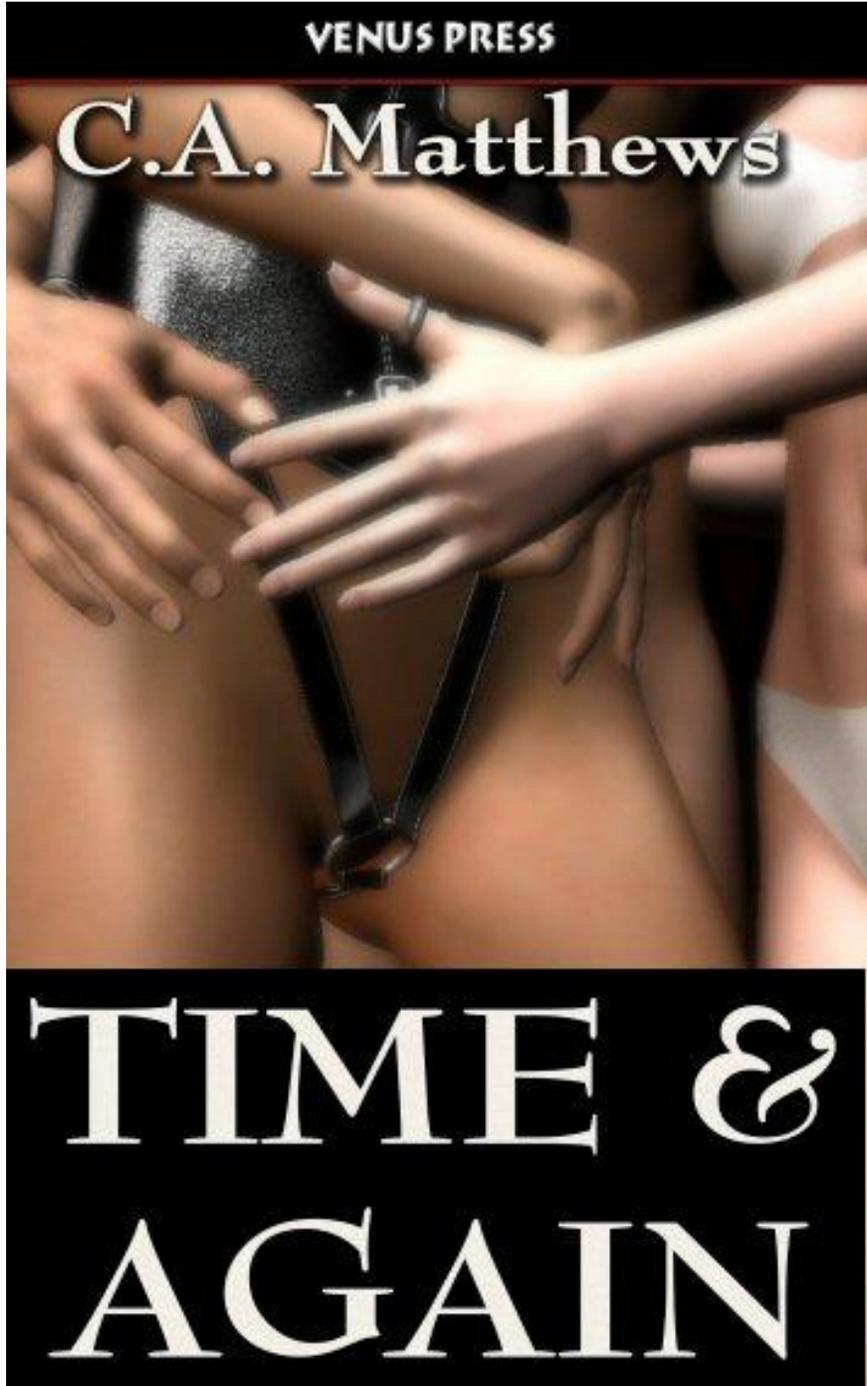


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C.A. Matthews



TIME &
AGAIN

C A Matthews

Time and Again

By

C A Matthews



TIME AND AGAIN

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TIME AND AGAIN

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Dedication:

To Rebecca, my inspiration during the writing of this story. I hope you find the right person for you.

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Chapter One

The strident beeping of the alarm always wakes me early and I reached out sleepily to tap the button, killing the noise. I didn't want to wake Rachel this early. She and I are flat-mates but she doesn't have to get up early outside of term time. I liked sharing with another girl. When I graduated from university, I hadn't wanted to go back to the little village where I had grown up so I had stayed on at university as a postgraduate history student. I enjoyed the research and I liked all the bookshops and coffee houses in the town.

I fit into the imagined stereotype of a university town so well too. My name is Rebecca. I am only five foot four in my stocking feet and not much taller in the flat soled shoes that I almost always wear. My hair is dark and I hold it back off my face with a hair band most of the time. Add the dark framed glasses that I wear for reading and working on computers and you have a mental picture of me. I look like I should be a librarian, though there isn't much difference between that and the postgraduate history student that I really am. Rachel teases me about my appearance often and it's thanks to her that I own my only pair of high heels and a sexy little black dress.

Rachel was still studying but as she doesn't get on with her parents all that well, she often spends her holidays here in the city, working in bars and picking up a succession of strange boyfriends. She sometimes wakes me in the early hours of the morning when one of her visitors is particularly good in bed.

Though I am the older flat-mate, it is Rachel who has made all the homely changes to the flat. I still haven't really imprinted any personality on my room. There's Bear on my bed. Bear is my old cuddly terry bear, and I still have a picture of Darren beside my bed. We haven't been dating for over a year now. He was my first boyfriend and when I came to university we saw each other at holidays and weekends. After a short time though, the visits home became less frequent and we had less to say to each other when we were together. It wasn't a painful break-up and though I missed him

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sometimes, it's more like the way you miss an old friend. One of my mother's letter's months ago mentioned that Darren was now engaged to a girl named Heather from the village. I didn't remember her at all.

Rachel keeps trying to set me up with suitable boys. Though she is only twenty and I am an ancient and wrinkly twenty-three years old, she still feels the need to mother me. I wouldn't confess it to her but I do miss having somebody with me. I especially feel like that when I lay awake at three in the morning listening to Rachel moaning and coming on the other side of the thin walls.

The little wall mounted electric shower quickly filled the tiny bathroom with steam. I pushed the bolt on the bathroom door. If Rachel had a man with her this morning, I didn't want a complete stranger walking in and seeing me naked. Rachel and I had walked in on each other often enough that there was no embarrassment between us. She often made me feel better about myself, saying that she wished she had such nice breasts. Rachel was small breasted, if only when compared to me. We were opposites in looks; she was small and blonde like a doll and I have broader hips and chest and dark hair. I often worried that being short just made me look dumpy.

Being caught naked under the shower by some handsome man settled into my imagination and gave me a warm tingle deep inside. After a night of making love to some delicious hunk, I'd leave him asleep in my bed and come to take a shower. I am standing under the torrent of warm water, massaging shampoo into my hair. With my eyes closed, I wouldn't realize at first that he had come into the bathroom. As I rinse the suds from my hair, I'm lazily aware of the stream of water carrying them down over my chest, running between my breasts and over my belly. I pull my hands through my long hair, squeezing the excess water from it and knotting it at the back of my head. As I wipe the water away, I open my eyes to find him watching my face.

He is completely naked and I can see his excitement in the way his huge erection stands out proud and hard away from his body. Caught by surprise, I put my arms over my naked breasts, covering myself. As he steps into the shower in front of me, he gently pulls my hands away from my body. His fingers slowly open my hands and he bends his head to plant little kisses on my sensitive palms.

I can see each droplet of water trapped in his hair, sparkling like gems. Each accidental brush of his hair across my chest and arms causes my breath to catch in my throat. His hands move my arms down to my sides, sliding down until they slip over the

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backs of my hands and his touch falls naturally onto my thighs. I can hear him murmuring appreciative noises into my chest as his lips whisper feather soft across my breasts. I gasp and arch backwards as his hot mouth finds my nipples. They are already hard and sensitive as his lips close over them, sucking them gently at first and then harder and more urgently.

Bent backwards as I am, the hot water splashes directly onto my throat and cascades down either side of my lover's face. My thighs are pressed against his and I can feel the enormous heat of his erection pressing against my naked belly. The hot hard shaft of his sex is trapped between our bodies. His thigh presses between my legs, parting them, pushing against my hot mound. I can feel the short hairs on his legs rubbing against the inside of my thighs as I close my legs, gripping him tight and grinding myself against him.

The fantasy disappears as I suddenly realize where I am. My legs tremble beneath me and the bathroom is full of steam. I can see myself in the mirror above the sink. My face is flushed and my breasts are heaving with my panting breaths. Without realizing, one hand had found its way naturally between my thighs, spreading my lower lips and sliding its fingers inside my wet aching hole. My other hand is squeezing my breast, rolling the nipple between my thumb and fingertips.

I'm too close to stop and as I lean my weight back against the wall, both hands urgently go to work on my pussy. My breasts are squeezed between my arms, pressing them together. One finger seeks out and finds the little nub of my clitoris, stroking and teasing it out of its hood. With my other hand, I push two fingers urgently in and out of my pussy. Curling my fingers inside myself as I thrust them into my body, I rubbed the rough spot inside the entrance of my cunt. Suddenly my orgasm rushed over me and I bend forward, shuddering and feeling the hot waves rushing inside my belly, right out to the tips of my fingers and the ends of my toes.

As I stood under the shower, washing the sexual sweat off my body, I resolved for the hundredth time that I'd let Rachel find me someone just for one night. I knew just as surely though that I'd not have the courage to go through with it.

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Chapter Two

All of us postgraduate research students were gathered in a loose half circle around Professor Seaton. We were in the University Languages Department. It was apparently the only department in the University currently with enough free space to set up the equipment. There had been crates arriving from the United States all week and Professor Seaton was being loudly mysterious about it all. He reveled in being the center of attention and speculation.

Professor Seaton liked to be called Michael by the students. I still called him Professor Seaton though. I had never particularly liked him as my professor. There was just something about him that made me feel uncomfortable when I had to be around him on my own. He is in his middle forties and thinks he is still in his twenties. He likes to keep himself fit. You can often see him in the early morning, running around the university grounds. He dresses more casually than most of the faculty too, choosing jeans and sweat tops rather than suits and ties. Today he was finally getting to show off some new equipment he had managed to get on loan from an American university and he always loved being the focus of the buzz of curiosity.

“In the sixties and seventies, the Americans carried out a lot of experiments in Remote Viewing,” he started to lecture the group.

“That is the supposed ability to psychically perceive distant locations. A lot of the funding and interest came from the American military and the Establishment with a view to using the technique for spying. The experiments were not sufficiently a success for the Government to continue to fund the programs after the end of the Cold War.”

The professor paused to let what he had said sink in before continuing.

“A lot of the tests gave odd results. Personally, I think that is possible that the test subjects were seeing remote locations but not always in the present time. I have prevailed upon the Dean to arrange to borrow some of the equipment from one of the

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American institutions in order to see if we can use the techniques for getting first hand impressions of the past.”

He looked pleased with himself but as he looked at the rest of us, he obviously had not got the reaction he wanted. I, for one, was not impressed enough to gasp at his cleverness.

The equipment looked like two heart monitors connected by a plethora of wires and cables. Beside these, there stood a flat couch or bed with a small, plastic pillow the same medical green colour as the rest of the bed. Three technicians in white open coats busied themselves around the machinery. I caught the eye of one for a moment. He had close cut blond hair and his eyes were a warm blue colour. He saw me looking in his direction and gave me a quick friendly smile before he returned to what he was doing. For the brief moment when he smiled, his whole face had lit up and his eyes had sparkled. I caught myself watching him, watching the way the coat fell around his strong legs and how he balanced on his toes as he leaned over the equipment to adjust something. His hands were sure and deft as he tweaked one thing and fiddled with the settings on something else.

I was pulled out of my daydreaming by one of the other students nudging me. It took me a moment to realize that the professor and the rest of the students were looking at me. I blushed, wondering if they had somehow read my thoughts. Professor Seaton took my flush as embarrassment at being caught not listening to his introduction.

“Perhaps Rebecca is eager to try out the equipment. I think Mr. Makin here could show her how it is used correctly.” He gestured at the handsome lab technician as he said this.

“Machin. My name is correctly pronounced Richard Machin.” The handsome technician corrected Professor Seaton, who casually dismissed the interruption with a wave of one hand.

The truth is I had been thinking about trying out the young American’s equipment. Memories of this morning’s shower had come flooding back for some reason and I smiled my prettiest smile for Richard as he held out his hand to guide me around to the side of the bed.

“Just lie back and make yourself comfortable.” He said, and his American accent suited him perfectly.

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I found myself watching his face as I lay back onto the padded surface. The plastic creaked under me as I made myself comfortable. As he leaned over me, I was suddenly aware that my nipples were hard; pressing through the plain bra and lavender blouse I was wearing. I could smell the rich scent of his after-shave and see how deep blue his eyes were. His eyes kept looking into mine as he used sticky pads to attach various wires to my temples and the inside of my arms.

Professor Seaton leaned over me from the other side of the couch and put his hand on my shoulder. His touch turned me cold even more quickly than the closeness of Richard had turned me on.

“Now just relax and think of some period in history you are familiar with. You could think about Elizabethan England. We’ll see if you can get any impressions of the past. Don’t worry if nothing comes up though. I have tried it myself already and felt nothing at all. I’m hoping one of my students is more receptive. Just relax, Rebecca.”

He patted my shoulder in a lingering manner, not at all fatherly and then stepped back out of my view. The language laboratory we were using was quite cold inside and I gave a little involuntary shudder from the chill as I lay on the cold plastic surface. I considered the ceiling for a moment, all foam tiles and strip lighting and then closed my eyes.

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Chapter Three

The change in temperature hit me like a physical blow. The sensation of the sudden change from the coolness of the university to a swamp-like heat made my head spin. My legs gave way momentarily and I felt myself slip to the ground. The floor I fell against felt strange, like rough wood. The surface was hard and gritty under my suddenly bare knees. Overriding all my senses, was the intense feeling of the tropical heat surrounding me and radiating from the wooden floor beneath me.

In a daze I put one hand to my face, to protect my eyes from the sudden glare of bright sunlight after the dim laboratory. I could feel thick makeup smudging under my fingers. My fingertips were covered with some kind of heavily applied black kohl.

“Mistress!” A worried, young, female voice, laden with concern cut through the suddenness of the change of scene. I hadn’t been prepared for anything so intense, so real. Gentle female hands held the top of my arm and helped me rise to my feet. Other hands, rougher hands and stronger, much more masculine, gripped my shoulder, helping me regain my balance. I looked round about me, taking in the sudden change in the surroundings and trying to gather my thoughts.

A hugely muscled and darkly tanned man stood at one side of me. His huge hands were the ones on my shoulders helping support me. His touch was strong but deferential as though I was extremely fragile or perhaps, it occurred to me, as though his continued good health depended on my temperament. He was only wearing a folded loincloth. The material was stark white, gathered in neat folds at the front and secured with a heavy pin of hammered gold. His dark hair was pulled together and gathered in a clasp at the side of his throat. It hung down the front of his chest in a thick braid. The sight of his neck bare on the other side only worked to enhance the sight of the taut muscles along the line of his shoulders.

To the other side of me was a petite woman, whose long hair swept around her waist as she moved around to face me. Her tiny hand held my upper arm in a much more

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familiar way. She too was dark skinned and dressed only in a folded loincloth, the material finer and the gold pin of a more delicate design but otherwise her clothing was the twin of the man's. Her hair was unrestrained and fell down her back to her waist, visible as she stepped in front of me. It moved like a dark silken cloak as she moved. Her breasts were full and firm, not heavy but still large for her small build. I couldn't help myself noticing particular details about them. Her nipples were rouged and encircled by tiny gold rings. These rings held her nipples tightly, forcing them to remain permanently erect.

As I reached out to put my hand on the smaller woman's shoulder, I could see that my own arm was the same rich tan colour as theirs or perhaps a shade lighter. Rachel would kill for a tan like the one I had now. Heavy gold jewelry rattled on my arms as I moved; bands of crude beaten gold and circlets set with roughly cut precious and semi precious stones covered both arms from wrist to elbow. My nails were polished and well manicured, the fingers long and sensual.

