

An Erotic Novel by
Surreal



Martha Bell:

Breakfast with the *Devil*

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Martha Bell
Breakfast With The Devil
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Preface

Martha Bell was the name, cute her game; or so it was said by those that accompanied her early years. Others had alternative words and different notions. Some spat with envy or jealousy; others sighed desire or hissed loathing. But every lad noticed her. And every girl hankered for that je ne sais quoi she bore so naturally.

Martha was cute, of that there could be no debate. Coy? That would have reasoned intent. A tease? Never. Precocious? Only in the sense she liked the attention. Sexually promiscuous? Martha kept her skirts long and her legs together. Sensual? Plainly, yes. Provocative? In a sexy way, definitely.

Strangely, many girls liked her too. They didn't see what the boys drooled over. They were oblivious in those days to what screwed a boy's spotty, sweaty, lumbering post pubescence. They were ignorant of how those bits in his pants tortured his psyche, confused his expectations, and

played havoc with the direct path to juvenile simplicity. For boys were as girls, torn between games and 'games'. Urges both thrilled and disgusted. Thoughts wandered impolitely through a tangled forest of innocence. Delirious fancies danced provocative, enticing, beckoning at the hot, and sometimes too close to the perimeters of passion. They neither understood nor could be proved guilty of their sins. But sin they did.

The corps of ever glum, dowdy, corpulent and aggressive wolves hung there in the wings ever ready to pounce. Young, middle aged and even elderly succumbed to her sweet fragrance and her casual innocence, she never seemingly conscious of her allure.

So that was life, her life where Martha played it straight, where she bewitched all, where she flaunted her natural charisma in a manner that no male could ignore. In fact as she closed on her eighteenth, and thought about the world before war, it wasn't only the chaps that hung on her allure.

And through that minefield of early life, Martha bowed to desires beyond that in biology books. How her mind conjured weird and rather wonderful sensations. How it ignited the chimera of dreams, dastardly devils playing dreadful acts with half clothed and naked bodies. Vile merchants from over the water, marching through that façade of innocence, firing her groin, lancing her crotch; luring intimate fingers there to play.

Sudden visualisations appertaining to implements and susceptible bottoms did little to assuage her suspicions. Other's bottoms feeling the vicious cut of weapon held a fascination for Martha too. She began to realise that life's passage might involve a bit more than the missionary position. She also understood that other monsters still lurked in the catacombs of her libido, that she could only guess at. But there in those nightly excursions of the mind, they hovered, suggested, begged recognition.

Martha managed eighteen with neither mark nor exposure, or boy's hand in her knickers, or excessively squeezed bra. She ventured forth blissfully uncertain of her true persuasion. She had dodged and avoided the consequences of her natural sexuality. So many hands had worked the sweating hard length of shaft, thinking on her. Fingers dipped moist slit with her on their minds. So much slimy ooze had wet bedding and palms alike, soothing that which they didn't really comprehend, easing the pressure, lightening the balls. So many hearts ached, their loins in turmoil. So what did Martha Bell possess? Witchcraft? The body of a siren? The looks of a Hollywood actress? No. Back in those days of imminent war, the rank and file of life were too poor to concern themselves with enhancements and body gripping attire. The likes of Martha donned a cheap cotton summer dress, ankle socks and boots. She tied her hair in a tail, and left her hazel eyed, high-cheek, lean looks scrubbed, and unadorned by tacky mischief.

Martha was liked by all, the bright bushy tailed teenager always happy to help, always willing to work, always there with her voluptuous tail stretching the very fabric of anything she wore. Magnetic, her butt was simply entrancing, naturally moulded to the most seductive shape and poise. They fascinated with a plump consistency that neither squealed fat nor large. Those oh so feminine cheeks, danced and thrilled a town all on their own.

Chapter One

Nineteen thirty nine was a year for holding the breath. It was a time of edginess, tension and bravado. How mouths worked in thoughtless unison, shouting what should, must, and could be done. How mouthpieces engineered their own deaths and those of others, then dug the mass graves of bravado. The world would go mad, and sexuality would cast its quirky shadow over a planet, where opportunity for man's strange thirsts could be satiated.

September brought the news everyone anticipated, that the insane hoped for and the rational dreaded. Britain would sort the Boche out. Les Anglais would kick the German butt out of Poland - well eventually.

The French bolstered themselves for the inevitable, the last fiasco still fresh in their minds, and the humiliation of the Franco-Prussian debacle still not forgot. In that uncertain environment Martha cast her net. At eighteen years old she felt ready for anything, prepared to take on the world, if not the German army.

Lingerie called her. Women's flighty night wear and titillating underwear, caught her imagination. Silks and lace sang her future, cottons and flannel discarded, thrown to the winds of misfortune and vapidty.

She appeared one morning at nine, stood in the open doorway to Fred McCall's office all legs and curves. He looked up smiled politely and asked as you do, temperature rising. "Can I help you?"

