

Prisoner of Three Women

Emy Naso



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Dedication

For all the people who have inspired my writing
and zest for life, especially Mary, Helene, Rex and
Jenny.

Flight From The Colony

7 here are many places to hide. It's how you get to them that cause the indecision. Do you run toward the greatest distance and seek space between you and your pursuers? The longer you are out in the open, the more chance you have of being captured before a bolt hole has been secured. Nearness brings quicker comfort, but it's easier for your hunters to search and find. The thoughts of the prisoner are not as reasoned and logically defined. It must be a hunch: native instinct to decide on your escape. There was no precise calculation, only raw fear.

Lewis Jones stumbled over the recently ploughed field. Its deep furrows made his urgent strides a faltering progress and the seagulls, pecking at the newly turned earth, moved reluctantly to give him passage to a low hawthorn hedge. He didn't want to run, that would suggest panic and guilt to any observer. These wild ideas tumbled in Lewis's head. They were nonsensical. If a warder from the work party saw him, his flight would be ended whatever his speed of escape. When he reached the hedge, its sparse March leaf cover gave him very little concealment, so he trudged up the lane to where the road forked.

It was late afternoon, and although the sun had warmed the prison gang as they first moved and then dug in the manure from the pig stiles, the cold at this time of the year soon returned once the earth's light giver sank below the long, watery, western horizon. Lewis felt trepidation and loneliness. The prison had been hell at first but he became institutionalized. After two years, it exerted a strange effect. All initiative was drained from him. It was misery, but a secure one. He got used to all most everything, except the absence of warm flesh and willing lips. The memories rushed back of the dark, sensual dream like experiences in the prison and his mind became feverish at the images recalled. What had happened and what he had done was like a burning lust, constantly replayed. He couldn't dwell on it now. Where would he be tonight? Freedom had recklessly urged him to make this dash but gave him no anchor or signpost.

He had not traveled more than a few miles up the main lane since his incarceration two years ago and that was on a work party heavily supervised by the warders. His only memory of the beyond was the journey to the prison in the police van. He could not go back. Two certainties awaited the eastern path. First, he would leave the grounds of the Colony. After that was the flat, open and bleak coast with its pounding seas eating away at the fabric of East Anglia, savagely and relentlessly reclaiming land and any soul caught out in the treacherous currents of an early Spring day. The sea had a Jekyll and Hyde

nature. It could treat you to glorious episodes and then attack without warning.

The third choice was to travel south or north and follow the coast. The shifting, wind blown landscape didn't support any large communities for many miles in either direction. Lewis pondered whether this was an advantage or not. He wasn't a local to the area. His birthplace lay as far to the west as the island of Briton could take him. His knowledge of the geography of this part of the country was based on vague recollections and conversations with other inmates at the Colony. He recalled that the large container port of Frenington was to the south. Ports conjured up images of security and that meant authority and police.

The dilemma flickered across his mind as the iridescent setting sun dipped down amongst the dust clouds. Watery yellow was turning to rich orange. As Lewis Jones momentarily took in the sunset he saw a black twitching object rear out of the fading orb. It zigzagged and hovered, then darted forward. He faintly heard the buzzing of wings. No, not wings—his senses shook him violently—blades, rotating blades. The Colony had put up a helicopter. Jones was a low-level category prisoner, but they wanted him back and were going to put maximum effort into bringing him to the fold. Did he know too much?

He wildly scanned around. The lanes, although small, were too open, and if there was a chopper in the air, cars would also be out searching and patrolling. Only one option could offer a possible

hiding place. The Forestry Commission land fringed the northern route. It had been heavily felled, but there was enough pine tree cover to afford a hope of escape. Blindly, Lewis ran for the trees. He hurdled the recently stacked logs, which were waiting to be transported to sawmills, and gained the thickest part of the woods. Along the edge of the plantation, native birch trees had been allowed to grow. Lewis used them as a directional sign and followed their path for at least fifteen minutes. Panic blurred the exact measurement of time. All the while he could hear the eye in the sky swooping and diving, trying to spot its prey.

As the forest became denser, he felt safe from aerial detection. The incident made Lewis decide to keep away from the lanes and as he was being forced to go north, that would be his destination. It must have taken almost three hours of slow hiking through the deepened gloom of evening and into the night to clear the forest. In the distance he could see a small cluster of lights. It wasn't big enough for a village. Perhaps it was an isolated farm. The Colony dominated the local area. Most of the inhabitants in the district depended to some degree on the prison, either as warders in the Colony or suppliers of goods. He didn't want to walk in on some farmer whose livelihood was bound up with the Colony. There'd be no welcome mat, so he continued across the dark fields.

A few more minutes slog through a field left to grass brought Lewis abruptly out onto another lane. He was about to cross it and enter the field on the

opposite side when blaring lights pinned him like a frightened rabbit to the center of the lane. Screeching brakes and squealing rubber woke the forest creatures. Lewis was still rigid with dread as the driver got out of the vehicle. Jones was expecting a burly party of surly warders from the Colony. He got an old man. Old in features but alert and observant as he climbed down from the cab of his battered and mud encrusted four wheel drive Land Rover.

"You trying to end it all, son?" the old man gruffly asked.

"I'm lost." Lewis heard himself feebly answer.

"It's easier to do that than most folk think. Want a lift to what passes around here as civilization?"

The prisoner nodded. It seemed the only reaction possible. Lewis and the old man climbed into the weather-beaten, clapped-out vehicle. The gears clunked the car into life and the two taciturn men drove through the quiet lanes. Lewis was wearing his outdoor clothes used by the working parties and not the recognizable Colony uniform, which would have immediately alerted the old man.

Lewis was not in the mood to talk and his new companion had a look suggesting loquaciousness came a long way down his order of merits. The ancient vehicle clattered over a pothole as it lurched at every sharp bend. As they approached a junction, with the lane merging into a road, a bright, dazzling light hit them face on. The old man slammed down on the brake pedal, and the boneshaker snaked from side to side and shuddered to a halt. The blazing lights

continued to blind their vision. A demanding rap on the driver's side window brought an angry oath from the old man. He furiously wound the window down and stuck his square face defiantly out to contest their interlocutors.

"What the hell you playing at?" he heatedly challenged.

"Woodgate police force, sir. We're helping the Colony search for a prisoner," the voice politely responded.

"It's a pity that place can't keep them under better control. If they will let them out to dig the fields, no wonder they lose them," the old man said calming down slightly.

"Maybe, sir," the policeman replied and then asked his question in a different way.

"Have you seen anyone?" As the policeman asked he leaned his head into the vehicle. He silently nodded to Lewis and took a look around.

"The only unusual thing I've seen..." Lewis's heart pounded..."Is this darn fool of a police road block which near killed me with its lights," the old man threw at the young officer.

The policeman, although tender in years, gave the old man a glance as if he'd heard all the invective before. He managed a smile and pulled his prying head out of the vehicle. He waved to someone, the lights were lowered and he turned again and said with subdued sarcasm, "Thanks for your help, sir. Take care."

The old man brusquely wound the window up and

drove passed the roadblock. He scowled at the group of police. Lewis looked out of the far window. Obviously the policeman didn't recognize him from any issued description, but if there'd been a warder in the cluster of men he would have known Jones, especially one of those who were involved in the dark sexual experiences etched on the prisoner's mind. Perhaps it wasn't only the prison authority that wanted Jones back. Maybe their paymasters were anxious? Or should they be pay-mistress?

At first Lewis felt relieved that he'd eluded the police, but started to eye the old man suspiciously. Why didn't he say anything to the policemen? The edgy stillness between old and young man persisted through miles of countryside. Lewis vaguely recalled signs for Barnthorpe, Olston, Swinton and Knolford. The journey went on for almost an hour. Then the vehicle came to a halt.

"Is this where you where going?" the old man said. His crinkled face was impassive but his eyes flickered as if there was a perpetual dream being played in his head. Lewis didn't answer.

"You don't know where you are, do you?" Before Lewis said anything the old man sniffed and shook his head in a gesture that gave the answer to his own question. He then added, "If you ain't got nowhere in particular to go, you'd better stay and work out what it is you want."

He walked from the vehicle and then looked back at Lewis. "You stand there on a night like this and in the morning you'll be fair ready for the grave. Come

on in." Lewis dutifully followed as the old man walked up a shingle path toward a dim light. As they approached Lewis could see the outlines of a cottage. At this time of night it was difficult to pick out details. Before he had time to think anymore, the door was opened as if someone had been watching them advance up the path. The old man entered and muttered to someone. Lewis cautiously went in and the door closed firmly behind him while simultaneously the bolts were drawn against intruders. Lewis froze—the sound reminded him of 'lights out' in the Colony, when prisoners were locked in for the long night to mental hell. Ten hours to think about freedom and your life outside, or to go slowly insane with despair.

Locked In Fear

He wheeled around, half expecting to see a posse of hard-nosed warders with cuffs ready to manacle him and bring his few hours of liberty to an end. Instead the face that looked back at him was that of a woman.

"This fellow seemed lost, Jessica, so he's staying the night," the old man said and sat down to take off his heavy, laced boots. Jessica eyed Lewis curiously and then went over to the old man and helped him undo the laces. Lewis could now see that the man's fingers were twisted and bent as if arthritis had taken a severe hold.

As she took his boots and put them in a shoe rack by the door, Lewis watched her and then glanced back at the old man. "That's my daughter Jessica," he seemed to answer an unspoken question in Lewis's expression. She straightened up and pushed back a stray strand of hair that wasn't out of place. It was more a reflex action as she was being spoken about.

"Dinner's ready for the past two hours," Jessica said in a slightly abrupt and annoyed manner, as if her father was late in returning.

"My bones are fair giving me jib," the old man

rejoined, "I'll take a tray up to my bed. You feed yourself and this here stranger. What's your name fellow?"

Lewis opened his mouth, gulped and replied, "Alun, Alun Griffin."

The old man rubbed his hands together to ease the obvious pain and narrowed his eyes. "Alun, eh. A fine good name for a man..." he smiled to himself..."For a man who is lost." He chuckled and walked stiffly over to an archway that led into the kitchen. Jessica followed and Lewis, now Alun, trailed along.

The father sat silently as Jessica ladled food from a large brown dish onto a plate, arranged it on a tray and added bread and cutlery.

"Shall I carry your tray upstairs?" Jessica spoke not roughly, but without gentleness to her father.

"I'll carry my own tray," he gruffly said, then winked at the woman and added, "You carry my coffin when the time comes." He chortled to himself and went up sharply rising stairs leading out of the corner of the kitchen.

"Do you want your bed, or have you enough civility to eat at the table?" Jessica almost accused Alun.

"No, I'll eat here," Alun insisted defensively.

"It's a chicken casserole and sliced potatoes in garlic," she said brusquely. "You're not one of these veggie sorts, are you?"

Alun shook a no. Lewis was still in his head, and his eyes darted around the room trying to weigh up

the situation. Jessica dished up two meals and put them on the scrubbed oak table with some force. She sat down and pointed at the plate on the other side of the table to signal to Alun. He joined her and watched as Jessica tore two lumps of bread off the loaf and handed one to Alun.

The food tasted good to Alun. After two years of Colony mass catering, courtesy of The Home Office via half a dozen trusted inmates who wouldn't poison their fellow prisoners, any homemade meal would have been ambrosia. He ate greedily and looked up at Jessica to see if she had noticed—and disapproved—of his manners. She was contemplating her dinner and eating slowly, as if not really hungry. Perhaps having made the meal and then waiting many hours for her father to return had taken the edge off her appetite.

She was a woman in her early thirties with black, wavy hair. The eyes were brooding and to Alun, any woman he was near would look beautiful. That's what being incarcerated did for you. Before sitting down, he'd noticed that she walked proudly and even with a degree of haughtiness. As Alun went on examining her, Jessica looked up and furrowed her brow.

"What is it you want?" Jessica delivered the question in a blunt and forthright manner. It took Alun by surprise, and he became flustered. What did she mean by it? Had she recognized the look of desire in his stare and would she so boldly allude to this physical attraction?

"Well?" she insisted. "What is it, then? More food, or what?"

"The dinner was good," he heard himself weakly reply.

Jessica got up, took his plate over to the stove and served another portion. Even though he'd become embarrassed that she'd caught him watching her, he couldn't help stealing glances at Jessica as she came back and sat down. She moved regally, in a flowing motion. She was a tall woman with a lithe and ample body, and he guessed she either deliberately kept fit by exercise or worked manually. Her hands were older than the face, so he opted for outside physical labor. Her rough clothes didn't conceal a fine body shape Alun was already imagining in its prime nakedness.

"Everyone else has gone to their beds and that's where we must go," Jessica said suddenly and cleared the plates away to the sink. "I'll be up long before the rest of you, so I'll tidy up and wash the dishes in the morning. Now to bed."

He got up and stood like a child at his first school waiting for directions to a new class. He knew that her staccato statement about going to their beds meant separate ones, but as she fussed about the kitchen he let his imagination dwell and roam on a night's romp with Jessica. When she looked at him it was with a penetrating and unnerving stare. Could she see the thoughts of sensuality written in his eyes? He blushed and went red. Jessica shrugged her shoulders and gestured for him to follow.

Up the steep flight of stairs they climbed in silence. Jessica had been wearing a thick jersey, as the house was cold, and a pair of worn jeans. Alun couldn't help assessing the roll and rhythmic movement of her rear as she preceded him up the stairs. At the landing, Jessica turned left and walked the whole length of the corridor. She opened the last door.

"You sleep in there. My father is down the end and Serene is along there. I'm next to you," Jessica said. Alun looked at her and wondered why she had said that. He concluded it was his over-active imagination. She meant nothing. It was just Jessica's abrupt manner of talking. He went into the room and pushed the door shut. He strolled over to the bed, stopped and heard a sound of metal on creaking metal. He went back to the door and turned the handle. It was locked from outside.

Lewis Jones didn't have the energy or will left to fight. He had only been Alun Griffin for an hour, and now man and alter ego must wait for the warders to come and collect him. With a heavy heart at the futility of his earlier break out, Lewis curled up in a fetal position on the bed and tried to obliterate the last two years.

Walk On A Lonely Beach

7 here was a state of sleep where Alun existed between the world of dreams and reality. He imagined the workshops at the Colony and the total silence the prisoners had to obey whilst toiling. The only noise was that of men hammering and sawing, the sound of tools, and the distant clatter of saucepans in the communal kitchens.

He drifted and oscillated in this reverie for a timeless moment. Suddenly he was awake. The jangling racket from a kitchen was within the house. Alun sprung up and rushed to the door, turned the handle and...opened the door. He walked along the corridor and down the stairs, into the lounge and then the kitchen. He stood before a busy and bustling Jessica.

"You look as if sleep did you no good." She spoke to him rapidly, and got on with her tasks. Alun rubbed his eyes wearily. Jessica was right. Sleep had been fitful and his mind was in tumult. He glanced around the kitchen. It was like the rest of the house he had seen. The paint work and wallpaper, although clean, hadn't been replenished for many years. Drapes were old and past heir best, and seat covers needed renewing. It was neglect due to lack of

interest, not deliberate damage. The whole house reeked of the cessation of time.

He became aware of Jessica looking at him. He felt guilty and didn't know why. In defense he blurted out, "Why was my room locked last night?"

The severely handsome woman wiped her hands dry on her apron. She at first avoided the question and started to place cutlery on the table in readiness for breakfast. Jessica regarded him with an inquisitive stare.

"All the rooms are locked at night...and have been these last seventeen years."

Alun stood his ground and threw back, "From the outside?"

"Normally it's my father who does that," she responded as if it explained everything. Then she continued, "He forgot his manners last night, so I locked your room and Serene's before going to bed." Alun was going to come back at her with another question but the old man appeared at the kitchen door.

He must have heard the conversation because he immediately said, "Seems a waste of time talking about locked doors when breakfast is not yet ready." Jessica busied herself and quickly set down three plates and cups on the table. Her father sat and Alun did the same. Bacon, eggs and fried bread were served up, and the food consumed in complete silence.

The meal completed, Jessica started to clear the plates. As she walked passed the radio on the dark,

heavily stained oak sideboard, she stopped and turned it on. The announcer was headlining the national news and saying that an interview with some minister would follow, and then the local round up. Alun froze in his tableside chair. It was bound to feature the escape of a prisoner from the Colony. His head wouldn't clear and tell him what to do. Inactivity became the name of the paralysis besetting Alun's flight or fight instinct.

Just as the interview was drawing to its conclusion, the old man banged his fist on the table, got up and reached for the radio. With frustration mixed with anger, he silenced the airwaves.

"Darn fools spouting all this modern-fangled nonsense. It's bad enough we should have to suffer the lies of these ministers. Nowadays they don't let news happen and then tell you. Every which way you turn some expert is analyzing the news, telling you what might happen, what could happen and then finding someone who knows someone else who is related to the minister's wife or even cat." Having vented his spleen, the old man grumbled his way to the lounge. Alun sat still and let his heart beat find its normal rhythm.

Jessica looked back from where she was now standing at the sink and adopted a seen-and-heard it all before expression. Alun shrugged in sympathy and tried to hide his relief.

"You going to check the chickens?" the father called from the lounge. Alun looked at Jessica. She lightly threw down the dishcloth and muttered an

oath, which was inaudible.

"Yes, Father," she grudgingly answered.

"Would that be before they reach their next birthday?" the old man sarcastically moaned from the lounge.

Alun could see the exasperation in Jessica's face. She closed her eyes and was probably counting to some suitably calming number. The daughter must have found the digit of equilibrium because she answered, "I'm on my way, Father."

Jessica went into the lounge and came back to the kitchen a few minutes later wearing a heavy leather jacket. The dark lady of the deep pool eyes gave Alun an unfathomable stare and said, "If you've got nothing better to do, come and earn your night's rest and morning breakfast." Alun went to the coat hooks by the front door, put on his navy donkey jacket, sheepishly smiled at the old man who was now standing glaring at them and walked out behind Jessica.

Alun's arrival last night had been in the dark. As he ambled along, while Jessica fed the chickens, he looked about him at the farmhouse. It had the appearance of many additions and extensions to what was probably a tiny cottage at the beginning. Whoever carried out the work was no architect and wasn't interested in aesthetics. Alun was reminded of his boyhood Mecanno. He would bolt together the metal bars and plates to form the buildings of his imagination. He never had a plan and neither did the builder of this house. Just like the interior, the exterior

was waiting in vain for a lick of paint on windows, walls and guttering.

Lost in his own thoughts, he turned and found Jessica stood a foot away, glaring at him. "As a worker, you're a dead loss. What've you been doing these last few years, working as a daydreamer's assistant?" she said sardonically. Alun remained silent but thought about the past. Jessica rolled her eyes in slight contempt and walked away. Ten yards down the shingle path she turned and called, "You waiting to go back to sleep or you going to follow me?" Like a passive and submissive old dog, Alun trotted after the lady.

Jessica walked in her haughty way that was in marked contrast to the acquiescent manner she adopted when talking to her father. They came out by the opening in the hawthorn hedge surrounding the house, crossed a lane which must have been the way the Land Rover arrived last night and into an open field. Alun strolled a few feet behind Jessica. He wasn't feeling subservient; he just liked the nautical, swaying movement of her rear. After two years in the Colony he was fascinated with the female form and it's metrical fluidity. That picture in his head returned – more than ever he wanted a woman where he was in control, the master not the slave. He smiled inwardly at that thought—he was trying to fool himself!

"That's another government blunder." Alun was startled out of his fantasy by Jessica's voice. He stole his attention away from her rolling cadence and

looked into the distance. Beyond the trees he saw the row of sentinel electricity pylons diminishing with perspective until they reached a large white dome. It looked like a giant golf ball. Jessica answered his thought question.

"Breyton Nuclear Power Station," she said with obvious disgust. "That keeps the kettles boiling, so they tell us. What they don't say is where all that radioactive stuff is being kept. Can't tell me they're worried about the future. It's like everything else, the here and now society don't think about what's to come." Her venom surprised Alun and in that instance he saw the father's curmudgeonly attitude in the daughter.

He'd only heard about the nuclear reactor and had no opinions one way or the other. He looked at Jessica and she was looking with hate at the shimmering golf ball. "Does it harm your land?" he asked for no other reason than something to say.

"All government is bad for honest people," she said without taking her eyes from the horizon. Alun peered into the distance and saw that beyond the power station was the open sea. Jessica turned and briskly went back toward home.

"Can't believe what they tell us. There's more than hot baths and cooking food behind that cauldron of evil," she said with a knowing shake of the head. Alun kept quiet and thought it all sounded a might cranky. Like some conspiracy theory wherever authority was concerned.

Something in the way she stopped by the massive

trunk of a beech tree and stared at him defiantly inflamed his restraint. He lent near to her and rested one hand against the tree, retaining but not forcing her to confront his eyes. In the instance of passion, Alun pulled her head forward and kissed Jessica's mouth. As he moved back from the slight embrace her face showed no anger, no acceptance, no refusal. Pulling her closer, this time the kiss was hard and seeking. Jessica did nothing to encourage, but nothing that said no. Alun's hands were exploring down Jessica's back and forcing her body tighter into his chest and loin. Even wearing a heavy coat, he could feel the firm swell of her breasts against him. With his tongue traveling around in her moist mouth, Alun slipped one hand into her coat and fingered for the buttons of her blouse and the velvetiness of her warm skin.

Jessica lightly pushed him away. It was a not-now more than a rejection; or so Alun hoped as he stood watching Jessica straightening her coat and hair. He started to mutter and apology but the woman brushed his forming words aside.

"Do you think it is your right to inspect and pry on the possessions of those that take you in?" she asked in a matter of fact tone.

"You are an attractive woman," he lamely offered as an excuse, thinking her use of words quaint and old-fashioned.

"And you, Alun Griffin are a man of good proportions...but I don't go assuming I can satisfy my appetite on you without permission." Her descriptive

words conjured the past once again into his fevered brain.

"Let's talk no more of it. Come, we must get back to the farmhouse," she said in a dismissive way.

They reached the hawthorn hedge and Jessica marched up the path and into the house. By the time Alun had caught up, she'd taken her coat off and was in the kitchen. Her father sat by the table, reading a newspaper. Alun hoped it wasn't yesterday's local edition with a picture of a certain convict. As he sidled over to try and steal a glance, the door from the corridor opened and his pulse accelerated.

A young woman glided in. "Serene," the old man's face lit up as he greeted her. "Come and sit down by your grandpa," he beamed. It was the first time Alun had seen him smile. The woman gently eased herself onto the chair next to the old man. He patted her hand and looked up at Alun.

"My princess," he said with pride. Alun politely nodded and tried not to show the lustful thoughts that were reverberating around his awaking brain. What he did notice was Jessica's expression. It wasn't disgust, but a resigned weariness.

"Stop fussing with those dishes," he called to Jessica. "Come here. I've something to say." His daughter jadedly sauntered to the other side of the table, drew up a chair, sat down and stretched her long, elegant limbs across the red stone of the kitchen floor.