I don't know what I had expected but not anything like this. I had stepped into the body of someone in the past. Now that I could stand more confidently, I looked more consciously at the scene around me. I was becoming more aware of all my senses as I recovered from the shock of the sudden transfer into this new persona.

I was standing on a small wooden deck on an open topped boat or barge. The craft was long and wide, with perhaps thirty or so naked men working at oars in the open hold in front of the dais I stood upon. I realized suddenly that I could smell the sweat coming off the rowers. It was not a stale, unpleasant smell. It was the smell of men working hard in the close heat. It was an exciting smell.

I shook my head to clear my thoughts and continued to look around me. The river was broad and a rich brown colour. The water must be loaded with rich silt from the riverbanks. The scenery to either side was of brown muddy flats running uphill to sand as far as I could see. There was only the occasional white mud brick house and stands of palms to break my view.

This period in time is not one of my specialties, but I could recognize the dress of the attendants and the carvings on the prow. I was in some period in Ancient Egypt and in the body of someone with some wealth too, apparently. It was probably early in the second dynasty though that was only a rough guess. The American device had obviously worked but I had overshot my intended target by possibly thousands of years! The

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thought of it, the enormity of the gap between where I was now and everyone and everything I knew, made me suddenly panic. I'm not some hysterical female given to fainting fits but the combination of the heat and the shock caused me to stagger again. I was briefly aware of the strong arms of the bodyguard catching my fall and then of nothing else.

* * *

I seemed to rise gently back into consciousness. The light was dimmer and soft hands stroked my face and neck with a damp cloth. As my eyes adapted to the dim light, I could see that I was in some kind of cabin constructed from palm leaves, probably still on the barge. The gaps between the fronds were dappling the room with tiny dots of sunlight while the rest of the interior was in cool shade.

The feeling of a heavy warm weight brushing across my breasts woke me from my reverie. For a moment I could not identify the sensation. The almost naked young woman was knelt beside me. She had fastened her long dark hair back with a broad gold clasp. As she knelt there, she was dabbing my forehead with a damp cloth, which she kept refreshing from a shallow bowl of water placed on the floor next to her. We were alone in the interior of the cabin and quite unselfconsciously, she was brushing her bare breasts across my own naked chest every time she wrung out the cloth and leaned forward to wipe my brow.

Almost for the first time, I suddenly realized that I was dressed in the same fashion as the muscular bodyguard and the young female servant. My own breasts were bare and my nipples were rouged too. The only differences were that I was not wearing the same kind of nipple rings that the young woman was wearing and the excessive amount of other jewellery that I was dressed in.

The soft unintentional caresses of the young woman's naked breasts across my own were making my own react, I realized. I could feel them getting harder and swelling, the sensation of heat and heaviness filling my own chest. I was becoming aroused by the gentle contact and before I could think to cover my nipples or move away, the other woman noticed my excitement. Without any sense of reluctance, she bent her head down to my body and her warm mouth closed over one naked aroused nipple. The sensation of this woman sucking wetly on my exposed breasts made me cry out. It was a combination of a quiet gasp and a moan of arousal. Without any conscious thought, I arched my back, pressing my breasts against her hot little mouth almost out of instinct.

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“Are Mistress’s needs upon her? Does Mistress need Behkah?”

The young woman was referring to herself in the third person and I wondered for a moment if she was a slave rather than just a servant. Behkah did not wait for my reply before again clasping the same wet nipple between her lips. This was something she and her mistress must often do, I suddenly realized briefly, before the sensations she was beginning to build up in my body overwhelmed my conscious thoughts. With another groan of need I gave myself up to the moment. For the moment, the curious coincidence of the young woman’s name was lost upon me.

Behkah’s hands were moving over my bare ribcage, holding me and lifting my back in an arc, head and legs hanging loosely. She brought my naked breasts to her mouth, her lips again sucking on my swollen, sensitive nipples. One nipple would first get all of her attention and then the other, sucking and teasing the tender flesh with her delicate teeth. I moaned and held my little tormentor by the arms pulling her close as I again sank back to the soft cushions scattered on the hard wooden floor. Guided by instinct and not by any conscious thought, my own hands moved over Behkah’s ribs and chest until I was cupping and squeezing her beautiful breasts, feeling Behkah’s nipples swelling more, the harder I abused them.

I could feel one of Behkah’s hands in my hair, gripping my head as her other hand moved down over my naked belly. The soft touch of her fingers was making my skin jump and tingle as though Behkah’s hands were charged with some kind of inner electricity. With nimble fingers, she deftly pulled free the tiny pin holding closed the front of my skirt. I arched my back again as Behkah’s fingertips found my aching pussy, already wet and engorged and open with my need. Her fingers firmly parted my swollen pussy lips, quickly and skillfully finding my clitoris. It responded to her light but firm touch, growing until it became the center of my world.

I wrapped my hands around Behkah’s head, pressing her face hard into my chest until I could feel her tiny teeth bruising the soft delicate skin of my breasts. Behkah’s hands suddenly pulled tight in my hair, bending me backwards on the cushions and at the same moment her fingers, so small but so strong and so knowledgeable, pushed hard into my body, driving up inside me. I couldn’t do anything but hold her tight as those insistent fingers pumped in and out of me, demanding my orgasm from me. My hands were gripping Behkah’s hair so tightly that if I had been aware of it at that moment, I would have been worried about pulling her hair out by the roots. I twisted Behkah’s face

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up towards me, looking at her face red and sweaty, my own mouth open and gasping for air as her fingers tipped me over the edge into a shuddering orgasm. My body was thrashing under Behkah's, my eyes closed and my hands twisting in the pillows as I finally gave myself up to my body's demands.

I let my eyes fall shut as I started to come down from the wonderful experience. A glorious heat suffused my body from the roots of my hair to the tips of my toes and every sense was wonderfully alive. My breath was still coming in gasps but each intake of air was becoming less shallow as my orgasm finally began to subside.

* * *

I thought I must have moved off the pillows. The surface under my back felt cold and my fingers scrabbled against a stiff cold surface. I sat up suddenly and waves of vertigo threatened to drown me. Hands held me by the shoulders again but this time not as strong as before and certainly less deferential.

"Rebecca? Rebecca?" The professor's voice was strong but didn't carry any great sense of concern. As I opened my eyes, I reluctantly realized that I was back in the language laboratory. The air was cool and almost sterile in comparison with Egypt and I immediately missed the vibrant odors and colours of the barge and the river. They had been so real to me, speaking of a world and a life that was not organized and regimented.

"Professor Seaton?" The question gave me time to think, to recapture and arrange my thoughts. Truthfully, I knew exactly who was speaking and indeed, who I was again.

"We were going to call a medic. You appeared to be having some kind of fit." Colour rushed to my cheeks but none of the cluster of students and technicians around me appeared to have realized what my fit really was. For a moment I thought I caught a knowing smile from Richard but, in the press of people around me, I could have been wrong. Perhaps that was only wishful thinking on my part.

"Did you make a connection in the past?" Professor Seaton derailed my train of thought momentarily. I paused to recover my composure and coolly regarded him.

"Did you receive any impressions of Elizabethan life?" He asked again, this time with some urgency.

I realized for the first time that a lot of his career might rest on proving some usefulness for this device. Otherwise the university would have spent a lot of money on nothing and the Dean would not be happy.

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“I’m sorry, Professor.” I couched my reply as politely as I could. I wanted another try on this machine and any future use may well depend on the Professor’s good will.

“I missed the Elizabethan period, I think. I just appeared to be on a boat somewhere but certainly not in England.”

The professor looked momentarily disappointed until the rest of my statement registered in his brain. I had had some success even if we had not reached the intended target.

“That’s something at least. Yes, it was definitely a partial success on our first try. I am not counting my own first attempt, of course. Would you write up your impressions please, Becky, and we’ll go over them in class.”

Not likely, I thought to myself. You’ll get an edited version and like it. I’d also corrected him about calling me Becky before. I preferred him to call me Rebecca. It kept a wall of formality between us. Now was not a time to antagonize him though. Perhaps after I had had another go on the dream machine, I would talk to him about using my correct name.

Richard had been standing to one side and now he interrupted the professor’s thoughts. Richard was holding a paper printout in his hand. Disturbingly, I found myself distracted by little details about him; such as how neatly he kept his nails trimmed. His fingernails had no sharp edges to accidentally scratch a girl nor were they chewed and there was no dirt under them at all.

“Rebecca appears to be extremely receptive to the equipment, Professor Seaton. Could we perhaps have her assistance in better calibrating the machine? We could then hope to have an improved chance of success at projecting other people’s consciousness back in time.”

“We might be able to learn so much more.” He added.

“Oh, I don’t mind coming round to help after classes are done, if you don’t mind working late.”

I gave Richard a warm smile and I’m sure that the young technician winked back at me.

“I am sure there will be much more I can learn too.” I added.

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Chapter Four

Richard asked me out on a date quietly as the study group split into smaller parties. Some were planning their own nights out. Others collected around Professor Seaton, currying favour while he was in a good mood. I was flustered by Richard's direct approach and said yes almost before I realized what he had said.

Rachel clapped her hands and jumped up and down when I told her later back at our apartment. She excitedly insisted that I dress up for the date even though it was only an early dinner at a little Italian place in town. I never felt really comfortable in high heels but the extra inches did give my legs better definition, enhancing the shape of my calves and thighs. I stood on a footstool in front of Rachel and turned around so she could get the full effect.

“Are you wearing underwear?” She asked me straight out.

I blushed, caught off guard by her question.

“You're spoiling the way the dress moves over your bum. You're suffering from visible panty line, darling. Go on and take them off.”

She patted my behind and pointed me in the direction of my bedroom. The touch of familiarity made me suddenly remember the scene on the boat and I flushed right to the roots of my hair. I had a mental picture of Rachel and me together in the same scene. I had never even thought of another woman in that way until the events back in Ancient Egypt. Rachel must have been thinking that I was embarrassed about meeting Richard without any knickers on. She laughed warmly, a lovely laugh that I have always found attractive. I think her beautiful laughter gets her more men than her good looks. She has a wonderful way of making anyone feel comfortable around her.

“If the night looks promising, just lean over and whisper in his ear. Tell him that you're naked under that dress. If that doesn't get your Richard's blood racing, darling, then call an ambulance. He must have died during dinner.”

She laughed again.

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She was right about the knickers. As I stood in front of the mirror in my tiny room, I slid the palms of my hands down over the cheeks of my bum. The curves were smooth and shapely and did feel good under my hands. I have a good body, I think. I just tend to hide it under plain styled clothes most of the time. It's just a lack of confidence on my part but knowing that doesn't seem to help me when I'm buying new clothes.

Rachel came into the bedroom too and stood beside me, looking at what I was looking at in the mirror. She slid her hand around my waist and leaned her head against my shoulder. I rested my head on top of hers as we both stood looking at ourselves together in the long mirror. I put my own hand around her waist and then casually and slowly I let my hand fall to rest on one of her buttocks. She seemed to stiffen for a moment and then I felt her body relax again. Her hand around my waist pulled me closer and she pressed herself against my side. I could feel the warmth of her body against the side of my breast through the double thickness of both her tee shirt and my thin black dress.

She watched my face in the mirror and I watched hers too. I felt her hand slide down over the sheer material of the dress to touch my own ass cheeks. I gave her bum a reassuring squeeze and was rewarded by her turning more to face me. Her lips were parted slightly and her pupils were wide and dark. She had beautiful eyes and I brought my free hand up to her chin, tilting her head back so I could watch her expression. I am only five foot four but I was in my heels and even in her slippers her eyes only came as high as my chin. I leaned down and kissed her full on the mouth. Her lips parted as we kissed and I felt the delicate touch of her tongue against my mouth, pressing it open. The sensation of her body pressed hard against mine and her tongue nervously exploring inside my mouth sent waves of desire through me.

I pulled back away from her. I could see her breasts rising and falling with her shallow breaths. She was at least as excited as I was. I couldn't understand my own feelings. Before the events of this morning in the language laboratory, I had never even thought about another woman in this way. Now I was desperate to have Rachel, to feel and touch and explore her. I wanted to have her touch me too. The thought of her hands and mouth on my body sent fiery lines of urgent passion from my chest down into my groin. I could feel the juices run inside me just at the thought.

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Rachel didn't see any of the indecision reflected in my eyes. As I stepped back, she smoothly lifted her tee shirt over her head and held it in one hand down by her side. The sight of her bare breasts inflamed me even more. Her nipples were already hard, like little bullets pointing straight forward. I couldn't help my next reaction. I reached out to them, caressing her breasts and rubbing the hard nipples under my thumbs. Rachel tipped her head back and the tee shirt fell forgotten to the floor from her nerveless hands. I leaned forward turning my head to capture one of those delicious nipples in my hot mouth. Her hands gripped my hair, guiding the touch of my mouth on her breasts. My hands held her narrow waist tightly and pulled her closer into the curve of my body. She rewarded my taking the initiative by groaning and gripping my head more tightly still.

She tried to rub her groin, still inside her tight jeans against my thigh, but the dress I was wearing hampered her movements. We pulled apart again, our hands lingering on each other's body for just a moment longer. Her hands on my shoulders turned me around so that I was side on to her. Her hands worked on the short zip that ran from breast to hip in the dress, sliding the zip down until it was fully open. Teasingly, for a moment she slipped her soft hand inside the material. She ran her fingers over my belly making me wriggle deliciously under whisper light touches. Laughing together, she helped me lift the now loose dress over my head. Except for my high heels, I was now completely naked in front of her, just as she was naked from the waist up.

It's not fair if it is only me naked, I thought. I grabbed Rachel by the waistband of the front of her jeans, pulling her towards me. She laughed and held her arms above her head, running her fingers through her long blonde hair. As I struggled to unfasten her trousers, hampered by a fit of giggles, she lifted her hair high on her head only to let it fall back untidily across her face and neck before lifting it again. She was laughing her exciting and passionate laugh all the while.

Dropping to my knees in front of her, I finally managed to get the recalcitrant button undone. The zip came down much more easily and I ran my hands around the rough waistband of her jeans. Sliding my hands down her long legs, I pulled both her trousers and her lacy white knickers down until she was able to step out of the pool of clothing around her feet. Her knickers caught on her foot and she rested one hand on my shoulder for balance as I slowly drew the lace over her instep and over her beautiful toes. Against her wonderfully soft skin, even the lace felt rough and I ran my palms lightly

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over her raised foot and up to her calves. I felt her nails dig into my shoulders and she moaned above me, pressing her taut belly against the top of my head.

One sweep of my hand scattered her discarded clothing to the side of the room as I cleared a space for her to put her foot back on the floor. I ran my hands up her calves, past her knees and gripped her thighs tightly, digging my fingers into her smooth muscles. My mouth followed a similar route, kissing up the front of her thighs until my face was level with her pussy. Her labia was swollen and open, glistening already where her juices were lubricating her entrance. The scent of her body triggered something inside me and I pressed my wet pussy against her lower leg. I slid my one hand down the back of her knee to her calf until I could press it harder against my own wet open flesh, rhythmically grinding myself against her hard shin.

Her hands were tight in my hair pulling me to her and urging me on. With my other hand I grabbed one of her naked ass cheeks, pressing my face hard into her groin. I felt her bend her knees slightly so she could spread her thighs apart more, giving me better access to her most intimate parts. I rewarded her efforts by nuzzling my nose along the cleft of her lips. My tongue lapped out, tasting her for the first time. It was the first time I had tasted any woman. Her taste and scent made my head swim.

I ran the tip of my tongue around the entrance to her body and I felt her juices run down my cheeks and down the inside of her thighs. She was so wet. I ran my tongue up between her swollen labia and quickly found the nub of her clitoris. Rachel groaned and twisted her hands in my hair. I felt her body go tense as I began to suck and tease her with my lips, teeth and tongue. The tiny bud felt huge in my mouth. All my senses were focused on this intimate part of Rachel. For this moment in time, she was everything in the world to me, and I so wanted to please her. I needed her, wanted her, urgently, desperately.

