

The Apprentice Seductress

I always knew that one day I might have a long walk home, but that seemed a small price to pay for the joy I derived from cycling along those rough riverside paths. Nevertheless, the day I got the puncture I dismounted with an annoyed sigh.

To my surprise, my irritation was soothed by the magic of nature around me. Pushing a bicycle at a slow pace turned the amorphous carpet of spring flowers into myriads of individual blooms of different shapes, sizes and colours – each with a charm of its own.

Lost in wonder I stopped, reveling in the beauty around me.

My reverie was broken by the arrival of a pair of birds engrossed in an intricate mating dance. Entranced by their courtship ritual I sank onto the grass to watch the display. Prompted by the bird's antics I gradually became aware of my own suppressed sexuality.

Having just turned forty, with my son virtually independent and my husband caught up in his career, I'd felt twinges of a reawakening sexuality that had been sublimated by the years of raising a child and by a lack of marital intimacy. Sadly, as much as I love him, my husband no longer excited me sexually.

Now acutely aware of the growing desire within me I thought of Betty, my bosom friend and mentor's words, "Why, in the prime of our lives can't we have a little fun on the side? Forget those infatuated promises made eons ago when we were different people. What makes you think our husbands have kept them?"

With a grandson the age of my son, she'd been practicing the art of seduction for many years. "Dahling," she'd say, "We are past masters at deception and intrigue. Use those talents"

Why not, indeed, I thought. It was time to stop retreating behind a gold ring; to stop suppressing my urges. It was time for some "me-things".

My imagination took flight as I relived my favourite fantasies.

My daydreams were shattered by the sound of approaching rubber crunching on sand.

I scrambled to my feet just as a handsome young boy came pedaling around the bend.

I was quite surprised by his sudden appearance as during the week I'd never encountered another soul on those riverside paths.

Braking to a stop he ventured, with a charming shyness, "Hello. You OK?"

"Oh yes," I replied, "But my bicycle isn't – a puncture."

"It's a hazard on these paths," he smiled, "That's why I always carry a repair kit."

Dismounting, he began opening his saddle bag.

"What are . . .", "I began involuntarily, before checking myself as my eyes began roaming all over his firm, tanned young body.

He waited, till my eyes re-met his, his face now flushed, "It's no problem," he smiled.

I sat down on a nearby rock and watched him as he worked, thrilled by his supple movements and dexterous hands. He was fit, in his prime and I let my imagination take flight.

It would be so easy out here. He was barely older than my son – but so what, it wouldn't be incest.

He broke my reverie with, "There, it's all fixed."

"Thank you so much," I purred in my most sexy voice, adding seductively, "Are you in a hurry?"

"No, not really," he said, "I just come down here to get a break from studying."

"What are you studying?"

"Aeronautical engineering."

"How fascinating. What made you choose that direction?"

His enthusiasm was apparent, "I've always been fascinated by flight. I really want to . . ."

His words ended abruptly as I leapt to my feet, with what can only be described as an unladylike yelp.

He uttered a startled, "What's the matter?"

"Something's crawled up my dress."

Splaying my legs, I dragged my dress above my hips to reveal a few large red ants crawling over my inner thighs.

Without hesitation he began wiping them off. At first his sweeps were frantic but then his movements slowed, his hands lingering on my thighs, savouring the experience.

I had thrilled to his touch and realized that this was going to be much easier than I imagined.

His, "There, all clear," revealed a touch of disappointment in his voice.

I lowered my dress far more slowly than was necessary, tantalizing him, tempting him – loving his gaze on me.

"Thank you so much," I purred seductively, "I'm not comfortable with creepy crawlies up my dress, I prefer other things."

He blushed a bright scarlet before shyly confessing, "I've never touched a woman there before."

My heart leapt. That meant he must still be a virgin.

Betty had often enthused about how wonderful it is to teach a young virgin to make love your way.

What an opportunity this could be. He would have no preconceived ideas of sex. I could cultivate him; teach him how I like to be touched, caressed, made love to. He was a blank slate on which I could selfishly write my own pleasures.

