**Henry Higgins?**

by[WillingWolf](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1456550&page=submissions)©

**Chapter One**

Looking back I have almost lost track of how long ago it actually was when I met Danielle for the first time. Her name was Jane then. Not that I knew it.

I guess we are going back around just short of five years in total. It was a summers evening in London. I would like to tell you that it was a balmy hot evening with a light breeze keeping the worst of the heat at bay. No this was London. It had been sunny but a stiff breeze kept you wondering whether, just maybe, you should have put a coat on.

But I was a big tough man, or so I liked to think. A little breeze was not going to stop me meeting a couple of friends in the Sutling Room, the bar at the Honourable Artillery Company Headquarters in the City area. It is a delightful place to be invited to have a drink. It is both old-fashioned military, reeking with tradition, and yet almost a branch of a City Wine bar with it's clientele of City boys. The Military side has a strong role as a valued Territorial Unit, yet leans towards the City. It was mainly manned by a combination of 'Old Regular Army' and 'City Boys'. Not a natural pairing you would have thought but somehow it worked. Meeting there, popping out to eat dinner in the city, and returning to finish the evening there was easy on the purse-strings and often provided fun as some of the younger rowdy element slid down the stairs on drinks trays as their friends threw ice cubes at them.

Military training I guess?

As I parked up my mini, an ideal city car, close to the gates I saw this lass and three of her friends, all boys, coming towards me, perhaps fifty yards away.

She was wearing a yellow summer dress, thin, not quite see-through, but definitely well-worn, which looked a little out of place with her brilliant white trainers. Slightly incongruous?

But pretty, wow.

She had long dark hair, just parted in the middle, She was slim and tall, about five foot ten perhaps? Her hair was unruly and needed a good cut, some weight to it maybe, to stop it flying around in the breeze. Laughing eyes, as I noticed when she came closer. And freckles, freckles, lots of them.

But little of this I had seen from fifty yards. I am after all in my fifties and if the truth were known not the fittest or healthiest man in the world.

I had put on a little more weight after taking early retirement from my stupidly lucrative job as a marine insurance broker a year earlier and even I knew that I was what people might call ponderous. Slow, methodical and overweight. I could only just get into my mini.

It was only later that I recalled all these first impressions of Danielle. My real first and still abiding memory is of the breeze whipping her dress up around her thighs. As they walked towards me this thin yellow summery dress, with buttons all down the front, which, in repose would have been almost down to her knees, flickered up and down. One of my first thoughts was that the little urchin, as I quickly began to think of her, had a couple of buttons missing from the hem end, but no, it was very obvious as she got closer that she had not done them up at all. The bottom one was brown, where she had sewn on a replacement but non-matching button.

Little things like this I remembered later. Or did I just imagine them.

I do remember that I stayed watching, bending slightly from the waist as I locked the sat-nav away in the boot. It was like a time warp. I was stationary as they approached. The boys started laughing at me, but I hadn't got time to worry about that. I was just concentrating on her hem- line. The breeze was mainly from behind and I remember thinking what a lovely view there must have been from the back. I am sure there were times when her panties would have been showing.

As she almost came up to us a shift in the wind, possibly caused by the entrance to the gates of the HAC itself caused the front to flutter and separate. My mouth must have dropped open because the lads started hooting with laughter.

As if I could care. She wore no panties and I had just seen her dark brown hairy muff. For a second, or perhaps even less. An instant in time.

She knew what had happened and out came this girly giggle. I like to remember that she made no attempt to stop it flapping, but this again could be my imagination.

As she giggled and winked at me, yes, she acknowledged me looking, she grabbed her nearest friends arm and started to run. Now I see why she had trainers. She was full of joie de vivre and I was lost. I had fallen. I started to understand why writers and poets conjoin fallen and in love.

And of course as she ran away I realised that I had been wrong. As the wind whipped her dress I could not see her panties. I could see her exquisite cheeks, and she knew it. The act of running exaggerated it. I just wanted to record it all in slow motion.

It took me a while to get up the stairs and into the bar. I am afraid I was not good company and excused myself from the later drinks as I went home to be alone with my thoughts.

Arriving home and earlier in bed than normal I fully expected to achieve glorious relief with my best friend, my right hand, but no, I was in love not lust so merely dreamed about her. But what a dream. I just wish I could have remembered it next day.

**Chapter 2**

Of course being temporarily in love did not exactly cramp my style nor my friendships so it was less than two weeks later that I found myself in the same spot, parking the car. The weather had turned a little inclement now, after all we were into September. More in hope than expectation I looked up the road to see whether my unrequited love would be resurrected by another appearance. There in the distance, what was that? There were a couple, no, three people walking slowly towards me. I could see that they were idling, playing, one moment in the kerb, another swinging on the railings of the wall. And yes, one of them was a girl and yes, yes, it was her. The white trainers gave her away before I could see her features.

I put my sat-nav in the boot again but was conscious that they were still a long way away and I had a lot of time to waste until they got closer.

I must have been too obvious because I heard one of the lads mention 'the old perve in the Union Jack Mini'.

The paint-job on my car did tend to get it remembered.

Old perve was a bit strong I felt, especially as mine was a pure love not merely lust.

She was wearing a short denim skirt so there was no chance of a breeze showing me the Holy Grail that I now sought. She did however take off her leather jacket as they approached, allowing me to concentrate on a different part of her anatomy.

She took off her leather jacket, I later mused. And then put it on again fifty yards further on. Had she taken it off just for me to admire those tight little nipples, almost flat against her chest, but boldly at attention and remarkably obvious behind a thin white tight blouse. Her aureoles were large and dark brown as were her nipples. Her breasts were almost non-existent.

I didn't get my wink. They just strolled on, ignoring me, as I continued to play with the wheel-jacking device in the boot.

I was better company this evening however as I realised that she was perhaps a regular stroller past these gates and that I only needed the excuse of the bar to come back more regularly. By the end of the evening I had managed to get our occasional meetings into a regular fortnightly one.

**Chapter 3**

And there I was, as regular as clockwork, at seven o'clock fortnightly, parking one of my cars outside the HAC gates. If by taking the BMW up instead of the mini I had hoped to gain some sort of anonymity I don't know. I do know that it didn't work though. The next time I saw them, a group of four again on this occasion, I was clocked as 'the old rich perve with the mini and a beamer'. Was I making myself more attractive or merely laughable. I had no idea and frankly cared little. I was still in love.

They were not there on every occasion, but I probably saw her on average of once every other time and every time she gave me something to remember her by. Sometimes a wink or a giggle at a comment that her friends had made. Once she dropped her handbag just after she had passed me. She looked around, to make sure that I was watching, which of course I was, and bent from the waist to pick it up. Her light short mac and her little pink mini-skirt rode high upon her hips, just exposing again the bottom of her cheeks and no panties.

She looked around again, just to check that I had seen her, before running on with her friends in a similar way to the way she had the first time.

My mind was in turmoil. I was delighted that she obviously didn't think I was an old pervert because she kept humouring me. Or did she?

Was she merely showing off safely to this 'rich old perve' in the knowledge that her friends would protect her?

It was the week before Christmas, which I know sounds like the beginning of a poem, but I am afraid I am no poet, as you will find out later.