Rachel stiffened, gripping me hard and then in a sudden moment of release, the dam inside her burst. She shuddered and moaned, her body jerking out of control. Only my hands gripping her bum kept her upright. As the first waves of her orgasm broke over her, she collapsed to the floor, wrapping her arms tightly around me. She was talking but the sense, if there was any, was lost as she buried her face in my shoulders. There were lots of crude words and imprecations. More aftershocks shook her as she came down. Our arms were wrapped around each other and the sweat on our bodies stuck us together.

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I could feel her in my embrace, taking great gulps of air as she began to calm herself once more.

“Rebecca.” She breathed softly into my neck.

“Why haven’t you done this before? There have been so many nights when I wanted you to come into my room and hold me. I wanted you to make love to me. I haven’t brought girlfriends back here because I didn’t think you would feel comfortable.”

She snuggled closer into my arms, seeking warmth, seeking comfort.

“You are my first woman. There has never been anyone before you.” I whispered to her as I brushed her blonde hair, now in sweaty tangles, away from her eyes.

Her face was red and blotchy in the aftermath of sex but she was still lovely. She hugged me tighter.

“I’m glad.” She said.

“We’ve forgotten about your date!” She exclaimed suddenly.

She leapt up out of my arms and looked around wildly. She overrode my protestations, quickly gathering up my clothes and hers.

“You’re not missing this one! Now you jump in the shower and I’ll run the iron over this. Looks like you are going to be fashionably late. If the big lug has any sense he’ll wait.”

She dashed from the bedroom with my little black dress over her arm while I grabbed a spare towel and ran for the shower.

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Chapter Five

La Roma is a nice little Italian restaurant. It is family owned and Rachel and I have often eaten there when we couldn't stand to face the chore of cooking on a particular night. I would have chosen somewhere less intimate but Richard caught me off guard and I mentioned the first place that came into my head. I expected Richard to be waiting in the entrance area but he was nowhere in sight. It would be typical of my luck with men, if this gorgeous American had stood me up. Suddenly I felt a rush of anxiety. Perhaps he had been waiting and he had got fed up and left while I was rolling on my bedroom floor with Rachel. Cesare, the owner of the little diner, came over to me, interrupting my panic.

"This way, please. Your American friend has been entertaining us with some very off colour jokes."

Cesare laughed and led the way into the dining area. Richard was sitting at one of the tables, wearing a smart open collared blue shirt that set off his tanned skin beautifully. He was chatting with one of the couples sitting at a table near by and obviously just delivering a punch-line. The woman put her hand to her mouth and laughed, colouring slightly. The man's face broke into a wide grin.

One of the waiters who had been standing close to the tables laughed too. I don't think Richard had realized that the waiter was a member of the audience too because he turned at the sound. He was smiling himself but as he looked around, he caught sight of Cesare leading me to the table. His smile grew wider and his eyes sparkled. He stood up as Cesare pulled out a chair for me to take a seat. As I sat down, Richard sat down too.

"You look lovely. That dress really suits you. You have a real glow about you tonight." He commented.

His eyes looked me over and I felt myself blushing. I am glowing because I was having sex twenty minutes ago, I wanted to say but I thought better of it. I hoped that the candlelight hid my red face. If it didn't, he was too much of a gentleman to mention it.

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“Thank you. I am sorry that I am late. You wouldn’t believe how long it took me to get ready.” I replied.

He wouldn’t believe why it took me so long either, I thought to myself. Richard poured me a glass of white wine from a bottle on the table. Condensation stood out on the side of the glass as he poured. The wine was obviously well chilled and hadn’t been uncorked long.

“I rang ahead and booked a table. I didn’t know how busy the restaurant was going to be. It really is nice in here. Very intimate.” He paused and flashed me a grin.

“That was thoughtful of you.” I said, looking at him over the rim of my wine glass as I took a sip.

“And if you’re trying to seduce me, you don’t need to be so subtle.”

I flashed a grin of my own at him while my brain went numb with shock at what I had just said. I couldn’t believe that I was being so daring with him. Richard laughed. It was a lovely sound that made my toes tingle. He took a drink of his own wine.

“Okay, so the lingering on the word intimate was a bit over the top but I really do like this place.”

He looked around, admiring the decor while I admired the way the candlelight reflected off his hair. Cesare came over and we ordered our starters. Avocado for me with a simple vinaigrette dressing, Richard had mussels. He leaned over towards me conspiratorially and confessed in a low whisper that he hadn’t had them before but Cesare had recommended them. I gave a little laugh and patted him on the head. He made me smile just by sharing little things like that with me.

He polished off the seafood starter with gusto and, over the main course of shared linguini with pesto and pine nuts, we talked about ourselves. Richard had only recently broken up with his last girlfriend. When the opportunity arose to come to Britain for a few months with the positive feedback equipment, he had jumped at the chance to get away. She had been clingy, insecure and, though she had been the one to end the relationship, Richard was not at all sorry that it was over. She was dating a soldier now, he confided to me, and he wished them the best of luck. To change the subject, I asked him about the machinery he had escorted over here from America.

“The machine is called a Positive Emotional Feedback Loop but PEFL is a stupid acronym. We tend to just refer to it as the Loop. It is supposed to close off your senses to where you are now, so that you can direct them to where you want to see. It feeds a

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low current to various nerve centers to block their messages allowing you to be free of distractions. The consensus of opinion back in the states is that it simply promotes fantasies in the imagination of the subject, in the same way that long periods in a sensory deprivation tank can cause hallucinations.”

“So it doesn’t really work? It’s all in the mind of the user?” I asked, watching him from behind my nearly empty wine glass. He thought for a moment as he refilled my glass.

“It seems to work for some people. Emotion seems to be a factor, which is why it is called an emotional feedback loop. Most people get nothing at all from the experience but there have been recorded cases of the viewer being startlingly accurate. I really didn’t expect to get a result with only the second test subject over here. Those users who did have some success have described the feeling as riding on the awareness of another person. Someone who is present at the point they are interested in. It is more of a sharing of emotions than a sharing of thoughts or knowledge.” He paused to consider what he had said and then gave a little nod to himself, taking a sip of his wine.

“What was it like for you?” He queried, taking one of my hands in his.

“Erotic.” I replied. I relished the look of wide-eyed amazement that he wore. He looked down into his wine glass, taking a gulp before he looked up at me again.

“Will you tell me about it?” He asked me. His expression was a mixture of hopefulness and a surety that I was going to refuse.

“If you’re very good, I’ll tell you in the morning.”

I grinned at him and at that moment Cesare interrupted us to offer us the dessert menus. We made small talk over the sweet until Richard offered to get us a taxi.

“I just live around the corner from here. Would you like to come back for a coffee? Perhaps I’ll tell you all the things that I won’t be putting in my class report for Professor Seaton.”

I let Richard pull my chair away as I got up. Feminist issues be blowed. I liked to be treated like a lady now and then.

“He’s a strange one.” Richard commented as he helped me with my coat.

“I’m glad it’s not just me that thinks so.” I replied.

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Chapter Six

Richard proved to be a gentle lover, coaxing each orgasm from me. He built up the sexual tension slowly, stroking my skin and undressing me as we cuddled in the living room of the flat. He made me laugh as he struggled to unfasten the zip on my dress. I stepped back out of his immediate reach and started to undo the fastener for him. While I started to slide down the zip, Richard unbuttoned the top buttons of his shirt. As he did so, his eyes fell on the little dining table under the front window.

Before Rachel had tactfully gone to bed, she had laid the table. There were two red candles in holders and a box of matches next to them. Two wine glasses and a bottle of red Tempranillo wine already uncorked and left to breathe. But it was the last item on the table that caught Richard's attention. He picked it up off the tabletop and held it up. It was a packet of condoms!

“Someone else likes to plan ahead.” He laughed in his lovely way and I could feel my face burning.

“That is Rachel, my flat-mate. I’ll kill her!” I was mortified.

“In the morning, maybe.”

He gestured at the table.

“Shall we take all of these into the bedroom? And these too?”

He grinned, waving the little packet in his hand. Between us, we scooped up the contents of the table. As I pushed the bedroom door shut with my toe, Richard set the candles down on the bedside cabinet and lit each one off the same match. I waited until he turned around to face me again before I made any move towards the bed.

“Sit down.” I ordered him in a soft voice.

As he sat on the edge of my bed, he kept one foot on the floor and folded the other underneath himself. I stood by the foot of the bed and stretched my arms over my head. I watched his face as I writhed for him in the flickering light of the candles. I ran my hands down over my breasts and over my ribs, sliding them down the slides of my

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buttocks. All the while, I kept swaying my hips from side to side, as slowly and seductively as I could. I bent forward and pulled my shoulders back, making my breasts thrust forward in the dress.

Richard moved slightly on the bed, trying to get comfortable again. I could guess that there was less room in his trousers now than there had been. The thought made me warm inside and made me smile as I watched him. As I straightened up my hands drew the hem of the dress up my thighs. His eyes watched the length of my legs, as I tantalizingly revealed more with each passing breath. I turned myself sideways on to him. The high heels I was still wearing made my legs look longer and more feminine this way. I lifted the hem of the dress higher over my hips and my waist. I heard him take a harsh intake of breath when the realization dawned on him that I was naked underneath my little black dress. I had not been out of his sight all evening. I'm sure the thought that I had been sitting like this across from him in the restaurant excited him even more. He leaned forward on the bed, shifting his weight as a prelude to getting up.

“Stay where you are.” I ordered him.

“I'll come to you when I'm ready.”

He ignored me, standing up slowly. He closed the distance between us and took the hem of my dress out of my hands. With the material hooked over his thumbs, he moved the warm palms of his hands up my naked hips, sliding them gently over my waist. I gave in to his gentle caresses and lifted my arms over my head. He kept his hands moving steadily up my ribs and under my arms. He made no clumsy adolescent attempt to grope my breasts but kept lifting my dress up the sides of my arms until it was free. He looked around for somewhere to lay it down tidily. I took it from his hands and threw it into a little heap on the floor. Keeping my dress from getting creased was the last thing I was thinking about.

I put my hands on his chest and started to unfasten each button in turn; finishing the job he had started in the living room. We had shared a passionate kiss in the entrance to my flat where we had stopped while I looked for my house keys. Now he leaned forward to kiss me slowly and lingeringly while my hands worked on his buttons in the space between our bodies. I pulled his shirt free of his trousers and slid my hands inside it, wrapping my arms around his strong waist. He pressed his naked chest against my bare breasts and I could feel my hard nipples pushing against his muscles. His skin was smooth and warm against my body and his lips sent thrills through the center of my being

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as he kissed me. I felt his mouth open over mine and I slipped the tip of my tongue between his parted lips, feeling the heat inside him.

I could smell the mixed scents of soap and after-shave on his neck as we cuddled. He traced little kisses down my throat and over my chest. He kissed his way down between my breasts as he moved lower until he was kneeling in front of me. His hands were gentle on my ankles as he helped me step out of my high heels. When he stood up again, moving easily into the circle of my arms, I found that my eyes were level with his mouth. He held my neck in his soft fingertips and kissed my eyelids lightly. I could feel his warm breath on my face and I relaxed weakly into his embrace. I had no resistance left. No desire for anything but him in my arms and in my body.

Richard lifted one of my arms and rested it on his shoulder. Quickly, smoothly, with one arm supporting my back, he swept his other arm behind my thighs, lifting me from the floor. I pressed my face into his neck as he gently carried me to the bed. I kissed his neck and felt the strong muscles in his grip as he lowered me onto the soft duvet covering my bed. His hands roamed over my naked body as his head bent lower to kiss the delicate skin around my aching nipples. He breathed gently on the little areas of damp that his saliva had left on my breasts. The warm water cooled under his hot breath sending powerful sensations through me.

I spread my legs apart on the coverlet, silently urging him to touch me lower. His hand moved down over my belly and my breath began to get shorter as I moved and writhed under his touch. My hands grabbed his head and I pulled his mouth urgently down to my breasts. His hot lips closed over a desperately sensitive nipple and I groaned and bent under him, digging my heels into the bed. Richard's hand brushed across the short hairs over my mound and I cried out and collapsed back onto the bed, still squeezing his face into my breasts.

His fingers quickly parted my labia, one strong finger caressing the wet, open entrance to my body. I moaned again under his touch and urged him on. Soon his fingers were sliding wetly into me, my body sucking on him of its own accord.

The flat ball of his thumb slid easily between my parted pussy lips, well lubricated by my own juices. As the thick digit found and traced around my sensitive clitoris, my orgasm literally exploded over me. My legs thrashed and stiffened and my nails dug into his neck. His lips on my nipples and his fingers inside my pussy drove me wild.

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As I lay on the bed, panting in the glow of my orgasm, I watched Richard finish undressing beside the bed. He watched my eyes watching him as he struggled out of his trousers and socks. There just isn't any romantic way for a man to take off socks and the sight made me giggle. Richard grinned back at me in a self-conscious way. I had seen him smile and laugh so many times tonight and no time had been quite like any other. Each grin and grimace had been unique and special. Nothing was fake with Richard.

My eyes widened as I watched him push his boxer down his thighs. At first his cock caught in the material and then suddenly it sprang free. It looked huge to me and stood out hard away from his body. The head was circumcised and swollen, the skin stretched tight over it. Rachel and I had often joked that there was nothing attractive about a naked man, but seeing him hard in front of me; I felt my juices running again. I nearly came just at the sight of him.

I reached out and ran my palm over the head of his cock. It was like hot satin under my hand. I wrapped my fingers around the shaft and drew Richard closer to the bed. It was his turn to groan as I drew him still closer, running my fingers underneath his rigid manhood until I was gently cupping his balls in my hand. The skin on them was tight and I could feel the rough hairs on his testicles tickling across my skin as I caressed him.

I leaned forward and brushed my lips across his glans. As I did this for him, I felt his body stiffen against the bed, the muscles in his stomach and thighs hard and tense. His hand slid down through my own pubic hairs to cup around my mound. I pushed my pussy against the palm of his hand, rubbing myself against the hard pressure of his fingers. My own fingers moved around to grip his tight buttocks.

Without warning, I drove my nails hard into the taut muscles of his bum, making him jerk forward. My mouth was wide open and ready for him, my lips sliding down on his shaft. In one swift movement I took all of him into my mouth. My tongue writhed around his hard tool; one hand digging into his bum cheeks while the other hand rhythmically squeezed and released his balls.

I felt his hard middle finger force its way inside my cunt and his other hand on my head, gripping tightly in my hair. I could hear his groans loud in the room and smell the scent of sex in the air. I could feel Richard fighting hard to resist the natural urge to thrust forward and then suddenly he was coming. His body jerked and shook and his hand gripped hard in my hair, holding me to him. He groaned for me to keep going, to

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drain every last drop from him. His body pumping, his balls forcing his hot semen into my mouth, his finger jerking hard inside my pussy, all worked to push me over the edge again and I came with him. I strained to swallow his cum and still get enough air to breath. His generous flood of semen split from the side of my mouth and ran down my cheek, drying there as I kissed and fondled Richard's slowly dwindling erection.

“I'm sorry I came so soon. It's been so long since...”

I shushed him and reassured him that I loved him losing control like that. We had all night still, I told him, and as many nights after that as we liked. I held him beside me under the wrinkled duvet, wrapping him in my arms, feeling the warm afterglow of my orgasms. Soon I could feel something else. Richard was beginning to stir again against my naked belly. I looked into his eyes and we kissed, my legs parting for him as we surrendered again to our shared passion.

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Chapter Seven

Richard let his hand linger on mine as I lay back on the green plastic couch. The familiar surroundings of the university language laboratory were partially obscured by the feedback equipment.

"Just relax. Remember that the machine responds to emotions. That is why you had the experience in Egypt. The similarity of the girl's name and what you were feeling at the time helped you focus on both." Richard blushed, but hid the fact from the other technicians by busying himself with the sticky pads and wires attaching me to the machinery.

I had told Richard all about my experience in Egypt. I'd actually had to tell him twice because he had gotten so turned on the first time that we had to stop to make love. Not that I was complaining. We managed to get all the way through the story the second time before he rolled me onto my back and entered me urgently again. He had come quickly both times. I was beginning to think that he quite liked the idea of me with another woman. I might tell him about Rachel sometime. Thinking about our lovemaking and the sex with Rachel were all working on my imagination to make me damp again.

He gave me a one last reassuring pat on my arm as I relaxed and closed my eyes.

