

SHADES OF BLUE CH. 05

Jonnyflies

Joanne reveals a secret.

Incest/Taboo

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Back in the 'Bridal Suite' I put my arms around Joanne and hugged her. "Well Mrs James" I said. "How do you think that went?"

She kissed me, "I think the story you made up has worked out amazingly well. Where did all that stuff you told them, come from? I know I put in the bit about how we met, really to explain the difference in our ages, but after that you threw in the party at work, what happened after the ride home, all the stuff about how we got together? That's not to mention all the stuff you had already told them about our wedding. I just added a few minor pieces that seemed to fit in, but you built a whole life together out of nothing."

"I honestly don't know" I said, "It started when I had to justify Lisa's upgrade to this suite with a story about a disaster at our wedding and somehow it just grew from there. When Simon walked out of that office I almost panicked. I didn't for a moment think they would set up a whole wedding reception to replace the one which had 'gone wrong'. Then, when I realised that the rest of the hotel were now a part of 'putting things right', I knew I was going to have to create a whole new story. I first realised something was happening when the sommelier brought that bottle of wine. I ordered a £15 bottle and the one he brought, compliments of the restaurant manager, I think was about £50. Then the meal: Wow! That was really something, wasn't it? I know you couldn't see from where you were sitting, but everything being brought to our table, the maitre d' checked as it came from the kitchen. Then Lisa had obviously been sent in to make sure we would go into the lounge after dinner, where everything had been set up for a full reception. That was when I realised I was going to have to expand on what I had said earlier, and I knew it was going to have to be convincing."

Joanne didn't speak for some moments, then she said, very quietly, "What bothers me is, if you can make up lies so convincingly, how am I going to know if you are telling me the truth, you could lie to me and I would never know until it was too late."

I hugged her close to me, then leaning back I looked into her eyes. "I will never lie to you. You have always have been and I know I will always need you to be, the one person my whole life revolves around. I love you. I will never hurt you. I will never lie to you. If I am feeling bad about something I will tell you. If it is something you have done which has made me feel bad, I will talk to you about it and we will find a way round whatever it is, but you will know what it is and why I am feeling like I am. For now, all I can do is ask you to believe in me. I love you. I promise I will always love you. Earlier tonight, in that bedroom, you believed I meant what I said. You knew then, that was the truth about my feelings for you. We both knew then that if we took that step, we could never go back. You committed your life to me, just as my life is committed to you. Nothing has changed since then. The real story of our love cannot be told, so I made up something acceptable which could be. Yes between us, we put in a lot of small details, but they were the sort of things which made the story believable, and none of them can be checked, not without really digging deep. We have not given anyone reason to dig. I know, we can't use that story at home, where people know us. There we still

have to be 'Mother and Son', unless we are alone. That is what we must live with, but we knew that. We have to be strong and be together, keeping the world out of our private lives. We both know it won't be easy, but together we can do it, I know we can, because we have to. I will never give you up. I will never leave you. My father was the world's biggest fool, but because he was, and still is, I get to be with you. You said that you were truly happy for the first time in nearly twenty years, because of me. Let me be the one who brings you that happiness, for the rest of our lives."

She hugged me and kissed me. "I really will have to watch you" she said, "You have a line of chat that could charm the knickers off a nun. Please stay with me Paul, You have my heart and you are my whole life."

I grinned, "Will you get the handcuffs or shall I? Because I am going to keep you so close to me that people are going to think we really are handcuffed together. "

She looked at me with a tear in her eye, "You don't need to go out to get handcuffs" she said very quietly, "there are some in a box in the attic if you feel you need them. Only please, I beg you, only use them to hold us together."

Without her saying, I knew this was something else she wanted to tell me about. There were things which had happened between her and my father which I knew nothing about. Her box in the wardrobe held some of her things, but now it seems that hidden in the attic, were more of the secret things from her life with him. I was fast coming to the conclusion that I was going to have to have a talk with my father, and see if he was as tough when confronted by me now I was grown up, as he had been when I was only eight and he had punched me in the mouth for trying to protect my mum.

I hugged her tightly, "Shhhh my love" I said. We don't need handcuffs to hold us together, you would only need them if you needed to keep me locked away from you. Otherwise I am going to spend my whole life with my arms around you, holding you. I sense there is another story here, connected to the one you wanted to tell me earlier. It's one that I don't want to know tonight. I will say again what I said then. *Not Tonight!* Tonight is for us, for our future. The past is exactly that, the past. What happened then is in the past. It cannot be changed, so for better or worse it is what it is. Why the great rush to tell me now? We have the rest of our lives together, so if you want to, and **only if you want** to, you can tell me about it another time. Tonight is for us to be together and show how much we love each other. So now, Mrs James, I think it's time we got started on those promises you were making earlier."

Joanne stepped back away from me and took both of my hands in hers. "Paul there *is* something you really *do* need to know about, and although I understand what you are saying, for my own peace of mind I need to tell you now, before we go to bed. For all we know, after this afternoon, it is possible I could already be pregnant and there are some things I must say before we go any further" she said, leading me to the sofa and sitting down. "Sit down and please don't interrupt, because what I want to say isn't going to be easy for me, but *I am* going to say it."

