

Memories of a Baby Boomer

Sex and its many varied preferences are not something that we are born with a knowledge of, rather, it is a combination of several factors. Some are inbuilt and no matter what we do, we cannot change them, they are with us for life. Others we acquire due to our environment, our families, and the things that we see and hear during our formative and then teenage years.

Born at the end of the war, my family was no different to thousands of others. Son's, brothers, husbands, and fathers had gone off to fight with sadly, many of them never returning. When I did start school aged four and a half, more than a quarter of the pupils had fathers who had never returned or relatives killed in the bombing. We only knew what our mothers told us and so each of us was convinced and believed that our dad's had died fighting the enemy. It wasn't until later in life that I finally found out that in my case, that wasn't even remotely true.

I lived in London's east end with my mother and grandmother, a street full of terraced houses commonly known as "Two up and two downs". Downstairs there was a living room and a kitchen, and upstairs two bedrooms. The house was lit by gas and heated by the large fireplace in the front room. The toilet was situated in the yard, a tiny brick outhouse in which you used cut up squares of newspaper to wipe your bum until proper toilet paper stopped being in short supply.

In my early years and without a bathroom, the only recourse several times a week was to get out the old tin bath, place it in front of the fire and fill it with hot water. There was a hierarchy on bath nights, usually because mum and gran would be going

out dancing up the Palais. I would be plonked in first and scrubbed to within an inch of my life before being taken next door to Lucy Kelly's.

With me out of the way, gran and mum would then take their leisurely ablutions before donning their finery and drawing lines on the back of their legs to simulate nylons if they had not managed to obtain any from one of the local spivs.

Resplendent in their best dresses, they would come and say goodnight before setting off for an evening on the town. Aunt Lucy, actually no relation to us, was a spinster I had been told, whatever one of those was. The notion in my head of her dancing around in circles in her front room and getting dizzy puzzled me for years. Sometimes I would be collected later on that night, but if mum, gran, or both of them "pulled" I would spend the night at Miss Kelly's, sleeping in her spare bedroom. It mattered little to me whether I was in her house or my house, she was like a second mum, and I would happily drift off to sleep wherever I was.

London had taken a pasting during the war, but those first twelve years were the best times of my life. The streets were our playground as there was very little traffic about and later on, we discovered the bombsites and derelict buildings, exploring and rummaging through peoples belongings which had been abandoned. The girls were left to play skipping and hopscotch while we lads took up our wooden guns and went in search of the enemy, never returning with prisoners.

At school, I slowly progressed through the first few classes. Our fifth-year teacher was a young woman who went by the name of Miss Cummings, a name that we lads never failed to appreciate and find funny. To be honest, I was smitten by her, she was young, she was pretty, and I suppose in my eyes she was perfect. I did exceptionally well in her class for no other reason than I wanted to please her. That's all it was, we lads never thought of females sexually, even though we would use words we had heard without realising their true meaning.

That winter was a cold one with plenty of snow. It did not stop my mother or grandmother from going out and on those cold chilly nights when I stayed next door, I would be invited into Aunt Lucy's bed for added warmth. Dressed in my cotton pyjamas, she would have on her long white nightdress and together we would snuggle under the covers as we watched the snowflakes fall from the night sky through the open curtains.

I looked forward to those nights, houses were cold in those days, the only room with any warmth being the front room with its fire and that extra body in a bed made all the difference on a freezing night. There was never any impropriety, in a way I suppose, she treated me as if I were her son and the next morning there would always be sweets, toffee or biscuits to take home with me.

It was just before I left school that I found out that my father had been a GI who had been repatriated before he realised that mum was pregnant. There had been no notification of my grandfather's demise, he had simply not returned home. I suppose lots of men did that, they had travelled the world and experienced many different things, why would they return to

their dreary existence when they could simply disappear and start again. Gran had given birth to my mother aged eighteen and mum had given birth to me when she was nearly seventeen, which meant that as my eighteenth birthday approached, mum was only thirty-four and gran was fifty-two, both of them still strikingly attractive women.

Up until the age of ten I had shared my mother's room, her in the double bed and me in a single, but suddenly and for no reason that I could understand, things changed, mum and Aunt Lucy reaching an arrangement as I began to sleep in Miss Kelly's spare room each night.

At the age of eighteen, I discovered the delights of local girls, happy for a fumble down some back alley or in the park after dark. But it was exceedingly rare that you managed to get any more than that without some kind of commitment. The war years had made it easy for young women who found themselves in the family way, there was always the excuse that their menfolk were off fighting. But with hostilities finished, the stigma returned, and woe betides any young woman who found herself pregnant without a young man to walk her down the aisle.

Growing up, we lads never associated with the girls on the street if we could help it, the women of our childhood were always far older than us, parents, teachers, neighbours, these were the women who were part of our lives.

When at last, I reached that magical age where the world was finally unlocked, I had been down the local with a few friends to

celebrate. With hindsight, I was grateful to Miss Cummings, she had spurred me on, and I had done well at school even after I moved from her class. I had got a job as a junior accounts clerk when I left school, being sharp and quick-witted meant I quickly progressed and by eighteen, I was earning good money compared to what my friends were paid.

Rocking up at Aunt Lucy's after the pub, I let myself in. As a consequence of my spending so much time there nowadays, I had been given my own key and it was with quite a bit of fumbling that I managed to get it into the lock and open the door. She was still up and about when I entered, I wasn't drunk, honest, but I will admit to being more than merry. There was something different about her tonight I concluded, but I just couldn't put my finger on it until I suddenly realised that never before had I seen her wearing make-up. Despite her age, my beer-fuelled eyes found her attractive, and I was inclined to dance with her as music played from the large radio over in the corner. It wasn't my type of music; it was the music of the older generation. New groups and music were springing up, music that was faster, sexier, and aimed at us teenagers. This was the slower big band sounds coming out of the speaker as I took her hand and we shuffled around her front room until, for some unfathomable reason, I decided that it was a good idea to kiss her.

Believe me, it was as though I had unleashed an animal. As our lips met, her arms went around my neck, and she thrust her small breasts and her groin against mine. It was not as though she was a stranger to me, she was someone I had known all my life and felt relaxed with, which was probably why within a few seconds, my erection was pushing back against her.

'I couldn't think what to get you as a birthday present,' she whispered as we broke apart and she took my hand, leading me up to the bedroom we had shared on and off when I was younger and slept over.

Tonight, though was different, in the past I had never seen her dressing or undressing, when I was young, I would get undressed in the spare room and she would already be in her nightdress by the time I entered and shared her bed.

The light had to be out, of course, I was eighteen, she was a woman in her forties and perhaps embarrassed that I might not appreciate her body the same. She need not have worried, I was under no illusions that Lucy's body would have changed and aged, just the same as my mum and gran.

She helped me to unbutton her dress and ease it from her shoulders, letting it fall to the floor while I slid the straps of her full-length slip down her arms, allowing it to follow the dress and leaving her stood in bra, panties, suspenders, and stockings which I could just about manage to make out in the darkened room. I feared she was going to rip my shirt off as she scrabbled at its buttons before fumbling with my trousers and pushing them to the floor along with my undies. I must have looked a bit of an idiot with my pants around my ankles, but it did not seem to bother her as once again she thrust herself against me, my naked erection now pressed against her belly.

Her lips tasted sweet, her mouth grinding against mine as she raised my hands and placed them on her breasts. I was eager now, pushing her bra up and out of my way as her small tits popped free, my fingers massaging the soft flesh and feeling her hard nipples pushing into the palms of my hands. Having discarded what was left of our clothing, I joined her on the bed, Lucy pushing me onto my back as she straddled my hips and rubbed her fanny against my throbbing shaft. I was still inexperienced and allowed her to take the lead as she raised herself, fumbled for my cock and I felt it's head rub against her pussy lips before she lowered her bottom, calling out with glee as its length filled her cunt.