Scrubbed, hair flame red, make-up minimal and dressed in a cheap cotton dress she replied. "I'd like a job please."

Already taken by her femininity and in no rush to usher her away he parlayed. "That's a good place to start. What do you want to do?"

"Design your lingerie."

"And you are presumably qualified?"

"No. But if I work for you, you can train me." She smiled and seized his heart, as well as another organ. "You can do

that? Can't you?"

"I could indeed. But you would have to show me ability in art and design first."

"I have my School Certificate and Higher School Certificate with distinction. My artistic ability is excellent."

"Have you those certificates today?"

She reached into the bust line of her dress and pulled two pieces of folded paper from her bra cup and handed the warm documents to McCall.

He read them. "Yes. Good. What else can you do for me, besides design."

"I can make tea and coffee and sit on your lap when you want me to."

Fred nearly choked. "Quite. Admirable. Loyal. I mean can you use a sowing machine?"

"I can stitch by hand."

"I will have to think about it, what is your name?"

"Martha Bell sir. I also speak four languages fluently."

"Do you by God. Now that could be useful. Not just pretty eh, but bright with it."

"Pretty? Really?" She questioned surprised as she exhibited the curves of Aphrodite, her face a steal from Vanity Fair.

"Now I have something in mind, so if you could divulge your vital statistics?"

"Not sure sir. Perhaps you might measure me?"

A slick sprang to life, damping his palms.

Tape removed from a desk he said. "I can get one of the ladies to do this if you'd rather."

"Nope," she said adamant. "I can see you are a gentleman."

Trembling slightly he began at her bust. She raised her arms, boobs lifting too. The dress lay open to the breasts giving Fred a view of her squeezed cleavage, the division enticing, the bosom creamy smooth. He leant around her, her cheap scent a touch overwhelming. Tape against her

back he drew the ends together at the junction of cleavage. "Thirty eight," he decided. "And we will have to do something about that perfume my dear."

The waist proved easier though Fred was on his knees by then, staring at the shadow of what he knew to be her pubic mound. "Twenty three." He coughed.

"Thirty seven," he decided having run his hands over her rump to settle the tape, the woman not seeming to mind one bit.

"I don't wear knickers," Martha informed him.

"Any particular reason?" Fred asked out of politeness.

"Can't afford any," she replied with unexpected honesty.

"What colour would you like Martha?"

Surprised she replied. "It would just be nice to have some."

He opened the door and shouted. "Lily. Bring me half dozen pairs of pastel knickers. The briefs I think. Medium probably. Oh and two teas on a tray."

"What colour?" echoed back.

"What comes to hand woman. Mix them up eh?"

Martha sat and drank the tea and talked about her life. Six pairs of pants sat on Fred's desk.

"No parents then?"

She shook her head and lied. "Orphan. But some very nice people brought me up. Then when I was sixteen I went to college. Lucky I was. I come from there to see if you could give me a job."

"Why Laurens?"

She smiled again, totally disarming him. "Why not?"

"Can I put a pair of those pants on now Mister McCall? Only it's a bit drafty down below."

"Of course. They are yours now."

Without a care she grabbed the top pair, placed her feet through the holes and hoisted them in front of Fred, the man treated to exquisite svelte thighs.

She turned held her skirt up and stated. "Perfect fit aren't they?" Fred presented with the knickers seemingly moulded to her hips.

"Oh," she announced settling the hem. "That's a bit of quality there. My bits feel nice and comfy now."

Laurens Adaptations Limited, employed her, her multi-lingual tongue, her uncanny ability to quickly adapt to just about any global language impressing them beyond words. On joining, she already spoke fluent French, German, Italian and Dutch. One look at her budding figure hiding beneath the drab veil of poverty had clinched it, convinced Fred McCall that she was her man, or woman. Yes very much woman. From there on the smooth glide of lustrous underwear courted her skin, her intimacy, delved and toyed with a rapidly maturing need.

"Paris," McCall suggested some months later, or rather commanded. "I want you in Paris, Martha." And he meant exactly what he said.

Fred had primitive notions on how to court a lady, and Martha was no lady anyway. She was a naïve waif, who had been promoted to the lofty heights of model and sales executive. She was his protégé, his nurturing, his perfect arse, his nubile youth to shag. Or so he hoped.

Martha met him with a wonderful innocence, bright hazel eyes, lashes licked by mascara, smiled a consummate decency. She promoted her I have never been touched, never even fondled, never felt a man's shaft heavy between her legs, expression. How Fred loved her. How Fred wanted to defend her virtue, steal her affinity, hold her close, and fuck the delicious arse off her. Fred was a man of honour. Honour to his bank balance, and his prick, and all for forgetting his wife. And he did manage to forget her, when he was with Martha.

The man, stretched a pin-striped suit, waistcoat drawn over a pot belly, trousers tight to roly-poly thighs and a rotund behind, gazed at his aide de camp with sheer lust.

The girl he would dash to the French capital, sat legs crossed before him, expensive dress embracing thighs, waist, and bust. The neckline remained polite, buttoned to the throat, Fred only able to ponder on the succulent cleavage that he knew lie within.

