### ***Mary***

by obohobo

**Chapter 1. The Old School**

“I wonder what she’s up to?” Ray mused as he noticed the young girl walk slowly passed the wall at the road end of his front garden for the fourth time. He called it a front garden but at the moment it was a waist high wilderness of grass and weeds; a wilderness he was trying to reduce to a manageable length using an old fashioned scythe hired locally. “When it’s short enough, I’ll use the ride-on rotary mower to keep it under control and eventually restore it to some semblance of a lawn,” he told himself. “Why does she keep looking this way and then turns her head whenever I look at her? The other children have all gone by to catch the school bus. Is she playing truant?” The church clock, less than a hundred metres away in the compact little village, chimed nine.

Only three days previously he’d moved into the old, mid-nineteenth century, school building, and with sorting out the interior to make it reasonably habitable, this was the first morning he’d been able to work outside. The grounds hadn’t been touched since the previous autumn and now in mid-May, everything had put on its springtime spurt of lush green growth. Grass, nettles, brambles and a host of sturdy weeds all competed for the available space. The previous owner, Jack Barham, had grandiose designs for the place but only completed the living quarters before ill health and death overcame him. Since then the windows had been boarded up to prevent vandalism that occasionally occurred even in this sleepy village, and for the last few days Ray opened all the available doors and windows to rid the place of a musty smell. On Jack’s death he bequeathed the building to his two brothers and sister but the squabble between them over what to do with the place took months to settle before agreement was finally made to sell and, had the building not been a grade one listed property, developers would have snapped it up, however, access to the old school field behind the building which formed part of the property, was limited to the narrow driveway alongside. With the timber frame cottages on either side also listed, together with the church, they formed the historic core of the village. Because of the access problems and with restrictions from English Heritage as to what alterations could be made, he was able to purchase the property at a reasonable price. Money was not a problem. Royalties from his three best-sellers and selling the film rights to one of them, ensured Ray was financially well off for a thirty-one year old man.

However, his reason for wanting it was twofold; he needed a quiet place to write and he envisaged setting up a small gym where he could keep fit and overcome some of the unwanted side effects of long hours spent at his computer without having to go into town. It was something of a necessity as well as a hobby that helped him to relax and sometimes to overcome ‘writers block’.

The picturesque building, with its knapped flint walls and tall, many paned, windows, had two front entrances with arched stone lintels and ornate strapped ironwork hinges fastened to green painted doors. Into the lintels were incised, “Boys’ over the left hand one and ‘Girls’ over the right but nowadays the Boys entrance led to a cloakroom and the main hall and the Girls to the living accommodation. Between the road and the building lay about 30 metres of what was grass and, similarly, at the back, were another fifty metres of grass, which originally served as a playing field but his predecessor had converted some of it to a vegetable garden. All now looked wild and overgrown. It was the front ‘lawn’ that he now attacked with the scythe and having started nearer the school than the road, he could watch the girl’s movements from behind almost a hedge of weeds.

Hesitating several times as though making up her mind what to do, she moved off only to return ten minutes later and, after peeking at him several more times, finally plucked up enough courage to enter the squeaky wrought-iron gate. Pausing for a few moments on the driveway, she gave a little startled cry when the gate sprung shut with a loud bang, and, on recovering, with uncertain steps continued slowly towards the man. Ray stopped working, leaned on the scythe handle and waited for her to approach.

“Good… morning… Sir,” she stuttered in a whisper, “Mother told me… to come… and see if you wanted some help… if you could… could give me a job.”

Now he could see her clearly, Ray recognised the girl as having been with her mother in front of him in the supermarket check-out queue the previous day. Probably he wouldn’t have paid them much attention had not the mother continually berated the girl for her slowness in bagging the items and generally treating her like a five-year-old child. The mother, a large woman with an overbearing manner, never lifted a finger to help and he’d taken an instant dislike to her when, without a word of apology, she pushed his trolley back against his legs to give her a few inches more room at the PIN machine. At the time Ray felt a little sorry for the girl but never expected to meet her again. Now seeing her close-to, he realised that she was more of a young woman than a girl and being very short, about five feet, and thin, she could easily pass for a child. Again he felt sorry for her standing, almost cowering in fear a good three metres away from him. Clearly she was being forced to come and ask for work.

Indeed that was the case. Myra, the mother, stopped in the supermarket car park to speak with her friends Ethel and Rita, “That’s the man who bought the old school,” Ethel indicated Ray who was now loading his car, “He must have pots of money to afford to buy a place like that.” “And it will need a fortune spent on it after it’s been neglected for so long. No one seems to know much about him yet. Doesn’t have a wife as far as we know.” “Perhaps his manhood is as small as he is.” Amid giggles the women gossiped and speculated on the new resident in the village. Meanwhile, the girl stood silently and waited but Myra’s thoughts turned to the possibility of getting her hands on some of the man’s wealth.

“Come closer girl so I can hear what you are saying and introduce yourself. Head up so I can see your face.” Ray spoke in his usual calm, confident way. Reluctantly she took a few steps closer. Standing, she was not much shorter than his five feet three but her stooping posture made her appear much shorter. He noticed her rather drab, but workable clothes, her neck length straight hair and lack of make-up, all of which added to her very plain and ordinary appearance.

“I’m Mary Sir… Mary Stevens.”

“Well good morning Mary Stevens, I’m Ray Shipton. What sort of work can you do?”