Once again the transition was fast with no sensation of missing time. My perspective had changed and again the sudden shift caused my head to swim with feelings of vertigo. Rough wood under my fingers moved and crashed back behind me. I was looking into a small, simply decorated front room with the distinctive low ceiling that identified it as a cottage. The loss of balance had made me fall back against the inside of a thick wooden door, causing it to slam behind me. Small windows lit the inside of the cottage. The light was quite diffuse, like a winter's afternoon. No direct beams of sunlight came in through the small panes and outside I could see the low branches of trees adding to the privacy. Bouquets of flowers filled various bowls and

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vases placed around the room and on the broad windowsills. The flowers were in various stages of freshness, from some newly gathered to bunches that were drooping and losing their leaves. The walls were roughly plastered and I couldn't guess at the time period accurately. Cottages like this could still be found in some places down on the south coast. Most that remained in the twentieth century were holiday cottages rented out to romantic couples that wanted to get away from it all. My historian mind worked to place different features. No electric lights put the period at least as far back as the early twentieth century but how much farther back, I couldn't guess. The rough styled wooden furniture was padded with embroidered cushions. Rather than carpets, there were large rugs covering the polished wooden floorboards. Perhaps the scene was earlier than Queen Victoria's reign.

There was a weight pulling down on my left arm and I lifted it up in front of me. My arm was broad and heavily muscled. The hand was deeply tanned by outside work. The blouse I was wearing was a rough woolen cloth, originally dyed a vibrant red but was faded dull by long wear. The cuff was rolled back exposing strong heavy wrists. From my rough grip, two pheasants hung by their feet, their bodies iridescent bronze. I hefted the heavy bodies onto a little dining table in the corner of the room on the far side of one of the windows.

One of the two wooden plank doors against the far wall opened suddenly into the room and a small woman stepped quickly into the room. Her brown hair was fastened on top of her head in a loose bun. A few stray locks of her hair had come loose at some point and hung in front of her face in natural curls. She had flour on the side of her small prefect nose and more flour along the line of her chin. She wore a light apron of white cotton over a plain coarse blouse and her long dark skirt brushed the floor as she walked. Her blouse sleeves were rolled up to her elbows and flour covered her hands and forearms. From the open door where the kitchen must be, I could feel the heat of the oven projecting into the main room of the cottage.

"Richard!" She exclaimed, her face lighting up. She reached behind her back to pull at the ties that held her apron on. She lifted the loop of the neck strap over her head and gave her hands a quick wipe on the white cloth before dropping it onto the dinner table next to the two fresh cock pheasants.

She skipped across the room, just four or five steps to where I stood and wrapped her arms around my waist. With her standing next to me like that, I realized that I

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towered over her, whoever I was now. My hands came around to fold themselves around her and I saw that I was holding something in my huge grip. The hands were large and broad, with calluses on the fingers and palms, making the small posy of blue flowers looked tiny in such a large fist. She felt so good pressed against me. I could feel the heat of her body even through the rough material of the wool shirt I was wearing. I wished that I could see myself in a mirror. I could feel an unfamiliar tightening in my groin, a clenching of the muscles beneath my anus.

The young woman squealed happily as she saw the small bouquet I had brought for her. She busied herself around the room, emptying the old dead flowers from a red earthenware vase to put the fresh ones in, filling it with clean water and trimming the stems. I was grateful for the breathing space to consider where I was and indeed who I was. I was a man or rather I was in the body of a man!

“You don’t need to bring me flowers every day now that I’m your wife.” She said, smiling widely at me. I knew that I would always bring her flowers just to see that look of love in her eyes when I came home to her. I could feel my heart swell inside me with the emotion. I could feel the man’s emotions running through my thoughts. I knew I could feel what he was feeling right now. A unique situation for a woman, I thought to myself. I wondered how much I could influence this Richard whose head I was riding inside. I watched the young woman moving around the room looking for the perfect place to put the vase of delicate blue flowers. I wondered vaguely what they were. I don’t know very much about flowers.

“Bluebells, Sarah.” I said. I heard my deep voice rumble in my chest as though it didn’t get a lot of use during the day. The fact that Richard had answered my unspoken question caused me to pause, shocked out of all thought for a moment.

“Yes. They’re lovely.” She put them down and came over to hug me again, wrapping her arms around my massive waist. I must be a good foot taller than she was and maybe twice her weight. I could feel the softness of her breasts pressing against my stomach and again I felt that unfamiliar tightness in my crotch. She took a half step backwards, keeping one hand around my waist and rested the palm of her other hand on my groin. I could feel my body respond to the light pressure of her hand and I groaned slightly. I took a half step forward and she put her hand on my stomach. She looked up into my eyes as I loomed over her. Her smile had changed from loving to lascivious, her eyes moving over my face. I knew that she must be looking at the need written in my

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face. I had been watching the same thing in my own bed this morning as I had ridden the hips of my own Richard in the twentieth century. It reminded me just how much people had not changed in the important things despite all our civilization.

I felt Sarah slide down my body as she knelt in front of me. Her eyes looked into mine as her fingers nimbly unfastened the leather lacing at the front of my trousers. I closed my eyes and moaned, lost in the sensations, as her hands slipped inside the tough material. She slowly pushed the cloth down over my hips. Her hands felt cool against my hot skin as she pulled the garment down my thighs. Kneeling in front of me, she stroked one hand across the top of my penis and the other cupped itself around my balls. Her hands felt tiny on my flesh and as I opened my eyes and looked down, I was shocked. This Richard was huge! I wasn't even fully hard yet but his cock filled Sarah's hand as she leaned into me. The waves of passion in Richard's mind threatened to overwhelm me. I could feel myself losing the distinction between what he was feeling and who I was. The line between he and I was blurring more with every moment.

Sarah began to stroke the length of his cock from the swelling head back to the base of the shaft. Her hands were tight around it, pulling the foreskin further back with each caress. His cock was twitching and filling, growing as I watched. The ache at the base of his cock was becoming more urgent. Soon I was one hard length of flesh in Sarah's hands. She wrapped both hands around me and leaned forward on her knees. Her lips stretched wide open as she took the head of my huge cock into her wet mouth. Her hands rhythmically worked up and down my shaft as she moved my glans in and out of her hot mouth. The sensations rose up my body and filled my head. My hands worked in Sarah's hair, clenching and relaxing as the feelings sweep over me in waves.

I bent forward protectively over Sarah, my hands resting lightly on her shoulders as she worked on me. Slowly, gently I pulled her away from my body. At least, Richard did. I could only go along with the action now. Each experience was a new one for me. Richard lovingly lowered Sarah slowly onto the floor in front of the big fireplace. The wood fire filled one side of the small room, directly opposite the kitchen door. I was vaguely aware of the rich smell of the fresh baking coming from the kitchen. Richard knelt in front of her on the thick fireside rug, between her feet. Painstakingly he ran his hands up her legs, pushing the skirt higher and higher as he did so. Sarah spread her legs just as slowly for him, guided by his hands but not forced, so light was his touch on her calves. Wool stockings only went as far up as her knees and as his hands moved onto her

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naked flesh; she moaned and twisted her body on the floor. As the skirt moved over her thighs, she reached down to help lift the material higher for him. As she pulled the cloth to her waist, she exposed her naked pussy to his gaze. I wanted her now too but for Richard it was a need deep in his gut. I could feel the desperate urge to fill her, raging in my own mind. Sarah spread her legs even wider as Richard's hands on her thighs opened her body to his hungry gaze. He desired and craved the feeling of her enclosing him. He needed the feeling of her body taking him deep inside and completing him.

Sarah's fingers spread her wet labia apart as Richard moved over her. I could feel the sides of her hands brushing over the head of my cock as I pressed it against the opening of her vagina. There was a feeling of pressure as I pressed against her, pushed into her. Her body opened up to mine, the lubrication from inside her making the passage easier. As soon as the head entered her pussy, the rest of my shaft slid in easily. I drove right into her as far as I could go, right up to the base of my cock. She groaned and arched her back. Digging her nails into my waist, she took all of me inside her. I started to thrust into her, feeling like I was trying to reach right up into her head from the inside. Sarah wrapped her legs around my hips, hooking her feet behind my knees. Her hands were now digging into the taut muscles of my backside. She was trying to pull me deeper into her with each thrust, just as I was trying to make myself part of her with every push. I groaned and thrust. She pushed back against me, moaning and crying out. The sounds of her building orgasm urged me on. I could feel a building heat in my groin, a tightness and pressure in my balls. I think that I yelled out loud as one last deep, hard thrust pushed me over the edge. My hips jerked and bucked out of my conscious control as I shot inside her. From the moment of Richard's orgasm, I had lost any awareness of what was going on around me. As my senses came back to me in a rush, I could feel Sarah bucking under me in her own orgasm. The jetting of my hot semen inside her had been the last push she needed to tip her over into her own explosion. I wrapped my arms tightly around her and held her as she started to come down again. I could feel my consciousness starting to separate from them as the energy in the room lessened. I was amazed to see tears of emotion at the sides of her eyes as she looked at her Richard and then she wrapped her arms around him, burying her face into his chest.

As I opened my eyes again, I laid on the plastic couch once more. I had a sudden overwhelming feeling of loneliness, that I could feel my own tears swelling up and I reached out to Richard, to my Richard. He came over and didn't ask any questions as he

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held me and let me sob on his shoulder. To pull away from such an awesome moment of love and tenderness had left me feeling emotionally bereft. Richard handed me a tissue and didn't ask me any questions. He waved the other technicians away. Half walking, half supporting, he took me out to the canteen, thankfully empty at this time of the year. He fetched me a cup of white, sweet coffee from the machine in the corner and just sat with me, holding my hand and stroking my hair as I recovered.

“Was it awful?” He asked and his voice was quiet with concern.

“No.” I replied. “It was wonderful.” I paused, collecting my composure. “But I don't know if I can go through it again. The emotions are so real that I can feel their absence when they're not there anymore. I was with a couple who loved each other so much that their eyes were on fire with it.” I couldn't think of any way to explain it better to him. I sat and drank my coffee in silence.

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Chapter Eight

Professor Seaton had left a message for me at university front desk. The security guard handed it to me just as I was leaving. It was a plain handwritten note asking me to come to his rooms to discuss my course. His rooms, as he phrased it, were a two-room study and office on the second floor above the main university library. He liked to hold court in there, I knew, but I didn't usually have much reason to go up there during term time. When I had, I usually made do with leaving a message with his secretary, whoever that happened to be at the time. He changed secretaries quite often. I imagined he was a difficult man to work for. Out of term time, he wouldn't have a secretary.

I was still wearing the knee length green skirt and quite opaque, black tights that I had worn this morning to go to the language laboratory. Rachel had dragged me out as soon as the shops had opened to find something that Richard might like. The skirt was her idea but wearing the thick tights was mine. I had no objection to lying down naked in front of Richard but I had no intention of showing anything above the knee to the rest of the laboratory. I self-consciously smoothed down the front of the skirt. I had topped it off with a high buttoned, ivory blouse that I had already had in my wardrobe. I was quite pleased with the look and even Rachel grudgingly admitted that it was at least an improvement on what I usually wore.

I knocked on the wood paneled door of his front office. The name plaque said only History Studies on it. I should think that it irked Professor Seaton not to have his name on the front door. A voice called out, muffled by the wooden door, asking me to wait a moment. After a minute or so, I heard a heavy click, quite obvious even through the paneling. Two minutes had passed and I was about to knock again when the professor opened the door to me. His normally neat hair was a little out of place, as though he had hurriedly brushed a comb through it. His cheeks and face were red and I wondered if he had been sleeping when I knocked. For a moment, he seemed caught out by my appearance at his door and then, with an apology he ushered me inside.

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“Becky.” He said warmly, as he closed the door behind him. “Do go through to the other room.”

He gestured to the far door. His front office was cluttered but not untidy. Everything had a place even if that place was piled on top of a filing cabinet for a while. There were bookcases filled with copies of various books in use by the faculty and students. There were often multiple copies of the same books, intended to be lent out, I supposed. I had borrowed one or two books myself from the faculty when they were too expensive to buy on my student grant.

“No, thank you.” I replied.

I moved over to the large old-fashioned desk where his secretary usually sat. This side of the desk was an old styled, low-backed, wooden, swivel affair that looked positively uncomfortable. The twin of it sat on the other side of the desk for his secretary to use. Poor her, I thought. I wouldn’t like to have to sit in that all day long. It was probably murder on your back.

I sat down in the nearest chair and crossed my legs. My refusal to go into his inner sanctum obviously caught him off guard but he rallied quickly. He perched on the corner of the desk nearest to me and leaned forward conspiratorially. He had to move some of the paperwork on the desk out of the way to make enough space for him to sit down.

“Becky, my dear. Are you trying to make our relationship harder than it really has to be?”

He seemed to be offering an olive branch, trying to reach some kind of understanding but then he spoiled the illusion by patting me on the knee. He let his hand rest there as though he had forgotten it while I glared at him. He seemed oblivious to my disapproval and at last I had to reach over and remove his hand.

“We don’t have any relationship outside of student and teacher.” I replied shortly.

“I could be very helpful in your course. Outside tuition, help with suggested reading matter. Things like that.” He paused, watching me.

“I would, of course, expect you to work more closely with me. Much more closely. Late nights and private study periods here in my rooms. I’m sure an intelligent girl like you will understand what I mean.”

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He had slowly leaned further forward during this little speech and he again put his hand on the side of my knee, his fingers pressing more heavily, more obviously this time, against the inside of my thigh under the edge of my skirt. I was desperately regretting not wearing my usual unflattering baggy jeans to this interview instead of the skirt and blouse I had worn earlier for Richard. I grabbed hold of his wrist and threw it away from me, the same way I would have done if I had found a horrible spider climbing my leg.

“I think I know what you are hinting at, Professor Seaton, and I don’t like it. What if I reported you to the Dean?” I threatened.

He laughed. I swear he laughed at me!

“Of course you could but it would be your word against mine. I would say that I hadn’t considered your post graduate work to be up to the standard the university expected and I had taken it upon myself to have a quiet word with you. In return, you had threatened to cause trouble for me. “Of course, Dean,” I will say, “I should have reported it but I didn’t want to ruin Becky’s so far exemplary record.”

Professor Seaton laughed again.

“I’m sorry you couldn’t be friendlier. Perhaps after your next assessment, you will feel differently.”

I stood up quickly, the back of my thighs pushing the swivel chair backwards until it toppled over.

“This isn’t the first time you’ve done this.”

I didn’t know that but I would have bet good money on it.

“If you do mark me down, I’ll find someone who will corroborate what I say. You’re not invulnerable.”

“Neither is anyone else. Good luck, Becky. You only have to find someone who will be prepared to throw away his or her future career and qualifications to earn me a reprimand. What would any employer say when they find out that their new graduate recruit earned her degree in her underwear? If a graduate comes forward, the university may even feel honor bound to take their degree off them. All that work gone to waste. Do you have any friends you would like to do that to? Do you even have any enemies whom you would not feel guilty at ruining the rest of their lives for them? If they have admitted cheating at one university, what other institution is likely to take them in so that they can retake their degree? There would always be a suspicion of cheating.”

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I glared at him from the door, where I had retreated. My hand rested on the brass doorknob as I inwardly ranted at his smug arrogance.

“And don’t call me Becky!” I said.

I stormed out of his office. As I slammed the door behind me, I collapsed against the dull green, plastered wall. I was fighting back tears of rage and impotency. Don’t call me Becky. That’s me, ever the mistress of the stinging retort. I ran out of the library, ignoring the security guard as he quickly stood and leaned out over his desk as I ran past. His quizzical look followed me until the heavy swing doors of the entrance closed shut behind me and I was outside in the clean air.

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Chapter Nine

Richard looked at me quizzically over his wine glass. Knowing Richard was coming around, Rachel had made a feeble and obvious excuse to be out for the evening, bless her. My mind was still raging over Season's proposition and, I was secretly pleased when she had finished bustling around and dropping teasing innuendos. I think Rachel had some idea that I was bothered and distracted and, she was only trying to lighten my mood before Richard arrived. She had given me a serious look, as she stood with her hand on the key in the door.

"Are you going to be okay?" she asked me.

"Go already," I managed to laugh, reassuring her.

"Okay," she grinned back at me.