Alun let his eyes slowly wander from Jessica to Serene. The daughter was stately, tall with an athletic

figure. Here was a woman with a fine-looking bone structure. Jessica sat motionless, independent and yet reconciled to her status and duties. Serene never sat still. Her eyes darted playfully; she smiled and combined innocence with a coquettish head movement. A lithe Greek Diana tinged with the melancholia of Cassandra, pitted against a modern miss with total youth, perfection and the unmistakable aura of wayward delights.

The old man's voice brought the quartet to his words. "I'm a plain man, but understand my manners. Alun, you know my daughter Jessica, and this beauty by my side is my grandchild Serene of nineteen years, and the only descendent I'm now likely to have." Alun grinned in an embarrassed way, feeling that the last remark meant nothing to him but must be significant to the other three. He also felt it was an implied insult to Jessica. Serene's expression did not change. She radiated indifference to the moods of other's. The young lady had that self-absorbed smile of those blessed with exquisiteness. Jessica lowered her eyes. She had attractiveness, but didn't allow any animation or sweetness of face to enhance her dark mysteries.

"Now, Alun," the old man continued, "We know nothing of you, but I'm a judge of worth and purpose." He glanced from Jessica to Serene and Alun guessed where he considered worth and purpose to dwell. "I think you are looking for shelter," the father rattled on. Alun shuddered at the phrase and again wondered if the old man knew his secret. "That's why

I'm saying to you, find that resting place. Stay here at Dunes Farm and work the land."

Alun stared at the old man. Jessica raised her glanced from the floor and neatly folded her hands in her lap. Serene grinned the shining smile of the fortunate.

"I don't know anything about farming," Alun said, playing for time and trying to think of the implications. From what he had seen this morning, knowing little about agriculture didn't matter on this neglected plot of farming dereliction.

"I'll teach you. Jessica will also be your guide," the old man encouraged.

"OK," Alun acquiesced for want of an alternative.

"Good," the old man enthused and then added more soberly, "I can't pay you much, but there'll be plenty of wholesome food and other compensations."

The Night To Make You Mine

Evening at Dunes Farm was even more doleful than the days. Alun went to his bedroom early and tried to occupy his mind with reading a magazine on arable farming he'd found in the top of an old wardrobe. It was a useless ruse, and the faces of the farm girls in the boring stories became those of Jessica and Serene, and his carnally centered thoughts had them cavorting through haystacks, wrestling each other in muddy yards and claiming him as their prize.

These sensual reveries brought Alun back to his time in the Colony and confronted him again with the dichotomous nature and reaction to his memories. He'd been in prison for six months, and the hard and even cruel existence had toughened his already solid frame. The days were always the same for those who were young and fit. By six o'clock in the morning, the outdoor parties had been assembled and were marched out along the paths marked by thousands of previous prisoners' heavy and weary treads to and from their agricultural labors.

The Colony was a dour and lonely penal correction center, which housed minor and first time offenders. It was therefore surprising that the regime was so severe and at times bordering on the brutal. Rumors

abounded, most of them very fanciful; some inmates speculated that the harsh treatment was a new and secret government experiment. Others said they were being trained for espionage work and would be offered their freedom in return for serving the country. Lewis remained cynical and believed it was the simple product of an austere governor. Whatever the true reason, the atmosphere at the Colony was surly and the warders were guarded in any conversation with the inmates.

In his memory, he came back that evening from a straw burning fatigue. When the barley was harvested in early autumn, the stubble was left in the ground after the 'Combines' had swept across the fields. The quickest way to clear the ground for winter wheat sowing was to set light to the residue in a controlled burn. The work was appalling tough and by the end of the task the prisoners were black with smoke and were lucky if they'd got away without scorched skin.

Dinner was no more than chicken bone soup, two chunks of heavy prison-baked bread and a drink that defied classification as tea, coffee or the flavor of the iron from the inside of the enormous boiling saucepans. They ate in sullen silence and then sat motionless in the dimly lit canteen, waiting for the warders to brusquely escort them back to their cells.

The metal door closed with the finality of an eternal death, and Lewis slumped on the lower bunk. He was going to ask the warder where Jimmy, his cell companion — not friend — had got to, but the first six

months in the Colony had taught him to ask no questions and seek nothing but your own company. Almost immediately, the lights all along the corridor and in the cells went out as an unseen hand plunged the inmates into darkened solitude.

Alun closed his eyes and hoped that sleep would come and last for a long time. The noise of hard marching boots on solid stone floors started as a rhythmic thud in the distance and slowly grew in intensity until the pounding battered at Lewis' fretful sleep. The door was flung open and against the faint moonlight filtering through metal bars, he saw the outline of three warders towering over his bunk.

"Get up, Jones," came the snapped command. His reaction was not quick enough for them, and Lewis was hauled to his feet. Jones was an ex-rugby player and had steel muscles and a fearsome reputation on the playing field. That, however, was his past life: here in the Colony, you didn't retaliate against the warders.

"The Governor wants to see you," came the order and he followed one of the warders as the other two came close behind him. The route took the party through doors, unlocked and then locked again, passed the kitchen and abruptly to a halt at the communal washhouse.

"You stink, Jones. Can't have you standing in front of the Governor smelling like the sewer rat you are. Get those clothes off and have a shower."

Lewis undressed and walked into one of the open cubicles. The water was icy cold, as long ago during

the day the heating for the, at best, tepid water had been turned off. As he lathered the small piece of soap, he tried to ignore the three warders standing menacingly staring at him. He felt vulnerable and the thought went through his mind that they were going to sexually attack and abuse him.

"That's enough, Jones. We want the grime washed away, not your alluring musk odor." There was a crude laugh in the voice. Lewis stepped out of the shower and lent down for his clothes. A hefty leather boot came down and stood on them.

"Not those wretched things, Jones. Here, put on this bathrobe. We want you to be a pretty boy for the Governor." A robe was thrown at him and there was more course sneering. The procession continued along corridors Jones had never passed before and came to a stop at a brown-painted door. Jones was bundled into a room, which took him by surprise. It was not the austere prison furnishings he had seen before but had a warm carpet feel to his unclad feet and fierce lights blinding his vision.

As his eyes became accustomed to the glare he saw a figure standing toward the center of the room. If it was the Governor, he was a she and was wearing a long red dress. Lewis' lips and throat went dry. He felt the fist of a warder push him in the back.

"Say hello to..." he hesitated. "Never mind, Jones, you don't watch television, so wouldn't recognize your very famous Governor for the evening. Now where's your manners, Jones, this lady has selected you especially from photos and paid a lot for you. The

least you can do is show her the money is worth it."

"What do..." Lewis stammered.

"Stow it, Jones," one of the warders hit him around the neck. "Get that bathrobe off and give your mistress a view of what's on offer. And do it quick unless you want us three to help you."

Lewis slipped the bathrobe from his shoulders and immediately it was snatched away. Two of the warders stepped forward and his hands were grabbed tightly. The third warder snapped metal handcuffs on his wrists, so he was manacled with arms behind his back.

"That will be all." It was the voice of the female. The warders turned and went to the door. One stopped and said. "You do exactly what the lady commands, Jones. If we hear you were not totally compliant, you might get a night of sex from some of the boys!" The door slammed and cut out the raucous laughter.

The figure moved to the side of the room and Lewis heard a switch flick, once, then twice. The arc light went off and the room became illuminated by a soft glow. The woman walked back toward Lewis. He had to admit there was a certain sexual excitement in the situation, and now that the lady came into view he felt the tension in his body stiffen his penis. She smiled as she studied the stirrings of his erection and shook her head in an amused admonition.

The warder had been right, he didn't recognize her - he certainly wouldn't have forgotten the face and the body. The lady was mid to late thirties, although

that was impossible to be definite about. If she'd said twenty-eight or forty-two he wouldn't have disagreed. It was difficult to dispute anything standing there naked, bound and with his dick still rising. The face was immaculately made up with curving eyebrows, deep, glossy pink lipstick and gray pupils exuding wicked hunger. The hair was blond, tightly pulled back and held with a leather band. It gave the film star face a severe aspect. It was probably the effect the woman wanted to convey.

"If I told you my name, you would be honored," she smiled with pouted lips. "But for this evening, you will call me Mistress. Do you understand?" Lewis nodded. Apprehension was mixed with a salacious brainstorm in his head.

"Are you an obedient boy?" she said with a sensuous curl of the lip. Lewis' mind went blank. The woman stepped closer and grabbed and squeezed his testicles hard enough to bring a tear to his eye, soft enough to make him stiffer.

"Yes, Mistress," he gulped.

"Good boy, Lewis, now you understand."

She turned and walked away, stretching her hand behind her back to unzip the red dress. She continued to stroll as the dress fell like the first veil from her body. She wore a tiny—very brief—thong. The thin strand back bisected her perfect ass. Stopping, she turned to display the briefness of the front to the thong and tits that were built on the super-tanker scale. Jutting, thrusting and ready to steam ahead.

"Come over here, Lewis," she directed. He walked

as far as her gorgeous body, with his penis now pointing almost straight out. Mistress kissed him once on his mouth and then slowly sank down, caressing his neck, chest and abdomen. He felt her manicured fingers stroking his cock with an expertise that could keep him the crazy side of ejection for a long, long time. His erection was thrust between her boobs and she gently rubbed up and down, side to side and ended by leaning slightly back as she knelt down and worked the end of his red penis against her nipples.

Mistress stood up and kissed Lewis.

"This way," she huskily said. Just in time he remembered to answer, "Yes, Mistress." His Governor for the night slipped her thong down over loins, thighs, calves and then off. Her pubic hair was soft, downy and lightly blond. She led him to a long couch, stretched out on her back and opened her legs almost demurely.

"My clitoris wants your mouth and tongue," the woman purred. As Lewis knelt down he said, "Yes, mistress," then buried his face in her moist slit. As he licked deeper, she groaned and her hands took fast of Lewis' head and urged him into a more vigorous and intimate exploration of her now weeping pussy. She urgently insisted he continue and Lewis, although playing the slave, was ecstatic with lust and desire.

"Enough," Mistress said. "Come here." She directed him to lie on the couch and sat beside him. Her hands encircled his penis and massaged him to a moaning edge of an eruption. With blood thumping in his veins and especially along the length of his

penis, the blond mistress swung over him, crouching, and then riding his cock hard into her recently tongue-lubricated pussy.

For over forty minutes she alternated between fucking him senseless and then dismounting and working his bulging red tip with her dexterous fingers.

"Do you want to come?" she grinned and kissed his pulsating tip.

"Yes, mistress," Lewis begged.

"Say please."

"Please, Mistress."

"Over here," her voice ordered.

Lewis rolled precariously off the couch, hands still shackled, and followed his mistress' beautiful ass, undulating as she sidled across the room. She led him to a large sofa, directing him to lean back over the arm, feet just touching the ground, back arched and dick standing out like a rosy rigid pole. His mysterious seducer and sexual tormentor stood legs akimbo, lent forward so her immense breasts filled his view. Her left hand gently manipulated his balls and the right hand encircled Lewis' pleading stiffy. With a wild but metrical action she stroked his dick against the substantial nakedness of her tits. Lewis let himself go and felt the relief pumping from his groin. The mistress watched as her slave's sticky liberation shot out and congealed in pools on her dark pink nipples.

"No time to rest," Mistress said in a throaty chuckle and urged Lewis up.

"I am going to undo your manacle...but do not presume to make any move without my orders. If you disobey..." she let the menacing threat hang in the air. His hands were set free, and the sight of his eruption glistening on the woman's magnificent breasts made Lewis lick his dry lips.

"We need to shower," she instructed, and he followed as she went over to a door, opened it and they walked into a bathroom. Inside the shower cubicle, his mistress handed him a sponge and said, "Soap and clean my body."

Lewis started with her neck, went down her body, over those projecting, mighty boobs and got to her pubic region. As she kept her legs closed he washed her loins, thighs, legs and ended at her feet. She turned her back to him and he saw this as the signal to sponge up from feet to head. Over that jutting ass he worked the lather, up her back and then waited her command. His mistress lent forward to rest her hands on the side of the tiled cubicle, her rising ass protruding provocatively. As she spread her legs, her bulging pudenda displayed its long slit eye.

"With your fingers," she said with a deep sigh, "And gently...this is my pleasure, not yours." His fingering must have given her satisfaction. Her feline whimpers became guttural groans and ended with screams and sobs of animal ferocity. After his mistress regained her breath, they finished showering, dried themselves and she told him to stand in front of her as she sat and applied her make-up.

Lewis knew he could use his strength to over-come

her. He knew he could have denied her requests and not acted as a willing slave. Something in him craved her domination. His mistress fixed her hair, took new clothes from a small case and dressed not in the provocative garb she had worn when he arrived, but sensible underclothes, a business suit and court shoes. All the time, Lewis stood naked before her. His earlier eagerness began to return, and the snake at his loins stiffened and grew independently of his wishes. Mistress tapped his penis once and then smacked it so it oscillated like a sensual metronome. With a fruity laugh she whispered, "Have you no control over that beast?" Both Lewis' face and dick were red. "Another time we'll test your stamina," she sniggered rudely, and walked purposely to the door from where Lewis had first entered, banged loudly and waited.

Within a few minutes the three warders came in and whispered with Lewis's mistress for some time. One of them escorted her out and she left without looking or saying any more.

"Put this on, sexy boy," a warder spat at Lewis and threw him his old prison clothes. He was frog marched back to his cell and thrown in sadistically.

As he slept the images of his ordeal chased through his mind. Whatever the orders, whatever his situation, Lewis knew he had enjoyed the game. He wanted his mistress to call for him again. His dreams in prison drifted across the months and when he awoke, Lewis was in Dunes Farm remembering his shame and desires.

All Is Not As It Seems

*A*s Alun stood at the window of the bedroom that had now become his home he tried to see the distant lights of other houses in the region. Dunes Farm wasn't that big, and on his second night in the old man's home a sea fret had advanced inland, bringing its damp, clammy gloom. It muffled sounds of nocturnal creatures and isolated Alun even more. He drew the thick, worn drapes across the window. As he did, the grating click of the door lock pierced the silence. That dread of confinement returned. Alun curled up on the wooden frame bed and slept the perturbed sleep of the caged animal. He tried to subdue the thoughts, but they kept coming back. He longed for Jessica to stride domineeringly into his bedroom and become his mistress; thoughts of sex without being dominated no longer thrilled him

The morning was a replay of yesterday. Breakfast passed with little conversation flowing between Jessica, her father and Alun. Serene didn't make an appearance. As Jessica washed up the dishes, the old man clamped his hand on Alun's shoulder and said, "Watching others work won't get anything done. Here, Jessica, show this man where the tractor is and get him mending fences down on the long ditches."

Jessica let out a slow, quiet breath at being interrupted from her chores at the sink, but made no comment. She put on her coat and Alun followed her out of the house and around to the back.

If the house was in need of repair and renovation, the yard at the rear was a testament to a life-long hording of useless junk. Piles of timber looking like salvaged scrap were stacked against a rickety barn. Farm ploughs and other implements were everywhere in various states of disrepair. Five pigs snorted and scampered out of the way as Jessica pulled the barn door open. It swung precariously on hinges more oxidized rust than sound metal.

"Ever driven a tractor before?" Jessica sharply asked. Alun nodded. It wasn't a lie. He had often done so on the Colony's surrounding land that supplied vegetables to the prison.

"Load up the wire, shovel and tools, and follow the Service tree hedge down to the long ditches. Check the fence and repair as you go. It'll be a long day's work. I'll send your lunch along later." Jessica, having given her instructions, made sure there was petrol in the tractor. Alun licked his lips as he watched Jessica lean into the cab and look at the gauge. He wished she would wear her tightly gathered raven hair less severely combed back. As sensual compensation, he studied the provocative form of her jutting and rounded rear.

Jessica turned quicker from her task than Alun anticipated. She caught the direction of his eyes, started to smile, and then pulled her outer coat down

in a fluster of irritated modesty. There was a momentary exchange of shared desire between this appealing woman and the good-looking man, then the veil of inhibitions descended. Alun got into the tractor and drove out of the farmyard. He wanted to look back to see if Jessica's interest had been aroused. He didn't, and just let his imagination roam as he chugged alone, smoke funneling skyward from the ancient engine.

The end of the Service tree hedge came as a disappointing end to his erotic thoughts. He'd been deep in pleasant fantasy about Jessica. It passed the time, but now the reverie would be dampened with the hard work of fence repairing. The long ditch went straight as an arrow across the landscape and on this March morning with winter rains barely finished, it ran sluggishly with brackish water. Not only did the fence need attention, but the ditch was overgrown and neglected. No doubt that was going to be a designated task for another day, he dolefully thought.

As he worked to straighten a post, a shadow spread across his face. Alun shielded his eyes and looked up.

"That's a thankless task." The voice belonged to a man of advanced years and smallness of stature. Alun stopped digging and stood up. His six-foot frame, made strong and sinewy over recent years of hard manual work, towered above the elf-faced man.

"Dryden Sorrell got you trapped, has he?" the wizened fellow spoke clearly. Alun didn't at first answer as he was thinking about the name. He hadn't

been told by the old man at Dunes Farm, who had introduced Jessica and Serene, but not himself.

"He lets you speak?" The question was more an impertinent statement. The man then continued in a friendlier manner. "The name's Jim Durrow."

Alun shook the proffered hand, "Alun, Alun Griffin," he replied, still not comfortable with his new identity.

"Why you doing that, there's been no stock on Dunes Farm for many years?" Durrow asked with an intense stare.

"Just doing what I'm told," Alun shrugged and realized he'd been following useless orders for over two years in the Colony, some he wouldn't talk about!

"You laboring at the farm...or perhaps courting that Jessica. Now there's a fine and shapely woman for any man's bed," Durrow said with a knowing wink. Alun thought about an answer but Durrow took any slight delay as a route to prattle on.

"Can't be that stunning little granddaughter of Sorrell's who you'd be fancying. The old grouch wouldn't let the likes of you get within ten ploughed acres of her. Not that you aren't a handsome fellow, no, don't get me wrong. But I reckon he wants that spoilt little madam to have a rich fellow."

Durrow set himself down on the mound of earth, which fringed the ditch. Alun was bored with his work, so did nothing to discourage the old gossip.

"You probably know more about them than I do?" Alun tried to prompt Durrow into tittle-tattle about the Sorrell's.

"Don't rightly think any folk knows too much about that family. Twenty years and more they've lived over at Dunes Farm, and they're still as big a mystery as them migrating birds. What with that temptress Serene making eyes at all the boys in the locality but never been near one of them—well, not that she'd tell Old Man Sorrell about!" Durrow said the word 'near' as a quaint euphemism for sex. "But then her parents were the same. Both flighty—and where are they now?"

"Where?" Alun repeated the implied question.

"Lord knows. And perhaps he's not sure," Durrow shook his head to indicate disapproval and ambiguity. "And how do they live?" Durrow went on. "Dunes Farm is so run down it wouldn't keep a herd of skinny cows fed for a month. So what they doing? Up to no good, I'll be bound."

Alun nodded and smiled to push Durrow along this interested tale. He was about to launch into what Alun hoped was more revelations when he focused on the distance, stood up and bid goodbye. He strode urgently away and into view came the unmistakable sensual silken walk of Jessica.

"Not much done since this morning," she announced and immediately lightened the sternness of her statement with a smile that turned her handsome features into a beautiful face. Jessica handed Alun a tin box. He raised his eyebrows in a question. "Lunch," she answered then added, "Let's walk down to the beach,"

Alun scrambled over the ditch and held his hand

out to Jessica. She accepted his offer of help until she was safely on the ground of the other side. Alun wanted to hold onto her long-fingered hand. Jessica didn't pull it away violently, but let it slowly slip from his grasp.

They carefully stepped between the furrows in the field that lead down to the sea. The white dome of the nuclear power station loomed over the sand dunes. Jessica and Alun sauntered amongst the tufted grass and driftwood. A hundred yards out to sea were two platforms looking like small oil drilling stations. Jessica saw Alun pause to glance at them. "They'll have you believe they're discharging water from the plant. If that's so, tell me why the seagulls mass and mob those things," Jessica sneered. Alun had no idea what they were. He liked it more when Jessica's face smiled, so he refrained from a scoff about her statement. He was more interested in her pleasure possibilities than paranoiac ideas.

As their meandering took them into the damp sand at the sea edge, Alun looked at the formed footprint. They should have been a track to explore a better future. He felt they were merely retracing the past.

"These dunes go all the way to Dinwald." Jessica spoke as if reminiscing.

"What's there?" Alun asked.

"It was once an important town. Now it has been reclaimed by the advancing sea. The locals say you can hear the submerged church bells pealing on certain nights. The cliffs are eroding and it's telling us all that nature is far stronger than we humans." Her

words were delivered to unseen listeners.

"Shall we walk to, what did you call it, Dinwald?" Alun tried to find common ground with this woman. He was becoming besotted by her.

"No," Jessica immediately answered. "I haven't been there since my elder brother Frank...went away. That was eighteen years ago when I had dreams as all girls of seventeen should have. My father was happy then. We lived at Dunes Farm as a family home. Not like now when we try to scratch a living from this dry and sandy soil. As much as you feed it, the land keeps on taking." Jessica stopped abruptly, looked at Alun and shivered. Her radiant face had a childlike quality and momentarily lost the haunted pallor.

The impulse overcame Alun. He held Jessica close and kissed her. She kissed him back. They stood on the edge of consuming passion that would sublimate all their worries, if only for a moment. It was an abyss of love they circled, did not jump and returned to mundane avenues.

"This won't get the fence mended or father's dinner cooked," Jessica said and escaped Alun's hold. She marched off up the beach, never looking back. That had been her way in life for many years. The past was a bolted door, the future just for fools.

Stories From The Past

Mid-April sun gave Dunes Farm a white and pink complexion from the flowering Prunus trees scattered all around. Alun sat by the front door and thought that at one time someone cared and planted these cherry and pear trees. Two weeks had passed, and each day his confidence grew. He hadn't totally rid his mind of the fear of recapture but at least he didn't look hourly over his shoulder. For these last few nights, his bedroom door had remained unlocked. He toyed with the idea of searching for Jessica's room, but the fear of prison got the better of these notions.

After the brief kiss on the beach with Jessica, he had hoped their relationship would develop. She often looked at him in a way that said the desire was warm, but never did she move to get nearer the flame. When he'd tried to broach the subject, Jessica was polite, kind but held him verbally and physically at bay.

It was disappointing and mildly frustrating. Serene's behavior was much more of a problem. The nineteen-year-old was a tease. Her grandpa spoke about her as if the first flush of pure snow was still untouched by harsh hot summers. Innocent she may

be in experience, but her intent was blatant. When you had so many gorgeous attributes, it was cruel to taunt and offer, then when you aroused a passion to withhold and pretend ingenuousness.

Serene Sorrell was a vixen in very sensual lamb's attire. Alun was not immune to her charms. Far from it. Who would be? The young lady had wickedly sparkling dark eyes, an S-shaped figure that went in and went out in all the right sensitive and interesting places. Jessica was regal and supple, Serene's body moved, rolled and danced. Jessica wore plain clothes and large jerseys that didn't enhance her figure. Only her jeans gave the mind room to admire her long legs and rounded rear; Serene's clothes were an adornment to her body. Blouses that were hardly buttoned or skimpy tee shirts, tight over her breasts and riding high up her bare midriff.

