same reply as the police sergeant had given me.

I seemed to lose track of time and my days were spent in misery, longing for Amanda, desperate to find her.

My studies became a mess and I was in danger of being dismissed from the course, so I made a mighty effort and pulled myself together.

I began to tell myself that she had left me, so to hell with her. If she didn't want me, then I would find someone else. I had a few of the one night stands that I had mentally abhorred, and found that I still loathed them in the flesh. I even settled down to one particular girl, but then found that I wasn't the only one who had settled down with her.

I decided that as a lover I was a walking disaster area, and came to the conclusion that a lifetimes masturbation was all that lay ahead of me. I was rescued from this fate in a most unexpected way.

It must have been six months after Amanda disappeared from my life when one day my mother said, "You're still missing Amanda, aren't you?"

"Everyday," I muttered.

Without any warning my mother asked straight out, "Darling, would it help if we made love?"

To say I was startled would be an understatement. The last person in the world I would have considered as a sexual partner was mother. I recognised that she was attractive, but there was father and her lover John and I knew of the abhorrence many people had for incest.

I began to make what I suppose were protests and in the process mentioned father and John, "Suppose they found out?" I asked. The fact that I was concerned about our being found out, suggests that despite my surprise at mother's offer, somewhere in the recesses of my mind I was already considering her as a sexual partner.

"Adrian," mother replied, "I think I'd better explain something to you about your father and I. We haven't had sex for years. As you know, we sleep apart and have done so since you were quite small."

"You see, when you were about six your father seemed to lose interest in me sexually. Then I found out that his

conferences and other activities that took him away from home included being granted sexual favours. That was when I moved out of his bed.”

“Oh, he still wanted me around to look after you and be the pleasant hostess at his parties and dinners, and it suited me to live the lifestyle we have and to make sure you grew up in a good environment, at least, financially speaking.”

“Sexually it was a wretched time for me until I met and fell in love with John. You must realise that John and I have been faithful to each other for years. If I were unfaithful to him now, it would be because I love you and hate seeing you so unhappy and frustrated. It would take nothing away from your father that he wants from me, and it wouldn’t diminish my love for John, and providing there was no jealousy on your part and you didn’t mind sharing me, I’d like to help you.”

“I made some more vague protests, I think more as a matter of form than lack of desire to have mother, so she said; “You don’t have to come to a decision right now, Adrian. Give it some thought, and if you decide you would like to come to me, then you know I shall be very happy to be with you sexually.”

She left me to think it over.

I have found that often I would make what might be called an “instinctive decision” about something, and then proceed to mull it over only to come back to the thought I had in the first place. I am sure that my first thought was, “Yes, I want sex with mother.” Then I went through the agonising process of putting up all the arguments for and against to finally decide that I would like to make love with mother.

When she put the suggestion to me in the first place it seemed to be in a rather cold, rational manner. When I told her I would like to have sex with her she was far from cold. My father was away and John was not coming that night so I spent my first night in her bed.

I suppose I must have known that mother had some degree of sexual vitality, why else was John still her lover? I had no idea, however, just how vital she was. I had anticipated that she was merely setting out to give me comfort and sexual release. I was very wrong.

Smaller both in stature and figure than Amanda, she was never the less delightful. Her small breasts had sweet little pink nipples and the aureoles were a slightly darker shade of pink. Her pubic hair had been removed to reveal, not so much a vaginal slit as a bud that proved to be the entrance to a tight vagina and a vaginal muscle she could flex to great and thrilling effect.

Our first coupling took place very quickly as we were both so highly stimulated. I was astounded when she had three orgasms in quick succession during the one coupling. After that she wanted everything from me and gave everything to me. She didn't seem to flag for a moment. No sooner had I finished one ejaculation than she was stirring me up for another.

During that first night we must have run the whole gamut of sexual possibilities, including anal sex, that I had not experienced before.

"My God," I thought, no wonder John has been faithful all these years, but how does he cope with her? She must wear the poor devil out. No wonder she was so willing to take me on. She'd have no problem coping with a dozen men let alone two."

She was wonderful, beautiful and insatiable and the last ejaculation I could manage was with my penis between her breasts.

Both of us were in a dreadful mess. Our faces and bodies were covered with each other's fluids and the bed looked as if two dogs had been fighting in it.

I collapsed beside mother, exhausted, and even as I fell into a deep and dreamless sleep, mother's hand was playing with my penis trying to make it rise for yet another joint effort.