I could see how aroused he was. It was obvious that he wanted what I did but that he had no idea of how to go about getting it. I would teach him – my way.

But I decided to defer my pleasure. I selfishly didn't want to spoil a possible longer term thing by instant gratification. A toy boy on the side sounded really exciting.

I held out my hands and he took them. A thrill ran through me again. I leant forward and kissed him gently.

"Thanks, you saved me a long walk."

"It really was a great pleasure," he said with feeling.

"Would you like to meet for coffee tomorrow?"

"Oh yes," he nodded enthusiastically.

"Good. Shall we meet me at The Coffee Corner at, say, 9 o'clock?"

"Yes."

We pedaled off in our different directions.

Oblivious now to nature, my scheming mind was on more selfish things.

The phrase, "Toy boy," had taken root in my mind and I found myself thinking of him as "The boy."

I could not wait to tell Betty.

She was overjoyed, "At last you're coming to your senses. Here. It's a duplicate to my love pad."

The object she handed me was a key to her little secret pleasure pad in the country. She had bought it an inheritance that her husband knew nothing about.

She winked, "I can just see us soon having to draw up a roster, unless . . ."

"Betty, stop it," I laughed, "I'm still too new at this."

She left me with, "Well congratulations Mrs Robinson. You do know that I expect to hear every delicious little detail of your first encounter."

The next morning, to my intense delight, the boy was there, waiting.

His eyes wandered appreciatively over me as I walked slowly towards him, dressed as seductively as possible.

Kissing him on the cheek I cooed softly, "I missed you."

In the next half hour, over a good coffee, I laid the foundation for my seduction before driving him to Betty's little hideout.

Once there I held him close and ran my fingers through his hair, whispering soothingly, "It's so wonderful that you're still a virgin. I'm going to teach you how to really please a woman."

"Now," I said, turning, "Unzip my dress."

One by one my articles of clothing slid to the floor.

Apart from his eyes, the boy remained still, as if riveted to the floor, entranced by the sight of a naked woman right in front of him. His gaze didn't know where to alight.

"Come on," I coaxed, "Undress."

Answering his eyes, I cooed, "Yes. Take it all off. Everything."

The boy's embarrassment at stripping before a naked woman was trumped by his intense desire.

He looked like a Michelangelo-esque statue in his naked perfection.

Desire had turned him into a malleable object in my hands. I loved having him totally at my mercy. My sense of power, of being in complete control, of manipulating him to do exactly as I pleased, thrilled me.

I slipped my arms around the boy, excited by the feel of his warm, firm body, and looked deep into his eager, but slightly unsure, eyes, "There's nothing to worry about," I

assured him, "Just do exactly what I tell you. Just like anything else, we have to learn about sex and I'm going to be your teacher."

That heady morning, with our naked bodies bathed in the warm sunlight flooding into the room, I began to teach him the art of touching. We went as far as we could without the ultimate satisfaction.

The boy was acutely embarrassed by his involuntary actions. While a part of me thought it sweet and innocent, I had to hide my irritated frustration while soothing his disappointed pride.

"Don't worry. It's perfectly normal," I comforted him while stroking his cheek, "Relax now. We won't force things."

Then I set the boy's his mind at rest with, "Tomorrow we'll begin with the second lesson."

That night, seeking an outlet for my pent up sexual energy, my husband never knew what hit him. Pretending that he was the boy aroused me to a level I'd seldom experienced before.

Glowing with satisfaction, over breakfast he asked, "Whatever came over you last night?"

"Oh, I just realised how sexy you still are," I lied.

The following morning the boy was late.

I was annoyed that he'd kept me waiting.

As the minutes ticked by a whole range of emotions and doubts began assailing me. I wandered if I'd put him off and irrationally started to blame Betty for convincing me of her stupid ideas about virgins. Perhaps I tried to teach him too much yesterday. I regretted not carrying out my original idea of seducing him when we met. It would have been so much simpler to have gone for instant gratification.

Irritated by all these conflicting feelings, I picked up the morning paper and began flicking distractedly through its pages without really absorbing anything until my eyes fell on a picture of a mangled bicycle . . .

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