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Undersecretary

'Gavin?'

'Mrs Rice?' but then she snogged me! I picked up my coffee to have another sip and she snogged me again. She made me spill it on my tie but don't mention it Mrs Rice, it's a silly old tie. She undid my shirt. I looked at her clothes and thought about putting my arms round her but no, not Mrs Rice! Anyway, her daughter will be back in a minute, won't she?

'Please Gavin!'

'Yes Mrs Rice? Sorry?'

She hitched up her skirt so that she could kneel on the settee. She hitched it up higher. Oh! I looked the other way. She swung her knee over me, one knee on each side.

'Give us another kiss then.'

She took off her jacket and her blouse. I knew women's bodies a bit from Ann but we hadn't checked each other out for a long time. Okay there's magazines too but I don't really go in for them and she's nothing like that, more like Ann if anything. I couldn't see her properly at first with her leaning over me and snogging. I only felt the hard bra coming loose and her boobs spreading out sideways against my jacket. When she let me go I admit I stared, especially at the left one, it's a different shape and hangs out to the side. I mean

my left, her right, sorry. I gawped at it like a schoolboy until I remembered who she was.

'Sorry Mrs Rice.'

'Don't be silly Gavin!'

She started fumbling around with my trousers. I looked down. Well, I have nothing to be ashamed of in that department!

'Gavin?'

'Mrs Rice?' She was breathing in my ear. Her cheek was there so I kissed it, like kissing the queen.

'Stay there Gavin.'

'Yes okay. Thank you.'

She went into the kitchen. Thank God! I wiped my face and gave my hair a quick comb. Should I put it away now? I don't want to be rude. Then she came back with a tray of drinks and ice. Don't stare at her! I looked out of the French window and, gosh, is that a crossbill? I stood up to look, no, sit down! I sat down again, craning my head around. She poured gin into both glasses and added orange juice from a carton and ice. Yes, I think so, adult female, I must look it up. Perhaps she is going to kneel on top of me again, I mean Mrs Rice. She sat down next to me with the drinks.

'Stand up Gavin.'

'Oh!'

She stayed sitting down while I stood up. I can't face the window like this! I turned around and pointed it at the

television.

'I am over here Gavin.'

I turned it towards her. She gulped down her gin and orange and filled it up again but my drink is on the coffee table down there. Um, do you mind if I pick up my drink? She started to laugh.

'We'll have to do something about that!'

'Oh. Yes Mrs Rice.' Do something about what?

'Come here Gavin.'

I stepped closer to her and she bent it down into her glass with the gin and the ice. Oh, you mean that! Okay then. It looked swollen and orange through the liquid, pushing against the side of the glass. I was shivering and gritting my teeth, trying to hold on, but in the end I felt it collapse. The fluid level in the glass went down. That's like Archimedes in his bath, isn't it? She was still laughing.

'Boys like you don't fool me!'

Perched on the edge of the glass the size of a thimble, now she thinks this is my normal size but it isn't, honestly. Women don't understand about letting it get cold. It didn't reach down to the drink any more. She stuffed it all inside up to the hilt and tipped the glass upside down. Orange liquid and tumbling ice cubes, she crowed like a child,

'Little plonk between his legs

Got no sperm to hatch my eggs!'

Sticky orange drink, running down my trouser leg but

some was left in the glass. She drank it down, still laughing. I sat down next to her. I reached for my drink on the coffee table but she slid down on to the floor at my feet and kicked the coffee table out of the way. She pushed her head between my knees with my gin and orange dripping down on to her legs. Then I felt her chewing me and she spat out hairs, thphp! thpph! without taking it out of her mouth but that's amazing! I mean, it's so small that it's actually hard again! What I mean is, it could have been Anny's little firm wrinkly nipple she was chewing. Brilliant! Sometimes I wouldn't mind being a girl!

The trouble was, my trousers were wet round my ankles but I still had my shoes on so I couldn't kick them off. When she rolled onto her back again, I bent down quickly to undo my shoe laces. She was wriggling like a maggot with an itch. She kept pulling at the zip on the side of her skirt.

'Hurry up Gavin!'

Does she want me to do it now? I can't! I dropped my shoe laces and started fiddling with myself urgently but something was caught in her zip. She yanked it wriggling, yank, yank, wriggle, yank. Oh dear, don't (ha ha) get your knickers in a twist Mrs Rice! I didn't say that. I said,

'Excuse me, would you like some help?'

I knelt down beside her. She couldn't get the zip down but she had tugged her skirt over one hip, so she got a good grip and yanked. Again. Again. Again, rip! Her skirt, her tights

and her knickers all slithered down her legs together and I saw her personal belongings. Oops! I looked away and felt her kissing the back of my neck. She pulled me back by the shoulders down to the floor and held me down.

'Ready Gavin?'

'No, not quite, actually,' I was pulling myself desperately to get it ready but she turned herself around on her hands and knees. She crawled backwards over me, one knee on each side, left, right, left, right, like going head first into a fox hole. Her boobs smacked the back of my head, then her bottom widened out, coming down and I was still pulling it with my hand, trying to get it ready. 'Sorry, wait a sec, if you don't mind, Mrs Rice, you see I—' then I had a shock because she closed her eyes and started pissing.

'Oh thank God!'

It trickled and sprayed onto me, boiling hot. How disgusting! but actually that would be, how much? At least seven hundred mil! She must have been desperate! You can't blame her really.

'Are you comfortable now Mrs Rice?'

She had taken one hand off the floor. I looked along the back of her arm, her wedding ring flashing on and off in the sun, it hurt my eyes, I blinked in time, on and off. Why is she doing that? Oh well, I'm not much use to her like this, I suppose she's got to do it herself. She kept holding her breath and then her chest was straining until it burst out

again on my face. She took a long time to finish and I got a bit bored. In the end she collapsed on top of me.

'Gavin sorry old chap,' yawn. 'You're soaked!'

'Don't mention it, Mrs Rice. I'll start cleaning up now,'

but I couldn't get up while she was lying on top of me. My trousers were wet around my ankles. I was scraping my heel on the floor because if I manage to kick the other shoe off I will be able to get the wet trousers off my ankles. Has she fallen asleep? After half an hour the evening sun had made us sticky and orange, the rug too. I thought I heard a key the front door but I am safe with her and that's a brilliant smell actually! I never thought of it before. We normally only smell it in the toilet but then it's watered down.