Bouncing up and down on my shaft, she leant forward, her nails digging into my shoulders and raking my chest as I continued to caress and squeeze her tits until she pulled my head from the pillow and asked me to suck her nipples. With unerring patience, she showed me where and how to touch her to make the experience longer-lasting and more intense. Pounding her fanny rapidly, she screeched, the sound loud enough to wake the dead as she orgasmed, and then cried out again seconds later as my cock filled her flue with my hot spunk, both of us spent.

Laying together later she instructed me to take a trip the next morning, 'You need to visit the barbers,' she said smugly.

Running my hand over my hair, I didn't think it felt too bad, lots of blokes were starting to wear their hair longer nowadays. She couldn't stop laughing as she tried to explain. 'I'm still young enough to have children, and you're not old enough to be a father yet.'

It struck me as to how lucky I had been, there had been a couple of girls and I suddenly thought of the implications if either of them had said they were pregnant.

Back then, the barber's was where you got your condoms. After a haircut and providing you were old enough, he would always ask, 'Anything for the weekend, Sir?'

You could get them from the chemist, but by going in there, you stood every chance of getting a female assistant and coming away with yet another new toothbrush. I made the trip the next morning, the first time feeling embarrassed. But after a while, I became a regular and it became a standing joke between him and me. I would pop my head around the door, and he would always say the same thing.

'You back for more? I'm sure you must be getting my share.'

I would pocket the condoms and hand the money over, other men sitting and waiting for their haircuts would wink or look envious. It was like a badge of honour which said loud and proud, 'I'm getting some.'

After that first time with Lucy, I never went anywhere in the future without a supply in my pocket. I wasn't a kid anymore, not even a teenager, I had shagged a woman older than my mother and had satisfied her, from now on, I was a man.

Although that night had been the first time with her, it certainly wasn't the last. She was insatiable and I often wondered why she had never managed to find a man of her own. If most blokes knew what she was like in bed, I'm sure there would have been a queue outside her door. She was reasonably looking with a slim figure but in bed, she was happy to do and try anything and over the next two years and although I would occasionally get my end away elsewhere, I always returned to Lucy's every night as she taught me how to arouse, satisfy and respect a woman.

I must have been twenty when gran got the letter, it said we were being moved from our home to a new house five or six miles away. The look on my face said it all as I declared vehemently that I was not moving.

'Where are you going to live?' Gran asked.

'Next door with Aunt Lucy,' I declared. There was no way that I was going to leave her or her sexual appetite yet. Gran laughed loudly and I wondered afterwards if she had an inkling that something was going on between me and the spinster next door.

'Lucy's moving as well, you know. The all-bloody street's moving you sodding idiot, they are pulling all these old houses down.' I was dumbstruck, I had spent my childhood and my teenage years on these streets, and I knew every inch of them and all of our neighbours, but at least Lucy would not be left behind, for which I was eternally thankful.

Over the next few months, families began to move out, the new houses were posh, at least compared to what we were used to living in. The new road contained, two-, three- and four-bedroomed homes, each with a bathroom and an inside toilet. The fire in the living room heated water which was stored in a tank upstairs so there was more or less hot water on tap. There were electric lights in each room and to make everything a little bit more special, Lucy got a house just around the corner. Some on the street who had owned their homes previously were given one of the new houses whilst others who had rented, now paid money to the council rather than a landlord.

After the war, mum had begun training as a nurse and was now working in one of the big hospitals. Once a month she would be expected to do a nightshift over the weekend, and it was on one of those occasions that I ended up at home with gran. Whilst I now had a bedroom of my own in the new house, I still spent quite a lot of my time around at Lucy's, some evenings and especially nights would see me there. But this week she was away for a few days visiting her sister and that was why I was at home.

In the corner of our new living room was gran's pride and joy, a brand-new television set. I'd been out for an hour or two and came home just as her programme was finishing.

'Sit down. I want to talk to you,' she said. Dutifully, I took my seat in the big armchair by the fire, wondering what gran wanted.

'What's going on between you and Lucy Kelly?' she asked, leaving me dumbstruck and surprised for a moment. 'How do you mean?' I finally responded.

'You spend more time there than you do here nowadays, are you sleeping with her?' I think my expression made it obvious to gran that I was and so I made no attempt to deny it.

I've got to admit that gran did not seem surprised, 'She's a lot older than you, what's the attraction?' she asked. 'I hope you are taking precautions?' I knew exactly what she meant by "precautions," as I nodded my head.

Back then, people would have put it down to my upbringing or perhaps the lack of a father figure, but I could not see a problem with two people having sex. In my mind, it mattered little that a woman was older than a man or that a man was older than a woman. There was no reason I could see why any man and woman needed to be of a similar age. So long as they both wanted to be together and no one got hurt, I found that perfectly reasonable. Times were changing and no longer did we accept our parent's views on society as the code we should follow. I was having sex with Lucy because I found her attractive and the sex was good, presuming that her reasoning was the same as mine. Was I in love with her, of course not, no more than she was in love with me, it was simply great sex!

I tried to explain this to gran, although I don't know if I made a good job of it. Some of what I said I remembered thinking later, came out sounding all wrong.

'You're an older woman gran, and yet you are still extremely attractive. So, what would be wrong with you and me sleeping together if we wanted to? It's only sex at the end of the day. If I fancy you and you fancy me, who's to tell us that it's wrong.' I had simply been using Gran as an example, I hadn't been insinuating that I wanted to sleep with her, but I did notice her eyebrows go up slightly when she heard that.

Interrogation over with, she left it at that as she returned to the television. It was only a little later, just before she went up to bed that she asked.

'What you said before. Would you fancy me?'

Now, I had been brought up to be respectful to my elders, polite, well-mannered, and always to tell the truth. And that is what I did, telling her the truth, but from my perspective. Now in her fifties, she still had a good body and as I've said, she was an attractive woman. I'd seen her with and without make-up, dressed and occasionally, in her underwear. Taking everything into consideration, if she had not been my grandmother, would I have fancied her, the answer I supposed, would be yes!

So that is what I told her, not all the stuff that had flashed through my mind, just plain and simple, 'Yes, why shouldn't I, your still good looking.'

Nothing more was said as she trundled off to her bed, leaving me to watch the tv a little longer although at that time of night there was nothing much on. Bored, I switched everything off and went upstairs, folding my clothes and hanging them up in the wardrobe before climbing into bed naked and reaching for my book. I must admit to feeling strange, I had become used to frequently sharing a bed with another human being and despite having a room here, it was rarely used. Beginning to doze, my mind pondered the conversation with gran. For a while, I'd had this recurring dream in which I had sex with either my mother or grandmother, waking in the morning to find a flaky crust on my stomach. As I've said, both of them were still extremely attractive, far more so than Aunt Lucy, and I was sleeping with her!

With my eyes feeling tired I closed the book, put it on my bedside table and turned out the light. The room was dark and initially, I didn't know what had disturbed me until a whispered voice told me to move over a little bit. Mine was only a single bed and so it was a squeeze as gran joined me beneath the covers.

Pressed up tightly against me, I could feel the silkiness of her robe as she whispered, 'What you said earlier, about you and I having sex, is that something you have thought about?'

Now I might have been young, but I was certainly not stupid, especially when there was a woman in my bed who, unless I was mistaken, was about to offer me sex. Had I ever thought of doing things to gran? Of course, I had. Was I going to turn down the opportunity of fucking her even if we were related, not on your nelly!

Turning on my side to face her, I spoke quietly, 'I suppose I have gran, although I can't tell you why. When I look at you, the first thought that pops into my head is me and you having sex.'

Taking my hand, she placed it inside her robe as it made contact with her bare flesh, leaving me eager to explore. Yes, I had imagined her naked, but the act of touching her felt completely different as my hand firstly went to her breasts. Compared to Aunt Lucy, gran's tits were huge, wrapping my hand around one of them, I tested its weight, squeezing and fondling the ample mammary before my fingers found her nipple, twisting and tweaking it as it began to grow.

Guttural sounds emanated from her throat as I moved closer to her and planted my lips on hers, my erection now pressed against her body as I opened the robe wide and felt my shaft rest against her pubic mound.