As Alun sat in the pleasantly warm sun, thoughts of Serene were making beads of sweat trickle down his forehead. Just having her flouncing around was difficult for any healthy male. But the girl enjoyed the game. Given any opportunity when Jessica or the old man were not around, she'd play and flirt, display and parade—words and actions to inflame, then skip away, grinning with satisfaction at her power. One such incident had almost caused a family row with him in the middle.

He'd come back early from the fields one afternoon as he couldn't complete the hedge cutting. The tractor-trailer was full to overflowing with logs. After emptying the wood in the yard he went into the

house to get a drink of water. As he sat on a chair sipping from the glass, Serene sidled in from the lounge and parked her cute bum on the table with her legs swinging, sensual hints of so much more to come.

"You feel hot?" she purred.

"Almost finished the water," Alun tried to keep it cool even if he didn't feel it.

"I've been bitten," Serene simpered in her best velvet tone. When she spoke like this, reciting the telephone directory could cause hormone riots in a monastery.

"Really," Alun said, licking his lips.

"Look here," Serene pouted. She stopped swaying, brought one leg up so the sole of her foot rested on the table. Most of her skirt rode up and Alun was faced with bare legs, thighs and generous glimpses of Serene's choice in white underwear.

"You feel there," Serene stroked her calves. Alun didn't move. Serene lent forward, took his hand and placed it on her leg. In that instance Alun had no idea where this might go. He never found out. Jessica appeared at the kitchen door, dark of eyes, black of mood and thunder of countenance.

Without shame Serene slid off the table, straightened her skirt and said as she waltzed out of the house, "That felt good, Alun." For the next two days Jessica never once met Alun's eyes, and kept any conversation to formal necessity.

* * *

Time to stop being a slave, Alun thought. Yes, he had played the role and enjoyed the lascivious game, but he must take control of his life. He borrowed the pedal bike from the shed and cycled warily into the nearest town some five miles away. Lexhampton had seen better days. So many areas that were once bastions of engineering and the old manual skills had suffered a decline. Still, after two years in the Colony and two weeks a serf on Dunes Farm, Lexhampton was a veritable hive of activity. Alun strolled along the streets and settled on a visit to the library.

The sign saying Reference Section made Alun remember Jessica's rambling remarks when they walked on the beach at Breyton. He asked the assistant for help in locating newspaper cuttings for eighteen years ago and was amazed at the computer's ability and how it had progressed in the last two years of his incarceration.

He scanned through national news and then selected the regional newspaper. It took almost an hour but at last the headline scrolled down the screen.

MISSING COUPLE SKIP COUNTRY

He devoured the stories. There it was, flesh on Jessica's half told tale. A local couple, Frank and April Sorrell who lived at Dunes Farm went missing. Father, Dryden Sorrell, quoted as saying they had money problems and left suddenly to start anew abroad—baby daughter Serene being cared for by grandfather and his seventeen-year-old daughter Jessica. Then a paragraph hit Alun like the express

train through an open level crossing. It said that Dryden Sorrell had been a warder at the Colony but recently retired due to ill health.

Dryness in Alun's throat made his breathing labored. As he fought back the panic a hand rested on his shoulder. He didn't need to completely turn around to detect the navy blue uniform of a policeman. His heart didn't stop, it packed its bags and left town.

"Finished with the computer, sir?" the policeman courteously enquired.

"Yes, fine," Alun croaked a reply.

He got up and the policeman nodded a thank you and sat in front of the screen. "Interested in local history?" he asked. Alun had lost the power of speech. He nodded again, turned and almost fled from the library.

The air outside brought the color back to his face. Taking hold of the fear, he told himself the policeman wasn't after him and if Dryden Sorrell had known he was an escaped convict, he'd not have given him houseroom for the last two weeks. With rational thought partially restored, Alun wandered into a shop. From the displays he realized it was Easter this coming weekend. On an impulse he bought the biggest Easter egg he could afford on the meager wage he'd been given for fourteen days back-breaking toil. It wasn't a Fabergè, but Jessica wasn't a Romanov. She could accept his gift or...he didn't know what the alternative might be.

* * *

Cycling home gave Alun the space and time to think about the past he'd dug up at the library. With the early evening mist rising from the fields, the setting March sun cast long tree and branch tracery shadows across the lane. Alun contemplated what he should do about the information. The conclusion offered only two alternatives. Stay where he was and see if the history of the Sorrells had any significance for him, or run again to find a new life. A third possibility entered his head. Find his mistress – after all, she was supposed to be a famous TV personality – and...and what? Get her to tie him up, strip him naked, ride his cock...then call the prison authorities. Perhaps not, he contemplated.

A flash of orange and a crash of metal burst upon him. Alun slid sideways and landed up in the shallow ditch with the bike wedged under him. On the opposite side of the lane was a similar spectacle. Only its fallen rider was a lady of stunning appearance wearing an orange jacket.

"Let me help you up," Alun offered as he staggered over to the crash victim.

"No, I can manage," she insisted. It was not an ungracious refusal, more an independent expression.

"Are you all right?" Alun asked in an apologetic tone.

"Yes, I'm fine, but I think your bike will need major surgery." Alun looked back at his crashed machine. It had not been a pretty sight before the impact. It was

now just about fit to be humanely put down. For some reason, the likely reaction of the old man to the damage flashed across his thoughts.

"I didn't expect to meet anyone on this lane. It's always so deserted," she continued.

"I'm Alun. Alun Griffin," he said, just remembering his name. The woman didn't say anything. She dusted herself down. Alun wondered if all the females in this part of Suffolk were attractive. Jessica, Serene and now this cyclist.

She showed no inclination to return the introduction and went back to her bike and surveyed the carnage. Alun didn't bother to try and sort his bike out. It was beyond kind words. A priest would be more appropriate than a mechanic.

As the woman pushed and prodded at the tangled front wheel, Alun leaned against a tree and studied her. As tall as Jessica and about the same age, she was, he guessed, a second generation Afro-Caribbean with almost certainly a white parent on one side. Her skin was pale brown, the face displayed exquisite features and the superb body was evident even in her winter clothes.

"That'll get me home." She spoke more to herself than Alun as she partially straightened the wheel, mounted the bike and, much to the appreciation of Alun's carnal pleasure zone, gave him a smile that could singe the chastity vows of an abbot. He watched her cycle off down the lane. His prolonged interest in her departure was influenced more by her exceptional and erotic body movements than cycling

technique

Two Proposals. One Answer

His walk along the lanes, cajoling the clapped out boneshaker home, made him very late in getting back to Dunes Farm. He leaned the twisted heap of metal against the barn wall. It bore very little resemblance to a bicycle. He decided that he'd tell Dryden Sorrell in the morning. Arguments were easier to take in daylight. Besides he was tired and wanted to eat in peace.

Pushing his way into the farmhouse, Alun immediately caught the aroma of cooking. Jessica sat at the large wooden table and her father slumped in an easy chair by the log fire, snoring contentedly.

"Sorry I'm so late," Alun said to Jessica.

"We haven't eaten," Jessica faintly smiled back, "Get washed up and hurry down." Making everyone wait for him added to Alun's guilt about the ruined bike. He quickly scrubbed off the grime from the day and the crash, tried to clean the dirt from his one pair of boots and rushed back down to the kitchen.

Dryden Sorrell was now awake and sitting at the table, waiting for his food. Serene hadn't made an appearance and Jessica fretted over the saucepans. She ladled the dinner onto four plates and placed them on the table. She sat down to join her father and

Alun.

"We'll eat first, as late as it is," the old man grumbled. Alun didn't look up, but wondered why Serene hadn't arrived. The lady might have a desirable sleek-cat like figure, but she was usually the first to heartily tuck into Jessica's large-portion dinners.

The front door clicked and Alun idly glanced up expecting the lip-smacking Serene to walk in. It was certainly a scrumptious body that sashayed across the kitchen to join the threesome. It was not Serene, but the delectable lady cyclist.

"Hello again," the dark-skinned majesty directed at Alun.

"You two met before?" Old Man Sorrell muttered through his munching.

"More like collided," Alun replied. Jessica looked up and flitted her eyes suspiciously between the newcomer and Alun.

"Tell us about it some other time," Dryden Sorrell said as he picked his teeth with the prong of the dinner fork. "Right now we've got more important matters to discuss." The meal was completed with surreptitious glances between Alun, Jessica and the pedaling glory.

"Good food shouldn't be spoiled by fine words." The old man smacked his lips and belched. Jessica shook her head from side to side in aversion. "This here is Helen Taylor," the father indicated the lady opposite Alun. "To us, she'll always be Helen Watts. Knew her father and mother. This pretty miss looked after them

for years and when they'd died got herself married to that no-good Chris Taylor."

"Father!" Jessica reprimanded him. Helen smiled and didn't take offense.

"Well," the old man grumbled, "Who'd want to marry a policeman – wasn't even an honest one in the uniform branch, but a fancy detective."

"Let it be," Jessica muttered under her breath.

"Doesn't worry me," Helen nonchalantly shrugged. "You can't dislike Chris more than I do."

Alun looked at her in puzzlement and noticed the exchange of understanding between Jessica and Helen. As usual, the old man was insensitive to any feelings. "This don't get us to the point," he tetchily said. "Helen and my daughter Jessica know my ways and you'll soon accept them, Alun."

The old man's joints clicked and cracked as he stood up and paced around the kitchen. He was mumbling and readying himself for some task. On the second circuit of the room he maneuvered his aching frame down onto a chair by the table, lent forward on his elbows and fixed the other three with a determined stare.

"What were you in for, lad?" His question pierced Alun like a hot needle. He gaped, helpless for a reply. Jessica and Helen seemed to share in his surprise if not the fear.

"Come on, Alun. I've more experience in these matters than you can imagine." Alun could imagine, as he knew the father was an ex-warder.

"It's of no importance," the old man said, "As long

as it isn't murder or the like." Jessica was about to interrupt but her father waved away the intrusion.

"I haven't the time for this shilly-shallying," the patriarch irately intoned, "Play straight with me and I give you my word you'll remain a free man for any past crime."

Alun was aware that three pairs of eyes were watching, waiting and willing his reply. He was a powerful man and could have got up and left, easily resisting any attempt to detain or arrest him. Leaving was still an option. For the moment he decided to participate in the old man's game.

"Robbery." His answer was terse.

"That's even better," the father unexpectedly grinned and held his hand up in a gesture to command attention. "You'd all better listen closely."

Jessica was intense in her concentration. Helen adopted a languid facade. Her laid-back style made her even more desirable. Alun apprehensively watched the mannerisms of the other three for signs of any danger.

"For nigh on eighteen years I've waited for another chance," the old man began. "Now there's an opportunity I can regain my name. How I came by this information is not for you to know. What you can do is help me get it."

"Father, all that is in the past," Jessica interjected.

"Never," the old man insisted and she fell silent. He continued. "You two must help me. Just as you shared my guilt before." The quiet of a secret came over the father and the two women.

"And Alun?" Jessica asked, at last breaking the deadly mood, which had descended.

"He will help you," he said to his daughter.

"How?" Helen joined in.

Another shade of darkness drifted and settled on the occupants of Dunes Farm kitchen. The old man looked exasperated at the constant questions. He made to get up, thought again and sighed deeply.

"There's proof of my veracity. It's not far from here in a house in Gurton. Now don't say anything, just listen," he rasped out in a desperate voice. "You three can break in and find the evidence."

Jessica and Helen didn't appear alarmed or surprised. Alun shook his head to test the sanity of what he was hearing. Then the old man added a sentence, which did stun and startle everyone.

"Once I've got what I want, I reckon it will be time to marry you off, Jessica. Alun's got an urge for you and would make a much more suitable partner!"

Fall From Grace

One bombshell could start a war, two totally muted the opposition. The kitchen conference had ended abruptly after Dryden Sorrell's avowals. Jessica and Helen got up and walked sullenly out of the house. The old man announced he was off to rest in his bed. After a few minutes Alun recovered from the duality of astonishment, and went outside after the women but they were already long gone into the night.

There had been too much thinking and pondering. So the old man knew he was a convict, but did he know of his willing degradation as a sex slave or was Dryden's connection with the Colony too far in the past?

* * *

The next morning, Alun decided hard work would overwhelm his troubled mind, so he went down to the long ditches before breakfast and continued with the task of strenuously mending the fence.

As the rising sun drew out the night moisture from within the soil Alun stood up and watched the light glitter across the circumference of the distant nuclear

power station. Funnels of steam fluted from pipes and outlets into the cold early morning air. For all its brooding, incongruous positioning on this strangely attractive desolate coast, the power station was devoid of human activity. Alun could hear the faint noises of hooters calling to the workers, humming technology and droning machinery but there wasn't a human figure to be seen. Somewhere inside this modern age alchemist's cauldron were hundreds, perhaps thousands of human beings. They were absorbed, invisible and subservient to the house of the mighty atom.

"Is this the way you earn your keep, staring at that evil place?"

Alun turned and there was Jessica. "Here," she handed him a neatly parceled package. He unwrapped it. "Your breakfast," Jessica faintly smiled. "Only sandwiches, but come back to the farmhouse later and I'll make you hot tea."

They stood and almost diffidently looked at each other. Alun spoke first.

"Yesterday," he began, "Why does your father want us to break into that house?"

"It's a Government building, not a house," Jessica corrected.

"So, what is he after?" Alun was peeved at the pedantic reply.

Jessica shifted and shuffled her feet in a childlike nervous gesture. She sighed deeply, pursed her lips and showed great reluctance to begin speaking. Alun remained mute, determined not to let her change the

subject. Eventually she found the will.

"It goes back eighteen years," she timidly began, then found a stronger voice and continued, "My father was a warder at the Colony." Alun wanted to say, I know, but let Jessica have free flow.

"He discovered something...it doesn't matter what...he was an honest man and told the authorities. There was a big cover up and he was forced to retire. They made up an excuse—said he was sick. He wasn't then, all this worry has made him lose his health now." She stopped and looked away.

Alun pressed her, "That doesn't explain why he wants us to commit robbery?"

"He still has contacts in the prison service and someone has told him that evidence exists to prove him right. That's what he wants us to find out."

Alun saw the hurt in Jessica's eyes so didn't pursue that part of the puzzle. But he did say, "What he's asking me to do is coercion because he knows I'm an escaped prisoner...but why are you and Helen involved?"

"Because, because...just because," Jessica stuttered and then clammed up. Alun judged that avenue was a closed path. He tried an equally delicate tack.

"Jessica," he started, searched for the words and hesitantly went on, "I'm very fond of you...you are...pretty..." he flayed around for the proper way to approach the subject. "Your father has damn near ordered you to marry me. You must have an opinion?"

"Don't you want to?" she flashed back. It was not

the answer he'd expected.

"That's not the point. Yes, I..." he was still seeking the way to say all this..."It's two weeks since we met and I'm an ex-prisoner on the run. What kind of beginning to marriage is that"?

"What kind of life have I got?" she shrugged. This was getting away from the intension of his searching.

"Jessica," he tried to sound serious but kind. "I think I could... probably do.... love you. Do you love me, and why are you letting your father make such a decision for you?"

"That's two questions," she said almost truculently, "Which one do you want me to answer?"

Alun felt himself boil with frustration, calmed the anger inside and smiled tenderly at her. "Whichever one you want."

"What does love mean, and why shouldn't I obey my father?" Her reply answered neither question. Alun let the matter drop. Jessica started to walk away, turned, kissed him and before he could take hold of her, she was striding over the field.

* * *

Two days came and went. Nothing was said and if he even looked like broaching the subjects, Jessica and her father would maintain fixed taciturn attitudes.

On the evening of the third day, dinner was being eaten at Dunes Farm. The conversation lightly skipped between fence mending and late Spring frosts - nothing to set the world on fire. The old man

finished pontificating on the matter of global warming, took his mug of tea in both hands and coughed in a way to signify an assertion.

"Have you considered my offer, son?" he pointedly stared at Alun. Was it an offer or a threat, Alun pondered.

"I'll do it," he heard himself acquiesced and wondered why. "I'll help you get the evidence. But I'll only marry Jessica if she wants to."

The old man's face darkened. "She'll do as she's bid," he growled. Alun was about to protest and defend the woman, but Jessica leaned over the table and took his hand to allay the quarrel.

"I'll take you, Alun, let's not argue."

"Good," the father exclaimed. "Go see Helen this evening, Jessica, and tell her the news. All the news."

On the following Monday evening, Jessica, Helen and Alun gathered in the kitchen of Dunes Farm. The mood was falsely jovial. They tried to ignore the real purpose of the assembly. The mood changed to foreboding when the old man's footsteps were heard coming down the steep steps. He hobbled into the room and sat at the wooden table. Silent was the temper of the encounter.

"You two know what needs doing." The father indicated to Jessica and Helen.

"And me?" Alun asked.

"Just do what is demanded and follow orders," Dryden Sorrell barked. Seems I did that before and landed up a sex slave junky, Alun thought.

* * *

"Nothing more to say." It was a statement, not a question from the old man. Helen got up, followed by Jessica, and trailed by Alun. As they drove along the lanes he sat in the rear seat of the Land Rover and to keep his mind off the events to unfold later he imaged being married to Jessica or Helen. Even though danger beckoned, such is the power of the male hormonal drive his thoughts were not of capture and imprisonment but erotically of the two women possessed by him in a love triangle. Even better was the image of being owned and fought over by these two strong women.

Occasionally Alun, dragging his thoughts away from seduction of the two women, saw the signs trundle by for Boddington, Hinten and other, to him, unknown villages. After about an hour's slow drive they came out on the main road to Gurton. The county town was difficult to judge in the dark. A fellow inmate had gone on and on about the local football team. Alun didn't follow the sport, so this was no recommendation. He wasn't sure what was important in life, but had long become convinced it couldn't be sport.

The Land Rover came to a halt. The three sat quietly. They'd parked along a road running adjacent to a park. The vigil dragged on. A group of rowdy youngsters lurched by. Alun tried to remember the last time he'd got rip-roaringly drunk and forgotten there was a tomorrow with all its vale of tears. He let

his mind return to fantasies of Jessica and Helen. Perhaps these good friends wanted to comfort and reassurance each other, but Alun was sure they sat holding hands in the front of the vehicle.

"Time," Helen's voice cut the still night. Jessica took a canvas bag from the back of the Land Rover and they walked briskly down a slight hill. In different circumstances Alun would have liked a night with two ladies who were so desirable. Clubbing or...well, that was another matter. Both beat midnight burglary.

Crossing by a church they turned down an avenue of tall, late Victorian town houses, showing the bygone prosperity of the district. Most of the property was now too big and unmanageable for modern living and families wanting modernity, so they'd been converted into offices and the occasional luxury apartment block.

Helen held her hand up. The other two came to a halt. Alun saw a bronze engraved sign reading NATIONAL PRISONERS' REHABILITATION.

"Keep close," Jessica tugged at Alun's sleeve. Circling the building and going to the back into what was once a garden and now a car park, Helen silently signaled for Alun to come forward. There was a wrought iron fire escape towering up the side of the building. Access was barred at the foot by a chained and padlocked gate. Jessica delved in the bag, retrieved heavy-duty wire cutters and handed them to Alun. So it was his male strength they needed? He strained against the lever arms...and heard a

satisfying crunch. The chain fell away, Helen pushed the gate back and the other two followed her as she climbed the steps.

At the third, and top floor, the stairs reached a small window that would have been the servants' attic room when the house was a hub of Victorian segregated society. Jessica handed Helen a screwdriver. She forced it under the frame, dragged it along and heard a slight click. The window was raised on its original sash cords. Helen and Jessica squeezed through. Alun had more of a struggle, twisting and bending his six-foot plus frame wasn't easy.

The room into which they gained entry was being used as a stock area. "No alarm?" Alun softly asked.

"Yes, but they've ignored this window," Helen mouthed back. Someone had done their homework on the building.

Creeping out of the room and along a corridor, Helen led the way using a small flashlight for guidance. There was no reconnoitering; she knew exactly where to go. They went into an office. By the dim moonlight of a clear sky their eyes slowly adjusted. Alun stood back while Jessica and Helen systematically rifled through the desk drawers. Helen pulled at one drawer, it resisted. "It's locked. Break it open." That was a call for Alun to apply force.

Without needing to be asked, Jessica handed him a crowbar from the bag. Wood cracked and splintered. The contents of the drawer spilled noisily over the floor. They froze and listened. It remained silent.

Helen knelt down with the flashlight and rummaged through the papers. "Got it," she exclaimed. This was crime, but they felt exhilaration.

She gave the file to Jessica who put it in the canvas bag. "Let's go," Helen instructed in a loud whisper. Tracing their steps back along the corridor, they entered the stock room and clambered out onto the fire escape. Jessica went first and Alun came next. Helen started down, realized she'd left the window open and lent back to push it shut. A piercing high pitch-clanging bell shattered the still night air. The sound sent them scurrying down the iron stairs. Helen was startled, lost the flashlight, pitched forward and stumbled. Her tumble took her screaming over the side rail. As Jessica and Alun watched in horror her fall etched itself in slow motion pictures. In real time, her body hit the ground with a dreadful thud in a few seconds.

Jessica reached Helen first. Her friend was motionless. The body was twisted in a ghastly and sickening manner. The beautiful lady was nothing more than a fragile broken doll. Alun got to the women. Jessica was sobbing uncontrollably. She cradled Helen in her arms and rocked rhythmically, kissing the blood-stained mouth. Alun bent down to look closer. It was obvious Helen was dead.

Wailing sirens broke the quiet of the night. Every second brought the sound nearer and louder. "Jessica, Jessica," Alun reluctantly urged her to leave Helen. Jessica didn't move. Alun had no choice. He forced her to her feet and dragged Jessica away from the

appalling scene. All the way back to the car she tore at his hold and wept, "Helen, Helen." He had to shake her violently to get the message through that he wanted the car keys. When Jessica was bundled into the Land Rover, Alun started the ignition, and drove blindly back home, guessing at the route as Jessica was too distraught to direct.

Interlude From Death

7 he rest of the night wasn't a nightmare. That was far too gentle a word. If Hades had opened up and swallowed Dunes Farm whole, it would have been a blessing. Serene made an appearance after weeks of absence. She tried to quiet and comfort Jessica. The old man remained grim and cold.

It was the third day after the tragic burglary, and Alun stood at his bedroom window. Nature mocked the grief that had descended on the house. Forsythia bushes glowed a shocking yellow, echoed by banks of daffodils along the hedgerow. A clear blue sky and early morning sun made the burgeoning leaves shimmer a fresh iridescent green. Alun watched the farm cat stalk across the fields where the garrulous seagulls swooped in from the coast to find easier pickings. Somewhere in the far distance the faint noise of a neighboring farm tractor chugged along a hidden lane. There was another sound, more familiar.

Alun hurried down the stairs and into the kitchen. The tall, poised figure of Jessica stood by the stove preparing breakfast. She must have been aware of Alun's presence, but continued with her task. He approached close and searched for words or ways to breach her aura of isolation.

