

Beautiful Stranger

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It was a cold but sunny afternoon in March and I was walking slowly down the long lane, towards the farm at Yearby, when a big silver-grey car pulled up at the side of the road a little ahead of me. As I drew level with the front passenger door, a softly-spoken voice asked me if I wanted a lift. I turned and looked through the open window to see a very pretty woman with golden-blonde hair smiling reassuringly at me. I mumbled: "Yes Please" and as she leaned over to push the door open, I caught the first beautiful scent of her body. I entered the car, and we accelerated away. Still smiling, she asked where I was going, to which I again mumbled: "Yearby". Whilst she spoke, telling me she would take me "as far as the road-end", I was only barely aware of what she was saying as I breathed in her perfume, and caught myself staring down and along her lovely legs as her feet operated the pedals.

Her hand lightly touched the back of mine then pressed very gently as she asked: "Is everything alright? - you aren't saying much." Again I could only mumble a reply that yes, yes I was alright, but this time that didn't seem enough, so I raised my head and turned to look directly into the bluest-blue eyes I had ever seen. Again I stared – I couldn't look away, and with a little laugh she said: "That's better – at least now you're looking at me." As the car approached the main road, she slowed it down, but instead of turning right, swung the car to the left and pulled in at a lay-by a few hundred yards down the road to Saltburn.

She switched off the engine, and turning herself a little towards me, her left hand reached up until she touched me on the temple, which she started to stroke gently. I was paralysed – I couldn't take my eyes off her face, and although I was aware of her speaking softly to me, the words seemed to have no meaning, the sound of her voice simply became another long, gentle caress. She was looking intently at me – still smiling, and moved her face to mine to press her lips gently on my own. I gasped in pleasure as she kissed me. Eventually she drew back, gave another little laugh, and reached across to take my left hand and pressed the palm against her right breast. The material of her blouse was as soft as silk, very thin, and I could feel her nipple, hard and large through the intervening brassiere and blouse. Again she kissed me, this time a little longer and my lips burned like fire. When she pulled away I was fascinated to see that my hand was still moving over her breast apparently with no effort from me. I looked at her mouth,

her slightly-flared nostrils and the blue eyes that now seemed to be dancing in front of me, and I leaned forward and kissed her. She gave a little moan and pushing me away a little, undid the buttons on her blouse and snapped apart a catch on the front-fastening brassiere. She reached across and taking my head between her soft but firm hands pulled me into her beautiful cream-white breasts. Her scent flooded my lungs and I kissed her nipples, and caressed her breasts with my lips, then back to take her nipples into my mouth, over and over again. Her hands cradled and stroked my head and neck, and a long, low animal-like moan escaped from her lips, growing slowly louder until she shuddered long and violently, her hands gripping and un-gripping my head, until she gave one last soft moan that seemed to empty her lungs of all oxygen.

I lifted my head slowly and looked at her — still beautiful, but her hair tousled, her lips very red, quivering and slightly swollen, and the blue eyes now seemed to have a smoky glaze as she looked into mine. She said ever so softly: "thank you, dear, darling boy" and still with her hands on my head pulled me gently forward to kiss me softly on the lips. She held my head in her hands, and again we looked deep into each others' eyes for what seemed an eternity, then the blue eyes seemed to fill with an infinite sadness and she said: "Please remember me."

I stood in the lay-by and watched the car as it became smaller and smaller, until it finally disappeared, then I turned and walked in a daze up the road towards the farm. As I lay in my bed that night, the scent of her body drifted up from my neck as my mind went over and over the events of the afternoon, strong images of her face moving forward to kiss me before moving back smiling.

I never saw her again. The next day I timed my visit so that I might be in the same place on Redcar Lane with a chance to meet again. I walked up and down the road that afternoon, and each subsequent one until my holiday was over, but had to leave for home carrying what seemed like a large, gnawing knot in my stomach. Weeks, then months went by and the terrible, gut-wrenching feeling of loss was a constant companion until eventually the hurt slowly faded and all that was left was a terrible, beautiful memory.