

Ms Thomas' Guide to Lovemaking

Panzerfeck

Chapter 1

Part 1

Aaron Bench had brought a new girlfriend to the party. Yes, another one. A devilish little voice hidden in the shadows of his brother Michael's secret mind contemplated smiling, shaking her hand in such a gentlemanly fashion, before declaring, 'Hello, January, nice to meet you...'

She would have been best described as elfish, and that would have been quite enough said before swiftly moving on. There was not much else to her. If there was, though, and had Michael wanted to do her justice, he would have called added the words cute, blonde, and reserved.

Otherwise had Michael put his psychology smarts to use, he'd have added the words deceptively sweet and innocent, with an emphasis on the deceptive.

He saw how her "Plain Jane" expression slyly transformed as his brother whispered incoherently against her ear. The schoolgirl was not quite exorcised from within this very

young-looking nineteen-year old. No doubt Aaron had put himself up to the task and was doing everything within his power - so basically his penis - to ruin said schoolgirl.

Her name was not January. Her name, ironically, was April - April Dodd. Had Aaron skipped forward four months or would January come along in April? These were the important questions.

House parties though...

If anything the brothers Michael and Aaron would agree on, despite their differences, this was no house party. For some reason or other, their mother Victoria wanted them there, for work's belated Christmas party.

Yes, the men had processed this, each of their own accord. The late Christmas party for the recently expanded Victoria's Hair & Beauty was taking place in early January, in Victoria's house. Thankfully only half of Vicky's employees would turn up.

The rest had social lives.

Neither Michael nor Aaron appreciated having to keep up appearances just so that their mother could pinch pennies. Of course, Aaron was outgoing to the extreme of arrogance, so that didn't bother him. He wanted to be seen and heard. Attention stealing was his bread and butter.

Michael on the other hand...

Well Michael dreaded these things. He dreaded being the centre of attention, let alone being stuck where he didn't want to be when he wasn't under the spotlight; even if he didn't have an excuse not to be there. It made him feel like a child-hostage, unable to claim his right to be a free man.

And with the calibre of party guests in attendance, a gaggle of nattering middle-aged mothers and a couple of men in-between, compensating in loudness for what they lacked in quality of conversation - and being the stepping stone and soapbox of his older brother's ego - this could have been one long night in the making.

Michael had never in his life been subject to so much hairspray and perfume all at once. Elaine, Gaynor, Pauline, Jolene, and his mother combined, were in direct violation of Geneva Convention rules against chemical warfare. Mustard gas might have been a breath of fresh air in contrast.

The men's colognes - those of Gaynor's husband Gordo, a towering carrot-haired Scot, Pauline's short-arsed and short-sighted old Jeff, and Aaron who was dressed for elbow-dancing in his Ben Sherman and Burberry - paled in comparison, and yet combined to create a sickly fug that had Michael losing a battle of windows, doors, open-close, open-close, open-close.

Where was the UN-backed rescue?

Part 2

Out of the snowdrift came his saviour!

The party had been crammed into the medium-sized kitchen up until then, forcing Michael into his airless corner and - what a surprise - with nobody to really talk to without feeling the burn of eyes upon him, helpless to do anything other than to absently nod along to god knows what anybody was talking about.

With a collective shiver the thrumming pile of mouthy polyester, glitter and perfume received an icy blast as the house's front door opened.

Faces contorted and looked that way, beyond the kitchen door, to see who it was - rudely interrupting good times with their chilly introduction. Nobody was making the effort to go and welcome their last guest of the evening, though, not even the boys' mother.

Michael wormed his way out of the kitchen, through the swarming crowd, using the arrival of a new guest as his excuse to vacate the area.

'Hey guys, it just me,' he heard a feminine but smoky voice call out from the vestibule, accompanied by the sound of kicking boots. He was struck by the sight of such unexpected beauty when he saw her. And then their eyes met.

Under the beam of the hallway light her ebony skin somehow glowed so softly. In the long wild curls of her raven-black hair, and all over her faux fur-lined leather parka, snowflakes twinkled like diamonds.

Her dark features were soft and smouldering, almost cherubic with the round curve of her cheeks and small but full lips. Her eyes, dark and intense like a warm chocolate liqueur, warmed him as she smiled. And behind her, the door still open, the night swirled with all the fairytale nuance of a novelty snow globe.

Well, Michael was prone to romanticising the little things.

'Hi,' she chimed, though apologetically as she kicked the snow from her leather boots against the doormat.

'Hey,' Michael responded disarmingly, making his way across the hall to close the door, and then to help with her coat. 'Let me get that for you.'

'You're such a helpful virgin,' his brother remarked from the kitchen doorway, which earned the laughter of the women stood behind him, all but for April who pursed her lips preventively. Michael met him with an ungrateful glare.

'Your name is?' the woman asked. His gaze, returned to hers, was now suddenly nothing more than obligatory. He hooked her coat into a hanger and put it up with the others.

'Michael,' he smiled thinly, and it hurt him to become so short with her. Still, somehow her eyes - mellow and wise - warmed him with gratitude. 'One of Vicky's,' he chatted casually, before adding, 'the one with the manners.'

'Vanessa Thomas,' she replied amiably, holding out her hand to shake, which he did so tenderly; 'Always a pleasure to meet a good-looking young man with manners!'

He considered himself flattered and gently received her hand before inviting her into the kitchen with the rest of the guests. Soon the party relocated to the living room. Michael stayed in the kitchen a while after that, the droning conversations on family life and teenagers, no doubt influenced by the brothers' interactions, gradually and thankfully drowning out.

Part 3

'What are you doing?' Aaron challenged with sly insinuation as he chauffeured the very, very young-looking April into the empty kitchen. Michael was stood there, his back to the kitchen sink, with a glass of white wine, silently contemplating things. He responded only with a wary expression, which April noted with masked unease.

'Do I need to be doing anything?'

'It's a party, bro, make an effort!'

Michael rolled his eyes. Aaron - who at twenty-nine, was ten years older than his current girlfriend - then shrugged but with a cocky look as he quietly snickered into April's ear, which stood out a loud pink against her flat blonde locks.

Aaron poured her a Jager-bomb, and then another, and then handed her one of her little bottles of red alco-pop from the fridge. She'd be drunk before the evening was half-done, Michael guessed, and didn't wonder why his brother wanted her that way.

'Fancy a bit of black, eh,' Aaron remarked under his breath as he turned to his brother and winked. Of course, how could Michael forget? He couldn't even make himself useful without being made a laughing stock. 'I wouldn't,' he added. 'Just no!'

'You wouldn't what?' Michael challenged.

Again Aaron shrugged. 'Fucking black women,' he said under his breath; 'they're just...'

'They're just what?' Michael asked, growing uneasy.

'Just nah, lad,' Aaron struggled. There were no words that wouldn't have been offensive.

'No, please share,' Michael challenged immediately. 'They're just what? They're just... black?'

Michael made a point to grab April's attention with an inviting eye, but she wasn't biting. And when Aaron saw her back out, he did too. April then disappeared back into the living room without him. Feigning a shudder of disgust; 'Each to their own,' Aaron said and smirked over his shoulder at April.

'I took her coat,' Michael reminded him coldly.

'I'm only fucking messing with you,' Aaron dismissed playfully. He himself was already buzzed, and likely outmatched by his new toy. Speaking of which...

'She is very young by the way,' Michael noted uncomfortably, taking the context back to April. Aaron's smile in response was thick with smugness. 'I wouldn't really touch that now at twenty-five,' Michael stressed. 'Maybe if I was your age and she was six years younger...

'But nah, lad! Just no!'

'Well maybe you're just a prude because you're still a virgin at twenty-five,' Aaron, the vulgar cliché of every fuckboy in existence suggested. All the young girls seemed to fall for it, though. 'I'm just an equal opportunities love machine,' he joked, pumping his fists and gyrating his hips.

Behind him, Vanessa's face was a show of bewilderment. She blinked hard as if hoping not to see what she was seeing when she would open her eyes again. When she did, the other brother was still humping the air, while Michael was trying not to grin from ear to ear.

'I'm sorry you had to see this, Vanessa,' he called out to the woman standing in the doorway, shrugging apologetically as he did. 'Have you met my brother? Aaron isn't quite right in the head. He was strangled at birth, but our parents stopped me halfway and so, sadly, he survived.'

Part 4

Aaron had skulked off with a red face, which he had tried to hide with a grin that insisted he wasn't ashamed. Michael savoured that moment - the moment that a grown man-child had felt shame and could not hide it. This Vanessa woman might definitely be his saviour after all.

Vanessa was now chuckling under her breath as Michael poured her a chilled wine. He found himself incredibly fascinated by her, and wasn't ashamed to accept that, yes, he did find her very attractive. Vanessa, who wore a snug black dress under a thin long-sleeve black tie-up top, and tights, otherwise glittered and glowed with modest allure.

She wore bronze eye-shadow and blusher which complimented her smoky dark appeal. The tiny diamond studs in her ears, and the simple silver chain and pendant she wore around her neck contrasted neatly.

The gentleman that he was, Michael quietly observed everything about Vanessa so not to stare blatantly at the busty preview that topped her curvaceous 5'4" hourglass figure, almost verging on the burlesque.

Well he did look and she noticed because they were standing right before each other. He handed her glass, filled to within half an inch of the brim.

'I find it hard to believe you work with those women in there,' he found himself saying, and wondering if it came off as crude. After all, what if she was the fiercely loyal type? But then he had never met her before. He had met the others a number of times.

She didn't answer him. Then again it hadn't been a question. He went on. 'You're very different.'

Sipping her wine, Vanessa arched her eyebrows questioningly. Then she thought about it. 'You think so?'

'Yeah, you have character,' he complimented, and then, double-whammy; 'Very stylish!' Michael flushed red, making it no secret that he was quite shy. Vanessa might have found that cute, but unlike him she wasn't showing it.

'Aww, thank you, really?' Vanessa looked down on herself. She wasn't even trying. Maybe if the party had gone out on the town, or to a nice restaurant.

Was there any other way to say it without coming across as a tactless flirt? He wanted to say that he liked her style. 'I like it. You work with what you've got.'

She smiled. She might even have been blushing, but he didn't see it. 'Like I don't paint myself as a cheesy Dorito?' she asked unexpectedly. Michael snapped his head to the side and covered his mouth to laugh, before he would spray her with wine.

Disarmingly, and sensing that her young friend was a little anxious, even if just socially, Vanessa suggested that maybe, since she was just dressing comfortably, it was more a matter of taste than of style. Still she appreciated hearing in so few words that she could look good without trying.

'So are you enjoying the Trump-face convention here so far?' Michael referred. Vanessa smirked, stifling a laugh. She shook her right hand from side to side. 'Comme-ci, comme-ca,' Michael randomly translated. Vanessa came off impressed.

'So why are you standing alone in the kitchen?' she asked. 'Do you do this at every party?'

'I prefer one-to-ones and smaller bunches, yeah,' he said. 'People who talk sense.'

Vanessa went from a smile to a frown and nodded. 'I noticed that. You shouldn't leave yourself out though because your brother's a dick. Give as good as you get,' she

said and invited him to go back with her. Obliging he followed.

Part 5

'Aye-aye, where have you two been?' Gordo challenged boisterously as they returned to the living room. Avoiding eye-contact with everyone, especially his quietly observant mother, Michael found himself staring at the defined curves of Vanessa's calves, supported snugly by the high fleece-lined cuffs of her winter boots.

'We've been getting to know each other,' Vanessa replied innocently, more concerned with finding a seat. Aaron just had to scoff aloud and make it awkward. Vanessa deflected it easily, though, adding; 'It's nice to have a conversation with a handsome young man whose idea of communicating doesn't consist of thrusting his cock at people...'

Vanessa stopped talking, looked Aaron dead in the eye, and let connotation do the rest. Everyone in the room was now looking at Aaron, whose first reaction was to defend

himself. Now it was Michael who was laughing as he insisted Vanessa take the last seat.

'Then again, Aaron has always been like that,' their mother said absently.

'While Michael is still a virgin,' Aaron retreated. Jeff laughed, perched on the arm of the sofa. Others smiled, but didn't laugh along. Aaron who almost always commanded the room when it came to telling jokes, was suddenly on bad form.

'How's university going, Mikey?' Elaine piped up in her plainest tone, suggesting that maybe she was forcing the conversation onward.

'I passed,' Michael declared, mockingly raising a fist to glory.

'Oh, excellent,' Elaine responded, almost emotionlessly.

'Yep, two and a half years ago now,' Michael added, straining at the reigns of sarcasm. Gordo covered his face with one huge bony hand, stifling his own laughter. Fucking hell, he thought. It's like nobody even knows me. Vanessa could read that much on his face. What was the deal with this family?

'Been doing nothing with it ever since,' Aaron chided. Michael bit his tongue.

Part 6

Michael was stood quietly leaning against the wall, drink in hand, and outside the circle. It was either that or sit on the floor, cross-legged, which his mother had actually suggested so that he didn't feel left out. If anything would have made him feel more comfortable, she could have just not spoken to him.

Within the circle things weren't any better. This party was starting to feel more like tea and cake at the old peoples' home. Michael could tell that April didn't want to be there, especially when the guests casually started to talk about

getting married and having kids. And true to form, Aaron had his head in his iPhone, staying well away from that conversation.

