

Mr Whippy - No Vanilla

Why is nothing these days where you last put it? You angrily stare around the kitchen sink area in front of you, your eyes returning to the few pots in the basin below. You catch your reflection in the window, you've still got it kid. You think, still blonde and beautiful, you wobble your cleavage at your reflection, and wonder if Mr Whippy will contact you today. " I want to break free, I want to break free, oh, how I want to break free", you stifle a laugh picturing Freddy Mercury pushing the Hoover in the video, as you return your stare at the washing up.

In the reflection you can see your son behind you at the kitchen table partially obscured by a box of cornflakes, eating his cereal, you see him a small child in his primary school top, orange juice, blue school book bag next to him. And as you look again, he's grown, school blazer, rucksack next to his mug of tea. With a tiny intake, a breath of regret for forever uttering, "Spawn of the Devil", to his face. But that was then, you recall, and now is different. Now you can hear, "and now it's time for thought of the day", coming from the radio. "I'll give you thoughts", you think, you never wanted this life, you wanted more, a career as a British Airways first class air hostess - you had the legs, a big house and the lifestyle your promising man could bring you. But after getting caught so early, marriage was considered best for you, the families thought, and you suppose it worked in the beginning, but you never went back to work after the child was born, you never seemed to want to even when your boy was at school full time. But by then you had a daily social life with Jeremy or Oprah, and a drink or two before lunch, sometimes the bored housewife hat fitted, and if the hat fits they say, wear it.

"Ready to go, five mins, Okay?", your husband's voice coming down the stairs, a bowl is added to the rest in the sink. In a flash all are through the door onto the drive and into his Cayenne. It's a nice house you think, especially the double downstairs bay windows surrounded by the ivy, as the car crunches the gravel and leaves the drive and exits at the gates. You stare out of the window as other big houses go by, the riding stables, the golf club and some of its fairways; you haven't played for ages, Passed St Mary's with its Norman belfry, old odd gravestones at angles, past your son's primary school, Why are we not stopping? You think. Then your husband turns left and pulls over and your son grunts "bye", your husband says to him that Grandma is coming tonight as he jumps out and rushes across the road towards the secondary school.

Immediately your husband lights up and takes a great big drag on his cigarette, you shout at him to stop smoking, how disgusting, but he just turns up the radio and takes two more massive drags and throws the butt out of the window. You sit in the back and seethe, as he turns into the main street the traffic crawls along, past the bookshop, age concern, the co-op, greengrocer, diy store, and " Gelato, The Ice Cream Parlour and Coffee Shop", you stare as hard as you can at its shop front trying to see if Mr Whippy is working there, certainly his upstairs flat is in darkness. Your husband is reading a text message and grinning, then as he reaches the end of the street he turns the car into the railway station car park as his mobile rings. " Hi Susan ", he says happily as he picks up his bag from the passenger seat, "Yeah, looking forward to seeing you about seven", he's smiling as he turns and looks back at you and the car, "Love you" he says as the car locking beeps.

The bastard, you think, walking back along the main street, looking in shop windows, fancy that, you think as you gaze at some ski boots, its a while since husband took you skiing, in the window of the charity shop too, in spring, mine are just like that, odd. Moving on you are outside the ice cream shop, you can't see him inside, just a dumpy girl beside the counter reading a magazine and chewing gum. There's no one at all taking coffee, but it's early.

As you wander towards the park by the river you remember first seeing him, 'Mr Whippy', that is, you were having a coffee following shopping with Kate and Hilly, and it was Hilly that noticed

him first, tall and handsome, dark hair, brown eyes, wide smile, false Italian accent, Hilly nudged you as he brought across the coffees, "Cappuccino, for you, Madam?" He enquired and a shudder went through you, what a sexy man you thought, made you feel all perky in an instant. Hilly's gabbing on about some goings on at the golf club, and giggling about the ridiculousness of it all, "Men don't get older, they just lose their balls", she laughs. You are not really listening but thinking about what Kate had said about her philandering husband (before she had kicked him out some time ago). Kate hasn't got over it, married for over twenty five years, with three kids, she is quieter than she used to be, almost distant, like something terrible has happened and she can't stop thinking it over. He'd been spotted on an extra marital affair website by someone who vaguely knew her and then Kate using a hotmail email address, and a lifted picture had trapped him just like Babooshka did in that Kate Bush song. Least that's what Hilly had said.

