

UNWELCOME CARE

Back in 2005 I wrote a story about a young girl breaking both wrists, and having to be looked after by her younger brother (Broken Bones). Three years later, by a sick coincidence, my wife fell on the ice and did exactly the same thing, and I had to look after her for six weeks. So there are two stories, one fiction and the other real life, of loving people looking after each other in time of need. Then I wondered what it would be like if two people who hated each other got forced into the same situation..

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Peter, James, Julie and Anne had all worked at STDZ Solutions, a small company which was involved in all sorts of computer programming. Peter and James had been at university together and had started at the company as soon as they graduated, having been recommended by one of their professors. Anne had joined later, having prolonged her stay at University to get her Masters degree. The three had worked together on some very advanced programming, and had soon got to the stage of being able to read each others' minds when he came to any problem at work. James became very close to Anne socially, but Peter never really liked her, though he had huge respect for her technical ability. Somehow they didn't hit it off, and, they rarely had any contact outside work.

The two men were alike in many ways, physically and academically, though Peter was always a little more serious than James. However, Anne and Julie were very different. Whereas Anne was academically brilliant, Julie was not at all gifted, though she was very bright in a very practical way. She had joined the company directly from school at 16 as a typist, but she soon showed that she was very quick at picking up a lot more sophisticated computer use than just word processing. She became very adapt at preparing customer presentations, spread sheets, graphics and so on, and when this was not required she became competent at routine programming and de-bugging.

Julie and Anne were also very different physically. Anne was tall and dark haired, slim and with an aura of class about her, usually very conservatively dressed. Julie was a natural blonde, and was not very tall and on the verge of being plump, and she habitually wore clothes with the neckline just a little low and the skirt hem just a little high. She was what my mother would have called "just a bit common".

Soon after they started working together, they went out with a group from the company to celebrate the completion of a difficult order, which had resulted in them getting a handsome bonus. Unusually for him, Peter had rather too much to drink, mainly because James had been slipping double vodkas into his beer, and, as they were near to Julie's flat, James helped him in and dumped him on Julie's bed. They left him there while they continued celebrating, but, eventually the party ended and Julie went back to her flat, where Peter was still in a bit of a stupor. She stripped off and put on pyjamas, rolled him over and slipped in beside him. Eventually he woke, to find that she had opened his zip and was gently caressing his cock. It wasn't long before, despite his fragile state, he was sporting a fine erection and she wasted no time in climbing aboard. Of course, he wasn't wearing a condom and she wasn't on the pill, and, as luck would have, it he impregnated her straight away.

When Julie told him that she was pregnant, Peter offered to marry her. They had slept together several times and found that they enjoyed each others' company, especially the sex at which she

was very proficient, so they decided that living together would be acceptable. In any case, Peter was a little old fashioned and strongly believed that children needed a stable married environment. They married quite quickly, before the bulge was beginning to show, which at least kept Julie's mother happy. However, on their honeymoon, their car was rammed by a drunk and, although neither was seriously injured - unlike the drunk, who was killed - Julie miscarried and the baby was lost.

At about the same time as Peter and Julie got together, James and Anne had begun to date seriously, and they were married soon after Peter and Julie returned from their ill fated honeymoon, saddened by the loss of the baby, but compensated by a large insurance payout.

The company was prospering, and had secured several major contracts and it attracted the attention of a large American outfit. Although STDZ was run as though it was a cooperative, it was in fact owned by two brothers, and, when they were made a ridiculously large offer by the Americans, they accepted it, albeit with some regrets at saying goodbye to what they had built up from nothing. Unfortunately for the employees, the new outfit intended to move all the work offshore, and would only offer jobs in Eastern Europe or the Far East. One or two people accepted, but most refused, including our four friends. Fortunately for them, they had very well tied up contracts, and, as a result, they had to be bought out with handsome pay-offs.

The four had a brainstorming session to decide whether there was any way they could set up a new company in the same line of business, but the settlement included a clause preventing them from doing so for a three year period. Then Julie, who was very good at reading contracts and looking for loopholes, pointed out that, while the restriction specifically prevented them from working together in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, it didn't have any comparable clause regarding working outside the UK.

The others quickly took up the point. There was no restriction on them bidding for British business as long as they worked from overseas. Then followed a long discussion about where they might go. The previous year they had spent two weeks all together staying at a gite in France, and Anne reminded them that the British owners had talked about selling up. This would make an ideal location, comprising two houses adjacent to each other, not too far from rail and air links and with a good broadband connection, essential for the way they intended to work.

James was delegated to contact the owners to see if they were willing to sell, and to negotiate a price. Fortunately, he was able to get a good offer, and they all went out to recheck the place and ensure that it was as suitable as they remembered. After a bit of negotiating, a deal was done, and, unlike most French housing transactions, the formalities were arranged quickly, and, in a surprisingly short time they were installed in the two houses, their internet connections were up and running and they were ready for business.

They had used the time between the offer of redundancy and their departure date to talk to all the contacts that they had made over the years and had got enough offers of work to keep them busy for some time, and, as soon as they were established with all the appropriate formalities arranged with the French tax authorities and health care sorted out, Peter and Anne started work on a couple of firm orders, while James and Julie concentrated on preparing presentations for new business, travelling to several potential clients in Britain and France.

They soon settled into the routine of their new life, trying to integrate as much as they could

with their French neighbours, helped by the fact that Peter, James and Anne were quite proficient at French, having taken it at A level, while Julie managed quite well without having much in the way of grammar. However, one down side of the relationship was that Peter and Anne were inevitably thrown together much more even when they were not working, and, although they had no problems at work, they became even more antagonistic on a social level. Quite simply, they didn't like each other, though both were careful not to make it too obvious to their respective partners.

After nearly two years they had become well established in their line of business, and had got to the stage of being able to pick and chose the work that they did. When one major contract was nearing completion, the customer requested a technical presentation at their establishment to liaise with their staff and ensure that the programmes under submission would interface with the existing software. As Peter and Julie had done all the basic programming, it was decided that they should visit the customer in London. The only conversation between the two was regarding their work, and when they weren't talking about work - they just weren't talking. Even with this strained atmosphere they managed to present a united and apparently amicable front to the customer.

Their visit lasted three days, and it was with considerable relief that they returned to France. However, the pleasure was short lived. When Peter got to his front door he was surprised to find it locked, and when he unlocked and went inside he immediately sensed that something was wrong, especially as it was very cold. He looked around, and saw an envelope on the table, and when he opened it he could hardly believe his eyes. It was a letter from Julie telling him that she had left him to go and live with James, and that she would be wanting a divorce. She said she would be ringing him to discuss details.

Peter had only just taken in the words, when the front door crashed open and Anne stormed in. Normally, she was very ladylike and rarely swore, and then only minor words, so he was more than startled by her words.

'What the fuck is happening? James says he has gone off with your little tart. I always thought she was a nymphomaniac slut, and I suppose you couldn't fuck her often enough to keep her ravenous cunt satisfied. What the fuck happens now.'

'Well, for starters I'm going to put the heating on so I don't suffer from hypothermia.'

He went to switch on the boiler, came back and plugged in a fan heater.

'First of all, let's get over the civilities. I assume that you are too bloody frigid to give James the sex he wanted, but I don't really care. They've gone, and your demonstration of foul language might make you feel better, but, much as I dislike you, it would be a good idea if we try to be rational and consider our little predicament in a slightly calmer manner. First thing, I don't want Julie back, I've no intention of being shit on twice from that plump bottom. How do you feel about James.'

'If I could lay hands on him just now he wouldn't ever screw Julie or anyone else come to that, and I can't imagine I'll ever want him back.'

'Right, let's have a drink and something to eat, then sleep on it and decide on a plan of campaign

tomorrow. And let's keep our tempers under control if we want to make sure that we come out of this without total disaster. Our marriages have gone, we've still got careers and the rest of our lives in front of us, and we want to ensure that we don't screw them up.'

'OK, sorry for the outburst, it won't happen again. I don't much care for the sound of myself swearing, I'll keep it under control in future.'

'Just one more thing. We don't like each other, but then we never have really and it hasn't stopped us having a very successful business relationship, I'm willing to continue that for as long as it takes to get things sorted. What about you.'

'It's infuriating, but I enjoy working with someone I dislike, so I'm willing to give it a go.'

Next day they had a long strategy discussion and started the process that would enable them to recover from the apparent disaster. They were contacted by a solicitor working for the other two, who outlined the basis on which he hoped to sort out both the end of their marriages and the financial problems that would arise. After a lot of to-ing and fro-ing they reached an agreement that left Peter and Anne with the business and the two houses with immediate payments and the balance to be paid over a two year period. They then began a period where they worked non stop, seven days a week, sixteen hours a day, and, after a year or so, there was light at the end of the tunnel - and it wasn't an oncoming train. They could see that they should be able to pay off the other two well in advance of the agreed time - though they decided that they would hold back some payment till the latest moment, partly just to be difficult, but also to invest the balance and get a useful income from it.

All was going well until an unforeseen accident occurred. The weather had been exceptionally cold for the area, and overnight there had been a light fall of snow which had frozen. Peter was washing up his breakfast dishes at the sink in front of the window overlooking the front of Anne's house, and he half noticed her leaving her doorway when he heard a loud cry and, when he looked up, he saw her spread-eagled on her back. He started to laugh, then, as he watched, he realised that she was having a job to get up, so he went out to see what the problem was.

'I missed that, would you care to do it again.' he said as he put out a hand to pull her up.

'Don't touch my hands, I think I've broken something.'

He realised that she was in real pain, so he lifted her up by her armpits and supported her into her house. She was shedding tears of pain and frustration.

'Shit, shit, shit. I've done something major to both of my wrists. Hopefully it's only a sprain, but it feels worse.'

'All right, I'll take you into the hospital and they'll X-ray it for you. Keep your fingers crossed - if you can.'

'Very droll.'

Peter fetched her top coat, but she couldn't get her arms in the sleeves, so she showed him where she kept a heavy cloak, and he put that round her, then, after getting his own coat, he took

her out to his Range Rover and helped her get in, but, when she tried to put on the seat belt, she couldn't, so he had to lean across her and plug it in for her. He drove the twenty miles to the hospital, helped her out of the car and into the A&E department. There she was directed to the X-ray department, and, after a short wait, they learned that she had broken not one wrist, but two, and they were directed back to the doctor who put both of her wrists in plaster.

'You are lucky, I don't need to immobilise the elbows, but you must try and keep the wrists supported as much as possible. I'm sorry I've had to take it over your fingers, but, if you move them, it'll not heal properly. Come back in six weeks, and I'll take it off.'

'Six weeks! How can I manage with both hands out of action?'

'Well, your husband will have to look after you.'

'He's not my husband, he's just my business partner. I'm not letting him near me!'

'OK, I'll ring your GP to see what he can arrange for you. Phone him when you get home and he'll tell you what he can suggest. I'll give you a prescription for pain killers, in case you feel the need.'

Peter helped her out and into the car. By then it had started snowing fairly heavily. Peter stopped at a pharmacy to get the painkillers, then drove home through what turned into a real blizzard, and the snow was laying heavily. The main road had been salted, but even so the snow was laying on it, and when he turned off onto the minor roads leading to their houses he had to engage the anti-skid selector on the Range Rover gearbox. The windscreen wipers were struggling to keep up with the snow, and Peter was quite relieved to arrive back home. He took Anne into his house, and immediately rang the GP. He put the phone on speaker mode so Anne could hear what was said, and it wasn't good news. After Peter had explained the position, the doctor made the position quite clear.

'It's like this, Monsieur. Normally I could arrange for the district nurse and an auxiliary to call, or, if that wouldn't work, she could go into the local rest home and be looked after there. However, we have two problems. One, the rest home is jam packed with old people who have slipped and broken limbs, and, two, until this snow clears there's no chance that anyone can get to you, and the forecast is that it won't clear for several days. I can't even arrange a helicopter because it's too busy with accidents, or at least it would be if it could fly in these conditions. I realise that this will be highly embarrassing for you, but I have no other suggestion to make except that you should look after the lady. I'm very sorry, and, when the weather improves, I'll see if we can arrange something more satisfactory.'