Vanessa couldn't get a word in edgeways. Michael made the attempt a couple of times to help her engage, which she appreciated, but it was all in vain. She was getting restless, and then gradually losing interest - something he could easily relate to.

Welcome to my life, he thought. Enjoy your stay, and condolences!

Now it was Jeff's turn to speak, and he was talking - as he always did - about how much money he made in buying company shares. Jeff loved to talk about money. Jeff loved people to hear about how happy money made him and Pauline...

Michael had to get out. Once more he made eye contact with Vanessa. They attracted like magnets instantly. His mouth dry, his back hot from standing near the radiator, he

peeled his tongue from the roof of his mouth and dared to speak just loud enough so that she could hear him.

'Do you want a refill?' he suggested, holding up his glass.

Everybody else in the room was oblivious. It seemed they love hearing about money just as much. 'Have you got anything stronger?' she almost pleaded, but politely. Michael smirked and tilted his head, signalling for her to follow.

'I'm so fucking bored,' she whispered desperately.

'Cool, let's fucking kill ourselves,' Michael comically suggested. Vanessa laughed under her breath and nodded frantically. 'What's your poison?' he asked, reaching for the spirits.

'Actually, is there somewhere I can go to have a smoke?'

There was nowhere indoors. His mother abhorred smoking of any kind. Speak of the devil, Vicky sauntered in, her eyes fixed on Vanessa.

'Everything okay, love?' she asked. Michael knew the tone of her voice simply from life experience. As if she gave a shit about Vanessa. She cared more about her party. God forbid if anyone came off as less than grateful.

'Yeah, I'm just going to grab some air,' Vanessa replied. 'I'm getting high off all this hairspray and perfume,' she laughed. Michael noted how the tone of her voice changed when she spoke with his mother.

Maybe it was a work thing, the way people edit out their private selves and instead absorb the personality of the workplace. Then again, so many signals were lost on Michael's mother, the same way that different animals hear different frequencies. Reason was also lost on Victoria quite a lot.

'But it's snowing outside,' Vicky raised her tone in disbelief.

'Yes it is,' Vanessa positively beamed.

'Wouldn't you rather stay in the warm with us?' Victoria asked. It sounded even to Michael that she was going straight for the guilt card. Wow, so it wasn't just him she did this to.

'Mum, she just wants to have a smoke,' he interjected.

'Michael can keep me company and tell me about university,' Vanessa replied, and then, 'don't worry, I'll be back!'

Vicky turned to her son, eyes suddenly narrowed with suspicion. 'She could use the indoor bar at the bottom of the garden,' Michael suggested helpfully.

'It's snowing,' she repeated.

'Yes mum, not indoors!'

Victoria turned her attention back to Vanessa. 'Do you have to smoke?'

'Mum,' Michael scolded. 'You let Uncle Gary smoke in there at the summer barbecues!'

'Uncle Gary built it. I couldn't tell him what to do in it,' Vicky admitted with indignation, but after a pause too long, she must have realised how she came across.

'Do you have to tell your friend what to do?' Michael stressed. Vanessa wanted to laugh, but something told her that it wouldn't have been appreciated.

'Okay,' Vicky crumbled, as easily as a pile of table salt; 'Just don't be too long.'

Part 7

They had a good lengthy back garden. Unlike most of the neighbourhood they even sported a couple of sycamore trees - not the frail little things lining the main roads, but grand old things that towered above the rooftop of the three-floor house.

Through the night Michael led Vanessa across the snow-laden lawn. It was already up to four inches thick. Their feet crunched softly in it as they made their way to the very back, where the L-shaped bar stood like a glorified wooden shed, painted like a beach hut abandoned to winter.

It had window-panelled double doors on either end, with cut-up windows all around, and a pull-out sun screen that stood over a little wooden deck, now straining beneath the weight of a thick white ledge of snow. Ushering Vanessa inside, who felt now like she was on some magical adventure, Michael switched on the electrical hanging lanterns situated between the bar's windows.

With the snow falling outside, Vanessa's eyes twinkled in the light, though she shuddered and rubbed at her arms now. 'It's like a little log cabin, isn't it?' she observed with an impressed little smile. For a moment, the younger man just stood there captivated by her.

'Oh I'm sorry,' he urged, noticing that she was cold. 'I forgot to get you your coat.'

Vanessa who had returned to hallway to retrieve her handbag, cared more about what was in the bag than getting her coat. 'It's fine,' she assured. 'It's not freezing. Either that or I'm not feeling it yet...'

'You will,' Michael humoured. 'But there's a portable heater behind the bar,' he then recalled quickly.

'That'll do the trick,' she beamed, following him to the bar, where she proceeded to line up all her fixings - tobacco, rolling papers, roach booklet, and a little plastic snappy bag filled tight to the brim with what looked like...

'What's that?' Michael asked hesitantly.

Vanessa froze, her eyes rolling up to meet his, but he was way more interested in that little snappy bag. 'Cheerios?!' she offered with a dash of sarcasm.

'What strain,' Michael rephrased disarmingly. He noted the orange flecks in the fat green buds. Fond memories immediately returned to him. 'It looks like Orange Widow if I remember right.'

Vanessa relaxed and grinned helplessly as she got to work. Michael uncoiled the heater's cable and plugged the device into the wall-socket behind the bar, and silently its fan began to whirl to life, blowing the heat of the glowing elements into the still air of the shed.

'That's exactly what it is, baby,' she purred.

'Made me sleep like a baby,' he recalled fondly.

'You really are the dark horse of this family, aren't you?' she intuited. 'What did you study?'

'Clinical psychology...'

'Wow!'

Vanessa quickly made a three-paper frame, laid down a thin foundation of tobacco, and began picking at a bud to lace it with. Quietly Michael watched as she expertly rolled it together, even with her long fingernails. The so-called experts back in his day were never so quick or neat.

'So you're the brains?' she asked.

'Means nothing when you're outnumbered by stupid,' Michael sighed. But he was more interested in her handiwork. 'You're an artist,' he said, still stood behind the bar. He fell silent again as Vanessa brought up the joint to her lips and almost sensually licked the paper's gum with the smooth pink tip of her tongue. And as he did, her eyes met his again in the dim golden light.

'Plenty practice,' Vanessa belatedly dismissed, though marvelling at the quality of her own work all the same. 'Can I ask a personal question?' she then asked.

'My favourite kind,' he replied, turning the heater to face them now that it wouldn't blow tobacco and weed all over the bar.

He was the son of an uptight hairdresser and overbearing mother, and an underhanded brother, and he was smart enough to be a clinical psychologist. He was also a considerate gentleman with a mature sense of humour. And yet he had no opportunities to make good of his chosen profession and he was living at home.

Vanessa lit the end of her joint, sucked gently and inhaled, and then she offered it to Michael, who took a long drag and passed it back.

'Is it true that you're a virgin?'

Wordlessly he nodded. The smile he wore was sweet and innocent enough, but without much of a care. It was not the reaction he gave his brother or anyone else.

'And you're how old again?'

'I'm twenty-five.'

That alone made her head spin. She took another pull and savoured its sweet taste and scent, and then passed it back, blowing a thick stream of smoke - made all the hazier with the chill of the night - over the bar.

'Well, Mr Barman,' she began, 'I think it's pretty sweet, tragedy aside.'

'Tragedy,' Michael echoed, adding to the mist that now swirled around them in the warm blow of the heater beside them. 'What's the tragedy?'

'Well for one, as a man you've already passed your prime, although you have plenty years left in you,' she began. 'You're healthy and may I say handsome again?'

'Say it all you like, pretty lady-

'And thank you, barman,' she gushed. 'You're smart and funny, and before you've really experienced life amongst humans, you have the keys to the kingdom of the mind. Are you waiting for someone special?'

'I don't even know if I'm waiting,' Michael offered.

'You're not gay,' she insisted. 'That I'm certain of.' She thought about their flirtations in the kitchen and about how his eyes roved over her breasts; especially the latter. He didn't disagree.

'I just don't worry about it,' he insisted calmly. 'I just don't see a big deal.'

'Maybe you don't see a big deal because you don't know what you're missing,' Vanessa suggested with a lazy grin. 'Sex is a big deal for me. A really big deal,' she purred. It was then that Michael became aware of the gradual tightening of his pants as his cock began to swell. A smirk crossed his own face then as they shared the joint between them.

'But maybe you're in an ideal situation for something good to come along,' she thought aloud.

'You think so?'

Vanessa nodded, regarding the younger man and how his strong features coupled with his gentle demeanour became so much more appealing in the dim warm glow of the bar.

'You're mature enough to know what you want, and yet as you probably discovered already, all the single-minded girls are flocking to the cocky idiots. Sound like somebody you might know?'

Vanessa winked. Michael grinned harder. "O' brother where art thou, were the unspoken words on his lips. And instead he simply agreed. 'I see your point.'

'But if you are waiting for "the right one", the sad truth is that you tend to have to go through a few of the wrong ones in order to find her,' she added. 'I've been hurt, countless times. I got really good at the sex part though and I don't regret that,' she finalised with a cool gaze. 'But like I said, practice makes perfect. Getting into relationships late can be like learning to drive when you're forty. That's all I mean to say.'

'Is that when you learned to drive?' Michael diverted.

'No, but I've known a few people,' Vanessa said with a naughty grin. The joint burnt down to the end. Michael found a small saucer and put it down on the bar for Vanessa to use as an ashtray. 'Waiting didn't work in their favour.'

'Ready to go back?' he asked, not really wanting to. He was starting to truly deeply enjoy her company, alone.

Her eyes shifted to his with a mischievous look. 'Let's have another,' she suggested. Feeling warm and fuzzy down to his bones already, Michael laughed and turned the heater away again.

'Oh shit, everyone's going to know.'

'Does your mum not approve?'

'Not in the slightest,' Michael admitted without a care.

'But you're a free man Michael,' she told him, 'and I like your company.'

Part 8

It was definitely getting warmer, though the snow now drifted across the bar windows in a heavy flurry. The thought had crossed Michael's mind as to how Vanessa would get home that night, if the taxis had to be called off.

Still, in the moment, she stretched out of her top, leaving Michael with the heart-aching preview of the most amazing breasts he had ever seen.

It was not that warm, but as she lit the second joint, she was beginning to feel more uninhibited. And didn't the cougar know just what effect a sultry older woman had on the mind of the younger man - let alone a virgin?

Eye contact, when it was possible, was evermore magnetic and lingering under the effects of the drug and their attraction combined.

'Forgive me for asking,' Michael made small-talk to temporarily dispel the enchantment, 'but what did you want to be when you were younger?'

'What's to forgive about asking that?'

'Because there's obviously more to you than hair,' Michael explained. Immediately both of them were laughing at the absurdity of that statement.

But grabbing handfuls of the fountain of black curls atop her head, the giggling Vanessa agreed that, 'Oh I don't know about that. I have a lot of hair.' And he couldn't disagree. He loved it. Vanessa was as bouncy and sparkly in appearance as she was in spirit.

'Artist,' Michael fired from the hip, clicking his fingers, before she passed the joint back.

'I did study art and photography, well done!' Vanessa very clearly blushed that time. It was not in the colour of her skin, not even on her throat or chest, but in the way that she exclaimed so softly and shied away. 'Yes, I wanted to be a photographer, and I still enjoy it as a hobby, but it just never happened for me, no matter how hard I worked. Plus, it's expensive, and there's always something else that money ends up going to.'

'Maybe another time,' Michael cajoled.

'How long do you give that young thing your brother's with?' she asked. 'I don't think she's too taken with him.'

'April? I give her a couple weeks,' Michael supposed. 'He still has to fit in February, March, May, June, July, August...'

She snorted, crinkling her nose. 'One of those is he?'

'He likes girls, not women.'

'Could be she's just with the wrong brother,' Vanessa hinted, allowing a silence to fall between them. All the while Michael shook his head. 'Ah, you like women, not girls,' she intuited. A shy smile betrayed Michael then.

'That's a very broad generalisation.'

'How so?' she asked.

'Because I wouldn't settle for any old woman,' he said quite proudly.

Vanessa held his gaze, leaning over the bar with her elbows. That gave Michael a deeper preview of her proud assets. Very swiftly his eyes flicked down and back up, where he was ensnared again in her dark chocolate eyes.

'That's good to know. So, do you like older women, Michael?' He had either become too shy to answer or too captivated. 'Because you know the cliché that an older woman will make a man out of you?'

Michael swallowed hard with a mouthful of cotton. Shakily he took back the joint and inhaled deeply. Upon exhaling he gasped aloud. 'Yes,' he finally spoke.

'Well, Michael, sometimes that cliché is the god's honest truth and very much worth exploring, if you get the opportunity...'

Again he fell silent, lost in her eyes. Then his phone rang, utterly shattering their personal reverie. His stomach

turned when he saw the name pop up. He put the phone up to his ear.

'Are you still a virgin then, bro?' his brother grunted. Loud background laughter pierced his ears.

'So says the child molester,' Michael responded without even thinking about it. It registered when Vanessa clapped a hand to her gaping mouth and began to convulse with suppressed laughter.

Aaron fell silent for a moment, but then; 'Mum says what's taking you so long? There's a party at her house in case you didn't notice...'

'We'll be back in soon,' Michael said, feeling nothing but dread. The mood was ruined.