I sat down beside her and squeezed her hand. "All right, if you feel so strongly about it that you must tell me now, you must go ahead, but whatever it is, it isn't going to change the way I feel about you."

She raised my hand to her lips and kissed it. Then she took a deep breath and said "I really do hope that will still be so after you have heard what I have to tell you. First of all, I do really love you. I am not just talking about the love I have always had for you, as my son. You have told me how you

really began to think about me sexually, as a woman, rather than your mother, when you were about fifteen. I have allowed you to think that you were alone in those thoughts, which isn't actually true. I began to think of you in a sexual way after you left your bedroom door slightly open one night when you were about sixteen, and I saw you masturbating in your room as I was going to the bathroom. I am ashamed to say that instead of walking on, I stood on the landing and watched you. Ever since then I have had these thoughts about you. You have been the only man in my life and my dreams since then."

I was about to speak but she stopped me.

"I cannot count the number of times since then I have heard you in your room and wanted to get up and come to slide into bed beside you, but like you said to me, I couldn't even tell you how I felt about you. I was terrified that if you knew of my desire for you, you would reject me, like Stephen, your father, did. I couldn't bear the thought of that happening, so I had to keep my desire for you secret."

She paused to consider how to continue, allowing me time to speak. "You know now that if you had given in to those feelings, I would not have rejected you. I am *not* my father, if it was possible to have his genes torn out of my body and have them replaced by someone else's, I would. I have had nothing to do with him since that night when I was eight, and if I never see him again it will be too soon for me. If I do see him again it will definitely be too soon for him."

Joanne squeezed my hand and said, "I know, but let me continue please. I told you Stephen spoiled my happiness within a few weeks of our wedding. He actually began that while we were on our honeymoon. He insisted on taking some photographs of me in our hotel room. Not the usual 'honeymoon snaps' you would expect to see. These, he promised me, were strictly private pictures for us alone. He began with pictures of me in my underwear and progressed from those to nude shots. By the end of the honeymoon, the pictures were well, they were a lot more explicit than just nudes. He said they were just for us to look back on and remember the fun we had had on our honeymoon, although I was by then beginning to wonder why he wanted to have photo's like that of me. I had always been easily aroused, sexually, but some of these photo's were a bit too explicit, to say the least. "

"He had always taken charge of things, but he now began to be much more domineering and it was as if my feelings just didn't matter. Within three months he had changed and if I dared to question anything he did or said, he began to threaten me. Then one day, the inevitable happened, he hit me. It was over nothing important, I had been out shopping, missed the bus I intended to catch home so I had to catch a later one. This put me behind and his dinner wasn't ready for him when he came in from work. That was the first time he hit me. Of course, afterwards he said he was sorry and that it would never happen again, and like a fool, I believed him. For a while things seemed to be getting better between us. Then it happened again. I don't even remember what caused it this time, but I don't think it was much. This time he started with the 'it's your fault, you made me do it' line, to justify what he had done, which of course is a classic excuse men who abuse their wives use. Shouting and threats, and occasional blows became more frequent, until I began to believe it really was my fault, I was a bad wife and deserved to be beaten. It got so I was almost afraid to speak in case I said the wrong thing."

"Wednesday night was always his 'cards night' and I was kept busy bringing snacks and drinks for him and his friends. One of these nights, it was about nine months after our wedding, I brought in fresh drinks, and, spread out on the card table were the photo's he had taken of me on our honeymoon. I screamed, dropped the tray of drinks and grabbed the photos off the table, but of

course it was too late, even though I burned those photos, his friends had already seen them. That was when the systematic humiliation of me in front of his friends began. Later that night, after the 'friends' had gone, we had a huge row. That was nothing new; they were a regular part of my life by then. Of course he slapped me around, that was also normal by then, but I stuck to my guns and said he had no right showing those pictures to anyone. He said he would show them to whoever he liked and he wasn't bothered that I had destroyed those because he had copies."

"After that I made a point of going out on Wednesday nights, I signed up for evening classes on business administration and after that course finished, I signed up for others on office management. That was where I gained my qualifications that allowed me to get the position I now hold, and that is what has kept us as you were growing up. The real reason I began those courses, though, was to keep out of the way on Wednesday nights. The games of cards were by now being interspersed with 'Adult Films', of which Stephen had quite a collection. The amount of money involved during these 'friendly' games of cards had increased to a seriously frightening level and there were times I went hungry because he had had a bad night at the table."

"Then, one night when I came home from my class, he was very quiet. This was usually a bad sign, it meant he had lost quite a lot and money was going to be very tight for the next few weeks. This time though he was different, it was as if the man I married had come back. He was loving and attentive, just as he had been then. I wasn't convinced that this change would last, but when you have been starved of affection for so long, you tend to take whatever is on offer. That night we made love and everything seemed like it used to be between us. The next night he said he wanted to play 'games', like we used to, and although I was a little apprehensive about it, because I wanted this new 'loving' man he seemed to want to be, to continue, I agreed. I should never have trusted him, I was a fool."