“I don’t know Sir. Mother said…”

“What jobs have you had?” he interrupted. Tears started to spill from her eyes and he noticed a slight shaking in her body. “She seems terrified to come and speak to me and to ask for work. I guess that her bully of a mother is forcing her to get a job,” he thought as he waited for a reply.

“I’ve had a few office jobs… and done some waitressing… worked in a records office… nothing lasted long. Mother said to…”

Intending to shock her and perhaps break her reserve a little, impishly he asked, “What would your mother say if I offered you a job warming my bed at night?” It had some of the desired effect but now she seemed ready to take flight. Indeed she nearly did.

Her face showed an expression of horror. “I couldn’t do… that… Sir.”

“I didn’t offer you the job, I asked what your mother would say if I did.”

For a second there was a hint of a smile. “I expect she would ask about the pay Sir.”

Ray grinned at that; it indicated that there was some life behind the oppressed mind. “I’m more interested in what you say and what you can do. Could you cut this grass?” His hand swept a wide arc indicating the forest of weeds. Startled again, her eyes opened wide but before she could say no, he took hold of her hands and placed them on the scythe. “You hold it like this and swing it from the waist.” Gently he moved her arms and body to get her into the swing. “Now you carry on.” Flustered by the feel of his hands on her body as much as by the feel of the heavy tool, she didn’t make a very good job of it but neither did he at first. At least she attempted it.

“I think I’d better carry on before someone loses their legs,” Ray laughed, “You can rake the rubbish into heaps to dry.”

It was with a sigh of relief, she asked, “Are you really giving me a job Sir?”

“Only if you stop calling me Sir and I find other things that you can do. Raking weeds or even grass won’t keep you employed for long.”

After half an hour Ray undid his shirt and pulled the tails from his trousers. Normally at this time of year he would wear shorts but with the rampant growth of nettles and brambles he decided on discretion to save his bare legs. Mary sweated profusely too. “You ought to take that woolly jumper off Mary,” he suggested. Hesitantly she complied and in doing so lifted her blouse a little. What he saw shocked him. The small amount of flesh he glimpsed was badly bruised. “Surely these days, no one beats a girl like that. I bet it was that bitch mother.” He didn’t voice his thoughts to her but carried on working while his mind debated what to do. From what he’d seen at the supermarket, her mother was the prime suspect but maybe it was her father although she hadn’t mentioned him yet. As was his style, he decided to confront her. “Time for a cuppa Mary. Let’s go into the kitchen.” While they sat drinking he tried to get her to talk about the jobs she’d done and her life at home but she was very reticent. Eventually she openly admitted that her shyness prevented her taking jobs where she had to interact with customers and didn’t help her mix with other members of staff. From her remarks and from her submissive nature, Ray surmised he would get the best results by giving her clear direct orders. Definite, unequivocal orders like she received from her mother but he would deliver them in a quieter, kindly way.”

“Stand up Mary please.” Questioningly she did so. He walked behind her and suddenly pulled her blouse from her trousers. The bruising on her back was extensive and covered much of her back.

“NO!” she protested and started to struggle when he reached around and undid the top button, opened the trouser zip and pulled them down. Although her bottom remained covered by plain white cotton knickers, he saw the bruising extended well over her buttocks and down her thighs. She’d been spanked and spanked hard by what, he guessed, was a strap of some sort.

“Did your mother do this?” She nodded. “What did you do to deserve it?”

For a long while she refused to answer but with a little gentle prodding, finally she answered, “I said that I wouldn’t come here and ask for a job.”

“But that wasn’t the only time, was it? Some of the bruises are older.” He tried questioning her further but she clammed up and only relaxed when he said, “Well if I’m paying you, we’d better get back to work.”

**Chapter 2. The offer**

Working steadily, by midday they’d managed to get the front area cut and the weeds carted to a site at the back where he thought they could safely have a bonfire when the material dried a little more. By then it was obvious Mary was physically tired and both of them were soaked with sweat. Sweat soaked her blouse until it was almost transparent and the outline of the bra covering her small breasts, showed clearly. “She really could pass for a child, but I know from the little she’s told me, that she is at least 22 years old,” Ray mused. He was pleased with the way she stubbornly kept working even though it taxed her reserves of strength and he could see the fatigue in her body movements and guessed the physical movements of her body aggravated the bruising of her strapping. Most of the time they worked in near silence and he liked that too. Unlike a couple of his ex-girlfriends whose chatter irritated him and no doubt led to the break up of the relationships, Mary worked quietly and only spoke when she needed instructions or was asked a question.

“Lunchtime,” Ray announced when he locked the tools into an outhouse that had once served as the girls lavatory, “You’ve done well today Mary. Thanks.” Giving her a hug produced a startled cry and for a second she tried to pull away. Obviously she wasn’t used to receiving praise or any sign of affection. “We’ll have a shower and then make some sandwiches.” Again the look of conflict and apprehension, but trying to forestall any objections, he went on, “You can wear one of my karate robes while we wash what you’re wearing. They’ll dry in no time in this heat. I guess you didn’t expect to start work immediately and I wasn’t anticipating getting any help.”

Jack Barham, was a large man and grossly overweight, hence the shower cubicle he installed was large too. “Put your dirty clothes in the basket and I’ll set the machine going while we shower.” Ray already liked the girl well enough to want to see if her sexuality was as repressed as her shyness suggested and decided to put it to the test.