“Paris will fall to German hands surely?” she stated, rather than asked. “Won’t we be a bit out on a limb over there?”

“Never!” pomposity assured her. “The Maginot Line will stop those blockheads in their tracks. Oh, our French friends have learned their lesson as far as the square heads are concerned. Let me assure you.”

“They’ll be in Warsaw by Christmas,” she argued. “Where then?”

Fred chuckled, his mirth frivolous, keen, demeaning. “Let the man worry about the enemy,” he said condescendingly, although he didn’t mean to. “And the woman concern herself with the finer garments in life. Namely our market in the pretentious quarter of Parea.” He sounded Paris as a Frenchman might, complete with nasal inflection.

“I don’t fancy a bayonet up the arse,” she stabbed, surprising him with the vulgarity.

“It’s not a bayonet I had in mind,” he muttered, the papers in shaking hands shuffled noisily.

Martha smiled that disarming smile, that probing I have just read your filthy mind, knowing smile. “Sorry. Was I a little crude for you?” Her London accent, not quite cockney, but close, tugged at his lust strings as it always did. He often imagined her whispering sweet nothings in his ear, her language filthy, her voice earthy lust itself.

He smiled, hoping to disarm her. He failed. Martha could pin his guilt to the notice board any day of the week, including the Sunday service announcement. She knew just how to drag the blush to his culpable cheeks, giving him away.

“I thought it apt considering the situation,” she ventured further. “You know, men in uniform, trenches, trying to kill each other.”

“Your turn of phrase was of no importance, with respect to the manner it was said, of course.” Fred fidgeted. “But even if the Boche does manage to overrun the Maginot Line, the whole French army, all eight hundred thousand of them; and launch its bully boy tactics on Paris, then I vow to protect your arse, Martha.”

“How sweet,” she replied, quite taken. “You will fight the whole German army for me?”

The man grinned. “Not exactly. Not that you are unworthy of such gallantry. Oh that I were a knight in shining armour. But alas, I am a trifle over the hero hill for that.” Fred strolled to the large office window. He gazed out on the London street. “I only meant that I will ensure a rapid retreat, should such an unlikely event take place.”

“In such an event, I should imagine there will be a lot of people making a rapid retreat, Mr McCall.”

“You won’t go?” he inquired a little aggrieved.

“I never said that.” Martha stood, her five feet nine inches at full effect, heels adding another inch and a half. “I think the trip would be quite an adventure.”

Smug, Fred concurred. “My thoughts exactly. Quite breath taking.”

“Breath taking,” he repeated, drooling over the roll of those delectable haunches as she made for the exit.

“Best suite, in the best hotel,” he promised.

“Best make it adjoining rooms,” She suggested, Fred inhaling sharply. “If they have such things in France. I have no wish to be alone in a foreign country, with the Wehrmacht kicking in the door at any moment.” Pausing she added with barely concealed fervour. “What a thought.”

Martha gazed at the floor, before long lashes lifted meaningfully. She met his anticipation with. “Breath taking.”

Fred rubbed moist hands together. “Quite.”

“To know you are close by, when I take a bath,” she added, the tease deliberate.

His heart thumped with possibility. “Yes,” he agreed. “Of course.”

“You do understand,” she continued, hammering home nails of expectation. “I don’t wish to push myself upon you. And I certainly don’t want to compromise your position. But you hear of goings on in foreign countries. I have no longing to end up a white slave in Arabia. Chained and abused.”

Hot beneath the collar, he smiled at her naiveté. “You have no worries there, my dear. I’m sure the Foreign Legion would rush all available troops from Marseilles to your rescue.”

She smiled, and feeling a little warm herself, said. “I know I am yet unfledged by your standards, but please understand, I have fears like any woman. I would be happier if suitable arrangements could be agreed.”

Fred swallowed, his gaze on her bosom, the unhurried rise and fall mesmerising. “I wouldn’t call you unfledged by anyone’s standards,” he said finally. “I would describe you as appropriately developed in every way. Outstanding in some.”

She smiled and whispered purposefully. “Breath taking?”

Martha tossed the worsted dress she had worn onto her bed, the price of it unjustifiable in her mind. Fred had insisted, told her in no uncertain terms that she had to look the part. She scratched at her belly, the mark from the waistband evident and annoying. She stretched, arms reaching for the ceiling, legs parted. “Like being in a bloody cocoon,” she whispered. “My hips feel wrung.”

The leggy girl padded barefoot to the scullery, those wrung hips equally gripped by creamy silk French Knickers, legs bare, unadorned. She reached for the tap, stooping, firm bosom trembling, seeking escape, barely contained by laced cups.

She smiled, a tumbler of water inches from full lips. "Still," she muttered. "At least he can't pinch his bit of bum, the randy sod."

She drank, curious eyes finding her fogged reflection in a tatty chipped mirror. She lay her head to one side, the young woman studying her face. "Irresistible, aren't you, Martha dear? Bloody breath taking."