Part 9

Again, they made their way back through the snow towards the tall house and its glowing windows. Michael was about to turn back when he realised he'd left the lanterns on in the bar. Vanessa hooked his arm under hers, tugging him flat against the side of her full breast. She assured him that she would be going back for more later, and wanting him to keep her company. With that he smiled and turned back towards the house again.

'Oh here they are,' Aaron was first to say. Michael, paranoid that they would know he was high, was easily taken aback by the look that April gave him. It wasn't just that she smiled at him. It was the nature of that smile.

Not that she looked like a crocodile, but there was a lot to be learned from a predatory gaze. But what had brought it on? Was he imagining things?

'Oooohhh,' Vanessa sighed as she sunk back into her warm seat. 'That's better.' She made eyes at Michael then.

Gaynor attempted sarcasm. 'Were you building snowmen out there or something?'

'Here, bro,' Aaron suddenly interrupted nothing at all. He'd been tugging at April's t-shirt from the back and whispering something to her. 'Keep my seat warm,' he said and dragged April off.

'Err... and where are you two going?' Vicky called after them.

'We're going for a shag, what do you think?' Aaron yelled back. Feigned laughter was had. The real stuff came out as April turned red and smacked him directly between the shoulder blades.

'What was that for?' Aaron bleated, eyes wide open in a hurt expression. And then they were gone.

'Michael,' Vicky turned to her remaining son, 'Aaron said you could have his chair.' Michael was still stood back in the same spot, warming by the radiator.

'That's nice of him,' he scoffed.

'Sit down,' she urged.

'No, I'm good, really,' he declined.

'Some people don't feel comfortable when they're sitting and you're standing,' was the general context of what Pauline then said over the space of some ten minutes, by the end of which he was desperately lagging.

'Bloody hell, Pauline, you're not a hostage,' a slow-talking and laid-back Vanessa came to his defence. 'Trust him to do what makes him comfortable. It isn't an issue is it?'

'Well,' Pauline said and hesitated.

Michael felt gratitude like never before in that situation, even with his mother rubbernecking between him and Vanessa, and then everybody else to gather if they were seeing what she was.

'Well you've been a bit frosty tonight, Michael, and that's all I'm saying,' Vicky spoke up. 'I don't know what's gotten into you.'

'You know, actually mum,' Michael started to say, moving toward the empty chair, and then as he motioned to take it - the inanimate fucking object that his arrogant brother assigned him to keep warm with his arse until his highly anticipated return - he did something he never imagined that he would, though he had dreamed of it often.

'You're right! I have been frosty, or you might say aloof, but that's because your party - as Christmas parties go - couldn't break up a funeral wake,' Michael said flatly to astonished gasps. Surprisingly it was Gordo that began to laugh, and he carried on despite Gaynor trying to slap him down.

His mother, Vicky, sat there open mouthed and shocked into silence. 'You cheeky little twat,' she yelled. Soon enough Jeff was laughing too.

'You're a fucking hairdresser and you couldn't invite a single outrageous homosexual to get people laughing and dancing. Instead you've all been sitting here, acting sober and fucking sensible, except...'

Vicky was now blushing furiously. 'Okay Michael, stop!'

'Except that you've been relying on Aaron for witty banter - Aaron who is about as funny as running a cheese grater against the underside of my bollocks. Great party, mum,' Michael said with two thumbs pricked up in her direction.

Vanessa too began to howl, then Jolene, as did Michael's own mother, though she was about to die of embarrassment.

'And for fuck's sake, mum,' the tirade continued - and now everybody's attention was focused on the round wooden

coffee table sat centre of the room, where a party platter of sandwiches sat on a foil tray - 'triangular cucumber fucking sandwiches, when's the queen and her corgis arriving?'

Now Michael was waving his finger angrily, raising his voice above the laughter, and oh the perfect timing as Aaron and April returned to see what all the noise was. Aaron could not believe his eyes. Never in his life could he command such hysterics.

'Never mind me acting out of character - enough of this reckless geriatric faggotry! Put some music on and fucking dance, you wrinkly old bastards,' he ranted, to which the whole room erupted. 'I'm going for a piss and there'd better be Columbian drug mules and strippers when I get back.'

'Did you get some finally?' Aaron asked, blocking the doorway.

Michael grabbed him by the shoulders. 'No brother, and judging by your girlfriend's pale and lifeless complexion, neither did you!'

How Aaron burned...

Part 10

'Whooooohh, that perfume sure is some strong shit, Elaine,' Vanessa excused herself to leave the living room five minutes later. 'Aren't you high?' Elaine had no idea what she was saying.

That was also coincidentally the moment that Michael was coming back from the bathroom. She met him at the bottom of the stairs, eyes wide with disbelief. 'They still don't seem to know what just happened,' she said.

Michael frowned questioningly, still grinning all the while. 'Give it time. Mum will be dragging me to see a priest next week.'

'Fancy another smoke?' she asked invitingly.

'Get your coat on,' Michael suggested this time.

But he had left the heater on at least. That was something. The music now playing from the dining room was something else. Lo and behold, there was dancing back there, and Michael was the cause of it.

Vanessa sidled up to the bar and began to roll another joint. This time Michael came right up to her and leaned beside her on the bar.

She offered him a wicked but lazy smile. 'Hi, do you come here often?'

'I'm the barman, remember?' he began, and didn't intend to finish.

'Mmhhh, you're that fine young thing, I remember now,' she purred her response.

Any response to that would have been corny. Michael didn't dare ruin the atmosphere that this woman's sweet and smoky tones elicited. He didn't know if she was trying to come across as seductive, but that's what she was.

'You got very confident in there,' she said, almost to herself, as she groomed the sticky buds of the Orange Widow. Again she rolled up the joint and ran the moist tip of her tongue down the sticky shaft, eyes fixed on his. 'To say the least...'

'I am kinda high,' Michael admitted.

'Oh my god,' she whispered, and confided, 'I was about to ask you if you'd ever had sex when you were high, and I remembered...'

Michael laughed to himself, and reminded that he was hopeless in such instances, did only that. 'It's good! Oh it's really good!' she insisted. 'Like have you ever been close to someone and you got all filled up with butterflies?'

Michael recalled, yes there had been moments similar. 'I had a girlfriend once. We were only together for a month...'

'A month and nothing happened?' Vanessa looked like she was about to faint suddenly, but of course she was playing, or dramatising.

'She was weird,' Michael explained. 'It got hot and heavy a couple times but she was very pushy and insecure and I'm glad it never happened. Nobody needs to hear that story. I did get mad butterflies kissing her though.'

'Well fuck her!' Vanessa snapped and then broke into another reverie. 'You know those butterflies when you're getting hot and heavy and you can't breathe and you're shaking?' Michael nodded along enthusiastically. Vanessa lit the joint and offered it to him. 'Feels good doesn't it?'

'Like pleasure and fear mingled together,' he recalled.

'Yes! But there is nothing fucking sexier than the feel of butterflies when you're too relaxed to care or worry about

anything,' she insisted lazily. Michael had her attest to that. 'Even better when it makes you horny like it makes me,' she said breathily, arching her eyebrows slightly.

'Wow,' he remarked with honest intrigue.

'Everything feels better. Kissing, touching, hmmm... licking and sucking...'

Now she was laying on the seduction foreplay. She'd have been the world's worst tease if she wasn't. To test her, Michael accused her anyway. 'You are a terrible tease,' he gasped.

'What?' she begged. 'I love it and I love talking about it...'

'And you love hearing about it,' she insinuated with a wicked grin. 'Don't lie!'

Michael grinned knowingly.

'Well okay, maybe I do tease a little...'

'I didn't say stop,' Michael teased back. To that Vanessa giggled, her husky deep voice resonating.

'So you've at least kissed a girl,' she recollected. 'But have you kissed a woman?'

'No,' Michael admitted, his cheeks once again rosy and bright.

She looked down to the remaining length of the joint now back in her hand. There were three quarters left. 'How high are you?' she asked.

'I'm feeling fuzzy. Getting a bit floaty,' he replied.

'Are there butterflies?' she asked unexpectedly. If there weren't before he had made all the necessary connections, then there were now.

'A little,' he muttered, nodding.

Vanessa took a few gentle pulls and passed the joint back. When it came back there was half left. He would be buttered up nicely judging by his current state. And he would remember this.

'Would there be more butterflies if I told you I'd like to make out with you?' she purred.

Just saying that made her warm from her thighs right up to her loins. She gauged his reaction. The cunning bastard may have been a virgin but he knew well the power of silence. All the while he wore a relaxed half-smile as he stared into her.

'There already are,' Michael blushed.

They smoked a little more. Only a quarter left and Vanessa was feeling warm and tingly in more ways than one. When she looked down, just looking somewhere else to think of something to say, she was taken aback by the bulge in his

pants, and particularly how it funnelled down his thigh like a snake.

All either of them could hear in that moment was the soft patter of falling snow outside, lightly brushing against the windowpanes.

'Oh, those damned butterflies,' she teased, but she was also speaking for her own. Taking another pull, she passed the joint back to Michael, with half an inch left. But there were plenty more inches in his pants, where her hand now went against all of her diminishing sensibilities.

His breath escaped him. His first instinct was to pull away and laugh, but he overrode it. Her hand felt so good. For how sensitive he was, and how nervous he was at this very moment, he immediately began to tremble for he might as well have been naked.

Vanessa let a long and sultry sigh escape her lips. 'Couldn't help myself,' she whispered with a devilish grin. Stroking him gently with the palm of her hand one last time, her

fingernails, like claws, scraped tantalisingly over the growing bulge.

Michael hissed, his body giving into one almighty spasm. He was now the proverbial putty in her hands. 'Any time is good,' she hinted; 'But... right now would be perfect!'

Part 11

Michael dropped the burning roach onto the ashy saucer and let it extinguish of its own accord. 'I'm getting hot,' she feigned, and slipped out of her coat, letting it fall to the floor. Again, he was faced with her heaving bosom, glowing magnificently in the golden lantern light.

Vanessa snaked a hand around his neck and coaxed his face down to meet hers. With one hot and shivering breath her lips were an inch apart from his as she whispered, 'I don't think it's what's gotten into you your mum should have worried about. I never behave this way...'

Instantly and mutually his lips met with hers and they became glued, breathing raggedly into each other. Michael's hands went to her hips where he forged his handles to pull her closer. She gasped into his mouth and pulled apart with a sticky smooch.

'Oh you're good,' she giggled, pulling him back up against her for more. Again their lips met, wetter this time and more eager. They nibbled softly with their lips alone, and then suckled, before their tongues nervously met for the first time.

Michael groaned his appreciation into her mouth as he inhaled her sweet peach scent. For one long and lingering moment they kissed and they kissed, unable to pull away.

'You see what I mean about that feeling?' she asked breathlessly, hugged tight against his neck. Yes he did. Playfully Vanessa nibbled at the skin there, before her hand reached back down to gently squeeze at his plentiful stiffness.

She silently scolded herself for doing so, but she couldn't stop herself. She just knew that she wanted this to go all the way, and not solely because the boy was blessed that way. All of him, she thought, was too good to miss.

'You're shaking,' she observed, worried that she was going to cause him to have a premature heart attack. Michael was pumped so full of adrenaline at that point that his shoulders trembled. 'Do you want to stop?'

'It's the good kind of shaking,' Michael whispered back breathlessly, reaching down to kiss her again. He was delicious, the way he worked his lips and tongue against hers. The loud wet smacking of their mouths filled the confined space, making her think naughty things.

In her mind's eye, she was elsewhere, her eyes closed as that mouth worked at her soaking, throbbing pussy - eating her like a juicy peach. She moaned into his mouth and took his hand to her breast, then coaxed him to knead her like warm risen dough.

Stealthily, and she saw no other way that this could continue, Vanessa untied her top next and slung it from her shoulders as her lips remained locked to his. She snaked her hand under his, the one groping at her tit, and clawed at the neck of her dress.

It was no mistake that her nails had caught onto the lace of her bra. She tugged down in one deliberate motion and released herself. He felt her every move, gasping in his amazement as he pulled away to see one firm and plentiful breast exposed to the night air.

Again, she took his hand and guided it, shivering as the heat of his palm closed down upon her nipple. And then Michael sighed blissfully as she again coaxed his hand playfully.

Now it was Vanessa breathing so heavily, her chest heaving, and whimpering at his touch. Somewhere the bar seemed to slip away and they found themselves crashing into the wall. She swung herself around so that her back was to the wall, pulling Michael tighter against her and grinding herself against him.

The palm of her one free hand now frantically creating friction between the head and shaft of his denim clad cock, she tore her lips from his to look into his eyes, her own heavily-lidded and dazed. They began to laugh into each other, gasping for air.

'Fucking hell, the first man to make me come from kissing alone and he hasn't even lost his cherry yet,' Vanessa exclaimed breathlessly.

Michael's eyes widened instantly. 'Really?' he couldn't believe his ears.

'Fucking look at me,' she heaved, her face an expression of pure bliss. 'I'm lucky I didn't have an accident.'

His hand was still on her breast. He looked down, saw it cupped barely in his palm. Then he looked into her eyes again with a mischievous twinkle. She hummed, smiling, basking in the afterglow of her petit mort.

The excitement within her began to rise again then, when he stooped down to replace his hand with his mouth.

The moment Michael's rough tongue flickered up against her stiff nipple, Vanessa hissed. Intense tingles shot simultaneously down from the back of her neck and upward of the hot, moist gusset of her panties.

