

# **The Time Of Our Life**

## **Part 1**

### **(Love and Marriage)**

#### **Chapter 1**

A little man with a big hammer was beating feverishly on the inside of my skull. I groaned, opened one eye and promptly closed it again as daylight stabbed me viciously in the face. I turned my head away from my tormentor and tried opening one eye again. I was marginally more successful; at least I managed to keep it half open. My mouth tasted as though I'd swallowed the contents of an ashtray and I urgently needed to go to the toilet. Closing my eye again I tried to ignore the insistent demands of my bladder. My hand moved down to my groin, I was stiff, but only because I needed a pee. I dreamily tried to take my mind off it by imagining that Marie was with me and that it was her hand.

A thought seeped sluggishly into my brain trying to avoid the little man and his hammer. "Married..... I'm getting married today." My thought processes accelerated "Married!" I snatched the clock from the bedside table, focused on it with difficulty and breathed a sigh of relief. It informed me it was 8.15am on the 2nd May 1959. I sat up and wished I hadn't. The little man was still trying to batter his way out from behind my eyeballs. Groaning I managed to find the floor with my feet, stood up and immediately sat down again.

"Jeezus I must have had a good stag do, I can't remember any of it." I lurched to the bathroom, relieved myself then washed my hands whilst peering into the mirror. A tramp, red and bleary-eyed stared back at me. I put my head under the cold running water. At least it appeared to have drowned the little bugger in my head. I took a long slurp from the tap and felt almost human again.

I could hear sounds coming from the kitchen. That would be my mate and old shipmate Billy Ashton or his missus. I was staying at their house overnight so that I wouldn't see Marie in her wedding dress (or anything else for that matter) prematurely.

I thought to myself, "She could have had the pick of any man but chose a nondescript ex sailor with little income, no savings and a boring job on a production line. I owned a 12year-old rust covered car, smoked like a chimney and liked a drink or two. How many times had I staggered home from the pub after lunch, gone to sleep on the front room settee of her parents house where I lodged and woken later to see her doing the ironing humming to herself. Noticing I was awake she would give the radiant smile that could turn me to jelly. I would reach for her but she would wag her finger and say "No you don't mister or I'll never get this lot finished". So I would lie there drinking in the beauty of this flower that was now too become my wife.....

My mind drifted back to that fateful day not long after the end of WWII that we first met. I'd just joined the Navy and became mates with Jimmy Dinsdale who'd joined up the same day. The first time we got leave he invited me to stay with him at his parent's house. He knew I had no proper home as my parents had died in the war and I'd lived in an orphanage. Little did I know how his act of kindness was going to change my life.

Arriving at Jimmy's house I was introduced to Mum and Dad who immediately made me feel at home. Marie his sixteen year old sister wasn't home from her job as an office junior. Jimmy took me out and showed me the town and later introduced me to his girlfriend Karen, a very pretty brunette. I felt a twinge of jealousy. I'd never been able to approach girls, being painfully shy unlike Jimmy who seemed to attract girls without even trying. We arrived back at the house as dinner was being prepared, it smelt mouth-watering. I offered to help but was told to go and sit down as everything was in hand.

I heard the front door open and close and a call of "I'm home Mum."

The living room door opened and in walked..... a vision.

"Hello ugly puss." said Jimmy. "Hello Quasimodo" she replied. They both laughed and hugged. "Good to see you Jimmy."

"And you too Marie. Oh, and I'd like you to meet my mate James." She turned to me with a smile that highlighted her dimples. "Hello James," she said. Her hand was soft and warm. I forced myself to look into her eyes, she looked demurely back at me. Somehow I stammered "I'm very pleased to meet you." I was sure my face was the deepest red as it felt hot. She leaned forward and whispered in my ear "Can I have my hand back now Jamey?" and chuckled as I dropped it like a hot coal. I rather liked her calling me Jamey. I was saved further embarrassment when mum came through to announce dinner was ready.

During the meal I couldn't help but keep glancing at Marie when I thought she wasn't looking. I thought she was an absolute stunner. I think she was aware of my glances as she would occasionally look my way, smile and look down at her plate again.

It was a Saturday and Jimmy and Karen were going to the cinema that evening. Jimmy asked me to go with them but I didn't want to play gooseberry and said so.

"Why don't you ask Marie to come with us then?" asked Jimmy.

I stared at him and stammered, "I-I-Should think she's got a b-boyfriend hasn't she?" I stammered.

"Well if she has she's not mentioned him, let's ask her, so saying he shouted "Oi, Ugly-puss, what you doing tonight? Going out with your boyfriend then?"

Marie stuck her head round the door "Not going anywhere tonight, can't afford it and what makes you think I've got a boyfriend anyway?"

"Do you want one then?" asked Jimmy.

"Cheeky beggar I'm quite capable of getting my own thank you, anyway who you got in mind?" she replied, looking puzzled.

"James of course, who else?" said Jimmy.

Marie looked from him to me. I looked at the floor hoping it would swallow me up.

"Would you like me to come with you Jamey?" asked Marie softly.

I stared at her then said "Would you, please?" I could feel my ears burning.

She smiled at me "I'd love too." She replied and squeezed my arm.

I thought my heart would burst with excitement it was racing so hard.

