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Adolescing, Chapter 18, February 1999

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February 1999

The act of darkness

All through our engagement I never saw Marietta without her clothes. She wore her uniform at work. At home she wore black trousers and a black jumper. She had five of each, and two black trouser suits. She never wore a skirt, or jeans, or anything comfortable. Perhaps she will wear a dress on her wedding day? I made a bet with myself because nobody could imagine Marietta being a bride. Her whole extended family turned up for her wedding, I didn't even know they were in England. All the men were in bright suits with buttonholes, all the women in big dresses and hats. I am glad that they came because they helped Mum and Dad. That day was full of hugs and kisses and singing and dancing. I joined in but Marietta hung back. Mum was crying. They all gathered around her and hugged her and talked seriously and hugged her. It was better than I expected but I lost my bet, Marietta was wearing one of her black trouser suits.

On my wedding night I couldn't think of anything else. I couldn't unpack or think about eating. I just hung around her with one thought going round and round my head:

When are we going to get undressed?

I had to wait a long time.

Finally it was time to go to bed. She hasn't got anywhere else to sleep. She undid two buttons of her blouse then stood

there, very upright and dignified. She doesn't know what to do next so I started kissing her.

I first kissed her last May and I've kissed her for hours every day since, her a quiet, dignified adult woman, me a gormless schoolboy. There is never any lipstick on her lips and she closes her eyes first. She stands waiting for me to kiss her with her eyes closed. Of course her clothes were spotless with knife edge creases, me snatching, ruffling, muddying her perfect clothes but I am her husband now!

She never wore a bra. Buttons. It was not quite the first time I had felt her breasts but it was the first time I ever saw them. Some parts of her (but not her breasts) show her age and her problems. More buttons and a zip. Her skin shows it in the places that stretch, like her neck and the top of her thighs. Her thighs are wrinkled. That very private hair has grey in it like the hair on her head.

Yes, I saw it at last. Her suit trousers had fallen down to her knees. I stepped back. I rested my hands on her hips.

'Marietta?'

She bit her lips and nodded. I slid her knickers down but she sat down quickly on the settee and doubled up to hide that hair. She looked anxiously about the room, as if she was afraid that somebody was watching.

It is only me!

but I must be a gentleman because she is a lady, a sensitive foreign lady. She was perched on the edge of the settee trembling with her knees pressed together. I sat next to her. I put my hand on her trembling knee.

'My love?'

Her knees clamped together with a jolt every time I stroked her thigh or her stomach. I was stroking one finger in the crease between her thigh and the clump of greying hair. Up and down, patience, patience, I will be doing this all

night, up, down, but her knees relaxed a little until they started to drift apart. I had a girlfriend once but she never let me look. Little soft folds and mossy hair opening up for me, what did I expect it to look like?

but women are so delicate, they should have warned me. If I touch her, she might bleed! I touched her there like I might touch her eye and felt a fluttering under my finger like an eyelid and eyelashes and, all of a sudden, trickling like tears. She gasped and whirled round, looking into the corner of the room, behind the settee but no, there is no one hiding there. Then she opened her legs a bit more but her eyes still flicked round the room. She clutched my head and kissed my face, my nose and my eye, her tongue actually touched my open eye. She must have felt my eyelid and eyelash fluttering on her tongue like I felt her private parts on my finger. She cleared her throat nervously.

'We will go to bed together now if you want to Colin,' she smiled, 'so that we can make love?'

She stood up. Her tiny pointed breasts waved up and down as if they were just silk and air. When I stared at them she turned her back on me. She put her nighty on! Then she tried to step out of her trousers but they tangled up. She had to sit down again. It took her fifteen minutes to get undressed. She folded all her clothes and put them away. I undressed too. She didn't look at me. I stood in my underpants with a spiky shape sticking out to one side. Yes? No? She'll pretend she's not looking or really not look or she'll look and think—No! I got into bed quickly and took them off under the covers.

We lay side by side in the dark. She bit her fingernail and licked her fingers. Then she put her knees up and I guessed what she was doing. She was trying it out with her fingers, reassuring herself that we would be able to do it. Here we

go! She grabbed my arm and pulled me towards her. She opened her legs wide and I wriggled myself into position. I tried to find the place, not there, I'll try here, you don't have to do this if you don't want to Marietta but she wouldn't let me off. My swollen prick prodding, scraping that red place, I read the expression on her face, fear. Then it was easy, breaking through, slipping down. She was comfortable then, her husband moving inside her, losing her virginity if she really is a virgin but she seems to know what to do now.

It felt nice. Nice in a way. Not as nice as kissing actually. I was almost seduced into going along with it but she's cheating! I can't even look any more. I can't feel it. All right but you know what I mean, really feel it, with my fingers. She has not even looked at mine. Clamped tight together, trying to make me come so then I've done it and I'll go to sleep. Another adult woman trying to control me.

Absolutely determined, I slid out of her and she opened her eyes, startled. I got up on my knees and leaned over to turn on the bedside light. The sheets fell off my back. Bright light. Her nighty was bunched up around her waist. Her legs were still hanging wide apart and lots of slicky from her insides had come off on me. She whispered,

'You're treating me like a whore!'