“No… no… You don’t mean… I can’t do that, not with you… I’d better go…” The thought of showering with a man, being naked with a man in the confines of a shower cubicle, filled her with fear. Ray pressed the issue.

“What? Go home and get another hiding for losing the job you’ve only had for a couple of hours? Showering with me will not hurt you and you will not be raped, that I promise you. You might even find it a pleasant experience. Now remove those sweaty clothes.” His voice gave the command quietly and forcibly and in a tone indicating he expected her to obey. Still she hesitated. “Do it!” he barked. This time she followed his order and, blushing profusely, took off her blouse. With a strange admixture of anticipation and dread, Mary watched as Ray removed his shirt and tossed it into the basket but she turned away, embarrassed, when he lowered his trousers and underwear. “Now the bra and knickers, you don’t normally shower with them on do you?” Blushing furiously and trembling at the thought of him seeing her naked, her fingers fumbled ineffectually with the clasp, Ray quickly came to her aid and unsnapped the hooks and threw her bra in the basket. Still blushing and facing away from him, her knickers followed and for a few moments she tried ineffectually to hide her breasts and sex with her arms and hands. The full extent of the bruising her body now revealed appalled Ray, but for the moment he didn’t remark on it. “Good girl,” he praised her and gave her another hug and felt her shiver when their naked bodies touched. He couldn’t tell if it was excitement or fear.

Mary’s mind though was in turmoil. For the first time in her life she saw an adult man’s prick and wondered what it would feel like inside her. Set against that was the fear he would have intercourse with her and perhaps make her pregnant. He said she would not be raped but could she believe someone she’d known for only a few hours? “How did I get into a situation where I am naked with a man I met such a short time ago?” she asked herself but she knew well enough that it was the fear of another beating from her mother that stopped her running away. So far at least, with him she hadn’t been hurt.

“Use the loo if you need to. I’ll take these down and start the machine going and then we can wash the filth off our bodies.” She was still on the loo when he returned but pretending not to notice, Ray set the shower going. Fortunately the shower room was large enough not to need doors so when she stood up he motioned her inside, and, knowing she was fearful as to what might happen to her in the next few minutes especially as his prick was beginning to rise, in an effort to reassure her, he spoke quietly. “Mary, I know this nudity is all very new to you and especially as we’re strangers alone together in the shower but nothing will happen to you except that we will wash each other and afterwards I will put witch hazel on those welts. I will play with you a little but I won’t do anything that will hurt. Just try and relax and enjoy being with a man for the first time.” His words did little to ease her worries and she had no idea what he meant about playing with her. To emphasise this was to be considered a fairly normal situation, Ray took a flannel from the hook, added shower gel and proceeded to carefully wash her back and in doing so, noticed areas where her clothing had chafed the welted skin. “I’ll put some salve on the places that have been rubbed raw and witch hazel on the bruises. That should ease the soreness a little and make it a bit more comfortable for you,” he told her.

Some of her confidence slowly appeared to return but she still tried to resist when he started on her front. The nipples on her very small breasts, half tennis balls at best and certainly not needing a bra for support, hardened when Ray washed them a little more than necessary and tweaked them between his thumb and forefinger. “Is this what he means by playing with me?” she wondered. Ray too, wondered what she was thinking, but she just stood still and only opened her legs a few inches when he washed her mound and tried to rub her clit. Ignoring her lack of cooperation, he handed her the flannel to wash his back. “Pretend you’re a nurse giving a patient a bed bath,” he told her and when finally she did his front and got to his prick, it pleased him that she actually lightly took hold of the shaft and washed it.

“Before you put my robe on, I’m going to photograph those marks on your back,” Ray said when they’d dried each other.

“No! Please no. I’ll get worse if she finds out. I daren’t go to the police or anyone.”

“Mary, we’ll talk about that over lunch but I am getting my camera and I am taking some pictures so that we have a record of what has been done to you. It will record the date and time so if necessary we can use them as evidence.” Eventually she allowed him to take several but for the moment he was at a loss as to how to use them to safeguard her from future punishments.

“Why daren’t you go to the authorities?” They sat in the kitchen eating.

“I’d get thrown out and I’ve no money… and no friends… and… no where to go and…” She broke down into tears.

“Come with me Mary.” Ray put his arm around her shoulders and led her upstairs. “There are four bedrooms in this place, one is mine, another is to be my workroom and office as soon as I get an Internet connection run into it from downstairs, so that leaves two for guests. If ever there is a problem at home, one of them can be yours and you can pay for it by working here.”

“I won’t have to sleep with you?”

“Not unless you want to but at some point, I hope you will. As you can see, neither room is set out yet, as I didn’t expect any guests for the time being. This is probably the best one and the only one with a bed in at the moment but we can soon swap it around.” The double bed had a mattress but no bedclothes, a wardrobe stood askew in one corner and a nightstand in another. Cardboard boxes littered the floor. “Sorry, I’ve not started on sorting out the guestrooms but if you need a place to stay, we’ll put it to rights, or at least make it liveable, in no time. There’s bedding in one of the boxes.”

“Thank you Ray. It is most kind of you to offer and the room is far bigger than mine but, if you don’t mind, I’ll stay where I am for the time being.” Despite his assurances to the contrary, she remained very concerned as to whether warming his bed would be part of the rent.

“That’s okay. Just as long as you know the room is available. You couldn’t stay with your father?”

“He lives over a hundred miles away and remarried and now has two other girls so they don’t really have room for me. The girls have to double up in one bed when I visit so I only get to see daddy at most, twice a year.”