In the darkness of the cinema I couldn't concentrate on the screen as I kept giving Marie sidelong glances, I thought she was so beautiful. The film entered what, not so long ago, I'd have called 'The sloppy bit' in other words a love scene. My heart seemed to beat even faster when I felt Marie's hand steal into mine. I was petrified that she'd take it away again but she squeezed it to get my attention. When I turned to her she leaned across, kissed me fleetingly on the lips and turned back to watch the movie. I was so shocked I couldn't move but held her hand even more tightly and that's where it stayed until the lights went up at the end of the show. As we left

the cinema she put her arm through mine and hugged it. Jimmy was walking Karen home and left Marie and me to find our own way home. We walked in silence for a while then Marie asked "Don't you like me then Jamey?"

"Er, Pardon?" I replied, stunned "Of course I like you," I paused then muttered sheepishly "I think you're beautiful."

"Well you didn't respond when I kissed you. Was I being a bit too forward?" she asked. When I told her that I was too shy and didn't know how to react she laughed gently and hugged my arm even more firmly. It broke the ice and for the rest of my leave we were inseparable.

We were young and innocent but seemed to form an almost instant bond for no reason I could fathom, it just seemed so 'right'. She had waist-long fair and silken hair that she allowed me to brush as we sat in front of the fire in the living room of her parents' house. We would spend hours in each others company, walking arm in arm along the river bank, skipping stones across the water to see who could skip one the furthest.

My sea duties meant that we didn't see each other as often as we would like, but I would spend all my shore time with her and her parents. Back aboard ship thoughts of her filled my waking hours. Every time I visited her I found she was transforming more and more from a pretty girl into a beautiful young woman and the first stirrings of adult love crept into our lives. We were both virgins and I had little idea what was happening to my body. All I knew was that when she touched me or we kissed, embarrassing things happened to me that wanted me to press myself against her because it felt so good. Her body began to take on a womanly shape and I could feel her soft burgeoning breasts against me as I pressed against her.

As time passed I learned a little more of what my body was telling me by listening to my more worldly wise and experienced (Or so they said) shipmates who would take the Mickey and make coarse comments when I showed them photos of Marie.

I read some of the lurid novels and magazines left lying around the messdeck and would find myself aroused by the descriptions of sexual encounters. To be honest I thought the whole sex thing a bit yuck! How wrong was I.

One evening on my next leave, Marie's mum and dad had gone to the cinema and we were left alone to cuddle up on the settee by the fireside all warm and snug. We kissed and I tentatively tried to put into action some of the things I thought I'd learned. I slipped my hands behind and under blouse feeling her tense and then relax as I stroked her back. Her breathing became faster as I clumsily unhooked her bra, I waited to see what she would do but she just looked at me with dreamy eyes. Emboldened I moved my hands until I cupped her warm breasts and could feel the stiffness of her nipples. Marie was slowly pulling my shirt up and was stroking my belly. I unbuttoned her blouse and leaned forward to take a nipple, like a ripe cherry, in my mouth, teasing it with little kisses and licking it. Marie's hand moved down, unbuckled my belt and slowly undid my trouser buttons, reached in and freed my stiff and leaking penis. She started stroking it and rubbing the wetness. I nearly lost control there and then but Marie seemed to know what to do to stop me. She grabbed the hand that was stroking her breast and moved it down inside her panties. I could feel the hot moistness as I began to ease my fingers between her legs. I began to massage her clitoris once she guided me to it, her breathing began to shorten and she groaned with pleasure as I moved my fingers inside her. We became more excited until Marie suddenly clamped her legs together nearly breaking my fingers as she heaved and pushed against them. I became afraid I'd hurt her but she finally relaxed enough for me to reclaim my aching hand. She gave a trembling sigh and to my amazement bent forward and

took my trembling penis in her mouth licking and working her tongue along its length. This was too much for me to bear and I came explosively several times before I could withdraw. I started to apologise but she put a finger to my lips and whispered "I've done a bit of research myself too darling, how was it for you?" I was speechless for a moment then said "It was wonderful my love but I was afraid I'd hurt you, did I?"

"Not at all my darling I think I had an orgasm, I just couldn't stop myself from wanting you inside me but knew we shouldn't, that's partly why I clamped up but it was far to late to stop my climax, sorry."

"No need to be sorry my love, I found it a turn-on too." I replied.

## Chapter 2

With a start I came back to the present, got dressed and went downstairs.

"How's the head?" asked Billy,

"Don't ask." I replied.

"Well get this lot down yer neck and you'll feel better." He pointed to a fry up.

I realised I was famished and soon polished it off, drank two cups of coffee then leaned back took out my cigarette case extracted one of my last few cigarettes and lit up. I took a deep drag and exhaled, my face going red and my eyes were watering as I coughed lustily.

"Gawd!" I wheezed between coughs. "I oughta pack 'em in afore they kills me, I'll probably have too anyway after today cos I won't be able to afford 'em. Cheers for the scran Billy-boy, just what I needed.