However, it was the week before Christmas and as I saw them walking towards me I felt confident enough to actually try to speak to her.

I sat in the car until they were close enough to see them properly.

She was wearing a long almost military style maxi-coat down to her ankles and buttoned up to her neck, around which she wore a woolly scarf.

I had long since given up any ideas of being an anonymous voyeur, the lads had spotted my interest from day one.

I stepped out of the car and said 'Good evening,' as they passed.

Hardly an original nor thought-provoking opening. The two lads with her were content to laugh and one of them muttered 'old perve' just loudly enough for me to hear.

She however stopped and turned back towards me.

'You come here a lot don't you? Are you in the army?'

The two boys sniggered at the thought of my slightly corpulent aging body undergoing the rigorous exercises necessary for a member of the armed forces.

'No I meet friends here. I like to use the bar and the restaurant. They have a wonderful atmosphere. It may not give the impression of it from out here but it can be a fun place.'

While I was talking she was undoing the buttons on her coat, one, two and now the third, just above her knee.

She had obviously heard the sniggering from behind her because she said, 'Yeah, that's what my mates said. You should eat and drink less, lose some weight then maybe get yourself a wife. Or have you got one already. The little woman who stays at home while you enjoy yourself with your pals.'

The sniggering was less muted and she was obviously enjoying her role as interlocutor.

'No,' I shrugged, 'I was married but about ten years ago she ran away with the builder and now I'm div....' My sentence tailed away as the open coat was allowed to gap and from the top downwards all I could see was skin. She had pulled the right hand side of her coat just an inch or two sideways and under the scarf wrapped tightly around her neck I could see her chest-bone, and a little, and I mean little, cleavage. I could see five foot of smooth flat skin skirting to the left of her belly-button and pubic hair and running down to her ubiquitous trainers.

'Yeah they thought you would be a sad old git with no wife. You were here too often to have a regular girl-friend.'

By now she had buttoned up again. The whole thing had taken a few seconds. She had undone three buttons, shrugged the coat open an inch or two and closed the three buttons while she spoke. The lads standing behind her would have had no idea what she had done while she was taking the piss out of me.

She turned to walk away, buttoned and warm again.

'Have a wonderful Christmas,' I mumbled, stunned at what had occurred.

'Another memorable line Charles,' I thought to myself as the three of them moved away, the boys openly laughing at me.

I was quiet that evening. While I am not normally a 'romance and tell' sort of guy I did try to tell my friends exactly what happened. They put it down to an overactive imagination and one too many glasses of Christmas mulled wine.

**Chapter 4**

I was determined to talk to her again, even if I provided her friends with an increasing amount of fun.

To that end I decided to write a poem that I would read out to her. I didn't care if she laughed, provided she laughed with me, not at me. Let's face it, I had nothing to lose. My first few attempts were all about me, my lack of a wife or girlfriend, my weight, my drinking habits.

These were no good, it had to be about her, not me.

By the time I had written this silly poem and because of Christmas my friends and I had got out of synch with our fortnightly meetings. In January we had gone three weeks.

I had not seen 'my girl', as I now thought of her, for over a month and I realised that just maybe she was strolling past there every other week as well so I was also out of synch with her. I let another week go by before arranging the meet.

It was now February. There was a light covering of snow on the ground and it was bitterly cold.

I was pleased to have the heated seats this time of year but still practically bounded from the warmth of the car, without even a jacket, as the group of four drew level with the car. I reached into my pocket where I had stored my silly verse, although I knew I did not have the confidence to day to read it.

'Hi, I took your advice.'

She looked mildly interested, the others grouped around her just sniggered.

'I lost some weight. So now all I need is a girl-friend.'

Wow where did that come from. Pathetic.

The boys fell about. No quiet sniggering now. Open humour which I knew I had to carefully maintain for it not to turn to violence.

'Fuck off man you got to lose a lot more before you're getting any pussy. You're better off buying it you rich perve.' The lad who said this had pushed himself forward a bit. He was the biggest of the boys and the one that I had always seen her with.

She pushed him away, mindful perhaps that he had stopped laughing.

'Come on Billy. Leave him alone. He ain't worth it.'

They started walking on. No flash, mind you it was cold. No wink, no smile.

They had gone about ten yards I guess when I realised that this was it. The mood had changed, I was not going to get introduced nor flashed any more. Did I have one more chance?

'Wait.'

I pulled the note from my pocket.

'I wrote you a poem, so here it is. Now you can have a really good laugh at my expense.'

I struck a heroic pose and emoted.

'Frostie the snowgirl never looked so bright

As my fair maid, to my delight.

That flash of breast, that glimpse of leg

Has given me the urge to beg

Her not to catch a cold

Ere she grows old

And cannot spend the time with me

That I see as her destiny.'

Well that changed the mood all right. The boys could not stand up for laughing so much. And I even got a big giggle from my beloved.

I held out the poem in which I had folded my business card with my home address and phone number.

She stepped back towards me, just far enough to pick up the note.

'Ring me please,' I said quietly so the boys could not hear.

'In your dreams,' she said and giggled, pushing the poem into her little handbag.

And dreams were all I had left. I came back regularly, fortnightly and even tried on odd weeks just to sit outside the HAC and hoped that she would come back. I was in a bad way.

**Chapter 5**

It was May before I got the phone call.

'Ring-ring, ring-ring,'

'Two six oh eight,'

Pause. Long pause.

'Hello. HELLO.'

Nothing.

'Is anybody there.' I could hear breathing. Nobody was going to ring me and do a heavy breathing thing down the phone.

'Hello,' she said. 'This is....' Silence.

'I know who you are.' I said and laughed.

'Well actually that's not true, I do know you are, but I don't know who you are. Your name, or anything about you.'

It went quiet again, and hollow, as if she had put her hand over the phone.

'Do you want to take me to dinner at your army restaurant?'

Wow, I did not see that coming.

'I would love to but I can't.'

'Thought not, you have got a wife then, somewhere there in Fulham.' She obviously had my card in front of her.

'No, no. You have to be a member. I am always someone's guest. But I would love to take you to another restaurant.'

It went quiet and hollow again.

'Where.'

'Well I will come to your home, pick you up and take you to a little place....'

'No.'

'Okay if you don't want me to know where you live I will pick you up in front of the HAC...'

'No.'

Quiet.

'Tell me the restaurant, nearby.'

I thought about the area, which was really quite well off for restaurants open both lunchtime and evening.

'Four hundred yards from the HAC towards the city. La Belle Maman. French. Is that alright.'

'I've never had French. Is it alright. I had Chinese once, I wasn't very keen on that.'

'It is lovely, same as English but better.'

'All right tomorrow, seven o'clock.' And then she was gone.

Luckily I had no other engagement for the next day so rang 'Maman' and booked a table for the next night. I was there early of course settling my nerves with a gin and tonic. I had not taken a car expecting to take a taxi home after dropping her off. I was really nervous. I had not been out with anyone since my divorce fifteen years ago and before that I had hardly romanced my wife for ten years before that.

And what was I doing going out with a teenager anyway. Maybe I was an old perve, I thought to myself. I began to wonder how old she was. God I desperately hoped she was over sixteen. She was late and I began to wonder whether she was coming at all. Were they outside having a laugh at my expense? Was that the reason it had to be close?