A sneer lingered between pinched lips and wrinkled nose. "Every god damn man in the world is just aching to take you out."

Her gaze fell to the ludicrous balance of breasts. "Nice tits though."

Fingertips scratched at a scalp aching to feel the invigorating sprint of hot water. Auburn curls bounced unruly to her shoulders, jiggled against smooth if scant flesh about pronounced collar bones.

"Friendly," she concluded. "If I had a dad, he'd probably pinch me bum too."

Glass laid down, Martha rose to tiptoe and pranced to the boudoir of her one room, the roll of hips pronounced. "Dad? Daddy? Father? Pater? Where art thou?" she called.

"Art thou in heaven? Art thou in hell? We seek him here. We seek him there. We seek the desperado everywhere."

She dropped to a thin sprung mattress, curls strewn haphazard across a white linen sheet. "Who was he mother? Why the big secret? Surely you know who crept into your bed that night, all those years ago. Surely you felt something!" she giggled.

A teapot squatted dark brown, cheap and chipped. Alongside, rested a dainty bone china cup without saucer. Martha eyed the kettle close by. She stretched out an arm, the fingers wiggling. "Abracadabra!" she called, begging the gas to light itself.

Various items hung from a line strung across the room, close to a small open window. Pants, knickers, stockings, chemise and bra, swung to a light breeze, forlorn,

uninteresting, lacking the fullness of body that made them what they might be.

That ten foot stretch of thin cord suggested more to Martha than just a support for her washed linen. A light rap on the door snatched the girl from any insidious furtherance of those wistful thoughts. "It's not locked," she shouted fully aware of who called.

The door opened cautiously a bespectacled narrow face appearing about the jam. "I hope you are decent," the visitor said, her voice dropped to an almost whisper.

"Am I ever not?" Martha asked indignant.

"Only most of the time," Anna Cooke, Martha's only true friend told her. The young woman scrutinised a sprawled Martha. "Bra. Pants. Nowt else. See what I mean?"

"Fred wants me to go to Paris," Martha countered, changing the subject.

"Is he mad! France will be next on Hitler's list."

"He's going in the opposite direction," Martha argued. "Why turn around. It's Poland he wanted, and Poland he's getting. So why turn around for France?"

"Habit," Anna suggested pushing Martha's legs aside, then planting her narrow butt beside. "Maybe it'll be third time lucky for Germany and they will annex France."

"Third?"

"Yes Martha. Franco Prussian war eighteen seventy to seventy one. World War One. And what comes next."

"Perhaps I should turn Fred down then," Martha pondered unsure.

"Maybe you should screw a really good deal out of him. Sort of danger money," Anna suggested.

"I think it's a really good screw he's looking for, with me."

Anna looked thunderstruck. "He can't be serious! Oh for God's sake! He's forty if he's a bloody day. Not to mention stumpy and three stone overweight. What the hell does he think you'll see in him?"

“Money,” Martha suggested. “He seems to think I’m a money grabber. That I’d drop them for a few quid, and a good time in Paris.”

“And?”

“I might with the right bloke.”

“And?”

“Fred’s not the right bloke.”

“Thank the fuck for that.”

“Language Anna. Fuck is not fitting for a librarian. Your mouth should know better.”

“It’s the company I keep,” she riposted.

“So what are you going to do in Paris, apart from run that is?”

“It’s a marketing exercise. Fred hopes to engage the French with Lauren lingerie.”

“Right. There is one way you could keep his hands off you without fear of retaliation.”

“What’s that?”

“Take a chaperone.”

Martha studied her, eyes drilling, comprehension a few seconds away. “You, you mean!”

“Keep you safe wouldn’t I? I mean it’s really quite acceptable.”

Martha lay, staring at the ceiling, watching a small spider navigate the ceiling rose. “I wonder what Fred will say.”

“Will?”

“Hmmm. Will.”

“Don’t give the randy bugger any option. You’ll soon find out what his true purpose is.”

Fred McCall was arrogant and conceited enough to see Anna as a bonus to his duplicitous plans. Beneath the heavy rimmed glasses lay an acceptable face, one which his father, master of coarseness would have relayed as ‘why worry about the mantle when stoking the fire’. His mind played with the notion of three in a bed, neither women able to ignore his charm, nor his wallet.

There was one problem though. He had every intention of introducing Martha to his other business, one which he hoped she would warm to if not whole heartedly and initially agree to. Anna's inclusion on the trip might cause difficulties in that area, with a pair not so easily swayed as one. He could just hear Anna's thin voice, 'Oh my God! What are you thinking!' But there again she might surprise him. Every woman has a libido somewhere, and the librarian's might just be frustrated enough to jump at his saucy kit and caboodle.

Friday arrived, Fred having said no more about the trip. He had neither agreed nor disagreed, though the need to know why Martha felt she required a nursemaid boiled gently beneath the surface. He understood. He just didn't want to accept his part as fat middle aged sleaze ball.