Still coughing I went back upstairs, showered, shaved and brushed my teeth. Going into the bedroom I looked with a twinge of dismay at the suit hanging on the wardrobe door. I'd bought it for a couple of quid from a shipmate just before I got demobbed, he was broke and needed the money. I'd had it cleaned but it still looked a bit shabby to me. I was as skinny as a rake and it hung on me like a sack but it was the best I could do. I couldn't afford a new one. Anyway, I figured, I'd only wear it once and then go back to wearing my old navy shirts and jeans or more casual wear. Fashion didn't figure very highly in my wardrobe.

"Ah well," I thought, "They won't be looking at me." and proceeded to dress. I felt as if I was being strangled by the tie as I wasn't used to anything tight around my neck.

"Be glad when this is over." I thought. I looked at the clock again, it was 10.30am, the wedding was at 11.00am and we were walking to the church, 'we' being Jimmy and I. He was to be my best man.

"You ready then?" called Billy.

"On my way." I replied as I made my way down to the hallway. "What do you think then?" I said.

"You've forgotten your buttonhole." said Billy.

"Shit!" I exclaimed, went back upstairs, pinned it on and came down again.

"How's that then?" I said

"Come here you great tit and let's straighten that tie, it's not a bit of string you know." Typically, Billy was behaving like a mother, as usual. He stood back and sighed "Silk purse and sow's ear come to mind but you'll do I guess." He said, grinning.

We went out into the bright spring day and made our way to the church. Marie's family and friends, plus the usual gaggle of people who seemed attracted to weddings, were already there. I felt self-conscious as we walked up the aisle. I was sure everyone was looking at my awful suit but when I glanced around all I saw were smiling faces. Some of Marie's girlfriends had their heads together and were whispering whilst glancing in my direction.

"Wonder what they're saying about me." I mused, "Probably wondering what she sees in me."

As we sat and waited for the bride I once again wondered if we were doing the right thing. I loved her with all my heart but worried that I wouldn't be able to support us. Where would we live and where was the money coming from? It was tempting to stay with her parents but we felt it wouldn't work, we needed to be on our own. How would Marie cope? She wasn't used to being as self sufficient as I was. Good Lord! We couldn't even afford a proper honeymoon. We were going off in my old car heaven knows where. We'd not even booked a hotel room.

We had discussed the future but not in great depth. We just wanted to be married and hoped that something would turn up in our rose-tinted world.

I'd proposed to Marie one evening when we were in the throes of another heavy petting session. I hadn't even bought an engagement ring but she laughed, patted me on the cheek and said "Don't worry about it baby. One day you'll be able to buy me the best one in the shop. Right now I'll settle for you." So saying she kissed me passionately again and I could see tears in her eyes.

"Aww, what's the matter sweetheart? Don't cry my love."

"Do you really, really love me Jamey?" She asked, searching my face.

"My God sweetheart, you must know spending the rest of my life with you is all I want. I love you more than words can say." I replied sincerely.

She was silent for what seemed an age before saying. "Have you thought about us having children?"

Eh... kids? You're not...no you-you can't be... I stuttered.

She put a hand over my mouth. "No my hero, I'm not with child as they say, and I don't believe in virgin births either. Please answer my question about having children."

I wondered where this conversation was going. "To be honest my love, children have never figured very high on my list of priorities. In fact, to be honest, I don't want any for very selfish reasons. I don't want you to finish up looking like some of the harassed young mothers who've neglected themselves or haven't the time to make themselves attractive again and where husbands, in terms of importance, feature somewhere after the family cat." I laughed nervously.

Marie held me tightly, and said quietly with tears in her eyes. "I can't have children Jamey. The doctors tried to explain it to me but the plain fact is I can't have children." She was now sobbing her heart out. I drew her too me and held her close until her sobs subsided then I said.

"Oh sweetheart I can understand your feelings if you want kids, personally I can live without them. Perhaps you'll think I'm selfish but I only want you in my life."

"So you still want to marry me then?" she asked, on the verge of tears. "Because I don't want kids either, I'm not the maternal type and don't think I ever will be."

We cuddled up, Marie stopped her tears and we made plans for our wedding, hopefully before Mum and Dad took over, which they did as soon as we told them.

The sound of the organ playing the Wedding March intruded on my reverie. We rose to our feet and I moved to the aisle. I daren't look round but was aware that Marie was approaching on the arm of her father. She moved to my side and I turned my head to look at her. Her face was partly hidden by her veil but I could see that she had never looked more beautiful. She was wearing an off-the-shoulder white silk dress and carrying a bouquet of red, white and pink rosebuds. Into her shoulder length hair was woven a garland of the same flowers. The fact she was in white was a true reflection of the barely restrained self-control we had managed to exert, even though we had come close with some very heavy petting. I glanced at Dad and saw that there was a hint of a tear in his eye as he looked fondly and proudly at his beautiful daughter. My knees were trembling and I was aware that her bouquet was shaking slightly. She turned her head toward me and gave me a nervous smile. I smiled back and touched her hand for a moment. The ceremony began.....

I went into automatic for the remainder of the service, not being a religious person. When we got to the 'I do' bit I took her hand in mine and slid the plain gold band on

to her finger, noticing that she was also wearing the cheap ring I'd bought her a few years ago whilst abroad. I looked into her eyes for any misgivings on her part but all I could see was love, the hint of a tear and a tremble in her lips. Then came the moment when she lifted her veil to reveal her beautiful face.