I had seen a couple of single lads walk by from time to time but whether they were 'her' lads I could not tell.

Then suddenly she was there.

She was standing in front of my table as I had briefly looked away at the specials board behind me.

I jumped to my feet, 'Oh.'

She sidled into her chair without saying a word.

'Hi. I am Charles, Charles Graham, and you are..?'

It went quiet, this was going to be a difficult evening.

'Jane Daniels.'

'Well Jane, nice to meet you.' I was still standing but somehow it did not seem right to shake hands and certainly not to lean over for a kiss or two.

'Would you like to take your coat off?'

'Why.'

Please God she had some clothes on tonight under that coat.

I nearly laughed at the thought. That would be the first time I have ever hoped a girl had clothes on.

'Well you might get hot later and everybody else has taken them off, but it's not a problem if you want to leave it on. Let us have a drink instead.

I have got a gin and tonic here but I thought perhaps we might have a bottle of wine. Do you like wine, or maybe champagne.'

She giggled, showing the first sign's of life.

'I've never had champagne. Look I haven't got any money, is that okay. Honestly a glass of water and fish and chips will be fine. Do they do fish and chips here? You said it was like English.'

I realised that she had probably never been invited out to a restaurant and I had to start slow, so as not to scare her.

'Firstly, of course you have no need of money. You can have whatever you want to eat and drink. This is entirely my treat and without being smug, I can afford it. You have seen I have got two cars and I also have two houses so I can certainly afford anything you want to eat and drink.

I am guessing that you are nervous sitting there because you haven't been to too many restaurants, well you cannot be any more nervous than me because I have never, ever, sat in a restaurant with a girl as young and pretty as you. I am desperately trying to find things to say to you that will not make you run out of the door.'

She slowly smiled.

'That's true I suppose. Actually I have never been to a proper restaurant, only cafes and chippies.'

'So why did you come,' I waved down the passing waiter and asked him to bring me a bottle of house champagne.

Jane looked over her shoulder towards he window and mumbled, 'I don't know.'

Not the right question.

We sat in silence while the waiter poured a drop of bubbly into my glass for me to taste.

'That's fine thanks.'

He filled both the glasses.

I picked mine up and said 'Cheers,' and waited for her to clink glasses.

She did and then tasted it.

'Wow that's nice innit. I could get to like this.'

I laughed, 'One little question. I am not allowed to give you champagne unless you are eighteen years old. Do I have a problem?'

She giggled, 'Nah I'm nineteen now, last week. Do you want to see ID.'

'Of course not. I believe you and anyway it would not really be my responsibility it would be the restaurants. What would you like to eat.'

The waiter proffered us the menus and ran through the specials.

After a lengthy discussion about the menu being in French which she could not understand and how it wasn't really much like English cooking, there was no roast joint and vegetables, Jane eventually selected the onion soup and a steak. I had the snails and confit of duck.

'Can I take my coat off now?'

'Of course.' I jumped to my feet hoping against hope that this was not a huge flash and that she was about to run out of my life after showing her wares to the entire restaurant.

She hung it on the back of her chair.

She was wearing the same yellow dress that she was wearing the first time I saw her. I was entranced.

'I remember that dress. You were wearing it the first time I saw you. It looks lovely on you.'

'It's my favourite,' she murmured, a little embarrassed at a compliment.

Or maybe embarrassed that on that occasion she had been wearing no underwear and I knew. I idly wondered whether she was wearing any today.

She demolished the onion soup while hardly taking a breath.

'That was lovely,' she said. 'Is there any more.'

I just managed to stifle a laugh as I called the waiter over.

'Our compliments to the chef and the young lady is asking if there is any more please.'

The waiter allowed himself a broad smile. 'Of course Miss, I will talk to the chef.'

While she was waiting for her second bowl I set about my snails, firstly dipping bread in the sauce before spearing the gastropod with the fork and swallowing.

She watched fascinated.

'That did look like a snail. What was it really.'

'It really was a snail.'

She pulled a face.

'Here taste the juice on this bread.'

She sniffed at it and then ate it. She admitted that 'Yeah, the bread and juices tasted okay but surely not a snail.'

The second bowl of soup arrived and disappeared as quickly as the first.

While she ate I explained that although this was a snail it was not a common or garden snail that she would know from home. That it was specially bred and then given a clean diet for many days before cooking.

We sat and looked at the last one in the bowl.

'Would you like to try it.'

She thought she would and quickly chewed and swallowed it down.

'You are right. This is like English food,' she said. 'It was like a whelk.'

There was a minor disturbance as the waiter brought her steak. It was very rare and I could see we were going to have a problem.

She prodded it with her finger and watched a drop of blood drip onto the plate.

'Are they going to cook it now' she asked.

'Not really,' I said. 'That is how they normally serve it. But let me see what I can do.'

I quickly spoke to the waiter in French explaining that this was the young ladies first time in a nice restaurant, how much she had enjoyed the soup and the snail but this was her first time with very rare beef could they cook it just a little more, 'a point' perhaps, so that it actually stopped running with blood.

Again the waiter went to speak to the chef and returned with the steak still rareish but definitely cooked a little more.

By then I had explained how I believed that an undercooked steak tasted better and perhaps softer and perhaps she might like to try it when the waiter brought it back. If she didn't like it then she could choose a different meal altogether perhaps.

She again drew comparisons to English food as she declared the thin matchstick chips as just like MaccyDs but better and then the steak as delicious.

She had examined my confit, admitted that she had only seen ducks on the pond in summer and then to my delight helped herself to large chunks of my meal. The red cabbage was deemed 'funny' but good and the Lyonnaise potatoes 'Oh wow.'

We looked at the desert menu as she realised that maybe two bowls of soup had not been such a good idea.

I asked the waiter to give us half an hour and then return with the menus. It was still only eight-thirty.

Over the second bottle of bubbly I found out a little more about her.

She was, as I knew, nineteen, she lived with her mum in a council flat behind the HAC.

'It's lovely,' she said.

'From our tenth floor flat you can see right down into the HAC grounds. I've seen parades, parties with carousels of horses, marquees and dance bands, helicopters landing and taking off and even parachutists coming in with flares attached to themselves at night.'

She had no brothers or sisters or pets or a father. Her father had disappeared when she was six, and good riddance to him. He had knocked her mum about from time to time. She thought he might be in prison again.

She was a receptionist at a dental practice in Archway.

I asked about her boyfriends. I commented that she always had a lot of lads with her and was there one special one?

She looked over her shoulder again towards the window.

'Well Billie, I suppose, but we're not serious or nothing. He's always there. He's .....' She went quiet.

'You can tell me.' I expected her to tell me that she wanted to marry him.

'He's the one who talked me into coming tonight.'

Now that was a shock.

'Didn't you want to come. I hope you have enjoyed yourself anyway.'

'No, I mean yes and yes. I did want to come which I why I kept your phone number, and your silly poem. That was a seriously bad poem.' She giggled.

'I kept dithering. I thought you looked kind but all the boys thought you just wanted to see me because I had flashed my bum at you and shown you my tits. Well what passes for tits. As you know I haven't got anything to show there. They didn't know about the coat though.'

She giggled, her blue eyes twinkled and her face lit up.