There was a long silence after he rang off. They just looked at each other, till finally Anne spoke.

'What can I do. I'm completely useless, with my fingers plastered. I suppose if you would cut the plaster back far enough to free them, I could manage.'

'Great idea. You heard what the man said - if they aren't immobilised the wrists won't heal properly, and you'll be out of action for even longer, never mind the risk of permanent damage. I'm afraid I'm just going to have to look after you.'

'What do you suppose you are going to do!'

'Feed you like a baby, give you drinks with a straw, hold a hankie when your nose runs, clean your teeth, take your knickers off when you want a pee, wipe your arse after you've had a shit, and, assuming you don't want to live in an unwashed state, wash you and change your clothes. As I've no intention of going to and fro between houses you'll have to live here, and, as you know, I've got both the spare rooms stripped so you'll have to share my bed - and don't bother to say it, I have no wish to do anything other than sleep with you, you needn't worry on that score.'

'You think you're going to do that?'

'Got any other suggestions? Oh, I forgot another little task. If you start the curse....I assume you've not gone through the menopause...so I'll have to deal with that little detail.'

Anne's face had been aghast as he detailed his potential duties, but, when the realisation sunk in that he would be having to be dealing with blood soaked tampons in her vagina, the tears started to roll down her cheeks. Peter waited a few moments, then got a tissue and mopped her tears and held it so she could blow her nose.

'I'm sorry about that, your last proposal was just a bit much. Don't worry, I shan't do it again. I've got to ask, since you dislike me as much as I dislike you, why on earth should you say you'll look after me?'

'All sorts of reasons. One is that there is a French law that requires you to go to the aid of someone in need of physical help, though I'm not sure they had this in mind. Another is that I'll have my hands all over you, and I can imagine how you'll hate that. Then there is the thought that, if you're here we can find a way of getting you working, and I need you to keep up with the orders. And then, for what it's worth, is the fact that I'm a paid up member of the human race, and, as such, I can't just abandon you to starve in your own shit and filth. Does that answer your question?'

'Yes, I guess it does. Now, on a brighter note, I'm busting for a pee. I should have asked the nurse at the hospital to help me, but it didn't occur to me, so I'm afraid it's your first chance to nurse me.'

Peter followed her into the bathroom, where she stood in front of him with her back to the toilet. He stepped forward and undid the button on the waist of her jeans, then pulled the zip down. He took the waistband in both hands and slowly pulled it down to her knees, uncovering her thighs topped by a plain white and very unsexy knickers.

'Now for the great unveiling.' she said, as he took hold of the elastic at her waist and pulled down, showing him a dark triangle of curly hair, through which the top of her vulva cleft could just be seen. She sat down on the seat.

'I'll go while you're doing that. Give me a shout when you are ready.'

'Don't bother, unless the sound of urine hitting the pan bothers you. I guess this will be one of the least of my embarrassing moments over the next few days.'

While she was pissing – as she said, the sound of urine hitting the pan was pretty unexciting – he suddenly had what he thought was a bright idea.

'If you wear a skirt and no knickers, you could do this on your own, couldn't you?'

'Yes, that could work. I don't go all that often, or at least, not when I'm not drinking beer, so that would at least be one little chore I could look after. Could we go to my house and sort some clothes out, please?'

'OK, will do. Now, have you finished? Oh God, I've just thought of something. Julie always used to sort of mop herself with a piece of toilet paper after she had peed. Do you want me to....?'

'No, I don't usually drip, I'll spare you that.'

She stood up – having to make an effort without the use of her hands to push with – and he pulled up her knickers, tucking the waist under her tee shirt, and as he put his arms around her to adjust the elastic at the back, his face came fairly close to her waist, and he caught an unexpected aroma of woman coming from between her legs, smelling just a little of her piss and that of a vulva that hadn't been washed recently. He then pulled up the jeans and buttoned and zipped them.

He took her into the kitchen and made a cup of coffee, then found a box of straws that had been bought when his sister had visited with her children, and Anne was able to drink without further help. He then went to the freezer and brought back a pre-cooked meal, which he then heated up.

'Lucky my freezer's full, or we'd soon be a bit hungry.'

'Oh, mine's got plenty as well. I've got a load of veg and fruit that Jules gave me, and I've got several loaves of bread.'

(Jules was a retired Frenchman who lived nearby. He loved gardening, but, due to the peculiarities of French succession law, his children had inherited his house and garden when his wife died, and he had moved into a small house with virtually no garden. He was delighted when his English neighbours offered to pay him for looking after their large gardens, and produced masses of vegetables and soft fruit which kept them all well supplied, and both houses had big freezers that were fully stocked.)

After they had eaten, he cleared the worst of the snow away from the path between their two houses and took her next door to sort out some clothing. While she was there, she took a long skirt out of a wardrobe and asked him to put it on for her. He undid her jeans and pulled them down, realising half way that he needed to remove her shoes first. He finally got the jeans off, then pulled down her knickers, noting, without comment, how attractive her legs were, topped off by the bushy hair of her pubis. Then he held out the skirt for her and, as she stepped into it, he caught a view of her furry vulva lips.

After the skirt was on and fixed, she remarked 'Of course, a gentleman would have put the skirt on first before removing the knickers.'

'It's a bit of hard luck for you that you didn't find a gentleman to look after you.'

'Sorry, I really am grateful.'

Then she asked him to put a few clothes and toilet items in a bag, and they returned to his house. It was now early evening, and they sat down with a drink, which she had to drink through a straw, and discussed what was to be done.

'Look, I know this is hard for you having to be looked after by your pet hate, but I'll try and treat you like a...I don't know, as though I was a nurse, with a patient I don't care for but must look after as part of a job. I've got to see you at your most vulnerable and I'll have to get my hands all over you, but I'll be as quick as I can and try to keep the embarrassment down to a minimum.'

'Thanks for that. You aren't actually my pet hate, you come quite a way behind James and your tart ex-wife. Nevertheless, that still leaves a lot of hate, and I'm just grateful that at least I like working with you. Which we should talk about, to see how much I can contribute with no hands.'

'Let's leave that till the morning. First, what's your routine as far as your bodily functions are concerned. When do you shower, what are your eating habits, what time do you go to bed, clean your teeth, have a dump.'

'I'm prepared to fit in with whatever you wish to do, but, on my own, I get up at about seven, breakfast on cereal and toast and marmalade, sit with a cup of tea for a few minutes, then I'm ready to shit and shower. After that it's just work and eat whenever I feel the need. I usually go to bed at about eleven, unless there's anything interesting on TV, which is pretty rare. Before bed I'll shower in the summer if I've been doing anything to make me sweat, if not I don't bother, I'll just wash my face and hands. I clean my teeth morning and night, and that's about it, really.'

'What do you wear in bed - I didn't notice you putting any night dress in the bag?'

'Oh, I hadn't thought of that. I don't normally wear anything, I suppose I'll wear knickers and bra.'

'If you recall, you haven't got any knickers - you agreed not to wear them to save me groping every time you have a pee, and I'm not going looking for them now. Wait a moment, I've just thought, I've got just the thing for you.'

He went to his bedroom and came back with a fancy cardboard box which he opened in front of her. He lifted out a skimpy short nightdress, made from a totally transparent black material and with a cleavage that would probably reach to the navel. With it was a matching pair of pants, equally transparent, and with wide legs for easy access.

'I bought these for Julie's birthday, but she didn't stay to get them.'

'Yes, very Julie I would say, not very Anne. Thanks, but no thanks.'

'You're too bloody fussy. Would these be more suitable?' And he produced a pack of men's

underpants. 'I managed to pick up a small size pack, they probably wouldn't be too silly on you - they won't go near my arse.'

'I should think they'll fit the bill. I don't know why I'm bothering really, but...' Her voice trailed off.

'OK, I understand. For what it's worth, I usually sleep naked as well, but I'll wear my boxers while we're sharing a bed.'

They sat and watched English television for a while - one of the parameters in deciding where to live in France had been to be able to pick up the English satellite broadcasts - then they decided it was time for bed. They went through into the bathroom and Peter took a new brush head for his electric toothbrush and began to brush her teeth. This operation he found to be particularly difficult, sliding the brush up under her lips and behind her teeth, and she wasn't very happy about it either. Much later, they agreed that it had been the task that he had least been able to perform well, and he was frequently scrubbing her gums too hard, banging her teeth and trapping her lip between the brush and her teeth on one occasion. He was also able to show that he was not adept at flossing for her. Obviously, dentistry wasn't ever likely to offer itself as an alternative profession.

After the teeth cleaning débâcle, she had a pee, which she was able to manage unaided, then they went into the bedroom. There he produced a pair of pants and bent down so that she could step into them, and he could slide them up under her skirt. He unfastened her skirt and let it drop and she could clear her feet. He straightened out the pants, and found they weren't too bad a fit, though they looked a bit odd, not being designed to fit the more generous curves of a woman's buttocks. He then took off her tee shirt, struggling to slide the arms over her plaster casts, and uncovering generous breasts encased in a plain white bra, showing off a pleasant but modest cleavage.

He drew back the bed clothes and helped her into bed and covered her, then he went into the bathroom to clean his own teeth and have a pee. Back in the bedroom, he took off all his clothes except his boxers, and slipped into bed beside her. The bed was King sized, and they were easily able to leave a gap between them without having to lie on the edges.

'Look, Anne, Julie used to moan sometimes about me using more than my side of the bed when I turned over in the night. All I can tell you is that, if I bump into you it's not deliberate, so just give me a good push and I'll move.'

'Same thing applies to me, though I don't usually move very far. By the way, I've never been accused of snoring, how about you?'

'Dunno. Julie was always asleep that fast - well, afterwards, if you see what I mean - that I doubt she'd have known, and it certainly wasn't one of the sins I was accused of. You'll just have to let me know, won't you. Now, good night, don't have nightmares about what tomorrow will bring.'

'Good night.'

They managed to pass the night without encroaching on each other's space, and were woken in the morning by the bedside radio broadcasting the BBC Today programme. Peter got out of bed

straight away, and, after having had a pee, he helped Anne out, and left her to pee while he went and prepared breakfast. When she appeared in bra and his pants, he realised that she had no robe, so he went and got one that Julie had left, and helped her into it. He then fed her cereal and toast, taking a mouthful of his own in between each piece that he fed into her mouth. After they had drunk coffee, the moment she had been fearing arrived

'Are you ready for your shower?'

'I need to do a dump before that.'

'I'd forgotten that. If you go and perform and then give me a shout I'll come and do the necessary. Can you get those pants off yourself.'

'It'd be quicker if you did it, and if you take my robe off it will avoid accidents.'

He went into the bedroom with her and disrobed her, then took off her pants and left her to go in the bathroom while he tidied the bedroom and made the bed. It wasn't long before she called out and he went to help her. He tore off some toilet roll, folded it, then went to clean her up. She was leaning forward, but he couldn't really see what he had to do.

'Do you think that you could sort of squat forward so I can see what I'm doing.'

'Like this?' She said as she lifted her bottom off the seat and leaned well forward. Now he had a better view, and could see right down to her anus, as her arse cheeks had spread quite widely. He saw some brown marking around the pink puckered hole, and he wiped across it, trying to visualise exactly what he did when he wiped his own arse. He pressed his fingers a little way into her passage, then withdrew and examined the results. There was a brown smear on the paper, so he dumped it and repeated the process with a clean piece, which this time showed no marking.

'That seems OK. I'll give it a wash in the shower, just to finish it off.'

'Thanks Peter, that's something new to write in my diary. "Bloke next door wiped my arse this morning", that's if I could write and if I kept a diary. Now to the next embarrassment. Have you got a couple of big plastic bags to protect these plasters in the shower?'

'Better than that, one of the nurses gave me a couple of special sleeves just for that purpose. Bright girl, she'd obviously met the problem often enough before. Come on, then, let's go.'