She shuddered, gasped, 'oh sweet fucking Christ,' and grabbed two handfuls of the hair atop Michael's head to mash him right up into her breast.

It moulded warmly to the features of his face, the nipple now pressed between his lips as he suckled gently, and nibbled to the music of her stifled moans. It was her turn to shake and to tremble in his embrace, biting her lip as she wondered just how wet her panties would be by the time this night was over.

She was going to have him, though, and that knowledge was all it took to send her over the edge again. 'Yes-yes-yes-yes,' she panted, pulling his face away and seeing his lips sucking hard, tugging at her erect and most sensitive nipple.

She clenched her teeth together, hissing and then trembling hard - her buttocks pressed hard to the wall, and her thighs pinched tight together. The danger, the naughtiness, the hurricane of butterflies within her, his mouth...

All too much!

She covered up her breast, her lips pursed together in a naughty smirk. Michael was breathing hard, leant over the bar, trying not to laugh at what had just happened. He was so hard that he might as well have been walking on three legs.

Vanessa rolled up a cigarette with shaky hands and tried to calm her nerves. 'You have an absurd amount of sexual tension inside of you,' she eventually concluded, before the both of them ended up in fits of laughter.

Then the phone rang. Michael held his breath, saw the name of the caller, and then released a sigh of exasperation. 'What do you want now?'

Part 12

One of the greatest nights of his life was about to be over, and that was way before the party would end. Again, 'are you still a virgin?' It hadn't crossed Michael's mind that maybe somebody had witnessed the indoor fireworks between he and Vanessa. He didn't want to think of his brother watching, that was for sure.

'We're coming in now,' he sighed.

Vanessa was quickly touching up her makeup meanwhile, and had then uttered the words Michael didn't want to hear. She was getting a taxi home. Michael, who was not pushy in the slightest, even despite how hot and bothered he now was, painfully accepted this and didn't say another word, except...

'There's dancing in there!' His hopeful smile was nothing short of adorable to Vanessa, but she had made up her mind. Although-

'Michael, if I stay and dance with you now, I'm going to dry hump you in front of your mother, who's my employer. And then I'm going to come grinding myself up against you, and I'm going to come fucking hard in front of everybody. And then I'm going to make an even bigger fool of myself and possibly lose my job.'

Michael who remained speechless for a moment, although his expression was priceless, just nodded and eventually managed to say, 'I see.' It was no secret that he was now down on the matter. He blamed himself. He'd ruined everything somehow, though he didn't know how.

From their mutual animalistic making-out session to this, it was over.

But she had other ideas. 'No, I'm going to go home and strip out of my soaked panties,' she purred. 'And I'm going to lay back in my nice warm bed and fantasise very graphically about you and me in that same bed in the very near future.'

'So this is what a "massive coronary" feels like,' Michael gasped his words.

'Give me your phone number,' Vanessa demanded smoothly. And so that happened.

'Better turn off the heater and turn out the lights,' she said with a shy smile, putting her coat back on. And so he did. But, 'one more thing,' she said in the darkness as they bumped into each other at the doors.

Part 13

He felt one hand tugging at his belt buckle. The other smoothed over the stretched tight crotch of his jeans and gave another gentle squeeze. Harder she tugged and his belt came loose. Then she unsnapped the top button and used the other hand to lower his zip.

'How are you going to hide this thing when you get back in there?' she asked him.

'I don't know,' he whispered. 'I was kind of hoping nobody would be looking.'

Michael gasped as the cool flesh of Vanessa's soft fingers slipped under the waistband of his boxer briefs and came into contact with the rock-hard muscle of his shaft. A soft exclamation signified her surprise as her fingers slipped around his girth and began to tug before he was fully out of his pants and exposed to the air.

She gasped, now wrapping both hands around it. Even with both hands she couldn't cover the whole thing. He was uncircumcised, which she had guessed and hoped for, and was all the more happy to know for sure. Gently she began to corkscrew the loose flesh of his pre-come soaked foreskin back and forth. No words seemed necessary.

She dropped to her knees, hands on his hips to steady herself, because she was swooning and might fall over. Again, wrapping one hand around the base of his magnificent virginal erection, Vanessa inhaled his virile scent before extending her hot wet tongue to guide him in.

She took only the head at first, where she could taste the sweet-savoury silkiness of his untested seed, and groaned

her approval. She sucked, swirling her tongue around him - Michael groaning and hissing above her - as her mouth began to fill quickly with hot saliva.

She withdrew him and swallowed. 'You taste so good,' she purred, and eagerly returned for more. Now loudly she sucked, taking in another inch, and already her jaw felt the strain. Without being able to see with her own eyes just how big he was, though she could imagine, now she was wondering just how much she could fit in without making him come.

Her tongue teased and coaxed the underside, running its silky rut up against the thick rod-like tendon that ran all the way from his testicles to the head, and she burned to feel all of him sliding from her labia and deep down against her cervix. The thought of that made her drip like a broken faucet.

'Mmmhhh,' she hummed as her mouth plunged and sucked sloppily at his rigid length and she was in love with every sensual inch. And god, he could last, she noticed. How long could he last in bed, she wondered.

Before she would cross the line and coax the spunk right out of his balls, which would have ended with her fucking him in that enclosed space - and which she would have loved all the same - Vanessa very deliberately slowly withdrew her lips and tongue, and planted one last lingering kiss on the swollen tip.

'You might need to dip that in the snow,' she humoured, savouring his taste. She gave him one last loving tug before standing up to leave. Michael was thinking of dipping his raging stiffy in something alright, but it wasn't the snow.

Part 14

True to her word, Vanessa went and said her goodbyes, and then ordered a private taxi. Still, she ended up having to wait for almost an hour, during which she fought not to take that handsome young stud somewhere quieter once more. They'd definitely have suspected something then.

She settled in with a drink and enjoyed the party until it was time to go, and smiled at how things had livened up. That was all except for Aaron and April's relationship. Michael had given it two weeks tops. Now the both of them were thinking that it was more like two hours.

By the time Vanessa's taxi arrived, April was asking what direction she was going in. It turned out that they were headed in generally the same direction. Scorned and sulking, Aaron didn't even see her to the door. That ship was sailing.

Now as Michael saw Vanessa to her taxi, he was taken aback at the sudden attention April was paying him. He might have been a virgin, but he wasn't an idiot. He went back inside and danced with the other drunk middle-aged people, before thinking it was better to walk home through the snow to his apartment rather than to wait for a taxi that probably wouldn't come at all.

The night was nearing its end, but was not quite there yet.

Chapter 2

Part 1

'Thinking naughty things?'

The unmistakable chime of his phone's message tone seemed so loud and somehow so urgent in the still of the night.

He had been lying there, recalling the events at the party - specifically none other than those which took place in private, between him and the impossibly sexy Miss Vanessa Thomas - and again he was hard as a rock, knowing all too well that he wouldn't sleep until he took care of himself once, or twice, or maybe more.

Just lying there with his eyes closed, happily playing victim to the graphic visions that visited and courted with the imaginative erogenous zone between his ears, his blood simmered, his heart skittered, and that dazed and hazy state

she'd put him in left him with a delicious buzzing sensation that vibrated deep into his bones.

And the longer he went without giving in and touching himself, the greater the need to touch her became. It was a terrifying kind of hopelessness to want somebody this much; to the point where lust could lead to paralysis.

Outside the world was a blur of black and white as the blizzard raged on in all its deafening silence, insulating the world against all signs of life but for an occasional bird tweet.

His eyes opened to the horrid brightness of the lit screen now before him, and his heart once again pulsed stronger as he read those words. As his eyes adjusted to invite her words, Michael breathed deep and thought of what to say.

'I can't stop thinking,' he replied. 'And you?'

He waited minutes for a reply that maybe wasn't going to come. For a moment he trusted himself to drift off because

- sod's law - now the lag was hitting him. But again he was jolted awake by the arrival of a new text.

'Thinking and doing,' came the reply with a line of winking emojis. His hardness ached insatiably. Fighting with his remaining strength not to touch himself now, he failed happily. But he went slow and gentle for how tender and sensitive that woman had left him.

Still he felt jittery and in the best way. What did he say without sounding as desperate as she had made him?

'Me too...'

'Is it too late to call?' Vanessa texted back.

'No, you can call,' Michael replied, and a moment later they were listening to each other's soft, heavy breathing.

'Hi,' she said, as did he. 'I really enjoyed our private party.' Sweetly she sighed. 'I'll tell you now that I'm a woman who

knows what she wants and knows how to get it, but as for doing what I did - that was new to me.'

'You and me both,' Michael responded, thinking that she definitely didn't mean the things she did to him with her mouth. He just laughed.

'Just so you don't think that this is something I just go and do.'

'I didn't think it,' Michael disarmed as he lay flat on his back in the dark, his free hand wrapped around his shaft. 'I haven't been able to think of anything other than what we did,' he testified.

'Me too!' She breathed heavily. All playing with herself had done was work her up into a desire to fuck Michael into a lustful frenzy. 'That and the ideas it put in my head.'

'Tell me...'

She laughed. 'But that'd be telling.'

'That's the idea,' Michael teased. And he thought of what had happened near the end, with the lights off - with Vanessa on her knees before him. He closed his eyes and swallowed dryly.

She wasn't even in the same room, the same building, or the same neighbourhood, and again Michael's heart was jack-hammering in his chest as though she was right there, her lips on his, her hands on him too.

'In this case, Michael, telling would be spoiling,' she hinted mysteriously.

'Terrible tease,' he chided with a sleepy grin.

'Maybe just a little,' she half-admitted, and then, 'what are you doing next Friday evening?'

Michael wasn't even sure he'd survive until next Friday.

Part 2

"What the fuck have I done now?" were not the words any friend of Michael Bench would associate with him, and least of all in the family home. But then the fools even a clever man had no choice but to suffer he would have to be bound to by blood.

Three days Aaron had harassed his now ex-girlfriend by phone, although it was ultimately him who rejected her at the end of that fateful night. Now somehow it was the fault of his allegedly frigid virgin younger brother.

Before that nonsense had touched him, soiled him - made him feel dirty and abused - Michael was summoned once again to his mother's house with the words, 'your brother's got a few choice words to say to you.'

'Then he can say them,' Michael responded coolly from his own side of the call. It was seven in the evening on a horribly cold Tuesday and he was about to sit down to his

dinner - ramen noodles, toast, and a couple of hard-boiled eggs.

'You'd better come round to the house then,' Victoria said distantly. In that moment his own mother was no better than the guy who wore sunglasses and a baseball cap to the game on a sunny afternoon, only to be sitting there none the wiser, shading his eyes with his hand with the bill of his cap resting over the back of his neck.

How stupid could she get? How insultingly stupid, for god's sake?

'He has a phone,' Michael reminded her patiently. 'He knows how to use it. What's it about?'

'You'll find out, won't you?' Michael did not care at all for the dismissive tone of her voice. 'He's here now, waiting, anyway.'

'Put him on,' Michael insisted less patiently. She hung up.

Now he was sitting there all alone, his simple dinner getting cold right in front of him, and he had lost his appetite. Well fuck it, he thought, in spite of the way they treated him like a human footstool sometimes.

Regardless he trayed his food on his lap and sat back to eat, and he would take his time just to piss them off, because if anybody had provoked a fight over nothing, he was not going to jump through hoops for them.

In silence Michael ate, and though he didn't enjoy his food, he enjoyed the very fact that he was looking out for himself where nobody else did. An hour and fifteen minutes later he stood on his mother's door with the uneasy beginnings of indigestion.

She opened the door and gave a cursory glance of disdain, almost seeing right through him. A little more of that golden patience slipped away.

Part 3

'You took your time, didn't you?' she asked.

'Yes, I did,' Michael answered promptly. 'You gave me no reason to think there was an emergency.'

'Two hours though?'

'Nowhere near two hours,' Michael flatly denied and they bickered in the hallway over just that. Aaron who was sat alone in the dining room then appeared in the hall and demanded his brother take a seat.

'You've got some fucking explaining to do,' Aaron said gruffly, pointing one accusing finger.

'No, you're the one who needs to fucking explain what's going on,' Michael once again rejected.

'Watch your mouth, Michael,' Victoria breathed down his neck.

"Oh, gas-lighting already!" he thought to himself and chuckled dryly.

'I'll wipe that grin off your face,' Aaron threatened.

Michael rolled his eyes and then met him with a hard glare. 'Trust me, brother, I am already far from amused...'

A while later - he didn't dare look at the clock for time, considering how slowly this shocking turn of events took just to unravel - Michael sat deep in shock, wrestling not with the apparent truth of the matter, but with how idiotic his brother was to believe it, and how despicable his mother had been to immediately choose one of her sons over the other.

'So in short,' Michael surmised, 'April, who dumped you - or you dumped her, whatever you want to believe - got so

sick of you harassing her ever since the party, and told you that she's now carrying on with me?'

'That's not what I said,' Aaron growled. Regardless, Michael was humoured to no end, even if he couldn't prove otherwise. A man who lived alone had no alibi.

'It's not what you said but I know you,' Michael judged flatly. 'You treat women reprehensively. You seem to find more personality somehow in a premier league football player than you do in the girls you bang for a couple weeks before you move onto the next.'