'That was so naughty of me.'

I laughed. 'They've got me right I am afraid. I was entranced by your legs and bum and even your non-existent tits, but I really loved your face, your eyes and your freckles.'

'And as for your giggle and your wink, well I do not have the words to describe them. I could guess I could write a poem.'

'No please,' she giggled nicely for me. 'Anything but that again.'

'The truth is they are waiting outside for me, so I felt safe coming. If you had started to molest me all I had to do was start moving to the door and they would come in and beat you up. That's why it had to be close to home.'

I must have looked uneasy.

'They won't do it now because they can see I am relaxed. Taking my coat off was a sign that all was well so far. Another problem is that they know me too well. Why there are never any girls with us is cos I love to flash. The boys of course love it and come out with me whenever they can. I rarely wear any underwear and I love to flash given half a chance. I wouldn't do it in here of course because it's posh.'

She looked a little embarrassed. 'Can I tell you some secrets.'

I nodded. 'Of course.' The champagne was beginning to have an effect on her.

'I am not wearing any now.'

Somehow I had expected that.

'And I never close my bedroom curtains. Although we are on the tenth floor I can see all over the HAC ground and I am sure some of the flats the other side can see me, specially if they have binoculars which a lot of the army people have.'

'So.' I said. 'For my third house I need to buy a new flat and then get some binoculars.'

She laughed and said shrewdly. 'I don't think there is anything you haven't seen.'

At that moment I am pleased to say the waiter brought back the menus for desert and I was able to change the subject.

The only thing dismissed out of hand were the crepe suzettes. As soon as I had described them as pancakes she elicited the information that they had them every year on Pancake Day.

She settled for a chocolate and cherry trifle while I had the honeyed figs.

The deserts quickly came and she finished every bit of her fairly heavy trifle. I guess we had taken a fairly long gap before we ordered them.

I had very slowly savoured my figs knowing somehow that she would want to taste them. After all she had tasted everything else.

'What are they,' she asked.

'Figs,' I said. They are fruit. They grow on a tree, see like this.' I picked one up and dangled it between my fingers. Then they are dried and then this one is soaked in honey and juices. It is very succulent.'

'May I try it.'

'Please do.'

I put it on the plate and gave it to her.

She hesitated and then pushed the plate away. There was a light in her eyes that I did not understand.

'I can't eat that. Look at it. It reminds me of .... Well Suzie, I went to school with.'

I was genuinely puzzled. 'You mean she had a face like a wrinkled fig or a prune perhaps.'

She giggled again. 'No silly, look at it, it looks like, you know her bottom, at the front.'

I must have been bedazzled by her and the champagne because I still appeared puzzled.

'Look,' she said, and stuck her finger into the middle of the fig. 'Her pussy,' she whispered.

I laughed until the tears rolled from my eyes.

'Yes,' I said. 'I can see that now. But I'll bet Suzie tasted sweeter. What do you think.'

She rolled her eyes. 'That was a long time ago. I was only fifteen. But it was fun at the time,' she giggled.

I could see she wanted to try it, probably even more now we had discussed it's appearance.

'Go on,' I said. 'It won't bite not like...'

She jabbed me in the ribs with her elbow.

'Go on,' I repeated. 'Just close your eyes and bite it and swallow it. Don't lick and play with it like you did...'

Her elbow found it's home in my ribs again as she picked it up and bit into it.

'Oh wow. It's fantastic.'

'So,' I said slyly. 'How does it compare,' and jumped back to avoid another thump.

'You know what,' she said lowering her voice. 'It not only looks better and tastes better but it smells a hell of a lot better. She rolled into a series of giggles as the smutty jokes came pouring from both of us.

At that moment the chef came strolling from the kitchen acknowledging the smiles and the thanks of his patrons. He came right up to us.

'M'sieu,' he said 'I have to thank you and this delightful young lady for gracing my restaurant tonight. You have brought a breath of fresh spring air into this dull little world. I understand that you liked my onion soup eh.'

'Oh yes,' she said. ' I have loved all of it. Every course has been wonderful, mine and Charlies.'

Somehow I didn't mind being called Charlie.

'Until the fig,' he said. I have heard you laughing and now I see you have left some of the fig. Is it no good?'

This I am afraid made us both start laughing again and I was forced to reveal, much to Jane's embarrassment why she had only eaten half of it.

She quickly put the final piece in her mouth and chewing it down made complementary content noises.

We both laughed and she giggled, again and again.

The chef waved his fingers towards the waiter, said a few words in French and coffee and digestives arrived tout suite.

Jane tried the calvados but wrinkled her nose in disgust.

'Oh no. That is the first thing I have tried that is really yuck.'

He whispered in the waiter's ear and she duly received a wine glass full of a light amber drink. I raised my eyebrows as she sipped and gave her ultimate approval.

'Oh wow.'

'A desert wine?' I asked.

He nodded. 'A Chateau Yquem, my own bottle.'

I nodded again. 'Magnifique.'

He sighed and said, 'But I must return to supervise the cleaning and the preparations for tomorrow. Msieu, madamoiselle. He raised her fingers to his lips in a gallic salute.

'Oh my God,' she mouthed. 'He kissed my fingers, like they do in films.

I have never seen anyone do that before. And the French, they do kiss a lot don't they. I have been watching over your shoulder. The waiter and one or two the other people here when someone comes in they know they kiss them on both cheeks.'

I laughed again. 'So do I normally. I would have done it to you but you arrived so quickly at the table and looked so nervous I thought I might frighten you away. But next time, be ready.'

'Ohhh next time. You mean you want to do this again.'

'Of course. I have had a wonderful time. Haven't you?'

'Well yes but I don't know whether Billie will let me come again. I will try. But I must go or he will come in here soon. He has been hanging around where I can see him at the window. I don't want him getting mad with you. Sorry. I must go.'

She said all this watching the window and as a shadow moved against the door she jumped up and ran to the front stopping someone, Billie I guess, from coming in.

As she passed the window she waved but I saw her arm fiercely clenched by Billie who glared at me in return.

I asked for the bill while reflecting on the time. How quickly 3 hours had passed. I sat and dreamed of the next opportunity I would have to listen to her giggle.

**Chapter 6**

I waited three weeks before hearing a word. I was on the point of looking up Dentists Archway on Google when I got the text on my mobile.

'Thk u. Sry wait. Soon.'

I have had more romantic messages but rarely one that had filled me with such hope.

Even so after another three weeks I actually had a short list of Dentists in Archway in my hand. I started with Aaronovitch and was in despair by the time I got to Young and Partners.

But then the hint of a giggle as I heard, 'Young and Partners, can I help you.'

'Jane,' I said.

'Charlie,' she whispered. 'I can't take private calls they will sack me..'

'I would like to discuss an appointment with your senior partner.'

'Yes Sir, that would be Mr Young.'

'By name is Charles LeFig. I am French' I said speaking in a bad mock French accent. I heard a giggle starting but it was quickly squashed. 'I have a leetle restaurant near here with maman. I zink you know it.'

'Yes Sir.'

'I weel be zere tonight at seven o'clock. Peraps you could check my teeth and it weel not be neccessaire to see Msieu Young.'

'Thank you M'sieu LeFig, I will try to make the appointment for you.'