He fitted the protective sleeves, which had elasticated cuffs to ensure that no water would get inside to soften the plaster. He then took off her pants, then to the final unveiling by taking off her bra. Her breasts were large and firm, with pale pink aureoles surrounding generous dark pink nipples. He just stood and admired her for a brief moment.

'Very nice.' was his only comment, to which she didn't respond.

He slipped off his own robe, but left on his boxers, which she could not help but notice appeared to be well filled. He turned on the shower and waited while the temperature stabilised. It was a big walk-in shower, with plenty of room for them both. She went in under the jet, and he took a flannel and tipped some gel onto it, then washed her face and neck, remembering to clean her

ears. She didn't say anything, but it reminded her of how her mother used to wash her when she was little. After rinsing her face, he moved on to her arms, or as much of them as was available above her plasters. Then he turned her round and began to wash her back.

It was the first time he had really seen her naked, and he admired the musculature of her shoulders, tapering down to a well defined waist and then out over her hips, surmounting the firm globes of her buttocks and down to shapely thighs and calves. Altogether, it was a very attractive sight, and he quickly realised that, although he might dislike her mentally, there was no doubt that it was going to be difficult nursing this lovely body without his physical attraction becoming obvious. Already he could feel his penis stirring, and he made a resolution to masturbate before these sessions took place. For the moment, he just had to use a lot of will power, and hope he didn't get too obvious.

He carried on washing, his hand moving quite briskly, working his way down from her shoulders, across her firm back and down to her delightfully rounded arse. He washed around the cheeks and then slid down into the crack dividing them, but stopped before he came to her anus. He then carried on down her legs, washing each in turn from her bottom right down to her ankles, his hand sliding between the tops of her thighs, not quite touching the root of her divide. He then turned her round and, as she lifted each foot in turn, he washed her feet, taking care to wash between her toes. As he knelt in front of her he was very aware of the furry vulva, which parted slightly as she lifted each foot in turn. He then washed the fronts of her legs, but, when he came to the tops he carefully ensured that he only washed around the outer edge of the hair covered area, and he proceeded over her hips and across her belly, which was very slightly rounded, but was firm under his touch.

Now he had arrived at the more sensitive areas. He re-soaped the flannel, and washed across the top of her chest, then moved down to her breast. He cupped it and moved quickly across the succulent flesh - too quickly, perhaps, as she winced.

'Sorry, did I hurt you?'

'It's a bit of a sensitive area, if you could be a bit more gentle, please. I realise you're trying to be as quick as you can, but, even so...'

'It's the first time I've approached a breast with anything other than sexual intent, I'll try and get a better compromise between a scrub and a caress.'

She smiled, and he recommenced his washing. This time he treated her breasts as though he was caressing them, but avoided squeezing her nipples when he was passing over the peaks of her mounds. He was still quite quick in washing them, being careful to clean the small crease under each breast. Now all that remained was the very private area between her legs.

'How carefully do you want me to clean up down under?'

'Just a quick slosh over it will be more than enough for me.'

He did as he was told, just passing the flannel briefly from back to front over her outer lips as she stood with slightly parted legs. She shuddered slightly as his hand passed over her sex, but she said nothing. Then as his final act, he bent her forward and washed her anus, pressing a little

at the centre to ensure that she was thoroughly cleaned.

After he had finished with the soapy flannel, he unhooked the shower and rinsed her off, including directing the spray up between her legs to rinse her vulva and anus. Then he turned off the shower and got a towel to dry her off. Again he was careful how he touched her breasts and between her legs, though he also ensured that she was thoroughly dry before taking her into the bedroom, where he sat her down with a robe round her shoulders while he went back in the bathroom to shower himself.

As he took off his boxers his penis popped up, and with a few hand motions it became hard. He stood under the shower with the water spraying on his erection as he began to slide his foreskin quickly back and forth. He could not get the image of Anne out of his head, the sight of her firm rounded body firmly imprinted, and, even though he had only touched her breasts through the flannel, the sensation of resilient living flesh had reminded him that it was some time since he had touched a woman's body. It was not long before the white fluid spurted from his urethra, and he quickly washed himself and rinsed away the soap. He dried off and put on the clean boxers that he had remembered to take in with him - normally he would have wandered around naked.

He now had the task of dressing Anne. As she was not going to wear any knickers, he first put on her skirt, then he took her bra and, as she held her arms out, he slipped the straps up to her shoulders. He had watched Julie dress often enough to realise the next move, so he held the cups out a little and, without being asked, Anne leaned forward so that her breasts fell into the cups, and he pulled the straps together round her back and hooked the ends together. When she straightened up, it was clear that the bra cups were only partly in place, and she was bulging out under the restraints. He knew what needed to be done, but was reluctant to take the next step.

'Shall I...tidy things up a bit?'

'You'd better, I can't go around half in and half out. Just be quick, please.'

He stood behind her and put his arms round her so that he could hold the bottom of the cup with one hand, and with the other he slid his fingers down inside the fabric so that he was holding the weight of the flesh and lifted so that it was drawn into the cup. He repeated the process with the other breast, and she was now properly supported. The whole process had only taken a few moments, but it was enough to confirm that her breasts felt as good as they looked. The warmth, the texture of her skin covering the firm flesh, and the weight in his hand was electric. He had felt the different texture of her nipples as his fingers slid across them, and had he really felt that the second nipple felt more prominent than the first? When he looked at the fabric covered mounds, he could see that both nipples were pushing small bumps at the centre of the cups, confirming his thought that the contact between hand and breast had an effect on her as it did on him, and he was thankful that he had just wanked himself, reducing the effect on his penis which, even so, he had felt stirring in his boxers.

The rest of the dressing was uneventful, putting on a tee shirt and sweater, socks and slippers. He combed her hair before he finished dressing himself, and then they moved into the office to get down to work. Since she only had the tips of her fingers available, she was unable to use a mouse, and, as they were both using desk top computers there was no finger pad that she might have been able to manipulate. However, they had installed voice recognition programmes, and had incorporated them into the contract on which they were working. A major task outstanding was

the production of the instruction manual, and it would be possible for Anne to produce the text for this using a headset, and with minimum need for Peter to intervene.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully, Peter taking time out to prepare meals and to feed Anne. The skirt and no knickers plan worked well, and she was able to pee without any help. The snow was still falling gently, and, when Peter checked the weather forecast on the web, it showed no signs of letting up in the near future. She looked at the meteo over his shoulder.

'It doesn't look as though you're going to get a rest from baby minding for a bit.'

'No, I don't see how the doctor can get to us in this lot, and, even if he could I'm not sure what help he could offer. The one thing you don't seem to need is medical care. So I suppose we'll just have to carry on as we are for a bit. At least you haven't had a strop yet, which is a bit of a change.'

'I know I'm a stroppy cow, but I know which side my bread is buttered, and at the moment it's you that's buttering it.'

They got through the day with no problems, Anne's use of the voice recognition programme working well and enabling her to get through something near a normal day's work. When it came to bedtime again he combed her hair, cleaned her teeth and then took off her clothes, all except her bra. He went to put on a pair of his underpants for her, but she stopped him.

'Don't bother. I had to get out for a pee last night and it was a hell of a struggle to get them off and on - it'll be simpler to go without.'

So when he slid into bed beside her, she was naked except for her bra. It was odd the difference it seemed to make. He hadn't touched her the night before, there was no reason why he should touch her tonight, but the knowledge that her sex was unprotected in any way made him far more aware of her presence. He kept well away from her, which was just as well as his penis was well aroused. Finally he managed to focus his mind on work instead of thinking about the warm, inviting body next to him, and he went to sleep.

Next morning they went through the same routine of breakfast and showering until he was about to wash between her legs.

'Peter, little as I want your hands interfering with me, I fear that I need a slightly more thorough washing down there. If not, I guess I'll get a bit mucky, and I doubt you'll want to share your bed with a woman with a smelly chuff. If you could just delve inside a bit more, that should do the trick.'

'No, unwashed pussy somehow doesn't appeal. I gather that Lord Nelson used to write to Emma Hamilton telling her not to wash when he was due to return from a voyage, but it's not something I'd much want to experience. Anyway, I guess I know what the geography is like, so I'll do what I can. It might be easier if you put one foot up on the seat, then I'll be able to see where I am without too much groping.'

The shower was fitted with a fold down seat, and Anne lifted her foot and rested it there. As the seat was quite high, this meant her vulva was spread wide, and when Peter bent down he could see

the opened outer lips and the pink inners just parted a little. With the soapy flannel he used one finger to slide down the grooves either side between the inner and outer, then he cautiously pressed against her pussy lips, which parted a little more so that he could enter enough to wash the edge of the slit. Finally he slid the finger up over the hood of her clitoris, and then removed it.

'Is that OK?'

'Yes, thank you, that should keep me hygienic.'

He noticed that her voice sounded slightly shaky, and when he dried her he realised that her nipples were quite hard. He tried to imagine what it would be like if the position was reversed and it she who was washing his genitals, and realised that he would have a monster erection, so he guessed that what he had done to her would certainly affect her in some sense, though whether it would be pleasurable or disgusting, he couldn't imagine. Considering her dislike of him, probably the latter. When he went to dress her she told him not to bother with a bra.

'Just let 'em swing for a bit, I shan't be doing anything energetic, so they won't get over excited.'

Peter did as she said, guessing that she wanted to avoid the need for him to manipulate her breasts, and, although he had enjoyed the feel of her warm flesh, he thought it probably was for the best. However, the sight of the two luscious mounds moving under her tee shirt was some compensation, especially when she got a little chilly and her nipples thrust proudly against the thin material.

A few days passed uneventfully as they had developed a work routine where she got on with the Instruction Manual while Peter worked beside her, stopping to help her with some operations where the mouse was needed or to load the printer. After he had prepared a meal for them in the evening, they sat with a drink, talking about the contract and what they needed to do to complete it. Fortunately, the deadline date for delivery was not until after she was due to be out of plaster, which would make the final preparation and the presentation a lot easier. Suddenly, one evening she interrupted the talk.

'Do you realise what the date is?'

He looked at his watch. 'Bloody hell, it's Christmas Eve, and I haven't bought your present yet. It'll just have to be the same as last year.'

'You mean bugger all? Which, strangely, is what I got for you. Wait, I have an idea for something you might like, but we'll need to go next door to get it.'

What, now?'

'Yes, now.'

The snow had stopped and they both slipped on boots and coats and went to her house, taking care not to slip on the packed snow. She led him to the back kitchen, where her freezer was situated. Following her instructions he opened it and took out a frozen bird, together with a

couple of other packs. When they returned to his house, she instructed him to open all the packs, disclosing a frozen pheasant, parsnips and brussels sprouts, not to mention a Christmas pudding, some mince pies and a big lump of Stilton cheese.

'I got that lot in for last Christmas before the bastard left with your bitch. It's been there rather longer than the books say it should, but I reckon it will be all right. I assume that you've got some decent wine to go with it.'

'I've got champagne and a decent Bourgogne, plus a Montbazillac for the pudding and the cheese. The only problem I can see is who do you think will cook it? It's way out of my league, as you might have guessed by now. Ready meals, yes, pasta perhaps, but not much beyond that.'

'We'll cook it together. My brains and your hands. For once you'll have to do exactly as I say.'

And that's just what they did. Anne stood beside him and took him through every step of the cooking, and, as a result, he produced a very edible Christmas dinner. By the time they had eaten the meal and got through several bottles of wine, they were in a pleasantly soporific state, and dozed off watching yet another Morecombe and Wise Christmas special replay. When he awoke, Peter went and made coffee, and also brought glasses of brandy. Anne had got used to drinking all her liquids through straws, but, when it came to the brandy she took a little sip and started to choke. Peter patted her back till she recovered, then he decided he would help her with it. He was sitting on the settee on her left and he put his right arm round her and offered the glass to her lips, so that she could sip it, while he drank from his own glass held in his left hand. Although he had been nursing her naked body, this action seemed much more intimate, and he felt quite affectionate towards her. After she had finished he, somewhat reluctantly, disengaged from her, and got up to tidy up the kitchen. When he moved away from her, she too felt that they had shared a moment that was a bit special.