Then the words "You may now kiss the bride."

Our lips at first just brushed as we gazed into each other's eyes, then our lips met again and I crushed her to me and kissed her with passion.

I whispered "You're my beautiful bride and I will love you forever". She squeezed my hand and whispered "I love you too darling and I will never let you go".

The rest of the day passed in a whirl as people came to congratulate us, quite a few of them I didn't know except they were friends or relatives of Marie.

I had no relatives living except my Grandmother who was very old and bed-ridden.

## Chapter 3

Late in the afternoon we stole away from the reception to change into the clothes we would wear on our journey, wherever that might be.

The house was empty with everyone at the reception. We went to our separate rooms to change without a thought that we were now married.

I was in the middle of changing when Marie called for me to help her with her wedding dress. She couldn't get the zip undone as it was caught on her bodice. I wiggled it about to no effect so finally gave it a yank. The zip came undone so quickly her dress fell around her feet before she could stop it.

"Oops!" I said, "Sorry darling."

Marie turned to face me and my heart seemed to stop as I took in the sight of her in only her filmy underwear. It took my breath away and I couldn't stop staring at this beautiful girl, now my wife. That's when it hit me, "My Wife."

"I suppose you realise," I faltered "we are now man and wife?"

Marie paused for a second then came into my waiting arms. We clung together and kissed. My hands started to wander as I pushed against her but she held them still.

"Please darling, I want too as much as you," She was trembling, "but can we save it for the honeymoon sweetheart. I want it to be memorable."

What I really wanted to do was ravish her there and then but Marie was right of course. I managed, with difficulty, to contain my eagerness. Marie was aware of my need, it was all too obvious. She stroked my face giving me one of her devastating smiles. "Thank you my hero," she said "I knew you'd understand." She kissed me again. I still couldn't resist running my hands over her breasts before reluctantly leaving her to get changed.

We drove back to the reception to say goodbye. When we came out again the car was covered in confetti and streamers and some joker had tied tin-cans to the back bumper so it was no secret when we drove off accompanied by shouts of 'Good luck' and other comments that left our ears burning with embarrassment.

We stopped just out of sight to get rid of the cans and streamers then drove on until we came to the next junction.

"Which way now, left or right baby?" I asked.

"Toss for it," said Marie "heads left, tails right."

I tossed a coin, it was heads.

"Left it is then," and made the turn. I drove for about ten miles leaving a trail of confetti fluttering behind us.

I pulled off the road into a farmer's gateway on the brow of a hill. Getting out of the car we went and leaned on the gate with our arms about each other and in silence watched the sun going down, the cotton-wool clouds turning red and gold, the hills and valleys and the distant sea becoming misty and dark. I kissed the top of her head and gave a great sigh. "I don't think I shall ever be happier than I am at this moment." I said.

Marie looked at me and said "Then may this moment last forever."

We had a long lingering kiss. I stroked her face and hair and felt a great upsurge of love for my beautiful flower. We broke apart and I said "We'd best be getting on."

Due to the parlous state of our finances we hadn't been able to make any honeymoon plans and it was only due to the generosity of Marie's mum and dad who gave us £25 from their hard earned savings, that we were able to go anywhere. We hadn't made any plans as to where we were going to stay overnight



and were almost resigned to sleeping in the car when we spotted an old world pub with a thatched roof and a chimney with smoke curling into the still night air. Pulling into its little car park we went into the bar which was nearly empty. A few heads turned as we entered but then went back to their drinks. I ordered a couple of drinks for us and asked if they did sandwiches. As luck would have it they did so at least we wouldn't starve.

I asked the barmaid if there were any Guest Houses nearby.

"None that I know of but I'll ask the landlord, he might know of somewhere." she said and disappeared through a door at the rear of the bar. A couple of minutes later the landlord appeared.

"Where are you headed?" he asked

"Hadn't really decided" I replied "Just taking pot luck I guess"

"Well whatever direction you take there's nowhere near here that does B&B"

"Damn," I said "Guess we'll have to sleep in the car. Would you mind if we used the carpark tonight? I don't fancy driving at night in unfamiliar territory."

The landlord looked at me and then Marie. He rubbed his chin.

"Look" I said "we don't want to be a bother....."

He held up a hand "Would I be right in thinking you're newlyweds?"

"Shows do it?" I queried ruefully.

He chuckled "You get to know the signs when you've been in the trade as long as I have." he said. Tell you what, hold on a sec whilst I have a word with management, the wife should I say." So saying he disappeared after telling the barmaid to refill our glasses "On the house."

I returned to Marie to break the news about sleeping in the car, she was not best pleased but said "Not your fault my love, we'll be okay."

I gave her a hug and a kiss. "Not the best way to spend the first night of our honeymoon tho' is it?"

She patted my hand "Not to worry, we'll manage." she said giving me a suggestive look. The landlord reappeared.

"Right," he said "I've had a word with management" he smiled "She says if you like you can stay here for the night. We've got a spare room we keep in case any of our kids turn up but as they're both abroad it's not likely they'll arrive tonight. So what d'you say?"

Marie jumped up, nearly spilling the drinks, and gave him a hug, saying "We'll take it and thank you very much. I wasn't looking forward to sleeping in the old jalopy even if it is nearly summertime."