Thank God the next day was Saturday and I had no lectures or tutorials to attend. I slept late and woke up aching in every limb. Mother was gone from the bed but the residue of our passion was very evident, including the after smell of our multiple sexual unions.

I rose with a groan and staggered to the shower and emerged from it somewhat revived. I went in search of mother and found her sitting in the kitchen drinking a cup of coffee and mulling over the newspaper.

She looked up as I came in and gave me a beaming smile.

"Good morning my darling, what a beautiful day after such a wonderful night, and really my love, I must say Amanda has taught you well. Pity you went to sleep so soon, I could have gone on a lot longer. I did think about waking you this morning so we could have some fun, but I decided to let you sleep instead."

"Now, about today, darling; let's have a bit of a break this morning and then we can go to bed this afternoon. I'm afraid

we can't have the night together because John will be coming, but I'm sure I can make you happy this afternoon."

There was no question whether or not I wanted to go to bed with her that afternoon; it was just taken for granted. I hoped my testicles were in good working order to enable me to survive the afternoon.

"What will you do this morning, darling?" she asked.

"Er...I'll do some studying," I replied, which being translated meant I was going to hide in my own bedroom and get some rest to be ready for the coming scrimmage.

Mother bounced off out of the kitchen singing as I had heard her do after her nights with John. She seemed to me to have undergone something of a personality change, but that was probably due to the change or extension of our relationship.

The afternoon session was hardly less strenuous than the previous night, but I had the advantage of knowing what was coming, and so was ready for it.

I found there to be a marked distinction between sex with mother and sex with Amanda. It was not just the obvious fact

they were two different women with their own physical characteristics.

With Amanda our coming together had been the result of a love relationship that had evolved since my childhood to finally flower into sexual union. Our couplings were the outcome of a deep love in which we explored each other almost with reverence. Of course there was joy in our sexual performance but neither of us ever ended up feeling physically fatigued. It was as if we drew strength from each other and emerged from our couplings with a profounder love for each other.

With mother sex seemed to be simply fun. In the sexual act she was entirely ingenuous, an innocent out to gain life's pleasures. That afternoon she said, "Did you and Amanda ever try this?" She sat across me, which of course Amanda had done many time, but instead of facing me she was turned to face down my legs.

"It's really fun," she went on, and I felt my penis slide into her, and have to admit it did produce a different and delightful sensation. Then before either of us had an orgasm she leaped off me and lowering her sex organ to my face said, "Do give a lovely licking darling, I think I'd like to come while your doing it, so don't stop until I've finished will you."

So it we went on for the afternoon. During our activities mother would frequently keep up a stream of joyous chatter, "Is that nice, darling?" Oh, that does feel good." "Do that again darling." "Do you like this sweetheart?"

Once again she drained me to the last dribble of my semen and when I had to admit I really couldn't achieve another erection she said brightly, "Never mind darling it'll all come back tomorrow."

"My God," I thought, "she's been with me most of the night, then this afternoon, and she's taking John tonight, and she's looking forward to more sex with me tomorrow! The woman's libido is frightening. How has John on his own coped with her?"

Mother never commented on her sex life with John until some years after our time of making love had ended. It was then that I realised that the relationship between mother and John was of the same quality as mine with Amanda. They were two people deeply in love and had remained so for many years. Sex between mother and John was very different from sex with me. True all the same physical things took place, but with John they carried a different meaning.

Mother's loving act in allowing me to enjoy her body at first absorbed and even drained me physically, but like most

sexual relationships after the first flowering has been and gone, things calmed down. When this happened to me I found myself contemplating Amanda again. During sex with mother I began to fantasise Amanda. I confessed this to mother, thinking she might not wish to continue having sex with me on, as it were, false pretences.

She chuckled softly. "That's all right, darling, of course you fantasise Amanda. I know how much you love her. I'm not at all hurt. So long as we can just enjoy each other, why worry?"

It was over a year since my loss of Amanda and six months into my sexual relationship with mother, that a dramatic change came into our lives. My father was overseas dealing with some government business when we got news that he had dropped down dead during a conference.

It was heart failure and we had no idea that there was anything wrong with his heart. We learned from his doctor, however, that he had been receiving treatment for some time, but had kept it hidden from us and his department.

His body was brought home and he was cremated following a rather splendid funeral at which all sort of important people, or at least, people who thought they were important, said their farewells. I had never had much to do with my

father. His life and interests always seemed to be elsewhere. At the funeral I learned how highly he had been thought of, and had the doubtful pleasure of seeing three female mourners who, my mother told me, had been numbered among his inamoratas.