When he had cleared up, it was time for bed and he went through the routine of preparing her for bed. When he got into bed, he was very tempted to put his arms around her, but he then thought that it would be a good idea to see how he felt about her when he was sober. She was sat up beside him, her naked breasts visible.

'Peter, I've got to thank you for making today much more fun than I would ever have expected. Last Christmas was an absolute bloody disaster, as you may well remember. I don't know about you, but I had a ham sandwich and got totally pissed, tonight I feel well fed and just ever so slightly pissed.'

'Well, I've gone a whole day without loathing you, so that must mean something. Just to make up for it, we'll have to work twice as hard for the next few days to catch up.'

'How nice. Oh, bloody hell, do you want some really exciting news?'

'Go on, this sounds ominous.'

'I'll start the curse tomorrow, so I'm afraid you'll have an extra bit of pussy groping to do.'

'Oh God, what fun. Still if today is what Pre Menstrual Stress does for you, it could be worse.'

He leaned over and gave her a quick kiss on her cheek, then turned away from her and lay down to sleep. He didn't sleep immediately, mulling over the day, and how their relationship seemed to be changing subtly. He did not find her any less objectionable, or did he - well, perhaps slightly less, but then he rationalised that their physical contact was undoubtedly clouding his judgement. Had he but known it, she was going through the same thought process. While in theory his hands interfering with her body was revolting, in fact when he washed her breasts she felt her nipples responding, and when he slid the flannel across her vulva and over the shield of her clitoris, the feeling of revulsion was tempered by an electric sexual response. Still, now he will have to put a tampon in her vagina, that should destroy any sexual feelings, especially when he has to take it out, soaked in blood. With those somewhat disturbed thoughts their Christmas day memories soon faded in sleep.

Next day started as normal till he started to prepare her for the day in the bathroom and he remembered the imminent period.

'You'd better tell me all about what I've got to do. Julie kept the curse to herself, so, though I obviously understand what's going on inside you, I only have a vague idea of the mechanics of what you do and the timing and so on.'

'It's not too difficult, even for a man to understand. If you look in my bag you'll see a packet of tampons. Got it? Well, wash me first and then you can put one in for me. Luckily for us both I am absolutely regular, and I bleed for four days. I change the tampon three times the first day, then twice for the next three, so now you know how much you've got to put up with. I don't bleed a tremendous amount and I don't leak, so not too messy then. I'll show you what to do as we go along.'

Peter washed her as usual, though, remembering the feelings he had had about her the night before, he was careful to be as quick as possible when washing her breasts and her vulva, but, even so, he felt a little shudder in her body as he washed over her clitoris. When he had dried her he moved on to the next activity - the tampon insertion.

'Right, take a tampon out of its packet and have a look at it. See it's got one tube inside another. You hold the big tube and push it up inside me and, when it's right in, you push the small tube up inside and that frees the tampon. Then you pull the tubes out over the string, and that's it. Right, I'll put one foot on the seat to give you a bigger target.'

She stood on one leg with her vulva spread wide and Peter took the tampon as directed and went to insert it.

'Sorry, two more details. First, and I expect you'll have guessed this, the vagina is angled backwards, about the same angle as an erect penis if you can remember what that looks like. And second, and I hate saying this, you'll need to spread my vagina lips open with your spare hand. Go on, go for it. I'll tell you when it's right inside.'

Peter looked at her spread vulva and her vagina lips protruding slightly as a result of how she was standing. He decided that the obvious way to do the job was to put his palm on her pubis and place his first and second fingers in the grooves between her inner and outer lips. Then he opened them and saw her inner lips part, exposing the dark pink of her vagina, which glistened slightly. He felt her shudder as his hand probed her sex, and he heard her sharp intake of breath, and he guessed

that she was really hating this, but he carried on and then, following her directions found that the tampon slid in easily, till she told him it was fully home, then he pushed in the small tube inside the large and found he could withdraw both tubes, leaving her with the white string protruding. She had asked him to put on a pair of knickers in case of any untoward blood loss, so this he did.

'Thanks, Peter.' Her voice was a bit unsteady. Much as she hated being interfered with in this intimate way, particularly by someone she so disliked, his touch on her secret flesh had an effect that she was still denying even to herself. She couldn't possibly enjoy being touched there...could she?

The day was interrupted a couple of times while he had to help her when she needed to pee, as she couldn't manage her knickers, and later she told him it was time to change her tampon. Because the house, like her own, was not on main drainage but had a septic tank, tampons could not be flushed away as normal. He had remembered that from Julie and had put a liner in the bathroom pedal bin, ready to accept the used tampon.

'It's going to be easier if you hitch my skirt right up out of the way, in case of accident, and if you get the bidet warm, you can give me a quick spray to clean up.'

Peter did as he was told, hitching her skirt up high so that she could tuck it under her arms. The he took off her knickers and, while she squatted over the toilet bowl he cautiously took hold of the tampon string and gave a steady pull to withdraw it. He carefully dropped the bloodstained fabric into the pedal bin, then helped her to the bidet. This had a vertical spray and he had checked the water temperature in advance and, when she was in place over it he turned it on so that it sprayed over her vulva and, with her legs widespread, into the opening of her vagina. When she said enough, he turned it off, then towelled her gently. After that it was a repeat of the tampon insertion, this time quicker and smoother than before.

This routine continued for the duration of her period, and became a slick operation for him. For her, there was still the disgust at having to rely on him, but with the realisation that she was experiencing a slight feeling of pleasurable anticipation before he touched her body.

Now the snow had stopped and a slight thaw had set in. One day when they were sitting with a post-lunch coffee, the phone rang. It was the local doctor. He apologised for not having rung before, but said that now he might be able to get them some help. The roads were clearing and, if Peter could get Anne to the little local hospital, they would admit her and look after her till she was out of plaster, and would they ring back and confirm if they wanted to take up the offer.

'It's up to you' said Peter. 'I'll take you in if you like, on the other hand we seem to be managing pretty well and at least you can do some useful work while you are here. We are just about on target to meet the contract, if I lose your input for a month, we could be in big trouble.'

'Well, if you can stand it, I might as well stay here. After all, in hospital I'd get messed around by lord knows how many different people. At least I've got you trained, and, as you say, there's always the money to think of, which helps to alleviate any feelings of nausea I might get at having you groping me.'

'Gracefully put, as always. OK, I'll ring and tell him not to bother. But just don't complain if you

find my attentions just too disgusting. You're stuck with me now.'

The next few days passed with no problems. Anne had finished her period, and Peter had coped perfectly well with the business of insertion of tampons, then the disposal of the blood soaked finished product. Then, out of the blue, an English couple with whom they were acquainted rang to say that they had heard via the grapevine of Anne's problems, and invited her for supper. She pointed out that she couldn't do a lot without her minder, so Peter was invited as well. Normally they would not have been invited together, as their relationship and mutual dislike was well known. However, once they agreed to go, she suddenly realized that she would need dressing a little more tidily than she had been since her accident.

Peter accompanied her to her house and opened up her wardrobe so that she could choose something appropriate. She picked out a dress made of a woollen knit material which should be fairly warm, as the weather was still chilly. Back in Peter's house, he helped her to undress before dressing to go out. She asked him to put a bra on for her, which he did, again making her flinch slightly as he lifted her breasts into place. Then he put on a pair of knickers for her, and a pair of stockings, which gave a very pleasurable feel as he slid his hands up her shapely thighs. Then he put on the dress, and she stood in front of the mirror.

'Oh God, this is a disaster. Look at the way the damn thing shows off all the bra material, not to mention the knicker elastic line. I must have put on weight since I last wore this, it used to look all right.'

'Shows my cooking has something going for it, if it's only calories. Anyway, it's a bit late to start trying other dresses.'

'I can't go like this. And I doubt I could get these plasters in the sleeves of my other dresses.' she wailed.

'Other option is to take off your undies and go commando.'

'Don't be disgusting. Do you think I dare - oh hell, let's try.'

He pulled the dress off, then removed her bra and knickers, and refitted the dress. It looked superb, clinging to her body like a second skin, outlining the roundness of her firm breasts, her wide hips and her softly rounded belly, and just hinting at her pubic mound. He had dressed her away from the mirror, and now he brushed her hair for her and applied just a touch of colour to her lips - a technique that Julie had taught him. Then he slipped a shawl round her shoulders and put on her shoes, medium height heels which enhanced the look of her ankles, before finally letting her look in the full length mirror.

'Bloody hell, I hope the lighting isn't too bright, I look just a bit overexposed. Suppose it's all right, but I feel what I am - naked underneath. Oh well, let's go, and see what effect I have on Gordon, he's a randy sod.'

'You look pretty good, and, by the way, your bum looks great in this. Quite pinchable really.'

'Don't you dare, or I'll clout you with one of my plasters.'

They drove to their friends' house, and in the short time between them getting out of the car and entering the house, the chill air had struck home. Anne was only wearing the shawl to protect her, and the effect on her breasts was immediate. She hadn't noticed, but Peter and Gordon and his wife Doreen quickly saw that her nipples had hardened and were sticking out proudly through the clinging material of the dress. Nothing was said and it wasn't till she went to the bathroom that she realised just what had happened. Her first reaction was of embarrassment, then she thought what the hell, and rubbed them with her plaster to make them stand out even more.

The dinner passed off well, with Peter feeding her as usual till Doreen offered to take over, pointing out that she had experience of feeding two children and, in any case, it would be nice for him to have a meal without having to remember Anne with each mouthful. As they were chatting after the meal, Peter told them that he would have to go to Paris during the next week to make the first delivery of trial discs for the new programme.

'There's really no need for both of us to go, but obviously Anne can't stay on her own, so she'll come with me. We'll go on the TGV and stay overnight at a hotel near the client's office.'

'Wait a minute' said Doreen 'if there's no need for Anne to go for the handover, why doesn't she come and stay with us? I'll be only too happy to look after her for a couple of days. What do you think?'

It was such an obvious answer that it was agreed that Peter would drop Anne off on his way to the station and pick her up on the way back. This arrangement worked perfectly, the discs were handed over with accompanying paperwork which was to the client's satisfaction, and the next night Peter and Anne were back home. They were sitting with a late drink, and, after telling Anne the details of the contract work, he asked her how her stopover had gone.

'Did Doreen look after you better than I have?'

'Sort of yes and no. Her cooking's a lot better than yours, so that was nice, but her personal attention was a bit, sort of odd.'

'How?'

'Well, when she was dressing and undressing me and when she washed me in the shower, she seemed to find it necessary to touch me a lot more than you do, specially around my sensitive bits.'

'You didn't care for that? You don't suppose she's a repressed lezzie, do you?'

'A girl doesn't need to be a full blown lesbian to fancy a bit of bi-sexuality for a change. Been there, done that, didn't bother to get the tee shirt.'

'You mean you've actually had a...you've tried it with another woman?'

'Oh, that's got your dirty little mind going. Not that it's any of your business and I wouldn't mention it if I wasn't just a bit pissed, but, yes, I have tried it. I used to share a flat with another girl and one night after a party when we were both well away, she got a bit weepy because her boyfriend had dumped her and I gave her a cuddle to comfort her and it went on from there

and we ended up in bed together.'

'And?'

I'm not going into the sordid details, but let's say that we tried a few little experiments, as neither of us had read a handbook on how lesbians perform sex. In the morning we both decided that it was quite fun but, sadly, there was one thing missing to complete the pleasure - a nice stiff cock, or two would have been better. I hate admitting that men are any use for anything except heavy lifting, but there is one thing that some of them are useful for.'

'I thought that lesbians got their fun from plastic cocks.'

'Possibly, but we didn't have any handy, and didn't really feel a need to go out and buy one. And that's the last time I talk about that, except to say I hope I don't have to be looked after by Doreen again while I'm in this state. Now take me to bed, please.'