For the rest of the afternoon, they sorted more of his stuff inside the house and began arranging furniture in the lounge. “What are you like at decorating?” Ray asked at one point.

“I’ve never done any.”

“Well, you’ll soon learn.”

“Done any computer work?”

“Yes. I took computer studies at school and daddy gave me a redundant laptop from his work a year or so ago but mother won’t allow me access to the web. She has a computer she uses to email her friends and for online shopping but she doesn’t really understand them and only has a dial-up service. I’ve often had to sort out problems on it for her. One of the jobs I worked on for the longest time, involved transferring paper records to digital, but the money for that project ran out and I was made redundant. That was a job that suited me. I had a tiny office and worked largely on my own.” It pleased Ray that she’d actually started talking to him with more than a few stuttered words.

**Chapter 3. Mary moves in**

“Did you really mean it yesterday when you said I could have a room here?” Ray found her standing by the back door of the school, tears running down her face, when he returned from a short shopping trip. He’d arranged for her to start at ten o’clock and he’d arrived a few minutes late but she’d been there since nine. Alongside lay a shopping bag with a few items including her laptop.

“Of course, I did. More trouble at home?” Mary just nodded and followed him inside. “Another beating?” Again a nod. “What for this time?”

“When I got home, I was very tired. I guess I’m not used to hard physical work, and instead of doing the housework I was supposed to while she was round her friend’s house, I fell asleep in the chair and only woke when she shook me to the floor. She called me a lazy slut and other things and dragged me over the arm of the chair and used the strap on me again.”

“The bitch, the bloody bitch. She sends you out to work and then expects you to work at home. She’s nothing but a bully and I hate bullies. Like you, I was small for my age and as a child I was picked on. Fortunately my father noticed and forced me to enrol in self-defence classes and soon I gained enough confidence to throw my bigger tormentors. The bullying more or less stopped after that and I learned to stand up for myself and you must too. Now lets see what damage she’s done this time and I’m going to record it again.”

“The only work you’re going to do here today is to sort your bedroom out,” Ray declared when he saw the strapping had been concentrated on the lower buttocks and the back of the thighs making it painful to walk.” Fear again showed in her eyes when Ray laid her face down on his bed but quickly that turned to little moans of pleasures as he applied a salve to her welts and allowed his fingers to stray to her slit. Nothing was said but Ray knew she’d enjoyed what he’d done. “I suppose this is his idea of playing with me again and if I’m going to her here with him, I suppose I ought to let him. Feels nice anyway and different to when I do it.” Mary thought and, glimpsing him move his prick into a more comfortable position in his shorts, she knew her body was having an effect on him too. Almost imperceptibly she moved her legs apart, giving him better access to her clit. Soon her juices were flowing freely and she wondered what it would be like if she let him make love to her. “Will he consider me a slut? Will he want me to stay afterwards? Or does he want to take my virginity and then throw me out so he can get a more attractive girl to take my place? Still it does feel nice.” These and other thoughts ran through her mind as slowly she succumbed to the delightful sensations he produced in her body. Eventually an orgasm overwhelmed her and with a little cry she lay still and only then did a feeling of embarrassment sweep over her. She blushed and stuttered an apology for her behaviour, hoping and praying that Ray would not think ill of her but he smiled, gave her a hug and a kiss and suggested she just wear a robe for the time being.

The kiss, although only a brief touching of the lips, again brought sensations to Mary she hadn’t experienced before and left her mind in a whirl. “Does he love me? Or is it that he just wants to fuck me? We only met yesterday so how can it be love?”

For most of the morning, they cleared the second spare bedroom and set up a bed in there. “We’ll decorate your bedroom while it is still fairly empty and put a carpet down, and then you can move in properly. It will give you a chance to try out your painting skills. What colour would you like for the walls?” Being given choices was not something Mary was used to and she shook her head. “Okay, we can choose when we get to the store. What about your stuff at home? Can we fetch it in the car? Will your mother be there?”

“Not this afternoon. She leaves about two and goes to a bridge club meeting. We could go then. I have a key because I am supposed to cook dinner for when she gets in about five-thirty.”

“Does she know you’ve run away?”

“I don’t think so. I said I had to go to work when I left this morning and I wasn’t sure if you’d really let me stay. I told her the laptop was to catalogue items until you’d set up your computer and she seemed to believe me.” Tears flowed down her face. “This has been so overwhelming and I’m not certain how long I can stay or what you’ll want in return. Nothing is free and everything eventually has a price.”

“At least she’s speaking her real thoughts now. That’s a good sign,” Ray thought. Aloud he said, “The room is yours for as long as you want it. That’s a promise. The job is yours too but I guess it will be better if we work out a weekly wage instead of an hourly rate. As to the price? Mary, you know that I’m attracted to you, more attracted in the short time since we met than any other girl I’ve known, and I’m hoping that some day, some time, you will decide to sleep with me but that isn’t part of the rent. That is something that will only happen if you want it to. Of course, I will try and seduce you, but I won’t force you.”

Somewhat reassured, she helped him as much as she could, perhaps more that she ought to have done because of the pain in her bottom and legs. By lunch time things were more or less sorted and he’d started to set up his computer in the ‘office’. One of the things he’d bought earlier was a wireless router and Mary proved she had more knowledge of computers than he supposed when she helped him set it up and then set her laptop to access it too.

“Are you doing a runner Mary?”

“Yes Mrs. Thompson, I’m leaving.”