She blinked back tears.

'You don't even want to—? Do you like my—?'

I was still kneeling between her knees. She couldn't close them without getting out of bed but instead she stretched them wider apart.

'My cunt?'

On the last word she grinned broadly. She said some words in Czech, still grinning. I could guess what kind of words. Then she spoke in English again.

'What do you want? Instead of? Making love?'

I kissed her grinning, trembling face. I can't tell you what I want, I'm too embarrassed. Then I wriggled down the bed with my face up close to those little wrinkled lips and her arse, it bunched itself up tight when I breathed, if only, if only, would she let me? Then I would feel her little thighs and buttocks all over my face and breathe her in but is this what the priest had in mind when he pronounced us man and wife?

Every time we left the hotel room that week I saw her looking at the bed, and the carpet, the chairs, the towels, what a mess we left! She was thinking of the cleaners, all the staff at the hotel. She jumped when any of them spoke to her.

I did everything except come. The way I feel when I've just had a wank, all dirty and let down, I couldn't bear to feel that way with Marietta. Perhaps she wanted me to feel that way sometimes, to give her a rest. I had a hard on ready to burst all that week and whenever I woke up in the night we were always tangled up together. We still are. Your wife is meant to be your friend if the marriage is going to last. Well, Marietta's not my friend. I hardly know her. Now I know her even less than before. When she goes off for a couple of days to one of her conferences I am terrified that she won't come back.

Elbow grease

Hot smelly people crowding round me, breathing on me, hey! Jabbing me HEY! Oh it's you. Okay I'll move over then. Did I set the alarm? Is it time to get up yet?

I turned over onto my side. A strong woman her sleeves rolled up, big strong arms. She hauled the heavy wet cloth over and shoved it deep under and stirred it round, sloshing it around the sink. Soap scum and steamy wet clothes and her elbow still jabbing into me as she sloshed and scrubbed.

Women laughing at me, wake up! Crowding together, all the women really muddy, soaping themselves, soap bars turning mud coloured and sloshing losh losh the muddy soap lather off them, squeaks and shrieks right in my ear! Sweaty uninhibited women stripping off, big thighs and bosoms flopping in the hot water, up against me. No, I'm asleep, I'm still dreaming and this is my bed. I opened my eyes again. Wake up!

It's Deirdre! Only one woman? I thought it was lots of them but can't she keep still? She's not bad looking! I'd given up looking at her, just a big bouncy red faced woman out of breath. She's soaping herself and does she need a wash! Soapy noises like my dream, lip splip splup squelch but she's lying down in bed, how can she be soaping? Soaping? Under there? That smell isn't soap! Oh Lord I'm still asleep!

Feisty spinster

It was just a little bedsit. I thought girls like her could jump up the council list and get a proper flat. There was a hard upright chair, and a little folding table with a kettle, and

her bed and a cot. She had one of those small electric cookers but no fridge, no sink. The toilet was downstairs and there was always someone in there, she said, having a bath or washing the dishes.

I met her waddling down our street with her feet wide apart and she took me home with her. She used to live in a posh house at Maidencombe so what about your mum and dad? Couldn't they help you out?

We squeezed through the space between the cot and the table. There were cushions and teddy bears on the bed but she swept them away and lay down full length.

'I have to take the weight off my feet.'

Poor Vicky. She looked tired. Young girls her age never look tired, sleepy yes, but not tired.

She was wearing a big shapeless dress, the only kind she could wear now. She patted the bed with a mischievous grin, Sit down er, and pulled it up, right up to her bra.

'Look at this!'

I thought, This is a privilege but just as well it is me and not another bloke! Lots of blokes would have taken advantage. I could see her huge stuffed bag of a stomach and her bra too. It was funny seeing her legs because they were little matchsticks. She was just her normal size underneath all that belly. Her shoulders too, I mean, all boobs and stomach with little bony shoulders, I could see them through her dress.

Isn't it cruel? Her belly button was turned inside out. You know how women get ladders on their tights? She had ladders on her skin! Purply criss cross marks and a black line down to her pubes which weren't exactly tucked modestly away because she couldn't pull her knickers up high enough.

'Go on, feel!'

I felt where she pointed. Tight as a car tyre but she

moved my hand and pressed it flat down against her.

'There. Feel it?'

I don't understand. Feel what?

'Look!'

She took my hand away and I couldn't see anything, or just a dimple, no, a spike? a shadow? No, nothing.

'Feisty little spinster, isn't she?'

'Oh. God yes!' I thought I might faint. 'That's really him, her? It's not just you?'

'What do you think, silly?'

'Vicky, it's cool!'

We watched together like watching telly. I wanted to ask her, How did it happen Vicky? How come you aren't at uni? Or weren't you going to get married to Prince someone (they're both still at school aren't they?) Anyway, why are you stuck here with a baby kicking around inside and no man, and chatting up boys like me? but it would be rude to ask personal questions so I stroked her hair and her face. She swung her little legs around and heaved herself upright again. Her eyes were huge but she took her glasses off and gave them to me,

'I can't wear the contact lenses any more,'

and held out her arms to me. I couldn't think where to put her glasses so I kept them in my hand while I cuddled her. We started French kissing. Without thinking, I reached my other hand up and started to feel her boob. Then I stopped myself. What kind of sad git am I? Groping a pregnant girl. She was out of breath, just from kissing. She rolled on her side again panting. Her tummy got in the way of her breathing but rolling on her side made it easier.