He undressed her as usual, noting that her nipples were slightly engorged.

'I forgot to mention how good you looked in that dress at the dinner.'

'You mean with my nipples stuck out like chapel hatpegs.'

'Oh, I wasn't sure if you realised.'

'I didn't realise just how obvious they were till I looked in the bathroom mirror - then I gave them a bit of a rub to encourage them. It quite made Gordon's night, he couldn't keep his eyes off, so I made sure my shawl was pushed back to give him a good view. I trust you enjoyed the view as well.'

'If you really want to know, I rather prefer the view as they are now.'

'You old romantic you - or, should I say dirty old man.'

It was near to the end of the six weeks when Peter was washing her that she realised that she was getting a bit on the hairy side.

'My legs and armpits are getting more than a bit in need of a hair removal exercise. It's nearly three months since they were done, and I'm rather shaggy. Oh well, I'll be able to have a go in a few days, not that I suppose you'll care and no one else is likely to see me close enough to notice.'

'Do you want me to do it for you - I used to do Julie quite often. I'm fairly sure she left her electric clippers and the hair removal cream when she left.'

'You're not serious, I couldn't ask you to do that, you're doing more than enough already.'

'Well, I don't want to feel ashamed of you when I take you in for your plaster removal.'

'Hell, they aren't going to be seeing my legs, though I suppose my armpits will be on show. Go on then, if you are willing.'

Peter got out the gear that Julie had left and began by shaving Anne's armpits, then he applied a liberal dose of remover, and left it to work while he moved to her legs. He began at her ankle and worked his way up, till he was approaching her cleft.

'How far shall I go?'

'Well James used to prefer me with everything off...'

Before she had finished, Peter swiped the clippers downwards from the top of her pubis down towards her cleft.

'You bastard, you didn't let me finish, did you? I was going to say that just to the top of my thighs would be enough, now you'll have to finish it off or I'll look totally bizarre. You really are a shit, you knew exactly what you were doing.'

'Sorry, it was a bit more drastic than I expected, I'll try and tidy it up, shall I?'

'Oh sod it, take the lot off. That should amuse you for a few minutes.'

Having done this for Julie regularly, Peter was quick and efficient. He took off all the long hair from her pubis, then made her lift one leg while he shaved over her vulva and finished off her thighs. This was the first time he had touched her so intimately without the flannel in his hand. He managed to concentrate on what he was doing, but she shuddered as his fingers stretched the skin of her outer lips as he passed the clippers over her, then wiped on the removing cream. While the cream was working he went back to her armpits and rinsed away the hair and cream, leaving her armpits satisfactorily smooth. After a few more minutes he washed all the hair off and left her smooth and very naked.

'Well, you've done it, I hope you are satisfied.'

'I'll avoid the obvious reply and just say that I think it looks rather nice.'

'Well, you won't be seeing it for much longer, so enjoy it while you can. And thank you for doing the bits that needed doing.'

He finished washing and drying her, then they went into the bedroom where she could see herself properly in the long mirror.

'Hm, yes, I suppose it's OK. When I said James preferred me with everything off, I was lying, he just liked me to trim up round the edges so I could wear a high cut costume without bits showing.'

'You should watch what you say. By the way, Julie always put some lotion on after she'd used the hair remover, do you want any.'

'Yes, you're right, even it is only an excuse to get your hands between my legs.'

'You've just got a nasty mind.'

At last the day arrived for the removal of the plasters. He dressed her in the morning, including a bra which necessitated his hands lifting her breasts, his fingers crossing her nipples which instantly swelled, not enough to show, but sending a shock through her body. He put on a pair of knickers and, as she lifted her leg, he glanced at her cleft and saw a brief glimpse of shiny moist flesh, and wondered why she should be wet, then dismissed the obvious solution.

When she was fully prepared, they went to the hospital. There the doctor checked her before sending her for X-ray, and the nurse looked at the pictures and said she thought everything was OK. Back they went to the doctor and he pronounced that both wrists were fully mended, and wrote her a prescription for some physiotherapy. On the way back they stopped at a restaurant for a celebratory drink and a meal. When she tried to use a knife and fork, she found that her wrists were quite weak and he had to help her cut up the meat, though she could at least pick up the food without help.

'Sorry Peter, I'll still need a bit of help while I get my strength back, if you don't mind. Still, at least I should be able to use a mouse, so I'll be more useful on the work side.'

'I'll fix up some physio for you - there's a man in town who's supposed to be good.'

'Hang on here a minute, I'll soon be back.'

She disappeared into the toilet, but was soon back with a big smile on her face.

'I can manage my knickers, and I think I could wipe my bum - there, that's a treat for you.'

'Oh joy, oh rapture, no more bum wiping - how will I manage without having to....oh well. Never mind.'

They celebrated when they got home, he opened a bottle of champagne that he had put on ice for this event, and they sat on the settee happily drinking it, this time without her having to use a straw. Suddenly she went quiet.

'Peter, it's a lot to ask, but would you mind if I stayed with you for a few more days, while I get some strength back? And I'm not sure I ought to drive just yet.'

'A few days won't make a lot of difference, we've managed to put up with each other for six weeks, we should be able to manage a bit longer. In any case, we'll get more work done if we're not doing two lots of housework. Anyway, are you ready for bed yet, I'm about knackered.'

'Would you mind if I shower first and get these arms really clean.'

'Sure, can you manage on your own.'

'I'm not sure, it might be as well if you helped just one more time.'

'No problem, let's go.'

When they got into the bedroom, without thinking he began to undress her, and she did nothing to stop him, and she was soon naked. As usual, he stripped off except for his boxers, and they went

into the bathroom. He turned on the shower, and, when he went to pick up a flannel, she just quietly told him not to bother with it, and to just use his hand. He sprayed all of her body, then put a generous blob of gel in his hand. First thing was to wash her arms, and he gently massaged them till the dry skin was well moistened, and he was able to wash off most of the marking left from the plaster, then the same treatment for her hands. She was luxuriating in the flow of hot water over her arms and wrists, and she held them under the flow while he moved on to her face and neck.

When she turned round, he realised just how lovely her back view was, something he had avoided thinking about before. Now he began to wash her and, instead of passing over her as quickly as possible, he paid her lovely body the respect it deserved, caressing and massaging her with his soapy hands, while she stood leaning forward against the wall under the shower jet. He progressed slowly downwards, across her shoulders, down to the soft inward curve of her waist, then over her hips and down to the firm roundness of her buttocks. Round and round he moved, his fingers firm against the pliant flesh which moved under his pressure. As he moved, his fingers came nearer and nearer to the valley of her arse, and he began to separate the luscious globes as his fingers probed deeper into the deep groove. Down he moved, till at last his fingertips felt the shallow depression of her anus. He took some fresh gel on his finger tips and began to circle her centre, then to press softly on the entrance to her arse. She said nothing as he pressed harder and the tip of one finger began to penetrate into her passage, then probed deeper till he felt her sphincter slacken a little and let him pass inside.

He didn't stay long in this secret spot, as he had no idea what her reaction would be to this invasion, and didn't want to upset her, so he withdrew and began to wash her legs, down to one foot, which he picked up and washed, taking care to clean between her toes, then the same for the other foot before he slid upwards, caressing the back of her leg, till he arrived at her arse. Then he turned her round, and really took in the beauty of her body. Although he had seen her naked many times he had deliberately tried not to look at her as a woman and as a lump of flesh he had to look after. Now there was no question that this was a beautiful woman that he greatly desired, and he knew that if he wanted to she would not resist his sexual advances.

However, his immediate task was to wash this lovely body, only this time there would be no flannel between his hand and her flesh. First of all he washed her face but for this he did use a flannel as he found it easier clean her eyes and ears, but after that he used his hand covered with a gel and washed her neck and shoulders. Now he came to her breasts, and this time there would be no doubt that he was caressing the luscious mounds. He felt the weight of her flesh as his hands slid across her skin, and his fingers soon began to stroke her rising nipples, which became firm under his attentions. She said nothing but her breathing was becoming more and more pronounced and he could see a very faint blush on the skin of her breasts.

Then he left the splendour of her breasts to move down her body. The gentle curve of her belly was firm under his hand and he slid across to wash both of her hips and then back to the centre and the descent to her naked pubis, the swelling soft under his hand. She was standing with her legs parted and his hands slid between her firm thighs, enclosing her puffy outer lips in his palm. His fingers pressed gently inwards and he felt the lips parting and he was able to wash the grooves between the inner and outer lips. He replenished the gel on his hand then returned to his delightful task, and this time the pressure from his fingers opened her inner lips and allowed him to slip inside. He did not penetrate her far, just gently moving in what was surely a caress rather than a washing action. Then his fingers moved forward and up and he felt the

bulge of her clitoris hood, and he could feel that she was becoming erect under his touch.

Peter realised that if he continued to caress her in this way she would soon be close to orgasm, and he didn't want it to happen like that, so he turned off the shower and then took the towel and dried her. She said nothing but it was obvious that she was fully aroused, and when she looked down at his trunks she could see that he also was in a state of sexual excitement, judging by the big tent in the garment. As usual she left the bathroom while he showered and tidied up. He went into the bedroom and had a delightful surprise.

She was lying on the bed propped up on the pillows and wearing the skimpy black nightdress that Peter had shown her on the first night with him. She also was wearing the matching black knickers. The material of the gown was totally translucent and showed off her body beautifully, clinging as it did to her breasts and her belly and hips. The knickers, although very wide legged, were made of thicker material and only just outlined the shape of her pubis, but her legs were spread wide apart and the edge of her outer lips was visible through one of the legs.

Peter was naked and the sight of her body on display for him got the expected result. Anne looked at him and saw that his substantial penis was beginning to rise, and a broad smile spread over her face. She had seen his naked torso before while he had been showering her, but this was the first time she had seen him totally naked, and it was also the first time that she had really looked upon him as a man rather than as a male nurse.

'Very nice' was all she said, using the same words as he had when he had first undressed her.

Peter did not reply. He knelt on the end of the bed between her feet, then leaned forward and drew one of the legs of her knickers to one side, totally exposing her naked vulva. Then he lowered his head between her thighs and inhaled the fresh smell of a clean, newly aroused woman. His lips found her outer lips, and he enjoyed the smooth feel of her shaven body. He pushed out his tongue, sliding between the puffy bulges of her labia majora and finding the softness of her inner lips. He moved his tongue back and forth and gradually pushed forwards so that it entered her vagina, where he received the taste of her juices. He swirled his tongue around inside the hot wet channel then withdrew it and moved upwards to her clitoris. He opened his lips and sucked the hood covering the little bud, while his tongue delved under the hood and made contact with her hardening flesh.

The effect on Anne was immediate. Her hand found the back of his head and pushed his lips firmly into her vulva. He heard her cry, a cry of delight, and her body thrust up against him, and he could feel her whole being trembling as an enormous orgasm overcame her. Again and again she twisted and turned, whimpering with joy, until at last her movements slowed and she became still. Again no word was spoken between them, and he moved up the bed onto her until his penis, now very erect and dripping with pre-cum, was in place at the entrance to her vagina. He needed no guiding hand and, looking down, they both saw the tip begin to push open her vagina lips, then the whole length of his substantial penis slid smoothly inside her till his hairy pubis was firmly against her naked flesh. He rested there a moment, savouring the feel of her hot wet channel holding him firmly, while she was delighting in the feeling of her body being filled by this intruder.

He started to stroke slowly in and out of her slippery passage, but his needs were urgent and he soon speeded up. He was resting on his elbows, but then he allowed all his weight to fall on to her and slipped his hand under her buttocks. As he speed increased she began to shout obscenities at

him, and in response he was equally obscene to her.