"Dressed only in a bra, panties, stockings and suspender belt I allowed him to handcuff my wrists to the bed frame. All of the time he was doing this, he was kissing and caressing me, so I was becoming very turned on. Then he produced some rope and tied it around one ankle, passed it around the bed frame at the foot of the bed and then, around my other ankle. He then spread my legs apart before pulling the rope tight and tying it off. I was now spread-eagled on the bed with almost no freedom of movement at all. This wasn't the first time he had played this 'game', it turned him on to feel I couldn't resist and he could do anything he wanted to me, but he had never actually hurt me when I was like this so I allowed him to do it. I put up a token resistance, but he liked me to do that, it was part of 'the game' as I thought it still was. All of the time he was tying me like this he was kissing, and stroking me, and I was getting more and more aroused. When he pulled my panties aside and inserted his fingers into me I was soaking wet. Then his voice became much harder and he started saying things like 'You like that, don't you?' and 'It turns you on to be my little whore, doesn't it?' Then he said 'It's about time you earned your keep in this house, whore!'"

"It was at that moment I realised that this was not a game and it never had been. This was something far more serious. Before this I had been the 'helpless victim' he was so much in love with he had snatched off the street to 'make her fall in love with him'. I told him to untie me as I wasn't going to play this game anymore. He just laughed and said 'Oh yes you are. I lost quite a bit last night and now you are going to pay my debts'. I opened my mouth to scream for help, but he put his hand over my mouth and told me to be quiet. Then he took a scarf and a cloth, which I hadn't noticed before, from behind the pillow. He forced the cloth into my mouth as a gag and tied the scarf tightly around my head to hold it in place. He then tied another scarf over my eyes so that I

was blindfolded and could see nothing. He continued to touch and caress me and in spite of being so scared I could feel my body responding to what he was doing to me."

"Then he moved away and I heard the bedroom door open. I sensed there was now someone else in the room and a strange voice said, very quietly 'very nice Steve, so much nicer in the flesh than the photos'. A different pair of hands began touching me. He released the front fastening of my bra and began to touch my breasts. Then he began kissing and sucking at my nipples, which have always been sensitive. The only thing I knew about him then was that he had a small moustache. I could feel it against my skin. Stephen saw my response to him sucking my nipples and whispered to me 'That's a good girl, he won't hurt you, he won't do anything which you haven't done before, but this time you will also be clearing this debt so we can still eat. Just relax, you will enjoy it, you know you love to be fucked and he has a magnificent cock'.

It must have been Stephen who took a pair of scissors from the dressing table, because this other man never stopped touching and licking me. I felt the cold steel touch my tummy as he cut my panties away, leaving me completely naked except for the suspender belt and stockings."

"The strangers lips left my breasts and slowly kissed their way down my tummy until he was licking and sucking my pussy. I am ashamed to say that after only a few moments of him doing this, I had my first orgasm."

She paused, looking down at the floor, unable to look at my face. I put my hand under her chin, raising her head, and gently kissed her. "There is nothing for you to be ashamed of my love" I said, "You were helpless, he could have done anything to you, tied as you were. Your body was automatically responding to the sensations it was getting and preparing your vagina for the insertion of a penis. This isn't something that is under your control, it was like my 'natural physical reaction' when I held you, and without that natural preparation, if he had forced himself inside you, which was obviously what he was going to do, you could have been injured."

"Thank you for that" Joanne said, "I hoped you would see it like that. I was helpless, tied as I was, and I knew I couldn't prevent this man from raping me, but I was also ashamed that my body was responding to him like it was. I couldn't look to anyone for help, my husband was the only other one there and he was the one who was prostituting me to pay off his gambling debts. I could do nothing to prevent it, I couldn't even cry out. I had been a fool to trust him and let him tie me to the bed and I knew, now I was going to pay for my stupidity. All I could do was let this man do what he wanted and hope he wouldn't hurt me."

"I felt him climb onto the bed and then he was between my thighs, his penis touching my pussy lips. I will say though, he didn't just slam it into me, he was very gentle, pushing forward and allowing me to become accustomed to it being there before pushing a little more and gently moving inside me, loosening my vagina as he went. It was just as well he did, because he was bigger than Stephen by quite a bit, in both length and girth, and if he had not been so gentle, even though I was so wet, I am sure it would have hurt me. It was at this point I began to wonder if he was wearing anything, because I wasn't on any form of birth control, Stephen always used condoms, but of course, gagged as I was, I couldn't even ask. It wasn't long before I knew he wasn't. He was already very excited and I quickly realised what Stephen had meant when he said what he did about this man's cock. He had already gone deeper inside me than Stephen had ever reached when I began to orgasm for the second time. Stephen would have just pushed on into me, but he didn't, he just waited and held me as I recovered. Then he pulled back and gently pushed in again, going even deeper, until the whole length of his cock was inside me."