'I was going to make you coffee. Do you want it now?'

Good idea. To be honest, I felt bad about the snogging. She started to get up but she can't see without her glasses.

Suddenly she looked so tired, she looked grey! I thought she was going to fall over. I gave her back her glasses.

'Thanks. Do you mind making the coffee, er?'

'Vicky? Yes, of course. You're okay are you love?' Love?

I had to go down to the bathroom. When I came back with the kettle filled up I thought, Should I knock?

'Oh, just a moment, come in, oh!' She peered. 'It's only you, er.'

She was smoothing down her dress. I squeezed past the cot again to plug in the kettle. Then I felt her belly on my thighs, her face on the back of my arm, cuddling up to me. Snogging time again, every kiss twice as long and twice as wet as the last one. She took my hand, guiding it.

'Don't be shy er. It's all right.'

Under her belly, under her dress, to her knickers. I was only feeling through the cloth but—Well, she had lots and lots of squashy fanny. You don't think of girls having big or small fannies but I couldn't help thinking, What a whopping great fanny! She could hear what I was thinking and giggled into my mouth while she pushed my hand against her. Then she ran out of breath and sat down on the bed again.

'Take them off for me er, I can't bend down.'

The kettle boiling, I have to switch it off. Which do I want more, coffee or? She lifted her bum off the bed a moment and I knelt down on the floor to take her knickers off. Coffee lips and purple tongues, she's a white girl but it's like a black girl's or is this normal? If you had my charm and good looks you wouldn't know either!

I stayed there, kneeling at the side of her bed. I am in the presence of something sacred, I mustn't do anything that would make my mother ashamed of me. She pulled her dress over her head. There were velcro flaps at the front of her bra. She pulled one and a breast fell out sideways.

'Do you like my body?'

'Oh. Yes.'

'I didn't have proper boobs before, remember?' I only saw her jumper at school. I used to look at everyone's jumper. Is this all right? Whatever you do, don't suck! and what about later? After she has had the baby and her boobs have? Done their duty? Will she go back to normal then?

'Don't be shy, er.' She giggled.

'I don't want to hurt you.'

'I'm used to fingers. You should see them at the clinic with all their fingers.'

'The clinic?'

She giggled. 'Don't fuss. You won't do any harm. Oh come on! Are you ready?'

Ready? Am I? I shuffled my thighs around. Yes, ready! I stood up.

'How can I?'

How can I when she's just about to, I mean, she can't have long to go now and even if I can, how? I mean I can't lie on top of her when she's that shape or can I? She was undoing my trousers. Yes! Of course I can do it, somehow. She turned over and got up on the bed on her hands and knees. She looked over her shoulder at me. I took my trousers right off and climbed up behind her. Okay, from the back, lots of boys do it this way but I can't kneel on top of her feet. I leaned over her instead, still too high up, squat down, try to get it under. It sprung out. It won't turn corners! I need a longer dick! Panicking while she reached back through her legs and waved her hand around, trying to find me. Finally she had me in her hand.

'What's up er?' She pulled me towards her but I can't do anything at all with that now.

'Sorry Vicky.'

After a minute she let go. She clung on to the bed frame and eased herself around until she was sitting on the edge of the bed again. I got off the bed and sat down next to her thinking, You pillock! She squeezed my arm.

'It's okay. I know what to do.'

She let go of my arm and grabbed her bony knees, one in each hand. Then she rolled backwards on the bed with her feet in the air. I stood up and she looked for me between her knees with her eyes screwed up.

'Come on er.'

She kept forgetting my name. I'll never forget hers! I had to half stand half kneel by the side of the bed. She looked up at me through her knees and rocked her middle in time with me. There wasn't much room with the cot at my back. I started to ache behind my legs. We are supposed to make it last but I couldn't help it.

'What a lot! Look, I'm sopping now.'

I looked. So am I. Did I really? Me and snobby Vicky and her just about to? She reached behind her with her free hand to arrange the pillows and lay full length on the bed again. She started tickling herself.

'I'll be finished in a minute. You don't mind do you? I need my jollies too.'

'Me? Oh no. I don't mind.'

She tickled herself, round and round. I watched her hand. Then I watched her face. I felt left out. I put my hand on her thigh.

'Do you want to try, er?'

She held her arms out to me and I leaned awkwardly over her belly. She moved my finger to show me and then left me to do it to her but I didn't really get the idea. She giggled again.

'Get on with you! That won't butter my crumpet. I'll have

to do it. You can watch me and learn.'

Her little legs wide apart, enormous stomach, enormous fanny, little bum, little arse. Lying heavy on the bed, one little leg stuck out over the side, tickling. Little Vicky. I laid my head down on her belly and cuddled her. She took one hand off her fanny and stroked my hair.