"I'm not going to find your knickers stuck to the floor again, am I?" she teased.

"If you don't get out, Richard will think he's having both of us tonight!"

"I'm game if you are!" she quipped and ducked around the door, closing it behind her.

The heavy door between us muffled her "Have fun!" remark. I heard her heels clip along the road as she dashed for the bus stop. I wondered what had she got planned for herself. I didn't really want to think that Richard and I had driven her to sitting alone in a movie theatre for the evening.

I had laid the table before Richard arrived. The shadows in the room danced to the light of the candles on the little dining table. Just two chairs and an open bottle of Rioja completed the little vignette. The flickering candle flames shone through the ruby wine as I gave it some time to breathe.

Richard had turned up with a dozen scarlet roses.

"Traditional, isn't it?" he murmured on my doorstep, kissing me on the cheek before brushing his lips over mine in a much more intimate contact.

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He had dressed up for me, black trousers and a fitted cotton shirt, cream with thin, vertical lines of dark brown that seemed to lend him height. I felt so relieved to see him that my heart lightened for the first time since my interview with Professor Seaton.

We had a lovely meal together, only spaghetti and roasted vegetables in a thick tomato sauce, but having him here made everything taste just that little bit better. As we sipped the wine, I caught Richard looking at me strangely.

“What?” I asked him.

“What is the matter, darling?” he asked me.

“You have been distracted all evening. Where has your mind been? Not that I mind but if you have things that are worrying you, I’d dearly love to help.”

“Oh, it’s nothing really.” I lied.

“It’s just...” and then I couldn’t continue.

I could feel my eyes burning suddenly with unshed tears. This wasn’t in my nature at all! Suddenly, I burst into tears, surprising myself at least as much as I surprised Richard. The darling, he jumped out of his chair and put his arms around me. I wrapped my arms around his strong waist and hugged myself to him, pressing my wet face into his shoulder. As my sobs subsided, fading almost as quickly as they had overcome me, he picked up my wine glass and guided me to the sofa. He didn’t ask me anything, didn’t prompt or jump ahead of me as I let the incident in Professor Season’s office spill out in a flood of shame and anger.

I let Richard hug me as I sat beside him on the sofa, my story told. He held me and gently brushed my hair with his fingertips.

“What are you going to do?” He quietly asked, stroking my hair all the while.

“I don’t know,” I confessed.

“I just don’t know.”

I don’t remember falling asleep in Richard’s arms but I sleepily remember him carrying me to bed.

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Chapter Ten

I woke the next morning to bright sunshine and a clattering in the kitchen. Quiet muffled laughter reached me through the thin walls. Curious, I grabbed my heavy pink toweling dressing gown from behind my bedroom door and followed the smell of burning toast.

Richard and Rachel were jostling each other at the sink. Richard's beautiful shirt was all crumpled on his back and his normally neat hair stood up in little tufts. Rachel was only wearing tiny white knickers and the old, long and misshapen Snoopy tee shirt that she slept in when she didn't have company. Both of them had their hands in a bowl of sparkling washing up suds.

Rachel was the first to notice me as I stood in the kitchen doorway, yawning and rubbing one hand through my disheveled hair.

"Ha!" she laughed, "now you're busted!"

Richard turned to see me and grinned.

"I was cooking you breakfast." He said.

"Scrambled eggs and toast."

He grinned again, somewhat sheepishly and his eyes sparkled as his broad smile crinkled their edges.

"Yeah," Rachel joined in, "and proving that he can't cook. He managed to burn the toast and while he was busy scraping the burnt bits off the toast, he managed to burn the eggs too!"

She laughed throatily.

"I caught him just as he was trying to dispose of the evidence!"

She retrieved a small saucepan from the thick suds before Richard could playfully grab it back from her. The black remains of the burnt eggs still clung stubbornly to the inside of the pan.

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We sat around a quick breakfast of buttered toast and coffee while Rachel related how she'd come in late last night to find Richard sleeping on the sofa. Curious but not wanting to interfere where it wasn't wanted, she had thrown a blanket over Richard and left him to sleep; only looking in on me briefly to make sure I was all right.

"Why don't you two go and make yourselves presentable while I tidy up in here."

As we both made to leave the kitchen, she caught hold of Richard's arm.

"Leave your shirt outside the bathroom door and I'll see what I can do to make it fit to be worn."

She smiled at him.

"Thanks, Rachel." I said to her.

"You're a gem."

Rachel grinned at me, very pleased with herself.

Chapter Eleven

In the bathroom, I dropped my dressing gown to the floor and hugged myself to Richard's bare chest.

"Thank you for being so understanding last night."

He stroked my hair and bent his face to plant a kiss on my nose.

"Ugh, morning breath!" I said.

I laughed with him and pushed him towards the sink.

"I'm just going to jump in the shower. I think there's a new toothbrush in the cupboard above the sink and there are some disposable razors there too, if you want a shave."

As I ran the shower, I felt his hands slide over my hips and grip my waist. I let myself enjoy his caresses for a few moments, feeling my body warming inside at his touch, and then I determinedly pulled away.

"Me shower, you shave." I told him, smiling again.

The shower was lovely and as I turned under the hot stream of water, I could see Richard bent over the sink. He had removed the last of his clothes and left them just thrown over the back of the wooden chair next to the sink. He was as typically untidy as most men but I really didn't mind it in him. He was leaning ever so slightly over the sink, massaging the shaving foam that Rachel and I used for our legs into his neck and cheeks. He wasn't aware that I was watching him, admiring his tight backside as he leant forward. I remembered the feel of that firm arse under my hands and as I studied him, I suddenly realized that my own hands were stroking my soapy breasts and running down over my lower belly. I gave more attention to what I was doing as I watched him begin to shave his face in firm, strong strokes. The sponge dropped forgotten from my fingers, as with one hand I started to squeeze at my naked breasts, pinching and tweaking the nipples to an aching hardness. My other hand gently caressed my belly, moving down

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until I was parting my lower lips, searching for, and then teasing my clitoris, drawing it out from under its hood.

As Richard drew the sharp razor over his throat, he kept changing the distribution of his weight on his feet, making his buttocks flex slightly each time he moved. I imagined myself on my knees behind him, drawing my nails over the tight skin and biting at the muscles on his arse, feeling my aching nipples rubbing against the short strong hairs on the backs of his thighs. I clutched my legs together, squeezing my hand between my thighs, my left hand crushing my breasts and pinching the nipples hard. The rush of a sudden climax made my head spin and I had to lean back against the cold wall to keep myself from falling.

Gradually I reduced the stroking of my breasts and pussy, enjoying the delicious warmth suffusing my whole body. As Richard splashed cold water on his cheeks and rinsed his bristles from the sides of the sink, I was beginning to calm down again. When he turned to me, I could see his penis, already half hard and heavy, hanging down in front of his testicles. I raised my eyes from his groin to his face and saw him watching me, looking amused.

“Perhaps, we have something on display that Madam might be interested in?” He teased.

“Maybe. But not before you’ve had a dunking under the shower.”

I stepped out of the shower and held back the shower curtain for him to get in. He let his hand teasingly trail over my wet skin as he stepped past me. Two can play at that game, I thought to myself. As he began to rub soap into his arms and shoulders, I cupped his balls in my hands and drew my fingers along his shaft until I was holding the hot, rapidly swelling head in my palm, then I would cup that hand under his balls and draw the other hand along his hardening shaft. I carried on pulling on him gently this way, until his erection stood out hard and solid from his groin, the heat of it almost hot enough to burn my hands.

“Is that good?” I asked him. He made some unintelligible sound deep in his chest and leaned back against the wall, thrusting his hips and cock forward towards me. Kneeling in front of him, I ran my tongue around the huge bulbous head and then took all of him into my mouth. His length felt enormous in my mouth, and while I sucked him, I heard the bathroom door open quietly. Richard was oblivious to everything except my mouth on his cock and his hands kneading in my hair, guiding me. Leaning back against

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the wall as he was, the curtain screened any view he would have had of the doorway. Rachel stood there and looked momentarily shocked and then she gave a naughty grin and leaned back on the wall, composing herself comfortably, watching me on my knees. I waved one hand urgently at her, gesturing for her to leave but she just shook her head, grinned and blew me a kiss. Then, with a sideways nod of her head, she reminded me of Richard standing there with his hot hard cock deep inside my mouth.

With an attempt at a scowl at her, ruined by having my face in Richard's groin, I returned to what I had been doing. As I sucked and fondled him, knowing I had an audience began to work on my fevered imagination. Soon I was kissing his shaft, licking the length of it and sucking on his balls. I felt a perverted desire to perform for my watcher, to turn her on and to make her jealous. I changed my rhythm, sometimes slow or just teasing the head of his cock, sometimes furiously driving my mouth down onto him, gorging myself on his member, filling my mouth completely and each time looking past him to watch Rachel's eyes as they began to cloud with her own desire. Soon she was rubbing at her own breasts through her tee-shirt and stroking her own pussy lips between her fingers, her touch only working to further encourage her own arousal.

Richard's hands began to twist themselves more in my hair and I could feel the fire beginning to build in my belly. Soon I was going to make Richard come, swallowing his semen as he flooded my mouth with it and Rachel too was close to her climax without me even touching her. The sense of my power over them both and my own desirability made my vision sway and I gripped Richard's thighs fiercely in my hands, thrusting my face harder and more furiously onto his massive swollen cock. I could feel him tense, his hands bunching into fists in my hair and then suddenly, he groaned and spurted into the back of my throat. Caught by surprise by the sheer force of his ejaculation, I gasped for air and felt the rest of his hot fountain of come splatter onto my face.

Richard collapsed back against the wall, his eyes closed in complete satisfaction, as I stood and went to the now empty but open doorway. Rachel was leaning against the wall in the adjoining room, her face flushed and her pupils so widely dilated that her eyes looked almost black. One hand was on her breasts under the baggy Snoopy tee-shirt, the other had pushed her knickers down to her knees and now she stood with her legs bent, driving three fingers deep into her pussy. She was so wet that I could hear her thrusts squelching as she fingered herself towards a desperate climax of her own. I could smell the musky scent of her sex in the air. I'm not sure how much her eyes could focus on me

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as I stood in front of her, but I watched her watching me as I wiped some of Richard's spilt come off my face with my fingertips. Rachel groaned as she watched me do it and then I pressed the sticky fingertips to her lips, forcing Richard's semen into her mouth for her to taste. At the moment that her mouth closed over my fingers, tasting Richard on me, she gave an audible moan and her legs wavered. Her eyes rolled upwards in her head as she closed her eyelids and then her body gave several huge shudders. I left her there, leaning on the wall, panting, her body heaving and her nipples standing hard through the thin material of her tee shirt, and I returned to Richard. His eyes opened as I stood in front of him again, wearing only his semen and nothing else.

"Oh god, Becky." He groaned. "That was awesome."

I smiled at him and inwardly to myself. He had been so out of it that he hadn't even realized that I had been gone for the few moments that it took to bring Rachel to her orgasm.

I wrapped a huge towel around his chest and hugged him to my body, feeling his slowly shrinking erection twitch against my belly through the soft towelling.

When we came back into the living room, Rachel was sitting innocently at the dining table. She held her coffee mug in both hands, and rested her elbows on the table, watching the pair of us as we both sat down, joining her. Richard's face had a beautiful glow in the early morning light as it shone in through the open curtains. Rachel winked at me and then let the little secret look disappear from her face.

"So," Rachel started, in a businesslike manner, "what are we going to do about this louse, Seaton?"

I turned quickly and glared at Richard, who at least had the good graces to look ashamed.

"Now don't start having a go at poor Richard." Rachel admonished. "The villain here is that bed bug professor. Everyone knows he's a bit of a creep and there's bound to be someone who knows more about how he operates. Anyone got any ideas?" She looked round at the pair of us. I glared at her.

"The police?" ventured Richard, tentatively.

"Oh, help us, you pair are useless. Just be glad you're Auntie Rachel is here to save the day. Did you ever know a Laura Taylor, Becky? No? Maybe before you came. She surprised everyone by dropping out of all her classes right out of the blue. She works

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as an exotic dancer now, for want of a better term. What about going to see her first and see if she can help us?

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Chapter Twelve

La Salon was quite an up market establishment for a strippers club. I had never been in one before and, Richard had to sign up for membership before we could go in. He was able to sign Rachel and me in as his guests. The club inside was surprisingly normal looking, given that I had expected it to be sleazy. The room was large, decorated in dark red velvets and lit everywhere except over the stage and the bar, where a bored looking young, small breasted and vaguely asexual woman in a simple black dress served Richard his order. Even on a weekday afternoon, there were still a few patrons sitting and sipping drinks at the small tables. As Richard brought us drinks over from the small bar, he whispered to us. The room didn't seem to encourage loud voices, certainly not with so small a number of customers sitting around.

"The drinks are surprisingly cheap," he said.

"I expected them to be much more expensive. Probably happy hour." He commented, looking pointedly around at the rather miserable looking collection of men in the room.

I couldn't help but smile at his attempt to inject a little humor into the situation.

"Anyway, the barmaid says that they don't have any Laura working here."

Rachel reached up and patted his cheek.

"Ever heard of stage names, sweetie?" She teased.

"I wouldn't have dragged you here if I'd known you were going to worry so."

The stage lights dimmed and the music rose. The various members of the audience turned their attention on the staged as though they were all on the same puppet strings. A bouncer had quietly moved to one side of the stage as the assembled men watched the lights rise and a slim woman with long auburn hair began to dance under the bright spotlights.

As the performance continued, Rachel quietly slipped over to the broadly muscled bouncer and had to stand on tiptoe to whisper in his ear. I watched as he leaned down to

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her so that she could talk more comfortably. Rachel is not a small woman but this fellow was enormous. After a few moments, she hurried back over to us. She gestured for us to follow her and when Richard didn't immediately respond, his attention on the stage, she pinched him by the ear and pulled him out of his seat.

"Ow, ow, ow." he complained quietly, as we both followed Rachel through a curtained doorway behind the huge doorman, and into a carpeted, concrete hallway. I could hear Rachel counting under her breath as she walked past simple unmarked wood veneered doors. She stopped at the fourth door down on the left hand side and, quietly knocked on the thin wood panel. We could still here the music coming from the stage. A woman's voice answered, inviting us to come in.

The room itself was cramped and a brightly lit dressing table filled one side of the narrow room, a clothes rail hung with a variety of costumes filled the wall opposite the dressing table. Strangely, a pair of jeans and a plain canary yellow tee-shirt hung over the top of the rail. At the far end of the room a simple sink and mirror completed the trappings. A young woman with blond hair leaned into the dressing mirror, carefully applying eyeliner. She turned towards us somewhat belligerently and then her face lit up with warmth.

"Rach, it's been ages!" She almost bounced from her stool and hugged Rachel. Then the girl surprised both Richard and I but obviously not Rachel by giving her a long and passion kiss to which Rachel responded just as eagerly. When they both came up for air, Rachel turned the woman to introduce her to us both. Rachel's arm still rested around the young woman's narrow waist, though, I noticed.

"Richard, Becky, this is Laura. Laura, sweetie, these are good friends of mine. Becky's having problems with that slug, Professor Seaton. Can she talk to you about it?" she asked gently, obviously conscious of the girl's feelings.

Laura's emotions were obviously warring inside her as she scowled and then let her face relax.

"Okay", she said resignedly, "what do you want to know?"

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Chapter Thirteen

“I don’t see how that helps us much.” Richard said, once he and I were back home.

We were sitting together on my sofa, sipping instant coffee. Not great coffee but steadying all the same. Laura had gotten quite upset telling us her story and Rachel had stayed with her after we left as moral support. They were obviously old friends and Rachel cared deeply for Laura’s feelings.

“She only confirmed pretty much what we already know and she only went to his rooms once before she decided to drop out completely.”

“Which she wouldn’t have done if it hadn’t been for him!” I snapped back.

“Okay, okay.” He raised his hands defensively.

“I’m not the villain here”, he said. I leaned across the sofa and hugged him reassuringly.

“I know. I’m just frustrated, that’s all. If only we knew...”

When I paused, Richard waited for me to continue and when I didn’t, he started to interrupt.

“Shh, shh,” I flapped one hand at him, “Don’t break my train of thought”.

