



Chapter 24

Frances had, unusually for her, taken the day off work on the day she had planned to meet Steven.

She had many domestic chores to attend to and had also made an appointment in the early afternoon with her dentist and hairdresser. It was to be a day of ticking off items from her list, and also for leisure and self-indulgence. In addition to her appointments, she had arranged to meet one of her most enduring friends for lunch. Anne had worked with her at David Jones and because they had both emigrated from the UK and were of similar ages and backgrounds, they had quickly formed a bond, which had developed into a meaningful and mutually valued friendship.

It was a warm but slightly blustery day in very early summer. Frances was dressed casually but elegantly, in a sleeveless, high-waisted cotton dress. As she had prepared herself that morning, she encouraged an air of lightness and anticipation to build up within her. There was much to look forward to. A day where she could be herself, rather than her work persona. At the front of her mind was the anticipation of seeing Steven again and of spending some time with him.

Frances was a woman who gloried in life's simple pleasures. She had a mind capable of sorting out the different problems and chores that had to be faced each day and then allocating them to different buckets. There were buckets for everyday tasks such as showering, preparing breakfast, washing dishes and planning for the evening meal.

She was capable of categorising and then fully enjoying the *good bucket*, which enabled her to maintain a positive and sunny





disposition. Although she did not see it in those terms, she was aware that she seemed to find pleasure in small things, whereas many others seemed to allow themselves to be swamped by their *bad bucket*.

Frances reached Fairmont Park an hour before the allotted meeting time. She did this on purpose, because she had brought Eliyahu along for the day's excursion and had planned to walk along the meandering river path with him.

After parking her car she opened the door for a visibly excited Eliyahu, who jumped out and ran around, alternatively sniffing the ground and then raising his face to the sky and yelping, whilst his tail, as is common with Cavaliers, wagged crazily and relentlessly. He was a dog of such predictable pleasures that the idea of a walk along a new path, with myriad new tracks and smells to explore in company with his beloved mistress, was all that he could hope for.

Frances knelt down, put his lead on and patted him, receiving a slurping lick on her the face in return. 'Sorry for the lead Elly, but we don't want to get into trouble with the nasty council dog man, do we?'

Eliyahu yapped his acquiescence and they then headed off down the track.

Frances never took a walk in nature for granted. She did not drown it out with music playing in her ears, rarely took her phone with her and was always determined to take in not just the sights and sounds but also the mood and personality of the place and time. It was as if the scene she was in was a painting and she was a figure within it. The scene and Frances were merged into one and just as a landscape painting with a figure in it is of a specific place, a specific season, a specific era and a specific time of day, so was her scene. She was the focus of it and she was also observing it, as if the artist and the subject were one.





She knew that this capacity to be in the moment was what so many people knew they should strive for, attend yoga classes for, read health self-help books about and seek counselling to attain. Frances did not require such artificial aids. It was a natural by-product of how she lived her life and she was proud of and grateful for her natural balance, happiness and good humour.

It was this elusive characteristic of Frances that Steven had picked up on. As he had gotten to know her better, it was a trait he increasingly admired and sought to emulate. He instinctively understood that he could learn from her.

It evidenced itself to him in her ready capacity to laugh and her ability to find amusement in vignettes most others would not even notice. It was in her capacity to block out the negatives and focus on the positives, and in her general good temper.

Frances and Eliyahu completed their walk and returned to the car park, just as Steven was driving in. They stood there watching him park, she with a restrained smile on her face, a look which she had developed and practised: her Mona Lisa enigmatic smile. Eliyahu cocked his head to one side, reduced his wagging rate from frenetic to subdued and adopted a stance, passed genetically through many thousands of generations of forebears, indicating possible danger or cause for alert.

Steven was wearing navy business trousers and a light blue and pink check business shirt. As work was over for the day he had removed his tie and folded his sleeves up. To her, he looked cool, suave and dapper.

‘Is this the famous Eliyahu?’ he called out to her.

‘Yes, this is my handsome prince.’