I may not be Casanova, but after two years of having sex with Aunt Lucy, I was no novice either. Our kiss and my hands on her tits started her initial arousal, I felt her shiver as my hand moved down her chest and over her belly. She wasn't as slim as Lucy, but at the same time her stomach wasn't huge, there was just a little more of it and it felt sexy as I explored her extra flesh. And then my fingers were running through her pubes as I listened to her breathing increase rapidly. When finally, I ran a single digit along the length of her slit and parted her pussy lips, I'm sure I felt the whole bed move. From gran's mouth I moved to her neck and then to her chest, raining kisses on her tits before taking her nipples into my mouth as I sucked at each quite large bud and nipped each one between my lips.

'Oh God, That's so nice.....Oh fuck. Oh, my.....my-oh-my.....Oh my fucking God!'

Her words changed constantly as I worked my way down her body. I had no idea what she was expecting, certainly not I think, to find me finally laying between her open thighs, my face inches from her vagina. When I opened her fanny and my tongue made its first contact with her moist interior, I thought she was going to scream the house down. She was panting, crudities coming one after another as her thighs crushed my head and my tongue penetrated her passage, licking and sucking at her pink insides.

Her thighs were meatier than Lucy's, as was her bottom and I was now in my element, my mouth crushed against her pussy as her hips moved one way and then the other. With my hands beneath her thighs and up against her buttocks, I spread her arse, the thumb of my right hand sinking into her fanny as my tongue moved to her clit. The thumb of my left hand found the puckered entrance of her back passage and spread the juices leaking from her cunt over it before a small amount of pressure sent it up her arse. It took a lot of effort to keep her cunt up against my mouth as she climaxed, her body thrashing about in the small bed as she wailed and cried her release, her juices splashing my face and entering my mouth.

Although she implored me, I refused to stop, sucking on her clit, and flicking it with my tongue as I reached along her body and grabbed both tits, abusing the ample flesh and twisting at her elongated nipples.

Her first orgasm flowed into a second, 'Oh fuck, oh fuck, yes, yes, just there, oh shit. Oh, my fucking Go.....d!'

And only after that, did I allow her to relax, for no other reason than I wanted to put my bedside light on, and to gaze at her naked body closeup.

By the time she eventually opened her eyes I had moved. Having opened her legs wider, I was knelt between her thighs, my knob pressing gently against the open lips of her pussy. She blinked several times, bringing a hand up momentarily to shade her eyes against the light as I rammed my cock up her cunt in one swift motion. Her eyes went wide, and her mouth shot open as a loud gasp escaped, and then I was fucking her. As I had been taught by Lucy, my shaft penetrated gran's cunt at a steady rate, not too fast, not too slow, a constant rhythm that reawakened her desires and started to build her lust. My hands were never still as I ran them over her flesh, the lightest of touches as I explored her body.

There was no mistaking her maturity, her breasts wobbling back and forth with each thrust of my hips. Wrinkles were starting to appear, at her armpits and between her breasts, but none of that mattered. Her belly was well rounded, moving in time with her tits as I increased the speed that my cock thudded into her cunt. There was extra meat at her waist and hips, her thighs and arse had also gained a little over the years. Her face showed its age, but as I gazed down at her from my vantage point, what I saw was a beautiful mature sexy woman, all of which spurred me on as I began to shag her faster and faster.

From the look on gran's face, I feared she was going to have a heart attack, she had stopped breathing, her face going crimson and her eyes rolling up into her head. Her mouth hung open and spittle covered her lips as she shook convulsively, her hips rising to meet my every thrust as she had a massive orgasm.

'You fuck me.... you fuck me.....you fuck me,' she muttered over and over again until she went ridged and threw herself backwards, bouncing off the mattress as my cock exploded inside her cunt, filling her now sloppy hole with spurt after spurt of cum until I dropped from exhaustion.

I left gran in my bed snoring contentedly and went and jumped into hers. Surprisingly, I hadn't seen that coming, never imagining that one day I may shag my grandmother despite my ardent desires. My conclusion was that she was every bit as good in bed as Aunt Lucy, our coupling having more than adequately satisfied my urges.

There were consequences I later realised, but at the time I was more interested in whether that had been a one-off, or if she was open to us repeating our copulation the next time mum was on nights.

Nothing much was said the next morning. I was up early before mum got in, and woke gran up, telling her to go back to her bedroom. She made no mention of our escapade other than during the day when we had a few moments alone, she sidled up to me.

'You randy young beggar. No wonder Lucy likes you around there so much.'

She never gave me any impression as to whether it may happen again, but I just got the feeling that last night would hopefully be repeated. As it was and over the next six months, I slept with her several times. On each occasion, we headed for her bedroom, while mine had sufficed that first time, hers gave us a lot more scope and room to fuck.

While my sex life had taken that unexpected turn, it did not mean that I suddenly abandoned Lucy. At her house, I could spend the night with her after having sex, whilst with gran, we had to pick our moments. I don't think Lucy ever knew or realised there was now another woman and if she did, she never brought the subject up. She was somewhere in between my mother and grandmother's age, I didn't know exactly how old, as it was considered bad manners to ask questions like that.

We did occasionally discuss our quasi relationship, but one evening she set my mind at ease, 'I'm used to being unattached,' she told me, 'It's how I like it. That's not to say that I don't enjoy our sex life, it's great. We use each other, and that's perfectly ok. As for anything else, it's not something I'd want, even if you offered it.'

I suppose that the females who did suffer were the local girls, as my twenty-first approached and looking back over the last few years, I acknowledged that my sexual preferences were definitely

centred around more mature women. While I appreciated the beauty of young girls, I started to find that they didn't do anything for me. Up west and out with friends there was a plethora of them to choose from, but each time, I found it was the older, perhaps middle-aged ladies that caught my eye. I never approached them, always scared that I may be found wanting or be rejected.

I couldn't discuss it with Lucy, fearing that she may see it as though I was becoming bored with her. So, it was to my grandmother that I turned and tried to explain what I was experiencing. She was sympathetic and understanding, my desires were no reflection on what she and I did, it was just that I was growing up.

'They are no better than you, and I would bet that they are just as scared as you are, if not more so,' she told me. 'You're a good-looking young man and I think any woman would be happy with you in the bedroom department. What scares them is that someone of your age would be interested in someone of their age.'

I had never thought of it like that, with the local girls I had the gift of the gab, but around older women, I suddenly became tongue-tied.

Gran continued with her advice, 'Firstly, you're not going to find many older women in the pubs and clubs that you frequent. If that is what you want, you have to go to them, they won't come to you. Secondly, the way you dress marks you out as someone young and probably inexperienced. Try buying a nice suit,

perhaps a shirt and tie, dress like they do and not like your friends do and see what happens then.'

It is surprising how much of life is common sense, it's just that sometimes we need someone else to point the way.

Somehow her words seemed to give me a new outlook on life, at a time when most single blokes of my age struggled to get their leg over once a week, here I was with seemingly an unlimited supply on tap as Lucy and gran satisfied my wants.

Now perhaps, you may conclude that I was being greedy, but the notion of having sex with my mother had suddenly sprung to mind. It had lain dormant for a while until one evening when I was surprised to find that the sight of her in her nurses uniform, complete with black stockings had me trying to hide a bulge that persisted on expanding inside my trousers. My mother thankfully did not notice, but the amused look on my grandmother's face and the twinkle in her eyes told me she knew exactly what was in my thoughts.

The following weekend I took gran's advice, catching the bus into town and heading for the shops that sold exclusively to the middle classes rather than the emerging teenage market. My job paid well and although I shelled out for room and board at home as well as giving a little bit to Lucy, I had still managed to save a considerable amount. I knew what I wanted, the suit had to have the same styling and cut as the new fashions, but at the same time, it had to display a quality that said it was not from the same shops that most older men would use. I found a tailor

who was prepared to make me the suit I envisaged, even though the price made my eyes water.

Most of my friends earned about ten or eleven pounds a week, whereas because of my hard work, I was earning nearly double that. A suit on the high street was roughly seventeen pounds, this one was costing me forty guineas. (Nearly forty-two pounds.) and was in a style that was now becoming prevalent.