He sat for a few minutes, and then quietly went into the kitchen. When he came back, he had two fresh, steaming mugs of coffee in his hands.

“In case you need more stimulation”, he whispered.

“You’re all the stimulation I need, baby.” I said to him.

It sounded cheesy even to me but he beamed like a little schoolboy.

“Tell me again how the American government thought they could use the Loop before the universities got a hold of it.”

“But that doesn’t work. They spent millions on it and know it doesn’t work. The results we have gotten with it have been hit and miss. In fact, more miss than hit. You’re

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the only person I have ever heard of getting such dramatic results.” The poor boy looked confused.

“I think I know why it works for some people and not for others. You were right when you said emotions have something to do with it, but I also think there is a huge piece of the jigsaw puzzle that is there but no one has spotted yet. I think I have an idea! If it doesn’t work, we’ll think of something else but I think it might.”

“Have you got an idea?” He leaned over and kissed me on the end of my nose.

“Well, I’ve got an idea too. I didn’t get to see much of that dance in the club.”

“And you’d like to see the rest of it now?” I finished for him.

“Well, that’s a kind thought. Thank you.”

“I’ve got a better one. How about you dance for me?”

“Me?” Richard looked surprised.

“Yes. I’ll dim the lights and put some music on. You push the sofa back.”

I thumbed through Rachel’s collection of Cud’s.

“Is Robbie Williams okay for you?” I asked him over my shoulder.

Richard paused halfway through pushing the sofa back against the wall.

“Er, yes. I guess.”

I put the album I’d chosen on repeat on the player. Richard had drawn the curtains and only a table lamp lit the room now. I settled myself on the sofa with a vodka and tonic, tucking my feet under my bum. Richard looked a bit shy and abandoned standing there all on his own but then he took a visible deep breath and closed his eyes. At first I thought he was just going to stand there but then he pressed the flat of his palms against his hips and slowly ran his hands up his body. His hands traveled over his ribs and over the sides of his chest, his back arching and his head tipping back as he did so. His shirt stretched tight across his rib cage and his tiny nipples became obvious through the thin cotton. His hands continued up the side of his neck and he rose up on his tiptoes as his hands bunched in his short blond hair. He let out a sigh and let his hands and heels sink back down towards the floor again. I let out a sigh too in a long breath that I hadn’t realized I had been holding.

As Richard’s hands came back down his chest, they paused at each button, deftly slipping them out of the material, undoing each as his hands passed down his chest. Through the increasingly wider opening of his shirt, I could see his chest rising and falling with each breath he took and I could feel my own breath becoming shallower as I

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watched him. Richard opened his eyes and looked deep into mine, holding my stare with his own. He put his left hand flat against his chest as he watched me and then crooked the fingers into claws. He dragged that hand down his chest, leaving bright white weals behind as he did so. Blood rushed into the skin there, making the white disappear and flushing the marks red. I gasped a little as he continued to stare into my widening eyes, his expression deep and serious.

His body moved in a slow sinuous grind, as he knew himself watched. His rolled his hips and his right hand fell naturally to the waistband of his trousers, his fingers popping the button open and then easing down his zip. His shirt fluttered on his shoulders now, restrained from falling only by his arms in the sleeves. His hands pushed the top of his trousers down his strong thighs, letting them fall the rest of the way to the ground, where he stepped out of them and his shoes and socks all in one easy movement while he still locked my gaze with his. Even I couldn't smile, his face was so earnest and his eyes hot with his needs and desires.

He ran one finger down the center of his chest, adding one more red mark to the others flushing an angry scarlet on his skin. He looked down as he did so, releasing my eyes to follow the trace of his fingernail. Down over his belly it travelled until it met the top of his boxer shorts, then it began a dance of its own while Richard continued to sway like some snake fascinating its prey. Over the dark cotton of the shorts his finger moved, tracing the outline of his swollen member, hidden from sight but obvious all the same. The fingertip moved over the swollen head, making it twitch and throb visibly as I watched. The nail dragged down the length of the concealed shaft, urging it to stretch to its fullest, straining to pierce the binding cloth of the shorts.

Richard pointed to the floor at the foot of the sofa and I looked down, not comprehending. Again his finger jabbed towards the floor and I understood at last. Putting my drink, forgotten and untasted, down on the floor, I knelt like a supplicant in front of him. Slowly he slid his shorts down over his hips. His huge erection sprang free of the waistband, standing massive and proud away from his tangle of pubic hair. I tried to lean forward, my mouth opening in anticipation, but he swayed his hips back out of my easy reach. I moved to put a hand on his naked thigh but he slapped it gently away. I was to sit only inches away from his glorious body and not be permitted to touch. His teasing made my loins ache for him inside me; I could feel the juices running deep within me at the thought of the touch of his body inside mine.

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Still swaying his hips snakelike before my eyes, his hands began to play with his erection in front of me. He pulled the length hard away from his body and then pulled back on the base of his shaft, stretching the skin almost painfully tight, the veins standing out furiously. The whole shaft throbbed hugely to the terrible beat of his pulse. Richard closed one hand tightly around his erection, squeezing until his knuckles turned white. Far, far above me he groaned deeply, the first sound he had made since he started his dance. As he squeezed, the bulbous head of his cock swelled ever larger, the colour a deep purple. My eyes bulged as much as his cock head did. I couldn't believe that he could be so huge! I grabbed hold of him with both arms around his strong thighs and crushed him to my chest.

“God,” I yelled. “I can't wait any more. Fuck me! Fuck me hard!”

Richard gave an animal-like roar and, one hand on my shoulder, he pushed me to the floor. Our need too urgent for me to undress, he pushed my skirt up until it was bunched around my waist. He pulled the soaking gusset of my knickers to one side and I lifted and spread my legs as he threw all his weight on top of me. The enormous head of his cock strained at my entrance, pressing wildly against me. For a moment I didn't think I could take him, as huge as he was right now, and then with a wild, desperate shout, he plunged inside me. Like a huge rod of fire, I felt him travel all the way inside me. With only a few thrusts, he was groaning and spurting his load right into my womb, he was that deep, but as quick as he had been, I had been quicker. My first peak had broken over me like a huge wave the moment he had forced his entrance into me and as I felt his huge burst of seed filling me, a second longer orgasm swept away the last of my senses.

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Chapter Fourteen

It was much later that night, after we had finally calmed down enough for me to explain my idea to him. I was so keyed up that I wanted to try it out straight away. As one of the people responsible for the maintenance of the Loop, Richard had his own key to the language laboratory and was well known to the security guard downstairs in the university lobby. With a broad wink of his own, the doorman let Richard and me upstairs, ostensibly so that Richard could show me his equipment. The guard had smiled conspiratorially at Richard at that particular turn of phrase.

“Do you often bring impressionable young women up here then?” I teased him, once we were out of the guard’s earshot on the stairs.

“Only Mondays, Wednesdays and Friday.” he laughed quietly and hugged my waist, pulling me to him for a quick, brief but dazzling kiss.

The press of his hot lips on mine made me quiver a little deep inside. I slapped his chest lightly with the flat of my hand and pushed him away.

“Brute!” I laughed in return, also keeping my voice low.

As I lay on the cold plastic of the bed and Richard began to tape the pads to my body, I began to explain my idea to him.

“I think that to view remotely, there has to be someone there whose thoughts you can “piggyback” on, if you know what I mean. I also think that person has to be in some high state of emotion. Once the Egyptian princess was satiated, I couldn’t hold onto the contact. As the Edwardian Richard was thinking about his new wife, I could reach him. He was thinking about that and I was thinking...” I paused.

“Well, about you.” I could feel myself beginning to blush but carried on.

“We know where Laura was and the time we want to see. We know that there was high sexual tension in the room.”

“Yes, coming from Seaton.” Richard interrupted.

“Don’t butt in.” I scolded him.

C A Matthews

“I know the names of both people, the location, the time, what the weather was like outside. It has to be worth a try.”

“Okay,” he conceded.

“Just don’t get your hopes up too high.”

As I lay back down, I concentrated on Professor Season’s room and on Laura, trying to combine the two in the same thought. I could feel my heart begin to race a little at the excitement. Maybe this could work. I was nowhere near as confident as I had made Richard believe, but I was ready to try it.

As my mind’s eye steadied, I could see I was definitely in Michael Season’s private room, because the hand I was writing with was his. Damn, I had settled into his mind, not Laura’s! I tried to see what I could of the room, making use of the Professor’s peripheral vision. The heavy desk I sat behind was set crossways in one corner of the room. A large window on my right spilled its pattern of daylight and window frame across the edge of the desk and the floor, lightening the slight oppressive nature of the dark red patterned carpet. The heavy wooden furniture in the room matched the same sense of style as the carpet, dark and both had seen better years. On my left, bookcases filled the wall opposite the one door, which led to the outer office of his rooms. Heavy and dull looking tomes, looking mostly unread, sat on the floor to ceiling bookshelves. The wall opposite the bright window held a number of framed prints of famous archaeological digs such as the one at Troy. Between the bookshelves and the prints was a heavy wooden framed sofa, padded with some heavy type of velvet, again dark red, a colour obviously dear to the heart of whoever had decorated the room. The decor could have been planned by someone of Victorian taste, one could have guessed, rather than by any contemporary designer.

The only concession to the modern age was a metal-framed trolley against the wall, next to the door but set so that it would be behind the door if it were opened. To see it, someone would have to come fully into the room and possibly even close the door. Set on little wheels it could be pulled further into the room. It was split into two shelves. On the bottom one sat quite a modern looking video recorder. On the top shelf, there was a small TV and a set of large headphones such as you might use for a high quality stereo. I guessed that they were used so that no undue noise penetrated the outer door where a secretary might be working during term time.

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Laura was not even present in the room. I could feel the sensation of Season's breath hot inside my chest as we both breathed in unison. I gradually became aware of a heavy heat against his thigh and a slow rhythmical movement of his off hand, under the desk. For a moment I couldn't place what it was and then I realized. He was slowly rubbing a hardening erection through the coarse material of the olive corduroy trousers he was wearing.

The scratching of his pen drew my attention to whatever it was he was working on. For a moment, I couldn't think how he could concentrate on his work and still be touching himself. As I focused on his writing, I understood. He kept a journal, a log of his depravities! If only there was some way of getting to it, perhaps I could help myself and help Laura too.

"Hmmm, Laura." Seaton murmured to himself thoughtfully. "That particular beauty hasn't crossed my mind in a while."

He, I, we, stood up and crossed to one of his bookcases. I hadn't noticed when I first was aware of the room but a short section of source books had been removed and stacked on the floor. Concealed behind them was a small free standing safe, the door partially ajar, its heavy metal front broken only by a combination dial and a small metal handle. He pulled the door fully open and inside were a selection of videotapes, each only labelled with a date. There were a dozen or so spanning perhaps half that number of years. He thumbed through the small collection and finally selected one from a couple of years ago.

Laura had never mentioned a video recorder; it must be concealed around here somewhere. Almost on queue, Professor Seaton looked across to an odd bust of Julius Caesar, a copy of one attributed to the period of his occupancy of mainland Britain. It stood, facing the office door, on a large wood stand directly behind the professors' desk I couldn't see any sign of a video camera though.

Professor Season's reaction to my stray thoughts gave me an idea. Better close the safe, I thought to myself, better close the safe, what if someone comes in? With a thoughtful glance towards the wooden panel door dividing his study from the outer office, he pushed shut the door to the safe and spun the dial. Damn, I'd hoped to see a combination when he locked it. I cursed not knowing how a safe worked. I had never had cause to ever use one before and had only come across them in movies.

"Movies." Seaton muttered to himself, "nothing better than a home movie."

C A Matthews

He pulled the television on its trolley over, closer to the settee, its power cord trailing back to the socket behind the door. He turned on the set, slid the cassette into the recorder underneath and retrieved a small remote control from the side of the machine. Oh, no, I thought. I'm going to have to sit through his sick little video of Laura before I can get the combination.

Michael leaned back on the settee and spread his legs wide apart. With one hand he began to run his nails over his groin. In his mind, I could feel his fingers dragging over the thick corduroy, teasing himself, making his erection harder in anticipation. On the video screen, the door to his room, seen from the point of view of old Julius, opened and the Seaton on the screen gestured for a rather worried looking Laura to come in.

Right at that moment, a hard rap came on the solid outside door of his outer office. Michael jumped in his seat and clutched about for the remote anxiously.

"One moment," he shouted. "Damn, damn, damn," he cursed under his breath. In the sudden shock to his mood, I could feel myself beginning to slip away from him.

"That Rebecca has the worse timing." He grumbled and suddenly I knew when it was too. It was the day I had had my appointment with him. It was me knocking on his door! I couldn't let myself drive me away like this. I had to keep sex on his mind and keep his subconscious mind distracted or it would reject me the way the body rejects a foreign organ without suppressant drugs. My thoughts would have to be their own suppressants.

Rebecca, I thought to myself, Rebecca. I began to picture myself in my own mind, thinking about myself in the shower those short days ago, thinking about Richard pleasuring me on my bed. I could feel my blood begin to heat up and I could feel my grip on Michael strengthen as his mind felt the same urges and even shared a little of the same fantasies.

Recovering from his shock, Seaton snatched up his journal from his desk and with both that and the video he ejected from the machine, he dashed over to the little safe. As he counted out the turns, left and right, under his breath, I counted them out with him. When his secret vault swung open, I saw inside, not the videos that Professor Seaton saw but a ray of hope. I knew his secrets now. As I finally slipped away from his mind, I could feel a sense of triumph. Partly from me and partly from Michael, who thought he sensed another conquest just outside his door. The last thing I heard was the distinctive

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click of the safe and I knew that, that was what I had heard before, that day outside his office, waiting for him to open his door.

As I opened my eyes back in the language laboratory, I grabbed at Richard's arm.

"Quickly," I almost shouted, "a pen! Give me a pen!"

I scrawled the precious combination onto the palm of my hand as quickly as I could manage, before any details could fade away. Not that they had before. The events had always seemed real, not like dreams, but I wasn't prepared to take any risk.

Richard held out a notepad to me.

"You could have borrowed paper too, you know, if you'd asked."

I laughed and hugged him. We weren't out of the woods yet, but now I felt we had at least a good chance.

Chapter Fifteen

“We could just break in while he’s out.”

Richard made the suggestion later, much later, that evening. He, Rachel and I were sitting around the little dining table comparing ideas. I filled Rachel in on what had happened in the university laboratory. The bits about the Loop and getting the combination, anyway. The details of how we might have spent the rest of our time in the lab, she could fill in for herself.

“Ooh, listen to James Bond.” Rachel teased him. “Know how to pick a lock, do you?”

“I was suggesting we just break in the door,” he retorted.

“The security would hear that and we’d have to pass the security cameras anyway. It’s would be a bit obvious that it had been us and whatever happens, we don’t want to be breaking the law ourselves.”

My explanation was quite a bit longer than Rachel’s comment but the underlying theme was the same.

“Well, we can’t easily rob his safe while he’s in the room so what ideas do you pair have.”

Richard’s question was a fair one. Rachel looked at me for a few moments and then shrugged. I wasn’t going to give up quite that easily. We had the information we needed; now we only had to work out how we could best use it.

“Let’s not think about what we want.” I started. “Let’s think about what he would want.”

“I know what I want.” Richard interjected.

“Shut up and behave,” I scolded him humorously, “later.” I promised

“Ooh, goody.” Rachel pulled a face.

“Just what I’d like. The sound of my friends having lots of fun on the other side of my bedroom wall all night, while I lay there alone.”

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“Sorry, Rach,” I said to her. “I don’t think he’d have much energy left for you after I’m done with him.”

“How much energy will you have left, after Richard has done with you?”

Rachel asked me, looking innocently at me and then winking when she thought Richard wasn’t looking. Her cheeky grin reminded me forcibly of how good she had felt the night of my first date with Richard. Sharing them? I wondered if I dared. Her appraising looks at Richard, when she’d brought his freshly ironed shirt into the bathroom and watched me bringing him to climax and then coming herself as she tasted him off my fingers, certainly suggested that she wouldn’t mind joining in. I shook my head.

“Both of you behave yourselves. I’m trying to think.”

Rachel got up from the table and stood behind Richard with her hands on his firm shoulders. While she met my eyes, she gently blew on his ear until he wriggled then she laughed, winked at me and disappeared into the kitchen.