“I don’t blame you. Fred and me we heard you crying out last night and the night afore and we wondered why you stuck it for so long. I’ll give Fred a call and we’ll help you carry things to the car.” Mary’s elderly neighbours were a kindly couple but didn’t want to get involved with the things going on next door, especially with that bitchy Mrs. Stevens. With four of them helping, Mary’s room was quickly stripped of her few belongings and in no time they were bagged and boxed and stacked in the car. Less than an hour later they were on the way back to her new home and a life she knew would be very different to anything she had known previously.

“Ray would you mind if I email daddy and let him know where I am? I could only contact him from the library in town before.”

“This is your home now Mary, you don’t have to ask my permission to do things like that. Feel free to use the phone, write letters and send emails. I don’t need to know and I’m certain I can trust you not to abuse them.” After having almost everything she did supervised or even censored by her mother, the concept of being free to do things when and how she liked was a strange one for her, one that would take time to get used to.

Ray busied himself getting the meat ready for the oven and was surprised when she returned five minutes later with tears streaming down her face. “What’s the matter?’ he asked.

“Nothing really,” she wept as she grasped him in a tight hug, “I don’t know whether to be happy to be here and away from mother or fearful of what lies ahead with you.” Picking her up, he carried her to a couch in the lounge.

“If you’re worried that I will beat you, forget it. There’s no way I would hit you. If you’re concerned that I will rape you, again forget it. However, I will say this. You’re an attractive young woman, not too much younger than me, not a glamour puss but, as I’ve said before, one that I would love to take to my bed and make love to. I shan’t force you but from your response when I put the salve on this morning, it might not be too long before you want that as well. I guess that you’re not on any form of birth control and at this stage you’ll not want to become pregnant but in my bedside table I have a box of condoms with nine left and I can easily buy more although it might be better if you considered going on the pill, not because you feel you have to give yourself to me, but more because making love is often a spontaneous thing and we don’t want to be caught out. The decision is yours. Let me know if want me to take you to the clinic in town or you can get the bus and go on your own.” Mary again was half afraid to make a decision and in many ways would have preferred to be given a direct instruction.

That evening she mulled the idea over in her mind while clearing her bedroom ready for painting. Ray was in the office answering emails that had been neglected for several days, when the doorbell rang. “It’s mother, her car’s outside,” Mary cried out.

“Stay where you are. I’ll deal with her.” Deliberately he opened the Boys entrance when he knew she’d rung the bell at the Girls door. “Can I help you ma’am?” he asked, his voice deliberately polite.

“Where’s my slut of a daughter that you’ve abducted away from her mother?”

“She’s out of harm’s way and won’t be returning for a further beating. I can pass on a message if you wish.”

“No, I will see her personally to make sure a little creep like you hasn’t harmed her.”

“Perhaps you’d like to come in or the whole village will know of your problem?” He led her into the almost bare main hall and invited her to sit on one of the two wooden chairs.

“Where’s my daughter then? I daresay you’ve got her locked up somewhere so you can rape her at your leisure.”

“No, she’s free to come and go as she pleases and to visit a doctor to get her bruises assessed if she wishes. She’s been offered a refuge here and will not be returning to your home.”

Myra Stevens knew before she left that he might threaten her with the authorities and that she could be in real trouble if things went that far and was prepared with a plan B. In reality it was more the thought of the money she might squeeze out of him rather than any thought for her daughter’s welfare. “If she’s now your mistress and is working for you, you’d better take this. It’s for the money she owes for her board and lodging since her last job.”

Ray studied the paper pseudo-invoice.

‘Rent for room 4 weeks at £200 per week…. £800

Food and clothing at £100 per week……….. £400

Total …………………………………..………. £1,200’

Ray frowned when he saw it but kept calm and remarked, “I’ll just confirm the facts are correct. Please wait here Mrs. Stevens and I will get back to you shortly.” After showing the invoice to Mary he opened an invoice file of his own and typed.

‘Reparation for damage caused to the body of Mary Stevens and to suffering she’s endured over many years…………………….£1,200’

Both he and Mary signed it.

Myra definitely wasn’t pleased when he presented the document. “Why you little runt of a man! Don’t think that you are going to make me accept that. I demand to see my daughter, in fact I will see her now.” Standing she towered above Ray and started toward the kitchen door. Ray blocked her path.

“I suggest you leave Mrs. Stevens. You will not get past me.”

“You believe a puny little thing like you will stop me? Huh!” Immediately she pushed Ray out of her way but much to her surprise and disbelief, she ended up on her back on the floor.

“I suggest you leave now Mrs. Stevens,” Ray repeated.

“Go home mother. I’m not coming back,” Mary called from the doorway.

“I’ll get the police to arrest you,” Myra spat as she turned for the door.

**Chapter 4. Parted**

“Wow, how did you do that?” Mary exclaimed, “She’s a big woman and you’re small compared to her. You didn’t hurt her did you?”

“Only her pride. You could have done the same thing with a few hours of training. I did have surprise on my side too.” Ray smiled and was inwardly pleased. For the first time in many years, in fact not since his school days, had he’d used his training in ‘anger’.

“Daddy got back to me and wants to meet you. He wants to come tomorrow. Is that okay with you?”

“As long as he doesn’t mind you being up to your eyeballs in paint.” For the second time she hugged him and this time she didn’t get away without receiving a long, hard kiss. “Answer your father’s email, better still phone him if you have the number, and then come down into the lounge. You’ve worked enough for one day and I expect your bum could do with another covering of salve.”