"Jessica," he timidly began, "Good to have a cooked breakfast again." The language was facile. How he wished the right phrases of comfort and affection would form. Jessica merely half turned her head and he detected a frail smile. Alun's heart and head ached to reach out to the woman and help. Tactile comfort was all he had. He enfolded his arms around her waist and kissed her neck. There was no resistance from Jessica, no great reciprocation either, just compliance.

"That'll save till after the marriage." It was the voice of Dryden Sorrell. Alun freed Jessica from his grasp and awkwardly looked towards the old man who had entered the room. Both men sat at the table and waited for breakfast to be served.

"What do we do now?" Alun broke the silence with his question. Old Man Sorrell eyed him cantankerously. He knew what Alun meant but delayed offering an answer. When Jessica brought the three plates to the table and sat with them, her father chewed sparingly at the food, pushed his barely-eaten breakfast away and groaned at the pain in his joints.

"No news, then?" he asked to the room in general. Jessica remained head down, picking at her food.

"How would I know?" Alun replied.

"Strange," old Sorrell muttered. "No police, no enquires about Helen..." Jessica shivered at the name..."Not even that Chris Taylor fellow asking about his wife."

"What about the file?" Alun enquired to change the subject.

Dryden Sorrell grinned. Alun had never seen the emotion of happiness on his face before.

"Shows I was right all these years," the old man said.

"Right in what way?" Alun persisted. The father looked at his daughter. She showed no reaction.

"As you'll be marrying into the family, reckon you've a reason to know," he nodded. "When I was a warder up at the Colony, my suspicions and candor led me to ask questions. It seemed to me no good was going on."

Alun's heart sank. What did the old man know?

"Tell him plainly, Father," Jessica suddenly spoke. It surprised both Alun and Dryden Sorrell.

"Well, I was getting to the point," her father defended himself. "Certain officers had a racket organized. They were using their knowledge to organize crime...mainly burglary...and then seconding the prisoners to commit those robberies. Perfect set up, it was. Money and power, a fatal combination."

"What did you do?" Alun asked, both astounded and relieved if this was the extent of Sorrell's knowledge.

"Blew the whistle on them, didn't I," Dryden Sorrell became animated. "Me, Mister Integrity. What did they do? Covered up the whole affair and said I was getting old at fifty-two. Retired me on health grounds and dropped a few hints that if I went on making the accusations, my pension would be in jeopardy." Old Man Dryden paused to wipe his lips, then triumphantly said, "But now I've got the

evidence. Now they'll pay for treating me like that."

"And the price has been Helen's death," Jessica angrily shouted and stormed out of the house.

"Let her be," Dryden Sorrell said and restrained Alun from following her.

* * *

As the next two weeks meandered into early April, the only one at Dunes Farm who had any semblance of a happy face was Serene. Dryden Sorrell spent an increasing amount of time in his bedroom. Jessica went through her duties in a robotic manner. Alun was influenced by the moods of the other two. It was Serene who became his companion.

The recent events had affected them all. Serene was changing, and each day Alun saw the flighty and self-centered young lady grow and mature. She was still prone to tease—who wouldn't, when her beauty was so obvious to herself and those around her. When Alun worked in the fields, it was Serene who increasingly skipped along to talk to him. At least outside of the farmhouse she had to wear warm clothes, and her alluring body wasn't so thrust into his imagination.

On the Monday prior to the Easter week, Alun trudged back from the fields and entered the farmhouse. Dryden Sorrell was alone in the kitchen and Alun wondered where Jessica had got to, as she was always to be found cooking dinner at this time. Alun nodded to the old man and went to go up stairs

to wash and ready for the evening meal.

"Wait a while," Dryden Sorrell hailed Alun. "Sit here lad." Alun did as the old man requested.

"It's Easter this weekend," old Sorrell said. "Seems a good time for you and Jessica to wed. The woman needs to forget the past."

"And that's it," Alun queried.

"Reckon it is," the old man replied and picked up his newspaper to end the conversation.

The Night of a Thousand Sins

7wo months, and the evening of hypnotic sexual servitude with the mistress had become like a dream. Lewis Jones began to wonder if his imagination had got the better of him. The only check on the reality of that encounter were a few oblique references by one of the warders who, with two others, had dragged him before the woman. When they'd been out digging in the fields one foul afternoon, two horses came within fifty feet of the working gang and the riders were young ladies. The prisoners, starved of female attractions, all stopped and stared. The warder cracked his truncheon into the palm of his hand, which was enough of a message to tell the men to return to their work. He strutted over to where Lewis bent pulling at the bind weed roots and sneered, "Not for you, lad. Got to save your lust for those that can afford being served by such a well-endowed prisoner. Pity you weren't given a little less hanging between your legs and a little more between your ears. Perhaps then you wouldn't be locked up in here." The derisive laughter made the other prisoners look over at Lewis and the warder.

It all happened so quickly. Would Lewis have declined if his mind had thought about it for longer? Afterwards he tried to convince himself that might

have been true, but he knew the sensual thrill was a drug he had imbibed and now craved. As Prisoner Jones, number 2372, shuffled along the morose queue waiting to receive the three spoonfuls of watery soup, a dinner that was called mutton stew, he felt the eyes of two warders watching him from across the canteen. Just before he reached Harris, a prisoner who was entrusted to cook and serve the food, an insistent hand rested heavily on his shoulder.

"Save your appetite, Jones," the warder growled. "You're wanted."

At first Jones' only thought was of some misdemeanor he'd committed. It didn't matter that he couldn't remember any. There were so many rules and even then the warders were just as likely to invent one to show they were in charge.

The pace, sandwiched between the two warders, was brisk as they strode smartly out of the buildings, across the side exercise yard and without ceremony, he was bundled into the back seat of a car. It was only as he saw he was wedged between two recognizable warder faces that the encounter with his mistress two months ago came flooding back into his recollection.

The car sped out of the entrance usually used for staff vehicles and along a series of roads unknown to Jones. After a few minutes his hands were forced into manacles and a black hood pulled over his face. For the next, what he estimated as, forty minutes, he sat and wondered about what was in store. The contemplation of an erotic submissive session with the mistress fired his sexual anticipation and he tried

to wriggle in the seat to stop his erection bulging at his heated groin.

The car left the road and by the crunching tire sound Jones reckoned it was cruising up a gravel driveway. It came to a halt, the door was opened and he was pushed and dragged into what he guessed was a large house. He heard a door closed loudly and an echo reverberated from what was possibly a large entrance hall. He heard more doors open and close as he was led blindly along. Then they were still. Voices muttered; at least two male and one female. A final door shut and it was quiet except for sweet, soothing music in the background.

The black hood was gently removed and he squinted at the mellow light. The room was a...the word that flashed in his head was boudoir. In a large white leather chair sat his mistress, dressed in a cool, matching silk white blouse and trousers. She hadn't removed his hood. By his side stood a woman, maybe mid-twenties, with a dark eastern European complexion, and wearing a dress so deeply plunged into her cleavage and high up her thighs that what was left in the middle wasn't enough material to make a decent head band.

"Lewis," the mistress called him back to the moment. He nodded his head. "There are two things I ask of you. If you wish to stay tonight you must, like last time obey my commands. However, your warders are still waiting downstairs and you are a free man in your decisions of the flesh. You can refuse my invitation and will be returned to prison. The

second undertaking is that when I remove those shackles, you must remain my slave and do nothing unless instructed." He looked between the mistress and the young woman standing next to him.

"Do you want to stay, Lewis?"

"Yes...Mistress."

"And you will only do what I ask."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Good. I'll tell your warders they can go and come back to collect you tomorrow." She reached over and picked up a phone. Lewis couldn't hear every word but assumed she was talking to his jailors. As mistress spoke, Lewis looked at the woman who had removed his hood. His thoughts were translated into the licking of his lips. She stared back and with a sly grin followed the direction of his lecherous eyes—down the front of her dress.

"That is all, Geraldine." The mistress' voice and single clap of the hand sent the woman strolling from the room with a final backward glance and roll of her ass at Lewis. He felt strangely deflated at Geraldine's departure. If he was to be dominated and taught lessons in sexual slavery, he would have like to have submitted to her.

The mistress lazily moved to a sofa and with a remote control switched on the television.

"I'm in an indolent mood tonight, Lewis...so you must serve me." He felt his muscles tense at the double meaning. She beckoned him closer, turned him around and undid the handcuffs.

"As my servant you should wear a uniform," she

nonchalantly said. "I've thought about leather or maybe a very small thong...or silk." He stood, waiting for the pronouncement.

She added, "But nothing pleases me. So that's what you will wear...nothing. Don't just stand there. Go and get a shower, and when you come back we'll see how nakedness suits you." As he headed for the bathroom, he heard her laugh like a spider swallowing a helpless fly.

Ten minutes later Lewis walked back with as much dignity as he could manage. Mistress looked up from the television and whistled in an appreciative way.

"Get me a drink from the cabinet over there. Gin and tonic, Lewis." He pored the drink and came back, handing her the glass.

"I wasn't really thirsty—I just wanted to see that gorgeous ass of yours move across my vision. Sit by me and we'll talk for a while."

Lewis sat besides the woman and felt embarrassment, excitement and a strange curtailment on his macho control. He tried to hide his stiffening dick by discreetly folding his hands in his lap. The mistress pouted and shook her head in disapproval.

"Don't cover up the best part of your servant's uniform," she grinned and eased his hands to the side. Lewis' rod rose even more, knowing it was the focus of the mistress' attention.

"Have you ever had a male lover, Lewis?" He stuttered for the reply and merely shook his head.

"With an ass so tempting, you must have had a lot of reticent admirers, then." He again remained silent.

"The size of your penis must have had certain boys itching in the shower." He looked quizzical. "I'm told you were a good rugby player before you decided robbery was the road to an easy life."

"I've never been attracted to men," he at last found an answer.

"And women?" mistress asked.

"Naturally," Lewis answered.

"Naturally can be so boring," she yawned and with an immoral wink, added, "Fruit of the forbidden tree can taste so delicious."

She languidly got up and held her hand out to gesture he should also get up from the sofa. She kissed him gently and let her hand play around his dick. She went on fondling him until he was totally rigid with a swollen cock upright like a flagpole. The mistress moved out of this mild caress and sensual hold, grinning lasciviously.

"I'm tired, Lewis. I'm going to undress and get into bed. You wait ten minutes, fix us a drink and then come in. Keep that beautiful monster" —she eyed his cock—"fully hard and standing proud, even if you have to massage it yourself." She swayed out with hips moving musically, giggling like a schoolgirl peeking at the boys in the changing room.

Lewis made two gin and tonics, watched the television and judge ten minutes had gone. His erection needed no physical encouragement. The expectations in his mind were enough to pump the blood fast through his missile's veins. Carefully balancing the drinks like any good and dutiful

servant, he knocked on the bedroom door.

"Come in," the mistress called. Lewis went in, preceded by an energized penis. The mistress was flat out naked on the bed. Geraldine was nude and rudely stretched out on top of her, with lips nibbling the mistress' mountainous tits and fingers deep in an open and receptive pussy. He stared at the two cavorting in pleasure, with heavy grunts and squeals of gratification assailing his ears. The panting grew more regular, and Mistress rolled Geraldine tenderly off her.

"Put the drinks on the bedside table, Lewis, and come closer. I'm sure Geraldine would like to inspect your assets. The mistress took a sip of the gin and relaxed back. "Would you like to share our bed tonight?" she resumed her commanding tone.

"Yes, Mistress," Lewis heard himself subserviently answer and knew deep down he loved the game.

Geraldine took her drink straight down and, getting up, moved around the back of Lewis. He felt her tongue on his spine and fingers tracing a path from neck to his ass. She exhaled hot breath in a moaning appreciation of the goods and sat in front of Lewis on the bed.

"Whether you measure that in inches or centimeters, it's a formidable joystick," the mistress leered and stroked Lewis's half risen cock. Geraldine took it firmly in her left hand and rolled his foreskin back and forth. Within seconds Lewis was hard and perpendicular.

"It has style, Lewis, does it have stamina?"

Geraldine purred as she explored his balls and loins with her right hand. All Lewis could do was gulp and nod his head. If the lady of the eastern promise kept working him like that, she was going to get a face full of his excitement.

"How would you satisfy me, Lewis?" Geraldine mockingly simpered and fortunately took her cock rubbing down from high speed to a cool manipulation.

"Whatever you ask," Lewis replied softly.

"I'm not just a one fucking method lady," Geraldine grinned and licked his bulging red tip.

"She has more positions than a slippery politician," the mistress smirked and both women laughed suggestively. Geraldine fell back on the bed and pulled Lewis down on top of her. She pulled her knees up, opened her legs and Lewis' cock glided into her welcoming, warm pussy.

"This is only the first course", Geraldine murmur as she wrapped her legs, vice-like around his back. "No quick foxtrot, this is a slow number," she muttered.

"This is what you're being measured against," the mistress' voice drew Lewis' glance to her magnificent body now standing at the side of the bed and looking down on the copulating couple. She was wielding a massive dildo like a truncheon, holding it in one hand and smacking it into the palm of the other hand.

"It's going to be a long night of experiences for all three of us," the mistress said as she sat by the screwing pair and smacked Lewis' rising and falling

rear.

“Perhaps Mistress could use that on us as well, lover,” Geraldine huskily whispered in Lewis’ ear as she reached over and patted the enormous rubber shaped cock in the expert’s hand.

To Have And To Lose

“*M*arriage should be taken seriously,” Alun tried for the umpteenth time to get Jessica to talk about the coming Thursday wedding. He’d returned deliberately early from working on the land to find her and have a private conversation.

“Why are you taking this wedding as if it was a duty?” Alun kept on badgering her.

“And why are you doing it? You don’t seem that keen,” Jessica reported.

“I’ve got no choice,” Alun quickly returned.

“Thanks a million,” Jessica huffed and tried to return to her cleaning.

“I don’t mean it that way,” he protested, “I’m an escaped convict, one word from your father and I’d be back in prison, on additional charges as well!”

“You could just walk away to somewhere else.”

“Perhaps at one time. But now there’s Helen’s death. If I run away who knows, your father might implement me in that.”

“So, if it wasn’t for...” she gulped and brushed away a tear... “Helen’s death, you’d get out of here.”

“No,” he disputed too loudly.

The conversation was getting nowhere and it was brought to an end as Serene breezed in from the yard.

For the first time since his arrival, Alun saw the granddaughter in attempted working clothes. It didn't lessen her impact. Tight designer jeans, body hugging jersey, the chicken feed bag slung casually over her shoulder, hair tied back in a silk scarf and well maintained black boots. Worker was not the right description—third daughter in Seven Brides for Seven Brothers came to mind. Still, she was trying to help.

"Hi Alun, hello Jessica, looking forward to the wedding?" she cheerfully asked. Then she got the flavor of the mood and whistled as she walked through the kitchen. Serene just couldn't resist a cheeky wink at Alun. It was innocent flirting now, but Serene hadn't got the savvy to understand that nineteen-year-olds with her outstanding assets shouldn't dress the window if they didn't want the shoppers to come in and purchase the goods.

Thursday arrived and the weather changed. From a benign mid April it turned damp and airless. The mist rolled in from the east coast and blanketed the inland villages with a moist drizzle. There was a knock on the bedroom door. Alun opened it. Serene stood beaming at him and waltzed in carrying a large parcel.

"Don't get excited," she enthused, "It's only a few new clothes...well not exactly new...but better than those you are wearing. For the wedding," she informed.

He took the package and placed it on a chair. Serene jigged from one leg to the other and showed

no inclination to leave. Alun closed the door by pushing it shut with his boot.

"You going to look at them?" She encouraged. Alun unwrapped the brown paper. Inside was a blue suit, ten years out of date, a white shirt and dreadful striped tie, a decent pair of black shoes and underpants newly washed and laundered.

"Try them on. The wedding will be in a couple of hours," Serene grinned.

Alun placed the clothes on the chair and slowly looked Serene up and down. How could a crabby old grandfather have such a cracker in the family? This morning she wore her body contoured jeans and a skinny jersey, leaving the gap between waist and bosom bare. Everything was in place and there was a place for everything. Precision had no finer exponent than Serene Sorrell. Alun should have ushered her out the door but...it was a but he totally fell for.

"Shall I try them on now?" he tested the temperature.

"Sure," she said. What sort of sure was it? Alun's mercury got hotter. Serene sat on the bed. Alun gulped at his dry throat and sat beside her.

"You'd better go," he breathed slowly.

"Why?" she ingenuously asked.

"Because..." he began and kissed her. They fell back on the bed in unison. The kisses went on. Alun was out of control and Serene did nothing to quench the fire. His hand was caressing her naked midriff and feeling for the swell of her breast. Serene's tongue explored his mouth. Thumping heartbeats rocked

their bodies. Alan fumbled at her waist, undid a central button and heard that zipper-zipping sound as her jeans were undone.

Just for a moment he ran his fingers over the swell of her knickers and felt the contour of her clitoris. If his vacillation was in consideration for Serene's wishes, they were rapidly spelt out. She reciprocated his action and had his trousers and boxer shorts down to his knees with swiftness and determination. If he still harbored doubts, she dispelled them by sinking her head over his abdomen and sucking his cock from tip to groin.

Alun tugged her jeans and knickers down, fingering her moist slit. Serene snorted like a delighted piggy and turned eagerly onto her knees, with head down, ass in the air, legs braced and wide apart. The granddaughter looked over her shoulder and silently demanded to be fucked. Alun entered the willing young bitch like a dog that had won the lottery.

Their erotic desires were too inflamed for the push and thrust action to last long. Serene was whining like a demented animal and Alun pumped her with the pent up liquid craving of many weeks without a woman. As the fuck went pop, they heard steady footsteps climbing the stairs.

Alun jumped up. Serene urgently straightened her clothes and dabbed her hair into place. As he was tidying the bed, Jessica knocked once and came in. She took in the scene, narrowed her eyes, and then resumed her non-committal countenance.

"See you at the wedding," Serene giggled and pranced naively out of the room.

Jessica handed Alun a box. "A new razor," she quietly said. Alun took the present and moved to kiss Jessica. She didn't oppose, but turned her lips away and offered her cheek.

The lounge had been cleared except for a table at one end and chairs around the edge of the room. Alun walked in and old man Sorrell came over to wryly greet him.

"The Reverend Arbuthnot." He introduced the cleric nervously sitting in the corner.

"So you are the bridegroom." The vicar stated the obvious. "And is this the bride?" he asked.

Alun spun around. "No, this is...Serene," he answered. The body beautiful was wearing a real humdinger of a dress—all lace, legs and enough upright cleavage to stage a slalom.

She came up and jauntily said, "Good luck, Alun," then leaned up, kissed him on the cheek in a proper soon to be sister-in-law manner and whispered in his ear, "Wish it was me tonight."

For the second time Jessica made her entry as Serene stole her day.

"This is the bride," Dryden Sorrell curtly announced.

Jessica smiled at Alun and stood by his side. The Reverend Arbuthnot took his place behind the table, old man Sorrell went to the side of Jessica and Serene stood next to Alun.

"Is there a best man?" the vicar diffidently asked.

"Is it necessary?" the father demanded roughly.

"No, no," Arbuthnot jumped back. Alun wondered if the whole ceremony was legal.

The rest of the service was very matter of fact and perfunctory. The vicar saying, "You may now kiss the bride," was the only part of the proceedings with any emotion. The rest of the day and evening was strained and without much excitement. The bride cooked the evening meal, albeit helped by the maid of honor in the guise of Serene. Dryden Sorrell drank too much, too quickly and much of what he said was rambling and sometimes incomprehensible. Serene looked happy to outward appearances, but continually gave Alun secret sensual glances.

* * *

By nine o'clock the old man staggered up to bed and Serene offered to clear up the dishes from dinner. Jessica got up and looked to Alun. He took the hint and followed her up the stairs. At the landing she turned right instead of left down the corridor. Halfway along she opened a door and went in. Alun entered the room.

"This was my brother's and his wife April's bedroom," she said. "Now it's ours."

Alun was reminded of his childhood. He had been about four years old, and a great aunt came to see them at their house in Swalcote, South Wales. When she went home, the old lady was so frail that his father traveled back with her and the child Lewis was

taken on the journey.

He recalled vaguely it was a seaside town on the Kent coast, probably Marthem. When they got there a sea wind was so strong his father had to hold the aunt up as they battled their way along the front. When they went into the house, an aroma filled Lewis's senses. A musty smell, an odor of closed houses as if the window had never been opened. It was a trace of past occupation that, like a ghost, would not leave its previous dwelling or life. The same atmosphere pervaded this room.

"Alun, Alun," Jessica's voice shattered the memory and Lewis became Alun. "Which side do you sleep?" she was asking.

"Which side what?" he asked in a daze.

"The bed," Jessica huffed.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," Alun shrugged.

Jessica went to the bed and turned the eiderdown neatly forward, straightened the pillars and sat demurely on one side.

"I went into Woodgate yesterday and bought new pajamas for you and a nightgown for me," she said without great emotion. Then lowered her eyes and added, "Do you want us to wear them tonight?" Alun didn't know how to cope with the situation. He wasn't inexperienced, far from it. But faced with the reserved and modest attitude of a striking thirty-five year old woman, he became tongue-tied. Jessica raised her eyes, took a deep breath and hoarsely said, "I'll leave them at the end of the bed."

The elegant woman walked with dignity to the

switch on the wall and turned the light off.

"That's all right, isn't it?" she shyly asked.

"Fine," Alun replied

He heard Jessica undress and saw the shadowy outline of his naked wife discreetly go to the bed and slip down under the covers. Alun undressed and got in the bed beside her. He felt two emotions. His body wanted the woman, but the heart felt a sadness that it was to be without passion and joy. The hunger for Jessica consumed all other sentiments. Alun turned to his wife, felt her flesh and wondered what way she would want him to take pleasure on their wedding night.

He kissed her neck and let his fingers slowly find the delicate skin of Jessica's nipple zone. There was a slight shiver in her body; he could not tell if from awaking lust or rejection.

"Do you want us to make love?" he tried to talk it out.

"Make love?" she repeated his words as if she didn't understand.

"Sexual intercourse," he stammered like a teenager on a first exploration. Jessica didn't answer.

"If this is your first time and my penetration is too soon, we could make love...other ways," he said the sentence very slowly as if he was talking to a foreigner.

"I am your wife," Jessica whispered childlike, and in the darkened room she brought her knees up with modestly spread legs and held her arms up to receive the body and manhood of her husband. Alun

determined to keep the fuck slow and calm, and withdraw before the action got vigorous. However, the passion moved Jessica, and she urged him not to hold back and groaned over and over, "Come inside of me, come inside of me."

The light filtered through the orange velvet drapes, casting an eerie dim glow at the window. Alun stretched out and for some reason was surprised to find Jessica at his side. The memory of the wedding came back to him. He sat up in bed and the covers fell forward, partly revealing the lissome unclothed body of the graceful Jessica. He recalled the lovemaking, and the image in his mind raised the lust in his loins. As he gently kissed her, Jessica opened her eyes, stretched her arms up and waited submissively for him to again find satisfaction for his carnal appetite.