The landlord blushed and asked us to give his wife time to get the room ready.

Half an hour later he beckoned us to follow him. We climbed a narrow stairway to a room at the head of the stairs. Entering we were pleasantly surprised to see a fire blazing in the hearth making the room warm and inviting. A four-poster bed dominated the room. I dared not look at Marie as I eyed it.

The landlord said "The wife lit the fire to take the chill off. I'll leave you too it then my dears. We shouldn't disturb you as we sleep at the other end of the pub." He winked and left leaving Marie blushing and me as red as a beetroot. I collapsed onto the bed and nearly sank out of sight.

"Wow," I exclaimed "you've got to try this out." patting the bed.

Marie came over and sat next to me "Ooh! I want to take this bed with us." she said bouncing up and down giggling.

"Shush! They'll hear us." I said grabbing her and pulling her down. She chuckled and then, looking at me seriously, leaned forward and brushed my lips with hers before kissing me passionately, our tongues exploring each other's mouth. My hands held her face away from me for a moment so that I could drink in her beauty

then they moved down to the top buttons of her blouse. She held my hands and said huskily "Might be an idea to bring the cases up before we start, wouldn't want to get locked out."

I sighed and let her go. "Don't go away, I won't be long."

I crept down to the now dark and silent bar, unlocked the door and retrieved our cases from the car before hurrying back to our room.

I whispered "I'm back." as I entered the room. Marie was still lying on the bed but when I approached I could see she was fast asleep.

"Oh, that's brilliant." I thought "Just the way to start a honeymoon."

I quietly opened my case and took out some toiletries, got undressed and headed for the bathroom. Towels and soap were provided so I was able to clean up.

Heading back to the bedroom I noted that Marie was now lying clutching a pillow to her. I didn't want to wake her but felt she wouldn't thank me for letting her sleep in her clothes. I tickled her ear and then the end of her nose. She tried brushing me off like a fly. I then breathed hot air on her neck which had the effect of raising Goosebumps on her arms causing her to shiver and open her eyes.

"Hello baby." she murmured "You weren't long." then "Oh! You're undressed, how long have I been asleep?"

"Not long." I replied "You've not missed anything." I chuckled.

She climbed off the bed and I took the opportunity to slide in and lie watching her as she got her things from the case before disappeared into the bathroom.

It must have been my turn to doze off because the next thing I knew I woke up to see a vision looking down on me, her hair brushing my face. She was wearing the sheerest of nightdresses, showing off her magnificent curves as the dim bedside light cast its glow through it. I shot up in bed as she stepped back.

"Like what you see?" She asked coyly.

"Oh brother, do I!" I whispered climbing out of bed, We'd never seen each fully naked before so I was a bit embarrassed and my excitement was all too obvious. I walked around her admiring her and stroking her through the silk. I could feel my juice oozing out at the sight of her. I pulled the bows that held the nightdress up and watched as it floated to the floor revealing her body to me. She covered herself modestly I kissed her gently on the lips, her neck and down to her nipples that were standing proud. I knelt before her kissing her smooth flat belly. She shivered in anticipation. I took her hands, kissed the palms and put them on my shoulders. I kissed the tops of her thighs before running my tongue in between her legs which parted to receive me. I eased her onto the bed where we lay just stroking each other until I sensed Marie was ready for me. I knelt between her legs, my fingers working their magic inside her until I could feel her hot wetness pressing against me, her hand feeling for my penis. I wanted to plunge into her but knew my bride was a virgin. I let her guide me and rub me against her, which was about as far as we'd ever dared to go. Her legs were trembling as she held me against her before steering me into her a little way, her hips moving against me. Suddenly she gave a small cry and pulled me into her. A flicker of pain crossed her face then she urged me even deeper. I need no second bidding and we writhed and pushed until I could hold no longer and burst within her again and again, she slowly reached her climax as I continued to try and satisfy her. I collapsed across her and we lay still pulsing as the thrills eased off.

Marie opened her eyes and stared into mine.

"Okay baby?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh god," she replied, still moving against me "if I'd known it was going to be this good I'm not sure we'd have waited so long." We both chuckled.

"With any luck this was the first of many more to come, ahem, as it were." I said.

It was not long before we were pleasuring each other for the second time. This time more slowly, with Marie able to relax and enjoy the experience even more as I brought her to orgasm, gasping and making small noises as her hips rose and fell with mine until with a barely suppressed scream she came, jerking and shaking. Slowly she relaxed with a shudder but still moving gently against me. "Oh my Lord" She exclaimed softly "I didn't think it could get better than the first time but that was..... That wa-' I sealed her lips with a soft and gentle kiss and made to withdraw but she said "No, stay in, it feels so wonderful." We lay, coupled, until sleep overcame us.

## Chapter 5

The following morning we were called down to a sumptuous breakfast and were glad there were no other guests. I felt sure we would have died of embarrassment. We loaded our cases into the car and Marie sat in while I went back into the pub to settle up.

We were waved off by the landlord and his wife who wished us all the best for a happy marriage as we drove out of the car-park.

"What a lovely couple. I can't believe what they charged us," I said "it was practically a free night."