'Rapist', 'Slag', 'Bastard', 'Cow', 'Motherfucker', 'Tart', 'Arsehole', 'Bitch', 'Shitheap', 'Sterile dried up bag', 'Child molester', 'Tightarse', 'Poofter', 'Lezzie'.. On and on it went, each expletive shouted in time with each of his thrusts. It didn't last too long, because he soon felt his orgasm coming, and he gripped her buttocks firmly thrusting one of his fingers into her anus. Soon the words changed into incoherent grunts from him and screams of 'harder' from her. Their bodies were plunging together, as she thrust up against his downward pressure. There was no love about this union it was just pure hard sex, and was soon over as his juices were sprayed high into her vagina, accompanied by great jerks of his rigid penis.

When it was over he laid on her with his head buried in her shoulder, as he suddenly realised that her whole body was shaking. He thought that she was crying, then he realised she was laughing helplessly, and he raised his head and joined in the laughter with her. It was quite sometime before she quietened down.

'What the hell brought that on?' He enquired.

'I've no idea' she replied 'I suppose it's because I been burying some of the horrible things I've thought about you for a long time, and now I don't feel them any more, this was a good time to get them out forever. I hope you didn't mind too much.'

'Not at all, but it was a bit odd. I hope you don't intend to do that every time we have sex. Oh and by the way, where the hell did child molester come from? I've been called some things in my time, but I've never been accused of that.'

'No, that was once-in-a-lifetime, you don't need to worry, that's assuming we ever want to have sex together again. Just a few comments on your performance, verbal performance that is. Yes I do have a tight arse, that's because it's never been used except for the more basic bodily functions. And as for sterility, I've no idea whether you were right or wrong on this matter, as I've only ever tried to avoid the consequences of fertility, up till now that is. As I haven't been on the pill for ages, not since James left, there's always a chance that you might have put me in the club, so I suppose we had better go to the chemists tomorrow and get the morning after pill, as I have no wish to bring any little bastards into the world. And on a point of etiquette, I was brought up to believe that gentleman always kissed a lady before he fucked her.'

'Well, assuming that we accept the premise of your argument, I kissed your pussy first so that takes care of that. As to your arse, that remains a pleasure we might both want to explore or not as the case might be. And while I agree that little bastards are to be avoided where possible, there is a way of ensuring that any unforeseen issue is legitimised before birth, if you see what I mean.'

'That sounds to me like a very peculiar proposal of marriage, which, considering what our relations have been like for some years, is not necessarily something that I would leap at. However, thank you for the thought, and you never know what might happen in the future. Now would you kindly get off, I'm feeling more than a bit squashed.'

Peter slid off her body and the two of them lay side-by-side. He leaned forward to kiss her, not a passionate kiss, but the long soft joining of their lips. Her lips were soft and resilient, and the

two of them stayed coupled together, the lips softly moving against each other, and the tips of their tongues exploring without penetrating deeply.

'Does your ladyship find that was a satisfactory kiss? Was that what you wanted me to do before I so rudely introduced my penis into your pussy? I would like to get these things right, as I know how fussy you can be. I must say I find kissing you quite a pleasant experience, and wouldn't mind doing it more often. And I didn't object too much to the feeling of inserting the aforementioned object into the aforementioned passage, which I must say is in good condition for woman of your age.'

'If my wrists were not a bit sore I would definitely hit you for that remark. All I can say is why the hell did it take you so long to getting your penis wound up ready for action? You had me at your mercy for six weeks, were you afraid I would hit you with my plasters?'

'Are you telling me that you wanted to be shagged all along? And there was me wasting my time wanking when I could have been taking advantage of what was on offer.'

'To be honest, the first night when you undressed me I felt totally ashamed and embarrassed. The idea of a man I disliked actually touching my body made me feel physically sick. The next morning when you washed me was a terrible experience, and all the time you were dragging the flannel across my body I was fearful that you would want to get your money's worth, and to get sex in exchange for the care you were giving me. Then when you put my bra and put your hands inside to straighten it up I thought I was going to die. Suddenly your hands on me were like an electric shock, and I realised straight away that I wanted to have sex with you. And that feeling was even worse than the fear that you might force yourself upon me. After that when you washed me and were so careful to avoid taking more than the minimum possible time, your hand through the flannel was still exciting me, especially when you washed my breasts and my pussy.'

'I did wonder sometimes whether it was disgust or excitement that was making you shudder as I touched you, but I certainly wasn't going to take the chance of receiving an earful of invective from you if I guessed wrongly. In any case I don't think anything short of the direct invitation would have persuaded me to have sex with you. It would have felt as though I was just taking advantage of your incapacity, and I don't think there would have been any real pleasure in it. What about the other things I did for you, wiping your bum and seemed to your periods? That must have felt pretty disgusting to you.'

'Strangely enough the bit with the tampons had absolutely no effect once you had done it the first time, and I was no longer afraid that you would make a mess of it. Wiping my bum was a bit different. Not exactly exciting, but curious feeling that this virgin part of my body might enjoy being interfered with, and when you put your fingers in it certainly made me curious as to what it might be like to have anal sex. Do you find that odd, or is it part of your normal sex life?'

'I've done it before and it was quite fun, but Julie didn't care for it so it's quite a long time since I've played that particular game. However, if you'd like to experiment sometime, I wouldn't be averse to the idea. Just one more point, you're talking as though we are starting a long-term relationship. I think I'd like that, but I'm a bit uneasy as you've been so unpleasant to me for so long that am wondering how such a relationship would work.'

'You really have no idea why I disliked you, have you? It's because I fancied you right from the

beginning, and all you could do was screw that little tart Julie. I was gagging for you, but I was too proud, or too stupid, to let you know it. So after that I decided I hated you, which was really me trying to rationalise my failure to get you. But if you are willing to forgive, if not forget, some of the horrible things I said to you, I'm willing to fight hard to make sure you don't get away again. Now then, is that cock of yours nearly ready for action again? I've got a lot of missed sex to make up for.'

'Well, you can see it's a bit limp, so if you want to use it it's up to you bring it back to a suitable condition. It responds quite well to a bit of oral attention, though you might find it a bit disgusting the moment. On the other hand it's only been inside you, so you'll only be getting some of your own back'.

'You aren't seriously suggesting that I put that thing in my mouth, are you? It really does look a bit mucky, but I suppose I'll just have to put up with that. I never actually did this before. James was a bit squeamish, and I didn't really fancy it anyway, but life is too short to turn down new experiences, so here goes. Any special instructions?'

'Just be careful with your teeth, if you don't mind. It's a bit sensitive'.

Anne slid down the bed, and examined his penis closely. Then she gently took hold of it, feeling its weight floppy in her hand, but even as she held it she felt that it was beginning to stiffen. She leaned forward sticking out an exploratory tongue, and ran it from the base to the tip, tasting the mixture of his juice with hers. Then she took hold of the loose skin behind his glans and cautiously drew it back, exposing the shiny crown. This action caused his member to stiffen quite considerably, and she decided to finish it off by taking it deep into her mouth. Her lips slid over the naked glans and, as she pushed down, more and more of his length slid between the soft inviting flesh, until it reached the back of her throat, still leaving a substantial portion outside. Now it really began to grow, and as her tongue traced circles around his glans, she had to withdraw some of it from her mouth to avoid gagging. She had occasionally looked at porn sites on the Internet so had seen the way that some women could take the full length of a large penis deep into their throats, but this wasn't a moment to learn the technique, which might be fun later on in their relationship. In the meantime she had a fully grown penis at her disposal, which she did not wish to waste by completing the blow job while she had better things for it to do.

She moved up and straddled his legs, then adjusted her position so that she was kneeling above his erect member. She licked her lips lasciviously and, holding it in her hand, she lowered herself till the tip was just touching her vagina lips, when she moved it back and forth so that it teased the lips apart. Then she began to lower her body slowly, so that his glans parted her lips wide and began to enter into the well lubricated channel. The combination of her juice and his ejaculation had left her thoroughly slippery, and as she descended she felt her flesh being spread wide to accept his rampant cock. While no one would say that Peter's equipment was huge, it was perhaps on the large side of average, and the throbbing flesh plunged deep into her birth canal till it was just touching her cervix.

As he lay beneath her, feeling the wonderful sensation of his penis being engulfed in her warm body, he could also admire her beautiful breasts, firm, but moving gently as she moved. He lifted both hands to hold the two nipples and gently squeezed and teased them, causing them to grow firm and, when he pulled on them, for her to squeal with delight. She was already close to orgasm, and slid her fingers between her legs and started to rub her clitoris vigorously.

'Do you want me to do that?' asked Peter.

'Not this time.' she replied, gasping as she neared her climax 'this is just me being greedy'.

Her body was shaking and her head thrown back as the full force of her orgasm hit her. Peter felt his penis being grasped by the pulsations in her throbbing vagina. Her hand was still between her legs fingering her clitoris, then she withdrew and gently subsided onto him so that her upper body was lying on his, her firm breasts pressed against his chest. Her head was tucked into his shoulder, then she raised it so that her lips could find his, and her tongue gently probed his mouth. After a while she sat up again.

'I suppose you think it's your turn now. Let's see what I can do for you.'

She began lifting and lowering herself, taking great care that the tip of his penis still stayed inside her vagina lips, moving as far as she could without becoming disengaged. Her movements became quicker and Peter began to join in, thrusting upwards as she came down. His hands were now on her hips and as he rose he pushed firmly downwards, to make sure that he penetrated her as deeply as possible. The pace became quicker, and he felt his balls beginning to contract and force his seminal fluid along the length of his penis. He held her firmly against him as the rush of liquid started from him in a fierce spasm. As he was pumping into her he could see from the expression on her face that she too was having another orgasm, and her vagina was gripping him firmly. Again and again the spasms shook his body and his weapon jerked inside her, jetting the fluid high into her canal.

Gradually their bodies relaxed from the rigid tension that had held them locked firmly against each other. He put his hands on her shoulders and drew her down towards him, his hand sliding behind her head and drawing her lips down onto his. They kissed gently, tongues quietly probing, the warm softness of her lips unbelievably wonderful against his. At last they released each other, and she rolled off him. As his now limp penis slipped out of her soaking vagina, a trail of semen oozed from her vulva, trickling its way down towards her anus. She looked down and saw the mess, and saw his soft tool shiny and wet, and for a moment she thought that she ought to clean it up, then she decided not to bother, and just lay there feeling the wetness coursing down onto the bedding.

'Peter, I think I could get to like having sex with you on a regular basis. On the other hand, just now I'd like to cuddle up and go to sleep. I'm not used so much physical exertion. How about you?'

'Well, we will just have to practice regularly to get ourselves into trim. But I agree, a nice sleepy cuddle would be a good idea. Oh and did I say that your body feels even better than it looks, and it looks pretty damn good. I've got lots of things I want to say to you, but just now I'll settle for sleeping the sleep of the just after.'

She turned away from him and he cuddled up close behind. Her warm body seemed to fit into his as though it had been designed for the purpose, her generous firm buttocks tucked into his lap, so that his quiescent penis lay undisturbed under the lower curve. He put his arm round her and briefly held her breast in his hand, but he knew immediately that if he did that there was no chance of him going to sleep, so he dropped his hand to rest on the curvature of her hip. She sighed gently with pleasure, and before long they were both asleep. It was still dark when he

awoke, conscious that something had disturbed him, and he soon realised that it was her body pressing back against him. She had moved so that it was more pressure on his penis, which had started to grow in response. He moved his hand back to her breast and began to stroke it gently, letting his fingers fondle her nipple. Now he was wide awake, and the feel of her nipple growing under his touch aroused him further.

She also was aware of his arousal, she lifted her leg so that she could slide her hand through and take hold of his penis, which by now was fully firm. He moved a little down the bed so that he could line himself up with her vulva, and her hand guided him into the warm embrace of her wet vagina. He gently pushed forward until he was fully engaged, and heard her little sigh of pleasure as her body expanded to allow him entry. They didn't speak, but he began to move gently in and out, caressing her breasts alternately as he did so. After a while he felt that they were both approaching a climax, so he moved his hand down onto her pubis and allowed his middle finger to find the hood over her clitoris, and as he probed he could feel the little bud hardening and his touch. With the heel of his hand he held her firmly back against him, allowing him to thrust more firmly against her.