Hours passed, and it was Jessica who this time woke. As she rose from the bed, her husband stirred from his sleep. She stood as if caught ashamed and naked by a stranger. Alun beckoned for her to sit on the bed by him. She obeyed and looked more like a virgin teenager than a woman of definite years.

"I must still get breakfast," she said almost as a plea. Alun kissed her hand.

"Is this to be our married life?" he softly asked.

"Cooking is my work," Jessica asserted.

"I don't mean that," Alun hesitantly began. "I mean our love-making."

"If there's anything you want me to do, I'll be a proper wife to you," she shrugged an acceptance.

"But...but, do you enjoy it?" Alun shook his head.

"If you are pleased, then that's fine," she demurred. "Your seeds are comfort to my womb." Alun stared at the utterance of these strange words.

"And you, is there love?" Alun was almost desperate.

"I've lost my only love," Jessica sighed.

Alun stopped stroking her long fingers and looked at her intently.

"What man was that?"

"Helen," she answered plainly.

"Helen!" he echoed the name. "You and Helen were lovers."

"What I said was I loved her. That's the end of the matter. I'll be an affectionate wife to you, whatever your needs are, I'll do my duty. Now breakfast must be made ready." She got up, quickly dressed and left the bedroom.

Lies and Laying

Days and nights past. It was the end of May and the four occupants of Dunes Farm lived out their existence. Dryden Sorrell only communicated with anyone at mealtime, and even then it was rambling oaths about the evidence he now had to clear his name. Jessica and Alun went on being the manual workhorses at the farm and Serene continued to become a less self-absorbed young lady. She showed care and compassion and spoke of how she wanted to become a nurse. It was, of course, mainly talk but the thought was there. In one respect she didn't change. Serene became more attracted to Alun and he was slowly becoming infatuated by her.

The marriage of Jessica and Alun appeared to display solidity and fondness. They were always polite to each other and on their rare trips to the local town of Lexhampton most people seeing them together would have recognized their demeanor as respectable, going on staid. Amongst the older folk in these parts, that passed for passion! The initial hungry and repeated bedroom demands from Alun had subsided to occasional and conventional sexual couplings. He dismissed the idea of sharing his secret desires and sensed it would not be to his wife's tastes.

Jessica was accepting and showed affection, but without enthusiasm. Alun detected this lack of enjoyment in his wife, and without love he absorbed himself in hard physical work.

One Saturday morning, Dryden Sorrell announced he was going to London for the day and Serene would come along to help him get about as his limbs were becoming increasingly immobile. Alun and Jessica drove them to the station at Sillington. It would have been a direct and quicker rail route to go into the large county town of Gurton, but they couldn't face the memory of Helen's death there.

* * *

When they'd left the station, Jessica asked Alun, "Let's go into Woldworth. I haven't been there for so many years, and it's a pretty seaside town." Alun welcomed the cheerful spirit that purveyed Jessica, so readily agreed. They parked by the pier and walked up the steep slope from the sea front to the charming town center. The leaves of the Boston ivy cladding the hotel in the market square were fresh and still glistening with the early morning mist from the sea. Alun felt this was another world. Not a grim working town where people hammered out a living. It was genteel and slow paced. Well-to-do retired folk mingled casually with affluent day visitors. The shops were delicatessens, antique sellers, bookshops—all the pleasures in life and the backbreaking necessities hidden discreetly away.

As they strolled arm-in-arm a voice called to Jessica, "Haven't seen you for ages." A well-built man, immaculately dressed in Burberry coat and hat, crossed the narrow High Street.

"Chris!" Jessica greeted with both surprise and fear and then turning to Alun said, "This is Chris Taylor, you know, Helen's husband." Alun could see why the beautiful Helen might have been attracted to this man. He was handsome, but had a menacing and arrogant aura.

"How are you?" Jessica softly asked.

"You haven't heard, then?" Taylor said with raised eyebrows.

"Heard what?" Alun interjected.

"You folk at Dunes Farm live in your own world," Taylor said almost sneering, "News never reaches you." Jessica and Alun both pretended ignorance.

"Helen died about a month ago," Taylor said quite casually. Now Jessica and Alun feigned surprise.

"How?" Alun asked.

"Tragic," Taylor shrugged. Alun decided the man was a bastard of the very highest merit. No wonder Helen had expressed dislike for him.

"She worked for the Government Prison Service in Gurton," he said. That's a lie, Jessica thought.

"One evening when she was working late, no one knows how or why, but she fell to her death from a fire escape. Awful accident." Taylor concluded. It was said like police evidence at a court. Well, the man was a detective.

Jessica and Alun offered deepest sympathies. In

Jessica's case the tears were genuine with the revival of the memory.

"And this would be?" Taylor indicated Alun.

"Oh, you two haven't met," Jessica flustered a reply; "This is my husband, Alun Griffin."

"So you're no longer a Sorrell," Taylor said to Jessica and smiled like the devil's cat. They all fell silent, grinned in embarrassment, then Chris Taylor tipped his hat and marched back down the High Street. Jessica stared at Alun and they both facially expressed the same amazement.

* * *

Later that evening, after they'd collected Serene and old man Sorrell from the railway station, Jessica prepared dinner and Alun told Dryden Sorrell about the peculiar encounter with Chris Taylor and his fabricated story concerning Helen's death.

"What a cover up," Old Sorrell cynically blasted. "Perhaps that no-good Taylor is part of the whole conspiracy."

"What conspiracy?" Alun asked. The old man rubbed his hands and got close to smiling. Alun still had deep fears that the old Sorrell's investigation would reveal more than just organized robbery. What if it exposed the sex slave racket—and Alun as a bought and sold plaything of rich, idle women? The Dunes Farm patriarch's voice cut into Alun's worries.

"What with that file from the offices in Gurton and now the information I've gathered in London, the lid

is about to be lifted on eighteen years of skullduggery."

"Talking of lids, dinner is ready," Jessica announced and brought the serious discussion to an end.

Once the meal was finished and the dishes washed, Dryden Sorrell went to his bed and Jessica asked Alun if he minded if she retired early, as the day's outing had tired her. Alun nodded but doubted it was the trip to Woldworth. He had noticed that Jessica often went to bed early and when he came up, was either asleep or pretending to be. He took it for a gentle ruse to avoid his sexual requests.

Serene had sat silent all through the meal. That was unlike the effervescent lady.

"Thinking about something?" Alun asked as he tried to remain relaxed.

Yes, two things," Serene replied thoughtfully.

"Well?" Alun gently prompted.

"Grandfather looks so frail. I hadn't noticed how ill he had become until today in London," she said.

"This obsession with past wrongs is not helping," Alun suggested and then prodded with, "And the second problem on your pretty mind?" He immediately wished he hadn't added the descriptive word.

Serene got up and looked out into the night through the window of the kitchen. She drew the drapes tightly together and Alun thought she was going to leave the room. Instead she went over to Alun and held her hands out to indicate he should get

up. Serene placed her finger over his lips to denote silence. She led him out of the front door and across the yard at the back. His obedient trailing took them into the old rickety barn.

The atmosphere between the two was electric with lust. They could have talked and avoided the feelings. That strategy wouldn't have lasted. The young woman made the first move.

Serene kissed Alun, wrapped and intertwined her body around him as much as was possible and still remain two separate people, then pouted, "Making love on a straw bale is a bit of a cliché." Alun couldn't resist her and his loins had no intension of letting his brain pass up the opportunity.

He pawed at her clothes and quickly had her blouse and bra undone and her skirt pulled up with black lacy knickers as far down as her knees. She'd been almost ripping at him and his shirt was open, trousers and shorts down, with her hand working his cock into action.

Their heated eagerness took Serene arching back over the straw bale and Alun followed with his pussy-seeking missile forcing its way into her vulva gates. The fuck was fast, furious and almost out of control for Alun. As he pumped her vagina like a spring-loaded battering ram, Serene proscribed the quick ending by sliding out from the mighty thruster.

"This way, you brute," she giggled hysterically with a saucy edge to her mischievous screams. The nubile young lady turned about and presented Alun with a rear end, all plump, pink and shining. He

salivated at the sight and put his hands firmly on her thighs to part her legs.

"Not that entry," she laughed rudely.

"What do..." Alun's gray matter was in sexual meltdown.

"Fuck my ass, sweetie," she croaked erotically. Alun moved his hands up from her thighs to two rounded and perfect cheeks. He pressed and massaged her smooth, curved rear, sank his cock into her and heard Serene groan. He held back.

"Don't stop," she panted. "This is a first for me."

For the next hour they took each other in most of the old barn's hidden places and in most of their own secret fantasies. In the farmhouse, Jessica had her eyes closed. She didn't sleep and concluded that Alun wouldn't be disturbing her when he came to bed tonight.

A Grave Reunion

7 here was no tension between Jessica and Alun in the morning. The husband lived with his secret, and the wife only wanted two things. One was a peaceful existence, and the other had gone forever. The nearest the atmosphere got to being tense was when Serene first emerged for breakfast. Two women and one man exchanged multiple glances; all decided on discretion.

Dryden Sorrell hobbled into the kitchen and although in pain, he was in comparatively good spirits.

"Anybody using the Land Rover this morning?" It was not a question, if the answer had been yes he would have over-ridden the objection. "I'm going into Lexhampton to use the telephone at the library," he informed them. Alun thought it was taking the parsimonious attitude too far not to have a phone installed at Dunes Farm.

"Who you going to phone, Gramps?" Serene smiled.

"I'm about to fire the first salvo at those disbelieving sods," he said with relish. "The Prison Service is going to hear a few home truths," he added.

Alun looked back at the furrows and was quietly proud how straight they were. As he admired his handiwork a running figure could be seen in the next

field. He watched as it got nearer. It was Serene. He waved back and remembered the crazy, passionate acts last night in the barn. As she got closer he could see distress on her face, and the thought that Jessica had confronted Serene went through his mind.

It was not distress, it was blind panic. He jumped down from the tractor and rushed towards her. Serene threw herself into his arms, tears wetting her face, body trembling.

"It's Gramps. He's hurt, really badly," she stammered. The rest was hysteria. Alun put her up on the tractor, sat beside the lady and lumbered back to the farm. As they crossed into the lane he saw the cause of the anguish. The Land Rover was a mangled mess, rolled over on its roof and glass and metal fragments scattered everywhere. Jessica was crouching next to the vehicle. Her outstretched arms were cradling her father's head.

"We need an ambulance," she sobbed. "You'll have to run to Jim Durrow's place and use their phone."

Alun bent down and looked closely at the old man. He felt for signs of life. By the amount of blood and wounds on his body Dryden Sorrell had been at peace for some time.

The police came to the farm and everyone was interviewed. Even the local reporter tried to talk to Jessica as she fed the chickens, but she said nothing. Alun kept out of the way. The last thing he wanted was his photo or details in the newspaper.

* * *

The drift of *Rhododendron ponticum* bloomed their vivid purple. Sways of alliums added to the riot of color and the sky was blue in an arc from growing fields to surf washed shore. It was a pity that old Dryden Sorrell wasn't here to see his farm look so striking. Jessica and Serene got out of the hire car. Alun picked up the urn from the seat next to him—the ashes of the cremated patriarch were to be scattered down on the field overlooking the sweep of grassy dunes from where the farm had got its name.

As they filed mournfully along the lane, Jessica walked with Serene and Alun followed. To his relief nobody came from Dryden's old employer at the Colony. Five people from adjacent farms came, but stayed back from the three members of the family. Jessica noticed that the landlord of the pub in the nearby village of Trinton stood and watched the ceremony. Her grief still allowed her an inner smile as she thought he only came to mourn the loss of business. As they reached the brow of the dunes another figure strode up the lane from the opposite direction. Jessica's heart went into overdrive. It can't be," she babbled. The figure came near and Jessica fainted.

Seated around the kitchen table at Dunes Farm, Alun stared at the man opposite. He was in his late forties. Time had not treated him well but with Serene sitting next to him there was no doubt this man was her father, Frank Sorrell.

Jessica spent an hour in her bedroom recovering

from the shock. Now she circled the other three, serving tea and cakes. She kept fussing and asking if anyone wanted more food. She didn't want to sit down, relax and face the past.

Eventually there was no option. Jessica came and sat next to Alun. Serene had asked so many questions in the last few hours, but Alun noticed that her father deflected a direct answer to many of them. He's been vague about the past and stuck to the newspaper story that Alun had read. It was difficult to confront Frank Sorrell as the five other mourners had come back to the farmhouse and were also seated in the kitchen. It wasn't until late evening that the last of them said their goodbyes.

Serene would have sat up all night, but Jessica persuaded her rest was called for and her father needed to sleep. Up in their room Alun and Jessica prepared for bed. Even without the sexual inhibitions that their marriage had developed, this was a night for solemnity, not lovemaking. Jessica tucked down first and would have gone to sleep. Alun held her shoulders and tenderly kissed her neck.

"Are you pleased that your brother has returned?" he explored.

"The past is better left where it is," she said and Alun felt her breathing quickly.

"Where do you think his wife is?" Alun tried.

Jessica sobbed quietly, sat up in bed and clung tightly to Alun. Through her tears, she cried the name of April.

"That's his wife, isn't it?" Alun was confused. He

sensed hidden secrets disturbing Jessica. She gasped through her tears, kissed Alun and wiped her eyes.

"You should know of the shame in this family," she began. Alun tried to speak. "Listen, just listen," Jessica wildly insisted. "My father told you that eighteen years ago, he began this fight against corruption in the Prison Service." Alun nodded.

"He didn't tell you Helen, Frank and me did his bidding and tried to find the evidence. Just like two months ago we...we robbed a house. Frank took a gun...Helen and me didn't know....a security guard got shot." Alun gasped. Jessica let it all out. "Frank's wife April was furious that we'd become involved in the old man's fixation. There was an argument...a dreadful argument..." Jessica sobbed again, composed herself and said, "Frank killed her, here in this bedroom." Alun shivered and held Jessica's hand so tight his nails marked her skin.

"What happened?" he breathed heavily.

"Nothing. For two days April's body lay here on this bed."

This was a Gothic nightmare. Alun's mind reeled at the image. "And then?" He whispered.

"Frank was in a dreadful state. He fled. We never saw him again, until my father's funeral. Helen and me buried April. She's lying down in the dunes where we scattered my father's ashes."

"But to kill her for what?" Alun questioned, "Just because of the robbery?"

Jessica shook her head. "Not just the robbery. When they argued, in a rage April told Frank she'd

been having an affair for over a year."

The Sorrell family was cursed, Alun thought as he held Jessica close.

Money For You

Since the second session with the mistress, Lewis had been summoned three more times. Once for a lesson in the room at the Colony, and twice for all night encounters in what he took as his mistress' house.

The attitude of the warders was getting more brutal toward him and they'd find any excuse to withdraw his meager privileges and cut the food ration. He couldn't understand why at first, after all, they must be getting paid to supply his services to wealthy ladies. He decided it must be either jealousy that he'd been selected or was their sadistic way of reminding him that once back in prison, his short nights of sexual favoritism were no passport to leniency. Whatever the reason, it was the first time escape crossed his mind.

His troubled thoughts were interrupted.

"Get up, Jones." A warder's command shot out from the opened cell door. He was hauled up and a balding face stared at him from a few inches, as two further warders pinned his arms behind him.

"Your special friend is wanted," he sneered and kneed Jones in the groin.

"Hope that doesn't slow you down tonight. Can't have you letting the prison service down, can we Jones."

In what Lewis gauged as about an hour, he was driven and deposited at the big house and manhandled into the familiar surroundings. Lewis had hoped on each visit that he'd see Geraldine again—but the sexual bouts, desirable humiliations and erotic servile tasks had been between him and the mistress.

There she sat, this time in immaculate gown and looking as awe inspiring and dominant as ever. She dismissed the warders, beckoned for Lewis to come to her and kissed him tenderly.

Leading him immediately into the bathroom, she started to undress and with a beautiful raised eyebrow, indicated he should do the same. Nakedly they stepped into the shower and let the soap and warm water prepare their bodies. Still in silence, they dried and Lewis was taken into an adjoining bedroom.

The mistress kissed him again and whispered.

"What's your own favorite position to give a lady a good hard screw?"

Lewis was expecting a command - not this!

"Don't just stand there with your mouth open and your cock digging into my loins, young Lewis. There's the bed, now fuck me rigid."

Lewis kissed the mistress with passion, let his mouth cover her neck and then rapidly licked the full majesty of her tits. He eased her down on the bed

and continued to devour her tits with his lips, while working his finger through her well-tended undergrowth and into the partially hidden Turkish delight between her legs.

"I'm fully aroused," she gasped for air. "I've been exercising the dildo before you arrived. Get on with the fucking."

Lewis was hot with lust as he stood up, took hold of the mistress's feet and maneuvered her body forward so that her ass was just on the bed and her legs dangled over the edge. He raised her legs and pushing them apart, he saw her waiting and lubricated pussy. It was almost a dive as his cock went for the delicious bulls-eye. With his feet still on the floor and with the mistress' legs wrapped around his head, he had her almost bent double as he plunged up and down her dark love passage.

Her body shook like a rattlesnake shedding its skin. By the shrieks and deep groans from his mistress, Lewis was left in no doubt she didn't want him to hold back. With a cock totally out of his control, Lewis went for the burn. As the steamy eruption coursed through his balls and along his penis, the mistress had a last say in the session. She pulled back and his wild rod slid out of her vagina and the load shot out over her abdomen. He watched, paralyzed with spent desire, and saw his cream spread a glossy film over her pubic hair and rounded stomach. The mistress took hold of Lewis and they fell into a tight embrace on the bed with their sexually exhausted and sticky bodies entwined with each

other.

It could have been many hours later that the mistress stood above Lewis' sleeping form, shaking his shoulder and calling to him. He looked up and the lady had dressed, reapplied her makeup, and by her appearance Lewis sensed the main act was about to begin. She wore a black—shirt, very tight trousers and high boots—in a mock uniform. She flourished a whip as she commanded Lewis to get up.

"Are you willing to follow my orders?" she snapped out the question. Lewis knew he could refuse. He had come to realize he was pretending to himself he was being forced into this slave game. He craved to be dominated and persisted with the fantasy of coercion because it added spice to his dark desires.

"Your answer, slave," she barked.

"Yes, Mistress," he heard himself fawn to her authority. She watched him shower and then led him into a small room, with two sofas around a central low table. There were bottles of champagne and glasses—someone was going to have a party. Lewis stood naked before the lady in black.

"You have been my favorite slave, Lewis. Handsome, willing to please...and with extraordinary stamina." She tapped his cock with her whip and it grew with pride.

"You have served me"—she smirked—"For longer than any other slave...but my appetite needs new food. This is to be our last meeting. I have decided to sell you."

Lewis felt two emotions. He had become addicted to his mistress' games, and knew it was a sham feigning duress. It was a role in which he eagerly participated.

He didn't want it to stop. The second emotion was his sexual curiosity about what being 'sold' meant. He got an idea immediately. The uniformed lady flicked a switch and one wall of the room lit up. It was a screen; no, a one way mirror.

The mistress approached him, turned and bound his hands behind his back, knelt and tied his ankles, with sufficient play in the rope so he could shuffle along and girded his midriff with a loincloth, making sure she massaged and fumbled with his penis enough for his erection to make the skimpy cover a bulging outline of his manhood. As she attired and made him ready, he watched the screen. There were three women in the next room.

"You are ready for the market," the mistress said and secured a silk band around his neck. She held the other end and led him into the room. As he shuffled in, there was a deep feline purr. Mistress ushered him to the center of the room where the strong arc light illuminated Lewis as if he was on a stage. The three buyers were dim figures outside the spotlight.

"This is Lewis. Who will start the bidding?" the mistress began the auction. Voices called and as the sensual tension grew, Lewis was urged to turn around to show all his features.

"Perhaps you don't appreciate his pedigree," the black-clad lady persisted. Turning him with his back

to the three women, she undid his loincloth and pulled it away. Lewis heard throaty squeals as he stood with his bare ass on view.

"And there's more...much more. Turn around slave," the mistress said and prodded Lewis with her whip. He could hear the hot breath whistle from the audience as he exposed his semi-erect penis to their inspection.

"Over here." The mistress' voice and whip directed him out of the light to one of the women. She was an elegantly dressed lady in her early forties, tall and slim with tiny nipples forming lovely shapes under her white blouse.

"Yes, its OK to touch," the mistress sensed the silent question. Cultured hands studded with expensive rings fondled Lewis' groin and with refinement, stroked his penis. The woman uttered a delighted gulp as this man standing compliantly in front of her reacted to her delicate fingering with a visible inflation of his erection.

"Move on", the mistress urged.

The second buyer was a lady of no more than mid-twenties with smooth black skin, short-cropped hair and lewd thoughts in her expression.

"Can we taste?" she said with confidence borne of breeding.

"Only a sampler," came the reply.

The woman reached out and holding her hands around Lewis' naked rear cheeks, eased him forward to her face. She sucked his bulbous end and let his rod slide in to fill her mouth. As she pulled back, there

was a sparkle in her eyes and she smacked her lips to show she appreciated the tenderness of the meat.

"Next," Mistress called out.

Lewis looked at a lady of middle years, who had so much of everything. Expensive clothes, burning red hair, fabulous jewelry and a bosom you could get lost in for a week—and hope they didn't send a search party! She gave his stiffy a naughty-but-gorgeous look as if he'd been caught masturbating. Her hand grope was more intense than the other two women and Lewis felt his gooey cum moisten his swollen red end. The woman shuddered slightly as his juices coated her hand. It was not an eruption, just an oozing of his arousal lubrication.

"Back to here," the mistress said. "Now you have felt the quality...and the quantity...of the goods on offer, let's get some sensible bids on the table. The shouted counter offers reached a crescendo. Finally, a bid stuck and the mistress, called, "Going, going and almost certainly coming."

Lewis heard women leaving the room and the door closing. One figure strolled up to him. The lady of the burning red hair ran her hands over his body.

"You're mine," she purred. "I've paid enough for you so whatever I want you do. OK, big boy." she stroked his penis, which had by this time sank to half-mast. It responded with a surge and an upright salute to its new mistress.

She kept hold of his penis and led him to a bed in the corner.

"On your back and wait for me," she ordered. As

Lewis lay down, hands and feet still bound, he watched the woman casually undress. Down to her expensive silk underwear, she slipped the hook on her bra and released tits that radiated her femininity. Off came her panties, to reveal her red hair was not out of a bottle. The pubic growth was thick and well manicured. She sprawled on top of Lewis and wriggled her groin so it stimulated Lewis' penis into a total hard-on. Her breasts thrust at his face and he knew she wanted him to kiss and nibble her boobs.

Pulling herself along his body, she arched back and propelled her bush into his mouth. Gyrating and pumping wildly, she put one hand back to massage his rigid dick. Moving with sexual urgency, she swiveled around to kneel over him, pussy in his face and her head down over his cock.

"Oral sex, oral sex." Her gulped words were growled almost as a chant. The lady gobbled and swallowed his penis with her hair falling forward like a secret drape over their act. At the other end, Lewis had her dripping pubic red hair smothering his face and his tongue licked away into her slit.