The suit would take about six weeks to make with me returning several times for fittings before it would be ready. The shirt and tie could wait until later, once I saw what it looked like. Afterwards, I wandered aimlessly for a while, window shopping and gazing at items that would have cost me six months or a year's wages to purchase, that was how the other half lived.

Bored and with a twenty-minute wait for my bus, I dodged into one of the many espresso bars that had opened. It was busy inside, groups of the new swinging people sat around tables, laughing, and talking. Taking my drink, I gazed around, most tables were full except for one by the window occupied by a rather attractive middle-aged lady who somehow seemed vaguely familiar.

'Pardon me. Do you mind if I sit here?' She shook her head, presently engrossed in a book she was reading.

Sitting, I gazed out of the window watching people pass, probably a mixture of a few Londoners and mostly tourists wandering the

streets and doing exactly what I had done previously. Every so often, I would glance at the woman opposite, there was something about her niggling at my brain which just refused to materialise. It felt rude to interrupt her and anyway, as usual, I was feeling tongue-tied.

Perhaps she had noticed because eventually she lowered the book and looked over the top of her glasses. 'Have I got something on my face that you find interesting?' she asked.

Embarrassment coloured me as I apologised profusely. 'I'm so sorry,' I began, 'It's just that I have a feeling that I know you, but I can't think from where. I'm sure I've met you before.'

She stared at me for a moment, as though considering if it was some kind of chat-up line and then shook her head, 'I can't say that I have ever met you before,' she said before returning to her book.

I apologised once more and tried to keep my head down, continuing to stare out of the window. But you know what it's like when you get that itch in your head and I just had to keep sneaking glances as I became frustrated with myself for not being able to place her. She was smartly dressed in a twinset and pearls, about her mid-thirties I roughly guessed and with a still, extremely pretty face.

Finally, the book went down, and she removed her glasses, staring at me as she went 'Humph,' with a loud sigh. 'Look,

young man, whatever you may think. I do not know you.' Perhaps it was her tone that loosened my tongue, I wasn't wrong, I knew her from somewhere, I just couldn't place where which was bloody annoying.

I wasn't going to let it go this time as I began cautiously. 'You don't work in the city, do you?' Watching as she shook her head. 'Are you from the Eastend?' I persisted.

'No..... but I work there. I'm headmistress at St Martin's school.' And then it hit me, plain as day, sitting back in my seat and beaming broadly. 'Miss Cummings, year five. I was in love with you!'

My face must have suddenly looked stricken as I realised what I had just said.

She smiled for the first time which then turned into a laugh, 'And you are?' She stopped and screwed her eyes up, her brain mentally going through the archive of children she must have taught.

'Robert,' she paused for a second, 'Robert Duncan. Well, Robert, you have changed a lot since the last time I saw you. And anyway, it's not Miss Cummings anymore, thank you very much, it is Mrs Hardman now.' I saw the twinkle in her eye as though she had known the mirth that her name had elicited from us lads.

My bus came and went as we chatted, and I bought fresh drinks. She asked about my life, and I told her how she had inspired me, how even after I had left her class, I continued to work hard and what I now did for a living. I told her all about myself, though judged that it was best to leave out the parts concerning women. I was confident now, the words coming easy and in full flow as I made her laugh with many of the stories I recounted.

'So, you were in love with me, were you?' she said, stifling a giggle.

I felt silly now, she saw it only as a childish crush, which it probably was, but even twelve years later, there was still a small part of her attached to my heart.

Sitting back, I tried to look indignant, 'Well I thought so I'll have you know. Why do you think I tried so hard? All I wanted to do was please you. And then when I moved up a class, I found that I had got used to working hard and so I just carried on, but I never forgot you.' She looked incredulous, probably thinking that I was making it up.

And then it was time for her to go and I didn't want her to. 'I don't suppose you fancy going out for a.....' I stopped mid-sentence, realising what I was asking. 'Of course, you don't, you're married.' It felt like I was a little boy once more and had asked a foolish question.

As she stood, she opened her handbag, took out a pen and a slip of paper and wrote something on it. 'I'm actually separated. This is my telephone number. Ring me at that time and perhaps we could speak further.'

She left me sat alone, my heart beating rapidly. As stupid as it may sound, I knew. It was a tangible feeling, something that felt as if I could reach out and touch it. After all this time, I was still in love with her.

We didn't have a telephone at home and so the following night, I walked down to the phone box at the end of our road. It was only just after seven o'clock and although it was a chilly evening, my palms felt clammy, and my stomach was tied in knots. Dropping coins into the slot I spun the dial, listening to the clicking wheezing noise that all public call boxes made. There was a pause and then the phone on the other end started ringing just as panic set in. I didn't have a clue what her first name was, and I'd forgotten what she said her married name was.

'Hello, St Martins School.'

I felt a complete numpty as I hesitated before pushing the button and asking for 'Miss Cummings.' I heard her snigger before she spoke again. 'Is that you Robert?'

'Yes, Miss. Sorry, Miss.' Suddenly I was back in school, and she was my teacher once more as I heard the gales of laughter.

When she eventually composed herself, she spoke kindly to me, 'I'm presently at school, its parents evening. Are you far away? If not, why don't you come and meet me? I'll be here until nine o'clock.'

I readily agreed, thankful to replace the receiver. 'What a fucking plonker,' I said out loud to myself, that probably wasn't the best of first impressions.

The school was situated approximately halfway between where we used to live and where we lived now., close enough that I could walk it in fifteen minutes or less. Rushing home, I washed and shaved, before putting on a clean shirt and setting off to go back to school.

Standing outside the gates, I was full of trepidation, it was the same feeling I'd had nearly sixteen years earlier. Taking a deep breath, I advanced across the playground and reached the main entrance, pulling the door open and holding it as a couple exited.

Inside, it smelt the same and looked the same as I walked down the corridor. In my minds-eye, I could have been five or six once more. Passing several classrooms, I looked in, noticing parents waiting to speak to the teacher, some of whom I recognised as having taught me, something that had never entered my head when Miss Cummings, sorry! Mrs Hardman invited me here.

She hadn't told me where to meet her and so I just naturally gravitated towards what would have been back then the

headmaster's office. Popping my head around the door I noticed that she already had parents in with her. She must have caught sight of me out of the corner of her eye because she excused herself and pointed upwards, holding up four fingers. I knew immediately where she meant as I climbed the stairs and entered a classroom, this was where I had spent my fifth year with her as my teacher. It felt as though time had stood still, looking exactly as I remembered it, my desk still in the same position as the day I left.

From memory, the classroom had been huge, rows of desks neatly aligned and ample room to move around without interrupting anyone still working. Now, it looked minuscule, sitting at my desk, it felt like I was sitting on the floor with my legs bent nearly double. Our minds deceive us, we forget that what looks large to us as a child, looks small to us as adults.

I heard her voice as she entered the room, 'Hello Robert.' Lost in thought, it was an automatic reaction as I stood, 'Good evening Miss.'

She was consumed by fits of laughter again, tears streaming down her face as she indicated that I should sit once more while she perched on the edge of the desk in front of me. Taking a handkerchief, she dabbed at her eyes as she struggled to get herself under control, 'Well if nothing else Robert, we certainly seemed to have taught you good manners.' And she was off again.

Finally, she was able to speak, 'Robert, you need to stop calling me Miss, I'm not your teacher anymore. My name is Sarah.'

I held my hand out as we shook, wanting to move from my seat, but at the same time, I wanted to stay sat exactly where I was. With Sarah perched on the desk in front and her feet up on the chair, she was giving me a perfect view of her legs and what a fantastic set of pins they were. I had to work hard to make sure they did not distract me, looking her in the face all the time and only sneaking an occasional glance.

When we were able to eventually hold a sensible conversation, I had a question and at least this time I was able to ignore the temptation to put my hand up. 'Can I ask? Why did you agree to see me again?' I wanted to know.