To prove the things that April had said to him, Aaron had shown Michael the texts between them. Quite disturbingly he saw no issue in the way he spoke to her even before she decided to play games with him to get back, and even then the games she had employed to mess with his head had been mild in comparison.

Michael balked to imagine such a fight happening face to face between his brother and a woman of standards. He didn't even hear their mother coming to Aaron's defence,

the one woman he'd never dare talk down to, when he found his conclusion.

'All these words you use to describe the women you're done sticking your dick into - slut, slag, whore, cunt, pig - you're so full of hate when things don't go your way. But what is your way? All you care about is fucking whoever will let you, and you get away with it time and time again.

'But I'm telling you, Aaron,' Michael concluded, 'and you can believe me or not, I don't care because you don't speak to me like I'm a piece of shit when I'll never dare behave the way you do. I give less of a fuck for the kind of girls you're into specifically because of the way you treat them. I wouldn't waste my time on April or any other girl you've been with. Do you know why else?'

Aaron wanted to know. Aaron didn't want to know. Aaron didn't know what he wanted, other than to smash his balled fists into something and to scream and to avenge his ego, which Michael had picked apart in a matter of seconds just now.

'Go on,' Michael tempted. 'You've already threatened me over nothing. I know you're looking for a reason, anything to be bigger than me, right? Ask me why!'

Aaron shrugged, sulked, his eyes two deep and shady sockets of pure bruised ego. Now, Michael saw, he was speaking from the id, only he had no words for what he wanted to say, not like his scarily intelligent younger brother.

'Well?' he finally said.

'There is no way of knowing where your type has been before you dip your wick in them and claim yet another conquest. But when I know they've been with you, there isn't enough bleach in the world to think about claiming sloppy seconds,' Michael explained. All the while he shook his head in disgust.

'Not once in the past ten years have you been with anyone worth the respect. And that should tell you something really fucking important about me, your own fucking family,' he

said. 'I'm not you. That's why I don't act like you, and I never will.'

'You think you're fucking better than me, is that it?' Aaron seethed. He was ready to pounce across the table. At any moment Michael was sure that he would.

'It doesn't matter what I think,' Michael finalised, hoping that he could wrap this up and leave soon after. 'The facts don't lie. I don't play games and I don't stick my dick in stupid. That's not hard when your own mother and brother are so manipulative and narcissistic that there isn't a woman in the world you'd want to introduce to them.'

Their mother uttered a harsh gasp, covered her mouth. 'How bloody well dare you,' she whispered.

'I'll see myself out,' Michael groaned, and got up from his chair at the dining table. He himself was filled with the urge to rage, to lash out, to lose control and give it to those he least trusted right now.

Now every step closer to that front door seemed like it cost him a measure of that control, and especially when Aaron gnashed out the words, 'I'm not going to let him speak to me like that!'

He was out in the snow once again and headed for the driveway gate when his brother's thundering footsteps came crashing towards him, turning into loud crunching ones as he hit the snow and came charging.

The familiar ham-fisted claw grabbed at the neck of Michael's coat to spin him around. Michael expected it and still did nothing. Not a moment too soon, Aaron's other fist glanced off his brother's cheekbone, but he was so angry that he had involuntarily pulled the punch; so balled up with anger he was to let loose.

'Fucking hit me again,' Michael growled, overtaken by adrenaline. 'Go on, trust the word of the little bitch you hit and ran on.'

Aaron faltered, squeezing his fist so hard that it shook too crazily to make another safe landing. But eventually he did

try again, and this time Michael was waiting. At the last moment he tucked in his chin and offered up his forehead.

Aaron's white-knuckled fist landed and crunched audibly upon impact. He screamed, a mixture of fury and agony when he realised what had happened, and then his feet skidded in the icy white beneath his feet and he landed on his arse.

Something crunched loudly again. His screaming turned to helpless wailing then.

'You proud of yourself, big man?' Michael said, so calmly that he surprised himself.

At that moment their mother rushed to the door, beckoned by the cries of her eldest son. 'What have you done?' she shrieked in sheer panic. Michael shook his head in disdain, uttered a breathless laugh, and turned to walk away.

'Why even try to explain,' he called out as he crossed the road. 'You'll only make it up to suit yourselves. That's what you're best at.'

'Aarrgh, you fuckin' bastard,' Aaron called out. He could now at least make the connection between his knuckles and his arse. He had broken them both.

Part 4

Wednesday was filled with the dread of what was to come, or maybe what would never come. What would become of Michael and his family? Had they disowned him?

In any such situation he imagined that worse people than him had a right to know about their brother's broke-ass trip to the hospital went, at least in the attempt to induce a guilt trip. None came and though Michael was used to the silent treatment, he was adamant that he didn't deserve the guilt.

A thought occurred. Maybe both had decided the incident wasn't his fault, though he had laid the insult on thick

before the injury had happened. Whose fault was it that Aaron, ever the slave to his own ego, wanted to beat his own brother into subservience with his fists?

He was certain also that he couldn't blame April. Nobody could. Only a Grade-A moron would have fallen for a simple lie like "I've been fucking your brother, so go fuck yourself!"

And in this instance, what Aaron and their mother had completely overlooked - that lie went along the lines of "I fucked your brother after we were over".

'You've gone quiet,' read a solemn text message later that night. Michael was afraid that Vanessa didn't deserve him in the state that he was. Somehow he had avoided any bruises or swelling of the face, where Aaron had hit him, but he was feeling low indeed.

'I don't suppose you heard what happened yesterday,' he replied. In a matter of moments they were talking over the phone again.

'I knew there was something going on, but your mum doesn't talk to me about these things,' Vanessa explained her part. She did hear a commotion at the salon that afternoon. 'I just took it that there was an argument and your brother's girlfriend was involved.'

Michael told her everything, and then finally, 'I just couldn't bring myself to give a fuck. They treat me like shit either way, no matter what.'

Vanessa sighed hard and then paused for thought. 'It's drama you just don't need. But if you want to call off Friday...'

'Oh hell no!'

'Good answer,' she replied. The smile in her voice was impossible not to notice and that made him warm up inside. He wasn't the only one to start feeling those butterflies again either. They talked on for three hours until

just before midnight, and barely even skirted the subject of that certain big elephant in the room.

Part 5

Anxiety!

It isn't the same as simple nerves or the excitement and curiosity one faces in the presence of the great unknown. Michael, who lived with it since the exit of his father, knew it well and knew all the more that it couldn't be ignored or dismissed.

Like those butterflies it often started in the pit of the abdomen or stomach, sometimes high up in the chest as the heart became constricted with it, and then rather than good feelings it came out in fear and doubt, and sometimes in anger.

He wasn't about to unload his emotional baggage on Vanessa. If anything he would seek to protect her from it, but at the beginning of Friday evening, as he showered and

groomed himself, and then dressed up casual but smart, he began to ask himself what he was expecting of her.

Without question he slipped a strip of condoms into the pocket of his jeans and then knocked back a shot of vodka for courage, though there was no doubt that, whatever happened, she would meet his few easy needs.

'I'm on my way,' he texted. 'I won't be long, I promise, but I'm leaving my phone at home...'

There was nothing that needed explaining on that matter. Last Saturday had come with enough distractions from his errant brother. The ensuing drama had no place between them tonight.

The sky was pitch black and cloudless before six, the ground a hard and unforgiving crust of black ice to suit. And along the gritted roads the traffic jams inched ahead - full of people going nowhere fast - as Michael carefully traversed the roadside as he walked the distance.

Slung around one wrist, to at least allow a single hand to warm inside his coat pocket as he also handled a small bunch of pretty winter flowers, a plain white bag also carried a magnum of rose champagne. He'd ditch the bag in a bin near his destination, just to be that little bit extra classy.

Looking back, maybe the flowers and bubbly were a bad idea. Not that he didn't want to spoil Vanessa, whom he was not only attracted to but secretly enamoured with, he didn't count on fate getting in his way once more and spoiling the mood.

April Dodd was the last person he expected to run into. Even less did he expect her to speak to him, which she did as though they had been good friends all through that night she spent being his dick brother's sly little cheerleader.

She was with a friend of her own, another girl who appeared even younger - and too young to be drinking from a can of strong white cider. Michael felt all the more uncomfortable in the younger girl's drunken beady-eyed

glare. She was almost insect like in her appearance and looked puzzled by the flowers alone.

'Hey Michael,' April beamed, and floated over to him before he could move on. He didn't need to wonder what she might have expected from him, but she surprised him. 'Are you going to a party?'

'You could say that,' he said short and flat. In all honesty he had no idea why he'd even stopped and given her his attention. Maybe he wanted to hear what she had to say.

'Can we come? It's freezing out here!'

'No, it's a private party. Don't you have a home to go to?' he asked, and then hinted, 'somewhere you won't be seen with the brother of a certain ex you lied about?'

'Whoa,' April reacted as though she had done nothing wrong. And would he be expected to believe that lie too?

'It is cold isn't it,' he agreed. 'Is there something you want?'

'Look I'm so sorry about that,' April lied again. She wasn't very good at this. 'You should see the shit he was saying to me though.'

'I did,' Michael said. 'When he and my mother chose to believe you anyway and turned on me. They showed me everything.'

'You're fucking kidding,' April exclaimed harshly in feigned disbelief.

'I'm preoccupied right now is what I am,' he stated bluntly.

'Well I'm sorry but your brother's a cunt!'

Michael laughed. 'I know, what a waste, right?' he replied ironically, but neither April, nor her anaemic and absent looking friend picked up on the sarcasm. 'But you know what, it's my family you played and I'm the one being

treated like I don't exist as a result. I'll overlook the insults, considering the way he spoke to you, but what did I do to deserve your revenge?'

'Well fuck you too,' April spat, though she remained deceptively calm.

'According to my mother and brother you have been,' Michael informed coldly. 'And you know what, I don't even give a shit anymore. Just don't be a child walking the streets pissed. Raise your standards,' he concluded and walked on.

'No, you hold on a minute,' April snapped, ready to get high and mighty.

'I don't owe you anything,' Michael chuckled and forced his way past. 'Getting pissed on the streets and making shit up to suit yourself? Nobody else will ever owe you either,' he concluded righteously.

'Who the fuck is he even talking to,' April's friend said belatedly. The message was not lost though. April

immediately felt like shit, but maybe she'd learn from it. Time would tell.

'That's right, walk away you fucking faggot,' the younger girl screeched. April grabbed her by the shoulder and stopped her, earning her a dazed look of surprise.

'It's fine, just leave it,' she said and began the walk home, her sloppy loud friend in tow.

Part 6

'Am I blue?' he asked, grinning desperately from ear to ear. All the while Michael shuddered with the biting cold outside Vanessa's door. 'I feel so blue!'

Despite another outdated cliché, that of certain black women exuding mystery and black magic, the moment he saw her, he felt it. Suddenly it was no longer the cold stealing his breath, but her curvaceous figure and generous assets all fitted so snugly into the black and gold bodysuit she wore.

He had no idea how hard he was staring, and because in the low key lighting of lamps and candles, Vanessa was a smouldering shadow, aside from the vital glimmer of her keen eyes and the sparkling effect of the gold earrings she wore, and the gold pendant that hung around her neck.

Unable to hug or kiss her hello, for not wanting the cold to rub off on her, and Michael was aware of her palpable desire for him to do so, he stood near and breathed in her addictively fruity and spicy perfume scent and was delighted.

'Goodness I can feel the cold radiating off you,' she remarked, ushering him inside. All the while Michael couldn't take his eyes off her in that dress. He had to know what it was, and without sounding gay as a rainbow.

'You look stunning,' he gushed. 'What are you wearing?'

Plunging down between her breasts the high neck sported gold leaf patterns in see-through lace. He could see

underneath the faintest hint that she was wearing a very low-cut bra, and that she was threatening to bust out of.

The all-over jumpsuit-type dress sported long lace sleeves, the rest of her packaged seductively in stretchy black fabric that looked like velvet.

'This? It's a romper suit. Do you like it?' she asked, and then offered to take his coat. Michael handed her the flowers and champagne, earning him a hopeless ear-to ear-smile, before taking off his coat and having to take back the gifts in order to do so.

They were laughing hopelessly at this, before Michael finally handed her the flowers and champagne again. And then finally they were back on track.

'I like it but I'd love to see what's filling it,' he wanted to say of her enticing, figure-revealing number. Her ass and thighs were to die for. 'It definitely compliments you,' he said absently, earning him an arched eyebrow and a cheeky little sideways smile.

'Here, let me heat you a towel or something to get the chill off you,' Vanessa offered, padding barefoot into the kitchen, where she took one off the radiator and handed it to Michael, who hopelessly followed his straying eyes.

The look she gave back implied that she had worn it especially for that reaction. 'I feel underdressed,' he laughed. And now it was her turn not to think what she was saying, and that was that he was more likely overdressed. Nervously he tried not to giggle like a child.

'A drink then,' Vanessa chimed, and beamed a smile with her brilliant pearly-white teeth. She had it all planned out. Everything to hand, she poured them both a flute of champagne and they toasted - she in her revealing evening dress, and he in a shirt and with a hot towel wrapped around his shoulders.

It had all passed him by so quickly, the warmly lit and inviting atmosphere of the small but cosy living room, where a gas fire decorated with volcanic rock heated the air, aromatic with the scents of orange peel and spices.