The phone went dead.

So there I was halfway though my main course at about eight thirty when as before she arrived in a hurry at the table.

I was not to be pushed aside this time so I stood and kissed her on both cheeks. She just stood there looking like she had seen the New Coming so I kissed her quickly on the lips.

That made her sit and quickly. No coat off I noticed but she also was not looking at the window. I thought that was a good sign.

' I am so sorry I really cannot stop,' I pushed a glass of champagne into her hand that the waiter had quickly poured into a spare glass.

'Billy and Mum are waiting for me to go home any second. I am supposed to be getting Billy some fags from the off licence. I can't ring you at work, they sacked the last receptionist for taking private calls and Billy checks my home phone every night. He got really upset that I had enjoyed myself so much with you last time. He doesn't even let me go out with girl-friends any more. And Mum supports him. She wants me to marry him. Not that he has asked, but I think he just assumes that I am his.'

I was prepared. I handed over a phone. New, straight out of the box.

There I have bought you a phone. It is all paid for, it tops itself up when it gets down to ten pound and you can even email me on it. Keep it hidden and talk to me when you have your lunch breaks. Now go. Don't say a word. Don't drink any more, they will smell it.

I will find a way to see you again. If you want it.'

I slipped the phone in her coat pocket and eased her towards the door. She stood there for a moment before kissing me this time. On the lips I noted with some satisfaction. She turned and ran.

She would find a way to talk to me occasionally I was sure.

**Chapter 7**

Indeed she phoned me the very next day. I could hear that she was in the street. It transpired she was on her way to the corner shop to buy a sandwich for lunch. She told me that she had been getting more adventurous with her lunches and pate was now a favourite. It seemed that anything French was good.

On about her third call in as many days, short ones admittedly I told her that she was turning into such a Francophile that I was going to change her name. Once I had explained what a Francophile was I said,

'I shall call you Danielle. That is just a corruption of your own family name and very French.'

'Danielle,' she tried out the sound of it on her tongue. 'Yes I think I like it. Shall I call you Sharles.' It rolled off her tongue like silk.

'If you like but I think from you I prefer Charlie.'

She started calling me at night from her bed when her mum was asleep.

We would talk for hours usually asking me questions, often about France but more and more how to get on in the world. How to get a new job started to be a regular question from her. She was quite ambitious but every time I mentioned that the only way to start getting on in the world was to dump Billy, she would go quiet.

She started to tell me about her work. Mr Young, the senior partner was beginning to hit on her, but she thought that perhaps it had mainly been her own fault.

'How could that be,' I asked.

'Well one day, I had been there about a month, I went in as usual to find that he had a uniform for me. A dental nurses coat.'

I asked was he sure like, as I had not received any dental training nor did I have anything to do with the patients except on the phone or on reception.

But no he said that we should all look the same and I should look the same as the nurses, who had always wore one.

It was a bit tight and also very short but that wasn't going to be a problem because I could wear the bottom open over my skirt or trousers I figured.

I took my jumper off and of course I never wear a bra so the nylon material felt really nice and rubbed against my nipples. They would stand out and I am sure you could see a bit of the surrounding colour through the thin coat.

Still in my own little way I quite liked that.

But then a few days later he brought to my attention that the other two nurses were just wearing their coats with no skirts or trousers below.

The trouble with this, as I pointed out to him was they were both five foot tall asian girls not five foot eight, and that was without the heels he wanted me to wear. It was going to be very short. So of course I had to wear panties. I was determined to make my own little stand in a way that he could not complain about so I started to wear bright coloured panties around the office. Red, black, yellow, turquoise and pink. It was fun and my exhibitionist side would come out from time to time so I would bend over a filing cabinet. Just really letting Mr Young know he couldn't bully me. But that's when he started to like it. He would call me into his surgery regularly, particularly when there were certain customers in there I noticed. He would get me to ferret around in the bottom drawer or sometimes get a chair to stand on to open the windows. And now one of the other girls has told him that I didn't used to wear panties so he wants me to have no-panties days on Fridays. But that's no way to get on in the world is it?

I had to admit it wasn't. I also told her that she might just start with Fridays but sooner or later he would pressure her to leave them off every day.

The trouble was she secretly fancied doing it. I eventually hit on a little scheme.

'Look if you are sure about all this what you can do is go along with him. Always appear reluctant and make sure that you either get a tape of him asking you to do it or a copy of a letter where he tells you what to do.

When you get fed up of doing as he says, or if he gets outrageous you threaten him with the police or newspapers. Eventually he will get way out of line and you will have the perfect evidence to go to the papers. Or you could have him put you through training college to be a dentistry nurse perhaps.' She liked this idea.

'But don't go rushing it. I will get you a tape recorder that looks like a pen and you can wear it in your top pocket all the time.'

So that's what she did.

**Chapter 8**

It was September before I saw her again.

We were lying in bed one night, ten miles apart of course, when she said to me in a very teasing voice, 'Do you want to see more of me?'

'Of course,' I said, with my brain whirring in overdrive. Skype came to mind. Why hadn't I thought of that earlier. I would wait and see what her suggestion was before I brought it up.

'Next Saturday Billie is going up to Manchester to watch a football match and will not be back until very late. Mum is going with a neighbour to bingo. She never gets in before eleven. So I am free for the evening. I can get out about seven but will have to be back by eleven. Can we go out again.'

My heart surged. I started planning the evening.

'You like French I will take you to my favourite restaurant and I will organise the menu so that you can have a taste of everything the chef can do. I will design your own little tasting menu.'

She started giggling, ' But no figs please M'sieu LeFig. They would only make me laugh.'

I spent an enjoyable week planning a workable menu with the executive chef of a restaurant that I had used a lot for business. I told him that we would be ready for our first amuse bouche by seven forty-five and that I needed to be leaving sharp at ten thirty. I hired a car and driver for the evening but dressed fairly casually. I did not want to embarrass her by overdressing if she could not afford to dress up.

The night arrived and I was waiting on the corner that she suggested near her apartments at seven on the dot. She arrived about ten minutes later giggly and excited. She looked delightful. Her hair had been cut since I saw her last. There was a small fringe and it was cut to drop just onto her shoulders. And what shoulders. Just thin straps held up a deep blue, satin, shirtwaister dress, buttoned down the front, under a chain belt before dropping to mid-thigh. Delightful, dressy but relaxed. Not expensive but definitely classy. This was my new French Danielle.

I was nervous and she was bubbling.

I explained that as she had obviously enjoyed French food before I had arranged a menu where she could taste many of the different aspects of a good French menu.

As before we started with champagne, going on to a nice light red Sancerre with the meat courses, before spoiling her with half a bottle of Sauterne with the five or six desserts that were elegantly arranged on the one plate. The only thing that was not greeted with one hundred percent favour was the red wine, which she claimed was a taste that she needed to practice.

The earlier courses, the asparagus, the quails eggs, the oysters, the foie gras and two soups, a consommé under pastry crust and a vichysoisse were served in tiny portions, not much more than a mouthful, every six minutes as my instructions indicated. There were only four main courses, again small portions. The lobster and sea bass, followed by the rack of lamb, and the filet mignon.

I was pleased that she turned down the cheese, which I ordinarily love but would definitely have been surplus to requirements.