'Curiosity I suppose. As a teacher, you get an inkling that some children see you differently than others. You try to treat everyone equally, but it's not uncommon for some kids to see their teacher as maybe a mother or father figure, especially when there isn't one at home.

'You have got to remember that often, children see more of their teacher than they do of their parents. But those feelings normally disappear when they move class or leave school.'

Listening to her speak, it was like being back in her class once more and I found myself nodding my head as I agreed with what she said.

'Sorry, but I never saw you as a mother figure, and you certainly were not a father figure,' I quipped. 'Why invite me here tonight?' Her legs were driving me crazy.

Sarah took a moment. 'You are not the first ex-pupil that I have spoken to, you are not the first to have told me that either I or another teacher inspired them. You are though, the first pupil to ever tell me that you were in love with me.' She cocked her head to one side as she seemed to study my face, trying not to laugh.

'In the coffee bar, I initially took it to mean that you had a crush on me, again, that is not uncommon, but from what you were telling me yesterday, you seemed to have felt a little more than that.

The tension in the classroom was palpable and she tried to lighten the conversation as she asked with a laugh, 'Anyway, at what point did it wear off, Robert?' She gave me the smile she always used to give me in class, and it tore into my heart.

I'm sure my lip wobbled as I tried to speak, I looked down because if I didn't, I knew she would immediately spot that my eyes had begun to water. She waited patiently for my answer, but it wouldn't come, there was no way I could speak and keep my voice normal and so I just shook my head, refusing to look at her until I had my emotions under control.

'Are you all right Robert?' she asked, her voice immediately sounding concerned. I sniffed and wiped both eyes quickly before looking at her again.

'It never did,' I managed, my voice cracking and making me feel embarrassed. 'Anyway, you're busy, so I'll get from under your feet. It's been lovely to see you again,' I said, standing and starting to turn.

Sarah was off the desk in a flash, she didn't grab my arm so much as lay her hand on it. 'I'm sorry, that was insensitive of me. Please don't go. Please, sit down again.'

Instead of returning to her desk seat, she pulled one of the chairs from another desk and sat down near me. 'Christ,' that was even worse, with her legs now bent double like my own, the slightest movement and I would be able to see up her skirt. It was obvious that she didn't understand and obvious that she wanted to ask more questions. But there was no way that I could avert my eyes from her legs for much longer, and that would send completely the wrong message.

'Listen, we are nearly finished for the evening. Do you mind waiting and we can go for a drink?' I nodded my head and with my emotions back under control, my cheeky demeanour returned. I couldn't resist as she left the room. 'By the way Miss. Nice legs.'

Sarah had a Mini Cooper, God, how I would love one of those when I learnt to drive. To be honest, for a headmistress, she drove like a bloody maniac, certainly knowing how to handle the little car. She laughed when I mentioned it as we pulled up outside a pub. 'My ex is a test driver at Ford, he taught me to drive.'

I bought us drinks and we found a quiet table over in the corner. Taking a sip of hers she eyed me. 'Let me get this right. At the age of what? Nine, ten! You say you were in love with me. And now, nearly, what? Eleven years later, and after never having seen me in all that time, you're still in love with me?' She asked incredulously.

Put like that, it sounded ridiculous. As a nine-year-old, I could never have explained it in a month of Sundays, I wouldn't have had the vocabulary or the understanding.

For a moment, I just looked at her beautiful face. 'I love my mum, and I love my gran,' I began, 'That, is an unconditional kind of love, I know it without having to think about it. You though were different. I can't explain that part properly, not even now as an adult. It was a feeling, in here,' I said, tapping my chest. 'It was a feeling that you brightened up the room when you entered it, and it hurt when you left it. I may have been a child, and people may scoff, but I loved you.'

'And then eventually, I had to leave your class and move to another until finally, it was time for me to leave that school. I was a child, and you were an adult, there was not a lot I could

do about how I felt. Yes, over the years, bit by bit it diminished because I never saw you and I had my own life to lead. But it never went away, you were my first true love, recognising you in the coffee shop that day, simply reawakened what was still there even after all those years.'

We must have sat in silence for a good ten minutes. Our drinks were nearly finished, and she looked quite serious when she spoke once more. 'So, what are your expectations? What are you hoping is going to happen?'

Having got that lot off my chest, it felt like I could breathe again. 'I have no expectations and I'm not hoping for anything to happen. It was pure coincidence. I was in town to order a suit and either of us could have decided on a different café. If it had not been for my childish slip of the tongue, you would be no wiser. We are going to finish our drinks and then you are going to drive home and I'm going to catch the bus, in all probability, it may be twenty years before we meet each other again.'

Her fingernails tapped at the table for a minute, as though she was wrestling with a decision. 'Do you want another drink? she asked as she got up from her chair.

Seated once more, the silence continued as we both took sips from our glasses. 'I'll be honest Robert, everything you have said intrigues me. I have never faced a situation like this before and I don't know what to say. Please be patient, because I would like to speak with you again and perhaps sooner than twenty years.'

Sarah eventually gave me a lift home, surprisingly, she lived another few miles or so up the road from my house and at least she knew where I lived now. As she dropped me off, I scribbled my works telephone number on a scrap of paper. 'If you want to get hold of me,' I proffered, 'If not, throw it away.' I watched as she drove off, wondering if I would ever see her again.

As it was, over two months would pass before I heard from her again. That's not to say that I sat and moped, life goes on and then there were other matters to distract me and most of them were not plain sailing.

People like nothing more than gossip, and it had not gone unnoticed, the amount of time that I spent around at Lucy Kelly's. Nowadays, people would not even comment, but in the sixty's the fact that she was an unmarried forty-something and that I was young, set the tongues wagging. It was only time before my mother heard the rumours and it led to a conversation after tea one evening. I say conversation, unfortunately, it quickly escalated from that. I didn't know if she had spoken to gran beforehand, but I knew she quickly disappeared when mum asked me to sit down. I supposed later that I couldn't blame gran, I think she knew that tempers were going to fray and with what had gone on between me and her, she was not in a position to comment.

'You spend a lot of time at Lucy's, do you know what people are saying?'

I shrugged my shoulders, 'I don't care what people say. It's none of their business.'

The conversation started calmly, but it did not take long before it became more heated.

'They, say you and she are sleeping together. They say that you stay there some nights and that only one bedroom light ever goes on. Is that true?'

I was no longer a child. The country and the world were slowly changing and no longer would the young have rules from past generations imposed on them.

'Yes, Lucy and I sleep together, we have been having sex with each other for quite a while, is there a problem with that?' My brazen reply momentarily stunned her.

'My God, she's old enough to be your mother. Was this her idea? What the hell do you see in her, you could have your pick of young girl's.'

'I don't want a young girl, I'm happy as I am, thank you very much.' I could see that she was getting frustrated by my attitude.

'You're not going to tell me that you love her,' she sneered.

Now I am not and never have been a person who gets angry very easily. But my mother's attitude was beginning to irk me. 'No, I don't love her. She doesn't love me either, it's just pure and simple sex and yes, before you ask, we do take precautions.'

'It's got to stop. I forbid it. Do you understand?' Her voice had gone up several octaves as she shouted her words at me. I don't suppose it helped when I laughed in her face, that just got her angrier. 'I'm telling you. You will not see her anymore and that's final.'

Perhaps that was the worst thing she could have said as I sat forward in my chair and puffed my chest out. 'I'm twenty-one and I can do what I fucking-well like.'

That was the first time I had ever sworn in front of my mother. 'I will see and sleep with whoever I want and if you and other people don't like it, tough shit, it's my life. If I want to date and shag a fifty-year-old, I will, and there is nothing you can do about it, get used to it and butt out.'

By this stage, my voice had also risen, and we were both out of our chairs as we faced off.

'Then you can move out,' she spat at me.

I supposed I saved the best until last, she was not going to get the better of me and by now I was unconcerned about what I said.

'Fine, I'll go and live with Lucy. She was good enough to look after me when you wanted to go out every weekend and bring blokes back so you could get shagged. But now that she's getting plenty from me, it's all wrong. At least she keeps it just for me and doesn't go spreading it about.'