“Can I really phone him?”

“Of course you can. Go on do it. Take as long as you want. It’s off-peak rate now anyway.”

Half an hour later she came into the lounge. “I hope you won’t mind but he’s bringing Terri, Theresa, his wife if she can swap shifts at the hospital. They’ll arrive about ten-thirty. Daddy, Mark, wants to check you out and make sure your not going to harm me so you may get a grilling from him or, more likely, from Terri. She’s a doctor and more or less runs their family but she’s not so dominating as mother.” Ray reassured her that it was perfectly okay and he would be pleased to meet her father and his wife.

Again Ray spent more time than necessary applying the salve but Mary didn’t respond with her earlier enthusiasm; her mind far away on other matters. “What will father say when he meets Ray? Will he think ill of me for moving in with a man I’ve only known for one day? Probably he’ll understand after the way mother drove him out. Terri might be more of a problem. She has a knack of worming things out of me that I might want to hide. Still she always tries to help and will not do anything to spite me.”

Worrying didn’t allow her to sleep much that night either. Worry, combined with the strangeness of a large bed in a large room seemingly flooded with light from the street lamps penetrating the thin curtains, kept her tossing and turning until the small hours so that at times she longed for the closeness and snug comfort of her small room. Worry, though, was the biggest factor. “What will life be like living with him? He’s nice enough now but will he change later when the newness or our relationship wears off? Will he really keep me and protect me like he said? Will he just use me like a whore when I give myself to him? I’m sure he wanted me to give myself to him when he put the cream on earlier. Will it hurt when he does it? I know I’m technically not a virgin because I can get my fingers right inside my vagina but I’ve never put anything as big as his prick in there. Will I be discarded when a girl comes along with bigger tits? It’s nice when he puts his arms around me and holds me close like Daddy used to until mother drove him away. It would be nice to snuggle up to Ray now but will he take that as a sign that I will let him have sex with me? Let him fuck me? Will, it be enjoyable like in some of the books I’ve read?” Questions and thoughts whirled chaotically through her mind keeping sleep at bay.

When the church clock struck three and sleep still hadn’t come, she nervously decided on what was for her, a very bold move. With hesitant steps she crept to Ray’s bedroom and stood listening at the partially opened door. Her thumping heart almost drowned out the steady breathing coming from within the room but very cautiously she pushed open the door and peered in. Ray didn’t move. His room, like hers, was almost floodlit by the street lamps, easily revealing his outline covered by a thin duvet. It took several more minutes of internal debate and doubt before she plucked up enough courage to enter the room and climb into bed alongside him.

As she half expected, Ray slept nude and because of the warm weather she only wore thin pyjamas, clothing which made their body contact, close and intimate. Sliding her arms around his waist she clasped him tightly to her body like a frightened child clings to its mother. Momentarily startled, he awoke and, realising her need, cuddled her in his arms. Her soft crying at not being rejected, shed tears that flowed down her face and on to his shoulder but he didn’t move away, nor did he say anything until he felt she was ready. Like most men, his prick had a mind of its own and soon became engorged and found a comfortable place to nestle alongside her thigh but fortunately his mind knew better than to force himself on her at a moment when all she really needed was comfort, reassurance and protection. Gradually the flow of tears ended and, still with his arm around her shoulders, they drifted off to sleep.

Awakening late and deciding there was little time to get extra food in and the place cleaned for their visitors, made them take a hasty shower and grab a quick cuppa for breakfast. While sitting and drinking their tea Mary asked some of the questions she’d pondered on during the night. “Ray? Did you mind my crawling in bed with you? I couldn’t sleep and felt lost…”

“No, of course not, in fact I hoped you would have come in earlier.”

“If I come in when we go to bed will you… will you do it to me? Make love to me. I know you want to.”

“If you want it too.”

“I think I’m ready for it now. You’ll be gentle won’t you?”

“I’ll do it as gently or as hard as I think you want. I won’t hurt you and we can have a long play beforehand until you’re ready. Now let’s get to the supermarket.” With a quick kiss he gathered up the cups and cleared the table.

It didn’t work out that way.

Mark, a computer service engineer, and Terri, a doctor at her local hospital, arrived as expected and after a social chat and a tour of the house during which Ray determined that it was Theresa who ‘wore the trousers’ in their household. She did so in a quiet way but Mark always deferred to her. “Perhaps Mary has inherited her submissive nature from her father,” Ray thought, “Or perhaps, Myra had cowed them both.” In their turn, Mark and Terri sort to find out Ray’s suitability as a partner for Mary.

While Mary and Terri chatted and prepared lunch, Mark volunteered to check Ray’s computer equipment. It was only an excuse. “On the phone Mary said her mother spanked her twice in the last few days and you’d photographed her. She wouldn’t say any more but the fact that you took photos must mean there was some bruising that showed. Can I see the pictures?”

“They’re still in the camera but they’re digi-pics so we can download them.”

“That’s no spanking, that’s a bloody hard belting. Bloody Myra ought to be locked up. I knew she spanked her as a child but that was only hand spankings and I don’t think it happened too often but this is brutal,” Mark exclaimed when the pictures came on to the screen. “I’ll get Terri to check Mary over and we can discus taking the matter further but, given my daughter’s shyness, I think any thoughts of police action would only cause more trauma for her.”

A tearful Mary followed Terri down the stairs after her examination. Straightaway she sat on Ray’s lap and folded herself in his arms. However, it was Terri that spoke.