But something is stirring in you like a worm in an apple, wriggling, an urge, as you glance at him as he walks by carrying a tray of lattes to a group of sixth form girls, who look up at him admiringly, whisper to each other and giggle, a wonder of what it'd be like. "Fuckin jail bait", your inner newly found turrets jealously screams at the girls with their youthful looks and ample breasts.

"Kate, what was that website, your husband was on?" You calmly ask as you look demure Kate in the eye.

"Why? Not getting enough?" Asks Hilly, loud enough to make the sixth formers look round.

"Thinking about an affair?", Kate says quietly, replying to a question and turning it into a statement.

"He was on and probably still is on 'Cougar Dating' ", she adds matter of factually. At that moment you are interrupted by the gorgeous man, and asked if you would like your coffees refilled, you all nod and yes, you did push your breasts out. " I could with him", You whisper to the girls conspiratorially, "Your in a queue, behind me, and them", Hilly replies from behind the rim of her cup, looking in the direction of the schoolgirls.

Sitting in the park, you watch the river idle by, some ducks glide around on water near the other side, otherwise you wouldn't know it's moving, and you reconsider sex and what you did next. Your husband was demanding in the beginning but as time went on he was working longer, later, and weekends, building his business, your future. And as in all relationships, the shag per week index falls away until almost non-existent and even when it happens, it's all over - under the covers, boring. So you'd registered at cougar dating and looked around, eyes on sticks, you can't believe how many men are on here and so many so nearby, how overtly kinky some are and you can't believe how many cock pic's there are, unnecessary, you tut. Anyway you think, is the world being unfaithful? Are all men looking for extra marital fun behind the partners back? And that Kate hadn't told you what it was really like. But it stirred something in you, you couldn't help but think that there's more out there, and hell, why not have a bit of fun?

The site is strangely addictive you think, as you return to it drink in hand, taking more time to look some men over, reading their diaries, and gasping at your message inbox overflowing with what look like variations of messages, "Hi I've just joined and do you feel like chatting?" etc Several hours go by but you haven't dared message anyone, just not plucked up the courage, even though you've considered it, the urge for sex is growing within. Then on page 6 of men in your county you click on a familiar face. The name is "Mr Whippy" and it's your man from the ice cream shop and you send him a message.

Its only early but the ice cream parlour and coffee shop is bustling with shoppers over coffee, alive with the sound of chit chat and the clunk of the coffee making process from the big shiny coffee machine, that gloops, hisses and creates the aroma we all love. Dumpy girl has served you and you take a seat near the door and you are sitting there licking an ice cream, vanilla flavour, and staring out of the window, deliberately holding and licking it sideways, with the tip of your tongue rolling

around the tip of the ice cream. In between making coffees he's staring at you from by the coffee making machine, you can see him in the reflection of the window, you can almost hear the cogs in his brain turning.

Your message had said, "So Mr Whippy, this is Miss Smoothie, I could be a sub to your dom but maybe there's places to go, maybe a little spanky panky, maybe ice cream on my nipples, maybe if your a very good boy, I'll melt, I might come in for a "99".

You hadn't completed your profile or added a pic so he couldn't know who it was from. You where so unbelievably horny as your wrote the message, but you logged off as you heard a car pulling into the drive outside. Had a bath and gave the 'privet' an overdue trim.

That evening you checked your messages in the inbox and saw there was one from Mr Whippy, it simply said, "12 O'clock tomorrow, wear nothing under your coat". You almost came just reading it. To say your heart was in your mouth would be an understatement, never been unfaithful, never even looked at another man, almost forgotten about sex, and here you where about to do it and what's more you told someone who describes them self on their profile as very into bdsm that you could be a sub. Though you don't really know what that means but he's looking for one, it said, and that you would like to be spanked, even your husband has never been allowed to do that! Waves of panic and waves of excitement rush through you. You can't sleep properly, for thinking about it, you get up about three am and go to the bathroom and are sick. You wash your face in cold water and clean your teeth and compose yourself, you look yourself in the mirror and tell the reflection that this is a bit of fun, that's all, no harm, no one's going to get hurt, "least you", you mouth to yourself. You climb back into bed, husband's snoring, as usual, you lie back and imagine the man kissing your nipples and then kissing your clitoris as you gently circle it with your little finger.

