**11 The Eldridges at Home**

Caroline and Nigel Eldridge are also having an early night. Nigel sees it as one of his enduring challenges to accomplish successful sex with Caroline. He works out when she is most receptive, typically just after her period or after a hot bath, and engineers the grandparents to look after Katie for the odd night.

That partly explains why, on his commute back from London and at the station bookstore in Kings Cross, Nigel has bought the latest copy of a magazine called ‘Orbit’ with the serious strapline that it is concerned with the practice, politics and sociology of sexual behaviour. It sounds rather serious and it does contain some articles which at least suggest they are to be taken seriously. The sexual habits of Polynesian islanders are gone into in some depth, for example, and there is a long description of a leading sexologist’s research, the word ‘sexologist’ is given currency here, into the female orgasm, mostly involving cheerful volunteers being laid out on tables and impaled with various implements while the sexologist looks on with his clipboard and stopwatch.

However, Nigel has not turned to these pages but, instead, to those allegedly from subscribers and readers which take up the back third of the magazine. His eye has been caught by one entitled ‘German Holiday: Many Hans make light work’. He is lying on his back with his right arm round Caroline’s shoulders and has passed the magazine to her. He is a faster reader so it is easier for her to turn the pages. This way they can both read the text which is about Bruce and Cynthia’s holiday in the Rhineland. Bruce writes:

*This summer my wife Cynthia and I decided to go camping in southern Germany. We had been given a tent by my parents and decided to make some use of it. We had a good few days working our way down through Holland and Belgium and into Germany and we didn’t rush. Cynthia is very attractive with large pert breasts and she looks good in a swimming costume when sat by the pool and is always attracting admiring glances. We liked camping and meeting new people and the weather was fine so we did lots of swimming. Well it was fine until the second week when the heavens opened but when it rains there, it rains really hard. The tent got very wet, in fact everything got wet and after a night of this we decided to find somewhere to stay and in a small village we found a B&B although it was called something different. It had four or five rooms and a lounge downstairs but when we got there we were the only guests.*

That was the bottom of the page. Things didn’t seem to be moving very quickly for Bruce and Cynthia as Caroline flicked over and Nigel was beginning to wonder about his choice. However, Bruce was warming to his topic.

*We settled in and got dried off before going along the road to a little restaurant which served mostly sausages but the food was tasty and warm. It was good to see Cynthia out of her campsite clothes and wearing a skimpy pink top which showed off her curves to good advantage and a short yellow skirt. When we got back to the B&B, after a bottle of quality German white wine and in a merry mood, we were surprised to find some bicycles outside and other guests in the lounge. They were three young Germans, two men and a girl, and as they explained in broken English they were on a cycling holiday before the rain set in. They introduced themselves as Helmut and Hans, and Ingrid who was Helmut’s girlfriend. They had a large bottle of something called schnapps and they were playing a drinking game. They invited us to sit down with them and join in. I would probably have said no but I could see that Cynthia fancied some company and I noticed the tall fair haired Hans looking at her admiringly. I couldn’t help noticing Ingrid as well. She was wearing a loose fitting blouse open at the neck and you could tell she wasn’t wearing much underneath. She was dark haired and her leather skirt was so short that it didn’t conceal much when she sat down either.*

*The drinking game involved doing a set of actions like touching your nose or waving your arm in a particular way and each person added another action. If you got the list of actions wrong when it was your turn or did them out of order you had to swig a small glass of the fiery schnapps. We played a few rounds, all had a few drinks and the game got saucy. When it was Helmut’s go he rubbed himself, you can guess where, and Ingrid responded by squeezing her right breast when it was her turn. Cynthia was a good sport and joined in adding a blown kiss to the mix and giving her breast an extra squeeze. Hans who was sitting next to her got things out of order, maybe he did it on purpose, and said to change the rules so that you had to drink a glass of schnapps and take off an item of clothing.*

‘Fancy playing that?’ Nigel asks and Caroline laughs so she is still awake and paying attention. As she gets to the bottom of the page, Nigel squeezes her right breast and runs his hand down over her shortie nightdress. Bruce carries on with his narrative over the page.

*Hans peeled off his T-shirt to reveal a muscular hairless body and well-defined chest. Cynthia was laughing and it was my go. I very slowly licked my finger and slid it into my mouth while looking at Ingrid and she followed my action then deliberately lifted her skirt to show a flash of white panty. I couldn’t help looking. Helmut lifted his arms and posed them deliberately and provocatively behind his head. Cynthia laughing did the same. Of course, after a couple of glasses of schnapps she had forgotten to do the other two actions. Anyway, slightly tipsy she stood up and lifted her skirt provocatively as Ingrid had done and then peeled off her pink top to reveal her big breasts bursting out of her bra, sat down and stretched her hands behind her head before drinking down another glass of schnapps.*

*‘Then you must as well take everythinks off’, said Hans in his slightly broken Englis, and Cynthia turned towards him , unfastened her bra and chucked it playfully across the room to where Helmut was sitting. Ingrid laughed stood up and turned to face me then unbuttoned her blouse revealing a tanned body and dark brown nipples.*

*‘Now is fair’, she said pronouncing it like ‘vair’. Everyone was laughing and the game was forgotten. I took the chance to go to the toilet which was down the corridor outside the lounge smiling to myself at what was happening and the sight of Cynthia showing herself off for these young Germans.*

Caroline turns the page, clearly interested, and Nigel thinks about dark brown nipples as he strokes her pink ones through the nightie. She doesn’t say no. Bruce continues.