Marie agreed, nodding enthusiastically "D'you reckon they took pity on us?"

"Don't know," I replied "but it's saved us a pretty penny and it gives me an idea. What say we go visit my Grandma? I'm sure she'd be pleased to see us and I've not seen her for ages. You'll love her and it'll only take a couple of hours to get to Dover."

After an uneventful drive we arrived in the town, stopping at a café for lunch before making our way to Grandma's house. She had a private parking area outside the back entrance in a street to the rear and I able to park there. To save a walk we went to the back door and I knocked. It was opened by a pleasant faced middle-aged woman, she smiled and said,

"Can I help you?"

We introduced ourselves. "Oh! What a lovely surprise, please do come on in. Mary will be so pleased to see you both, she doesn't get many visitors apart from me, the doctor and the district nurse."

"Is she ill?" I asked worriedly.

"Not really, just one of the joys of old age as she would say." Replied the lady whose name, she told us, was Mrs. Granite. "And please don't say 'stone me' either, I've heard it all before. Call me Lily." she added with a grin.

"I can see we're going to get on famously." I chortled, getting a dig in the ribs from Marie for my troubles.

We were ushered into a bright and cheerful looking lounge. Not at all what I expected as I'd assumed that Grandma would have preferred a more subdued décor considering her great age. I mentioned it to Lily who said. "Your Grandma is anything but conventional. She may be old but her mind's as sharp as a pin. Now you just wait here whilst I see if she's ready to see you." She disappeared into the hallway and we heard another door open and close. We could hear a murmur of voices. Within minutes Lily was back. "Come on," she beckoned "She's dying to meet you." She led us along the hall and knocked on a door. A strong voice said "Come on in my dears."

We entered and I was struck by how typically feminine the room appeared with delicate pale pink wallpaper adorned with small white flowers predominantly roses complimented with matching curtains. Grandma Mary was propped up in bed but had applied make-up and her hair was like a white fan on her pillow. She held out her arms to me. "It's so lovely to see you," she said giving me a surprisingly strong hug, "and who's this vision you've brought with you? She's absolutely gorgeous you lucky little devil."

"Who's this?" I feigned surprise "Oh her, it's just a bit of fluff I picked up on the way down to keep me bed warm. Wot's yer name again dearie?" I asked Marie.

Marie didn't know what to do or say she just stood there blushing furiously and looking daggers at me.

“You little sod.” said grandma “You don’t change do you. Now stop embarrassing the girl.” I grinned and put my arm around Marie, kissed her and said “Sorry darling, just a little joke. Grandma may I introduce my bride and the love of my life, Marie.” Marie stepped forward, her cheeks glowing with embarrassment. Grandma said “Ignore him, it’s his common upbringing, he can’t help himself.” then held out her arms, drew Marie close and kissed and hugged her. Holding her at arms length she said sternly, looking at me. “You’ll need to look after this one.”

“What do you mean ‘this one’?” I replied “I’ll have you know she’s the only woman in my life....apart from yourself of course.” I grinned.

“Flattery will get you everywhere.” She chortled.

Lily, who’d been standing in the background, said “Tea all round I think if that’s your choice.” She waited for us to agree then said “I’ll put the kettle on then.” and made to leave the room

“A few bikkies might not go amiss Lil.” added grandma.

Lily turned, grinned and said “Your wish is my command your highness.” She bowed and backed toward the door giving me a wink as she left.

“Cheeky mare.” Shouted Grandma and was treated to a raspberry from the hallway.

“She’s lovely is my Lily, I’m so lucky to have got her as my friend as well as my helper.”

“It shows,” I said with a grin “and you can stop flirting with my Marie now too.”

Grandma patted the side of her bed for Marie to sit. “So, tell me all about yourself. Did the wedding go as planned and what do you intend to do after the honeymoon? I’m sorry I wasn’t able to attend but as you can see I’m not too mobile these days.” I gave her another hug and said “Quite understand Grandma, that’s why we came to see you.” I dared not look at Marie as the lie tripped off my tongue.

“Always been my favourite boy, even if he hasn’t been to see me as often as he should.” She said to Marie, looking at me with mock severity.

“Sorry Grandma but you know what it’s like. It takes me all my time to look after her gorgeousness.” I put my arm around Marie and kissed her neck.

“Oh! Get a room you two.” said Grandma. Which reminds me where are you stopping tonight?”

“We hadn’t thought that far ahead.” I said.

“Settled then,” replied Grandma “you can stop with me until you’re ready to move on, but not too soon I hope?”

“We’re okay until the end of next week then its back to the grind I’m afraid. Thank you for the offer and we’d be delighted to stay with you, wouldn’t we doll?” I looked at Marie who nodded and gave Grandma a kiss on the cheek and said “You’re too kind Grandma.”

“Please stop calling me Grandma, ‘Mary’ I will accept so’s I don’t feel so old.”

“Old is not a word that comes immediately to mind my dear.” I said with affection squeezing her hand.

“Ah! Here’s Lily with the tea. Thank you my dear, and do you think you could make up the bed in the second best bedroom? These young lovers are going to stay for a few days.”

“Oh! That’s nice,” said Lily “be nice to have a bit of company.”