The following morning it's the usual, son is eating cereal ready for school, and, "and now thought for today," comes from the radio, as you look at your reflection in the window, still "got it" kid you think, and my thought for today, a little shudder passes through you, is mind blowing. Everyone's gone and you sit down and switch on the TV, flicking over the channels, until you find a chat show to take your mind off it, and you pour yourself a vodka and add orange just to steady the nerves.

Following a shower, at ten thirty you are standing naked, bar from your long, high heeled, leather boots in front of the full length mirrors that are sliding wardrobe doors in your bedroom, you take a good long look, still got the shapely legs, very slight waist, breasts still pert, hairs nice, not bad for mid forties, the thought comes - 'gonna shag a toyboy!' You do a little dance, and after three different choices of long coat, a stiff vodka, you are off, you thought better than driving, anyway someone might notice your "Pinky", your pink Porsche boxster and it's personalised number plate, so you hop into a taxi and ask the driver to drop you off on the main street near Geletos.

Standing on the street, a sudden flurry of cold wind and the suddenly loud traffic noise seems not to mix too well with your nerves and the alcohol, you feel your brain is in a little spin, you don't feel drunk, though your knees think you are. "Shit", you say, trying to compose yourself, you smile to the world then think to yourself, "I am doing this", and like a moth to a flame you open the glass door to the cafe. You reassure yourself that this is going to be OK as you see him smiling at you from by a door adjacent to the coffee machine, you only notice dumpy girl working as you glance round at the customers you are so glad that Kate and Hilly aren't amongst them. You go straight to him, with as little wobble as possible, it's a blur, he takes your hand and you feel assured for a second, as you look into his dark brown eyes. You swallow hard as you follow him up the stairs.

He opens the door and motions you through into the flat, the door closes and the snick clicks down, and he turns to you, holding your hands, you are shaking, you feel your lip wobbling, you can see

but it's like a view through the bottom of a glass. You look round, the flats actually a bedsit, like you had when you were a student, nice wrought iron bedstead, small kitchen area, flat screen TV, a bookcase of dvd's, wardrobe, leather chesterfield, it's neat and tidy, and on the wall are several framed film posters, 'A Streetcar Named Desire', 'Forbidden Planet', and 'Dial 'M' for Murder'.

He is looking you in the eyes, and saying something about, green being OK, yellow being too 'intense' and red meaning 'stop', that it's safe and consensual, that he is the top and you are the bottom, you will do what he says, and this being the first time will be very gentle. Then he tells you to take off your coat and he passes you a slave ring, which you put around your neck, he fastens it at the back and you feel his hand taking your hands around your back and you feel hard metal and you hear the click of handcuffs being closed. "Not too tight?" he asks in a concerned voice, "No", you mumble, legs really shaking now. Next he picks up a blindfold and carefully puts the elastic around your ears. Then you hear a chair being dragged across the room and hear him stand onto it, another click, then some tension on the back of your neck and another click. "OK?" quietly he says, "part your legs, get balanced and try leaning forward". You do and you feel tension in the small of your back as the rope or whatever that's fastened to the ring of the slave ring takes up the slack.

Suddenly you feel incredible pain from your nipples, and your knees go weak, but you purse your lips and regain balance, letting out a little hiss.

"Oh my god", as you feel incredible cold from inside your vagina, realising that ice cubes are suddenly inside it, then suddenly you feel his lips on yours and his tongue touching your lips, and his fingers holding your vagina and keeping the ice cubes in. And the pain ebbs from one of your nipples as you feel his lips surround it, and then the other and you like it as he licks and bites them. Letting go of your vagina, the ice cubes fall out and you hear them bounce on the floor. He tells you he's going to spank you now, and puts back what ever it was on your nipples. You brace yourself as best you can, as you feel a stinging sensation from your bottom, you let out a yell. "Shh, quiet", he says, "Or I'll gag you!". And continues, slap, slapping your arse. He stops, you are panting like you've sprinted a mile, your bottom and you are on fire. You try to regain your balance, stepping sideways and you really feel dizzy and euphoric, every bit of your body tingles. "What are you doing to me" you just about whisper, you can feel your pulse racing, you are conscious of your blood rushing around your body, you feel like you are hot, your head is pulsing.