“And no kissing, while I can’t see what you’re doing, you two!” she called back from the kitchen.

The end of her words was punctuated by pop of a cork. Her words suddenly lit a bulb inside my head.

“It’s not champagne,” she called, “just a sparkling wine but the bubbles still tickle your tongue.”

“It’ll do to celebrate with.” I called out to her,

“I have another idea!”

“Is it going to mean sneaking past the security guard?” Richard asked.

“Oh, no. One of you only has to sneak past a Roman Emperor this time.” I laughed.

“Put the fire on please, Rachel.” I asked her, taking the glass of cold, sparkling white wine from her while she passed another to Richard.

I threw the cushions from the sofa onto the floor in front of the fire and flopped down onto them. Putting my glass down on the hearth at the side of the electric fire, I held out a hand each to Rachel and Richard and pulled them down onto the cushions beside me. With Richard on one side of me and Rachel on the other, I kissed them both on the cheek and told them what I had thought up.

“Will he go for it?” Rachel asked.

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“I don’t see why not. We know from Laura that it’s obviously the kind of thing he likes.”

“But won’t he think it’s a sudden change of heart.”

“He will but he will think that I’ve thought about his threats and given in.”

“That doesn’t sit very well along side playing a dominatrix.” Richard looked worried too.

“I think he will like the idea of me dominating him and then him slowly breaking my will to resist.”

“What if he locks the door?”

“He won’t, I will. At least it will look as though I have and you can sneak in.”

“What if something goes wrong?” Rachel wasn’t happy either.

“What is the worst that could happen? I end up having to go through with fucking him. That’s what is going to happen anyway, unless we can pull one over on him and we can do this, I know we can.”

Richard had rested his hand on my inner thigh while we were talking and gave it a reassuring squeeze. I lifted his hand gently from my leg and saw him give me a pained look but he had mistaken my intention. I laid his open hand onto Rachel’s thigh where it pressed against my other leg. Rachel gave an audible sigh. She hadn’t missed the movement but like Richard, she had originally mistaken it.

Rachel ran her nails gently over the back of his hand and he pressed his fingertips into her soft flesh.

“My best friends.” I said.

I slipped one hand behind Richard’s back and leaning towards Rachel, meeting her lips halfway towards my own. With my left hand taking my weight as I sat cross-legged, I pressed into Rachel’s kiss, our tongues each finding the other’s in the sudden fire of passion. My right hand quickly found where Richard’s shirt and trousers met and I forced the flat of my palm between them. As he lent across the front of my body, he snaked one hand across my shoulders, the other sliding up Rachel’s bare leg and under the hem of her skirt. I dug my nails into the firm cheeks of his buttocks making him tense and as I did so, his hand gripped my shoulder tightly, hugging me tight to him. His right hand must have also tightened its grip as Rachel broke from our kiss in a gasp and her legs spread themselves apart as though they had a will of their own. Richard’s mouth

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eagerly found mine, tasting the warmth of Rachel's own kiss on my wet lips, his open mouth and tongue replacing hers in my mouth.

Rachel grabbed at Richard's right hand where it delved under her short skirt and began to push herself against his firm grip, rubbing herself against him. Freeing my hand from behind Richard, I pressed him back onto the cushions. Rachel knelt now over his questing fingers holding them into her, her body rocking with the thrusts she was guiding herself, her eyes closed and her back arched, spilling her hair behind her. I stood up, towering over them both and quickly pulled at the buttons of my blouse. Frustrated at the time it was taking me, I suddenly pulled the entire garment over my head. Rachel was making deep moaning noises in her throat and rocking on her knees next to Richard. As I quickly freed my breasts from my lacy white bra and dropped it onto the sofa, I watched Richard's face, need and desire flashing across it in equal measure. My skirt and underwear quickly went the same way as the bra and, I stood naked over a fully clothed Richard. Still I felt that it was I, not he, who had complete control of the situation. Standing behind Rachel, I gripped her ribs with my knees and ran my hands over the front of her tee shirt, kneading her tight breasts as she bent backwards, thrusting them out in front of her.

"Rip it off me." Rachel begged throatily.

"Rip it off me, what!" I demanded, my voice hard and harsh. Rachel knew immediately what was demanded of her.

"Rip it off me please, Mistress." She begged once more, her voice low and subservient. Richard groaned at her side and I kicked him, none too gently in the side.

"Did my pet say something?" I asked him.

"No." He replied.

"No what?" I demanded of him this time.

"No," and he paused, "Mistress."

"You are perhaps too slow in answering to be a good slave." I kicked him once more.

"Rachel." I transferred my attention to her suddenly.

"Does my slave still have the riding crop and handcuffs amongst her things?" I demanded.

"Yes, Mistress." She replied quickly. She was a quick learner.

"Fetch them and something to use as a blindfold too."

C A Matthews

“Yes, Mistress.”

Richard watched me from his position on the floor. From the expression on his face, he obviously was unsure of his part in this new game. He tried to sit up but I put my bare foot on his chest and pressed him back onto the floor.

“Did I give you permission to rise?”

“No, Mistress.” He grinned and I put more of my weight onto his chest.

“Does my slave think it is funny to misbehave? We must disabuse him of that notion, I think.”

“Becky...” he started but I again pressed him hard down onto the floor.

“Rule one,” I snapped at him, “a slave does not address his Mistress by name. Such impertinence, I have never heard before.”

“Rule two, a slave does not speak unless addressed. As you have broken both rules, though I am a most kind-hearted Mistress, still I must punish you severely. You may now thank me for my kind nature, slave.” I finished.

Richard dropped his eyes from mine in a cowed nature.

“Thank you, Mistress,” he whispered.

I’m afraid I spoiled the moment a bit then by leaning down and kissing him. I whispered into his ear.

“If you want to stop at anytime, just tell me game over or click your fingers. Okay, darling?”

He laughed and gave me a cheeky peck on the cheek in return.

“I’m game if you are but what about Rachel?” He said.

“No rules.” I whispered.

“If she wants to stay in till the end, I’m big enough to share you with her. For tonight at least.”

I smiled into his beautiful eyes and straightened up as Rachel came dashing back into the room with most of the contents of her bedside cabinet, by the looks of it! I took a crop from the pile and slapped it against my palm.

“Yes, that will do very nicely, slave.”

“Thank you, Mistress.” Rachel beamed.

“She is a pretty slave, isn’t she, my pet?”

I tapped Richard with my toe.

“Yes, Mistress. She is, Mistress.” He responded.

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“I think I would like to see more of her, my pet. Stand behind her. Good, good pet.”

I commended him as he smoothly stood and moved so that Rachel stood between us, both of them just outside the reach of my arm.

“Now put your hands on her hips. Yes, very good. Now pull her tee-shirt slowly over her head.”

Suddenly, I slapped his arm with the crop. He let the hem of Rachel’s tee-shirt drop in surprise.

“More slowly, my pet. Do you want to deprive your Mistress of her pleasure?” I scowled at him.

“No, Mistress. Sorry, Mistress.” He replied.

“Begin again, pet.” I commanded him.

Rachel’s eyes were on my face, watching me. Her cheeks and throat were flushed and her breasts heaved as though she had been running. Her delicate lips were slightly parted and widened perceptibly when Richard put his hands onto her bare skin above the hem of her skirt. As he moved his hands achingly slowly up her body, first exposing her belly and tiny navel, his wrists brushed against her sides. I watched her and she watched me as she rose every so slightly, resting more of her weight on her toes and lifting her heels just off the floor. Her breath was becoming shallower as the bottom of her tee shirt, bunched in Richard’s strong grip, crept up to her breasts, his wrists rubbing along her ribs now. I rested the tip of the crop against her lower lip and her little white teeth bit down hard onto the leather strap, pulling back on it, her eyes closing and her nostrils widening visibly as I watched her.

Richard pulled the material away from her body, easing the soft cloth over the smooth curve of her bust. As he did so, I saw him slide his palms over the full lace of her bra, feeling the heat of her and teasing her nipples. I stepped forward and put one hand on top of his over her breast. I knew her nipple would be hard, pressing through the lace and pressing against the palm of his hand.

“Did I give you permission to take your pleasure with my slave?” I stared challengingly into Richard’s eyes, meeting them over the top of Rachel’s shoulder.

Without acknowledging what I was doing, I began to squeeze his hand where I held it, rhythmically closing and releasing it, knowing that as I did so, I was forcing his hand to grip and squeeze and release Rachel’s breast to the same rhythm. I pressed my

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naked belly against Rachel's bare torso too, feeling the heat of her skin on mine. I felt her shudder as Richard and I held her body between ours. I stepped back away from the delicious contact and was rewarded with a tiny moan from Rachel.

"You may finish your task, my pet, but remember that any misbehavior will be severely punished."

I continued to watch as he pulled the tee-shirt up and over her head, finally dropping it to the floor at their feet. Richard looked at me for further instructions; his head bent so that his breath fell across her bare shoulder, making the fine little hairs stand on end delightfully. I smiled at him and he winked back at me so I lost the smile and scowled at him. He smiled once more himself and then his face was a mask of solemn seriousness again.

"Unfasten her bra, my pet." I commanded.

"And then you may slide it off her. She has nice heavy breasts, doesn't she, my pet?" Richard nodded and I continued.

"Slip your hands around her breasts as you remove her garment, my pet. You will be her bra for the moment."

My own breath felt hot as I watched Richard comply with my orders.

"Do not neglect her nipples, my pet. Rub them gently between your thumb and fingers. You know how to do it."

"How do they feel to you, my pet?" I asked him.

"She feels marvelous, Mistress. They are warm and firm. Her nipples are hard."

Rachel had let her head fall backwards, panting deep in her throat as Richard played teasingly with her body. I noticed her hands. At first clenched by her side, they were now behind her back, rubbing Richard's thighs and tracing the shape of his erection through his trousers. I brought the crop sharply against her bare side.

"Apart, both of you!" I commanded loudly.

"Honestly, slave. I permit my pet to assist you in undressing and you cannot keep your hands from him."

"I'm sorry, Mistress. Forgive me, Mistress."

Her voice was husky and lower than it was normally. I had no doubt that she was wet between her thighs, wet, hot and aching for more attention.

"Strip!" I commanded. "Strip fully, slave. As your punishment, you will not be permitted clothing until it pleases me."

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“Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress.”

She quickly unfastened and dropped her skirt to the floor. As she removed her knickers, I reached out the crop to her.

“Give them to me.” I ordered. Rachel hung the tiny thong on the end of the crop and I held the underwear out to Richard.

“My slave has been very naughty. Use these to bind her hands. Tie them in front of her. She must still be able to serve me.”

Richard quickly and quite expertly tied Rachel’s wrists with the thin lacy underwear. I checked the knots. They were tied well but not so tight that they would hurt her

“Very good, my pet. He has been good, hasn’t he, slave?” I asked Rachel, who was now kneeling back on her heels, her thighs pressed tightly together.

“I think he deserves his own reward, don’t you, slave. You may stand and strip him now.”

As Rachel stood and began to unbutton Richard’s shirt, I came and stood close behind her, my own nipples were hard and close enough to brush against her skin. I ran one hand over her waist and down to her buttocks, caressing the soft curve of her skin. Rachel paused in what she was doing and arched her back, pressing her naked breasts against Richard’s chest. I stepped back, away from her.

“Continue, slave.” I said in a falsely angry voice.

“You may stop when I tell you to stop or when your task is done, not before.”

As Rachel again concentrated on Richard’s shirt, I began again to run my left hand over her smooth behind, feeling her flanks hot under my fingertips. Standing a little to one side of her, I brought the crop down hard on her buttocks, leaving a raised red weal where I had struck her. She gasped and fell against him for a moment before whispering a husky apology and returning to her struggle to pull Richard’s shirt off his arms with her hands tied. I gently stroked the delicate area I had treated so harshly, soothing the sting away with gentle caresses.

Richard’s shirt fell to the floor, instantly forgotten. As Rachel struggled to unfasten the button at the top of his trousers, I again smartly whipped her behind with the short leather crop. I confess I had never seen the attraction of whips and crops before. Rachel again surged forward at the stroke and then again bent to her task.

C A Matthews

“Kneel.” I ordered. “Continue your task on your knees. Raise your bottom. That’s it. Now push it backwards. Yes, yes, good. More. Thrust your behind out a little further. Good.”

I enjoyed positioning Rachel to suit my wishes. Only her hands working Richard’s zip down helped her keep her balance as I posed her on her knees in front of me. Richard helped her ease his trousers and boxer shorts over his hips so that she could pull them down his thighs. I grinned at him and he honestly blushed. He hadn’t realized I was watching them. Perhaps he even thought he would be punished. I kept his gaze locked on mine as I bent over Rachel to plant little kisses on the bright red raised stripes on her ass. With her hands holding his trousers and shoes at his ankles, Richard slipped out of them all in two small steps. His erection had sprung out away from his body, the end swollen and proud, the shaft veined and tightly stretched by the blood filling his member. Running my left hand over Rachel’s back, I bent forward and breathed gently over the head, watching it twitch. I could smell Richard’s warm manly scent coming from his cock, making my head swim, intoxicating me and suddenly I couldn’t resist it any longer. I leaned forward the necessary extra inch and closed my lips over the hot end. With a low moan of satisfaction coming from deep inside my chest, I slid my mouth down the long, long length of his erection, taking it all into my mouth, tasting it all. My breasts hung down and brushed against the top of Rachel’s head, reminding me that she too needed my attention. I sat hard on the floor at the side of Richard’s leg. With my left hand curled around his saliva-wet shaft, I thrust my right hand into Rachel’s hair and turned her to face me.

“Serve me.” I demanded. “Serve your Mistress here.”

I pointed to my own swollen labia and Rachel immediately fell onto her elbows between my thighs. I looked up and saw Richard looking down at me hungrily.

“Bend forward.” I told him.

“Stroke her ass, caress her, my pet.”

My commands didn’t carry much authority now, my voice becoming hoarse as I began to lose control of my lust but he still followed my orders. He bent at his waist and began running his strong hands over Rachel’s back and down towards her ass, making her wriggle under his touch. My mouth closed around Richard’s heavy shaft, my left hand pulling it into my mouth as my right hand cupped and gently squeezed his hairy full testicles. At that moment Rachel’s tongue hit my lower lips, spreading them wide and

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pressing against my clitoris. I hadn't realized I was so close to a sudden climax! My back arched and Rachel dug her fingers into my inner thighs just to keep the fiery contact between us. Richard's huge cock filled my mouth and throat and I screamed swear words around his hard shaft as Rachel drove me into an orgasm.

My body in a spasm, I fell back onto the floor. Rachel threw her legs around my neck. Our roles forgotten, she took charge of my body. I buried my mouth into her soaking cleft as she did the same for me, her fingers first expertly spreading my opening wider and wider so her tongue could reach deep inside me and then she used them to tweak and roll my clitoris maddeningly between her fingertips. Looking past her proffered opening, I saw Richard stood alone, unsure what to do next.

"Come down here." I told him. "Fill her up."

I stretched her opening wide as Richard knelt above my head. With one hand I caressed his shaft where it swung over my face and then guided him deep into her wet hole. As he began to pump into her with short hard strokes, making her whole body shake, I worked on his testicles with my mouth, sucking them, pulling on them, teasing them, feeling them grow tighter as his need to release grew inside him.

Rachel was gasping and holding the insides of my thighs tightly enough now that she must surely be leaving bruises. Her mouth had lit a fire inside me that nothing but a second orgasm could put out. I could feel the heat and butterflies beginning deep inside my belly, the flush of heat working outwards towards the ends of my extremities. Richard's pumping became more furious and I couldn't concentrate on anything any more. Rachel began to groan even while she was fucking me, the low tones of her moaning reverberating through all my lower body. Richard too was making deep primeval noises, sounds from below the level of the conscious mind.

I don't know who came first but the beginnings of that first person's orgasm triggered something in each of us, bringing us all to climax together. We were fused in one heaving, shouting, groaning mass of sweating, ecstatic humanity, until we collapsed together, shaking and coming down. We were hugging and kissing, irrespective of just whom we were hugging and kissing at that moment.

"When you get your breath back," I told Richard, "it's my turn. Rachel's just had hers!"