It was hard for me to feel the emotions that are considered proper for a son to feel at the death of his father. This, I suppose, was because emotion had never entered into my relationship with him. I felt some sense of gratitude that he had been so well placed on the financial scale that I had not had to feel the sting of deprivation as I saw some of my fellow student suffering, but I fear that was all I felt.

Mother was clearly ambivalent about her feelings. She too had been given a better life style than she might have had without him. He had not been unkind to her, simply careless when it came to the sort of love mother had needed.

For a couple of weeks all sex between us, and I suspect with John, ceased. Mother seemed to turn in on herself, shutting out the world around her.

Financially mother was well placed as my father's superannuation became available to her. In his will he had left me some "Blue Chip Stock" that, as I discovered, paid out enough interest to keep me above the poverty line, just.

Not that I had to worry as I was still living at home at no cost, so for the time being the money from the interest was more than adequate, in fact I even ploughed some of it back into further investment.

When mother invited me to her bed again I found I had a quieter sex partner. She was no where near as demanding as she had been, which to some extent was a bit of a relief for me. Then three month after my father's death she dropped her mini-bombshell.

It had several elements to it. First she announced that we would be moving. "I don't want to keep living in this huge place," she explained.

Next she pointed out that she and John would be living together with the eventual aim of getting married. In the meantime she wanted me to live with them, but sex between us would cease.

"I seem to have a penchant for losing my sex partners," I thought wryly. Yet I understood her reasons. She would now constantly be with the man she had loved for many years, and she would want to devote herself entirely to him sexually.

I had just begun to think what I was going to do with my own sexual needs when mother thrust a piece of paper into my hand. Written on it was an address. "What's this?" I asked, puzzled.

"It's her address, darling."

"Amanda's?"

"Yes."

"Then you've know, you've known all along!"

"No darling, but I've know for some time. She asked me to give it to you when I thought the moment was right. I think this is the moment."

I felt a sense of anger and burst out, "You two women always seem to be plotting something concerning me."

"Perhaps you should be glad we have, Adrian," mother retorted mildly.

"Why couldn't she have sent me her address instead of doing it through you?"

“She had her reasons, and if you decide you want to see her she’ll probably explain. By the way, it was a little girl.”

That sobered me rather quickly. A girl, a daughter, my...our daughter, “She must be six months old by now, and I haven’t even see her...wasn’t even told...”

“Go and see them, Adrian,” mother said quietly.

I needed no second telling. It was late morning and I leaped into the car and hurtled through the streets to the address.

It proved to be in a less affluent suburb than ours, and the house was really a small cottage. I knocked on the door, and there was no answer. I knocked again, louder and still no answer. I ended up hammering but got no response.

I felt miserable and angry and wandered disconsolately round the back to look the place over.

The garden was full of flowers and towards the end of a path that ran down the centre of the garden I saw a pram. I went towards it and there, behind a row of climbing beans, was Amanda, kneeling and digging with a trowel.

So as not to give her a fright I said quietly, "Hello, Amanda."

She looked up at me, startled. "Adrian!" She rose and stood before me, looking straight into my eyes.

All the things I had planned to say on seeing her fled from my head. She was dressed in old gardening clothes, but looked lovelier than I had ever seen her before.

I stammered out, "M-m-mother g-g-gave me your address, so I came."

She smiled and said, "So I see."

There was a strange distance between us that I did not know how to overcome. I thought when I saw her we would be in each other's arms, kissing, but no, we just stood there looking at each other almost as if what had been between us had never happened.

That is had happened was quickly made evident when Amanda said, "Would you like to see our daughter?"

My throat seemed to have gone dry but I managed to croak out, "Yes please."

We went to the pram and I looked down at a tiny bundle lying there. She was asleep but I thought she must have been the world's most beautiful baby.

"I called her 'Amorina'," Amanda said. "I hope you don't mind. It means 'Love'. I thought it appropriate as she was conceived in love. Perhaps you'd like to hold her when she wakes up."

There was something very calm and peaceful about Amanda. She was also a little remote.

She glanced at her watch and said, "She should be waking soon, it's getting close to her next feed. Come in and we'll have a cup of tea and talk."

I sat the kitchen table as she made the tea. She had brought the pram into the kitchen and it was next to me. I found my attention divided between looking at Amorina and watching Amanda's graceful movements as she went about her simple task.