“Yes and their bedroom’s far enough away so they don’t keep me awake.” said Mary, looking at the ceiling. Marie blushed and I stood speechless for a moment then, “Grandmother! You’re incorrigible.” I grinned.

“I know, lovely isn’t it?” She said and daintily sipped her tea “Mmm.... Nice.”

Later Lily showed us to our room which was quite big but tastefully furnished if a little too 'chintzy' for my liking. We tested the bed and found it both soft and comfortable. I hugged Marie and asked her what she thought of my Grandma. "I think she's a lovely lady and definitely on our wavelength. I thought I was going to die of embarrassment when she mentioned about the noise."

"You'll get used to her she was only pulling your leg." I chuckled "Talking of which, let's see if she can hear us." I pushed Marie down on the bed and ran my hand up under her dress.

"Get off me!" she squealed "She'll hear us."

"She will if you keep squealing so keep quiet." I covered her mouth with mine and slipped my hand inside her panties and stroked between her legs. She stopped struggling and pushed my face away. "Oo that feels good but sh-" I covered her mouth again. This time she lay quietly as I caressed her. She opened her legs fractionally and I could feel her starting to move against my hand.

Lily took this moment to knock on the door. We scrambled off the bed and I squeaked, "Just a sec." We made ourselves presentable...just.

"Come in." I croaked. Lily entered saying, "I've just brought you some towels and things for the bathroom which, by the way, is on the left next door. Sorry to have disturbed you," she said with a little smile, "Dinner will be around 7pm. If you'd care to join us I'm sure Mary will be delighted."

"We'll be there." I replied

Lily left the room. "Did I see her wink at you?" I asked Marie.

"Might have," she giggled "now where were we?" and lay back on the bed.....

The week passed all too quickly as we toured the area around Dover venturing as far as Canterbury seeing row upon row of Hops which later in the year would be harvested by whole families from the East-end of London and other parts. This would be their summer holiday and they would probably go home at the end with a few shillings more than they started with unless they spent it in the local hostleries. Thirsty work is hop-picking.

Signs of the battering sustained during the war were still much in evidence in Dover and the surrounding areas. A lot of bomb and shell damaged houses had disappeared to be replaced with 'Prefab' bungalows and in some places newly built houses.

We took Mary with us a couple of times and she said how sad it was to have seen such devastation and told of the friends she had lost before saying "Life goes on I guess, give it a few years and all this will be forgotten, you mark my words."

Saturday we left Mary with a promise to visit whenever we could afford it.

"That reminds me, hang on a minute." She said and turned to Lily. "Lily would you be a dear and get that envelope I left on the sideboard, it's the white one."

Lily returned and handed it to Mary who then passed it to me saying, "You're not to open this until you get back home okay?"

Puzzled I nodded and promised her we would. With kisses and hugs all round we set off, Mary and Lily waving until we were out of sight.

## Chapter 6

It was quite late when we arrived back at Mum and Dad's house but they were still up and eager to know how the honeymoon had gone. We told them all about it and then, yawning, we made our excuses and went to bed. We were both dead tired, too tired even to make love. We just held each other, slowly drifting off to sleep. My last thought was "I wonder what's in Grandma's envelope...?"

I slowly came too, Marie was still snuggled up to me but my arm which was under her was dead. I wriggled my fingers to try and get some life back but eventually I had to try and withdraw my arm from under her without disturbing her. I'd nearly made it when she sighed and said "What on earth are you doing now?"

"Sorry baby," I replied "was just trying to get my arm back before it dies completely but didn't want to wake you."

She moved enough for me to free my arm which flopped about until I could shake some sort of tingling life into it.

"That's better, can just about hold you now for a kiss." I put my good arm around her and drew her too me.

"My word dearie, you seem pleased to see me."

I chuckled "Probably because I need a pee."

Marie reached down and stroked my rigid member. "Seem's a shame to waste it." So saying she thrust my penis into her moist, hot vagina.

"Oh my gawd" I groaned as she moved on me. "This shouldn't be possible but..Oh!...Oh!" I spent myself at the same time Marie shuddered and released me.

"Thought you said it wasn't possible when you needed a pee" she said coyly.

"That's what I thought, how wrong can I be." I smiled, kissed her and stroked her bare behind. "Thank you my darling for starting a perfect day but I really must go and have a pee now." I slid out of bed and made my way to the bathroom. I noticed grandma's envelope on the bedside table. Picking it up I threw it to Marie saying, "Open this and see what she's written my lovely."

Returning from the bathroom I started to say "So what's she got to sa....?"

Marie's face was a picture, her mouth was moving but no words came.

"What on earth's the matter my darling?" I said.

Marie said nothing just waved the revealed letter at me. I took it from her and read.....

*My dear James and Marie,*

*By the time you read this you'll hopefully be safely back home again. It has been a joy to see you both and thank you for the tours it was lovely to get out and about for a short while. Marie, you're gorgeous and kind so make sure your man appreciates you. Anyway I've enclosed a little something as a wedding gift and also as a thank you for the lovely time we had. Both I and Lily will miss the chatter and laughter - Yes I could hear you - this house has been too long without. Bye for now and please don't be strangers.*

*Your ever-loving grandma, Mary XXXXX*

"Aw, bless her that's a lovely letter." I said.