Then you feel the pressure on your nipples removed, "I am going to cool you down now", you feel ice cubes going into your vagina again and you can feel his hair touch you as he kneels below and between your legs, and you feel the tip of his tongue licking you and pushing the ice cubes around inside you, and you come almost immediately as you are overcome with pleasure, but he doesn't stop and though the ice has melted he keeps licking you until eventually you cry 'stop' as your knees are giving way. He undoes the clip off your neck pushes you gently to the bed and takes you from the back, taking you extremely hard, and when he's about done he pulls it out, pushes it along between your buttocks and you feel him ejaculate over your back and shoulders.

He stands you back up undoes your handcuffs and slave ring, turns you around and removes your blindfold, looks you in the eyes, and says, "Enjoy that?" He has a mischievous grin and you can't help nodding, then you clasp yourself around him and kiss him passionately, you both fall back on the bed and he is back inside you, and this time, for you it's passion, abandonment like you've never felt, a sense of achievement as you ride him like a cowgirl, till you are both sated.

It's hard to keep a straight face in front of your husband that evening, you are still buzzing inside, you keep reviewing it in your mind as he watches some political programme, you say goodnight and it's time for a bath but you are feeling so randy that you go and find your vibrator that lay forgotten for years in a bottom drawer, lock the door and take quite a while in the bathroom.

Hilly and Kate notice a difference in you a couple of days later, over a drink after the weekly aerobics workout in Hilly's downstairs gym, but you don't tell, even though you are excited, dancing round to Hilly's playlist, Status Quo, "What ever you want", Queen, "I want to break free", Inxs, "Suicidal blonde", Blondie, "Hanging on the telephone" EBTG, "Missing". He'd sent you a message via the dating site and you are seeing him again that afternoon, three o'clock, "Wear nothing under your coat", you are feeling rampant and he doesn't disappoint, this time he ties your hands to the bedstead, blindfolds you and drops teaspoonfuls of ice cream on to you followed by hot candle wax, dribbling wax and ice cream all over. It's cold, then hot and painful for a second then all so sensual, before he gives you the best oral sex you've ever had. You feel like you are in expert hands.

You are worried, you don't find a message in your inbox from him, hundreds from perverts though, you check every couple of hours, you mope about, lost and lovesick like a schoolgirl, you doubt yourself, what have you done wrong? You drink too much vodka and you snap at husband and son frequently.

Then after a fortnight or so the message reads, "Tomorrow at noon, wear nothing under your coat", you are relieved and happy but also cross that he's been able to make you feel so on edge. But then you rationalise that's what a dom would do, it's control, that's what it's about, it's about your acquiescence. You think about it over and over, should you not go? But you can't resist the pull he has over you, maybe you could talk to him and tell him how hurt you've felt, and if he doesn't listen then you'll move on, but you'll give it your best shot because he's reinvigorated your whole self and woken your slumbering vagina, your "sleeping pussy", you take another drink and smile to yourself.

They have left to work and school, its the same as most mornings, vodka and orange, a chat show on TV except today, a shower and you get ready, standing in front of the mirrors you admire yourself. Not bad kid, 'still got it', long shiny boots, thin tummy, pert boobs, you tweak your nipples and grin at yourself naked in the mirror. Another vodka, and a call for a taxi.

Through the window of the cafe you can see him and he smiles at you from by his door, those eyes make your knees weaken. As the cafe door pings the bell as it opens, nervously you glance around and a couple of people look up from their coffee cups as you enter, fortunately no one you know is amongst the customers, that you saw, but you can feel some of their eyes on you as you scuttle across to him and up the stairs, you wonder if they are whispering behind you, "just look at that trollop".