He studied his face in a mirror, shaving soap obscuring the lower part. A sigh wheezed in unison with a heartfelt grimace. 'Who am I kidding,' he asked of no one. Those girls must be laughing themselves silly.'

So it was a different Fred McCall that met Martha that morning. "Miss Bell," he hailed. "May I have five minutes of your time please."

His face offered no clue as she closed the office door.

"Passport, Martha. Do you and Anna possess passports?"

"She went to Italy last year, so I guess she must have. Me? No. Sorry."

"No worries. I will acquire the necessary paperwork for you to sign. I am looking at leaving at the end of the month."

Chapter Two

Later that day Fred dumped his butt on the edge of Martha's desk. He seemed nervous. "Two things, Martha," he said, a frown making him look all the more serious.

The girl waited, head slightly to one side.

"Firstly. I fully understand your need for a chaperone. Forgive me on that one. I was that excited about our venture into France that I didn't give enough thought to that particular predicament. A young woman must guard her reputation as well as herself."

Martha smiled sweetly. "Very well put Mr McCall. It's not that I don't..."

He waved a podgy hand. "Of course my dear. Taking Anna suits me I must admit. The lady of the house. Er, my house that is, can rest assured that this business trip is just that. Er business. That there is no romantic episode, or that sort of nonsense. Not that there could be of course. Not between you and I, nor of course Anna. Goes without saying. But the good wife may not see the sense of matters. She has been known to blow a little envious from time to time."

Fred was sinking. Martha expected the two fingers of the drowning man any second. So she threw him a line. "And the second?"

"Second?" he questioned confused.

"Two things Martha you said."

"Ah. Did I?"

He thought, fingers drumming on the oak desktop. This weekend. Are you occupied with anything?"

She shook her head.

"I have to attend a do in Brighton. Business of course. As my newly engaged personal assistant I wondered, no I thought it important that you join me. All above board of course. Like Paris you see. It's a large private house. Dutchman by the name of Stef Vaiman. He could be

instrumental in getting us into the Dutch market. After Paris of course.”

Martha smiled. “I’d love to Mr McCall.”

He looked astounded. “You would?”

“I just said so.”

“Yes. But not Anna this time if that is acceptable. Not the same as Paris. Stef might wonder why. It could prove a touch embarrassing for me in the trust department. I must be seen as one hundred percent dependable.”

“It’s fine Mr McCall.”

“And one other thing. It’s Fred now. If that’s ok.”

Thank you Fred.”

Fred drove to Brighton, Anna’s stern warning ringing in Martha’s ears. A couple of days by the sea. The meeting with Vaiman. She felt excited, gloriously happy, euphoric almost. Fred had even suggested she bring some of her sketches, outlines of lingerie she proposed for manufacture. Martha was not only multilingual; she also showed enormous talent as an artist.

Anna had suggested that before leaving she should design and make herself a chastity belt as she would probably need it. Martha pondered that as the two seat Jaguar sped south from London. Something so unusual and restrictive so close to a secluded part of her, and possibly of a coarse and confining nature, provoked unexpected clitoral sunbursts in a random and distracting fashion.

Martha pressed the palm of her hand to the centre of that growing furore, a slight mist dotting her forehead. Facial muscles tightened, teeth clamping tight.

Fred noticed. “She does go, doesn’t she?” he said completely misunderstanding the cause.

“Yes,” Martha concurred in a whisper. “She would, given the right bloke.”

Fred leant closer. “Sorry Martha. I didn’t catch that.”

“Yes Fred. She does.”

“Not too much is it?”

“No,” she assured him. “It really is fine.”

A deep breath began the return to tranquillity, her mind closed to any more erogenous suggestions. ‘What the fucking hell was that about?’ she asked herself.

Fred talking, fighting the blast of seventy miles an hour in the open top sports car, took her mind off those iniquitous jabs to the conscious libido. “Birthday soon eh?” he asked.

“Is it?” she replied coming back from distraction. “How old are you then, or shouldn’t I ask?”

“Not me. You.”

She awoke from the nether world of frustration. “Yes. Sorry. Nineteen.”

“What would you like?”

Now there was a question.

“To get back from France safe and sound.”

Fred laughed. “I have friends in high places. Don’t worry. We could always sell our wares to the Wehrmacht to send home to their wives, if worst comes to worst.”

She shook her head. “Can you speak anything other than English?”

“Bit of French. But they speak good English.”

“But never mind all that. What do you want for your nineteenth?”

“I guess I would like to leave that pokey one room and move into something with a bit more space.”

“Okay. When we get back from France we’ll look into it.”

One dark cloud in her life disappeared as another took its place. Freedom of her own apartment maybe, with Fred paying the rent. A kept woman. How long would she be able to keep him out of her knickers then?

Fred cleared his throat, always a sign he was going to make an awkward approach.

Martha headed him off at the pass. “What is it Fred?”