Steven strode over to her and kissed her, formally but affectionately on one cheek and then the other. He then knelt down and introduced himself to Eliyahu. ‘Lovely to meet you. Yes, you are indeed a handsome prince.’





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They decided to return to their seat. Frances told Eliyahu that she would take off his lead if, ‘You promise to be a good boy and stay close to us.’

In response to Steven’s prompting, Frances detailed the events of her day. She told him that it had been a wonderful day, adding that she had experienced little stirrings of happiness when she thought of their meeting. ‘Somehow, my day was heightened, knowing that I was going to meet you here.’

Steven felt no need to hide his feelings from her and readily responded that he’d had a spring in his step for most of the day, knowing that they were going to meet. After a pause: ‘Frances.’ He looked serious.

‘Yes Steven, what is it?’ She was alarmed at his more serious tone.

‘If I invite you back to my car ... and you come with me ... what will we do with Elly?’

‘Oh, don’t be so silly. You had me quite concerned there for a minute ... I’m sure that Elly is mature enough to know that his mistress is a grown up woman who has a life of her own. Anyway, I know that he likes you — he keeps poking his tongue out when he looks at you and his wagging reaches manic levels. That is a very good sign.’

‘Phew. I’m glad he is so open minded.’

After exchanging smiles and without a further word, they quietly made their way back to Frances’s car. She opened the passenger door and Eliyahu jumped in, lay on the front seat and promptly fell straight to sleep, breathing loudly.

Frances and Steven settled themselves inside Steven’s car. Almost in tandem they lowered the back rests of their seats and then leaned over to face each other. Steven ran his left hand up and down Frances’s right arm — slowly, purposely, affectionately. He looked at her face, which had visibly relaxed as a result of





her day's activities. Her skin had a glow to it, aided by her walk in the sun. She smiled her practised enchantress smile and did not speak. Her look conveyed her desire in a manner that words would only obscure and cheapen.

Her look beckoned to Steven. *I've been waiting for you. I want you to kiss me. You are in charge, Steven. I want you. I desire you but I want you to show that you desperately want me.*

Steven read her signals. He wanted to seize her, to hold her close to him, to wrap his arms around her, to possess her. But he wanted to do it slowly, to savour each little step.

He sensed that although light was now fading, she enjoyed being in a public place — being seen to be a wanted, desired woman, in a way she had rarely been in her youth.

He pulled her towards him and their lips met. This time she played coy, allowing their lips to brush lightly together, feeling his tongue exploring her lips and teeth. At the urging of his tongue, she opened her mouth slightly and allowed his tongue to enter, but did not greet it. He started to explore with more insistence but she held back, passive but receptive.

He momentarily opened his eyes and he caught her looking at him, a teasing, coquettish expression on her face. *Come and get me, it said. I'm going to play hide and go seek ... but I may let you find me.*

Steven moved closer to her; indicating to her with a light touch to turn her head away from him, he began licking the lobe of her left ear. She could feel his hot breath and the magnified sounds of his licking. His tongue started flicking her ear and he began alternatively swishing and then blowing. It was as if her body was being enticed and she was helpless to resist. The imagery in her mind was of the matinee idols of her youth, passionately loving the heroines of the day on the huge silver screen — something which adolescent schoolgirls could only dream about in





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the darkness of the cinema. It was happening to her. Her Clark Gable in a parked car, playing a handsome lover, swooning her, entreating her to fall into his arms, with beautiful violin music playing in the background.

Frances's attempt at game-playing resolve dissipated. Since their last embrace in this very park, her imagination had become vivid and unbridled.

She lowered herself in her seat and with Steven watching her greedily, she lifted the hem of her dress. Slowly, with her eyes on him, she raised it, inch by inch. Her legs parted and her wantonness surged. This was something in her good bucket. Something to be savoured, second by second, minute by minute.

Steven was transfixed. What he had felt with his fingers, he was now about to see. From that time he visited her bathroom in Ballarat, he had begun to imagine, increasingly more vividly, the scene which was now unfolding in slow motion before him.