"He had reached places that Stephen had never even touched, and, although I am ashamed to admit it, after that second orgasm, I no longer cared whether he was wearing a condom or not. I just wanted him to make love to me. At that moment, if my arms and legs had been free I know they would have been wrapped around him, holding him inside me."

I was about to say something but Joanne put her finger to my lips to stop me.

"No! Please let me finish this" she said. "He began to move inside me, taking long, slow strokes, pulling back until he almost slipped out of me, before gently and smoothly driving back in, back to that place where he alone could reach. I felt as if he was touching my soul. Then, all too soon for me, he drove into me, if it were possible going even deeper than before, and, with a groan of pleasure he began to cum, spurting his seed deep inside me. He held me, his body shaking, as he pumped his sperm deep inside me." She went quiet for several seconds, before she whispered, "That was when I came for the third time. I felt every pulse of his cock as he came, deep inside me and I had a massive, third orgasm."

"I had never felt anything like it before. Stephen had never made me cum like that. I have treasured the memory of that orgasm since then, even though I hated the memory of how I was when it happened. That was the moment I thought I understood what a truly mind-blowing thing a real orgasm was. Until then they had been nice, good even, but never like that. I have even wondered if being helpless and forced had made the difference, but of course I wasn't going to risk ever putting myself in such a position ever again. Then this afternoon, before dinner when you made love to me, Paul, the memory of my greatest ever orgasm was eclipsed. You once again touched places only he had been and, like when he was inside me, I no longer cared about possible consequences, I needed to feel you filling me with the proof of your love for me. I knew then that being tied and helpless was no part of what I felt. I was on top, I was in control. I could have got off you in time, you warned me you were about to cum, and I was free to stop this. You blew that memory away completely in the moment when you came inside me. That was, I thought, the ultimate moment in my life, but then you went and surpassed even that, when you took me directly to heaven with your mouth. That really did rock, not just my world, but my whole existence."

She leaned forward and kissed me, "For that alone I will thank you for the rest of my life."

I held her for a moment, then I said, "I know there is more to this story, isn't there? I think now you have got this far, it is best if you finish it." I already had an idea where this was going, but I needed to hear it from her, not to make up my own ending which might have been completely wrong.

"Yes, you are right, there is more" she said. "When he had finished, he slowly pulled out and I could feel his cum running out of me. This only confirmed what I already knew, that he hadn't been wearing a condom."

"Stephen then removed my gag, warning me to be quiet and not to do anything I might regret later. He forced my mouth open and held my head as that large, softening penis, dripping with a combination of his semen and my juices was inserted into my mouth. I was still recovering from that last orgasm and I admit that I sucked and licked it clean. There was one last small spurt of cum from him and I swallowed that with all of the rest of our juices. When I had finished cleaning him, he lay down on the bed beside me and just held me for several minutes, then he began to kiss my breasts again. He was much gentler this time and, in spite of everything, I was responding to his touch again. I felt his cock was getting hard against my leg, and I just knew this wasn't over and he was going to fuck me again. The gag hadn't been replaced, and I managed to say 'No! Stop! Please don't – Please!' Stephen must have realised he wanted to go again, and started to say this wasn't

part of their agreement. The man just told him to shut up. Then he said to me 'Is something the matter love?' I was shocked that he cared, after all he had just raped me, but I managed to say 'Please don't! Don't do this to me'. Stephen started to tell me to shut up, but the man told him to get out. Then he said something that really surprised me. He told him to undo the handcuffs and untie my legs before he went. Stephen started to say something, but, in a tone that left no doubt as to who was in charge, he said '*Do as you are told, untie her and get out!*' He then whispered to me 'I want you to leave the blindfold on, its better if you don't know who I am'. I just nodded."

"Stephen undid the handcuffs and ropes then left the room. As soon as he had gone, the man helped me to sit up on the side of the bed. I was shaking and now I was released from my bonds, the situation I was in came home to me and I started to cry. He just held me until I finished, not saying a word, then he kissed me, very gently on the lips. Then he did something which really shocked me. He took my hands in his and knelt down on the floor in front of me. He asked me to forgive him for what he had done. He said he had always thought I was beautiful and had wanted me for some time, and Stephen knew this. Stephen already owed him quite a bit, and last night he had lost a lot more money to him at cards. When it came time to settle up, the other minor debts were settled and everyone else left. Stephen waited until they were alone and then told him he didn't have the money, but because he knew I really liked you, he offered to set this up as part payment of his debt."

"I was dumbstruck! This man who had just raped me was now asking me to forgive him. I told him that if he had really liked me that much, he wouldn't have done this to me. I told him I knew nothing of Stephen's debts and tying me up was, I thought, just another game he wanted to play. I told him that Stephen liked to play games where he dominated me pretended to have to force me. This time, when he had me helpless he called me 'His Whore' and said it was time I started to 'Earn my keep'. I also said that I now thought Stephen had plans to turn me into a prostitute, with him as my pimp."

