

Witness

She opened her eyes slowly. The room was still lit by the late-afternoon sunlight. She looked up at his face. His eyes were open, and he had sensed her awakening and turned his head to smile at her.

“Welcome back. Enjoy your snooze?”

His voice reverberated in her ear through his chest wall. She suddenly felt overwhelmed with happiness. His right arm still cradled her against him, and the warmth of his body radiated through hers.

She raised her head and kissed his left nipple, and he ran his hand gently through her hair. She felt her heart beating faster and broke away.

“Will I run you a bath?” he asked gently.

“Shortly.” she said, and settled her head back on his chest. His fingers gently caressed her temple and right ear, and she lay in his arms as the waves of pleasure grew again in her. She reached down and touched him, feeling his readiness, and she whispered. “Can I..”

“Yes. Of course.”

She gently rolled on to him and guided him inside her once again.

Her eyes were closed, her arms held out in front of her, resting through the water and onto her knees. She felt his strong hands soaping her back, neck, and shoulders, before rinsing with clean warm water, then he gently took each arm in turn, washing these, before she sat back, and he finally lifted each leg gently out of the water to wash it.

No-one since her father and mother had ever washed her, and she didn't want the pleasure to end. He didn't touch her breasts, nor were there any sexual overtones in his touch whatsoever. She felt like a child again, warm and protected, assured by his touch. Nor did he speak, as if knowing any talk would spoil her quiet, private thoughts.

He left a large bath towel within easy reach as she lay back in the bath, and left, quietly closing the door behind him. She heard his progress down the stairs, and soft music started in the kitchen below.

It had been a few short weeks. Gloria and herself had rang his bell, one more in a long succession on their appointed route from the Temple.

The door had opened and she had felt a shiver of fear as he had stood in the doorway. Tall, and powerfully built she could probably have coped with, but her eyes met with his, and she immediately thought of an Eagle. They were brown, deep brown, and seemed to burn straight through her. But there was something else. Together with her fear, she felt an inexplicable excitement, a tingling in her body that she had thought she'd never feel again.

They had talked, there on the doorstep, and although his appearance was fierce, he was polite and engaged with them both, accepting a copy of the WatchTower and promising to read an article she'd shyly recommended.

He didn't believe of course, but that didn't matter. He didn't say no when she suggested they call again after their next Temple meeting, to see what he thought of the article.

Gloria was sceptic. "He'll never join." She had said, then added, "Besides, he looked very scary."

She heard him start the Microwave oven as she opened the door before joining him in the kitchen. She walked across and kissed him. He smiled. "Tea is in the pot, and warm scones are on the way, just sit yourself down and I'll join you in a minute."

They sat across the table from each other. She wiped some jam and cream from the side of his mouth, and he laughed and thanked her.

Finally, they sat back and looked at each other.

She shook her head. "I don't want to go."

He nodded. "Yes, I know. You don't have to go.."

She shook her head, interrupting him. "But I do. Gloria.."

She broke off, close to tears.

He nodded, and reached across the table taking her hand.

"I understand. You must do what you feel is right."

She felt the tears trickle down her face and reached for her hankie.

He got up and took a spare latch-key from a hook near the kitchen door. He passed it to her.

"Come any time, and as often as you wish."

He bent over the table and kissed her.

She sat in the train, looking through the window, but seeing nothing. Her vulva felt warm, lips still very full, and the motion of the train made her think of his gentle hand, caressing, teasing, bringing her to climax over and over again.

They had called again. This time he had invited them in, sitting them down in a warm comfortable kitchen, with tea and warm scones.

Martha had felt again the same complex mixture of fear and excitement in his presence, and although they talked of the WatchTower article, she was distracted throughout by the delicious warmth she felt in her belly, and tremors in her spine when he looked at her.

When it was time to go, Gloria had asked for the Loo, and Martha stood beside him in the hall as they waited. She had held out her hand, but instead of a polite shake, he had raised it to his lips and kissed it. She felt dizzy, and placed her other hand on his chest to steady herself. She felt the hard muscles of his chest through the thin shirt, and a desire she hadn't known for

forty years swept through her.

She looked up at him. A voice from somewhere inside her said. "Can I call again on my own?"

He touched her left cheek with his hand. "Of course. Whenever you like."

They heard the sound of the bathroom door opening and stood apart as Gloria came back downstairs. Then it was goodbyes at the door.

There was silence as they walked together to the station.

Gloria finally spoke as they waited on the platform, looking questioningly at her. "I don't like him."

"You don't have to like him." She replied softly.

Gloria wouldn't let go. "Well apparently you do, so that's fine is it?"

"Don't visit him again, if you don't like him. I think he's gentle and intelligent, despite his appearance."

They made the rest of their journey home in stony silence.

She walked slowly from the train to the small house she shared with Gloria, still feeling the remnants of the fire he had lit in her belly. Nothing else seemed to matter anymore.

"You missed Temple!" Gloria shrieked at her as she entered the living room.

"Yes. I'm sorry. I walked instead."

Gloria tilted her head to one side. "Oh! A walk. And where did you walk?"

"Just a walk," Martha answered softly, "and I'm tired, so I'm having an early night."

She had waited of course. Waited for the excitement of his touch on her cheek to subside. It hadn't, and alongside it grew a deep longing to make love with him.

She had left home early, slipping out whilst Martha busied herself getting ready for Temple.

He greeted her with a warm smile, and a gentle kiss on the cheek, and saying how pleased he was to see her again.

They had sat at his kitchen table drinking tea. She reached out and touched his hand, struggling to find the right words, any words, to express what she wanted. Finally she managed to speak. "Will you.." She looked imploringly at

him.

He got up and walked around the table, taking her head gently in both hands.
"Of course."

Her visits had become frequent. At first, she would knock, but finally grew confident to use the key he had given her. There was still the awkwardness she felt when she had to leave, until the day she decided not to, spending the whole night with him.

He never said no. He matched her desire with a fire of his own, and her happiness was almost complete, despite the almost constant rows with Gloria when she returned home.

Finally, she asked if she could move in with him. He had said yes, but had enquired gently regarding Gloria.

"She isn't a problem anymore." she had said.

A few weeks later he had answered the door, coming back into the sitting room with two men. "These are detectives Martha, and they say they would like to talk to you about your friend Gloria Taylor."

She had listened whilst the older detective told her how Gloria had been found. Then the detective had asked if she would accompany them to the police station to answer some questions.

She had turned from the detective and looked up at him. His face was that of a stranger. A stranger with the ghost of a cruel smile on his lips. A stranger with deep brown eyes. Eyes that seemed to burn straight through her.