He lowered his head down to her knees but kept watching as she finally lifted the curtain. Her legs were now open as widely as she was able within the confines of the car, and her look was of another woman, in another time and in another place. It was Eve beckoning to Adam. *Take this apple from me*, it beckoned.

Steven could not resist. He stared at the sight before him. Her smooth white, warm thighs, culminating in the V shape of black, lacy knickers. The very same black lacy knickers from Ballarat. The knickers he had imagined her wearing, so many times. Drawn like a moth to a flame, he was powerless to resist. He moved his head closer, all the while recording the scene in his mind, to replay later, again and again.

His restraint faded to oblivion. Like a man lost in the desert for days, with a glass of iced water now being offered, he lurched and began licking. Her thighs, the magic V of warm silk of her knickers. Long swirling, greedy slurps and licks.





Frances lowered herself further and closed her eyes. It was dark enough and there was sufficient tint in the windows for her to not need to consider her surroundings, and she allowed her thoughts to slip totally and unreservedly to the sensations she was experiencing. She had nothing to compare this with. She absorbed the sight of Steven's head bobbing up and down below her. It was if he was her slave, in thrall to her and unable to stop, licking more frenziedly, more out of control, a stallion drawn to an awaiting mare.

With his fingers, he slipped the elastic of her knickers to one side and his tongue eased into her, his head on an angle to allow maximum entry. It glided inside her as far it could go, twirling around, providing a sensation she could never possibly have imagined and one which, at this moment, could only be provided by one man.

In it went. Hot. Uncontrollable. Relentless. Smooth, soft and wet. Unpredictable. Twirling around. Touching every part of her. Every nerve.

In it thrust, then out. In ... and then out. In ... and then out. It developed regularity and rhythm, which took control of her body. She lowered herself further, opened her legs wider and lay back, her eyes closed, her lips parted.

Steven found the source of her pleasure and now he methodically teased it with a circular routine. Firmly, controlling and increasing the intensity.

Frances gripped his back with her fingers, which urged him on. He was unstoppable.

'Oh dear Steven. Oh dear. Oh. Ahhhhhhhh ...' Her unbridled cries startled him. Unrestrained, and very un-Duchess like. He maintained the rhythm until he felt her slacken and he then withdrew and lay his head on her thighs for several minutes, after which he slowly moved back into the reclining position in his





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seat. Frances lay there, her eyes closed. She felt his arms tugging at her and, as pliable as a new born lamb, she moved over and lay in his arms.

Her breathing gradually reverted to its normal pattern. The fragrance, the aroma of raw sex, filled the car. It was on his lips, on his face. Everywhere.

She did not speak, nor did she want to speak. Any conversation at that point would have been jarring and intrusive.

Her bodily perfume on his lips was calling her to action. It was so impossibly intimate and sexual, animal and wanton. She reached over and put her lips to his, licking them slowly and savouring the intimacy it evidenced. They then engaged in a slow, solitary midnight waltz on a deserted dance floor. His tongue, which had been where no tongue had ever been before, was her dance partner.

In her mind, for the first time, she understood the potency of tongues. It was something her Catholic background and her age and her relative innocence had not prepared her for, nor warned her of. Now, just now, as if the genie had been released from the bottle and could not be put back, she wanted to explore him with her tongue, to experience what her fingers could never properly experience. She was alarmed but excited, driven by adrenalin, like a parachutist ready to do her first jump.

She looked at him hungrily. Her hand reached down to his thighs. With her left hand she felt the outline of what she had delicately described only days ago, on the phone. She squeezed and explored and then her hand found his belt buckle, which she fumbled at inelegantly, with no experience to guide her. Steven helped her in her task, eager for her to proceed, anxious for her touch. She undid his belt and then greedily slid down his zipper. Her left hand entered and she grasped.

Her mind was racing. There could be no ambiguity in her





Eliyahu's Mistress

actions and where it was leading. Steven obliged by lowering his trousers and Frances fell upon him, her lips wide apart, wanting him inside her, wanting her tongue to explore, to taste, to conquer and to be conquered.