He doesn't say anything but a rather quiet "Hello" and then he takes off your coat and snaps the handcuffs on as you assume the position, legs apart but he does not tie you up, he tells you that he's going to use ylang ylang essential massage oil all over you, and these, he produces some beads, "are for fun", they look like the ones you got to use as Christmas decorations, draped over the tree, a long red string of small plastic balls. Then he covers your eyes with the blindfold and holds you and kisses you as you sway unsteadily, goosebumps forming in droves on your arms. Biting your lips as his fingers penetrate you. Then he massages you and you smell the sweet, orangey, rosy rich aroma, a wonderful heady flower mixture that captivates your every breath as you feel the oils effect, elevating you, a feeling of joy, of pleasure as he works his fingers into your back, you moan, and are told, "Be quiet, or I will gag you". You feel euphoric and so unbelievably lustful as every part of your body begins to wish to be sated. He is pleasuring your clitoris with one hand, and then you feel a finger penetrating your anus, you don't really mind an odd finger, but you can feel him moving it around and hear and feel oil being dribbled between your buttocks. Next you start to feel the long chain of beads being pulled slowly from your shoulders and across your body and over your breasts, nice, then you feel it see-sawing between your legs.

You see the unspoken arrangement has always been some bdsm to start with, that pleases him, then

as he calls it "vanilla sex", or plain, ordinary, dull, uninteresting sex, so you are quite pleased when he moves you to the bed, lying on your back, on top of your handcuffs, he massages more oil over your breasts, it's lovely, and then his fingers work more into your vagina, you feel him start to push the beads inside, you don't feel violated and then you feel him slowly pulling them out, a few, slowly, the slower the better, almost one at a time, causing violent shudders of pleasure, you feel him put more in and repeat the process until you are gasping with pleasure and are coming. You are coming loads.

He turns you over and you feel massage oil on your back and backside, and a finger in your bottom, you moan with pleasure again, then you feel him put the beads around your neck, he does it twice, and as he starts to take you from the back, he gives them a little pull, like reins on a bridle they tighten a little and move round skidding on the oil, he puts his finger back into your anus. You are loving this, really deep penetration from the back, his finger, his hands with the ends of the beads running over your nipples as you kneel up. Then you hear a clink as he's thrown the end of the beads forward in between the metal headboard, you feel him pull out, hear the noise of more oil being poured and then a sudden excruciating pain of penetration as you realise he's just stuck his penis as far as he can into your anus, you cry out, but your throat is so tight, he pushes your shoulders and head down into the pillow. And he takes you violently. You try to cry out again, but he shoves you down harder, you can't struggle because your handcuffed and you can't breath because the beads tighten and tighten and bite into your neck, unable to struggle face down in the pillow, because what you don't know and he hasn't noticed is that the end of the length of beads on one side has snagged taut, caught in the metal frame above your neck. It all goes black.

You are waiting for him as the 6.40 arrives, but he doesn't see you, but you follow his Porsche into town, you hang back as he turns into Hooks Lane and then into Pinch Drive, passed neat edged lawns and rose bushes, passed bungalows and playing kids until he pulls up outside number thirty with it's lovely tree in the front garden already covered in fallen pink blossom. Taking a key out of his pocket you see him turning it in the lock and letting himself in, then from across the road you can see through the window him walk into the lounge and a tall lady coming to him, hug him and kiss him. So that must be 'Sarah' you think, and as you watch them obviously enjoying each others company. You see him move toward a door, he's out of sight and reappears with a small child in his arms. As you watch you feel a cool breeze blowing right through you and you turn away.

Later that night, you are in bed, he snores, wakes as if he's jumped out of a bad dream and sits up, glances at the clock on the bedside table, it's red diode states 2.02, he yawns, reaches for his glass of water, drinks, puts down the glass and looks round to you watching him, turns over and within a minute is snoring again.

At eight the next morning somehow you are full of the joys of spring, bright and breezy dusting the lounge, singing, "Oh, how I want to break free, Break free from your lies, You're so self satisfied, I don't need you", when a green transit type of van pulls up with a crunch of gravel on the drive outside. Pulse Florists, "Flowers from the Heart" in Italics in between a heartbeat logo, you watch from beside a curtain as a girl in green uniform opens the side door of the van and picks up a large bouquet of lillies and heads towards the door, "Can you get that", your husband shouts down the stairs, "and can you do the card", as your son runs to the front door, and takes the flowers from the girl.

You enter the hall to find your son writing the card, and you lean over to see what he's written, "The Best Mum in The World, Dad and I Love You and we miss you".

Then you hear your husband say, "We'll drop them off at your Mum's grave on the way".