She asked me neutral questions like how had I been, how were my studies getting along, and she was sorry to hear about my father. I tried to respond in kind and managed a

few hoarse questions as to her wellbeing. I hardly needed to ask since she looked in the peak of health.

The tea made she sat opposite me at the table.

“So your mother thought it was time to give you my address?”

“Yes.”

“Is there any special reason she chose now, do you know?”

I gave her brief outline of events since my father’s death, ending with mother setting up house with John.

Finally I could contain myself no longer. “Why did you leave me, Amanda? I thought you loved me.”

She looked at me as if weighing her reply for a moment, then said very tenderly, “I left you because I love you.”

“How can that be?” I protested. “When you love someone you don’t want to leave them.”

“You’re right,” she went on, “you don’t want to leave someone you love, but if you really do love them, then you leave them if you think your presence in their life is destructive. I told you before I left that I would not ruin your life.”

“I knew I would have to leave Arthur when I knew the baby was coming. Would you believe, when I told him I was pregnant he said nothing about my leaving. I think he understood that being heterosexual I had been severely deprived both of a sex life and a child.”

“I wasn’t told, as they used to say in the old melodramas, to ‘Never darken my doorstep again’, but I felt the need to leave. When I decided that, I also decided you were not to know where I was.”

“I tried hard to find you,” I said miserably. “I went to the police and the Salvation Army but they couldn’t or wouldn’t help. I used to look for you everywhere I went, hoping one day to see you.”

“I know, Adrian, your mother told me.”

“And that’s another thing,” I retorted, “you two seem to be set on making decisions for me without bothering to consult

me. And also you went off with my baby inside you, was I supposed never to see her?"

"Adrian, you are seeing her," Amanda said with obvious logic.

Suddenly she changed the direction of the talk.

"So your mother thought it was time we met?"

"Yes."

At this point a sort of gurgling noise came from the pram.

"Feeding time," said Amanda, and came to pick the baby up. "Would you like to hold her for a minute? I'll need to change her after her feed so if you just look after her for minute I'll get the things ready.

She put the baby in my arms and I was at a loss to know what to do. I had never in my life held a baby before, and seeing me wavering about with the child Amanda said, "For goodness sake, Adrian, just hold her close to you. She won't break and they say babies like to feel masculine strength, it helps them feel secure.

I finally got the hang of the thing and looked down at Amorina. Even at that stage she had Amanda written all over her except for her eyes, which were the same colour as mine. I experienced a sensation I had never had before. However foolish it may sound, I felt protective. I wanted to guard this little scrap of humanity. "She's lovely," I said, more to myself than Amanda or Amorina.

"Well tell her so, you idiot," Amanda scolded. "You know girls like to hear that sort of thing."

"But she won't understand," I protested.

"Of course she will if you say it properly and mean it. She'll feel it."

Amorina was looking up at me speculatively so I said very softly, "Your lovely, Amorina."

"Glurkel."

"You see, I told you she'd understand. Now give her to me."

Amanda had undone the shirt she was wearing, and taking the baby from me she sat and undid her bra that was fastened at the front. Her milk laden breasts seemed to tumble out, and she put her hand under one breast to extend the nipple, and the baby began to suck. It reminded me of the time when we had first come together when she...I stamped on the memory as too painful to bear.

I had never seen a baby being breast fed before and now I was riveted by what I was seeing.

“Oh God, Amanda, that is beautiful.”

Amanda flushed and even knowing what I meant she asked, “What is?”

“You and the Amorina. I wish I could paint a picture of you both. Oh Amanda, I had no idea it was so exquisite.”

I felt a wave of love overwhelm me, a sensation of love I had never experienced before. I didn't know how to cope with it or express it. Amanda nourishing my...our baby. However much I had loved Amanda before, I now felt...what? I wanted to weep, to embrace them both, to absorb them into my life.

There were no categories, no words or easy platitudes that I could resort to. I loved them, but how did you express this new sensation of love – no, not sensation – this reality of love?

I spoke out without even thinking of what I said. “Don’t take this way from me, Amanda.”

She was in the process of transferring Amorina from one breast to the other, so she was silent for a moment. As Amorina settled to the new source of nourishment Amanda looked up at me.

“Is this what you really want, Adrian?”

“Yes, this is what I really want. Don’t shut me out.”

She said nothing in response and I sat silent, drinking in the sight of mother and child. How was there such beauty, and I had never known?

