



Burping Frog Publishing

# INTO MY LIFE

AN EROTIC NOVEL BY

# TREVOR WALDEN

# Chapter 1

## The Beginning

It was a wet and windy November day. A hundred miles from home and dark already but I'd finished earlier than expected and at least I was heading home. The old 'A5' ran beside the M1 and had the advantage of avoiding anything to do with the M25 plus it had a proper roadside café. One very different to the chain eating huts or the motorway services, a bit of pre-motorway England that had somehow survived.

I'd been stopping there, maybe once a month, for several years now, ever since I'd started travelling with the firm I suppose. More regularly after I'd had to cook for myself. Getting home late, tired and hungry usually meant I was throwing the briefcase on the table and promising myself I really would do some paperwork after a pint. That usually meant I got home a lot later, well past caring about work, and all too often I didn't even microwave a TV dinner, let alone do some cooking. The problem, of course, was the loneliness that was always there. At least stopping for a hot meal I actually get to look through some paperwork before I went for a pint. I'd have probably drunk less too but mainly because I'd have been later getting home and then when I did go down to the pub I'd have a meal inside me. Even a sad life had some better days, well, evenings anyway.

“Large mug of coffee and a mixed grill please, with tomatoes please, fried.”

He scribbled on the little pad and tapped at the till. Just another face. A “CLOSING DOWN SOON” sign hung from

the bottom of the menu board. "When does that happen?" I asked as I shuffled for change.

"Another week and that's it. I'll miss the place, been here thirty year, all but."

"I'll miss it too. I get in when ever I can. The foods good."

"Practice." He smiled. "Years and years of bloody practice."

Seems they'd sold out to one of the mega-chain eating huts. Great! "Going to get a little place in Marbella where it don't rain so much," said the old fella. "Our eldest has been out there these past couple of years. Keeps going on as how the Brits out there are desperate for some real home cooking. We'll see. Jenny and the missus can't wait. Mind you look us up if you're out that way."

"Yeah. I'll do that. Enjoy the weather."

"Aye," he said. "That I am looking forward to."

So that's what had happened to the leggy blonde. Be nice to see her again. Well, her legs anyway. Usually lots to be seen with her short skirts and low tops. Never too fussy with her buttons was the blonde, and always ready to chat. To be honest it was her that had got me hooked on the place. Mind you, there was not much chance of me seeing her again after the damn maintenance payments had sapped away my hard-earned pittance. I could do with some nice fat commission at the end of the month but it takes time to build up a good round. And it takes a decent salesman, one with some motivation and charisma. Next year, maybe. It had been a bad couple of years since I'd been kicked out of my own house. Well, 'Our' house as she put it when she told me she was leaving me. 'Our' meaning hers and the kids and her dad who'd be picking up the mortgage. It was also obvious that 'leaving me' meant I was moving out but I wasn't to worry, she'd spoken to her father and I wouldn't be losing my job. Yeah, not straight away I thought. That was two years ago November. This weekend? No, must be a couple of weeks yet. I hadn't bothered working out which particular day would be the anniversary of our separation. I hadn't been in a particularly good mood lately anyway.

Yesterday had started badly enough anyway – “You’re below your sales targets again, Graham – You haven’t put the right part numbers on these orders, Graham – You haven’t wiped your bum properly, Graham.” On and on it had gone. I’d stuck it out and I’d be back the next Monday. What choice had there been? No job, no house, no self-respect. That’s was a laugh. What self respect!

Then there was the client that afternoon. I’d phoned him that morning to be sure he’d be there. His company did a fair bit of business with us and I’d wanted to make sure I kept his business coming our way. I’d got there before two and he was still out at lunch. At least he’d phoned about two thirty and told his receptionist that he wouldn’t be back that day. I think she’d added the apologies before she’d asked if I could pop in Monday morning, say ten thirty?

I’d agreed, of course, gratefully accepted his/her apologies and left with a salesman’s smile. I remember hoping she wasn’t watching the security cameras because that smile didn’t last long. Ten thirty Monday meant leaving home well before six to get onto the Great North Road before the queues built up. No beer for me after Saturday night, well maybe a pint at lunch time, no more.

I’d looked for a quiet table where I could tuck my self out of the way and watch the comings and goings. If there were any! They’d be closing at six anyway, half an hour. I’d dropped the paper on the table and shrugged out of my jacket, took the sugar jar from the next table. The only other customers had been a damp bundle huddled near the door and a trucker, just getting up to leave. That’d have to change, I thought, when it’s all chrome and plastic and semi-audible euro-pop with the table full of shiny, wipe clean plastic menus with pretty pictures of plastic food. Nothing would be allowed to intrude upon the carefully designed and balanced ambience. The only thing that might have spoiled it would be the noisy kids that customers would insist on bringing with them.