*I came out of the toilet to find Ingrid standing there still naked from the waist up.*

*‘Vait,’ she said pushing past me into the toilet and leaving the door open. As she dropped her panties she chuckled.*

*‘What about Helmut,’ I said?*

*‘Don’t vorry. He don’t mind,’ she replied as she stood up, wiped herself and came towards me putting her arms around my neck and pulling me down towards her firm breasts. I felt my face almost buried between them as I took the pretty brown nipple into my mouth and heard her sigh as she breathed out heavily. She pulled me up to her face and started to kiss me while her deft fingers played with the button fly on my camping slacks. I felt her hand grip my excited member and I wondered what would happen next. Then I remembered Cynthia was still in the lounge and soon someone would come to see where we were.*

*She laughed. ‘Vy vorry,’ she said and putting a finger on her lips to indicate we should be quiet she took my hand and led me back down towards the room.*

*I was amazed at what I saw as I looked through the open door. Cynthia was kneeling on the small sofa while Helmut was standing behind it and she was clearly making the most of his excited penis with her mouth - but that wasn’t all.*

Nigel reaches this point of the bottom of the page before Caroline does and runs his hand down over her front onto her thigh and then under her nightie. She doesn’t resist. Caroline is engrossed now in the reading and turns the page as Nigel strokes her.

*As I watched, I saw Hans drop his shorts revealing a tight fuzz of blond hair and a large erect and lolling penis. He came up behind Cynthia and I saw him stiffen as he pushed her yellow skirt up around her waist. Hans held his hard member in his hand to direct it and then thrust hard into her. Almost taken by surprise, Cynthia lifted her head and her eyes met mine. I couldn’t do anything else but smile and mouth the words, it’s all right, as Hans thrust into her again opening her up with the substantial size and girth of his member and making her gasp with pleasure. Meanwhile, Ingrid was pulling me down to the floor and I quickly plunged into her with my own swollen organ. Our love making was quick, wild and energetic and as I lay on her on the floor I heard a guttural grunt from Hans and a matching squeal from my wife.*

*We all got to our feet, covering ourselves up with odd shreds of clothing. Ingrid was giggling while the two German men laughed and clapped me on the back and Cynthia lay back on the sofa and smiled. We threw back another glass of schnapps and set off to our separate rooms. Cynthia fell straight onto the bed and was immediately asleep and I followed. We woke late in the morning and Cynthia rolled over to me and pulled me into her body still slippery from Hans. We made passionate love. Just as we finished, we heard somebody come into the house downstairs so we got up quickly, washed, dressed and went downstairs. Our German landlady was in the kitchen area but there was no sign of our new friends. She bought some bread and fruit for breakfast and made strong coffee. As we were eating and she was tidying round she gave a cry of surprise and I saw her standing up holding a pair of pale blue panties.*

*‘Those young peoples she exclaimed,’ with a heavy accent. ‘I don’t know of what they get up to.’*

*Cynthia looked at me and smiled but said nothing.*

By now, Nigel can tell that Caroline is aroused and she strains against his fingers before reaching down for his cock which is already hard. He slips off the bottoms of his cotton pyjamas, her nightie is up and she spreads her legs to allow him to enter her. At the same time, she reaches across to the bedside drawer, opens it at a stretch and feels inside for a packet and then a condom. She passes it back to him, fumbled between their fingers and then he slides it over the tip and down the length of his cock. The action of doing this and the tightness of the slippery membrane are exciting and he quickly pushes into her, once, twice and then again, and then realises that his orgasm is close.

He tries to think of something else, attempting to conjure up the names of every football league ground while Caroline now begins to move and pitch against him. Craven Cottage, Stamford Bridge and Highbury are okay but Molyneux is a challenge and it is just outside White Hart Lane where the shudder of his orgasm overtakes him and he comes. He is still inside her as she goes still with a small sigh perhaps more of disappointment than satisfaction but Nigel is panting after his own release and doesn’t register it.

He eases himself off her and to the side, peels off the condom and almost instantly falls asleep, something which, like a tendency to premature ejaculation, he has lived with since adolescence. Caroline lies on her back and thinks about Hans.

And I’d let him, she thinks, and the builder but she knows that really she wouldn’t and there is nothing in her thoughts to tip her over into further arousal. Quietly, without waking Nigel, she gets out of bed and goes into the bathroom. Sitting on the toilet she reaches for the tissue and wipes herself. On her way back from the bathroom, she peeps into Katie’s room. The little girl is bundled up in her duvet just her hair protruding and Caroline listens for a moment to the soft sound of her untroubled breathing and feels a warm surge of parental love before going quietly back to her own bed.