Michael, warming quickly, removed the towel from his shoulders and placed it back over the heater. 'That's much better, thank you,' he said kindly and met Vanessa's eyes as she studied him with quiet fascination, from top to bottom.

Her lips puckered, and with a hint of gloss and gold glitter, the dimples showed adorably in the pits of her smooth cherubic cheeks as she savoured the taste of her champagne.

'You smell very nice,' she complimented him.

'Thank you,' he replied quietly. 'You smell amazing. I could literally inhale you!'

'Hmm,' she said with a pause for thought. 'Warm enough now?' she then asked, blinking and betraying a different kind of smile.

'Very,' he replied, and then, 'has the time to kiss you hello passed into rudeness?'

'You can be rude all you like,' she humoured with a forgiving look, all the while inviting him with open arms and baited breath. Immediately Michael politely went for one cheek and breathed her in at point blank. Then he shifted to make his way to the other cheek, watching her expression very deliberately closely.

With heavy-lidded eyes, Vanessa in all her smouldering and sexy allure, offered her lips, ever so slightly open. Michael deliberately continued to the other cheek without stopping. He kissed her again, and breathed her in again, and then heard her laugh off her misfortune into the curve of his neck.

'Such a gentleman,' she whispered into his ear before they pulled apart, whereupon she filled up their drinks. 'And these are lovely flowers, thank you,' she observed, holding them up to inhale their faint scent. 'What are they?'

'I have no idea,' he admitted plainly. 'I figured they complimented you, but I can't remember all these weird Latin plant names.'

'Well I cannot remember the last time anyone bought me flowers.'

'Really?' Michael reacted. 'That's hard to believe.'

'I don't attract the romantic type,' she confessed with a little shrug and a carefree expression. *C'est la vie!*

She fixed him a sheepish, almost shy little smile, her cheeks glowing under the low-key kitchen spotlights. 'You're very sweet and considerate.'

Vanessa invited him to the couch in the living room - a chocolate brown suede two-seater that swallowed up its guests the moment they sat side by side. On the coffee table before them sat a little wooden box, its lid open and perched at the hinges. Inside sat what could not have been mistaken. Michael did not forget Vanessa's handiwork the first and last time they had met.

When he thought about what smoking with her had led to, the both of them alone in the garden bar that night, the anxiety was gone but the butterflies were once again in effect.

'Miss Thomas,' he said, 'as hostesses go, you put the barman to shame!'

Part 7

'Have a smoke with me,' she invited, and her voice oozed like sweet honey. Michael nodded and smiled, uttering a deep sigh. Her eyes glowing against the flame of the cigarette lighter were deep and brilliant, smiled like those of a content feline.

Once again it was just the two of them in a haze, and much like in the driven snow of that first night, insulated against all signs of life from the world outside. It wasn't long before Michael felt himself sinking deeper into his seat, feeling good about himself for the first time since they had met.

It wasn't long before he was giggling, and then for no reason at all the both of them were at it, thinking of all that had transpired the last time they were doing this together, but neither of them wanting to say anything about it too soon.

'What kind of music do you like?' she asked to break the strange spell.

'Oh I don't know, I'm a bit weird,' he warned her. 'I like a lot of old clichéd stuff from the seventies from classic rock to soul and jazz and funk and prog.'

'Say no more,' Vanessa said almost to herself. For a moment Michael watched as she stood up and slithered her way over to the music system stacked beneath the mounted television. One moment he was sitting there, in awe of her generous and peach-like posterior as she bent over to rifle through one CD zip-case.

And then he was sitting there, his IQ slipping away without a care, marvelling at how well she could see in the dark. The unmistakable Bob James came into play, safely on the

down-low so that Vanessa could purr her words at her own volume and tone.

'Too cheesy?' she asked, settling back down beside him and taking back the smoking joint.

Michael shook his head, smiled easily, and declared his love for all things seventies fusion. 'This is the stuff happy thoughts are made of.'

'Not just this...'

Vanessa exhaled an almighty lungful. It was like watching the breath of a dragon with no more fire in its stomach, but he was certain she had plenty.

'No, not just this,' he agreed.

'Well I don't know what you mean, but I know what I mean,' she implied with dreamy eyes. They were shoulder to shoulder, close enough to share smoke and to hear each

other at a murmur. 'Though you should totally know what I mean...'

Michael began to softly laugh again. The sound of his deep dry voice did things for the cougar beside him that he did not yet understand.

She turned to look at him, stopping him dead. Again, and quite easily, Michael was entranced, lost in her eyes. There was no denying what she did to him inside. 'Let's make out some more,' she said.

He lips were irresistibly sticky sweet and smoky with the combination of gloss, champagne and Orange Widow. In the lingering moment of that first re-acquaintance of their tender lips, his dared to hold the first kiss and to savour her, before their bodies would touch.

A gasp escaped her mouth as he delicately enveloped her upper lip with his and ever so slightly brushed her with the tip of his tongue. Licking her lips, Vanessa's own tongue brushed back against his, and so began a slow and playful -

and ever so sexually suggestive - kiss, as they gave in to what they had waited so long to reignite.

'Shoes off,' she whispered, and he didn't need to be told twice. Expertly he slipped them off, one foot aiding the other one at a time. Hitching her fingers inside the breast pockets of the young man's shirt, she invited him to lay with her as they melted deeper into each other, a tangle of seductive, roaming and responsive limbs.

Legs entwined, his knee rested between the back of one thigh and a curiously hot spot between her legs which he warmed to instantly - her inner calf stroking his outer thigh. All the while, as she stroked his cheek and strong jawline with one hand, his crossed the valley of her hip and waist and quickly came to rest on one particularly inviting peak; her breast.

Vanessa gasped again, chewed playfully at his lip with her bared teeth, and laughed to herself. A deep sigh, almost animalistic in wake of certain implications, rumbled through her body and into his. She pulled away, tasting him on her lips, before taking a deep breath to control herself.

It was still so early. 'More champagne,' she decided. 'It compliments the taste of you...'

'I'll get it,' Michael said, since he was on top, and disappeared briefly, before returning with the bottle to fill their flutes. He was about to top them off when she stopped him.

'Save some for later,' she said with a seductive smile. 'Come and sit beside me.'

Again they were eye to eye, face to face, the desire to kiss again more than palpable. They were attracted like strong magnets, trying in vain to resist the power pulling them together.

'So how are those butterflies coming along?'

'There'll be hurricanes in Japan,' he admitted, heavy-eyed and half-smiling.

Gently Vanessa bit her lower lip, wet her upper lip with the tip of her tongue and mashed them together. Hungrily she nodded, smiling back at him. 'You see what I mean?' Michael sighed heavily, nodding.

'God, you're fucking gorgeous,' she gushed, before lighting another joint, and then on the smoke of that first drag. 'And I don't mean to brag, but...'

'But?'

'Do you even know how rare this kind of chemistry is?'

Michael flapped one lapel of his shirt collar, blowing off the imaginary steam from one corner of his pursed lips to signify that he knew something. She had made him incredibly hot, and likewise.

'Don't let it go to your head, but you might be something special,' Vanessa added.

'I'm nothing special when it's just me,' he replied. 'It must be the effect you have.'

Vanessa hummed her approval. 'Well, Michael, I could ask you a million things if you let me, but really there's only one thing that begs to be asked this evening.'

He grew harder, and especially as she captivated him with that magical look in her eyes, dark and promising like polished tiger iron against a naked flame. Then she shimmied closer to him and they passed smoke back and forth as she spoke.

'You could still wait for Miss Right, or you could fall for the first girl to remove you from her Friend Zone the moment she's free and single...'

'No thanks,' he responded to the latter.

Vanessa chapped her lips and leaned in closer, eyeing him demurely, and her words were deliberately slow, low and

clear. 'But it would be an honour and a privilege, if I was to be your first, and frankly I've been thinking a lot about teaching you about making love to a woman, and all the things you could experience...

She paused, took a deep breath and then exhaled her final words; 'If I was the one...'

'You're killing me,' he croaked, his heart jack-hammering.

Her lips curled up into a devilish smile. 'Not yet I'm not. I might if you let me, though.'

'It might not take much,' Michael assured nervously. She smoothed the hot palm of her soft hand over the back of his and entwined her fingers with his, reassuringly.

'At first maybe, but it's the most fun you'll have learning,' she said and chuckled dryly, and also quite highly. 'Just think of all the positives...'

Michael soaked her up with his eyes, and very positively. 'You'd be with someone you can feel safe with, someone you can trust,' she went on, her hand extending towards his inner thigh and riding up into his lap. 'Someone who knows their way around you, and someone you can explore with...

'And I'll teach you things that will drive women wild for you,' she purred, his living, breathing fantasy incarnate. There was no more need for words than there was need to ease the nerves now resulting from Michael's tangible arousal.

She could feel it in the air, crackling like the black and white fuzz on an empty TV channel, but the difference being that he was undoubtedly all here, and with all his attention focused on her.

And she could feel it in the surface heat of his skin, as he burned with her every touch. She could feel it where her hand now rested, right over the pulsating, growing bulge in his pants. She could feel it in the resulting kiss, and in his breathlessness.

In time she broke away, hungrier for him than she had been with his cock filling her mouth in the dark shadows of the bar that last weekend. So hungry, simmering deep inside for him, salivating at both ends, she parted her lips to say; 'I'm pretty sure that's why you agreed to come anyway. So what do you say, baby?'

Michael smoothly responded with a tender kiss, which she instantly allowed and coaxed to deepen into one undeniably answer. Michael gave himself to her without question, but took her all the same.

Part 8

This was it!

He hated to feel so childishly excited, as though the immature face of his brother might threaten to prove to be his true face - his own just the mask that hid it. He dreaded the thought that this was the end of some perceived maturity and that once what he wanted was clear in sight and as good as his for the taking, that he would suddenly stop being the gentleman that attracted Vanessa to him.

His anxiety was a joker, a confidence trickster, but he knew deep down, and he had to force the admission of truth out of hiding. He would have to be retarded not to be as excited as he was right now.

'Breathe,' Vanessa whispered, holding his hand again. 'You're safe with me, and you're doing fine.'

'I'm just so...' Michael refused to say the word - anxious! 'Oh,' he exclaimed, becoming flustered.

'Let's keep it fun,' Vanessa chimed intimately, kissing him tenderly on the lips. 'Think of what I want to hear you say right now.'

Everything a blur, every nerve was amping up the output, leaving him grasping at the air for something, anything.

'I've been thinking it all week,' she hinted patiently and flashed him a nervous smile, and now she was blushing too.

Michael's stomach was one giant knot of adrenaline and arousal now, his mouth drying up, his tongue hot and rough. 'I can't take my eyes off you,' he said, bypassing the apology he knew would have no place here.

'You like what you see!' she observed, perching herself femininely on the edge of her seat.

He nodded. 'I'd love to see more. You're beautiful all over.'

'Hmmm, flattery,' she oozed approval. 'That can get you places.'

'Oh tell me more,' Michael grinned mischievously, now daring to run his own hand across her knee, up her thigh, and then venturing toward her inner-thigh. She breathed heavily.

'I'd rather take your pants off, if that's not too forward,' Vanessa admitted flatly.

'Better forward than backwards,' he agreed. 'You fill that bodysuit so fucking well but I'm thinking about how you'd fit into my bare hands without it.'

'And that,' she said, 'is what I definitely like to hear!'

Languidly she pounced, at a speed he could see coming slowly enough to welcome her lips with his. How she did it, he didn't give much thought, but in a moment she had him standing - Vanessa on her knees before him as she fumbled with his belt buckle - and then sitting again with his pants around his ankles.

Heavy breathing! Vanessa now kneeled between his open legs, taking in the sight of his stiffened cock all tightly packaged in his clingy boxer shorts. 'Don't ever be afraid to tell me what you need. Or if it gets too much,' she assured gently, 'then announce yourself.'

His balls looked large and full. The poor baby, she thought. With no experience he would be swollen blue and so

sensitive that his first time would have to be short and sweet, but she wanted to let it linger and to introduce him in the best way imaginable.

She had to seduce him every step of the way, to make him want her as much as he wanted his own sweet release, and now she did so tenderly, running her fingers along the outline of his erect cock. She leaned in and inhaled him, feeling the rounded fullness of his endowed testicles resist the firmness of her lips and nose. And then without warning she traced her tongue slightly along the length of his shaft and opened her mouth to let him feel her heat.

'Oh,' he gasped.

'Sensitive boy, aren't you?' she said, making eyes at him, and then, 'I want to taste you again...'

Michael nodded. 'I want to taste you too.'

'You will,' she assured. 'That goes without question.' But then she hitched her fingers beneath the waistband of his shorts and began to tease and tug. 'But I asked first.'

'Yes you did,' Michael gasped, staring wide-eyed in his astonishment. He let her slip his boxers down, finally allowing him to spring free, and for the first time she would not only taste him and feel him filling her hot, wet mouth, but she would see with her own eyes the magnificent specimen that he sported.

'Oh my god it's...'

Fantastic, were the words that her lips formed but did not speak. 'I need this,' she whispered, and in an instant she opened her mouth to take him in, slid back the wet foreskin, and sucked the delicious pre-ejaculate from the head of his cock.

'Ffffff-

That was Michael.

...uuuuck!' concluded Vanessa, whose mouth was as smooth and snug as any good pussy a man had experienced.