“Ray, you may not like what I am going to say but please hear me out before commenting. Wearing my doctor’s hat, I examined Mary and as you already know the bruising on her back, buttocks and thighs is pretty extensive and it will be some time before they fade and she is without pain. That’s the physical part. I also believe that some of her shyness stems from these and other beatings in the past but officially, because she is related to me, as a doctor I cannot take this further. I do have a colleague at the hospital, Dr. Hargreaves, who is very good at this work and usually she deals with the aftermath of rape and abuse and I know she would examine both aspects of Mary’s case and produce a report. Normally this report would be passed to Social Services or the police. In this case it would most likely be the police but, because Mary cannot be forced to testify against her mother, no action will be taken although they may well pay Myra and you a visit. The injuries, although severe, weren’t bad enough to require medical intervention; no bones were broken and no cuts needed stitching so unless Mary prefers charges against her mother, the case would most likely be dropped anyway. The report though, will be a good weapon if Myra tries to take revenge on you and her. Dr. Hargreaves can also recommend voluntary counselling and that maybe a good idea too and that can be at our hospital or locally here.”

Ray wondered where this was leading because there was nothing so far he disagreed with.

“Ray, now to your part in this. With you, Mary seems to have let her guard down and treats you like a knight in shining armour and yet we know little about you except you are an author and have this big place. For all we know you could be a sexual pervert. I’d never heard of Ray Shipton until I remembered your picture on the back of a novel I’d read and presently your pen name will come back to me.”

“I’m no pervert and I have a CRB certificate for when I teach at a local school.”

“That’s fine as far as it goes. It shows that the Criminal Records Bureau has made a check and that you have no previous convictions. Up to now, I admit, you’ve behaved in an honourable way to her and, from what we’ve seen so far, it looks like it will continue. You’re both adults so if you decide to have a sexual relationship and live together, then there is no legal comeback provided she is willing but I know she is worried that it could be a one night or short-term thing. Quite frankly, I’m amazed at the way she has taken to you and the fact that she is curled up in your lap is proof of that but Mark and I are still concerned about her long term welfare. Physically you are obviously compatible and from what she’s told us about her life here in the last two days, it seems that you are trying to instil some confidence in her to make her own decisions, something she’s not done for years, and that is a good thing. What I am going to suggest is this. To give her a chance to make her own mind up concerning staying with you and not being forced to stay because she has no where else to go, I suggest Mary stays with us until at least the weekend. Tomorrow, Wednesday, I will take her to Dr. Hargreaves and we’ll see what she has to say and take it from there. I will also ask you to allow her time and the peace in which to consider and make up her own mind whether to stay with you or try one of the alternatives that might arise. If she stays with us, then she may wish to get a job in our area…”

“I’ve got a job now!” Mary surprisingly interrupted, “And a place to stay, and a room of my own if I want it.”

“Yes, but you haven’t looked at anything else. Perhaps a job with better prospects.” Turning back to Ray she went on, “To give her a little time to think about what Dr. Hargreaves says and to explore other possibilities, I will ask that you do not try and contact Mary at least until Saturday. I would prefer it was longer but from what I see in front of me, I don’t think that would be fair to either of you. Will you agree to that?”

“I’ll agree provided you let me know details of any report as soon as you know them. It has all been a bit bewildering for me too. When I saw what appeared to be a little girl pacing the road out there, I didn’t expect to become emotionally involved with her but now, I know the next few days will feel empty and lifeless. I’ll certainly look forward to her return.” Deliberately he kissed Mary in front of her father and Terri.

**Chapter 5. Myra’s revenge**

“I wish to see my daughter,” Myra demanded. The previous two days had indeed felt flat and lifeless to Ray. Trying to keep his mind and body occupied, Ray sorted more of the boxes of household goods stacked in corners of most rooms and attacked the jungle at the back of the school. He was riding the mower when Myra arrived accompanied by a man.

“I’m sorry Mrs. Stevens, she’s not here.”

“When will she be back?”

“I’m not certain if she’ll be coming back.”

“Don’t lie to us,” the man interrupted, “My sister and I know she’s living here.”

“Not since they came and took her away for a medical examination. I don’t even know her exact location and I’ve been told not to contact her until the matter has been investigated further. Depending on what the report says, you may well be contacted.”

“You’re lying. Mary would never go to the police; she’s hiding in the house somewhere. I demand you allow us to check.” Myra seemed more perturbed than her words indicated. “And none of your Judo tricks will stop us.”

“Unfortunately, I thought it best if her injuries were examined by a doctor I know as she was still in considerable pain and I wanted her checked to see if there were any internal injuries. The doctor decided a second pinion was needed and possibly psychiatric help and wanted her taken away from any further possible beating. I can see you don’t believe me but if you could care to follow me, I’ll show you her room and any other room in the house.” Still not really believing that she’d been taken away, they followed him into the house. “This is her room,” Ray showed them in, “She’s left some of her clothes but she’s taken enough stuff for a fortnight without needing to wash any. As you can see all her toiletry things are gone.”

After a complete tour, Myra and her brother had to admit she wasn’t there and for some time they tried to intimidate Ray into revealing where she was but he was adamant that he didn’t know the location. That was only partially true. He knew the town where her father lived but no other address.

“No doubt, when the examination and stuff is done, we’ll both get a visit from the police or the welfare department. They may well think I had a hand in her punishment too. So much depends on what she tells them.”

