

FAKE HONESTY

An Erotic Rite of Passage

Bob de Vaatt



P.O. Box 37
London KT8 9XE

www.seaneverdrypub.com

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To: John Beatty

Foreword

My paternal grandmother's highest accolade for anything was "Just like artificial!". By this she meant the imperfections of nature were humdrum reality, only occasionally redeemed when, say, a real rose or carnation was perfect enough to be compared with its paper or plastic(!) "ideal".

This oddly perverse logic is not my grandmother's alone.

Indeed, it seems to have been adopted by the current generation - in spades : supermarkets pump artificial aromas to con its customers; Madame Tussaud's attracts 2 million visitors a year, paying 30 Euros a head for the doubtful privilege; 60% of women dye their hair; the "perfect" female form can only be achieved by breast implants it seems...

Self-deception follows the corporate example.

There are myriad examples of a grey area between truth and outright lies where initial deceptions unintentionally lead to wrong conclusions – fake honesty...

"If you can fake honesty, you've got it made"

The above quotation is variously attributed to three different 20th Century personalities : Sam Goldwyn, Groucho Marx and George Burns – no doubt all three would claim it as their original – honestly.

Helmut Newton, more recently, is quoted as saying : "everything that is supremely beautiful is a fake; the most beautiful lawn is plastic."

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To all who, deliberately or unwittingly, helped lance the boil, thank you very much.

Chapter 1

Rob had pulled.

If ever there was a racing certainty this was it...

[Gillian and he had met barely two hours earlier at the local tennis club; they had played opposite each other; a brief drink at the bar later; at her instigation they had gone to the swimming pool nearby. Without ever getting into the water, just a few minutes poolside sunbathing later, and :

“ Aren't I terrible!! Look at me already!”

Gillian had pushed herself up onto her elbows and was staring at the bottom half of her bikini. Rob did likewise and was bemused to note an exclamation-shaped stain dampening her crotch.

“Your car, my place, NOW please!”.]

Rob's head was spinning. The only conversation they had en-route to Gillian's flat was her clipped directions. If Gillian was a tart she was clearly an upper-crust tart : slightly plummy accent, the looks of a young Diana Rigg and, what little she wore seemed expensive – designer bikini under silk kimono, but not for long...

“Left in here and park where you can.”

Rob would normally have found a legal parking place but the urgency in his groin made him pull into the nearest available spot.

“We're on the first floor.” Gillian panted as she took the stairs, not considering the lift. A fumbling of keys and suddenly they were inside, she spun around to face him.

The whirlwind suddenly becalmed and Rob regained control...

He undid the kimono and let it drop to the floor. Hooking his thumbs into the knots at each hip he slowly, deliberately, dropped to his knees pulling her bikini bottom to the floor, his tongue drawing a line towards the dampness that had catapulted them here. Pausing at her navel, his tongue probed its depths in anticipation of its ultimate destination.

As his chin brushed her cleft he brought his fingertips fluttering down the back of her thighs; his tongue flicked at her labia and was engulfed by the wellspring of her climax. With a strangled, shuddering sigh, her whole body shook as his hands grabbed her buttocks from behind, as if squeezing every last drop into his mouth.

Her breathing gradually became more composed and Rob brought his head up to kiss her lightly on the nose. He was puzzled to note a small trickle of blood where she had obviously bitten her lip.

[Gillian would later articulate in her inimitable way that this was the only time that she had been kissed on the vertical lips before the horizontal ones. The closest she had come to Erica Jong's famous ambition in 'Fear of Flying' : the "zipless fuck".]

This was moving toooo fast.

"I need to get my diaphragm. Stay here!!" she hissed, grabbing the kimono and skipping out of the room.

Rob felt uneasy. If ever an orgasm deserved the full Meg Ryan it was just then. Why would she not let herself go? Biting her lip and drawing blood in the process? Clearly she had a hidden agenda but what was it? Was coming out loud an aristocratic no-no?

Should he follow her into the bedroom? No, she had asked him to stay here – why? And where the hell was she? It can't take that long to fit a cap – Rob's least favourite method of contraception – removing the spontaneous leap from foreplay to intercourse.

Also, his best friend was becoming more than a little impatient : the instant hard-on by the pool was nearly an hour ago and he could feel his hopes sinking...

"Sorry" was all she said on returning, kissing him on the mouth and wrinkling her nose in disgust as she tasted her own fundament. The kimono was back in place. Was the underwear?

"Would you like a drink?"

"Sure"

"G & T?"

"I'd prefer a beer if you've got one."

"The kitchen's through there – see if there's one in the fridge."

Rob stepped into the small kitchen and ran the cold-water tap sloshing his mouth to clear the source of her disgust.

Beer in hand, he returned to see Gillian taking large gulps from her gin and tonic.

"Do you like kippers?"

"Yeeuch!! Ghastly, Robin!" "Why do you ask?"

"It doesn't matter. Now, where were we?"

Gillian took a large swig and smiled as she moved towards him. Rob thought she might lead him to the bedroom but this was not her intention. Instead, she pulled him down onto the sofa, curling a leg over his.

“Will you give me a lift back to my car after a bit?”

“Yeah, sure”. Rob wasn’t sure what ‘a bit’ meant but he was thinking in terms at least a little oral reciprocity, followed by, well, she had put her cap in, hadn’t she? He decided to let her lead the way, still uneasy about her true feelings, which he innately thought were being held in check.

They kissed, fondled, fumbled in the couch-tango of youth – except they weren’t youths – but at least progress was happening in the pecker department. She would subtly (too subtly for Rob) check his stiffness by the merest brush of a knee or the back of her hand but he could detect a reluctance to go for his zip so the desired blow-job didn’t look likely... He was reminded of teenage explorations in the back of cars – at the time the most exhilaratingly intense pleasure to be had but ultimately sticky and unsatisfactory. He was still dressed as he had arrived; he had given but was not getting a lot in return.

She realised his mind was wandering and accelerated her attention to his groin. As if measuring the girth and length of his dick with thumb and forefinger, with his trousers still in place, she ran them up the length of his shaft, ran her other hand under where his balls would be and, taking over completely, rhythmically squeezing and pulling, brought him to submission. The explosion wasn’t long in happening...

Out to the car where a parking ticket adorned the windscreen. “Shit!! The most expensive wank in history!”

Not much was said in Rob’s car on the way back to retrieve her’s.

There were so many unanswered questions in Rob’s head he didn’t know where to begin. Also, he wasn’t confident of getting a real answer.

Rob had had enough one-night stands to know that he was often merely scratching a spontaneous itch; but he was intrigued to find out if there was any profound attraction here.

“See you at the club tomorrow?”

“Not sure”.

“Bye”.

“Bye”.

“Bloody sure thing eh? “. “How wrong can you be?” Say goodnight dick.