**Chapter 9**

We talked of course about Mr Young and her panties. She got very animated describing how she had been unwilling at first, but then for the first time a couple of weeks ago she had left them off on a Friday. Mr Young had given her a twenty pound bonus and then quickly persuaded her to come in every day thus attired. She had over twenty tape recordings of him requesting her to go without panties and three or four earlier requests that she give him the panties that she had on. She had plenty for whatever action she eventually decided to take.

He frequently called her into his surgery and she claimed that she spent almost as much time in there as she had on reception.

'I am really surprised however that he has never touched me,' she said.

I was fascinated that she expected him to want to touch. Well of course I am sure he wanted to touch. But she was surprised that he hadn't.

'So what would you do if he did touch?'

'Oh I would push him off,' she said. 'I really am a good girl. Well I don't mind showing off to people, but I really do not want to be thought of as a slag.'

I quizzed her to find out that while she was not a virgin, she had only made love with Billie and one other boy that he shared her with a year or so ago. The other boy had been somewhat higher than Billie in the gang hierarchy and it had been a matter of pride, both Billie's and the other boys that they shared Jane at least once. She had told Billie privately what she thought of the idea and told him that she would never sleep with him again if he did that to her one more time.

'Anyway,' she said, 'Sex is no big deal. It's not exactly earthshaking like you imagine from the books. Frankly I get more of a buzz from flashing people than I get doing it.'

I was fascinated again. I have never considered myself a Don Juan but I have never let a girl go home unsatisfied. I think.

I wondered whether I ever had a chance of getting her into bed. The love that I had always felt pure now meandered into lust.

The car was returning for me at ten twenty so we still had about thirty minutes before she turned into the proverbial pumpkin.

I took a chance of upsetting her.

'It is precisely ten minutes to ten. In exactly twenty five minutes I will be asking for the bill. You have five buttons on the front of your dress, I expect a button to be undone every five minutes if you want a lift home.'

'I can't not here. This is far too posh a place. No I can't. Can I?'

The moment she said that, I knew I had it right. She would get a huge thrill from this just because of the surroundings. Any anyway, I wanted a bit of fun.... For both of us.

She looked around before her ands dropped below the table for a few seconds.

'One,' she breathed.

She looked around again before apparently idly playing with the top one, high on her breast bone.

'Two.'

Her hands slipped down again below the table top.

'Three.'

She was breathing a little more heavily now. Around her freckles she seemed to be getting a little pinker. Warm perhaps?

Hardly ten minutes had elapsed before the fingers laced carelessly just below her bust, such as it was, were back on the table.

Four,' she smiled.

The fifth one was under her chain belt but easy to get to. I had calculated that the belt would hold the dress closed but probably allow it to gape. I was not too worried about the top, but the bottom was going to be fun.

'Five,' she whispered.

The little minx bent down to pick up her handbag, leaning towards me so that I could see almost down to her nipples. Her leg moved a little to the side but unfortunately did not push the sides of the dress apart.

I waved my fingers in the direction of the bar.

'L'addition s'il vous plait.'

'Do you speak fluent French,' she said.

I nodded and then added. 'What do you think you are doing?'

She had started to do the buttons up. 'Do you want to walk home?'

'Oh,' she said, blushing deliciously. 'And I don't suppose I get my coat until I get outside.' Was that fearful or stating a request I wondered.

I did not deign to answer. I saw my car draw up the other side of the road.

The waiter came with the bill and I paid. Danielle kept her eyes firmly on the table. The waiter kept them firmly on Danielle.

It was the first time anyone in the restaurant had noticed her state of undress.

He returned with her coat which I accepted and hung over my arm.

I heard her take a deep breath as we stepped out for the doors. I was just ahead of her. I stopped briefly at the bar as we went past, to thank the waiter and the manager, who were both waiting with a smile to see us leave.

I ushered her in front of me and took her arm as we walked towards the door.

'Head up, be proud. You have a wonderful body.'

From behind I had no idea how much was showing. I don't think she would know exactly either. I was betting it was a bit colder down the middle than before. A few men looked up to see us leave and when they did they did not lower their gaze again until we had passed.

We went through the door and into the street. There was a bit of traffic around so we stood on the edge of the kerb awaiting the opportunity to cross.

'Can I have your belt please. Perhaps as a keepsake.'

She half-looked up at me with a crazy little grin and a giggle, before handing me the belt.

I caught her arm to help her across the road. Halfway across she shrugged herself free, opened her arms and pirouetted the rest of the way across the road. Her dress was completely open and flying away from her body on both sides. There were not many of us around but the chauffeur and I both got a great view. He got an even better view as he opened the door and waited for her to get in. She laughed and sat comfortably in the car as I got in the other side.

'Wow. What a kick that was.'

'Yes,' I agreed. 'James got one too,' and we laughed all the way back to her flat where she alighted almost fully dressed once more. I still had her belt.

**Chapter 10**.

I was to wait three more months before I saw her again. As you can imagine I was cursing myself for not having even tried to make out with her in the car. I thought about her daily, but sadly the calls got fewer and fewer. Again it was just before Christmas that I was going to see her again. We were down to one call a week. At the start of December she told me that she had dumped Billie and my heart leapt.

But no, she still would not meet me even for dinner, let alone go out with me, whatever that meant. She told me that she had been to a posh hairdresser and that her boss had given her a couple of good rises and after a little blackmail had agreed that she could take time off to study part time. She was starting after Christmas.

But yes, she would come out to dinner with me the week before Christmas.

Cheekily she asked if I had anything left to show her, 'After the last posh French Restaurant.'

'Of course,' I replied, 'I will now show you some of the best of old English cooking. I think you will enjoy the Blumenthal Restaurant in the Mandarin Hotel.'

'It's very, very, posh,' I added recognizing her enjoyment that the venues had got posher each time. Her ambition was obvious even on the phone.

'I have just the dress,' she said. 'Not that I have anything left to show you,' she giggled.

'Unlike you,' I said. 'I am more than happy to explore old friends.'

That provoked more than a giggle, eventually culminating in a 'You should be so lucky. I will see you at seven o'clock on Tuesday.'

I picked her up at the appointed time and wow. That was going to be the word of the evening.

An elfin cut, white blonde, and yes, somehow she had changed her eyes.

Yes, she told me she had green lenses to colour her irises. She claimed that her 'muddy' coloured eyes did not match her freckles, which all the men seemed to adore, so it was easier to change her eyes.

She wore an ankle length black silk coat so I was on tenterhooks for her to reveal the much vaunted dress.

I steered her into the bar at the Hotel. We were not booked until eight thirty as she had given no hint that she would turn into Cinderella at ten thirty again.

She was impressed with the surroundings and, wow, the surroundings were impressed with her when I asked if I should take her coat.

Her slim body suited admirably the white shot silk dress that hung beautifully from her shoulders to mid calf. A touch of colour, a skin coloured silk flower just forward of her right shoulder was matched by the tone of her skin on the left side that stretched from her shoulder all the way to the hem. Holding it together were three small ties, one above her shoulder, one level with her bust, and the other at her waist. The ties held together the whole dress exposing a six-inch band of flesh and a remarkable lack of underwear. Wow. There's that word again.

It was amazing how she focussed the eyes of every man in the bar upon her.