Amorina, sated with breast milk, nappy changed, went back to sleep. A sleep that would one day prepare her for her own acts of love and creativity.

Her breasts tucked away, Amanda turned her full attention on me.

“Adrian, is this what you really want? Amorina and I? I left you so you could have time to work out what you really want in life. I left you so you would have time to consider. You didn’t even have sexual pressure. I know your mother relieved you of that. We arranged it before I left.”

“You what...”

“Adrian, I wanted you to make a free choice about me...and Amorina. If you only wanted me for sexual relief, then we had no future. If that’s all you want from me, then seek your sexual pleasures elsewhere. If you feel you can love Amorina and me, then say so, but don’t deceive yourself or us.”

I felt as if my life was in the balance. Could I accept the responsibility for these two human beings?

Amanda had confronted me clearly and now I voiced my instinctive response to the challenge.

“I want you and Amorina...I want to be with you.”

I don't know what I expected in that moment; perhaps falling into each other's arms, a long passionate kiss, and then bed time. It didn't happen like that.

I made a move to kiss Amanda, but she backed away.

"No, not now."

"But if I'm going to move in with you..."

"You're not moving in, Adrian, at least, not yet. I want you to move with your mother to the new house she and John will be living in. Then if you really mean what you said about wanting us, come and visit us. Get to know Amorina...and me."

"But I do know you."

"No you don't, Adrian. You think you do, but you have to understand that when a woman has a baby there are certain changes that take place in her, both physically and emotionally. You will need to grow used to that. When we first made love I was in a sense young and free, now I have the responsibility of a child I intend to be very careful about who comes into our lives."

“You have to consider whether you want to take on a woman sixteen years your senior with a child. You still have to get on with your studies and prepare yourself to earn a living, because you’ll have to do that for Amorina if you want to be with us. All that is some way down the track.”

I asserted that I had money already, but she already knew that. Mother and Amanda certainly got their heads together over me. She pointed out correctly that what I had would hardly keep me, let alone her and a baby.

I was prompted to ask how she had managed to live over the past months.

“I told you Arthur bore me no grudge for being pregnant. He had his own needs which from the very beginning ran diametrically opposite to mine. As I told you, we both knew this when we married. He was and still is grateful to me for being what he calls, his ‘Saviour’. I was his mask of respectability. So, he continues to give me some support. If you eventually move in with us, that support will cease. Even if Arthur doesn’t stop it, I will.”

“Come and visit us often Adrian and when you do I’ll show you how to change a baby.”

We both relaxed and laughed.

“Well if you want to be a responsible father, that’s a good place to begin,” she said.

We made arrangements for my further visits and I returned home.

“Well? Asked mother, “What did you think of your lovely daughter?”

“You’ve seen her, then?”

“Of course, I was there at her birth.”

“And you never said a word to me!”

“No, Amanda was adamant I shouldn’t. What did you think of Amanda?”

“She’s changed, I couldn’t get close to her, physically I mean.”

Mother gave a chuckle. "You know what you are going to have to do, my boy. You are going to have to engage in a bit of old fashioned courting."

"What do you mean?"

"You're going to have to woo her, win her." She laughed and said, "You might even have to go out and slay a fire breathing dragon for her."

So my courtship of Amanda and I suppose Amorina began. I moved with mother and John into a smaller house. I had never got to know John as mother kept their relationship very private. I found him likeable enough but he and mother were so wrapped up in each other I felt a bit like an interloper.

Considering how many years they had been lovers one might have expected that some of the heat would have gone out of their relationship. From what I could see, it hadn't. Well, not so much from what I could see as from what I could hear. The house was fairly solid, but even given the substantial nature of the walls and the distance of my bedroom from theirs, I could often hear mother's cries as she climaxed. This made the absence of a sexual partner in my life even more distressing, and I felt the urgent need to move

out and leave these two passionate lovers to their joy in each other.

My wooing of Amanda moved along slowly. I learned the art of changing baby, including bottom cleaning. Amanda, much to my deep pleasure, continued to breast feed Amorina in front of me and I never seemed to tire of the beautiful picture that they made, but the time for weaning arrived. I was put to further uses in preparing the food and heating bottles, followed by washing up.

I tried the old fashioned ploys of wooers, and knowing that Amanda did not like cut flowers I bought her plants in pots and even unromantic tomato seedlings for her garden. I plied Amorina with rattles and soft toys to what effect I wasn't sure, but my holding her when she cried seemed to have a calming effect on her, so I felt as if I was winning her to some extent.

