

'Feisty spinster' from Adolescing. Copyright © Hilary Leland 2014.

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## 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.