I saw the words land and the look on her face. They took the wind from her sails, and they were a killer punch as much as I regretted them. She had no comeback from that, she was never going to win and any control she had once had over me was now gone.

I passed gran as I left the room, heading upstairs to pack my clothes. Below I could hear mum sobbing and gran speaking as I filled an old suitcase.

I suppose Lucy was surprised when I landed up on her doorstep. She readily agreed that I could move in with her, let's face it, I spent half my time there anyway. I think she knew that it was only time before what had gone on between us for years became public knowledge. In bed that night I just held her tightly, our relationship hadn't changed, though secretly I think she was delighted that when it came to it, she had not simply been discarded, I had stood by her.

Weeks passed and I saw nothing of my mother or gran, that was the only downside I concluded, I used to look forward to the weekends when mum worked nights and gran and I would get together.

Other than that, my life continued as it always had done, that was until nearly two months after I had moved in with Lucy. She hadn't been feeling well lately and our sex lives had gradually tailed off which meant for the moment I wasn't getting any from anywhere. I'd arrived home from work one evening and she was sat in her chair next to the fire. She somehow looked older and frailer at that moment, and I was concerned about her. She had always been slim, but lately, I was convinced that she had lost some weight.

Sitting on the arm of the chair, I put my arm around her shoulders and kissed the top of her head. She raised it, looking up at me and I could see the tears in her eyes. Now I was worried as I asked her what was wrong.

'I was at the hospital today. They have confirmed it. I've got cancer, Robert.'

It felt like I had been punched in the stomach. This woman had never harmed anyone. She had looked after and cared for me as well as any woman could do. She did not deserve this. In the future, there would be drugs and treatments to try and combat it, but back then it was virtually a death sentence. 'How long?' I asked, even though I didn't want to know.

'Two months, If I'm lucky,' she said as I felt the tears stream down my cheeks.

I made her a little something to eat even though she protested that she was not hungry. I didn't want to go to work the following morning and leave her alone, but I had no choice. As she started to doze, I told her I was popping out for a moment. Stood at my mother's front door, I knocked. There was a key in my pocket, and I could have let myself in, but as far as I was concerned, I didn't live here anymore.

The door was opened by gran, looking puzzled that I just hadn't walked straight in. She was going to invite me indoors, but I shook my head, telling her what I knew and asking if she could pop around tomorrow while I was at work and just check on Lucy.

'Wait a minute, please,' she said as she bobbed back into the lounge. She was gone a couple of minutes and returned with her coat, 'I'm coming with you.'

Lucy was still dozing when we got back, gran pulling up a chair and sitting by her. 'Have you had some tea?' she asked me, offering to make me something, but I just shook my head. Lucy woke a little later and she and gran were chatting when I heard a knock at the door. I opened it to find my mum stood on the doorstep, concern written all over her face. Before I could say anything, her hand came up and cradled my face, 'I'm so sorry Robert.'

Inside, it was like old times, mum, gran, and Lucy sat in a group gossiping while I earwigged from the sidelines. Getting up, I

asked who wanted brews and went into the kitchen to make them.

I turned as mum came in, 'Are you ok?' she asked. I nodded, suddenly finding it hard to keep it together. 'I'm sorry mum. I shouldn't have said all those things.'

We wrapped our arms around each other holding on tightly until we both stopped shaking. Later on, gran pulled me to one side, 'Will you be alright tonight?' I nodded my head. 'I'll bring some things over in the morning and stay with her all day until you get home from work and then your mum's going to come over tomorrow evening, ok?'

Alone and in bed with Lucy that night, I just wanted to hold her forever. She was 'fine yet,' she kept telling me, and I had to stop worrying about her.

As promised, gran arrived early and stayed with her all day and then mum popped around that evening. That night after everyone was gone, was the last time, that I ever made love to Lucy. She had asked me to, and so I had been as soft and gentle as I could, holding her in my arms afterwards as I cried myself to sleep. It didn't take long before she started to go downhill fast, at one point I brought my old single bed downstairs and set it up in the front room to try and make it easier for her.

We got through several weeks like that, mum and gran visiting often and keeping me company. That weekend mum was off work

and she and I sat by the fire on the Sunday evening, the lights off so as not to disturb Lucy and the flames in the hearth, lighting the room.

'What happened Robert?' Mum asked, 'Why Lucy?' I knew what she was asking, I just didn't have the energy to fight anymore.

I decided to make it short and simple, 'Because mum, I prefer older women. They are who I am attracted to. I'm not interested in young girls. They do nothing for me. It's women of your age that I want to be with.'

It was easy to see that she still did not understand, and I couldn't make it much plainer, Lucy and I started as a bit of fun, it was all about the sex. But I've come to realise that there is something about a mature woman that I prefer,' I told her bluntly.

'Maybe Lucy was a substitute because the two women that have dominated my thoughts for years are you and gran.'

I have never seen my mother lost for words like she was at that moment. I don't think it ever entered her head that the way we lived when I was a child might influence my desires as an adult.

'You mean.....' I nodded my head at her, and then just to be glib and because of the way I was feeling, I added, 'Especially in a nurses uniform.'

It was amusing to see my mother go beetroot red, I don't know if she was intent on saying something because her mouth opened and closed but nothing came out.

'Have there been others?' she suddenly asked.

Maybe one day she would have found out, but I was past caring now. Lucy's imminent demise was taking its toll on me. As much as I had always said that I did not love her, there had been a bond between us.

'Only one.' Of course, she wanted to know, but I would not say, simply staring at her with a slight smile playing across my lips until the penny finally dropped and my mother looked aghast.

During that time, Lucy's sister visited often, but she had a family of her own and it was quite a distance for her to come. She thanked us profusely, but we didn't need thanks, that's what neighbours did for each other back then.

It was a Thursday morning the following week when I received a phone call at work, I answered, expecting the worst, only to hear Sarah's voice on the other end. 'Would you like to come to dinner this weekend?' she asked.

'Jesus,' I would have loved to, but there was no way I was going to forsake Lucy. Politely, I declined, hearing the disappointment in her voice until I explained my situation and then she was full

of compassion. 'I'll give you my home number, when you are ready, ring me.'

That night mum and I sat alone together once more. Lucy's breathing was shallow but at least she was not in pain, the morphine saw to that. Perhaps mum had come straight from work because, for some reason, she still had her nurses uniform on.

She was dozing in her chair as I laid next to Lucy, holding her hand so that she would know I was there. I must have dozed off because the next thing I remember was mum shaking my shoulder. 'Robert, Robert.' I opened my eyes and peered at her. 'You can let go now. Lucy's gone.' Mum covered her over and we continued to keep her company until morning.

Most of the house had been cleared, Lucy's sister coming over and sorting it all out. We had all gone to the funeral and yet a week later, it still felt raw. I phoned Sarah up one evening, more to talk to someone that had not been involved than for any other reason.

'Where are you?' she asked, 'at home?' I mumbled that I was in the phone box at the end of the road. 'Stay there, I'll pick you up in ten minutes.'

I was sat on the edge of the kerb, staring into space when she pulled up. She pushed the passenger door open and shouted, 'Get in.'

The next thing I knew was that we were pulling up outside what I presumed was her house as she got out and opened her front door, inviting me in.

With a stiff drink in my hand, she made me tell her all about Lucy. There was some I couldn't tell her, there were bits I would never tell her or anyone else. But other than that, I painted a picture of my life growing up, Aunt Lucy always nearby. I even admitted that there had been a thing between us for a while without divulging too much information or for how long.

'And how old was she?' Sarah asked.

I shrugged my shoulders, as I've said before, I wasn't really sure. 'Maybe mid-forties, maybe a little older.'

With my story finished, she sat for a while longer. 'I've been thinking about you,' she began 'and to be honest, I didn't think it was a good idea. I'm thirty-four and you're what? Twenty?'

I corrected her, 'Twenty-one now.'

'Ok, twenty-one. That's a huge difference and one that I could never see working. But then it appears that I had misjudged you once before. From what you have told me, it seems you were well prepared to make it work with someone who was twice your age.'