It was a very gentle love-making, and, as his fluid began to spurt into her, he felt her vagina contracting and holding him firmly as she reached her own orgasm. They stayed locked together for some time, then they gradually relaxed and his limp penis slid out. She spoke for the first time.

'Thank you Peter, that was just what I needed. It feels as though we have been lovers for years, instead of just hours. Now I hate you even more because of all the time we've wasted not being together. I guess I'll never be satisfied.'

They were quickly asleep again, more like little children than grown adults. It was late when they woke, and only then because the telephone was ringing. There was an extension beside the bed and Peter picked it up and answered it. It was a client on whose contract they were working and he had an interesting proposition for them. The contract on which Peter and Anne were working was only a part of a much larger project for an American company. The boss of that company wanted the completion date brought forward, and was prepared to pay a substantial premium if it could be done within two weeks. He added that they wanted a presentation to be made to them in their Paris office. Were Peter and Anne able to meet this deadline? Peter replied that they would need to discuss it and that he would ring them back within the hour.

'What do you think?' said Anne.

'I think it's just possible, as long as we are prepared to work for about 18 hours per day. It won't leave a lot of time for lovemaking, just when we finally made sense of each other.'

'You're right, and I'm going to hate being with you and not being able to spend all of our time having riotous sex. But it will be worth it in the long run, so I suppose I had better put my lust on hold for a couple of weeks. Just one thing though, and that is that I still want you to wash me this morning, and you know how involved a process that can be. After that, I promise I will behave myself'.

'Right, I'll ring them and tell them that we will meet their deadline.'

When Peter made the call the client was delighted. As an extra incentive he promised that his company would pay for their accommodation in top-class Paris hotel.

They quickly went and had their breakfast, and then moved into the bathroom. They took off their dressing gowns, and were quickly in each other's arms, their lips locked together, and their tongues searching out the warm wetness of each other's mouths. When they reluctantly parted, they moved into the shower, and Peter began what had become a daily ritual of washing Anne's beautiful body. By habit he picked up a flannel but she took it out of his hand, and handed him the shower gel. He poured some into his hand, and began washing her back, across her shoulders and down the long length to her rounded buttocks. Around each of the firm his hand moved, quickly approaching the deep cleft. His fingers probed deep into the valley and descended until he could feel the little dent of her anus. Put some more gel on his fingers and began probing more deeply, and gradually putting pressure on to her orifice. Gradually his finger started to enter, and he kept up the pressure until he felt the sudden change as he passed through her sphincter. He slid his finger gently in and out, then started to press in a second finger.

'Sorry darling, I want to find out what it's like to have sex there, but don't want it to be done in a rush, so can we save it until we have more time to experiment. On the other hand I'm available fully elsewhere, if you feel we can spare the time.'

'Yes I think we can manage that if we don't take too long, and you know how quick we men can be'.

'You'd better not be too bloody quick, you're not having this on your own, I want to come with you in more ways than one'.

Peter left her rear, and washed down her legs, then turned around and watched the fronts of her legs, sliding ever nearer to her centre. Then he moved up quickly to wash her face, her arms, and her neck before sliding down to the delights of her firm breasts. He could feel the weight of the lovely flesh as his hand cupped one of her globes, then he moved behind her and put his arms around her so that he could caress both at the same time. He slid his hands over the soapy services, feeling the weight of flesh, and squeezing her nipples so that they both grew firm under his touch. Then he moved one hand down to her naked pubis, and his finger found the hood of her clitoris, under which he could feel the sensitive flesh firming..

'Yes Peter, that's just perfect, don't stop. Christ, you know just how to turn me on, I'm going to come now, just rub me harder and and I'll... Oh God.. Oh, oh, oh.'

'This is what you need, bend over.'

She bent forward, clutching a hand rail, and, as she did so, he took his turgid penis in his hand and guided it into her waiting vagina. He held her firmly by her hips, and began to thrust hard into her, and as he did so he felt her pushing back against him. It was never going to last very long. In a very few moments he felt his orgasm commencing, and put one hand around her so that he could rub her clitoris furiously. She howled as her orgasm arrived, her hot vagina clutching at him as he spurted his juice deep into her passage. They stayed locked together for a little while, his hand still holding her pubis, while the other gently caressed her buttock.

'Is that better?' he asked.

'The only problem is that every time you do it to me, I want more. Now let me finish washing, or we'll just start all over again.'

He reluctantly stepped away from her, and they quickly finished their toilets. That was the start of two weeks of intensive effort to complete their contract. They worked for 18 hours a day, only stopping for meals. They also refrained from any sort of sexual contact. Although they still shared the same bed, they both wore nightclothes to reduce the temptation to make love to each other, just exchanging the most chaste of kisses before sleeping. In any case, they both became so tired that they did not have any energy for sexual activity.

They travelled to Paris on the high-speed train, and booked into the hotel that had been reserved for them. True to the promise that had been made to them, it was a five-star establishment, and they had the use of a large suite, with two double bedrooms and a central lounge. Tony, the director of the client company who was their liaison man, told Peter later that that he had booked a suite because he was not sure of the relationship between Peter and Anne.

Once they had settled in to the hotel, they then went to visit the client, where they went through the presentation that they were proposing, and got everything set up ready for the meeting with the client's American customer the next morning. Everything went extremely smoothly, and Tony was quite happy with the presentation that they were proposing. They returned to the hotel, where they ate a light meal before returning to their suite.

'Are we going to sleep together, or would that be putting too much temptation in our way?' asked Anne.

'I don't know about you, but I'm too knackered to be very tempted to do anything except go to sleep. Mind you, I suppose I could find enough energy for a little light dalliance.'

'Oh goody, I just love a little dalliance, you could even say it's one of my favourite pastimes. Only don't make too light.'

'You're just a sex maniac, I'm glad to say. You are nearly as bad as she whose name shall not be mentioned.'

'Bastard! Don't you ever dare compare me with that little tart, or I'll have your balls off.'

'I'll remember that, though I might point out that you'll be cutting off your nose, or rather, my balls, to spite your face. Anyway, for now I suggest you get your clothes off, and we'll see what happens.'

They both used the luxurious bathroom to prepare themselves for the night, then undressed and climbed into the huge bed. She leaned over him, and kissed him, a long, soft kiss, her tongue gently tracing his lips. Her hand found his penis, still limp, and she gently squeezed and stroked it until it became firm. She rolled onto her back, and pulled him on top of her, with her legs spread wide. His penis found the entrance to her vagina with no prompting, and slid smoothly into the slippery channel. He pulled her over onto her side, and caressed her rounded hip, holding her against him so that he could not slip out of her welcoming grasp. He moved gently against her, and felt the pulsations within her welcoming body.

'I think I might be in love with you, do you mind?' he asked.

'Perhaps I can live with that. It's a whole lot better than hating you. And you just can't imagine how much I enjoy the feel of your penis inside me. Not only that, I love your hands and your lips on my breasts, so please do your duty and get the rest of me awake'.

Peter lowered his head so that he could take one of her nipples into his mouth. He sucked hard on the little nubbin, his tongue raking over its surface, while his hand was squeezing the firm flesh of the other breast. She was whimpering quietly, as her body responded to his attentions, her already moist vagina now leaking fluid around his turgid member. He was moving slowly in and out, enjoying the sensation of her beautiful body against his, one thigh tucked up under his waist, the other leg stretched out against his, and the gentle rubbing of his pubis against hers.

'Are you ready?' he asked.

'Yes darling, just come and fill me with your lovely juice.'

His hand returned to her hip, and he pulled her closer to him. He stepped up the pace a little, and very quickly his penis was jerking as he ejaculated his sperm deep into her waiting vagina. He felt her body responding to him, her vagina gently grasping him as she, too, came to orgasm. Their lips found each other, then relaxed as his penis softened, and finally slid out of her. She smiled at him.

'That was very nice thank you. I think I can sleep happily now. I hope you set the alarm, or I'll never wake up.'

'I've asked the reception for a wake-up call, and breakfast in the room so we can make an early start.'

She turned away from him, and he snuggled up behind her, his arm draped over her and holding one of her breasts, and they were both quickly asleep, not stirring until the telephone woke them the next morning. After breakfast they showered and dressed, and then made their way to the client's office, and made final checks on all the presentation materials. Exactly at 10 o'clock Tony came in to the presentation suite in the company of a middle-aged couple, and introduced them as Mr and Mrs Wilson, the proprietors of the company to which they were contracted. Mrs Wilson, a tall slim blonde lady soon established that it was she who was in charge.

'Forget the Mr and Mrs, I'm Valerie and my husband is George. Right, let's get on with it. At midday we expect you to have finished, and anything that you haven't told us by then we shall just have to guess. On the other hand, if you can't put it over in two hours you just aren't efficient enough for us to be interested in your product. Excuse me being blunt, but it does save time in the long run so that we both know where we stand. Off we go then.'

Happily for Peter and Anne, Tony had warned them that they would have to keep a tight control on the timing, and as a result they finished in good time, allowing Valerie to put a few questions to them. She spoke briefly with George, then gave her verdict.

'Excellent. If the product lives up to the presentation we should be more than happy to buy it. Tony has already assured me that you have got all the bugs out of the programme, so subject to

final check by my tech guys back at base, the business is yours. Right, now to the important business. Anne, you and I are going shopping. Don't worry, it'll be my credit card that gets hammered, so you give yours to Peter to avoid temptation if you want to. Sorry, I'm being bossy as usual, please say if the idea doesn't appeal to you, it won't lose you the contract.'

'I just love the idea of going shopping in Paris, and if you're picking up the tab, then I'm in heaven.' replied Anne, as she left with Valerie.

Peter was left with Tony and George and they spent some time going through some of the financial and contract details, after which they had lunch at a local restaurant. Peter and Tony spent the afternoon discussing future arrangements, and tidying up the commercial details, after which Peter returned to the hotel. Later, Tony picked him up at the hotel, then collected George and they went on to the restaurant where they were to meet the two women. They were having a drink at the bar when Valerie and Anne walked in, and Peter's jaw dropped in amazement.

The two women had obviously not only shopped for clothes, but had had their hair done and full facials, and they made a striking couple. They both wore simple dresses, but both also had the most daring of cleavages. Valerie wore black, and the display of the curves of her breasts showed clearly that she was in superb condition for a woman of her age, but she was outshone by Anne. Her dress was a deep scarlet which complemented her dark hair, and the combination of beautifully styled hair, expertly and subtly applied make-up together with a glowing skin tone of her breasts, displayed nearly to the nipples, made for a ravishing sight.

Both women were wearing black stockings and high heels, and it was difficult to decide who had the better legs, both pairs of which were displayed to just above the knee. When they walked in front of the men to go into the restaurant, the shapely calves were displayed, though it was difficult for the men to bring their eyes down from the display of two backs bare practically to the waist, above two charmingly curved bottoms, the lines of which were accentuated by the dresses. It was apparent that neither of them was wearing a bra, and it was a guess as to whether they were wearing anything else, but the dresses fitted so superbly that clearly nothing else was needed. However, when they bent forward before sitting down, the man opposite could clearly see the full curves of their breasts and nipples.

'Well chaps' said Valerie, 'do you approve of our shopping? Judging by the way your eyeballs are popping out, you like the view anyway. I must say it was great fun buying the dresses, especially as the woman who was doing the fitting couldn't keep her hands off either of us. I haven't been groped by a woman for some time, and it makes a change from George's great maulers, he's about as subtle as a mechanical digger. She gave you a good going over too didn't she, Anne?'

'When I took my underwear off I thought she was going to leap on me. If you hadn't been there, Valerie, I think I would've been fighting her off. Funny, she didn't strike me as being a lesbian, I guess she must be bisexual. Anyway, there's no chance of me going back there again. There's no way I could afford their prices. Thank you for your generosity, though I think it might spoil me for chain stores in the future.'