"He apologised again, and then he asked me to trust him. He promised me that whatever ideas Stephen might have in that direction, they were *not* going to happen, he would make certain of that. He then told me that Stephen had shown him some pictures of me and said that I would be willing to settle the debt in this way. He said he was surprised at this, he had always thought I was not the kind of girl who would do something like that, but Stephen had insisted I would be 'up for it'. He said he now realised that he had been conned into raping me, and it was part of Stephen's plan to put me 'on the game'. Tying me up wasn't just 'a bit of fun' as Stephen had said it was, what he had done to me actually *was* rape. He said it now looked like he had been used like I had, and while he couldn't undo what he had done, he would do whatever he could to make it up to me. He asked me to wait upstairs until he had gone, promising that he was going to make sure Stephen never attempted to do anything like this to me ever again. I heard them arguing downstairs as I was getting dressed, although I couldn't hear what was being said. Then the front door opened and closed, a car door slammed and he drove away."

"After that, the card nights ceased. Those photos were never mentioned again. Before this he would threaten to show them all over the town to make me do what he wanted but those threats stopped. Sexual demands from him also stopped and he began to treat me much better. Two days later I received a handwritten note, unsigned, that said all of those photos, including the copies, had been destroyed. It also said that he honestly didn't realise that I hadn't consented to have sex with him or he would never have done what he did. He again asked me to forgive him. There was also a phone number and written beside it was 'Keep this number. If you ever need my help, if he threatens you or tries anything like that again, ring this number and just leave your name'."

"To this day I don't know who that man was, but whoever he was, I know Stephen was scared of him. He wouldn't tell me who he was, but I got the feeling that somehow he would know if Stephen stepped out of line and he had enough influence to make sure Stephen would be sorry if he did."

"The morning after Stephen had hit us both, I really didn't know what to do so I phoned that number. A man's voice answered and I told him my name. The man just said 'Stay by that phone, someone will be in touch'. Less than five minutes later the phone rang and I recognised the voice of the man from that night. He asked me what had happened and I told him that Stephen had attacked us both and was now being held in the police station. I had to go to the station that morning to tell them what I wanted them to do about it, but I didn't know what to do. He didn't hesitate, he told me to tell them everything he had done and that I wanted to press all charges against him. He also said I should see someone to start the proceedings to divorce him. I told him I was afraid of what Stephen might do if I did that. He promised me that Stephen wouldn't ever touch me again. He also said that I mustn't worry about anything, he would make sure I was safe."

"I never told you, but while he was in prison for assaulting us, Stephen got beaten up quite badly in the showers. I have no proof, but I have always thought that it was done to order, in retribution for him hitting us that night. Before that happened he had been arrogant, saying he would throw us out on the street. He suddenly changed and never even contested the divorce. I got everything, the house, which had been in his sole name, the furniture, everything. I also never received a bill from the solicitors who handled the divorce. When I went in and asked what I owed, I was told that the bill had already been settled in full. I asked 'who paid it?' but they wouldn't tell me. I was taken in to see the senior partner who told me that he couldn't even tell me how much the bill had been. He just said that a condition laid on them when the payment was made, was that it must remain anonymous. "

The importance of what Joanne had said began to dawn on me and I squeezed her hands, stopping her from continuing the tale. "You say that my father's sexual demands stopped after this happened. Do you mean stopped completely, or just the demands for these 'games' that he liked to play?"

She nodded, "You are now beginning to understand why I needed to tell you about this. All of his sexual demands stopped from the moment that man walked out of the door. We were never again intimate after that moment. Ever since we first started seeing each other, whenever we had sex he had always worn a condom because he didn't want children. After that night, I missed my next period and a pregnancy test I bought from the chemist showed positive. I was pregnant. Nine months later, you were born."

"Paul, your real father is not Stephen James. I don't know the name of your biological father, but I know for certain it was the man who first raped me while I was tied to the bed, and then apologised and begged on his knees for me to forgive him. I am sure that ever since then he has been watching over me, and you. What he did to me was wrong, but at least, when he realised what he had done, he was sorry. I am sure if he had known I hadn't consented, he wouldn't have had anything to do with it. Stephen tricked him into doing what he did, I don't think he was really a bad man. I think he has done what he could to make up for it since, short of letting me know who he is of course. I truly believe that he isn't a bad man and would never have done what he did if he had known I was not willing and that it really was rape. I think Stephen must have told him I liked to be tied up as if I was being raped, that it turned me on."

"Although I have tried, I have never been able to find out who he was. I don't know what he said to Stephen before he left, but Stephen wouldn't tell me his name. He was genuinely frightened that

somehow he would find out, if he told me."

Suddenly things I had wondered about for years started to make some sense. The fight with Pete at college was nothing, but the response from people who didn't really know me, had always felt a bit too excessive. How he was trampled on the rugby pitch. His inability to find and hold a job afterwards and getting finished as 'unsuitable' for the position he seemed to be doing ok in. The job I applied for at the insurance company. I knew people with far better qualifications than me, who didn't even get an interview. I not only got an interview, but it always seemed as if the job was mine from the moment I walked into the room. Although I hadn't been there all that long, I had been taken in hand and guided by one of the most senior managers and had already been promoted to 'Team Leader'. I had people, far more experienced than me, working under me. Maybe someone with 'clout' was watching over me, opening doors that might otherwise be closed.