“I have some samples in the boot. Ladies relatively lively underwear and night wear. Seeing them laid out on a table is most unflattering. They lose so much. They deserve to be

exhibited by the goddess of love, Aphrodite. Failing that would you consider er...."

"Is that why you have brought me, Fred?"

"I have that gorgeous ebony and very naughty twin set you designed."

He hooked her. "Really? You had it made up? Honestly?"

Fred nodded.

"Oh my God! That's just incredible."

"So will you?" he pressed.

"I'm no Aphrodite," Martha baulked.

"It would only be thee, me and Stef Vaiman. And you do have the sensuality of Aphrodite, believe me." Fred began to sweat.

"Nothing rude," she insisted. "No topless."

The mere thought. The possibility urged Fred toward the vaults of steamy daydreams. "No topless," he promised.

"Unless of course you decide...." He watched her face sour.

"No topless," he assured her.

A half hour later Fred stopped the car outside a posh restaurant on the outskirts of Brighton. "We'll eat here. Stef will join us in due course."

Fred locked the doors then opened the boot. "I have something here to wow Stef with." He handed her a covered garment. "If you don't mind that is."

She took it from him.

"Suits are good here, but slacks and shirt?" he raised an eyebrow.

"Sheer bloody snobbery," she opined placing the item over a shoulder. "Where do I change?" she asked. "Alley?"

"Ladies room," Fred replied. "That will make you look a million dollars."

She turned. Walking backwards she told him. "Fred. I'm not sleeping with you."

Though he felt a pang of rejection, Fred hid it well. "Of course," he agreed quite readily.

The garment proved to be a black dress. It clung to her curves, exposed the cleavage, and dipped to the bum at the rear. The skirt hugged her thighs before relenting at the knees, and terminating at the ankles. With it hung a small glitter purse.

She folded her own clothing and tucking them under an arm walked awkwardly to the table pre-booked by Fred.

“Well?” he asked.

“A warning would have been good. A girl needs time to adjust to something like this. I wouldn’t be surprised if I didn’t end up flat on my face.”

“But you look absolutely fabulous Martha.”

“A little too much tit and butt if you ask me. Perhaps I should tuck my napkin in now.”

“Look around you. It’s the fashion.”

“It’s female servitude to male demands more like.”

“But you design stuff like this,” he protested.

“Intimate Fred. For the bedroom. Between two lovers. Not parading it before the whole of toff Brighton.”

“You want to go?”

“Don’t be daft. I want to see your wallet stretch to this. I take it I won’t have to striptease to pay the bill.”

“That’s an idea. They might well go for it.”

Martha sensed someone beside her and glanced up. A tall well-built blonde man smiled back. “You told me no lies, Fred. This young lady is quite enchanting.”

Martha smiled back. “Mr Vaiman I presume.”

Fred stood, offered a hand, Vaiman accepting. “Good to see you Stef,” he said, adding, “Please take a seat.”

She would never had admitted it in a million years, but Martha felt immediately attracted. A ping pong sensation bounced haphazard about her groin sparking a tell-tale flush to her cheeks.

Vaiman noticed but said nothing. “You are talented as well as gorgeous?” he inquired.

“Let’s say I have certain abilities,” she replied. “Talent is very much the abstract don’t you think. Very much a personal opinion. I like Turner. Another will favour Van Gogh. But I find the latter crude in his ability and the former brilliantly obscure. That’s my personal opinion and I would never deem to argue the matter with anyone.” She smiled.

“You have brought your designs with you?”

“Fred has,” she informed him. “Without asking.”

“Then he may have done you the greatest favour.”

Her expression asked the question.

“We are due to meet after Fred has completed his tour of Paris, and maybe France. What are we currently looking at Fred? Six months?”

“Hard to say Stef. If the French aren’t impressed then there will be little point in setting any infrastructure up.” He chuckled. “We could be knocking on your door within a fortnight.”

“I think the French will know a good thing when they see one.”

A slight frown sent a clear message to Fred, the man suddenly awkward. “Ah. Yes. It’s not a short term jaunt Martha. We might be away for a while.” He paused, seemed hesitant. “A bit of an adventure perhaps.”

“Your opinion Stef,” Martha asked. “The Germans. Will they invade France and the low countries when they are finished with Poland?”

“You are too young Martha, to worry about such matters,” Stef told her.

“I’m not too young to be shot, Mr Vaiman.”

Silence fell, the clatter of restaurant life seeming louder for it. Fred rebooted the conversation. “If the Boche turn and head back for France it will imperil the Netherlands and Belgium too. But we will be gone. I won’t dally, Martha. We will take whatever is available and head home. You have my word.”

“But I as a Dutchman will have to remain,” Vaiman added. “I could not and would not leave my country to the cruelties of the Nazis.”

“Very noble Mr Vaiman,” Fred accorded.

“Where are you from, Mr Vaiman?” Martha inquired.

“Arnhem,” he replied. “And please, Martha. We are introduced which means in my country that you may call me Stef.”

“What time do the celebrations begin?” Fred inquired

“Celebrations?” Martha questioned.