For all the THC's surging through his blood as she wetly sucked and pumped at his straining erection, Michael might as well have been pilling on speed and ecstasy. One moment ogling at the sight of this smoky, smouldering angel feasting on his flesh, the next his head lolling back as she blew his mind, he didn't know what to do, where to look, what to say, or what would happen next.

He hissed, both pleasure and pain assaulting his senses at once. Such were the sensations she brought him with her mouth that Michael was helplessly lost in rapture, even though every touch against the skin of his sac felt like he was being branded with hot metal.

'Hang in there, blue balls,' Vanessa humoured him, letting his length pop out from between her lips loudly. 'Fuck, I love sucking your beautiful cock!'

'Oh god it feels...' He gushed his words, fighting for air, and then tensed up. 'Gah,' he blurted, hissing and blowing to try to control himself. With every flick of her lips and tongue over the ridge of his glans, every muscle in his legs and hips tensed upon reflex. Nothing had ever felt like this.

She couldn't have been happier. He certainly had staying power, which promised so much more to come. Vanessa cocked her head to one side, an adorable look overcoming her, even as she held the base of his straining cock in her fist.

'I want you in my bed, boy,' she purred. Michael whimpered, nodded frantically in his vulnerable state and smiled adorably right back at her. 'Are you ready to go further?'

'God yes,' he exhaled.

'You can come and help me out of my clothes and see just how I fit into your hands,' she said with a naughty smirk and winked devilishly. Once more, twice more, a few times

more, she kissed the head of his cock and savoured the sweet young taste of his virginal pre-ejaculate.

'Sorry, you just... take me back,' Vanessa crooned, before slowly getting up to her feet. Licking her lips, she looked down to the youthful specimen pulsing in her hand and then looked back up with a wicked look. 'I'm not trying to pop your champagne cork too soon, though I expect you'll be able to recover quickly enough if you did.'

Still with his cock in her grasp, she carefully led the way up the stairs and invited him to bed.

Chapter 3

Part 1

Beginners;

Imagine if you can't remember by personal account the first time somebody stepped into a game and realised just how small they felt. The first time a pool player tried his hand on a full-sized snooker table, the first time a kid went from the school field to a full-sized football pitch, the first time a wrestler stepped into the squared circle – the comparisons go on and on.

But considering that many a boy and girl lost their virginity on a single bed at best, if not on somebody's couch, or – if it was a really classy affair – in the alleyway behind the nightclub, Michael had nothing to be intimidated about when he laid eyes upon Vanessa's plush queen-sized bed.

When he laid eyes upon the bed in which they were about to make love in, the exciting possibilities became endless. For all the room to grapple and writhe and experience the sexual bliss to come, there was no room for error, just a playground of so much imagined eroticism.

She still had hold of his cock while she led him to the foot of the bed. Vanessa had clearly prepared the room before his arrival. More low-key lighting courtesy of lava lamps and chilli lights and scented candles – they shifted and flickered on the walls and ceiling, their ambiance amplified by cleverly placed mirrors. Though they could clearly see each other, it would be easy to get lost in each other all the same.

'Unzip me,' she said, her back turned to him. She let go of him for the meantime and allowed him the chance to take back a little control. 'Help me out of this thing,' she directed when he had lowered the zip at the back of her romper suit until the deep ridges of her spine were exposed right down to where her butt began.

Smooth shiny chocolate coloured flesh tempted his lips. He brushed aside her hair and first went to the nape of her neck, leaving a trail of kisses where he then proceeded to slide the soft lightweight fabric off her shoulders.

All the while she ground her backside up against his rigid cock, and otherwise took his hands and guided them around to manhandle her big tits. 'You love these don't you?'

Michael sighed appreciatively, nibbling at her shoulder, and kneaded her tits in the palms of his hands, spurred on by the direction of hers over his. He nodded. 'I'm about to love them even more, and not just with my hands,' he replied boldly.

'Mmm, they're going to fit your hands very nicely,' Vanessa agreed whole-heartedly, and then turned her head to look up at him. 'And hopefully your mouth...'

Like magic it seemed that she could command him even without words. Just by looking at him it seemed she could project what she was about to do. Before long Michael was

following her lead again, and together they were peeling off her bodysuit, all the way down to the waist, and revealing her voluptuous form – not least of all her magnificent tits as they threatened to bust out of the bra she was wearing.

More flesh was on show now, and Michael was enjoying the exhilarating view from over her shoulder, of the dark and fully-rounded peaks, barely contained by their thin cups.

She shifted his attention to the large chrome-edged mirror hung over the bed, where they could both see each other, and where her hands playfully moulded his around her bra-clad breasts.

It was a smoky brown partly transparent bra, with not much to it but a kind of glossy appearance. Her thick nipples stiff and protruding tickled the palms of his hands as she guided him around those fleshy globes.

When she finally took his hands away to show off a little more, purposely bumping and grinding back into him again, she smiled seductively at his response. Michael's expression blanked out in his awe of her mature beauty.

'Ever unhooked a bra, Michael?' she asked. He shook his head, a sheepish grin glimmering beneath the facade of enchantment. 'I suppose now's as good a time to learn.'

Trying to be gentle he fumbled with trembling fingers. Trying to make good of the sensuality of the moment, he was too proud to admit that, nope...

'Come on,' he muttered, his face a picture of deep concentration. Vanessa's shoulders lightly shuddered with internal laughter.

'It's just two hooks on elastic. Yank them together,' she suggested; her hands now securing the straining cups that could barely secure her heavy bust.

Success! Michael felt the hooks give and the garment fell partly away, the straps slipping from Vanessa's shoulders.

'Now touch me,' she whispered, inviting his hands to slip in underneath. When he slid his hands beneath the loose bra

cups to find the softest, warmest, smoothest flesh, he crooned in silence, instinctively now pressing his hips into her from behind as she gasped her appreciation.

'Hmmm,' Vanessa purred, 'god you have nice hands.' With no more need for it, she let the bra slip away completely, and arched her back, using both hands to reach behind and pull Michael closer by the neck.

Michael was suddenly obsessed, gently squeezing and kneading her fulsome flesh. He tweaked lightly at her hard black nipples, feeling her shudder and jolt.

She hissed. 'Ooh, you don't know how sensitive these things get.' Vanessa turned to face him again at last, and engaged him in a deep French kiss, stealthily unbuttoning his shirt as she continued her seduction.

Michael barely noticed until it was gone from his shoulders and the warm flesh of her hands glided over the bare flesh of his chest, filling him with a pleasure that crackled like static. Kicking off his shoes, slipping off his socks, he was

now fully naked and hard before her, and her hands were everywhere as she continued to kiss him.

That wasn't going to stop him from having what he had waited too long for. Since their encounter six nights previously there was one specific matter of business left unfinished. Now both hands pawed her bare breasts, great fleshy pillows of pleasure that yielded to his firm hands.

He'd had one nipple in his mouth already that night, the moment things got a little carried away. Now though, both big breasts were exposed, and his desires unhindered by restricting clothes. Michael soaked in the magnificent sight, kneading and squeezing those plump orbs together.

He reached down further then, grabbing Vanessa by the waist and swooped in to latch his lips on one erect black nipple, and let instinct guide him. Her legs twitched, faltered, turned to jelly as his tongue swirled wetly and his lips sucked eagerly.

Vanessa gasped, 'oh my god,' and then he moved over to offer the other equal attention. 'That's a good way to get me wet.'

And that's all he needed to hear to know that he could carry on experiencing the pleasure of turning her on, teasing her rubbery nipples into growing ever thicker and harder. Eventually Vanessa inhaled harshly and leapt in her skin. 'Oop,' she yelped as he nibbled carefully at her with his teeth.

But she allowed him to go on, giggling breathlessly as she grew to trust him, and enjoyed the warmth and hardness of his naked body against hers, in contrast to the tingly chills he was causing her.

'Now the rest,' she whispered, guiding his hands a little lower, to her hips where she coaxed his fingers into getting under the material of the remaining romper suit. Michael slid down to his knees, taking it down with him to her feet and stared up at her naked form.

All that remained hidden now was the fruit of her sex, barely hidden at all beneath a little back g-string. His hands roamed from her thighs to her hips, and as he rose to stand again, back to her breasts. She met him in a sweet embrace and for a moment they just cuddled and breathed.

'You feel amazing up against me,' Michael murmured, his hands slowly adventuring down her back to fill his hands with her plentiful buttocks.

'Mmmm, you're telling me, Michael,' she swooned. She sat down then at the foot of the bed and with a salivating mouth she once again proceeded to polish the head of his cock.

Part 2

'Come down here and taste,' Vanessa said. In an instant he was down on his jelly-like knees, between her legs and face to face. She opened her mouth and offered him her tongue. 'Suck it,' she insisted, and then, 'here, let me show you.'

Michael stuck out his tongue on command and the next thing he knew, she was practically blowing his tongue as she had his cock. Twisted as it seemed to him, she then had him repeating the action on her.

He could taste himself on her and it was strangely turning him on. 'Women don't taste much different, the clean ones at least,' Vanessa explained. 'You're a real good kisser, Michael. Your mouth would be heaven all over my pussy.'

The look on her face said everything. So full of lust she was trying hard to keep her composure, but she had been looking forward to this as much as anything that would come after.

'Would you like to taste me?' Vanessa asked.

'I'd love to,' he confidently exclaimed. His hands snaked slowly from both knees, up her thighs and into her lap.

'Do you know your way around down there?'

'I've got a decent idea,' he grinned. Just because he hadn't done this before didn't mean that he hadn't seen things.

'Well just a moment,' Vanessa stopped him. Looking down on herself, she pulled the gusset of her g-string aside and exposed her plump and shaven smooth pussy. All she had was a neatly shorn landing strip up above.

She sported a thick fleshy hood over which she pointed out was her special little love button. 'When you tease a woman with your tongue, when you're kissing, this is often what she's thinking about. All women are a bit different. They need varied techniques and pressures and speeds, but I'll let you know. Otherwise just think of my clit as the tip of my tongue, and eat me like a juicy peach.'

The butterflies now raged. Michael's stomach knotted once again. They kissed a little more, if anything to refresh his memory, but also to restore his confidence. This was new territory. He adventured right in like Robin Hood on a hit and run.

Part 3

Taking the reins Michael grabbed the stringy straps of Vanessa's g-string and practically yanked it from her body. Laughing she rolled onto her back, taking hold of her knees and rolling her hips up to invite him in.

His first taste of a woman's sex, almost savoury like sweet seafood – no wonder some nicknamed pussy "clam" – he gripped her by the innermost thighs and began to kiss his way along the inside of both knees to tease her.

Vanessa purred her approval. 'Oh you've thought this through!'

Finally after anticipation had turned into absolute edge of the seat suspense, Michael dipped down between her wetting labia folds and lapped upward so deliberately slowly that Vanessa let out a breathy 'ahhhhh,' which seemed to go on until the tip of his tongue touched base against her engorged clit.

He worked his way up slowly again, repeating the motion, eyes trained on Vanessa's over the peaks of her heaving breasts. Eyes wide she nodded and gasped as he began to add more pressure and to put her advice to good use.

'Just like a peach,' she recalled breathily, so he began to gobble at her softly, lapping up her now dripping juices.

'You have the most gorgeous peach,' he relayed, gasping and swallowing, before she began to gyrate and buck against his deepening tongue.

'Oh,' she softly exclaimed, 'oh sweet fucking Jesus!'

Michael stepped up his game and began Frenching her with his tongue as she bucked upward to meet his thrusts. 'Work on my clit and try teasing me with your fingers,' she cooed, racing from one orgasm to the next.

Again, he fumbled now. She was not going to let another orgasm escape so easily though. She shocked him by taking

control, namely grabbing him by the wrist and guiding two of his soaked fingers in deep to the knuckle.

There Michael knelt, completely in shock as he felt Vanessa's silken inner workings clamping down around him and using his fingers as a juicer. Vanessa lost control. She was riding his hand like a bitch out of hell and crying her orgasmic hysteria for the world to hear.

'Get that tongue back to work,' she huffed and began to laugh at herself. She had probably terrified the white boy, but regardless he soldiered on. If anything though, this newfound power he had discovered – fucking hell, the things a man could do to a woman with just the tip of his tongue – was definitely not something he could dismiss.

All the more because he was so deeply spellbound by the cougar Miss Vanessa Thomas, he became entranced by how beautiful she was, all the more now that he was learning first-hand how to bring her such unimagined pleasure.

Part 4

'Come up here and let me lick you,' she panted, curling one perfectly manicured finger invitingly. Michael climbed the foot of the bed and followed her up into the middle, so hard and aching for her. For the first time now he lay naked with a woman.

Skin to skin, in the afterglow of their shared lip service, they glued instantly together, lips to lips again. Their tastes coming together, they kissed hungrily, a mess of tangled limbs growing hungrier.

'That was an amazing first go,' she declared. 'I was right about that tongue.'

'Fucking hell, I could eat your juicy peach anytime,' Michael declared breathlessly.

She laughed. It was corny but with a little practice any woman would be pouncing onto his cock after a good half-

hour session and riding him into the sunset. 'Really,' she asked, 'I could literally ride your face right now.'

In at the deep end, Michael suggested that she show him what she meant. Immediately she was up and over him, lowering her dripping pussy onto the saddle of his nose and mouth.