I squeezed her hand, stood up and walked over to the dining area. The feeling I had had, about what she was building up to telling me had been right. Filling the kettle I switched it on, before looking back to where Joanne was sitting. "Wow!" I said, "I need a moment after hearing all that. I could do with a cup of coffee right now, and I expect you could as well."

Joanne just nodded, she looked really scared. I put the coffee and sugar in the cups while I considered my next move and what I should say. I didn't want to rush this and say the wrong thing at a moment like this. The kettle came to the boil and I made the drinks, but I left them on the table and went back to where Joanne was still sitting. Taking both of her hands in mine, I knelt down in front of her on the floor.

"It would seem that the men in your life make a habit of kneeling in front of you" I said. "Are you sure you are not related to royalty? Or is that another little secret you intend to tell me about later."

Not even a smile! So that attempt to lighten the mood fell on stony ground.

"Joanne" I said, "There is only one thing I need to know now. I am sure I will have more questions later, but this is one I must ask and I need you to answer this completely truthfully. Will you do that, for me?"

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak.

"OK!" I said, "Do you still love me and still want to be my wife? I am talking about the rest of our lives together, forsaking all others, till death do us part. The full 'Father Ted' thing from this afternoon The whole nine yards? "

She had tears in her eyes as she answered "Oh yes! You know I do."

I raised first one of her hands, and then the other to my lips and kissed them. "Then what you have just told me, while I am angry that Stephen would do such a thing to you and I fully intend to give him a good smack for that, sometime, it makes me glad that I do not have the shame of having his genes inside me. My biological father did a terrible thing to you, but from what you have said, it seems as if he was tricked into thinking you had consented, and was genuinely sorry afterwards when he realised you hadn't, and it was rape. It also appears that he has tried to make good on his promise to make it up to you. Maybe he really did love you and today is something of a case of 'like father - like son', because for me nothing has changed, I love you too. All that matters to me now is that we love each other. This makes no difference to that at all. So! Can I get up from my knees now? Your Royal Highness."

"That, by the way, is just in case you really do have another secret you are going to tell me about later, I don't want to be spending the rest of my future in 'The Tower'."

Ah-Ha! I at least raised a smile this time. Things are looking up! I got up from my knees and drew her to her feet as well. Then I put my arms around her and just held her close. "I should never have mentioned handcuffs" I said, "If I had known what he did to you I wouldn't have. When we get home I am going to clear out that attic and we are going to get rid of everything. Anything that makes you sad is going. For now I think we should drink our coffee and just go to bed."

After we had finished our coffee I took her hand and led her into the bedroom. She was almost in a trance and meekly came with me without a word. Beside the bed I gently undressed her, taking her new nightgown which she had laid out ready and slipped it over her head. Then I drew back the covers and laid her in that beautiful bed, before covering her up again. I then quickly undressed and put my pyjamas on, glad now I had thought to bring them, before slipping in on the other side and sliding across, put my arms around her.

"I am here my love" I whispered, "I am by your side, which is where I am going to be for the rest of your life. Trust in me my darling, I will never, ever hurt you and no-one else is ever going to hurt you again, I promise. This has been a very long and eventful day so I think perhaps we should just cuddle until we fall asleep in each other's arms."

She put her arms around me, and then with a smile she spoke, for the first time since she had finished the story. She said "Pyjamas! You are wearing pyjamas on your wedding night," and she began to giggle.

I raised myself up on my elbow and tried to look stern. "Now you listen to me young lady" I managed to get out, before I started to giggle as well. In seconds we were both laughing out loud at how ludicrous this situation was. We were back together as if nothing had happened to spoil things. "I think we should both get some sleep" I said, "Perhaps I was right earlier, when I said 'Mummy wasn't getting it', but I promise you, that doesn't include tomorrow, before and after breakfast, - Sorry, not during, I might spill my cornflakes, - Then tomorrow night and forever and ever - Amen!"

She grinned up at me. "Oh God!" she said, "The 'smart arse' is back."

"You had better believe it" I replied, "And just in case you are wondering, this 'smart arse' still thinks you scrub up pretty well."

She drew me down into a deep kiss. Then she said "Perhaps you had better get some of those things you gave Simon within reach, because when I get you out of those pyjamas, there is a distinct possibility we are going to need them. No way am I waiting till tomorrow morning and we have pushed our luck enough already today. It only took your father one time to get me pregnant with you, and from what I have already discovered, there is at least one of his attributes you have inherited." She slipped her hand into my pyjama trousers to where I was rock hard with desire for her. "It was a long time ago" she said, "I only experienced him once, and I was blindfolded then, but I think you compare very favourably to your father, down here."

I kissed her again before slipping out of bed and collecting a couple of the condoms, which I put on the bedside table. She lay there watching me with a smile on her face.

"Only two?" she said, "Huh! I don't know what the younger generation is coming to. Absolutely no stamina the young people of today! For goodness sake, will you get out of those pyjamas! I am not

going to fight my way past them to get to what I want, and be prepared for a long night. You might need a week off work to recover from tonight, so come here and let me get at you."