Just when he thought she wanted him to come into her mouth, the chic lady had a final demand. She came up for air, turned and crouched over him, held his penis so its hardness pointed upward, came down and slid his dick fully into the cavern of her vagina. As she rode him, first at a trot, working into an untamed gallop, Lewis looked momentarily at the far wall and knew his mistress and two other hot females were sipping champagne and ogling him on a large

screen as he served his new owner.

The ride reached its climax and with a mighty jump, Lewis' body shook and the lady responded with a massive erotic twist. Satisfied moans of relief brought the action to a slow end. Like the cultured lady she was, his jockey got off, brought a towel back from the bathroom and gently wiped Lewis' loins and resting dick. She kissed his mouth and left the room.

In came his black-attired previous mistress.

"Get up, Lewis," she commanded.

He obeyed and she took the still shackled slave into a large room, furnished with a single long wooden bench. Untying the rope around his wrists and ankles, she said, "Face down on there with your arms spread out above your head."

He didn't want to disobey, although he acted with reluctance. She cracked the whip and he did as he was told. The mistress bound his wrists separately to metal rings in the floor, and then stretched his legs out to tie his wrists to stout wooden struts on the bench. Taking off her shirt and trousers, she stood over him in high boots and string thong and the whip firmly in her hand. Lewis closed his eyes and wished she'd get on with his fantasy made real.

Deeper And Deeper Yet

Breakfast was a bizarre gathering. Jessica's eyes were red and puffy. Her taciturn manner shifted a gear into complete silence. Frank was no better. His moody and sullen ways reminded Alun of Old Man Sorrell. To make the scene totally inglorious, Serene breezed down as chirpy as a mating magpie. She didn't seem to notice the morose attitude of Jessica and her father, or perhaps she decided to ignore it. As Frank stared into his mug of tea, and Jessica grimly washed the dishes, Serene chomped heartily through her poached eggs on toast and played footsie with Alun.

"I'm off out," Frank announced and stormed from the farmhouse. Serene looked up and was about to follow. Jessica caught her arm and said, "Best leave your father alone. He'll be better for a long walk."

"OK," Serene cheerily agreed and then, "I'm going to my room." She winked at Alun and whistled as she ran up the stairs. Jessica gave her husband a suspicious frown and followed it with low tuts and mutters.

"So what's on the agenda today?" Alun asked, trying to deflect the brooding looks.

"I'm going down to sow some seeds of red poppies on the ground where we scattered my father's

remains. Doubt that this dry land will nourish them too much, but I must try; they were his favorite flower. You'd best come with me—it will keep you out of mischief." Alun awkwardly smiled at Jessica and wondered if his wife knew about Serene.

The mild May weather bathed warmth into the ground. As Jessica tore open the packet of seeds, Alun couldn't believe it was barely three months since he had become part of the Sorrell household. His graceful wife carefully scattered the seeds and knelt on the dusty soil to lightly work them into the earth with her long, slender fingers. As she rose and gazed desolately along the dunes, Alun was struck by the imagery. Jessica had chosen the old fashioned practice of black clothes in sorrow for her father. They were not from a chic boutique but homemade, run up by herself on an ancient hand operated Singer sowing machine. Jessica reminded Alun of a weeping figure from a Greek tragedy, grieving with dignity for a lost warrior who would never return home again. A Hecuba lamenting over Troy.

Bereavement became her with poise and solemnity. Death had taken the two people in Jessica's life that gave it shape and meaning. She loved both; Helen as a soul mate and her father as the unquestioned guidance to her aimless existence. There was affection for Alun but he was a harbor not the destination.

"It's ironic." Jessica's words broke the mood.

"How?" Alun responded sympathetically.

"Father is resting by the sea he loved so much and his shade is dominated by that malevolence place."

She looked up at the nuclear power station sitting massively by the coast.

"You don't think you are obsessed by what is just a generator of electricity?" Alun asked.

Jessica lost her far away look and her hooded eyes darkened. "We had two German Shepherd dogs, Ritz and Sammy. This is a lonely farm and they were our security. When my father made known his knowledge of the corruption all those years ago, our dogs went missing. A week later I found them on the beach there," she pointed, "Dead, and not two hundred yards from that poisonous plant."

"It could have been a coincidence," Alun said in a conciliatory way.

"And was it a coincidence that my father was...murdered...after he tried once again to fight these people? That was no accident. He was killed to keep him quiet." The storm inside Jessica erupted. Alun backed away and walked slowly to the farmhouse. Jessica followed at a distance.

The offices of Rixby & Son in Sillington were above the bank and overlooking the narrow and twisting section of the High Street. This was once the main A12 to the great east coast ports of Greater Yelverton and Lyleworth. Long ago they lost their major significance when the nineteenth century herring catches faded into history. The road's gentrification at Sillington was more recent when the by-pass took the modern demon trucks away from the center.

Ernest Mapleton was the company's senior partner. He'd been with Rixby & Son for forty-one years and

beat the other two partners by two and five years respectably. Some time ago, the solicitors had been taken over by a national estate agency chain that wanted to rationale the all-in-one business opportunity. As long as Mr. Mapleton and his two other very senior partners remained at the helm, nothing so uncivilized as 'rationalization' would get passed their dark mahogany desks and middle-aged secretaries. Next they'd be suggesting computers in the office—and what would they do with the Underwood deluxe typewriters, he asked himself.

"Thank you for introducing yourselves," Mr. Mapleton addressed the small gathering in his office. Frank Sorrell sat to the right by the window, next to him was Jessica, then Alun and finally Serene Sorrell.

"As you may appreciate," Mapleton continued, "Your father drew up this Last Will and Testament some time ago and I have personally never had the pleasure of meeting his family." He then droned on with unction statements about how sad it was and what a loss it must be. "The untimely and distressing demise of our dear friend Dryden Sorrell," he sounded like a brimstone minister. Alun wondered how you could express such sentiments when Mapleton had only met old man Sorrell to prepare the Will and by his own admission never clapped eyes on the family.

Mapleton blew his nose, wiped his rimless spectacles and went on with the show. To him it was a play and he had the leading part. His dark blue-pinned striped suit and watch chain were a perfect

costume.

"So to the main beneficiaries," Mapleton said and placed his hands together as if praying. "I hope you will excuse me if I take the unorthodox step of paraphrasing the contents. With due apologizes I have to say that Dryden Sorrell's requests were tempered in certain immoderate ways, and I think for the sake of decorum and the ladies present I'll refrain from such language." The aged solicitor was quietly moving from the early Edwardian times and slipping into the mid-twentieth century. He would never reach the twenty-first century and probably didn't know it existed.

He continued, "To my son, Frank Walcott Sorrell, I leave my gold hunter watch, fifty pounds in Premium Bonds and my Army Service medals. To my daughter Jessica May Sorrell," Mapleton paused and said, "There is a later addition, received by letter and witnessed by my clerk, that this is now Mrs. Griffin"...he smiled like a coffin handle and went on..."And jointly to my grand-daughter Serene Louise Sorrell, I leave one half each of Dunes Farm and equal rights to my annuities from various sources listed elsewhere."

Mapleton was going to chunter on, but Frank stood up and shouted, "It's mine. The old bastard said I would get the farm."

"The deceased instructions are very specific..." Mapleton was cut short as Frank glared at him, thumped the mahogany table and stormed out. A few hundred woodworms were rudely awoken, shook

their munching heads and then went back to sleep deep in the solicitor's desk.

Moody, Meeting And Return

7 he next five days didn't see any lessening of the tension. The Sorrells certainly knew how to hold a grudge and continue a sulk. Frank brooded around the farm with few words to Jessica, a grunt to his daughter and "It's all your fault" to Alun. As the Will was cast at least ten years ago, Alun was at a loss to fathom that out. He let it pass as the level of bad feeling could already fill the long ditches he'd taken so much pains to dig clean.

Jessica, although polite, was sinking into a silent world. She'd communicate over times of meals and things needed doing on the farm. Beyond that Alun could see signs of an unbalanced and disturbed mind. He took the easy route and kept out of the way.

The weather continued to get hotter and as Alun worked on the far fields he could see boys flying kites along the beach. A red and yellow patterned kite kicked and struggled into the coastal wind, fighting for freedom, afraid to escape for fear of the unknown expanses in all directions. That's the way Alun saw his life.

"Want to come out to play?" Alun spun around and there was Serene. He would have been pleased enough for any pleasant conversation at the moment,

and that elation was trebled by the sight of this radiant woman.

"Well?" she challenged.

"It's difficult," he offered.

"Difficult! This place and its atmosphere is sending me crazy," Serene huffed, "Jessica's lost her tongue and my father comes back after eighteen years and is more concerned with the ownership of a run-down small holding than he is with getting to know me. And where's my mother, why hasn't she come as well?" Alun agreed with the lady, who was now adding to her allure with a display of fiery temper.

Serene could sense the guilt and lingering loyalty in Alun's expression. "It won't get you anywhere," she answered the silent thought. "Look, I've got the replacement car from the accident insurance money. Let's go out and enjoy ourselves. Nobody will miss us." She flashed him a pleading smile. His resistance wasn't that strong. They giggled and held hands as they walked across the field, into a lane and then drove off like two children on the last day of school term.

* * *

The battered Land Rover had practically been a write-off even before the fatal crash when the old man was killed. Afterwards it could have just about been converted into a soup can. The replacement vehicle, as Serene had called it, was from the same stable. The dazzling granddaughter drove north along the A12

and chatted excitedly. Alun couldn't make out if it was genuine happiness or nervous tension at the release from the oppressive ambience at Dunes Farm. He let her talk and laugh. He was content to watch and drink in her gorgeous body.

"Nearly there," she fizzed with vivacity.

"And where is that?" Alun asked and stroked her thigh.

Serene pouted and poked her tongue out, "Plenty of time for that," she smirked. "We're here at Greater Yelverton now, so let's have fun." With some difficulty they parked the car along the crowded sea front. "Haven't been here for years," Serene said as she eagerly got out of the car and pulled Alun toward the Pleasure Beach Funfair.

Greater Yelverton had no pretences, or if it did, they were knocked remorselessly out of the town by the hundreds of thousands of holidaymakers who descended for a day or week's unalloyed enjoyment. At one time most entertainment had been like this. Brash, brazen and without too much sophistication. There was no 'experiences', themed this or that and not a designer mall in site. No doubt somewhere the City Fathers were being prevailed upon by a marketing organization to embrace modernity and sell their old-fashioned souls to a conglomerate who would bulldoze the gaudy amusements and erect a temple to retail therapy.

For now the fun came in whirling rides, stomach churning Big Dippers, multi-flavored ice cream and wall-to-wall bags of chips. Serene cajoled Alun onto

most of the amusements; carousels, dodgems, ghost trains—with an opportunity to explore her delicious mouth and warm loins in the darken tunnels—and finally a ride along the promenade in a carriage pulled by a gray, docile horse who was immune to the thrill of it all. Blinkers on and head forward in his nosebag—like the evolutionary walk of the human race, both had the semblance of knowing where they were going but in truth they were traveling by blind instinct.

Serene insisted on a candyfloss. They sat on the beach as she licked her lips and wiped away the sticky residue coating her mouth. Alun held her and eased the tasty lady down on the sand. His embraces slid from affectionate to passionate in the short time it took a billowing white cloud to pass in front of the sun, cast a shadow, move on and release the warming solar rays once more.

Serene struggled up. “Are you sure you want this?” she said seriously.

Alun wondered if his body would give him a choice. “Why shouldn’t I?” He returned equally thoughtfully.

“Because last time you seemed to carry so much guilt afterward,” Serene said and pushed at his fringe.

“I can’t stop that, it’s just me. Equally I can’t help the way I feel about you,” he frowned.

Serene leapt up from the sand and held her hand out for Alun. He got up, put his arms around her and held this woman for a few heartbeats of the rotating earth.

"We won't go back, not tonight, anyway," Serene said. "Let's find somewhere to eat and then somewhere to stay."

* * *

"It will have to be the Sandside Guest House," Serene smirked as they stood outside the garishly painted three-story terrace building. It was in a long row of similarly converted late Victorian town houses with names that stated the obvious, 'Holiday House' to the optimistic, 'Sea View' to the fanciful, 'Shangri-La', to the downright bizarre and 'Nelson's Folly' for anyone with an historical memory.

"With our combined wealth, it certainly won't be a three star...or any star...hotel," she joked. Then patted his rear and gave a throaty laugh, "Still, if we can do it on the barn floor, I'm sure we can get aroused on a cheap guesthouse well-worn double bed." Serene gave a naughty girl squeal and bounced up the six stone steps to the porch.

"So just the one night?" The landlady was trying to act like a worldly-wise, seen it all before, who cares, guesthouse proprietor. It came over as a music hall parody of the shocked and smutty, are-you-two-married routine.

"Is that Mrs. Griffin?" she coughed.

Serene decided on the easy way past the moral guardian. "Yes," she answered.

"First floor, second door on the right, room number five. And there's no sea view from that

window," the landlady called after them as they giggled their way up the stairs, and then to herself, "Not that you two will be looking out at the sights tonight!"

* * *

Mrs. Dorothy Higgins, owner of the Sandside Guest House may have been a prude; no, not maybe, she was. But her clairvoyance couldn't be faulted. Serene and Alun didn't once look out of the window and wonder about the view. They didn't see the smoking funnel outlet of the fish and ship shop that backed onto the guesthouse. The three cars squeezed into the yard went un-noticed, as did the clouds streaking across the full moon to indicate rain in the morning. Their naked bodies never ventured from the double bed and their attention focused no farther than sexual fulfillment with each other.

Once they were in the small tatty room, Serene was tugging at Alun's shirt at the same time as she was shedding her clothes quickly and with relish. Alun would have preferred the seduction and preliminaries to be subtler but there was no stopping Serene.

Her bra and panties were thrown across the room and she then threw herself eagerly to the task of helping Alun undress. The lady entwined her nakedness around her lover and brought her knee up to encourage Alun to rub her clitoris. Serene lent up on tip-toe, took Alun's cock in her hand, gave it a squeeze to bring it to full size and slipped it between

her legs and into her receptive vulva.

At first she did the work and moved up and down on his rod; then suggestively whispered for him to do the rock and rolling while she took the pleasure of his penetration. At the height of their standing fuck, Serene opened her eyes and saw they'd not drawn the drapes. She fell back on the bed in a fit of erotic giggling and pulled Alun down as well.

He spread out on his back as she lent over him and played with his cock, and pushed his hand down over her ass.

"Put your finger in me, Alun," she purred. For a moment he hesitated. Last time they'd indulged their passion, she'd told him to fuck her ass. Serene giggled, sensing his thoughts, and pushed his fingers under her loins and into her pussy.

"Is your penis always stiff and ready?" she asked with a groan as his finger had just reached a tenderly erotic spot in her vaginal passage.

"When you arouse me," he answered.

"Did Jessica arouse you?"

"Not as much as you." He thought it was the best reply.

"What about kinky sex?" she said as she bit at his shoulder.

Alun slowed the finger fuck and thought what she might mean. Serene wriggled on his hand and simpered for him to increase the pace. Did she know about his participation in sexual slavery to the mistress and other women who had bought his willing favors?

As he didn't answer, Serene continued. "You don't think I'm a tart, do you? I only had two lovers before you and they were nothing but a grope and an unsatisfying screw on the back seat of cars. Well, I wasn't satisfied anyway." Alun still couldn't think of anything to say. Serene put in what sounded like justification. "I've read a lot of sexy books, though. That's how I knew about...well, getting my ass fucked." Her rude laugh reverberated around the room.

"Were they local?" Alun muttered for something to say.

"What?" Serene asked

"These two unsatisfying lovers."

"The first one was a boy at school. We used to mess around a lot and made this stupid dare that on the day I was of age for...well, to get screwed...he'd be the one to get his cock in my knickers. The trouble was he was all keenness and no patience. He'd hardly got my skirt up when he was poking and grunting. Most of his excitement shot all over my panties. I had to wash them myself that night in case Jessica got hold of them and noticed the stain before they went in the machine!"

The recall was making Serene euphoric and Alun had to slow her hand massage down. Too much at that pace and she'd have another sticky mess over her.

"And the second?" he murmured.

"I met this guy – much older, about your age," she teased. "He was from the county town and came after

Jessica. Tried chocolates and flowers. Granddad said she should show an interest...but you know, whatever."

Alun wondered if Serene had an inkling that Jessica was turned on by Helen and men were not her first choice. He let Serene get on with the tale.

"Eventually he must have got tired of the effort," she shrugged.

"And you rolled those eyes—and everything else you have—at him," Alun grunted in appreciation and let his free hand roam over Serene's breasts.

"Didn't do anything," she insisted. "One day I was bending over feeding the chickens and the next thing I feel is a hand patting my ass." Alun understood the temptation.

"Anyway, we got talking, met him in the pub a few times and he introduced me to these kinky books. It's where I learnt all about the deviant games people play. I would read them aloud as we sat in his car. It made me real hot. So when he came on to me I was ready to be satisfied. Trouble was the two occasions we had sex in his car were pretty tame. I was all ready for the Karma Sutra and he gave me a conventional fuck a la missionary position. And even that was less exciting than reading the index of these books. Hey, I asked you about kinky sex first. So give out and tell me all about your experience."

Alun pondered the possibility of regaling Serene with an account of his sessions with the mistress. Somehow he didn't think it was a good idea. He did have a better thought.

"Not much to tell, really," he began innocently, then added as a hook, "Ever wondered what bondage would be like?"

"What, being tied up and submitting to whatever is demanded?" she giggled suggestively.

"Something like that," Alun said and increased the rapidity of his fingering, hoping it would stimulate her sexual inquisitiveness.

"Could I trust you not to get really kinky?" Serene pouted.

"Probably not," Alun said hoarsely.

"Oh, good!" Serene chuckled impishly.

"And what will you do to me?" Alun murmured.

"Discipline and correction," she panted.

Alun had a young mistress for the night. He moaned with repressed elation.

Certain Understanding

7 he drive home became a series of reasons to delay the arrival home. Whether it was love or lust, the day and night at Greater Yelverton brought Serene and Alun those golden moments which seen in retrospect take on a glowing edge. Both had discovered much - their mutual predilection for sex games being prime in their memories.

Once on the road Serene suggested a detour to see the Norfolk Broads. Traveling west, instead of home and south, they stopped and fed the swans at Howstead on the river Bew. Intoxicated with each other, they acquired the aura that is spoken by poets as young love's dream but could equally be described as blind lunacy. They giggled uncontrollably because they hadn't enough money left over to have lunch at an inn by the river. Was it funny? To the infatuated couple, it was hilarious.

They dreaded the return but neither of them spoke about it. Overcome with the imminent homecoming to the somber farm, they sought solace in each other and escape through sexuality. After feeding the swans, they pawed and explored on the back seat of the car and ended up with steamy windows, very little clothing and Serene bouncing up and down on Alun's lap as his penis stretched her vagina and the atmosphere was redolent with their love juices. All

the way home Serene's hand spent most of the time down the front of Alun's trousers and got him so worked up, even after their recent fuck, that he came again, much to his relief and the amused lewdness of her remarks

Slowly the journey took them nearer the destination and the melancholic despair as Dunes Farm reached out to them to quell their spirits and early feeling of hope. Almost surreptitiously, Serene and Alun parked the car at the front of the farmhouse and, fearful of the unknown reception, went inside. It was early evening, the time when Jessica could habitually be found preparing the dinner. The kitchen was devoid of activity. Tentatively Alun called "Jessica," ...then, "Frank."

There was no answer. Serene went upstairs, soon returning with a shaking of her head to indicate nothing found. Frank's absence was not unexpected. Since the reading of the Will he'd taken to long solitary walks. Jessica was a fixture in the kitchen at meal times.

"Look, she'd out there," Serene suddenly said and pointed through the side window of the kitchen. "You stay here," Alun instructed Serene. He strolled out into the small herb garden at the west side of the farmhouse. Jessica was kneeling down picking the mauve flowers from the chives. She spoke the words of a song. It was not distinct and Alun didn't recognize it.

"Jessica," he spoke kindly and cautiously to his wife. She looked up and offered him a flower head.

He took it with her hand and helped her to stand.

"I'm going for a walk," Jessica said as if Alun had asked her a question. She sauntered out of the garden and Alun judged it might be better to accompany her.

Down the lane to the beach Jessica walked humming a tune and mumbling the lyrics. Along the dunes she idly meandered with her husband keeping pace. After over half an hour of this trance like promenade Jessica spoke, "See there, an Oystercatcher, and there, a Sandpiper. My father would bring me here when I was a little girl. Everything he said is in my mind. It's become clear. Look, Alun, the Whinchat. The birds are coming out to greet me."

Alun wanted to ask her if she was all right. He refrained and merely let her ramble. Jessica looked into the distance. "Dinwald," she simply uttered the single word. Alun tried to join in, "You told me about the bells in the church that's been lost to the sea, the first time we walked along here."

"My mother knew much more about Dinwald. She was born there, as was her mother and grandparents and back as far as records would have shown if the sea hadn't destroyed them," Jessica said. She'd never mentioned her mother before.

"Your mother..." Alun started then didn't know how to frame the question.

"Gone," Jessica gravely shook her head. "My mother always told me she could trace the Saxon blood in her back to when Dinwald was amongst the most important towns and ports in the kingdom.

Then the sea encroached and great storms wrecked havoc. The church where her mother was christened and worshipped, All Saints, that is, disappeared over the cliff back eighty years ago. We will all go back to the sea one day."

Alun steered her back in the direction of home. Her incoherence concerned him. As they reached the edifice of Breyton nuclear power station Jessica stopped and engaged Alun with a steady look.

"I don't mind about you and Serene. She's always taken and I've given." Alun thought about protesting but didn't want to add hypocrisy to the illicit affair.

"You must go to her at night," Jessica continued. Alun was about to protest; Jessica put her finger on his lips to stay the words.

"My mother would have me make you finally content and for us to be part of the future," she said. Alun didn't understand or see any meaning in what his wife was saying. Jessica took his hand and walked up the deep slope where the wind had driven the sand into a high bank. On the other side was a hollow.

"It should not be within sight of that foul Beyton plant...but it can't be helped," she smiled kindly.

To Alun's amazement, Jessica started to get undressed. He tried to speak. She waved his words away and said in a matter of fact way.

"Will you see the nakedness of your wife and not take her for the future?" He wondered at her state of mind, but was aroused by her innocent display of her flesh. She turned and knelt on the sand.

"Is this not the way you like me?" He had to concede in all his sexual experience he'd never seen a finer or more seductive rear than that of Jessica. The feeling in his groin overcame all sense. Desire took hold and he stripped naked, knelt behind that sculptured, beautiful ass resplendent in its provocative pose, took hold of her hips and guided his penis along the valley and into her displayed pussy. After his sexual exertions of the day he took a long time to reach a climax. It made this fuck by the sea all the more exhilarating. He even detected a satisfied groan from Jessica as they peaked together.