'Grab my arse and pinch it and spank it,' she suggested eagerly, and quickly he got the idea. This was not quite the definition of lovemaking that he knew or expected, but Michael was not complaining. As she ground her feverish wet clit and slit down over his tongue, he was afraid that he might burst and spurt a gallon of come all over the bed in awe of how sexually charged they had become.

And then Vanessa changed position, bending down on all fours, to rest herself against his torso. The feel of her warm breasts smooshing up against him again, he was almost certainly prepared to feel her swallowing him whole again.

They were now in a 69 and going at it hammer and tongs, both of them seeing stars. The sound of wet sloshing and

slurping and sucking and smacking – music to their ears – and the intensity with which Vanessa plunged and sucked at his aching length, soon drove Michael right over the edge.

He announced himself with an almighty 'FUUUUUCK!!' clenching his body from his thighs to his loins. 'Oh god I'm coming,' he cried, bear-hugging her at the waist. Vanessa gripped his cock at the base, aimed him straight up and glided right back down onto him with her tongue.

He flooded her mouth countless times. '*Mmmm*,' came the muffled sound, and slightly alarmed. She swallowed and swallowed and he just kept coming, spurting hard down her throat until he was spent.

'Fucking hell, how much do you come?' she eventually managed to say, wiping the excess from her lips. Crawling off him, his face was a mess. A wet grin from ear to ear, dazed he just lay there laughing.

'Oh my god,' he repeated over and over again as she laughed along and wiped her pussy juices from his face. 'I can't stop seeing fucking stars,' he laughed.

'Let's rest for a few minutes,' Vanessa suggested, and panting she lay down beside him, one thigh resting over his spent member. 'And then some refreshments are in order.'

Part 5

It wasn't so long ago that Michael was standing in Vanessa's kitchen for the very first time, freezing and trying to warm up. Not even two hours later they were both stood pressed together, naked as god intended, minus the fig leaves, and almost chugging down champagne and fresh orange juice.

From a sort of makeshift date that came with the possibility of sex, Michael had gone from nervous and anxious young man to a mellowed out mess of a man, comfortable with their casual nudity as they stood studying each other and sipping.

Never had a Friday night been spent so well, and yet still he could not believe that this enchanting ebony beauty was a friend of his mother's.

'So this is lovemaking?' he reflected with intended mirth, having just had his face literally fucked by a horny cougar' 'Interesting,' he trailed off, staring deep into her eyes. Again Vanessa blushed, for the third time since that had happened. She carefully ran her hand down the length of his flaccid but heavy cock, and ran her fingertips through the light hairs nesting around his testicles.

'That wasn't lovemaking,' she replied sheepishly. 'I don't quite know what that was...'

'It was fucking wild!'

'It was and I'm blaming you,' she agreed, clawing his chest hair with her nails. She bared her teeth and added, 'and I fucking loved it,' before biting down on his nipple.

Michael gasped. Both pleasure and pain sent chills down his body and his cock again started to react. 'What is the difference between sex and lovemaking?' he asked. 'I know there's a movie version, and then as far as I know there's an elusive reality that nobody seems to talk about anymore.'

'Well, Mr Psychologist,' she began, tracing lines up and down his body with her fingertips and nails, 'you can love anyone if you let yourself – and that goes for both men and women – but sometimes a woman's body, for instance,' she explained whilst guiding his hands to her breasts again, 'needs something that words and gifts can't say...'

'I really like your hands on me,' she diverted momentarily with a hopeless smirk, hoping that he would continue alone while she spoke. She was not disappointed. He did not take his hands off her again.

'Making love, to me at least, is both a physical and emotional connection. Once you know you have it with someone, your bodies take over and seek to communicate through it,' Vanessa explained as though it was the most delicious thing in the world. But to her it was.

'Do we have it?' Michael asked.

To make her point Vanessa once again handled his big fat cock with one delicate little hand and she smiled at him with just her eyes. 'I'd say it's about time I showed you,' she said. More than anything she wanted to feel his love, and knew that he felt the same.

Part 6

Once again, they made their way back upstairs where she laid him down in her bed. Michael asked if he needed to put on a condom, if anything out of courtesy. He didn't want to fuck up now, not with Vanessa, and not with a child neither planned while Michael didn't have a career.

She just smiled and shook her head, laying a disarming kiss on his forehead.

'*Shhhh*, you're safe with me,' she whispered, straddling his hips and coming to rest just above his tall and proud new

erection. Ever so tenderly their eyes connected, and with a warm smile that promised she would protect him, Vanessa's lips pelted his with soft kisses.

'I've wanted to feel you inside me since that night,' she gushed, heaving her breasts up against him. 'Now it's about to happen.' All the while her hips snaked and gyrated, Michael's cock sheathed between her buttocks like a knife in the block. 'I can't believe I'm about to take your virginity,' she beamed.

'I can't think of anyone better,' Michael said confidently. 'You are so fucking beautiful I wanted you to take me home with you that night.'

Caught by surprise, Vanessa didn't expect that her eyes might sting, the telltale sign that she might actually well up and shed a tear. She breathed deeply and penetrated his eyes deeper, more intently, while she adjusted herself, one hand reaching down between them to line him up beneath her.

'Are you ready to be loved, baby?' she asked. Achingly he braced himself and held his breath. He was so hard and sensitive, even after coming earlier. When she slowly eased down to open up to the head of his cock, he could feel those silky folds giving way to an intensely delicious heat inside.

'Relax and don't forget to breathe,' Vanessa reminded him. Rising up and into a semi-kneeling position, she arched her back and rolled her hips ever so slowly, her soaked pussy sliding down inches over his hard length.

'Oh,' they uttered together. She gripped his hands and guided them back to her voluptuous curves and contours.

'Just lie back and feel me,' she whispered and searched his eyes deeply before taking him all the way.

'Ohhhh,' Michael gasped, feeling every last inch swallowed up by the most sensational feeling he had ever experienced. And now he was beginning to understand what she meant all along, about what he had been missing.

A stifled breath, a little laugh, escaped the cougar's mouth as she began to ride him, their pelvises appearing glued together. She rolled her hips, bearing back down with her butt, sucking him in and letting him go, over and over again.

Vanessa closed her eyes and began to moan softly, her breaths short but evenly rationed. 'Michael we feel perfect together,' she cooed as he explored her body with loving hands.

'Oh Jesus Christ,' was all he could think to say as he watched in awe, cocooned in her sex and feeling safe and protected, as she seductively took pleasure from his body and gave it in turn. For so long without words she made love to him, her face a kaleidoscope of twisting emotions as she took him to her core.

'Our bodies are talking to each other,' she panted, her breaths and movements becoming ragged. 'Can you hear it?'

Michael heard only their heavy breaths working in tandem, and the hypnotising wetness of their sexes working in and out. He heard her gasps, her moans, and his own too, but he wasn't sure he knew what she meant.

'What are they saying?' he asked out of sheer wonder, not sensing that their bodies and their breathing were beginning to truly synchronise.

'Shhhh,' she shushed, and began to shudder, before Michael felt himself drenched suddenly by a trickle of warm wetness that covered him from his testicles to his knees. His eyes opened wide, so did hers, and then she was crying silently up at the ceiling.

The orgasm radiated like molten lava from the depths of her sex to her ears, paralysing her, impaled on that huge cock of his, as she ejaculated and soaked the both of them. 'Oh Michael, fuck me and feel it,' she panted and collapsed onto the bed beside him, every fibre of muscle on fire from her thighs to her loins.

That certain primal something took over in Michael once he realise what had just happened. Unfazed by the fact that they were both lying in the puddle of one incredible orgasm, he gathered her up into his arms and nursed her back down to earth.

Kisses followed kisses. 'Just...' – heavy breathing – 'just give me a second,' she scoffed and her face was a picture of disbelief.

He went straight to her tits and filled his mouth, swirling his hot tongue around her erect nipples before taking his time to suck the life out of each one. Within moments Vanessa was flinching and gasping.

'Fuck, do you know what you're doing to me?' she pleaded.

He thought he'd hurt her, and looked to her worried. She met him with a fierce kiss and begged him, 'please get back into me!'

On his haunches he could look down and see himself aligned with her burning pussy. Invitingly she spread herself open to reveal the wet pink flesh within. He grabbed his straining cock by the shaft and glided in balls deep. She grabbed his hips and began to guide his motions.

Vanessa was equally as engrossed in the sight of him melting into her, though she could only see his long thick shaft disappearing as his mons bumped her clit. What she could feel, how he filled her up so smoothly and connecting with her soul, she conveyed with her eyes and invited him closer.

Her legs hugging his hips, she pulled him to her and they made out tenderly, Michael finding his groove and rhythm.

'How is this?' he asked, lost in the most amazing sensations.

Dreamily she oozed, 'what feels good to you feels like heaven to me,' and quickly became lost in the rhythm of their wet flesh clapping steadily together. His balls against her ass turned her on all the more intensely, along with the

smooth bump and rough pubic grind of their sexes working up a lather.

'Now I really can feel our bodies talking,' she said, coming out of a dream-like state, the result of so many THC's, hormones and gorgeous orgasms. 'Are you with me, baby?'

'I'm with you,' he panted hard, 'I can feel you.'

'What's my body saying, Michael?' Vanessa searched, swallowing hard and wiping the perspiration from her brow.

'We are so deep in love right now, aren't we?' Michael breathed hard, losing himself every time he plunged deep and easy into her liquid heat.

Proudly she beamed a perfect smile, kissed him on the lips and rolled back her eyes. 'That's it, baby,' she cried. 'Oh fuck, Michael, that is it right there,' she cried louder. Just as she had done with his fingers, now Vanessa's pussy was juicing itself around his cock, moulding around him as

flawlessly as water. Every muscle, every inch of flesh worked around him, as he laboured deeper, dripping sweat.

'Oh god let me ride you,' she begged, 'let me fucking ride you again.' And suddenly Vanessa was scrambling to get back on top of him.

In one painfully blissful motion he lay, mouth agape, as he witnessed himself taken once again – her pussy enveloping him and sliding slickly down every thick inch. She moaned aloud, with barely a breath of air to afford, and began to frantically roll her hips against his.

'Let me fucking take you,' she pleaded. 'Let me fucking take you.'

Michael was coming close, verging on a new reality for which there was a point of no return and it grew closer and closer as his lover milked his burning cock for all it was worth. There was no friction, just wild wet sucking as they connected deep within and he was ready to be taken and changed forever.

'All the way, baby,' Vanessa gasped. 'Let me love you all the way there!'

'Oh holy-

Michael hit a brick wall. He didn't stop there. This feeling, this thing that was coming, nothing was going to stop it. It rose within him with an unstoppable force. Vanessa grinded herself harder and faster, lifted herself up and sucked him all the way back in again with burning desperation.

Her own end had come, a shattering climax that shook her like a ride in the electric chair. Not without the boy, she screamed internally, riding out the last of her strength like the fumes in an empty petrol tank.

Michael came from out of nowhere like a freight train smashing the fourth wall. With unforeseen strength his hips lifted her up in the air, the love muscle buried deep inside

her suddenly pulsating and spurting ropes of his hot virile young spunk.

'Holy fucking Christ,' Vanessa cried as the dam burst inside her and continued to rush deeper, and all the while Michael was crying out, his jaw locked tight, every visible muscle and sinew straining.

She collapsed into him, eyes wide and panting, the both of them a trembling sweaty mass of stewed flesh. 'Oh, my fucking word,' Michael said again and again, trailing off in time.

Part 7

Wasted might have been the most overused word in history but now it had a new meaning, and not just for Michael. Whatever this fatigue was, he had never felt it this deep in his muscles and his bones, and he was not alone. Slouched deep into the living room couch, it was a new reality for the both of them.

His naked body glowed golden in the candlelight, her hand and his intertwined by their fingers, contrasting in their opposite tones. A large dose of orange juice and another joint burning, they revelled in the warmth of each other and basked in the afterglow of that intense physical love.

'So that's lovemaking,' he said for the second time that night, and his voice was deep and smoky and dry. He almost sounded like a different person altogether. But of course, now he was a new man.

Vanessa chuckled briefly, looking up into his eyes with tired satisfaction. 'Yes it certainly is.' Again she laughed. Michael felt compelled to ask why. Reluctant at first, she thought about it. 'It's just hard to believe you really were a virgin when it came down to it.'

'I had an idea of what to do,' he supposed. 'And otherwise, I haven't stopped thinking filthy fucking thoughts about you...'

Vanessa nudged him with one elbow. 'Yep, well I think we're both guilty of that. Still, it'll be interesting to be back working for your mum next week.'

Michael didn't see how that mattered, or how anyone needed to know, even though if anything he really wanted to continue seeing Vanessa. '*Why's* that?'

'Oh, the little matter of bedding my employer's son,' Vanessa supposed a little cynically. After all, people were sensitive about these things and Victoria Bench was something of an overachiever when it came to the dramatic.

'She doesn't have to know...'

'That I'm going to be making love to her youngest son at every opportunity?' Vanessa proposed.

A smile strained Michael's lip. Sorely he began to chuckle, thinking about it. 'So, you want to keep doing this too, do you?'

Grinning like a Cheshire cat, Vanessa nodded eagerly. 'Mm-hmm,' she affirmed all too easily, and then; 'What, you didn't think you'd learn everything in one evening, did you?'

'God no,' Michael agreed whole-heartedly. 'I hoped not!'

THE END