I picked up the box from my case and put the other four alongside the first two. Leaving my pyjamas in an untidy heap on the floor, I slipped back into bed and held her to me. She pushed me onto my back and, swinging her leg across me, straddled my belly. She was just about to move down to re-position herself to receive my cock when I grabbed her wrists and stopped her. I drew her face to mine and kissed her, before whispering, "Not so fast, you were on top last time, it's my turn now," and holding her in place I rolled her onto her back, underneath me. Kneeling up I reached across and took one of the condoms from the bedside table, tearing the packet open and unrolling the condom onto my penis. She took my face in her hands and gazed lovingly into my eyes. As I leaned down to kiss her with one hand I positioned the head of my cock at the entrance to her very wet vagina. We kissed and I gently began to push forward, very slowly spreading her lips as the head entered her love tunnel.

As I slipped inside her I was rewarded by a low moan into my mouth, and her arms tightened around me. Then she broke away from the kiss and whispered, " Oh Paul I was so afraid that when I told you about how you were conceived you would be angry with me. Angry for the years I stayed with him and suffered his abuse, angry because of the way he abused you as well and for letting you think for all these years that he was your father."

"Hush!" I said, "Yes I am angry, angry that the man I thought was my father could do such a thing to you, and I fully intend showing him just how angry I am, after we get home. I am also a little angry at my real father for allowing you to stay in that awful marriage for so long, but I am sure he had his reasons that he couldn't take you away from it. But at least he never forgot you, or what he had done, and he never forgot his promise to you. You phoned a number he had given you, it must have been, what? Nine years before? Within five minutes he had phoned you back to see what the problem was, giving you advice. He even found out the solicitor you used for the divorce and paid the bill. We won't look at the possibility of what else he may have arranged to have done, but I think it is obvious that some pressure must have been applied to Stephen to make him hand over everything like he did." I gently kissed her again, "Now, if you don't mind, I think I was about to do something, and while there is a time for talking, I am sorry to have to tell you, my mother and my beautiful wife*This Is Not It!*"

With that I pushed forward, sinking myself into her pussy until I could go no further. The groan from Joanne's lips, I am sure could have been heard outside in the corridor. Her legs pushed the bed covers onto the floor as she wrapped them around me and pushed back against my thrust deep into her. I drew back until only the head of my penis was inside her, before thrusting forward again. "Oh My God! Yes!" she cried out, as the head of my cock bottomed out in her pussy. This was followed by another groan as I pulled back again. "Ohhhhh Yes – Yes!" as I drove in again. Keeping a slow even rhythm I pulled back and then thrust forward, desperately trying to control myself, not wanting to finish too quickly, trying to think of anything but where my cock was and what we were doing. I never thought repeating the 12 times table, over and over in my head, would be so useful, but it was working for me tonight. Suddenly, almost without warning she threw her head back and screamed "Ohhhhh Ohhh .. OH GOD! Yesssss OH F*cking Hell! Yesss Ohhh .. SH*T!!!! Yes! Yes!" She sunk her teeth into my shoulder and groaned with passion as her orgasm hit her. Two more hard thrusts from me and I joined her in ecstasy as I fired my sperm into the safe haven of the condom.

Joanne was crying and I just held her to me, kissing her and laughing as we each responded to our orgasms in our own way. It took several minutes before we both came back to earth from wherever

we had gone to. My cock was softening and I gently began to pull back, holding the condom so that it didn't slip off as I withdrew from her pussy. Rolling off her onto the bed, she came with me so we were both on our sides facing each other. "Oh God! Did I do that?" She said as she saw the marks that her teeth had made where my shoulder joined my neck. I tried to look down, but it was too close to my neck for me to see, although I was now beginning to feel it. "I hope so!" I said, "Otherwise there is a vampire hiding somewhere in this room and I am now one of the 'legion of the undead'."

She got out of bed and brought some tissues from her bag. Then she pushed me onto my back and began to dab at the bite mark. I must admit I was a little shocked when I saw the blood on the tissues, I hadn't realised she had bitten me quite that hard. Joanne was almost crying.

"I am so sorry" she said, "I didn't even know I was biting you, and now you are bleeding. I just remember you setting off a firework inside me and my head going back, but then nothing until you were pulling out of me."

"I think you have just 'branded' me as your own property. So! Do you think I might have hit 'the spot' again then? But don't you ever tell me off for swearing, again. Let me tell you, lady, when you are cumming ... You are *No Lady!* You have a mouth like a dockyard navvy."

"Only for you, Paul" she whispered, "No one else has ever made me feel like that. The only one who has ever come close was your real father, and then, maybe if the circumstances of our meeting and situation I was in had been different"

I kissed her, "Shhhh!" I whispered, "Let's not go back down that road again now. That happened around twenty years ago and you have kept that secret all this time. Now I know and you don't have to worry about it anymore. I think, from what you have told me, he would have liked to have taken you away from Stephen, but he didn't so obviously he couldn't. Asking you to keep the blindfold on, to me suggests that he had reasons he didn't want to be identified. More pressing than just the risk of a charge of rape. If you had seen him you might have recognised him, so either he was someone in the public eye or he was someone you knew although not well, because you didn't recognise his voice, even though, nine years later when he spoke to you on the phone, you knew it was him."