The meal was superb, and after they had eaten and drunk the fine food and wine, Valerie stood and pulled Peter to his feet and led him onto the dance floor. She slipped into his arms, and they moved slowly round the floor. The lighting was low, and the music smooth and slow, and he soon found that her body was pressed firmly against his.

'Anne is a lucky girl. If I thought I had half a chance I'd try and get you into my bed tonight, but I don't want to have my eyes scratched out. I wonder if you realise just how much she's in love with you. But just for a few minutes, I've got you, and I'm going to enjoy the feel of you. Hold me close and let me dream about having you in bed beside me'.

Peter had little choice but to hold her close. Her full breasts pressed against his chest, and he could feel the softness of her belly against his, and felt her thigh pushing between his. Needless to say, his penis responded to the stimulus, and he made no attempt to hide his growing erection from her. His hand was resting on her bare back, and he let it slide down inside her dress until he was holding her buttock. He confirmed his guess that she was wearing nothing under the dress, and his fingers were groping the firm mound and sliding into the crack between. Then the music stopped, and he hastily withdrew before the lights went up.

'Now look what you've done to me' he said. 'I've got a monster hard, so let's just stand here and talk for a minute while it goes down.'

She giggled. 'It's nice to know that this old body still has an effect on a young man like you. I haven't had so much fun for ages. George is pretty good in bed, but the grass in the next field is always greener and I can always console myself with the thought that I could probably get a young man into bed with me without too much effort, and without him knowing how much money I've got.'

They went back to the table, just as George and Anne finished dancing together. George looked a little flushed, and Peter wondered whether Anne had been doing the same to him as Valerie had to himself. After some more drinks they swapped partners, and Peter danced with Anne for the first time. Her body was even more enticing than Valerie's, and she had much the same effect on him as the older woman had had. They stayed for a little longer, both women also dancing with Tony, and then they said their goodbyes and returned to the hotel

'Well, that was fun wasn't it' said Anne.

'It depends what you mean by fun. Being half raped by two women in succession may be okay in the bedroom, but on the dance floor it's a little bit embarrassing. I hope you didn't do the same to George that Valerie and you both did to me. Or are you going to pretend you don't know what I'm talking about'.

'Now would I do? If you mean did George get a great hard on like you did, the answer is yes. I thought that Valerie was giving you a good going over, did you actually check whether she was wearing any knickers? The amount of groping you were doing you must have had a good chance.'

'Yes I did check, and no she wasn't. And now I'm going to check what you have got underneath that dress. Turn around.'

She turned around, and he found the single fixing the back of her dress. When he released it she shrugged her shoulders and it fell to the floor. All she was wearing was a suspender belt and her black stockings. Although he had seen her naked body so many times before, he still enjoyed taking in the sight of her long back, her glorious rounded buttocks, and those long shapely legs covered in the black nylon which accentuated the skin texture of her upper thighs. He turned

around and stood back, even more moved by the beauty of her breasts, her rounded belly, and the curve of her naked mons, highlighting the top of the groove running down between her legs. He unhooked her suspenders and knelt to slide one stocking down her leg, and as she lifted it, down over her foot. As she repeated the process for the other leg, his face was not far from her sex, and he could smell the aroma of an aroused vagina. He leaned forward and planted a gentle kiss on the top of her vulva, flicking his tongue forward into the groove and quickly licked the hood of her clitoris. Then he stood up and removed his own clothes.

She stood, waiting for him, and when he was naked she moved forward into his arms, pressing her whole body against his. He felt the pressure from the mounds of her breasts against his chest, the curve of her belly against his, and the gentle thrust of her shaven pubis against his penis. The result was immediate, and as their lips closed one pair on the other, she could feel that he was growing rapidly, and she parted her legs to allow the now engorged flesh to press upwards against her vulva.

'Peter, I want you - now. I need to feel you inside me, hard and hot. No foreplay, just fuck me, please.'

He needed no further advice, but pushed her down onto the bed. She spread her legs wide, her knees raised, and her vulva gaping obscenely to display her vagina lips already glistening with the fluid she was leaking. He climbed between her legs, and she reached down to hold his penis and guide it into its destination. He pushed forward firmly and slid deep into her hot, slippery passage till he was locked hard against her. He was supporting his torso on his arms, but she pulled him down so that all his weight was upon her, and she held him tightly. Then he began to move, slowly at first, but soon picking up a fast rhythm. Soon the sound of his flesh slapping against hers was joined by the sound of her moaning, and his own grunting noises as he thrust harder and harder into her welcoming body. Her orgasm came quickly, and her back arched, raising her buttocks off the bed as she strained against him. His lips found hers, and he thrust his tongue deep into her mouth at the same time as he jetted his juices high into her cervix. They stayed locked together as their passions subsided, until at last he raised his head from hers, and slid off her body.

'Was that to celebrate the contract, or did dancing with George turn you on?'

'Actually I think it was probably watching you groping Valerie's arse. I could just imagine your fingers sliding down her crack, and fingering her little shit hole. And if you want to know, I was jealous of your hands feeling any other woman's body. If you want an arse to grope, I've got one and I don't think it's too unpleasant.'

'If I start on your arse I'm likely to want to go further than just stroking your buttocks, beautiful though they are. Last time I started in that area you didn't seem very keen. Have you changed your mind?'

Anne leaned over to the bedside table, and from the drawer she produced a tube of KY jelly, she passed over to him.

'Does this answer your question? I did say that I might like to try anal sex sometime, but not just when you were wanted to try it last time. We were in a bit of a hurry if you remember, and I thought it was something that we might take a little bit of time over, not do it in a rush. Well,

we're not in a hurry now are we, so if you're interested let's see how we get on. Just don't be too disappointed if I say I don't want to do it again. We can still have plenty of fun using the conventional means.'

'I just do love a girl with an adventurous spirit - well, I think I just love you anyway. Now turn over and let's see what sort of fun we can have.'

Anne turned over onto her front, and he spent a few moments just admiring the beautiful lines of her back, her lovely rounded buttocks, and her shapely long legs. He stroked across and down the shoulders and back, squeezing the rounded contours of her hips as he passed, till his hands started to mount the slopes of the two firm mounds. His caresses moved further towards her centre, and his fingers began to probe the start of the groove. Her skin was soft and silky under his touch, but as he progressed deeper he felt the dampness where she had sweated during their lovemaking. He pushed deeper, and soon he felt little dent of her closed anus, and he rubbed the tip of his finger around the rim, then pressed gently into the centre, and felt the slightest slackening of the musculature as his finger probed the opening.

Now he took the tube of KY Jelly, removed the cap, and spread some of the jelly onto his fingertips. He was sitting beside her on the bed, and with his other hand he spread her cheeks apart so that he could see the light brown puckering of her anus. He spread the jelly onto his target, then began to press inwards and felt and saw his finger ease into her. He pushed firmly and soon felt the pressure ease as he passed through her sphincter.

'You okay, darling. I'm not hurting, am I?'

'No, that's fine. In fact it feels good'.

Peter withdrew his finger, squeezed out some more jelly, and then re-entered, but this time with two fingers. Again he passed through her sphincter, and began to gently move his fingers in and out. From the little moans she was making, he assumed that she was happy with this, and he continued for some time till he felt he had stretched enough.

'Are you ready for the ultimate assault? Or should I carry on like this for a bit longer?'

'I think I'm ready to be filled up. Do you want me on my knees?'

'I think that would be better, let's try.'

He withdrew his fingers, seeing how her passage remained gaping open for a little while before it closed down again. She raised herself onto her knees, with her legs spread wide and her head resting on the pillow. Now all of her beautiful sex was exposed to him, her arse hole shiny and gaping slightly, and her vulva spread to show her vagina lips, still wet and sticky from their previous love-making. He took the jelly again, and this time spread some over his erect penis, drawing back his foreskin to make sure that the glans itself was well lubricated. Then he knelt between legs and guided his penis to touch its target. He moved the tip in a circular motion around the puckered orifice, then placed it at the centre. He moved forward a little so that his engorged member was pressing inwards, and he watched her arse hole open a little to allow him to start entering her passage. He pressed a little harder, and heard a little grunt from her as she felt her body being invaded, so he drew back a little, then pressed forward again, this time

entering a little further. He repeated the process several times, each time achieving a deeper entrance, then he gave a harder thrust and felt the head pass through her sphincter and enter deep into her back passage.

'Are you all right with this? I'm not hurting you too much, and I? Can I start to move a bit more now?'

'Well, you do seem rather large, but I'm getting used to the feeling. Just take it easy for a bit, to give me a bit of time to stretch for you.'

Peter started to move slowly in and out, at the same time leaning forward so that he could put his arms around her body and hold her breasts. He felt the weight of them hanging into his, and squeezed and caressed them, tweaking her nipples which grew under his touch. Now she was getting used to the feel of him intruding into this part of her body, he felt his penis held firmly in the hot flesh, and he gradually increased the tempo of his movements. Then he slid one hand down her body and began to probe her cleft. His finger slid into her slippery vagina, and through the thin membrane he could feel the movements of his penis, and he moved his hand in concert. His thumb was rubbing her engorged clitoris, and the combination of all the actions he was taking was sending her into a frenzy, and suddenly felt her vagina spasm and heard her scream as the first orgasm hit her.

He stopped for a moment as he felt her body shaking, but when she calmed down a little he began to move much faster, and soon was thrusting hard into her, his hands now holding onto her hips, his fingers digging into her soft flesh. His thighs were slapping against her buttocks, and looking down, he could see his pink shiny flesh plunging in and out of her stretched arse hole. She was moaning as he assaulted her, but at the same time she was pushing back at him in time with his movements. Suddenly he felt the buildup of sperm in his balls starting to be released into his rigid member and he held her as tightly as possible against him as the first rush of liquid jetted into her. Again and again his cock spasmed and jerked inside her arse as his balls emptied.

At last he was finished, and his penis subsided and slipped out of her anus. The hole gaped obscenely, and a trickle of white liquid began to ooze out and run down her thighs. She stayed kneeling for a little longer, and he saw the hole gradually close. Then she rolled over onto her side, and he lay beside her.

'Well, what you think? You've certainly got a lovely arse, it feels as good inside as it looks on the outside. I didn't hurt you too much did I?'

'No, you didn't really hurt me at all, but I do feel rather stretched. It's an odd feeling having your prick inside my arse, but it's pretty good, and I'll be quite happy to do it again sometime. Mind you, I still prefer it in the other hole, and this way is just a fun variety as far as I'm concerned. Now, if you don't mind, I feel about ready to sleep. Just hold me tight. Oh, before we go to sleep, I have got a bit of news for you.'

'How fascinating, do tell me.'

'Well, how do I put this? My period is a week late, that's never happened in my life before. I'll go to the chemist and get a test kit, but I'm pretty certain that I'm pregnant.'

'I suppose you'll expect me to marry you now.'

'How gracefully put! I've always wanted a romantic marriage proposal, but I suppose it will have to do. In any case if you don't marry me my father will probably arrive with a shot gun.'

'I thought your father was dead?'

'He is, but he'd come and haunt you if you didn't marry me.'

Peter got out of bed and began to rummage in his briefcase. Then he returned to the bed and knelt beside her. In his hand he had a small box containing a diamond ring, which he gave to her.

'Please will you marry me Anne. If you really are pregnant that's a good reason for getting married quickly, but I love you and want to marry you anyway, with or without a bump.'

She held out her hand and the ring slipped easily onto her finger. She leaned forward, put her arms around his neck and drew him into a long loving kiss.

'Of course I'll marry you. Now I'm thoroughly awake again and to show my love for you I'll let you put your disgusting tool into my innocent vagina. Just don't expect three times a night once we are married. By the way, I intend to breastfeed your child so I'll expect you to drink any surplus milk so that I don't start leaking everywhere.'

'Suckling your tits won't be too much of a hardship, so I'll have a little practice right now even if there isn't any milk there.'

He lowered his head to her breast, took her nipple into his mouth and began to suck.....