“Bugger it,” I’d thought, “I’m getting right moody.” There were too many pubs to pass on the way home to get all maudlin’

over nothing and so far I'd stayed away from beer in the daytime. I'd known I had to park the car up before I lifted a beer. You just can't drive all week without a reasonable amount of sleep and a clear head. The trucker had left a newspaper, I reached over for something to lighten my mood, fill in some of the details from the news headlines repeated and repeated throughout the day.

The frying pan was warming up and began to send out the right smells. I'd picked the paper up looking for some good news but there hadn't been much of that! It was heavy on big chested girls and light on news.

The girl brought out my plate, a slimmer version of her sister. This must be Jenny, pretty in a vague sort of way. She plonked the plate down, also in vague sort of way, turned and was gone. Mousey hair, surly face, poor stature, bored with her job, her life. I'd had to get up again to fetch a knife and fork. She, no doubt, was dreaming of all the handsome Spanish lads that'll be coming into her dads' new place. Dad? Grandad? Who cared? Moody cow.

The food, I knew, was good. I began to relax a little. Good portions of real tomatoes, real mushrooms, baked beans and a nice bit of liver with a lamb chop, some bacon and a sausage. I'd pushed the onion to one side, never was very keen, and got stuck in. I'm hungry now it's here and my mood lightens. I look up and smile at the bundle by the door. Female I think, watching me over a cup of coffee. Female eyes anyway. I reach for brown sauce, when I look again her face is in the shadow of her hood as she replaces the cup in its saucer. It was going to be a long drive home fighting tiredness and rain and the hypnotic clonk-clonk of wipers all the way. The coffee would help.

As I began to leave, moving toward the door and shrugging into my jacket the bundle in the corner stands, blocking my way, making me stop, stood awkwardly with one arm wedged backwards in a reluctant sleeve.

"Going west?"

I looked more carefully. Yes, it is female. Young, not too

grubby, a light voice, sounds sober, drab quilted jacket. Worth a cautious, "Yes. Near Yeovil. If I ever get this on," as I shrugged my jacket onto my shoulder.

There was a quick smile as she looked me over more carefully. I knew exactly what she saw: middle aged office worker; not rich; not leching; about to walk away.

"Good." She turned, gathered a small hold all. Right! Seemed I'd got a passenger!

Well. Ok. Perhaps some company would improve the journey. I pushed the door open for her then lead her across the car park to the company car, making stupid conversation about the weather until I raised the tailgate for the bags. Bag. I didn't want her stuff to make damp patches on the cloth seats. They mark too easy. I stepped back for her to lift them in and saw her coat was pretty soggy too. Poor sod's having a worse day than I am. I felt suddenly guilty for my own bad mood. Others would have thought me lucky. I'd got a house, food, heat when I needed it, a car with free petrol if I fiddled the mileage a bit. This kid was clearly struggling with life at the moment.

"You'd better spread your coat over the back of the seat. It might even dry out a bit. You'll catch your death wearing damp stuff like that. You need a proper water-proof for this weather." Keep talking, try and sound interesting for once. Settle her, inject a little light into a bleak day. And trying not to sound like her father, mother. Don't ask her if she's got her vest on? She won't be impressed. I've even stopped doing that with my daughter now.

She made eye contact then I remember, cautious, but the coat came off showing me a slim girl, quite pretty. I smiled back, sort of pleased she wasn't a dog. Perhaps the journey wouldn't be too bad after all. I moved back, turned away to get into the car while she stretched in to arrange it. Her back was slim in a thick red jumper, her bum wrapped in white cotton slacks. They looked damp too.

At the drivers door I looked across the car to see her straighten. Her eyes caught mine again, coolly assessing me. I remember

thinking, ‘surprisingly strong eyes for such a youngster. Eyes you couldn’t tell lies to.’ I met them, feeling a little uncomfortable, trying to let interest show a little, just friendly interest for a pretty girl. Her smile was a worried grimace, like a commitment to a task she didn’t want to do then she moved back towards the boot.

“It has been bloody awful,” she remarked lightly, rummaging in her bag. “The weather.”

She was looking hard at me again and I saw in a flash of lights as a truck swung in that she was pretty, clean, bright faced in a cheeky way. Nice.

“You get in then. I’ll be right with you.”

I was dismissed. To be honest I was glad to be out of the damp rain on the fresh wind. I got the engine running, winding the heater to full as she thumped the tailgate down solidly.