'I'm not promising anything Robert. But I am prepared to see how it goes if you are.'

It was the first time in ages that I felt like smiling, I spent another hour in her company before deciding that I had better head for home. She offered to run me back, but I refused, it was only a short walk and wouldn't take me long at all. On the doorstep, she seemed to hesitate until I leaned forward and kissed her cheek.

'That's all I'm afraid for tonight,' I said with something close to my normal cheeky grin. 'Let's see how it goes and then you can decide if I deserve a different kiss.' With that, I turned and set off into the night, looking back and giving her a wave.

Coming in from work one evening, I nipped upstairs to my bedroom to change. With Lucy gone, I was now back at home. Coming downstairs, I felt in my pocket and suddenly realised I still had a key to her house, mentioning it to mum as we ate.

'I'll walk around after tea and pop it through the letterbox,' I told her.

No one had moved in yet since Lucy's passing, the house standing empty and slightly forlorn in my eyes. With everything cleared away and gran sat in front of the tv, I was about to put my jacket on and go around there when mum stopped me.

'Give me two minutes and I'll walk with you,' she said as she went upstairs. Going back into the lounge, I waited and watched the television until mom popped her head around the door and said she was ready.

It only took us a couple of minutes to get there and all I was going to do was post the key. 'Let's go on in,' mum suggested, while I was full of hesitation, none of us had been inside the house since Lucy died. I could see my hand shaking slightly as I inserted the key in the lock and opened the door before stepping inside. It was empty and sounded hollow, now devoid of life. There were still a couple of bits in the lounge, but most of the furniture and carpets had gone. The same was true of the kitchen, and the stairs sounded noisy as I took them one at a time.

The first bedroom I looked in had also been cleared and then I reached the room that Lucy and I had often shared. Surprisingly, still stood in the same place was the double bed, neatly made as if ready for that night. Memories flooded back as I stared at it, now in a world of my own. I remembered the things that Lucy and I got up to but more importantly, this was the bed where my initiation into the world of older mature women had begun.

'Robert!' Was that Lucy calling me? 'Robert, Robert!' I felt a hand on my shoulder and heard my mother say my name.

She had a mischievous look on her face as she said, 'I'm sure Lucy would not mind, she would probably find it hilarious.'

I turned to look at her, not understanding what she meant until she undid the buttons of her coat and I saw her nurse's uniform beneath. She certainly had not been wearing it when she popped upstairs, she must have changed while I waited. As she took her coat off and hung it over the door, it was obvious what she was proposing, giving me a shy smile as she unfasted the first three buttons and opened the top of it to display her cleavage and the edge of her bra.

For a moment, I have to admit to being torn and perhaps she sensed that, as she moved closer and cradled my face. I remembered a time when mum towered over me, but nowadays, she had to tilt her head back slightly to look into my face. It was her lips that my eyes alighted on, I remembered them from long ago, plump, and sensuous with her bright red lipstick. And then they were pecking gently at my lips, small kisses to start with until our mouths came together, twisting this way and that as the kiss became stimulating and arousing.

Pulling her hard against me, I closed my eyes, the smell of the hospital assailing my nostrils as we continued to kiss. I could feel her breasts pushing against my chest, now aware that she must be able to feel my erection pushing against her groin. Pulling me over to the bed, she allowed me to undress her as I opened the hidden buttons on the front of her dress and gazed at her body beneath it. She had dressed exactly as she did for work, white bra, white panties, suspender belt and those tantalising black stockings adorning her shapely legs.

She glanced down, giggling as she saw the bulge that had quickly developed in the front of my pants. 'If we don't get you out of those soon, you're going to have an accident.'

Now it was mum's turn as I allowed her to undress me, I could tell she was nervous, it must be over twelve years since she had last seen me completely naked. It was a delight to watch her face as first my shirt was removed and she ran her hands over my chest, feeling the muscles beneath the smooth skin. I helped her, kicking off my shoes and socks before allowing her to unfasten my trousers and slide them down. I'm sure I heard a gasp as my cock sprang free, mum now squatting as she helped me out of them, my shaft bobbing in front of her face.

I could tell what she was considering, but I pulled her to her feet, there was no way that I could last if mum decided to give me a blowjob at this juncture.

The more of her clothing that I removed, the more my cock throbbed. When I unclasped her bra and released her breasts, I had to resist the urge to throw her onto the bed and fuck her. When I eased her panties down and ran my fingers through her pubes and got my first touch of her fanny, I could have exploded. Her fanny was moist as I slid a finger up inside her, mum shivering as I eased it in and out. I got the feeling that both of us were facing a similar dilemma as we tried to contain our rapidly escalating lust which was why I told her, 'I'm going to fuck you, fast and hard. And then afterwards, I want to make love to you.'

I didn't even receive an answer as she dragged me onto the bed, laid back and opened her stocking clad legs wide.

With my shaft now plunging into her cunt rapidly, she raised her knees and opened her legs wider, gripping my buttocks as she forced me deeper into her passage. Her words were soft at first, a mother praising her son as her arousal increased, right up until the point where she knew her climax was imminent, her words becoming crude as she implored me to fuck and abuse her and then she was thrashing beneath me as her orgasm made her body shake, her voice calling my name over and over again as I emptied my sack inside her pussy.

We lay side by side, both breathing heavily, our bodies relaxing now that we had expended those initial rampant desires. Turning to face each other, I raised myself as she slipped her lower leg beneath me before throwing her other leg over my hip. I could now look at her properly, comparing her figure to the image in my head. Her dark hair was a little bit shorter than it had been, now not quite shoulder length. Her breasts were still as magnificent as I imagined them to be, full and round, jutting proudly from her chest. While she had added a little to her waist and hips, her stomach was still flat, only the smallest signs of her baby belly.

'Will you do something for me?' she suddenly asked. Just to carry on lying next to her and gaze at her body meant I would have done anything for her. 'Call me by my name, not mum. It just sounds wrong.'

'Well Joan, may I say that you look gorgeous.'

That made her laugh for a moment before I leaned forward and kissed her sweet succulent lips again, my hand going to her right breast as I fondled the smooth soft flesh and felt her nipple grow hard and push against my palm. When we broke apart and I caught sight of them, a shiver ran down my spine, her nipples had grown and grown until they stuck from the centre of her areola by a good half-inch.

'You like these don't you?' she asked softly with a laugh as I continued to stroke and caress her magnificent bosom. Cupping her left breast with one hand, she teased me, that was until my cock, now fully distended once more, slid into her cunt. Our mouths continually came together as her arousal increased, at one point, I reached over her buttocks and tickled her anus which aroused her even more.

Her range of sexually descriptive words and phrases were amazing as she told me what she was feeling, what she wanted me to do there and then and more especially, what she wanted me to do to her in the future. As I used to do with Lucy and as I had done with gran, I kept the rhythm constant, my shaft continually sliding in and out of her cunt.

With our initial lust for each other sated, I could concentrate this time around on teasing and exciting her, running through my repertoire as her arousal soared and then slowly descended before raising her temperature once more. She teetered on the

edge, our bodies pressed tightly together as I savoured the feel of her curves and body heat against my skin.

My hands roamed over her, stroking her back, cupping and exploring her buttocks and especially running up and down her nylon clad legs. As I eased my cock into her once more, I glanced into her eyes. They were alive with desire and excitement, the thrill of allowing her son to fuck her and the satisfaction she was experiencing, plain to see.

Lucy had been fun in bed, gran had been satisfying but there was something about making love to my mum that went beyond what I had experienced previously, it was like two parts of the same person coming together.

She pleaded with me to let her climax, shivering slightly with her body full of sexual energy so close to her pinnacle. Lucy had always told me that when a woman pleads with you like that, you have achieved two things, 'Firstly, you know you have made her reach her climax, and secondly that you have satisfied her to the extent that she wants that final ecstatic experience.'