"Wait until you see this." said Marie waving a piece of paper. I took it from her, looked at it and promptly sat, or rather collapsed, onto the bed. It was a cheque for £500.

"Oh...my...gawd! That's a fortune." I spluttered speechless.

"Now you know what I felt." said Marie. We stared at each other then at the cheque hardly daring to believe our eyes. Once we'd recovered we dressed and went to break the news to mum and dad. They were delighted for us and we had a round of hugs and a few red eyes were evident.

"We'll be able to get our own place now," exclaimed Marie "I know just the place. I looked at it before we were married but never dreamed we'd be able to afford the rent." I glanced at Mum and Dad, they were both smiling. "You need to be on your own," said Mum "but you know if it doesn't work out you'll always have a home here." I gave her a hug and thanked them both for being there for us.

"The first thing for me to do is write to Grandma and thank her for this very welcome and unexpected gift. I had thought of sending a telegram but that might give her a fright thinking something was wrong."

"Good thinking," said Marie "but I feel like breakfast first or I'll die of hunger."

"Typical" I muttered and got a dig in the ribs "Ouch!"

Having written a lovely (I thought) thank you letter to Grandma Mary we went into town to post it. Marie then took me to see the Flat she'd spotted. We phoned the landlord who met us there with the key. It was as Marie described being fully furnished and in a 'nice' area of town. We took possession there and then and rushed home to tell Mum and Dad.

That night as we prepared for bed I looked around our bedroom and thought of times past. Marie asked me what I was thinking and I told her I was thinking of the times we'd spent in this house holding hands and talking of what might be as our love deepened and how we'd come close to the ultimate step.

"You mean like this?" breathed Marie as she slowly kissed her way down my stomach.

"Exactly like this" I replied, slipping her nightdress from her shoulders and caressing her exposed nipples which hardened as I took one in my mouth sucking and rolling it between my teeth. Marie shivered with delight and moved down to kiss the end of my now stiffened manhood before taking me into her hot, wet mouth. I stiffened as she led me to the edge of ecstasy. She stopped and threw herself back on the bed, her legs spread as she dragged me onto her. She was ready for me as I gently entered her, feeling the hot moisture of her juices surrounding me. She grabbed my buttocks and forced me into her, our hips grinding together as we reached for the climax which came explosively for us both as we drove together again and again to extract the last moments of pleasure. Collapsing, we caressed each other as the waves of passion receded leaving us bathed in the warmth of our love.

We moved into the Flat two weeks later. It didn't take long as we had very little to move, the biggest items being bedding donated by Mum from her ample store plus what Marie had accrued for her 'Bottom Drawer'.

And so we cast off and headed into married life unknowing what fate, for good or ill, had in store for us.....



# The Time Of Our Life

## Part2

(A Shock and an Adventure)

### Chapter 1

Our wedding gifts included pots, pans, cutlery and crockery plus (inevitably) a Toaster and electric kettle all of which was gratefully accepted. Between us we managed to write thank you notes to all who provided us with these invaluable gifts.

I returned to my job at the factory and Marie obtained a secretarial post with a local solicitors. Although we were both earning, money was tight. Some of Grandma's gift had been spent on the down payment and advance rent for the Flat but we managed – just - once we'd worked out a budget. I gave up smoking which after so many years was difficult and poor Marie suffered from my short fuse until the withdrawal symptoms wore off after which I noticed a definite improvement in my sense of smell, my appetite improved and I started to put on weight.

It was as well, in these early days, that we preferred our own company to going out to the pub and dances, our budget didn't extend to such luxuries. We went to the cinema instead and in the warm darkness of the back row, relived the memories of times before we were married with all its fumbblings knowing that when we got home we could give full rein to our passion.

This lifestyle, despite our best efforts, found us lurching from one crisis to another to make ends meet. Costs rose as did inflation but without a similar rise in wages. The Unions were flexing their newfound muscles and threats of strike action an ever present worry. We stopped going out and began to have niggling quarrels over trivialities leading to long periods of cold silence between us something which had never happened in the past. Although I had always been a loner Marie wasn't and missed the companionship of her friends of an evening and at weekends. It was breaking my heart that I was unable to give the love of my life the things I wanted too. She constantly assured me that being together was all that mattered and that it was just a test of our commitment which we would get through. She would then kiss me with passion and we would be as one again, until the next bill dropped on the doormat.

One Saturday morning, whilst Marie was at work, I was sewing up a tear in the knee of my work jeans when I heard the letterbox flap rattle as a letter dropped through it. I groaned, fearing the worst. I went and picked it up, turning it over to see who it was from. A solicitors address in Dover apparently. I didn't recognise the envelope as one of the usual 'final demands'. With some trepidation I opened it. Inside was a single sheet of paper bearing a solicitor's heading. "Oh Gawd, now what." I muttered as I imagined all sorts of things, eviction, being cut off by one of the utility companies or worst of all being told I was being made redundant. My hands shook as I opened it and began to read.

*Dear Mr Weston.*

*As you will no doubt have been informed your maternal Grandmother, Mary, passed away recently. I earnestly request you contact me urgently at the above address. I remain, etc. Mr K. James. Solicitor"*

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