"He had his chance. You could have been his, but for some reason we can only guess at, he couldn't take you with him. Now you are mine! I love you and if he wants to come back into your life he will have to fight me for you, because I am not going to give you up for anyone, not even him. Now if you will excuse me, there is something that needs attending to."

I slid down the bed and began to kiss her breasts before working my way slowly down, taking care to lavish some time on her 'belly button', where she seemed to be very sensitive, before moving lower.

"Oh God!" She said, as she reached down to stop me. "You can't do that to me again. You're not going to Ohhhh! Ohhhh No! Paul You mustn't Don't Stop Ohhhh Paul! ... Don't! ... Stop! Ohhhh God No! No! Don't .. Stop Ahhhhhh Yes! Yesss! No! – Don't stop! Ohhhh God ... I love you so much Paul, just don't stop Ohhhh God! .. Yesssss! Yes! Aaaaaahhhhhh! "

There is an old joke in which, when a woman is asked if she could hold her liquor, to which she answers - 'Yes! Usually by his ears'. Mum seemed to prefer the 'hands around the back of the head' method, and for a moment I thought she was trying to actually pull me inside her beautifully

shaven pussy. A slight taste of rubber remained from our earlier exertions, but all in all it was, I thought, a very pleasant experience. She seemed to enjoy it anyway, although maybe she was a little loud with her appreciation. As I rolled away from Joanne's pussy, the thought crossed my mind that she was so loud that I hoped we weren't keeping Lisa and Simon awake. As that thought took hold I began to giggle. I tried to hide it but I couldn't and the giggle soon became a full burst of laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" Mum asked, "You've just reduced me to a hopeless mess again. It's a good job I don't need to get up because I don't think I could, and now you are laughing at me."

I couldn't even kiss her I was laughing so much. "I'm not laughing at you my love" I managed to say, "It's just that you were so loud then, I wondered if we might be keeping Simon and Lisa awake. In fact, if you get any louder we might be keeping half of the hotel awake."

She tried to look offended, but it didn't work. Her attempt at the 'We are *Not* amused!' line, failed miserably, as she too began to giggle. We lay there arms tightly around each other, both trying to stifle our laughter.

After a little when we both calmed down a little, I said "Pity we finished all the Champagne, I could do with a drink right now. Never mind, we will have to do without I suppose. Right! Where were we? Oh yes! I remember." I raised myself up and reached across her to pick up another little packet from the bedside table.

"O.M.G - You *can't* be serious!" she said, when she realised what I was doing.

"You were the one complaining about the youth of today having no stamina" I said. "Don't tell me it's getting too much for you? You really are going to have to learn to pace yourself."

The look she gave me was absolutely priceless. She really thought I was ready to go again. I held up the little foil packet and asked, "So you don't think we should use this then? Do you think we should save it for morning?"

"Yes!" She said, "I think that might be a good idea."

"Hmmmmmm! OK! Perhaps you're right" I said, "It's much better bare than covered, and I don't mind the risk if you don't. Anyway, it might all be academic, you might already be pregnant anyway, after this afternoon." Then I went and spoiled the whole 'Macho image' effect by starting to giggle again.

It took a second before she realised I was teasing her and was nowhere near ready for another round myself. That one earned me a gentle punch on the shoulder before she pulled me to her, hugging me tightly she said "All right, you win! I take back what I said about the youth of today, well this one anyway. I am beginning to believe that this 'very naughty boy' could indeed be 'The Messiah' Well my own personal 'Messiah' anyway."

"In one day you have turned my whole world on its head. This afternoon in my room I thought nothing could improve on the orgasm you gave me. Then, before dinner, here on this bed, you did things to me, I didn't even know were possible. After you had given me the three most amazing orgasms of my life, I really wasn't joking when I said I couldn't stand up without help. Then, I don't think you noticed, but I had another 'little moment' when you kissed me in the middle of the dance floor, after you had put Lisa and Simon together."

"No, I'm sorry, I didn't notice that one" I said with a grin, "although I did think you responded quite well when I kissed you then, especially when you consider we did have something of an audience. I must say though, in my defence, that at the time I *was* watching Simon and Lisa, to see if anything was happening between them. I think we can say that maybe something did 'click' there."

"Well it 'clicked' for me as well" she said. "And now you go and wipe me out again. Oh Paul, you do things to me that until today I would have said were only found in fantasy stories, like the one that started all this for us. I don't know how, but you do things to me no-one has ever even got close to doing before. I have hopes that you will continue to reduce me to the wreck I am now, but after all that, I think what I really need right now is some sleep, so if you don't mind, I would rather like you to just hold me."

I kissed her and settled down with my arms around her, holding her close to me as we both drifted off to sleep.