Five minutes later they were dressed and acting as if they'd not just shared a shagging in the sand dunes. Eventually Jessica kissed him, more maternally than sensually and said, "It's a relief to me that my duties as a wife are at an end." Then there was no more talking. Jessica came back from her rambling talk, walked purposely on and finally said, "Dinner is late, are you hungry, Alun?"

* * *

By the time they got back to Dunes Farm it was twilight, and Serene looked concerned. Alun waved his hands, unseen by Jessica, to signal to Serene not to start asking questions. Jessica busied herself in the kitchen and shooed Serene and Alun out of the way. Strolling around the yard Alun told Serene of the conversation he'd had with Jessica but discreetly omitted to mention their passion in the sand.

"So what do you want to do?" Serene asked him.

"About what?" Alun raised his eyebrows.

"Sleeping in my bed," Serene retorted curtly, "Does it mean nothing to you?"

"Yes, of course it does," he tried to reassure her. "I want to be with you. It's just that being in the same house and in the next room to Jessica makes me...nervous." Alun sighed and looked at Serene, hoping she would understand. Before any more words were exchanged, Jessica called them for dinner.

"Anyone know if Frank is going to show up for dinner?" Jessica asked as the three of them sat around the kitchen table and tucked into a lamb hotpot. Alun looked in wonder at Jessica. It was as if she was celebrating her husband moving in with her niece. Serene then answered the question.

"Haven't seen my dad, but a man came to find him about an hour ago when you two went for a walk."

Not many people come here," Jessica said, "Who was it?"

"Never met him," Serene said, "Gave his name as Richard Turner."

The fork in Jessica's hand fell in a perfect arc, hitting the table, somersaulting and clattering on the stone floor and filling the silent room with its dying metallic echo. Jessica's face froze.

"You OK?" Alun asked. Jessica gulped and fought for breath.

"Richard Turner you said?" she coldly asked. Serene nodded, "Why, do you know him?" Jessica looked intently at Serene with an expression of horror

and pity.

"Go to your room, child." It was not a suggestion but a protective instruction. Serene and Alun exchanged glances. The granddaughter hesitated and then decided confrontation was better avoided, especially after spending the night with Jessica's husband.

When they were alone, Alun said to Jessica, "Do you want to tell me about it?"

Jessica bit her lip and clenched her hands so tight Alun had to gently stop her inflicting deep incisions. He let his wife talk when she was ready.

"Are we being punished?" Jessica mused. Alun left the question in the air. Jessica sighed from somewhere this side of hell and started to find more words.

"You mustn't tell Serene," she agitatedly said. Alun nodded compliance. "That man, Richard Turner, he was April's lover. When Frank killed his wife and we...buried the poor soul, Turner came around to find out what had happened. Even at the time I was sure he didn't believe that Frank and April had fled the country to avoid debts. Now that Frank has come back alone, Turner must know April is dead. He's come for vengeance. Alun, Alun, you must protect Serene."

Jessica sobbed until she was a spent force of misery. Alun helped her up to bed. "Shall I stay tonight?" he asked. Jessica shook her head and closed her eyes to the evil she saw outside but the torment ran amok through the corridors of her mind. Alun let her sleep and went to Serene.

"What was it about?" she asked as they held close.

"Oh, that man Turner was after payment of a debt by your father," Alun extemporized.

"Well, there's no money in this house," Serene half joked. More like blood money, Alun shivered at his thought.

Fall For Revenge

The next two days drifted by as the weather changed to muddy skies and early summer squalls. Jessica was detached from normal contact and spoke in Cassandra-like oracles whilst still managing the mundane task of cooking. However, Alun noticed she muttered to the lost members of the family and even set the table for additional places for her parents. Frank flitted in and out, and if it was after mid-day he always showed signs of long visits to the pub.

On the afternoon of the Friday, Jessica came in from the yard and encountered Alun, who was spending more time around the farmhouse. The work in the fields had been supervised by Dryden Sorrell. With his death no one really knew what to do and didn't have the heart, or stupidity as Alun saw it, to struggle against the poor growing conditions and chaotic state of the farm's machinery.

It was one of Jessica's better moments when she touched reality with a firmer hold.

"Are you and Serene happy?" she asks as if it was a perfunctory question to an acquaintance she'd met at the village fete. Alun was embarrassed about his love and sexual relationship in the house where his wife resided.

"If you want, we'll try and find somewhere else to live?" Alun suggested apologetically. Jessica waved the suggestion away.

"At least she wants you for the right reasons," Jessica continued her theme. Alun let her talk. "Helen didn't want to marry Chris Taylor, you know," she said all of a sudden. Helen wanted me. That man was a fiend. He told Helen he had evidence about April and suspected she had been killed. Imagine, he was a policeman and yet he made Helen submit to him." Alun was going to ask questions but Serene came in from feeding the chickens and the conversation ended.

Alun and Serene spent the rest of the afternoon walking along the beach, wrapped up against a drizzle that hugged the coast from Lyleworth to Horton.

"Do you think there is anything sinister about that place?" Alun indicated the nuclear power station, shrouded in mist so all the hard metallic edges were softened into an unidentifiable mass of hissing steam and jutting buildings. The central dome where the core reactor was housed seemed to float, displaced from the rest of the edifice.

"My grandfather was convinced of it," she answered.

"Yes I know, but what do you think?" Alun persisted.

"Why doesn't anything grow well on the farm?" she threw back.

"Because the soil is dry and the farm is inefficient.

You should have had an irrigation system," Alun countered.

Serene puckered her lips and shrugged a 'maybe'. It meant I'm right and you're wrong. Her expression was typical Sorrell. Alun let the subject drop and if the nuclear plant was a government cover up and infested with security cameras anyone monitoring the pictures of a hollow in the sand dunes two hundred yards from the station would have watched as Alun and Serene wallowed in their love making. It had been the very place where Jessica had exposed her seductive nudity to Alun and he'd responded with the firmness of his final poke of her. To fuck aunt and niece at the same location seemed weirder to Alun than any supposed intrigue at the nuclear plant!

Dinner was a less torrid affair. Jessica sang her tunes quietly to herself, Alun and Serene ate in silence and exhaustion from the afternoon's bout and Frank, who was obviously drunk, slurped his food and kept his liver topped up from a bottle of whisky. Jessica stopped her endless singing and gave Frank a disapproving look. "Father never drank alcohol at the meal table," she reprimanded.

"No, he just drank the money that should have been invested in this dump down at the pub in Lexhampton," Frank sneered and pushed his unfinished meal across the table. "I'm going out," he shouted, "I'm going to walk to Dinwald and see what goes on there." He stormed out and slammed the door.

Serene got upset at her father's behavior, left her

meal and rushed upstairs.

"He'll be moping about April," Jessica said just as Alun was about to go after Serene.

"Why do you say that?" Alun queried.

"Because his wife used to meet Richard Turner on the cliffs at Dinwald when they were having..." she hesitated and looked at Alun..."When they were lovers." Alun felt the guilt redden his face. Serene's appearance saved any exploration of that subject.

"I need some fresh air," she said and waved Alun's attentive concern away.

"Leave her be," Jessica told Alun. "She's a Sorrell, and when the mood takes us it's better to step back and give space."

Alun and Jessica sat in the kitchen talking and gossiping as if all that had happened was a story in a book. Alun thought it would have been good to get to know this enigmatic, elegant lady in different circumstances, in a different human play. In this stolen moment from the chaos of events they were just two people who needed understanding and affection. The interlude of tranquility and empathy was interrupted as Serene closed the door behind her when she came back into the farmhouse.

"Feeling better?" Alun solicitously asked. Jessica felt alone once more and detected that a nascent bond had again been sacrificed to her beautiful and charismatic niece.

"Fine," Serene reassured him, then added innocently, "That man was asking about my father again. I met him by the lane and he..."

"What man?" Jessica interjected.

"That Richard Turner fellow," Serene backed away from Jessica's ferocity.

"What did you tell him?" Jessica demanded. "Tell me, what?"

"The truth," Serene said with a perplexed expression. "I told him my father had gone to Dinwald and if he hurried he'd be able to catch him up."

Jessica became distraught beyond calming words. Her wild ranting frightened Serene and she sought protection behind Alun.

"Go into the lounge for a moment and I'll try and pacify her," Alun said, struggling to hold Jessica in her madness. When Serene closed the door between the kitchen and lounge Alun shook Jessica not out of anger but fear.

"Jessica, tell me what is wrong?"

"You must stop them. Alun, go after Frank."

"Why is it so important?" Alun asked

"I told you," Jessica became hysterical again, "That's where April and Turner would meet. Frank and that man mustn't confront each other there. The ghosts from the past are malevolent. Alun, go after them."

* * *

The rain began as a damp blanket across the night as Alun reached the dunes at Breyton beach. It soon turned to driving, cold rods lashing in from the black

expanse of the North Sea. Four miles of dunes stretched out in front before he reached Dinwald. The eerie outline of the nuclear power station was to his left, belching and hissing in the gloom. There was no sign of any figures as he passed Minory and tiny points of light were faintly discernable in the distance. He surmised it was the town of Woldworth that was a few miles up the coast. Before that lay the cliffs at Dinwald, but at the moment he could see nothing.

He gained the higher shingle walkway and purely by chance in the darkness came to a path leading up to the cliffs. At the top he cautiously followed the edge, and most of it was fenced off and signs warned of the erosion and danger. He had no idea what to do. Jessica had urged him so insistently to go after the two men he'd not stopped to put on a heavy coat. His jersey and trousers were soaked and he could feel the damp penetrating to his skin.

Suddenly he halted, thinking he heard something. The sound rose and sank in the wind. It was voices; frenzied and violent voices. He staggered farther along the cliff edge as the noise grew in its brutality. Blurred, lurching figures appeared, dancing in a macabre fight. Alun stood frozen as they became one mass of primitive anger, swayed and fell, locked in bloodshed and death. The man who was Lewis hadn't cried for many years. Now he sobbed at the futility and carnage unleashed upon the family into which he had become united.

Dreams of Madness

Jessica showed no outward emotion, her expression was a frosted sheet of glass reminding Alun of the white face of a geisha girl. She'd been adamant that Frank's ashes would not be scattered with those of his father or near that of the secretly buried body of his wife. As the small party left the crematorium, Alun noticed another huddled mass attending a funeral. The Greek ironic gods could not have contrived a greater tragic song for the chorus – it was the last farewell for Richard Turner.

Jessica, Serene and Alun walked from the memorial gardens to the waiting car. As they went through the large wrought iron gates at the entrance to the crematorium, a figure approached them. The swagger and bombast in the walk immediately identified it as Chris Taylor. Serene was in no state to take this man's condolences, or whatever it was he wanted, and Jessica obviously loathed him. Alun headed off the meeting by ushering the women into the car, closing the door and briskly cutting Taylor from his destination.

"Sad affair for the family to bear so soon after the death of Dryden Sorrell," Taylor began.

"I didn't realize you knew Frank or Turner?" Alun

carefully asked.

"I don't, or should I now say, didn't," Taylor replied almost jauntily. "I'm here out of respect to the Sorrell's...and of course, as a police officer I have an interest in the suspicious circumstances of the double deaths." Alun didn't like the way Taylor looked at him. It was the rattlesnake circling and hissing an evil laughter at its next meal.

"Can't stop, I'm sure you'll understand," Alun said and turned to go. Taylor lightly held his elbow and softly said with venomous menace, "Perhaps we should talk about it at another time. Nothing official, you understand at this stage. I'm sure you and police stations don't get on. Meet me tomorrow afternoon at the café on the Breyton beach." Alun's mouth went dry. Taylor smiled the wide grin of a handsome cobra and walked away.

In the months at Dunes Farm Alun always found solace when he took a stroll from the house, across the fields and out on to the dunes by the small village of Breyton, with its fishermen's cottages, small craft pulled up on the beach and bracing sea breezes. On some occasions he'd felt brave enough to stop off at the Crested Newt pub. The place was probably the last in the country that hadn't been revamped and a 'Theme' imposed on it. It still had separate lounge and public bars and the landlord didn't grin at you like some demented corporate cipher. In fact he was off-hand, bordering on the belligerent. It was always fairly deserted and that suited Alun just fine. Today he needed a drink to steady his shaking hands before

he met Chris Taylor.

Fortified with two pints of draught bitter, he left the pub and walked to the dunes beyond the nuclear power station. Taylor was already there, idly picking up pebbles and skimming them over the flat, calm sea. As Alun approached Taylor, he was reminded of his days in school when the class read the Shakespearean play *Othello*, and the character Iago was perfectly cast for this detective policeman.

Taylor saw Alun, put down a handful of pebbles and flicked the sand from his fingers. "Jessica and Serene coping with the sad situation?" the policeman asked. Alun ignored the question. There was no sincerity in it.

"Good." Taylor faked a smile. "I like a man who wants to cut straight to the chase." Alun went on staring at him, hoping it might unnerve the arrogant bastard.

Taylor continued, "You are an interesting man...what shall we call you...Mr. Griffin, that will do...I am sure we can do business. You, like us all, value your freedom, I am sure." Alun's muscled tensed and his fists tightened.

"Dryden Sorrell seems to have come to an agreement with you," Taylor went on, "And so can I."

"Get to the point," Alun said aggressively. He noticed that Taylor flinched and saw him for the physical coward he was. The detective moistened his lips with his tongue and said, "Very well. I...well, we really...want you to become part of our team. A matter of lightening the money load at a certain bank

and passing it on to me to distribute it to the needy.”

“Commit a robbery.” Alun bluntly interrupted.

“I cannot see what the Sorrell women see in you, no sophistication at all,” Taylor sneered.

Alun’s temper snapped. He grabbed Taylor by the coat collar, breathed anger at him and then let him go. Taylor backed away and straightened his clothes and dignity. “You’ll be hearing from us about what we want...and that last outburst could be costly for you,” the policeman said, making sure he stood beyond Alun’s immediate reach. Both men eyed the other with antagonism and aversion. Then Taylor blinked and walked rapidly toward his car, parked by the cafe.

The shaking rage mixed with trepidation was under control by the time Alun reached the farmhouse. Serene was in the yard putting the washing out and as soon as she saw him, threw the peg bag on the ground and rushed to hug him. As she snuggled into his body he could see Jessica looking at them from the kitchen window.

He slowly persuaded Serene from her intimacy and after a few minutes chatting, left her to finish her task. He went into the house and Jessica offered him a cup of tea.

“You needn’t be embarrassed,” she reassured him, “I am free of all worldly passions. It was a duty I performed, but had no great pleasure. What benefit there was has been gained.” Alun wasn’t sure that’s what he wanted to hear but let the subject drop. He felt the urge to confide in Jessica. Serene’s attributes

were very satisfying to his male ego. However, Jessica still had that aloof and confessional attribute which made her a cold bedmate, but trusty confidant.

"I met Chris Taylor this morning," he began. The present calm in Jessica cracked slightly and her face stiffened. Alun told her all that had passed between them.

"Mr. Taylor won't be bothering anyone soon," Jessica replied.

"What do you mean?" Alun frowned, wondering if that was a rational statement or one of Jessica's Delphic prophesies.

"I've been clearing out Father's room," she said knowingly, "And those people think they've silenced him...but they're wrong. He hid certain documents. Now I've got them. Mr. Taylor's name is very prominent. I have enough evidence to put that monster behind bars. If he ever threatened you again, let me know. He will be punished and live in purgatory."

Jessica had the faraway look of the mystic. Alun reached out and touched her hand. She sat and rocked in her chair. He had no idea if what she had said was fact or a Sorrell family fantasy.

Appointment With Misfortune

7 hree people lived together in Dunes Farm for the next two weeks, their lives following the same routine and yet their thoughts and perceptions of the present and the future were entirely different. Increasingly Jessica inhabited her own contained world where she was the architect, builder and sole resident of what she saw as a utopian time to come. The past to her was a forgotten land.

Alun lived many lives. He shared passion, sexual creativity and endless joy for the future with Serene. When Jessica momentarily became his concern, he felt pity, deep disquiet about her state of mind and foreboding for her sanity. In his own private world he constantly looked over his shoulder and expected Taylor to arrive and drag him into a life of crime.

Serene quickly regained her zeal and delight in everything around her. She stopped mourning for her grandfather and the father she hardly knew. Fortunately, she never asked about her mother. The unstable mind games her aunt exhibited seemed to go unnoticed. With Alun she subsumed all her feelings, all her desires and dreams into his one person Serene, for all her past reputation had come to Alun almost innocent of body if not of a highly charged erotic

nature. Her appetite for exploration and animal lust to the limits of carnality were sometimes the only motivations she seemed to possess.

One gloriously warm morning when the sun hadn't yet burnt unbearably into the ground, Jessica sought Alun and Serene out as they sat in the shade of a yew tree.

She smiled and sang as she approached them. Serene looked up at her aunt, and was glad she had become so content and didn't mind the love between her husband and niece. When Alun studied his wife, all he saw was a psyche losing a grip on reality and the happy face nothing but a demented view of life.

"I've made changes back at the farmhouse," she solemnly announced. Alun feared for the worst.

"What's that?" Serene naively responded.

Jessica sat between them as if there were her fractious children not two people conducting an adulterous affair. "We must respect the dead," she intoned. "I've cleaned father's room and now it's locked forever. The room that Frank and April occupied should be sanctified, it's wrong that you and Alun..." she looked for the words..."Stay there. So I've purified it and locked the ghosts away. You two can occupy Serene's room. It has no memories—only those created by you. I have made the first step in renouncing the past. My room is closed. I'll sleep on the sofa in the lounge from now on."

Jessica finished speaking and looked as if she'd delivered a holy sermon that the followers would rejoice in hearing. She patted both their hands and

strolled off back to the farmhouse.

"That's ridiculous," Alun muttered.

"Well, it might bury the recent past." Serene suggested.

"And what do we do when Jessica decides to go to bed at eight, as she has been doing recently? Where do we sit while she sleeps on the sofa?" Alun asked.

"Go to bed early," Serene giggled.

"You forget, your room only has a single bed," Alun grumbled. Serene whispered in his ear and sniggered outrageously. Alun tried to remain serious but her wickedly erotic ideas blasted his solemn thoughts into thousands of sensual images.

* * *

A few days later, Alun had to get out of the farmhouse. Jessica was slipping into a state of hallucinations and delusions. She became convinced that her father was sending her messages from beyond the grave. It didn't affect Serene, she sailed through the maelstrom of deepening oppression. Alun told Serene he wanted to check on the barley. In truth, they hadn't farmed seriously ever since the old man died and by now any crop left wouldn't be worth harvesting. He set off and felt the open air inculcate peace into his damaged senses.

Jessica thought her parents would be disappointed at the grease and dirt on the oven. She spent two hours hard work until it shone like a new car in the showroom. It was almost spotless before she'd started

but one of her phobias was cleanliness.

"Still the one who does all the work?"

Jessica turned and there was Chris Taylor standing at the open front door. Her thoughts of heaven and seeing her parents again vanished. The sight of Taylor brought the demons rushing back into her mind.

"What do you want?" Jessica demanded.

"Nothing you've got," Taylor sneered. "I'm here to see that convict husband of yours."

"When it comes to sin, cast the mote from your own eye," Jessica pointed furiously at Taylor.

"You witch," Taylor snarled, "You and your weird ideas twisted Helen."

"Me!" Jessica yelled, "I loved Helen. It was you and your perverted mind who sullied my dear Helen."

Taylor's urbane exterior vanished as he lashed out with his fist. Jessica went sprawling across the kitchen and slumped to the floor.

Serene rushed in, having heard the raised voices.

"Jessica," she screamed. "Get out, get out."

Taylor leered at the girl. His passion was roused by violence. He grabbed for Serene. Her screaming turned to hysteria as Taylor mauled and ripped at her clothing.

Alun didn't see Jessica lying on the floor and even if he had, Serene's shrieks would have impelled him into the lounge. Taylor was hitting Serene and tearing at her blouse. Alun launched his body like a missile at the detective, the force taking them over the sofa. Rolling over before hitting the sideboard, Taylor was

the first to stagger up. Alun grabbed him by the legs and Taylor screeched in complete fear. The high-pitched cry surprised Alun, and he let go. The assailant ran for the door and Alun, with murder in his heart, gave chase.

Pounding lungs and frantic minds took the pair to the beach. Stumbling across the dunes, Taylor tripped on a winching chain by the row of small fishing boats. It was enough delay for Alun to catch and seize the policeman. He rained blows on Taylor and felt blood and skin smear his knuckles. Under the barrage, Taylor sank to the sand. He felt a wooden object, took hold of the oar and swung it around. Alun was caught off guard and fell.

In this moment of freedom, Taylor wildly looked around and saw a dinghy on the shoreline. Without thinking, he pushed the boat into the surf and frantically started the outboard motor. By the time Alun had got up, all he could hear was the pug-pug sound of the motor somewhere out in the mist.

* * *

A disheveled Alun Griffin struggled back to the farmhouse. Serene was in the kitchen comforting Jessica. They cleaned the gash on her head and took her up to Serene's bed. They sat by her until she slept. For the rest of the night, Alun held Serene as she sobbed and re-lived her ordeal through a horrific nightmare.

We Will Go On

Five days after the attack on the women and Taylor's escape, Jim Durrow came to the door at Dunes Farm. He called out, and Alun went to see who it was. Jessica and Serene sat in the kitchen and Alun could see Durrow peer over his shoulder and frown at the fading bruises and cuts on the faces of the women.

"Sorry to bring such news to you when you've had recent tragic events here at Dunes Farm," Durrow said apologetically and Alun felt he'd missed the beginning of a conversation.

"Morning, Mrs...." Durrow struggled for Jessica's married name. "And you, young Miss Sorrell." He obviously wanted to include the women in his visit if only to learn what had happened to them and be the bearer of interesting gossip in the pub that evening.

"You were saying," Alun asked bluntly.

"Oh, yes, such dreadful news," Durrow rambled. Alun was about to close the door when sense returned to their neighbor's head.

"Down by the nuclear plant. Young Harry Gotter was pulling up his crab baskets when he got such a fright."

"Are you going to tell me?" Alun grew tired.

"You'd have known him, sure of it?" Durrow insisted.

"Know who?" Alun's impatience was showing.

"That policeman, whatshisname, Taylor, Detective Chris Taylor." Alun stared at him and became aware that Serene came closer to the door.

"Young Gotter couldn't rightly say who it was. The body had probably been in the water for a week. But he's been identified now. Wonderful thing, this science. They reckon he was drowned. He had a few marks on his face but it's rumored he got those by floating back and forth in the tide and colliding with that nuclear power platform out at sea. Not that he'd have worried, poor man. Long time dead, he was."

Serene came up to join Alun and Durrow at the door. Durrow nodded to her.

"Wasn't Miss Jessica a good friend of his late wife, Helen, wasn't it?" Durrow asked. "That's why I thought someone should come up and tell you. And what with the body being washed up not a stone's throw from your lower field." Durrow seemed to have finished his tale, then quickly added, "Sorry about that, Miss, didn't mean to bring such news to you." He smiled as most people do when they are embarrassed and don't know what else to say. He looked as if he would have liked to be invited in but Alun thanked him and firmly closed the door.