My hips began to move faster, my cock pumping into her cunt as her expressions began to change. Mum's eyes closed as she tossed her head back and went rigid, the veins standing out on her neck as her face and upper body went red. Her body shook convulsively, and her hands flailed as she climaxed, her fingernails digging into my skin as my shaft erupted inside her cunt, spewing my seed deep into her love passage.

To say it had been satisfying was an understatement. If it were not for the fact that she was my mother and I was her son, I could happily have shared my life and my bed with this woman.

Later, as we slowly walked home, her arm linked through mine, she stopped and asked inquiringly, 'Did I meet your expectations?' Glancing around, I wrapped my arms around her and kissed her beautiful mouth, 'You more than exceeded my expectations, to the extent I would give up any other woman for you.' She blushed and buried her head into my shoulder before we continued our journey.

Sarah got in touch a few days later, 'Do you fancy going out this weekend. I know a restaurant in the city if you do?' I accepted her invitation, being told she would pick me up Saturday evening at about seven o'clock.

Stood in my room, I admired myself in the mirror. The suit fitted perfectly and was everything I had hoped it would be. The material was mohair, which gave it a shine that seemed to sparkle in the light. It was one of the new fashions called "Tonic" woven in such a way so that as I turned it seemed to change colour. It wasn't quite a dark blue, maybe a few shades less, but as I moved it suddenly took on a dark red hue. With its high three-button front and double vent back, it looked fashionable and yet proclaimed quality. In years to come, it would be what was described as "Mod Fashion". Matched with a white cotton polo neck top and black tasselled loafers, I considered that I looked the 'bee's knee's.'

Joan stood in his bedroom doorway looking at her son. 'God, he was handsome,' looking just like his father she remembered. For a second, she felt jealous, sure he was going out to meet a female.

'Someone nice?' she asked.

I turned at the sound of her voice, I wasn't going to lie or keep secrets anymore. 'Someone genuinely nice and someone I knew a long time ago. Yes, she is older than me but a little younger than you. She used to be my teacher, now she is the headmistress at St Martin's School.'

Mum smiled, our encounter had changed something between us, and she was now perfectly willing to accept that I knew my own mind.

Sarah picked me up just after seven and we drove into the city. I could see her looking when we got out of the car and walked together towards the restaurant. Although she kept her comments to herself, it felt as though she approved of my attire. We had a fantastic evening, both of us laughing often as we recounted stories and I brought up memories from the past that she had forgotten. On the way back, she asked if I wanted to go back to her house for coffee, much to her surprise, I declined. 'As much as I'd like to,' I told her, 'I may struggle to keep my hands off you. So, I think it better that you drop me at home for the moment.'

We went on several dates after that, trips to the cinema and theatre. Walks in the parks and out for dinner, I even met a couple of her friends. But on each occasion, it was always the same, she would drop me at home and would receive a peck on the cheek.

Now to be fair, I was cheating. I don't know exactly what went on after the encounter with my mum. What I do know was that my sex life suddenly took an upward turn as I was invited to one bedroom or the other several times each week. My mother in a way replaced Lucy, as I resumed my liaisons with gran and shared my mother's bed on other nights.

It must have been the middle of summer and Sarah and I had been out for the day when she invited me back for dinner. As the evening was coming to a close, she was snuggled up against me on the large couch as we sipped at glasses of wine.

Hesitantly, she asked, as though expecting me to decline. 'Would you like to stay over?' When I accepted, I thought she was going to rape me then and there.

I got pure delight from the look on her face, such a pretty face. Despite the fact of our actual age difference, to look at us, you may say Sarah was only a few years older. Her blond hair was cut in a "Mary Quant" style, her dress sense, a mixture of young and old as befitted her position of 'Headmistress' but was not a lot different to mine at the weekend.

She placed her glass on the coffee table and took mine off me, placing it next to hers before turning back and offering her lips to be kissed. Had it been worth waiting for? Yes. It was everything that I imagined it would be and well worth the wait of twelve years for it to happen. It wasn't that type of kiss that you knew would lead to sex, it was a kiss of two people getting to know each other and accepting that there could be something special there. When we finally did make a move, she took my hand as she led me upstairs to her bedroom.

As we slowly undressed each other, I remembered gran's words, Sarah was far more afraid than I may have been. Naked, I got my first chance to look at her properly before holding her tightly and whispering in her ear, 'You, are the most beautiful women I have ever met.'

It seemed to settle her nerves as we climbed into bed, Sarah lying atop me as she rested her head on my chest and I softly stroked her hair.

She was perfect, her breasts larger than Lucy's had been and slightly smaller than my mothers were. They were still perky and jutted proudly from her chest. Her skin was soft and smooth with not a blemish in sight. She was slim with a tiny waist that blossomed into perfectly curved hips and a rounded bottom, all perched on top of a set of legs to die for. I was in no rush, content to have lain in that position all night and hold her. But down below, something was on the move and indicated how I was really feeling as my erection thrust against her belly, twitching every so often in anticipation. Lifting her head, she looked at me

and smiled shyly. 'I hope you're not disappointed and that I was worth waiting for.'

I wasn't going to answer her, I was going to show her.

When she finally slithered further up my body so that we could kiss, my bobbing shaft, at last, made contact with her mound, as our lips locked together and I stroked her back, running a single finger down her spine and making her shiver. Her buttocks felt soft and smooth, my hands caressing and squeezing them before moving further down as they followed the contours of her thighs and into her groin.

My fingers were inches from her vagina and despite our mouths moving together, I could hear the whimpering's rising from her throat. Just when she thought I was going to touch her there, my hands moved upwards again. Over her hips to her waist and then up the sides of her body, brushing the edges of her breast before reaching her armpits. She shivered and softly groaned constantly as my hands continued to move, committing her delicate shape to memory as I explored her body.

I wasn't the first to make the move, Sarah's desire and lust had built to a level where she wanted fucking as she pushed herself upright and straddled my hips. My shaft now pushed firmly against her pussy as she rubbed back and forwards, allowing me the chance to admire her body and breasts as she raised her arms and put her hands behind her head, displaying herself to me.

When I reached up and tweaked her nipples, she raised herself, grabbing at my cock as she fumbled it into position and then lowered herself, gasping loudly as it filled her vagina. She stayed in that position for several long moments, as though savouring the feel of my shaft inside her passage, her vaginal muscles gripping my cock as she moaned to herself.

And then she was on the move, rocking back and forth as we began to fuck. Leaning forward, she dangled her tits over my face, my head shooting up constantly as I licked and kissed her nipples, bringing them erect.

When her motions became faster and her vocals louder, I gripped her buttocks, raising them as I began to slam my cock into her cunt, her eyes closed now as she purred and whispered sweet nothings. And then she was falling over the edge, her eyes now open and staring at me as she began to convulse, begging me to keep fucking her like that as she climaxed, her hips trying to buck as my cock slammed into her cunt and she cried my name over and over again until my dam burst, and I filled her hot moist tunnel with my semen.

Afterwards and holding her close, she stroked my chest dreamily, 'Thank you, Robert, thank you for making me wait. Thank you for making love to me like that.'

She had no reason to thank me, if I had known, age nine, that this would eventually happen, I would have waited another ten years for her.

We made love again that night before curling up together and falling asleep. When we awoke the next morning, she turned over and smiled, 'Still here.'

It wasn't a question. It was a statement of fact, as though she had been unsure as to whether I would be. Turning to face her, I kissed the tip of her nose and made her laugh, 'You do know that you won't get rid of me easily now.'

Did it work out between us I hear you ask?

Well, eventually Sarah obtained her divorce and we have been married nearly twenty years now and have two beautiful children. To me, she looks no different than the day she walked into my classroom and introduced herself as 'Miss Cummings.'

Sarah and mum get on like a house on fire and my mother dotes on her grandchildren.

And what of my family, well mum is in her early fifties and gran is now in her seventies, although you wouldn't realise it as she still likes a good seeing to periodically. As for mum, well you never stop loving your mother, and there are times when I just need to see her alone, normally when Sarah has taken the kids out somewhere. She says it keeps her young, though I think with the energy she puts into our lovemaking, she'll see me in an early grave.

THE END