One day Amanda said soon after I arrived, "Arthur and I have divorced."

I had no idea that they had even begun divorce proceedings, so the announcement took me a bit by surprise. It also gave me pause for thought. If Amanda was free, then if I did end up being invited to live with them, marriage was a distinct possibility. I let that sink in for a while.

I wondered how Amanda was going to manage financially now Arthur was gone. I asked her and she said briefly; "We came to a settlement arrangement to be continued until I remarry."

That was even more food for thought.

Amanda and I had got to the point where we exchanged kisses. They were very virtuous kisses but at least they were an advance on no physical contact.

Amanda did not use disposable nappies for Amorina and one day I was battling at the kitchen sink to remove the worst of Amorina's joyous emissions when Amanda came up behind me and putting her arms round my waist and hugging my back, laughed and said, "You really do want to be a daddy, don't you?"

This was the first such physical contact of this sort since I began visiting her, and its effects on me were electric. My penis began to expand and harden at a rapid rate along with it my blood pressure must have roared up. I wanted to turn and clutch her to me, to feel her body once more. Instead I continued my endeavours at the sink and said, "No, I don't want to be a daddy. I want to be a very specific daddy – Amorina's."

"I can see that," she said, and moved away from me.

My need to move out of the house and away from mother and John became more pressing a week later. Mother, now in her forties, announced she was pregnant. I had heard of the dangers women of that age faced when pregnant, but when I voiced this mother seemed to be quite tranquil about it.

"It's what I want, Adrian. John felt the same as you, but I have to confess I trapped him into it. I took myself off the pill and waited to see what happened. It's probably my last chance, and I want this with John."

On my next visit to Amanda and Amorina I carried my wooer's gift of two packets of beans for planting. Amorina had for some time now recognised my presence as a particular entity in her life and in her own way made me welcome.

I told Amanda about mother's pregnancy, but as usual, she already knew. "Kylie's been plotting that for some time," she commented, and seemed to become very preoccupied. She was so inattentive that she began dropping and tripping over things. I even made sure I did the baby holding, just in case.

I had my evening meal with them and together we put Amorina to bed. We talked for a while seated in the lounge, then I said I had better go. Amanda stood up as I did, came to me and kissed me very softly but sensuously on the lips and said, "Would you like to stay with me tonight, darling?"

"You mean I've served my apprenticeship?"

"You've served it very well and devotedly, my love. Are you going to stay?"

"I'll ring home and let them know I won't be home tonight."

So Amanda and I had that night what came to be called our "second honeymoon."

Doubts fled. We both knew what we wanted with great assurance. What comes to us easily is often dismissed by us just as easily. Amanda had as they say, made me "work my passage," and as on that night I sought to meet her passionate needs, I realised that she too had been working her passage and both of us were the stronger in our love for having gone through the time of trial.

I did not move in permanently for some time but started to spend more and more nights with Amanda until it got to the point where it was ridiculous not to move in. Having learned not to press matters too hard or soon, I still waited for word from Amanda. In her usual way the invitation came in a simple and direct manner.

“Be with us all the time, darling.”

I left the two love birds in their nest and mother was looking in splendid health. I think even at her age pregnancy agreed with her, and she looked as lovely as she ever had looked in all the years I had been with her. A wicked little memory came to the surface of my mind and I thought, “Lucky John.”

After I moved in my courtship had to continue in a sense. There was the matter of marrying Amanda and she was going to make me work my passage for that as well.

She told me she would not even consider marriage until I had graduated and had a career started. That put rather a sense of urgency into my studies. I wanted no failures to halt my journey towards the longed for goal, and Amanda was as good as her word. It was not until I began work in the city Botanic Gardens that she would think about marrying me. It is my contention that she already knew what her answer

would be; she was just forcing me to think again. This I did, many times, and I always came up with the same answer.

Finally I got exasperated with her delays in giving me a straight answer, so one evening I said, "I'm asking you to marry me for the hundredth time, Amanda, but I won't be asking again after this."

She looked at me for a while, smiling sweetly and then said, "So long as you know your own mind, Adrian. If this is the last time you'll ask I'd better say 'Yes', hadn't I?"

She took the wind right out of my sails and I didn't know what to say.

"Adrian, I said 'Yes', didn't you hear me?"

"Er...yes...er, I heard you."

"Well, aren't you supposed to kiss me?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Let's do it in bed, shall we?"

"All right, but we mustn't wake the baby, I've only just put her down."

That's family life for you!