Jessica hadn't appeared to take any notice of the visitor or what he said. As Alun and Serene sat down she looked up and said, "The evil is turning against itself. Did you hear what he said? He was killed by

the nuclear plant."

"He was already dead and hit..." Alun gave up the explanation. Jessica was convinced, nothing Alun said mattered.

"That's decided me," Jessica announced the next day. Alun and Serene didn't react to this statement. Jessica was now making so many pronouncements on all manner of irrelevant subjects.

"I'm going to leave." Now they paid attention. "I'll find sanctuary with The Light of the Host." Jessica said with a calm countenance.

"Who are they?" Alun frowned.

"They have a mission at the old Manor Hall in Breyton, just along the coast. I'll be able to watch the sea from my room and wait till mother and father return. I've been to see them and I know they will help me." Alun wondered whether she meant the mission or her dead parents.

For many hours Alun and Serene argued with Jessica. They argued, she sat and smiled and kept on repeating much the same form of words. "The Light of the Host are going to help me, and that's final." At eight o'clock that evening two women came to the door, Jessica left with them carrying just a small bag. The lovers were left in the empty farmhouse.

The Temptation of Lewis Jones

9n could have been a life worth living. Alun and Serene together in a house of their own. A quiet farm by the heritage coast and a landscape thousands of tourists traveled from all corners of the country to see. But it was like living with many ghosts, who although never seen, were nevertheless inhabiting the farmhouse. Old Man Sorrell, Jessica, Frank and even people he'd never met like Jessica's mother, Serene's mother and generations of the Sorrell tribe.

It didn't seem to effect Serene. Perhaps she was at ease with her family phantoms. One Sunday when Serene decided to replant the herb garden, Alun kissed her and said, "I think I need space to think. Would you mind if I wander into Gurton?" The lady of the thousand erotic nights patted his head as if he was the family Labrador and told him to take the car and relax.

As he drove along the lanes, and just before turning onto the main road, Alun noticed a sign to the Laxton Farm fete. Harmless fun hadn't been on his agenda for many years, so on a whim he turned into the drive of the Farm. It was soon obvious this wasn't a working farm, but the grand house of someone rich that had converted most of the original land to

pleasure. He passed a paddock, small archery center and fields devoted to orchards and greenhouses for exotic flowers.

He parked the car, paid the admission charge and wandered through the crowd enjoying all the usual games at a village fete. Alun wasn't by nature a tremendously gregarious character, so he sought the solitude of the beautiful rose garden with its walks under arbors and massed displays of climbers on the many pergolas. At the far side, the garden was screened from the house by a row of yew trees, expertly shaped by assiduous topiary.

He was about to go back to the fete when he heard a voice call. It was a tone and command he was sure he recognized. Alun ignored the sign, which said 'Do Not Enter—Private' and walked beyond the trees. There in a sunken garden, sitting under a parasol, by a cascading fountain and taking drinks from a butler was...the mistress.

Alun's mind recalled his lessons with this woman and the dichotomous feelings it had engendered. He should not have wanted to be a sex slave, and yet he knew he experienced a satisfying and deeply felt need to say no, when he meant yes. He was frozen to the spot, unable to take his eyes of the lady. Any course of action he might have taken was overridden by events. The lady of his dark nights turned and saw him. Calmly she dismissed the butler from her presence and with an imperious wave, beckoned Alun, now once again Lewis, to come to her.

"What are you doing here, Lewis?"

"It was a mistake. I came to the fete...and found...you."

"Was it a mistake when you escaped from prison?"

"I needed to get away."

"Not from me, I hope. Anyway, darling Lewis, I told you the last time we had a session that I was moving on to discover new adventures."

"I missed you." Lewis had no idea why he said that. Yes, it was true. He'd become addicted to the domination and yearned for it. He had come to acknowledge that even with Jessica and Serene, he desired to be a slave. No, the veracity of the statement didn't explain its essence. He should openly admit, it was this woman that he'd missed and the delicious submissiveness she'd taught him.

The mistress looked at him for a long time as if she was deciding something.

"Would you like to become my slave again?"

"Yes," he muttered like a recalcitrant child.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Then like Hercules, you must be put to the test. Follow my instructions absolutely and I will give you sessions as my slave. Fail or deviate by just one degree, and you shall never see me again. Do you understand and agree, Lewis?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Follow me."

Lewis walked behind his mistress and once again felt he was in her control. The decisions were hers and he could surrender. It was a delightfully sensual

feeling. They wound around the outside of the early Victorian Farm house with its many additions and conversions to the opulent residence it now was, eventually reaching a large summerhouse set in seclusion on the edge of a woodland.

"This is my private domain," the mistress said as she took a key from a chain around the neck. "The staff never come here. It is where I can relax in any way that pleases me"

The lock clicked and the wooden door opened. Lewis followed the regal lady into the summerhouse and entered a conventional arrangement of small hall, leading to a dinning area, kitchen and then around to a lounge overlooking a round swimming pool. His dominatrix looked every inch an imperious lady even in this mundane setting. She sat languidly on a red chintz chair, her summer dress cut low into the fullness of her bosom and legs crossed, showing the smooth length of skin from ankle to mid thighs.

"It is fortuitous that you have arrived today, although I cannot pretend I'm not annoyed that you failed to understand when I said last time it would end. For that I may have to punish you later. However, your arrival will serve two purposes."

The speech came to an end and she stood up, walked to the far pine paneled wall, and to Lewis' astonishment, it slid back. They walked from suburban respectability to a world hidden away from prying and prurient eyes. Warm, partially furnished in an unpredictable manner, it immediately conveyed its purpose—and that was the hedonistic pursuit of

excellence in erotic fulfillment.

Along one side was a row of showers, screened from the main room by glass-fronted doors, obviously bathing was a spectator sport in this summerhouse of desire. A massive four-poster bed, with silk drapes hung around and mirrors in the ceiling and at every angle possible to indulge your visional senses while performing carnal acts. These areas were carpeted but half the cavernous room had wooden floors, stark, leather covered benches with enough chains, ropes and restraining instruments to delight any male or female of the bondage set. Lewis was disappointed that when he'd been taken by the warders on his clandestine visits to the mistress, she had no introduced him to her special lair. His thoughts were interrupted by the voice of the mistress, which had the wonderful quality of innocence and rudeness

"Lewis, come and meet Izena." A large, high back chair swiveled around and a lady quietly rose to greet them. In the diffused light Lewis saw a small, lithe figure of maybe late twenties, Indian sub-continent origin, and eyes, behind steel rimmed glasses, that promised licentious wantonness.

"Izena has come to me from a recommendation at the Light of the Host," mistress began—that name should have meant something to Lewis but at the moment he had his brain in his groin, lusting after Izena. "She is in a marriage, that is...I was going to say boring, but a good boring is what she desires." Izena smiled wickedly at the joke by the mistress.

"Where was I, oh, yes? Izena seeks to be released to

find her inner self and under my instructions we have identified her need to express a pent-up and regressed sexuality. I have been looking for a task...and now your appearance, Lewis, has given me the means to put you both to a trial. Can I have both your agreements to participate?"

Izena nodded acquiescence first, then Lewis.

"Good," the mistress beamed in a noble way. "I am going to leave you two locked up in this room. I won't say for how long—uncertainty is such an aphrodisiac—and you, Izena must seduce this man into some sexual act. And we'll interpret that very liberally," she grinned lewdly.

"As for you, Lewis, if you want to become my slave, then you must resist the temptation and my specific command not to succumb to Izena. Simple and delightfully dissolute, isn't it? Do you still both agree?"

Izena nodded even more enthusiastically. Lewis wanted Izena, but more than that he wanted the comfort and security of the domination and sexual correction the mistress had pledged. He swallowed and said, "Yes, Mistress."

"Like all severe ordeals, the conditions must be set by a judge. I will be your mentor, your erotic guide and finally the arbiter in the decision. Lewis, I know your naked assets so well I'm forgetting my manners in not letting Izena feast upon them. It is my order that you strip."

As Lewis pulled his clothes off, the mistress watched in a cool and haughty manner. Izena intently

studied every move and as his shorts were removed her eyes flickered under those petite glasses. She looked up and down the nude body of Lewis standing uncertainly before her. Her focus was unashamedly on his penis, hanging proudly at his loins and already showing signs of twitching into growth.

“As for you, Izena, it would only be fair if you were to undress. Let me help you as I know you have your mind on other things,” the mistress soothingly instructed. She unzipped the back of Izena’s dress and let it fall to the floor. Off came a black petticoat and Izena raised each leg separately so that the mistress could roll away her stockings. Next Izena’s suspender belt was easily removed so she now stood in black bra and panties.

The mistress went around the back of Izena and Lewis heard the faint noise of a metal hook and eye being undone. With her bra taken away, her breasts overawed Lewis. Perfectly formed, the small tits were held upright and nipples pointed at him. She puckered her lips in a grin and Lewis thought it was in recognition of his appreciative stare at her boobs. Then he realized Izena was admiring the emerging swelling of his cock. Their mutual approval hadn’t stopped the mistress in her work. She slipped Izena’s panties down and off and made her slowly turn around for Lewis’ inspection.

The light brown skin glistened as the soft lights of the room reflected against Izena’s nakedness. Her v-shaped black pubic hair was trimmed, but still thick

and curly. The ass was a wonder; set with its perfectly balanced protruding roundness against the slight concave arch of her lower back. Izena was delicate, delicious and those steel-rimmed glasses gave her an innocence Lewis knew she didn't have - or perhaps had every naughty desire to lose.

"Just one final part to the scene—then I'll leave you two alone," mistress said and took Izena over to the leather covered bench. She then fixed a belt with a chain around Izena's waist, secured it with a small padlock and locked the other end of the chain to an iron ring by the bench.

"There—if you want to stay away from Izena, Lewis, you can do so. If you give in to temptation, it must be your decision. Good luck—only one of you can win the test...and my approval."

Mistress whispered for some minutes with Izena, then the imperial lady swept out of the room. There was a sound of the sliding wooden wall closing behind her and Izena and Lewis remained together.

Izena walked a few feet from the bench as far as her tether would allow, stood demurely facing Lewis with her arms down in front of her, covering her nipples and hands held together shielding her loin from the man's gaze. She smiled to herself in a self deprecating way and decided modesty was a ludicrous posture for her to assume. Here she was, seeking sexual liberation and training from this woman and had been set a task to seduce this good-looking naked man—in any way possible. Only this morning she'd been making cakes for a dinner her

and husband Ricci were going to give for the bridge club. Perhaps she should suggest a bondage session to them!

She turned and sat on the edge of the bench, put the palms of her hands face down slightly behind her resting bum and lent gentle back. If she was going to be the victor she may as well show Lewis most of what she'd got, if at this time in a subtle way. Izena undid the tight bundle of dark, black glossy hair, held pristinely in place with a simple yellow ribbon. Her tresses tumbled and cascaded down her back and rested on the roundness of her ass cheeks.

"Are we just going to stare at each other?" Izena said for want of a topic to open the conversation. Small talk at coffee mornings was one thing she'd never been good at—erotic one-liners might be her forte.

Lewis looked around, saw a dining chair, brought it over and sat down just outside of Izena's chained reach, should she again get up. He felt a mixture of emotions. He knew his personality hungered after the bizarrely sexual, at the same time as being afraid - but that was part of the adrenalin rush. Sitting casually talking to this gorgeous figure of a nude stranger, with his erection still brandish its excitement, the situation could have been seen as erotic or hilarious. Why couldn't the sensual also be fun, he thought?

"Do you find me attractive?" Izena tried.

"You have a fantastic body," Lewis replied.

"What about the face; you think the glasses make me look odd?"

"No, no, don't take them off. Something about their simple elegance and ordinariness makes you real, not some dream woman."

"Is that a compliment?"

"Probably."

"How did you get to know Katrina?"

"Is that her name?" Lewis asked, intrigued.

"Haven't you seen her on the TV?"

"I have been...we don't have a TV at the farm," he said, quickly stopping himself from a reference to prison. She was waiting for an answer.

"We just sort of met and she introduced me to, well..."

"Kinky sex," Izena finished the sentence.

"And you?" he asked

"Married ten years, two kids, husband who is safe...and then at the Health Club this woman starts telling me about this man she met. At first I thought she was making the whole thing up...well, you don't do those types of things in Suffolk, do you? Not sex like that? True or not, it got me going. It took me a while to admit to myself that eroticism and a more experimental attitude to sex was a real turn-on. So, to cut a long story short I went with my friend to this place—Light of the Host—and first it's chat, then open confessions of secret wishes, then if you want, it's try this, try that...I was a dabbler. Groping around for an answer—if that's not a double entendres. I even had a bash in the sack with some young stud. Loved the freedom after ten years of boring same old positions."

"I sense a but," Lewis put in.

"This woman at the Manor said I'd never let go until I'd explored the full extent of my desires. I needed training and guidance was how she put it. Well, there's a lot more I'll leave out—like two affairs—but I got a persona recommendation to Katrina. This is my third visit. Can you get me a drink and something to eat from that fridge over there? All this sex chat has made me hungry."

Lewis walked to the icebox. He couldn't help notice that Izena watched him attentively.

"Beer and not much to eat. There's a pie and cream in here."

"That's fine," Izena said.

Lewis took the drink and food over to Izena. He handed to her and reluctantly sat down in the dining chair—half wishing to stay close to her, to touch her, to feel her.

She swigged the beer and took the canister of cream and squirted a blob over the pie. As she ate, she looked up and saw Lewis brush his lips with his tongue and shift in his seat as the hardness in his cock became apparent.

"If I sprayed cream on my breasts, would you like to lick my nipples?" Izena pouted. The sudden change in direction of their talk struck Lewis in the groin and he had to watch as his dick started an inexorable climb to the vertical. He fought to resist and put his hands over his stiffy.

"Hey, Lewis, if you want your cock played with, let me do it?" Izena could see his resolve melting as

his penis grew. She sprayed the cream on her left tit and smoothed it around with the tips of her fingers. Stretching out her hand, she offered him the canister.

"Here, you come over and position me anyway you want...then spray my body wherever you like." Izena knew she could win. She remembered the words Katrina had whispered to her before leaving them alone.

"If you spray me with that cream, it would be very naughty. I'd have to punish you and make sure your cream came again and again," she pouted in her best seductive voice.

Lewis got up and went over to Izena. He kissed her and felt so overwhelmed that his body shook.

"Shall I fuck you, slave?" she said as she stroked his penis.

"Do everything in your fantasies," he groaned. "But keep your glasses on."

There Is No End

High summer softened the raw, stark edges of the coastal plans. The holidaymakers were increasingly seen along the sandy dunes from Breyton to Krestingham. They came, they stared and then moved on. It was strangely beautiful to their eyes, but also unnerving to folk who talked about being alone and when they encountered nature slid back to the comforts of modern conveniences. Only the bird watchers and itinerant twitchers totally embraced the hidden charms and fascinations of this secret country.

This awakening world passed by the two remaining inhabitants at Dunes Farm. Alun and Serene didn't venture beyond the house and yard any more. Alun thought of Izena and Katrina but didn't return. When the mistress entered the summerhouse pleasure room, he and Izena had been in the warm embrace of fellatio. Their whole session had been filmed, and Katrina instructed them to sit with her on the bed and view the video. At the end, she'd put a gold medallion around Izena's neck and welcomed her as the victor. Lewis was banished from her presence and told never to return.

When Serene and Alun first discovered passion, they would have hailed idle solitude as a lover's

paradise. Now they were free from disapproving eyes and menial tasks, they wandered around in a dazed bewilderment not having a purpose beyond their introspective obsession. Three days after Jessica's departure, the pots, pans and plates filled the sink, sandy dust needed sweeping from the floor and eggs in the chicken coop waited to be collected.

Their hold on reality was through their sex. It became a game of invention. Days of domination would belong to one or the other to think of new variations, locations and obsessions. Serene was by far the more imaginative, and Lewis was content to persuade her that the discovery of bondage was her idea. She became a natural dominatrix—perhaps it was the Sorrell genes—and when she'd devised a particular kinky and weird game he told her he was willing for her to be in charge as it gave her pleasure. The gratification it brought to him was sublime.

They sat late one morning eating a breakfast of buttered bread and the last of the blackcurrant jam. Alun found himself wishing for one of Jessica's cooked meals he used to heartily eat before going off to work in the fields.

Serene stopped flicking through the junk mail and narrowed her eyes.

"Someone's coming up the drive," she informed Alun.

Going to the kitchen window, she added, "It's two uniformed policemen." Panic and fear returned to churn Alun's stomach.

"Quick, go upstairs," Serene instructed. Alun

hurried out of the kitchen, through the lounge and stood in panic on the landing trying to listen to what was happening.

There was a knock, knock. Serene opened the door and tried to smile sweetly at the policemen.

"Miss Serene Sorrell?" one of them enquired in that way police have of asking the obvious.

"Yes," she replied.

"May we have a word"? Serene nodded. "Perhaps if we could come in for a moment." It was a request, statement and a strong suggestion from the policeman who stood slightly in front of his colleague. The dark blue uniforms plodded into the kitchen and one of their radios, fixed to the jacket collar, constantly buzzed and fizzed as if it needed tuning in.

At the top of the stairs, Alun was torn between going down to be by Serene's side and self-preservation. He couldn't make out the exact words, only tones, the rising and falling of voices and the deeper measured questions of the policemen followed by the light, rhythmic replies from Serene. As he strained to hear, the tick-tock of the pendulum clock resonated in his head. He'd never realized the sound was so loud.

The voices stopped, seemed more distant and then the door closing told him the police had left. He waited until Serene came to the foot of the stairs and called him to come down. By the time he reached the lounge, a car engine could be heard starting and then moving down the lane. Alun knew it was the police car leaving Dunes Farm.

"What did they want?" he urgently asked Serene. She paused, then held him close.

"They asked me about my father and that man Richard Turner," she started.

"What did you say?"

"What did I know?" Serene queried, "I told them what you and aunt Jessica told me, that they were drunk. Why, wasn't that true?"

Alun shrugged the question to one side. "Is that all?" he asked.

"No, there were all sorts of insinuations about the death of my mother. I told them she wasn't dead. She'd left my father and stayed overseas."

Alun avoided her enquiring look. He asked, "So that was it?"

Serene took a deep breath and engaged Alun's eyes. "They wanted to know about you, my sweet. Where you were, where had you come from and...were you really Alun Griffin."

Alun's body froze but his brain went haywire. Thoughts rushed and crashed around his mind. Eventually he asked, "What did you say?"

Serene's lips moistened and she found it difficult to frame the words. "I love you, Alun. I'd do anything to keep you with me. I...I told them you were a distant cousin and you'd gone back home to Manchester. I didn't know what to say, so just made something up. Please don't be angry."

"I'm not angry, my precious Serene," Alun comforted her. He felt sick and helpless.

* * *

Although neither of them spoke of the fear, both Alun and Serene had an instinctive premonition that their time together could be counted and measured. After two days the apprehension, if not dispelled, had at least been put into the recesses of their anxious thoughts.

"Let's get out for the day," Serene suggested. Alun was reluctant, but Serene knew how to cajole him into agreement. They drove alone the lanes, out on to the A12 and headed north. After a few more miles, Serene called out, "Look, Westheath. I haven't been there for years."

Had it been the weekend, it would have been crowded. Mid-week saw enough life to believe you'd made the right decision without so many people it was hard to breath and move. They felt space was needed at the moment.

They parked by the village green and walked down to the river. It was a popular crabbing area and small clusters of children dangled string over the edge of jetties trying to entice pincer legs to bite and hold on long enough to be hauled out of the water. The riverside was a mixture of traditional fishing huts, bijou second homes frequented by the rich from London and the northeastern Home Counties. The balance was about right but given time it would tip over into another lost authentic retreat. Modern society had an unenviable record of always destroying the one's it loved. No doubt it would

eventually be totally smarted up and become a theme park of 'bygone years'.

They walked back to the green and decided to blow almost the last of their money on a pub lunch. The 'Green Man' had an eclectic mixture of nautical types telling loud tales always involving battling with strong winds and bloody awful crews, retired couples with the men reading newspapers and their wives studying everyone else; and a smattering of locals hogging the best seats.

They ordered a local crab dish and a bottle of wine from a vineyard in Suffolk. Alun read the label and it said the Romans had brought the grape to England and they were now reviving the tradition. He recalled the Romans had brought mass crucifixion to the Celtic tribes but hoped the police authority weren't thinking of bringing back that public spectacle.

* * *

After the meal and wine they drove back to Dunes Farm and although only eight o'clock went to bed and loved each other till the early hours of the morning. Sleep and exhaustion kept them from waking till got nine. Perhaps if it hadn't been for the slamming of a car door they wouldn't have been disturbed.

Serene went to the bedroom window and looked out. She stared into the fields and lane for a long time.

"What is it?" Alun yawned. Serene bit her lip and closed her eyes.

"Nothing sweetie, go back to sleep." He fidgeted

restlessly, so Serene gently wriggled her nakedness against his nude torso, stimulating both his fetish mind and aching body. Her breasts caressed his chest, her thighs his dreaming rampant penis, her voice whispered all the erotic confessions and promises of dark, succulent love she would bring to him.

* * *

Alun stretched and flexed his satisfied body, and drifted into total, deep slumber. Serene crept down stairs and searched in the cupboard by the cooker. She found what she was looking for and slowly went back to the bedroom. Alun looked so at peace. Serene couldn't let him lose his freedom or her. She lifted her grandfather's shotgun to her shoulder and pulled the trigger. The blood from her dead lover dripped on the floor. By the time the armed unit of police had stormed Dunes Farm, another shot boomed out and Serene slumped over Alun. They were never going to be parted.

* * *

Jessica rocked and sang a tune her mother had always sung when it was time for bed. For three days, Jessica had been detained in the psychiatric ward at St Clements Hospital in Gurton. A doctor had sectioned her when the leader at The Light of the Host sanctuary had become alarmed at her behavior. Jessica didn't mind. This place was comfortable and

the meals were well cooked.

She thought of Ricky Boyton. She'd met him at the Breyton Manor House. He was a long-term disciple of the Host. Jessica was a very attractive woman, and she knew her physical charm could beguile men. She'd certainly entranced Ricky. Her seduction kept him one tantalizing step away from her penetration — she wanted Alun to be the only one to enter her. He was content with her favors and ways to satisfy him. He'd been a sapper in the British army. Jessica told him some of her secrets and promised him every fulfillment with her body in the future. But he must help her. Ricky agreed and had put the plane into action. At this moment, an explosive device was ticking its way to a detonation hour at the Breyton nuclear power station.

The Sorrells were always troubled. Jessica heard the clock strike on the tower of the chapel in the grounds of the institution. Within her womb the embryo that was partly Jones and partly Sorrell began its transformation. The family would not forget or forgive.

The End

About the Author

Born in Wales, Emy Naso moved to London, then to adopted and much loved coastal region of East Anglia. Married young, Emy states this was the only way to still be active when the kids eventually called a truce and left home. Naso's motto is "Life is for today, writing is forever", but cannot remember whether the paradigm was adopted after a deep study of philosophy or was a slogan read on the back of a breakfast cereal pack!

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