Stef enlightened her. “It’s my birthday. A few friends and family for drinks that’s all. It seemed a good opportunity to set up the meeting for tomorrow.”

“How young?” she asked ignoring etiquette.

“How young?” Stef laughed. “Oh I do like this girl, Fred. Where in the world did you find her? And more to the point are there any more like her.”

“You are a breath of fresh air Martha,” Stef continued. “As for the answer, I will be thirty two in a few hours.”

“You don’t look it.”

“I know the answer to that one,” he replied. “I actually look forty five. Yes?”

Martha shook her head. “Mid-twenties.”

He laid a hand on hers. “You don’t have to compliment me any further. I already like you immensely”

‘Coming to shag you ready or not! Oh I’m ready sir. Ready and waiting.’

There hung her dilemma. She longed for a sexual relationship, but the rigid, almost ecclesiastical morals of the day kept her virtuously bound. Martha was not Godly, her beliefs non-existent, but like most, the backlash of society when the sinful fell afoul of the pious was something to be avoided. Once on that slippery slope many just kept on gliding, their name besmirched for generations to follow.

The mind however was free to follow any path it desired, and Martha a very healthy heterosexual woman as she

thought at that time, regularly surrendered to an irresistible bombardment of lust driven hormones. Hankering for the attention of the opposite sex she accepted as perfectly normal, with no recriminations at all. It was those other dark urges that confused. The merest suggestion of a kinky escapade boiled the pot faster and more furiously than any other subliminal arousal. She kept them at bay, resisting temptation, believing them crude, unhealthy, perhaps even perverted. That of course depended greatly on who colluded, and their particular taste, or lack of.

They dined and Martha drank more than she should. It was a very tipsy girl that fell into the Jaguar's passenger seat.

Vaiman spoke with Fred ensuring that he knew the way to his house. "I'll put the coffee pot on for the young lady," he joked. "She's an absolute cracker, Fred. I have to admit I am looking forward to tomorrow more than I should, if I am to call myself a gent."

"You're a red blooded male, Stef. Nothing to be ashamed of there. Anyway she'll show no more than you'll see at any fashion parade. I wouldn't countenance it otherwise."

Chapter Three

Booze when one isn't used to it can prove to be a short time source of hilarity. However when the initial effect retreats, the drink leaves a person at the mercy of varying levels and stages of withdrawal, some irksome, and some very unpleasant. The final stage of hangover would kill any romantic gesture stone dead.

Those erogenous urges that had swamped Martha's immature libido, vanished with the receding tide of alcohol. The zealous intention, the wild ideas, and the let's tell about my inner mucky wants and desires, were shredded by cold hard neurological pain, the rise and swell of her stomach contents forcing her to seek seclusion.

Vaiman was there. He took her hand and helped her to her feet. "I'm sorry," she offered. "Must have been something I ate."

"Yes," agreed Vaiman. "Most likely the Bordeaux."

"You think so?"

"Hmmm. Two bottles is quite likely to make one feel sick."

"You're taking the piss," she accused.

"And you deserve it."

They approached a bedroom door where Martha would be spending the night.

"I deserve a slapped bum," she slurred.

"Really?" he asked amused.

"A bloody good spanking as my old man would have said, if I had one."

"I think perhaps we should let the body get over this hurdle before you torture it with anything else."

Five minutes later Martha lay face down on a double bed, her butt, still held teasingly by the tight dress, thrust provocatively in the air. Vaiman stood over the woman not quite sure what to do with her.

Fred advised him, the man having come to check on his 'assistant'. "Best leave her Stef. You can't do much else

without risking a whole lot of bother.”

He joined Vaiman. “She certainly has it in the right places doesn’t she? Nicely stacked and in perfectly rounded proportions. I wonder if she realises just how bloody sexy she is.”

Vaiman turned, faced Fred. “She has no man then?”

“Not to my knowledge.”

“She felt guilty about getting drunk. There was the suggestion of a damn good spanking. The workings of a drunken mind I presume. But,” he paused for breath. “The temptation to slap that delightful butt proved almost too much. She should be careful making such suggestions. They could lead her into a whole load of trouble. Drunk or not.”

Fred McCall chortled. “She won’t think that way when she comes round. That I **can** assure you.”

An eyelid lifted slightly as the two men left, the bedroom door closing quietly. A faint smile played on red waxed lips.

Martha arrived at the breakfast table seemingly fine. She sat and took in the array of crockery, cutlery and food.

“Coffee?” Vaiman asked.

“Tea if I may,” the woman replied perky.

“And how are you this morning?” he enquired pouring her beverage.

“Tickety-boo,” she answered grinning. “Disappointed?”

“There is little to find enjoyable about a lady with her head down the pan, throwing up the last few hours intake. Toast?”

“Is that how it was?”

“Very much so.”

“I see. For that I must apologise.”

“Accepted.”

“Was there nothing else?” She sipped her tea. “Two slices please. Heavy on the butter.”