Richard laughed and Rachel flung a pillow at me and then yelped as she tried to sit back and felt the sting of the stripes on her ass.

C A Matthews

“Yes, Richard,” she said, picking up the crop,
“I think Becky should get hers too!”

She laughed and slapped her palm experimentally with the crop a few times. Hugging each other, we pushed the sofa back out of the way, opened another bottle of wine, turned down the lights and spent the rest of the night together on the rug in front of the fire.

TIME AND AGAIN

Chapter Sixteen

Professor Seaton smirked triumphantly when I asked to make an appointment to discuss my next assessment.

“A long appointment, Michael.” I said, stressing the word “long”.

“Of course.” he replied.

“You might regret it,” I told him. “I like to play as hard as I work. You had better be a good boy.”

I ran my tongue over my lower lip then, staring him straight in the eye, challengingly.

“I’ll look forward to it.” He replied, smiling right back at me.

I couldn’t believe that I could be so brazen. The history postgraduate group had just had another session on the Loop in the now familiar language laboratory. A Chinese student, called Peter, somewhat incongruously, had spent much of the time trying to attune to the equipment, but only I had claimed to have had much success. I had written up my visions, suitably censored, and presented them to the group but while there did seem to be some historical detail in what I had seen, the periods couldn’t be identified accurately and the general feeling was that I may well have, quite unintentionally, imagined the entire episodes. The general opinion began to depress me. What if I’d imagined the scene in Michael’s study? If I had then there might not be any safe or any evidence or maybe there was a safe but I’d imagined the combination.

“Stop it.” Richard scolded me.

“I believe in you. Just believe in yourself, whatever everyone else thinks.”

He gave my hand a reassuring squeeze while the Professor was distracted with one of the other students.

Michael had made the appointment for a Saturday morning at ten. I was so nervous that I couldn’t eat breakfast. Rachel had put out cereal and orange juice for me and fresh coffee to stiffen my nerve. Laid out on the sofa were the things we had decided

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I would need today. There was the riding crop, of course, and two pairs of handcuffs. There was a basque and stockings which belonged to Rachel but which I could just about fit into too. There was a long raincoat, mine this time, and a high-heel pair of black thin strapped sandals. Lastly and critically, there were two remaining items. One was a heavy thick blindfold that fastened at the back of the head with a buckle. Rachel had borrowed it from Laura. I had raised an eyebrow at that and Rachel had laughed. Laura is a VERY interesting girl, she said. She would have to introduce me someday, when Laura wasn't working. The other was a metronome. Both Rachel and Richard had queried what I wanted that for and I let them try to work it out for themselves until I took pity on them and explained.

The bodice, stockings and sandals I wore, while everything else went into the large pockets of the raincoat. The crop had us foxed for a moment and then Rachel had a bright idea, tacking it onto the lining of the coat with a needle and thread. It would be secure enough for the walk up to Michael's rooms and a quick tug would pull it free. The air of preparation that had gone into my outfit would reinforce the dominatrix game I intended to play.

With the mackintosh on, I looked quite respectable. Walking into the university, knowing how I was dressed underneath, would be nerve wracking but also a little exciting.

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Chapter Seventeen

Rachel came with me all the way to the university, partly for moral support, partly because she had her own role to play. As I went inside, I waved jauntily at the doorman. Putting a brave face on, I thought to myself. Rachel would follow me inside separately, so it would not appear that we had arrived together.

Where was Richard? Please Heaven; don't let him let me down now! No, there he was, reading a notice board at the other end of the corridor from the door to the History Studies office.

I knocked on the dark stained wood. The door opened almost immediately. Michael smiled possessively and stepped back, gesturing for me to walk past him. As I went past him, he closed the door behind me and turned a key in the lock, leaving it there. God! Laura had said that he locked the door to his private office but I hadn't even thought about this door. I had been sure that I could make the opportunity to open the inner door but how could I get to this door and open it before he noticed I was gone.

My heart began to race. If I was ever going to have another opportunity then I had to make this seduction for real. I could feel myself sweating. What was I going to do?

"I appreciate the privacy, Michael." I simpered.

"It's not just for your benefit but for mine too. I am glad to have you here but just in case you have some idea about arranging an interruption, it is sensible of me to take precautions."

I opened the mackintosh and swung it back. My breasts were pressed high by the basque, emphasizing my cleavage.

"I don't think an interruption would do my reputation much good either, Michael." I said. I almost laughed as he goggled at my body on display. I was not wearing any knickers and my neatly trimmed pubic hair was on full display, framed between the stretched straps that supported the dark stockings.

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“Shall we go into your office or do you want me to take you right here on the floor.”

I was blunt with him and he almost leapt across the room.

“No, no. Please come in.”

He held the door open for me.

“Good.” I answered as haughtily as I could manage.

I followed him into the room. As I looked around I was hugely reassured. Everything I had seen in my vision was here, just as I had seen it. Whether he had forgotten or he was relying on the outer door, he didn't make any move to lock the inner door. Perhaps he only did that when he had a part-time secretary during term times.

“Take my coat.” I ordered him.

I had already decided that I had to stamp my control on this meeting as soon as possible. As he slid the coat off my shoulders, I snapped the thread holding the crop in place and stood in front of him, running the leather tip of it over my bare shoulders and across the top of my breasts. Michael stopped in mid-step, again taken by surprise.

“I told you I liked to play hard. Do you still want to play?” I asked him.

He licked his narrow lips.

“Oh, yes.” He answered hoarsely.

“In that case, you will call me Mistress. I will not tell you a second time and any infringements of my rules will be punished, most severely punished. Do you understand?”

“Yes.” he answered and I waited.

“Mistress,” he finished.

“Good boy.” I cracked the crop lightly against my calf. “Empty the pockets of my coat.” I ordered.

“Lay the contents out on the desk top.”

The handcuffs he laid out first and I told him to leave the keys on the desk where we could both get at them in an emergency. I had a spare key secretly tucked into a seam on the stiff basque, for my own protection, just in case. The blindfold he fingered interestedly before he laid that down on the desk too.

The metronome puzzled him. I smiled at him as he looked from it to me but he had played this game before and knew not to speak. Finally, I broke the silence.

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“Good, you know enough not to speak before you are spoken to. The metronome will measure your punishment with the strokes of my crop or it will measure my pleasure with the strokes of your tool in my shaft. Beware that you do not lose the rhythm I set. Does that please you, boy?”

“Yes, Mistress. Very inventive.”

He lingered over the last word, savouring the idea.

“Good.” I nodded.

“But now I find that my boy is overdressed for his tasks this morning. Remove your clothes. Slowly. Fold them neatly beside the desk as you remove each item. If you do it well, I will let you choose which item we play with first.”

Michael smiled and bent willingly to his task. His body was quite firm for his age and years spent on historical sites in Greece and the like, had given him a deep and enduring tan on his chest and arms. I sat on the edge of his desk and watched him appreciatively.

“More slowly.” I commanded, crossing my legs and pressing my thighs together.

The sense of power worked its influence on me. I had not thought that I could go through with this but already I could feel familiar warmth beginning to grow between my legs. As he stepped out of his trousers and started to fold them, I admired the way his obvious erection pushed the front of his boxer shorts away from his body.

“Turn around before you remove your shorts. Good, yes. You may continue.”

My request had nothing to do with play-acting. I found that I wanted to enjoy the show myself. I watched him as he slowly slid the cotton material over his muscular buttocks, pushing them down his narrow thighs and calves until he could step out of them.

“My boy has muscles like a long distance runner. Your mistress is pleased.”

“Thank you, Mistress.” He replied, still with his back to me.

“You may turn around but slowly.” I permitted him.

His stomach was tightly muscled without very much excess flab and his pubic hairs grew thickly up to a point almost immediately below his navel. His thighs were darkly haired too and from the center of this thick tangle of dark hair, his hard erection stood out proudly. He did not have Richard’s girth but made up for that somewhat with perhaps another two inches of length. I raised my eyebrows and looked him in the eye, smiling.

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"Good boy!" I said, "Oh, yes, very good."

Michael smiled, well pleased with himself.

"You may choose a toy from the desk. We will have a better selection next time perhaps."

I smiled in his direction.

As his hand hovered over the desk, his phone rang once. With a cry of exasperation, Michael took it off the hook and pressed down the receiver bar, cutting off the caller. He didn't replace the receiver. I smiled to myself. The ringing phone had told me that Michael's second visitor today was ready.

I swung my legs up onto the desktop and stood up in front of him.

"I have changed my mind." I told him.

"I will choose."

I gestured with the crop at the blindfold. "I think I will have you serve me first and reserve the pleasure of your shaft until you have made me good and wet."

Michael held the blindfold up to me and buckled it behind his head. I crouched in front of him and swung a short jab at his eyes. When he did not react to my fist stopping a fraction of an inch from his face, I was satisfied. Before I stood up again, I started the metronome.

"You must keep to the rhythm." I warned him.

"Now, move your hands up my legs. Start at my ankles. Yes, good boy. Now lick my legs too. Feel the stockings under your tongue. Ah, yes. Good, Good. Now higher. Yes, that's it but slower. Keep to the rhythm."

Behind Michael's back and hidden from his concealed camera by my body as I stood on the top of his desk, the door to his outer office slowly opened. Rachel had heard the tick of the metronome start, telling her it was safe to enter the room. Rachel slipped inside on bare feet. She gave me a quick grin and quietly closed the door behind her before silently slipping over to the bookcase.

Michael's tongue could just reach past the last inches of bare flesh above my stocking tops to make contact with my wet lips. I bent my knees to give him better access to my body and to keep his mind on his work. His tongue was very skilled and I could feel his lips seek out and suck gently on my clitoris. I buried my fingers in his short curly hair and ground my mound against his mouth.

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Rachel lifted down the set of books hiding his safe and looked at the combination written on the back of her hand. She waited for a moment to get the right timing and then matched each click of the dial on the safe to the clicks of the metronome on the desk. As she opened the safe door, I cried out, pressing his face into my groin.

“Step back.” I commanded. His hands went to his blindfold and my heart nearly stopped. I slapped his hand playfully.

“Not until I tell you, my boy.” I warned him.

“I need that delicious tool inside me. If you perform well, perhaps then I will let you take it off.”

I sat on the edge of his desk and called him forward. As he came into the circle of my legs, I drew him forward. My fingers caressed the long, narrow hardness of his penis and I let my other hand move through the thick tangle of pubic hair until I was cupping his balls in my palm. Stroking him, I guided the head of his solid erection until it was pressing against my opening.

“Now,” I gasped.

“Take me. Make your mistress proud of you, boy.”

I urged him forward, groaning as he plunged his entire length deep into me. He kept the rhythm marvellously, driving into me, his hands gripping my arse and holding me tightly.

Rachel had emptied the safe into a cloth shopping bag she had brought in with her. As she slowly shut the safe door, I grabbed Michael’s head, coincidentally clasping my hands over his ears as I pulled his face into my cleavage, gasping loudly.

“Stop, stop!” I cried out.

I pushed him back slightly.

“Oh, god.” I moaned.

“Take off my stockings, strip me naked.” I almost shouted.

I nimbly stood up on the desk again, guiding his hands to unfasten my sandals and screening the door from the video camera again. Behind his back, the books replaced, Rachel gave me a thumbs up sign and slipped silently back out of the office door.

On the desk, I grasped Michael’s head and fumbled at the straps of the blindfold as he rolled the last of my stockings down and dropped it to the floor next to its twin and my discarded shoes. I dropped the blindfold on top of the stockings and pushed him back away from the desk.

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“Help me down.”

When he had helped me to the floor and I stood in front of him in bare feet, I turned and bent over his desk.

“Now do me properly. Fuck me hard. Finish what you have started!” I demanded.

I heard him laugh behind me. His hard fingers dug into my waist as his still solid erection probed my opening and then finding the entrance, he grunted as he slammed into me. The edge of the desk dug into my pubic mound and Michael grunted and snarled as he rammed his length into me again and again. He was so long and so deep that he was hitting the entrance to my womb with every thrust. Being taken hard like this, without compromise and without even a pretense of gentleness, was exciting me. I could feel the familiar heat filling my senses and my hands clutched futilely at the desktop. Again and again, I felt his heavy balls slap against the base of my mound until I ached for the needed release. I could feel Michael tense and I clenched my muscles, as though trying to crush him inside me, then suddenly, he was bursting inside me, spurting his juice deep into my belly. His release brought mine on along with him but the sensation of being filled wasn't to last long. Too soon, Michael slid off of me and collapsed onto the sofa. He gave me no time to savor the sensations of the after climax.

“I think I can promise you an excellent assessment for this session, Rebecca.”

“Thank you.”

I rubbed at the top of my thighs where the desk had been pressed against me.

“If it's okay with you?”

I gestured enquiringly at the door. He looked uncomprehending for a moment, watching me picking up my clothes and the blindfold and then realized what I meant.

“Oh, yes. Yes, we're done for now. Can you find your own way out?”

Even though he framed it as a question, he obviously had no intention of getting up to let me out. Not much sense of afterglow with Michael.

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Chapter Eighteen

Richard laughed and dropped a videocassette onto the dining table.

“How did the interviews go?” I asked him.

“Just the way you planned. The Dean agreed that the publicity could only be bad for the University and that it was time for Michael to retire from education as a career choice. I think that the Dean may have suspected something before but had no evidence. Well, he’s got the videotapes now, if Michael decides to cause any trouble. Except for the one with Laura in it, of course.”

Richard grinned, remembering the interview.

“And Laura?”

“Yes. If she wants to come back the Dean will arrange it all for her. She can pick up her education where she left off, no questions asked.”

“What about Professor Seaton himself?”

I followed up my previous question.

“Well, he blustered and threatened and finally collapsed like a deflated balloon. He agreed to the trade. The tape was even still inside the video camera. It was where you said, hidden inside the plaster bust of Caesar. The lens was hidden by a piece of white muslin stuck across the hole. He was quite happy to trade the tape for his journal.”

“Did he notice that we had torn out the pages relating to Laura and to me?”

“Yes but he just looked at the torn edges, looked at me and then asked me to leave. He said he thought he better get some packing started.”

“Good.”

“One last thing, Becky.”

“Yes?”

“He said that I was to pass on his regards to you. He said that you’d skillfully outwitted him, he didn’t know how you had managed it but he was proud that it was one

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of his students that had defeated him. It was like when you teach someone to play chess and they beat you for the first time.”

“Arrogant to the end. Yes, that is so like him. I nearly died when he locked the outside door. It wasn’t until you rang his extension to let me know you were ready that I even knew you had managed to get inside.”

“That was Rachel’s brain-wave. It was the old trick of knocking the key out of the lock and letting it drop onto a sheet of paper. I used one of the large sheets off of the notice board. The one for putting down your name if you want to volunteer for the hockey team or something. Anyway, it was just the right size. Rachel fiddled in the lock with a bobby pin, a hairgrip she called it, and managed to get the key to drop out onto the paper I’d slid under the door. Then we just slid the key back under the door, unlocked it and we were in!”

“If he hadn’t left the key in.”

Richard interrupted me and gave me a quick hug.

“But he did and it all worked out beautifully from then on.”

The front door banged open and Rachel came bouncing in.

“Laura says to thank you for the videotape and, she had a phone call from the Dean of the University while I was there. She says she’ll see you in class next term!” Rachel flung her arms around me.

“Oh, Becky. You did it.”

“No.” I hugged them both. “We did it.”

Richard looked at me seriously, watching my eyes for my reaction.

“Come back with me.” He said.

“Back?” I asked.

“Come back to America with me when I have to leave.”

“Oh, Richard, yes!” I hugged his strong body against me as Rachel clapped her hands happily and wrapped her arms around us both.

A new time was starting for all of us and new lives were starting with it. New adventures, new friends and, though I didn’t suspect it in that happy moment in my little apartment, new enemies.

TIME AND AGAIN

AUTHOR BIO

I am slowly getting the hang of this authoring lark. I live in a gray steel town in the north of England, with my cat, a rabbit and two guinea pigs, affectionately known as the Rock Band! Time and Again is my second accepted story since I began writing in April 2004, the first being a short story called Spanish Silver for a print anthology, Rode Hard, Put Away Wet due out 2005. I started writing following a change in jobs last spring and, despite having a cat that likes to sit on my keyboard when I'm typing,

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