“Oh my God, Cyril, did you see that?” Beryl Chesterman exclaimed to her husband as they watched through gaps in the shrubbery that partially concealed the low fence between their property and the Old School. “Oh God, now he’s kicking the poor little man. Phone the police quick. It’s that Kevin Sutcliffe and Myra Stevens, she’s the mother of that girl he had staying with him for a couple of days.”

Ray had shown Myra and her brother the outbuildings so they could be perfectly certain Mary wasn’t hidden in one of them but then made the mistake of walking down the path slightly ahead of the couple. Throughout the visit, Kevin’s temper had risen steadily but so far he’d heeded his sister’s warning about Ray’s ‘Judo’ expertise. Now, with Ray’s back to him there was little chance of reprisal. Like his sister, Kevin was tall and broad shouldered and although sporting a considerable paunch, he was still pretty fit and muscular. With a tightly clenched fist he swung his arm in a wide arc. Ray, sensing the movement, turned his head slightly so the blow caught him hard and high on his right cheek and the force knocked him to the ground. Before he could recover, Kevin kicked him several times in the stomach and ribs causing him to vomit and groan in agony. Fortunately Myra had the sense to pull her brother away before they faced a murder charge.

“That was stupid Kevin. Now they’re sure to check on us. He’s going to need hospital treatment for sure and then it will all come out. We’re in deep shit now. We’d better get out of here.” Almost automatically she looked around and saw the neighbours witnessing the incident and the Cyril speaking into his mobile phone. In a gesture of defiance, she raised her fist and started to drag Kevin away. Five minutes later the police and then the ambulance arrived to take Ray to hospital. Half an hour later, Myra and Kevin were arrested.

Saturday, Mary waited and waited at the telephone. Gradually as the day turned into evening, and still no call from Ray and she’d only got the answerphone message when she’d tried to phone him. “Why doesn’t he answer Daddy? Has he gone? Am I not the girl he really wanted? Just a bundle of trouble?” Miserably she went to bed and eventually she cried herself to sleep. None of the words of comfort her father and Terri offered had any effect.

Morosely she sat around on Sunday morning waiting for the phone to ring and going over in her mind all that had occurred in the last few days. Her meeting Ray, the interview with Dr. Hargreaves and then the welfare people and statements to the police. They were quite keen for her to press charges against her mother but despite what happened, she was still her mother and loyalty prevented that. When the doorbell rang and she saw a police car outside, she wasn’t too surprised but inwardly groaned at the thought of more statements. In many ways she already regretted letting Terri talk her into seeing her injuries. Terri showed the two policewomen into the room a few minutes later and came to sit alongside her.

With as much diplomacy as she could, one of the policewomen explained what happened and that Ray was still in hospital but should be released later that day or tomorrow. Terri tried to ascertain what his injuries were but the police only had the little information supplied by the force in his home town.

“I’ll drive you back,” her father said immediately he returned with the children from doing the shopping.

“Can we come too?” asked twelve years old Sharon, the older of the two girls.

“Yes, we all want to see Mary’s boyfriend,” Wilma, generally known as Willie, piped up.

Mark looked at his wife who replied, “Girls from what I was told, Ray will not be a pretty sight. He’ll have a swollen face and a black eye and his ribs will be painful so he’ll probably walk bent over so you won’t see him at his best and maybe he won’t want to meet you while he’s in that state but if you still want to come, knowing that, we’ll take you otherwise you can stay with granny.” When they still wanted to go, she said, “Well go and help Mary pack so we can get away as soon as possible.”

Ray hadn’t left the hospital when they arrived and indeed his face did look a mess. Mary rushed to him and without thinking, clasped him to her but his involuntary cry of pain soon made her remember his chest injuries and she cried out her apology for her thoughtlessness. After introductions to the girls, Terri introduced herself to the doctor who spoke to her in quiet tones concerning Ray’s injuries. “Soft foods and no karate or painting high ceilings for a while,” she smiled at Ray when he grimaced at the news, “And we’ll need to arrange for a loyal nurse to look after you but it seems that only a trainee is available, however, she is available day and night every day of the week.” Even the girls knew whom she referred to. “Remember Mary, you’re not fully fit yet either so you take it easy too.”

A week later, Ray was able to talk properly and generally eat normal foods but the yellowness from the bruise still showed. By then the police had called several times and Kevin and Myra were on police bail with an injunction to keep away from Ray and Mary and the Old School. They had been charged with committing grievous bodily harm and were due to appear in court later in the month. For a few days the story made headlines in the local papers and even when it died down, the vicar and several villagers called with offers of help. Having to be in charge of Ray and do the shopping and cooking increased Mary’s confidence too and several times she’d taken up their offer of transport to the supermarket and to take Ray to the hospital for treatment.

They still hadn’t made love although both wanted to, but the pain in Ray’s damaged chest prevented it. Now that was easing or under the control of painkillers, he wanted try to. One of the side effects of Mary’s visit to Terri, was getting Dr. Hargreaves to prescribe birth control pills, but the doctor suggested to be safe, they use condoms until her next cycle. Each night since her return, they’d slept together and after the first night, had played with each other even to the extent that Mary caused him to ejaculate. Perforce, Ray’s strokes were slow but nevertheless both enjoyed their first fuck together and kissed and cuddled afterwards.

Lying quietly side-by-side with her arm around his neck, Mary reminisced on just how much her life had changed in such a short space of time.

Finis