We stood at the bar while I looked around for a table. We faced each other, her open side against the bar. I had no trouble connecting with the waiter who was hovering, taking in her every move.

'Any chance of a table for an hour,' I asked him.

'I'll see what I can do sir.'

Danielle pouted. She was definitely Danielle tonight- no plain Jane.

'I should warn you, she murmured. 'If you are going to make me sit down I take no responsibility for my skirt which does tend to flap open when seated.' She giggled, the first I had heard so far this evening.

I recognised her mood and replied that before we even went as far as a table we were standing at the wrong angle for her to reveal her open side to the bar. I moved to her other side to allow other bar patrons the view.

The barman came back after a few moments to say that yes, he had a table for us if we would like to follow him.

As we walked behind him we saw that a new table had been laid on a low dais, which would normally have held perhaps a display. Whatever it normally held, it could not have been better placed for showing off. It was the practically the focal point of the room.

I smiled and handed him a twenty.

'Thank you. That should do fine.'

Danielle had the grace to look not entirely comfortable as he guided her to the outside seat displaying all of her fleshy band to the room.

I held my breath as she was seated to see how the front of the dress was affected. The flap, which of course fell between her legs, managed to cover her pubes somehow. She crossed her left leg over her right as he placed out glasses and the champagne bottle on the table. This showed a lot of thigh, and they were great thighs, make no mistake, but she was able to wrap the flap of the dress over the top of that left leg.

She breathed out after the barman left us, as if she had been holding her breath all the while he was seating us.

'Well my Lady Danielle. Do you approve?'

I received the customary giggle. She seemed speechless.

'Don't be too obvious,' I told her. 'But look around in a moment and see how many eyes are on you. Even most of the women,' I laughed.

We had an enjoyable time in the bar before moving to the back of the hotel to the restaurant, which looked out over Hyde Park.

The Maitre d' saw Danielle, looked down at his pad and appeared to erase a notation from a corner table.

He led us to the windows and seated us alongside the central window with Danielle's left side again looking out into the body of the restaurant. Some other mugs were now going to get the table by the toilets, I assumed.

The service, as you would expect was immaculate and the food, a modern take on mediaeval British food was inspired. Her savoury porridge with frog's legs, then spiced pigeon, and my hay smoked mackerel and ribeye steak achieved the wow factor. A Tipsy Cake and Quaker Pudding proved my point to her that it didn't have to be French to be good.

We relaxed, her with a sauterne, and me, an Armagnac, as she told me the tale of getting one over her boss.

He had gone too far one evening trying to force himself upon her in his dentist's chair. She had produced her tape recorder and given him a list of her demands.

He was surprised to find out that a big pay rise and time off to study were just about her only demands. In return she would continue to wear no underwear and even, on this occasion only, help him to relieve his painfully erect condition. But no fucking.

He was backed into a corner but apparently delighted with the outcome. She had apparently given him a handjob fairly regularly since then, she admitted. She also said that she teased the hell out of him when they were on their own between customers, stroking the front of his trousers or squeezing past him, so perhaps he deserved the odd treat.

Billy was done and gone and as yet she had not replaced him although she had been out with a couple of guys from her school. She was learning French, of which she had done a little a few years ago at school. Her main course however was secretarial, leading, she hoped, to an occupation which she believed was achievable on so many levels. She intended to get to the top of the tree and I did not doubt that she could do it.

Talking to this sophisticated beauty was a world away from the first time we had discussed her friend Suzie's fig with the chef of Maman's.

The meal came to it's natural end with the presentation of the bill.

I started. 'Would you like to ...?'

I was at a loss what to suggest next. There was no dancing here in the hotel. But I certainly did not want to finish here.

'You have a double room booked don't you.'

I wished the ground had swallowed me up. How dare I assume, or even wish for such a thing.

'Yes.'

I eventually brought my gaze up to meet her's.

I received a long slow searching look in return before she giggled and said, 'Well come on then. No need to waste it. I have never been to a posh hotel room and I don't suppose it was cheap. But,'

My heart sank. I was about to be sworn to not touch.

'But, just before we go,' she said and pulled free the tie at her waist. Both ties miraculously disappeared into the body of the dress leaving it unattached from the bust down.

'An inch or two of elastic pulls back the ties,' she explained as I goggled at the new look.

Sitting now with her right leg over her left, the edge of the dress fell away now on her right hand side. 'Whoops,' she said. 'Time to leave before we get thrown out.'

I laughed, as much as anything relieved that I did not have to pledge not to touch. I stretched out a hand to help her rise which she did as discreetly as was possible. The dress fell roughly back into place, with no sign of any pubic hair but with a gap that now stretched from the middle of her thigh at the front to the edge of her buttock at the back. We waited standing talking to the Maitre d' for what seemed like an eternity while waiting for her coat to be delivered. Far from wanting to throw us out he was looking forward to welcoming us again. I am not sure whether it was my large tip or the sight of Danielle. Who am I kidding? He got large tips every day.

We crossed to the reception where I picked up my keycard.

As we crossed to the lift I put my arm around Danielle's back and pulled the next tie. I heard a deep inrush of breath as the dress opened even further. Looking down from her right hand side I could see that the top of the dress no longer wound around her left breast merely sat on top of it, exposing it from the side. Further the lack of support at the top moved the front left hem of the dress even closer to the centre of her body. A step forward with her left leg now meant that it was entirely free of covering and the next step with her right pushed it forward, away from her body and gradually further to the right.

We reached the lift, which arrived after waiting a long moment or two. Danielle had stopped giggling. In fact I think she had stopped breathing again.

I followed her into the lift with just one other couple behind us. From the back her dress now resembled one cut on the bias with an uneven hem. Her left buttock was entirely bared. We stood at the back of the lift having pressed the button for our floor. Danielle discreetly moved the dress back across her body, before releasing it again. I put my arm around her shoulder as the other couple started to leave and moved my face across for a kiss. I guess I was subconsciously making the point to the other guy that we were a couple not father and daughter.

I did however open the remaining tie on her shoulder to receive a giggle. This caused the couple leaving to look around, just in time, I suspect to see her left breast pop into view as the flap fell forwards. The door closed behind them and we both laughed, before she kissed me back.

Yes she definitely kissed me back. My first properly passionate kiss with her. As if she meant it.

The dress made no pretence of staying on so Danielle shrugged it over her right shoulder as she walked and allowed it to fall to the floor. She walked ahead counting doors allowing me the pleasure of walking behind her having picked up her dress.

We were right at the end of the corridor so she counted another eight doors before we reached our suite. I had taken my time enjoying the view so while waiting for me she stood close against the window looking out onto the street.

She turned as I reached towards the door with the keycard and this time she kissed me. I felt her tongue massaging mine and tickling the roof of my mouth. I could still taste the Chateau Yquem upon her breath. Wow. The only way to drink it in future.

**Chapter 11**

We tumbled through the door as the lights came on around the room. As suites go it was fairly small but well appointed. She took the lead and removed my tie and started to unbutton my shirt.

I tried to make up for my gaffe in booking the room, or at least in letting her know I had booked it, by saying, 'You know you don't have to ...'

Again I did not know what to say next.