As I reached across to open her door I saw a lightly tanned belly button disappearing under a descending blue jumper. The door swung wide and she was sliding quickly into the seat, shaking her hair and jumper into place then stretching round awkwardly to lay the thick red jumper on the back seat.

“This is my last dry jumper. I’ve been saving it for a rainy day.” Her eyes flicked up to mine briefly as she smiled, looked for a reaction, but I was already pulling out across the rough car park, swinging around deeper puddles and potholes and watching for trucks maneuvering. She was still fiddling with her jumper, stretched around and back between the seats. I’d stopped at the exit, looking across her for a gap in the traffic. I was trying not to stare too obviously at her breasts outlined by the taut stretched jumper but I suddenly felt her eyes on mine, measuring me, so I smile into them, hoping I haven’t been too obvious.

“Seat belt?” I was cranking round to check the main road, looking back for a gap in the lines of trucks, vans and rushing cars. Her face seemed very close, very pretty. She kept blocking my view fumbling with the seat belt, trying to find the tag beside her shoulder. The line of trucks seemed endless so I reached across her to pull the belt down and around her and clicked it into place. “There. Now your all tucked in, safe and sound.”

I wasn't expecting her eyes to be so round, deep and brown and round. She sat very still, her eyes following mine as I look back again for a gap in the traffic. I'm always extra cautious on a Friday night. Too many tired office workers hurrying home to families and wives and too many white vans looking forward to their first lager of the day. Who was I to get in their way? No one was waiting for me; no one to hurry home to.

"Yes," she said quietly, "I think I am."

I think that's what I heard, I was pulling away, accelerating hard through the gears into the river of lights, wondering if she meant me, or my driving. She snuggled down into her seat, closed her eyes against conversation as I settled into the flow of traffic tucking behind another car and settling to his speed until the motorway got quieter. Another opportunity lost.

A few wiggles and couple of roundabouts and we were soon headed down towards Slough, heading for the M3. Queuing for the roundabouts had given me, briefly, time to study more openly the relaxed profile of face and body. A shapely body, an attractive face. Slender, small breasted even, but a very feminine young lady. Could have be one of those veggie joggers, not an ounce of excess fat on her anywhere. The orange overhead lighting sweeps from breasts to thigh, breasts to thighs, as we run beneath the line of glowing lights in the long lines of cars all heading home for their cosy family weekends. I can see no sign of a bra, no straps. Her shape seemed very natural, softly defined. I wondered what they'd feel like. Soft? Warm? It had been a long time. Friday nights are always a bad time for me and it would have been nice just to chat for once, inconsequential rubbish but with a girl, a pretty girl. The sharp outline of her nipples seemed to have gone but I think her breasts are bobbling gently with the motion of the car. Finally we were onto the M3 and picking up speed.

There were no lights on the motorway and I was left to think and imagine. Had she really changed her jumper behind the car? And with nothing underneath? Why hadn't she changed in the loo in the café. I conjured up a vision of her naked back



and shoulders, breasts swinging suddenly free in the cold wind as her damp jumper came up over her head. Then slipping into the blue, very vulnerable as she pulled the dry jumper over her head, tangled briefly, nipples spikey on her cold pert breasts. I moved JT into a more comfortable position. So close to me. JT settled stiffly down my thigh. Drive, you idiot. I turned the radio on low, Jazz FM. A slow mournful blues number with a deep voiced woman dragging out the notes. I love jazz, I hate pseudo jazz. Radio 2. Drive time. Steel guitar. In ten seconds I was tapping the wheel and mouthing the words silently and concentrating on my driving, waiting for a traffic report.

She stirred a couple of times when I had to brake hard as the traffic slowed suddenly. The usual lane twitchers were desperately trying to do a couple of miles an hour more rather than settling for thirty odd like the rest of us. I settled in the middle lane most of the time, using the slow lane when it wasn't queuing to the next junction and happy to drift along with the trucks. The traffic report was full of problems but none for us, not tonight. A typical wet Friday night but at least we kept moving. Why do we do this every day? Have you seen that sign on the M40, painted along a fence. With an upside down question mark at the beginning like they do in some countries. Psychological terrorism? I wonder who painted it. And why? So telling on the poor sods that had to queue there every day. It was freshened up a while back. More slogans added. Losing its – its shock factor I suppose. Why the bloody hell do we do it?

Thirty more miles, traffic getting lighter as we passed the dormitory towns. So the M6, M5 route would probably be shorter, quicker too except on nights like this, with the spray from the heavies and the pushy reps and the desperate long distance commuters, weekenders. I'd rather take my time and be sure of getting home.

When the motorway split I'd taken the A303 branch, still making good time until the dual carriage ways became less regular. The road was too narrow in the single file villages and too fast on the

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