“I left you in a somewhat indecorous position with your butt thrust in the air. But yes that was about it.”

The toast crunched loudly. "Did I say anything I might regret today?"

"That suggestion. And I think we both know what it was, would lead to consequences that neither of us would walk away from dispassionately."

Stef continued. "In fact it was unacceptable considering the circumstances, though uttered while incapacitated and beyond sensibility. I'm surprised you even remember."

"Maybe all the more reason to execute a penalty and my bottom good sir; if only to placate my guilt and allow me to continue the day properly chastised and with an easy mind?" She stared provocatively, a light smile playing on full undecorated lips. "Don't you think so Guv?"

"For me it can only be sexual. And for you, extremely painful. That I will assure you."

"It should be so. Painful that is. And any sexual gratification gained is par for the course, don't you think. Why shouldn't you enjoy it? It is I that has erred."

"I will be nineteen soon Stef. So far the world of erotic pleasure has ignored me. Whilst I am not yet ready, and also feel that full on sex is something to be indulged in only after betrothal, a little play would be acceptable and satisfying."

He leant toward her. "And if I was to lift your skirt and pull down your pants, would that be calming do you think?"

He noted her breathing change. "I would expect that. Natural progression. Much as I would expect a husband to take gratification after."

"This is a huge step for me Stef. I have had these unusual thoughts and urges for a long time now."

"So it's not really about crime and punishment?"

"Am I embarrassing myself?"

"Not at all." The devil has come to breakfast and damn it I am trying to do the right thing."

"Yes I was drunk last night. I remember what I said this morning and felt so bloody mortified. But then I thought that

request came from an inner honesty, unclouded by confusing feelings of what is right and what is not. I wanted that last night, and I still want it this bloody morning.”

Martha sucked a breath, eyes lifted. “Fuck. I don’t understand it any more than you probably do. But there it is. I have to find out if it’s just fancy. I have to know how I will react. I want to know if I will regret it ten seconds after it begins. Six year ago I went through puberty. That’s when the haunting began. Summer’s the worst. Sleepless nights are lengthened. Impulses are heightened beyond reason. It can be hell in this skin.”

“Okay,” Stef threw his hands in the air. “Okay. But Fred is in the house. He will hear something. Surely you will want to keep this quiet?”

“It’s insane isn’t it? How can anyone lust for this? But you are right. He mustn’t know. Forget what I said. I will take a shower and get ready for the catwalk.”

Vaiman watched her leave, the wiggle and slight bounce of hips. His hand nursed a huge stiff threatening to break free from his trousers. “Oh Martha,” he whispered.

Ten minutes later Fred joined Vaiman. “What no Martha?” he asked. “Not suffering is she?”

“No not at all. She has been down bright and breezy and returned to her room for a shower.”

“And what she said last night?”

“Forgotten I would guess. The drink can make fools of all of us. Don’t you agree?”

Fred didn’t answer, his pre-ordered fried breakfast had arrived.

Martha peeled the black rayon from a resilient pale skin, smooth flesh springing free. Cloth slipped from the thrust of full breasts, pink teats, erect, high on the orbs. The thin cloth fell, danced past a full firm bottom, over the valley of hirsute groin between strong but feminine thighs. Heaped it lay scattered about her feet.

She bent, the fall of bosom negligible, and picked up the garment, before sliding skimp cotton panties across the smooth soft knolls of her bottom. She stretched, arms reaching above the torso, before noticing her reflection in a full length mirror. Martha twirled, eyes roaming her body, scrutinizing what men found so intoxicating. To her it was just a body. One she had looked after, but never to extremes. Okay, she was tall, leggy and shaped well. But there was better. She had seen better.

What she didn't perceive was her femininity, a sweet naive vulnerability. She failed to recognise her facial beauty. She skipped past her natural humour, an inner strength, and a lack of pomposity.

Hot water gushed from the en-suite head, sprayed a stinging jet, her body rising to meet the fusillade. That searing heat, striking her torso provoked a complex chain, guilty indulgence, dampened by inherent guilt.

The soap glided over luscious curves, resilient knolls and intriguing valleys. Suds smeared and covered soft breasts, the flesh trembling sensuously with the effort. Hand and bar moved ever downward, creaming the flats of her belly to the hirsute vee, and there it lingered, dallied while Martha climbed between Vaiman's silk sheets. Her back rested against a tiled wall, thoughts focussed, Stef's member huge, touching her vaginal lips, there, the merest kiss.

She sighed, the sound almost a whimper as electric pulsations jabbed at her groin. The bar of soap sank between soft lips, rubbing cautiously against the clitoris. Her teeth, pearly white nipped her lips, mouth trembling with the coming furore.

The soap entered. Slid into the vaginal cavity, finger nails biting into its slippery surface. Cock rammed home, the soap sliding out, Martha crying out to an orgasmic burst.

She sank to her knees, soap bar laying used in the shower tray. Hands clasped to her pubis she gasped with the intensity, to the sheer potency of that abdominal violence.