'I think I do,' she said. 'If I said no now, you would jump out of that window in frustration. And I really don't want your death on my conscience.'

I laughed and acknowledged the truth behind the joke.

As she dropped my trousers to the floor and stepped back to pick them up I realised that she was now completely shaved. Until now she had always remained just about covered or I had been behind her.

'Go and pull the bed back while I use the bathroom,' she said practically.

I am not in the habit of disobeying naked girls and was quick to comply. She folded my clothes and left them over a chair. I did the same with dress and coat.

She jumped onto the bed, gave me my favourite giggle and said, 'I can see that you are not going to be able to pee even if you want to. Not with that thing bulging out of your boxers. Come here.'

As I moved to the edge of the bed she pulled down my boxers and made positive noises. Always appreciated.

I gasped as she took my erect member between her lips.

'I'm not going to last long like this,' I said warning her.

'Not this time,' she mumbled. 'But next time will be different.'

True to my word the combination of my anticipation, the years since I had been to bed with a girl and not least her willing mouth culminated in my pushing against her throat as I soon released what felt like a bucket of sperm.

She managed to swallow most of it apart from one little dribble that trickled from the side of her mouth.

I knew it was now my turn to impress. I moved forward onto the bed, pushing her back and squeezing my body between her legs. I pushed my fingers between her lower lips. She was still not very wet. My own lips moved closer and closer.

She laughed, ' You don't have to do that..... you know,' she said. 'Isn't that what you said to me. I have the opportunity to say it back.'

We both laughed.

'Just try and stop me.' I said. 'You have no idea how long I have fantasised about doing this.'

She lay back compliantly, and pulled her knees back exposing herself fully to my gaze.

She was still not particularly wet and I realised that she obviously did not orgasm easily, in fact just maybe never. Now was not the time to ask but I remember her saying before that sex was no big deal. I felt a mission coming on.

I ignored her clit and concentrated on her labia and even vagina itself. I teased, tickled and massaged all around. Sticking one then two fingers inside her seeking her g-spot. She was really enjoying it now but was still very much in control of herself.

I moved up to her clit and concentrated on the old adage of trying to write every letter of the alphabet on her clit with my tongue. I was up to Q before I heard a groan and realised that at last she was taking this seriously. Q had worked well, so I did a sentence of Qs followed of course by a few question marks, which seemed apposite. W was another favourite as was Z. I then started to tickle her anus with my tongue, then began broad sweeps from her anus to her clit. At last, she was out of control. Now I tried for her g-spot again, this time with success. She started humping my face and soon I was covered in her lady-juice. She screamed as she climaxed holding my head hard against her lips, Her knees were also clamped around my head keeping me in place.

I allowed her to come down slowly, just moving my head enough to breathe, mainly fumes from these fragrant lips.

'That was, .... What the fuck was that?' she demanded.

'You've never had an orgasm before?' I said.

'Well yes of course. Well no I guess I haven't. That was fucking incredible. Oh my god. Nobody has ever done that to me before, Not even inside me let alone with their mouth. Billy didn't like doing it at all.'

She pulled me up and kissed me.

'Ohhhh whats that. I suppose that's me I'm tasting. Yeughhh.'

She laughed. 'That's what Suzie tasted like. I definitely prefer figs, and men.'

We both laughed together until we collapsed into a heap of giggles. My erection was non-existent and now I did need a pee,

'I will be back,' I said. 'Better still, go and get in the shower and when I have had a pee I will join you in there and wash you down.'

She jumped up with alacrity and ran the water but stood beside me and watched me pee before she actually got into the shower.

'Wow, is that how you do it. Can I hold it next time?'

'I doubt it,' I said. 'If you held it, it would go hard and I would never be able to pee. Not unless I was really done in. Still we can always try it.'

I got in and began to soap her with my hands.

This was always a favoured task. I loved the slipperiness of the soap against our bodies and soon my hands, arms, cock and thighs were all over her. Particularly satisfying for both of us was running my entire arm between her legs from elbow to fingers and back again. This provided another small orgasm and a lot more giggles.

My cock between her legs, sliding up and down her labia proved more fun for me but less for Danielle. Eventually it slipped inside her and we were both happy. I humped her up against the wall and then from behind with her hands leaning against the wall. This one proved particularly satisfactory to both of us as I could push really deep inside her and so I came again.

I pleaded tiredness and grabbed one of the large fluffy towels. I made her stand while I patted her dry all over and then stood while she did the same to me. I really was tired my age and lack of match fitness was catching up with me and I knew the minute I hit the bed I was going to crash and to my embarrassment I did.

I was awoken in the early hours of the morning by her fingers around my cock which started to come back to life. She giggled and proceeded to nip and suck alternately until I was back to full erection. I was now wide awake as well and decided that the cunnilingus had been particularly successful so was worth trying again. There was nothing relaxed about her this time as I similarly nipped and sucked at her clitoris before licking down through her labia to her cute freckled starfish. Her bottom opened up for me like a flower in bloom as I forced my tongue inside her.

Danielle groaned and cried, 'Oh fuck me please, please now.'

With a final lick on her clit I pulled myself up her body and eased my length inside her small frame once more. We kissed and I twisted and teased her nipples. They may have been small but they were sensitive. We came together with my groan and her scream confirming our actions.

I am afraid my age showed again and I was asleep almost as soon as I crawled off her. I remember putting my arm around her and kissing again but the next time I came to it was daylight. Nine o'clock to be precise, and I was on my own.

I felt around the bed, no-one. I listened for noises in the bathroom.

Nothing. As I arose the first thing I saw was the note propped on the table at the bottom of the bed.

'Thank you. I will always Love You Danielle.'

**Chapter 12**

And that was it. The phone calls stopped and my calls to the mobile went to unobtainable.

My call to Young & Co. elicited the fact that she had left their employ and the new receptionist believed that the last girl went back to college. I idly wondered whether she was wearing knickers as we spoke.

She had never given me an address and I had too much pride to hang around the corner where the car had picked her up. I did nostalgically still drink with friends at the HAC and without fail drew out the parking and car leaving for as long as possible.

It was three years later when this story ends.

I was strolling down Piccadilly towards the Circus keeping an eye out for cabs and reluctantly accepting that I probably had to go home by tube when I saw her.

She was leaving the Meridian Hotel, with a far too good-looking Hooray Henry of about thirty I guessed. My brain calculated, even as I stopped and looked, that she could still only be twenty-two or three.

She saw me and momentarily I thought she was about to jump into my arms as I stood there.

'Charles,' she said. We both reacted and she giggled.

Wouldn't you know it, he was another Charles.

'I am still very warm, will you keep my coat for me, she said. 'And you get in first, Darling, save me scrabbling across. '

She slipped off her fur wrap handed it in to Charles, or Henry as I christened him and climbed somewhat inelegantly into the taxi. Bending down towards me revealed her ample breasts.

Wow, where did they come from. And even less elegantly, as she sat, she spread her legs, showing me that she still wore no underwear.

Charles saw this movement and my fevered glance, and slapped her leg, quite firmly. 'Stop that Darling,' he said. 'I thought you were going to stop all that when we got engaged.'

She closed her legs as I shut the taxi door for her as if I was a Hotel flunky.

She giggled, winked and they drove off into the setting sun. Danielle and her Henry.