

The Snake and the Christmas Lady

by MHaydn

Let the words violate the laws of gods and men.
Only then will they touch the soul.

Chapter 1 of 1

Let the words violate the laws of gods and men. Only then will they touch the soul.

He first saw her standing outside a car full of kids and railing at a driver who had cut in front of her and taken what, she was now yelling at him, was her parking space. She had to get the kids to rehearsal and they were going to be late and it would be his fault. The offending driver shrugged his shoulders and wandered off to do his shopping. What was one more irate lady at Christmas time even though this one did have an impressive streak of anger and a full vocabulary? The kids in the car were cringing.

He stepped forward. "If your destination is the church across the street, I can watch the car while you escort the children."

She glared at him. "I wouldn't fucking trust you with the kids, and ordinarily, I wouldn't fucking trust you with the car, either, but we're God damn fucking late, and I don't have any God damn fucking choice, do I?"

He smiled. "Not God damn fucking much."

"Are you mocking me?"

"I wouldn't dare," he said.

She shepherded the flock into the choir dressing room and returned to the street, hoping to find her car still there. She stopped on the top step leading to the street. Her car was in its rightful parking place, and the offending driver's car was double-parked a half block away. She shook her head and looked again. How had that happened? Well, it was past due for a miracle on her behalf. She returned to sit through another long rehearsal. Gods!

As the boredom set in, she began looking around at the other people. There he was, standing by the doorway, reminding her of every shitty thing that had been going wrong this last week. And what had he done with her car? It couldn't have been legal. She could not let this pass.

She strode up to him and hissed, "I don't appreciate your interference. And now what are you doing, stalking me like some damn pervert?"

"There's a coffee shop across the street by your car. I could offer you some refreshment while you righteously unload on me," he said.

She looked around. People were giving her disapproving looks. She looked at the stage where the choir was entering.

"Rehearsals take forever," he said.

"Let's get the hell out of here," she said, shocking the nearby spectators.

"My daughter arrived last night on a train in the middle of London, and I had to be the one to pick her up. Ordinary crowds are bad enough, but my daughter arrives out of nowhere with this large group of really strange looking people. I have to fight through this crowd to get to her, and when she gets home, she goes straight to bed and falls asleep. I could barely get her up this morning." The fumes of the latte had eased her headache and calmed her to the point that she had decided he deserved a full account of how wrong everything was and why he had been out of line and deserved her anger.

He nodded calmly. He looked like he could absorb more rage. That was encouraging.

"My daughter's been away at a boarding school, but the other mothers still expect me to chauffeur their kids around during the holidays like I did when my kid was home. Alright, she's back, and I would probably have to take her places, but I wish some other mother would volunteer. It's not like I don't have enough to do by myself."

"Boarding school?"

"She's very smart, and it's a special school."

"I teach at one of them myself, Chemistry."

She looked at him. "You do look like you've never been out of the lab. I don't know how you did that with the cars. But at any rate, I haven't had a chance to talk to her. We've been running around buying gifts. She just got home, for Christ's sake, and it doesn't leave us much damn time to get ready, and then there're the rehearsals for the Christmas Pageant, and I have to pick up everybody else's fucking kid."

"It doesn't sound fair," he said.

"You're damn right it's not."

"You're too responsible," he interjected. "Everyone depends on you."

"And I've got to talk to my daughter. Her letters said she made friends with two boys. Two boys! When she was home and I could keep an eye on her, she never looked at those dirty little devils. She was too busy studying. Then she runs off to this mysterious fucking school and takes up with them."

"They're probably the decent sort," he said. "Our sex's capacity for mischief is overrated, and you could trust your daughter's judgment."

"Well, a mother would like to know."

"Didn't you meet them at the station? Didn't your daughter introduce them?"

"No. She said something about their staying at school over the holiday. I suppose that means they're in trouble. What has my daughter got into? She's out of my sight for four God damn months and look what happens."

He shook his head. "It is rare for kids to stay at school over the holidays, but most likely, their parents are traveling or they're orphans. My experience is that if you let a kid relax, she'll soon be prattling on about everything."

"You mean the same way you let her mother relax and she prattled on about every damn thing."

"I merely treated you to a cup of coffee."

"And now it's going to keep me up all fucking night. Thanks," she said. She turned back to him as she was leaving. "The next damn rehearsal is Tuesday at the same damn time."

"Same damn place?" he asked the empty air.

She smoothly gathered the kids and took them to their respective houses while asking and listening to them talk about their part in the performance and all the other things they had been doing. She swept into her own home and efficiently made hot chocolate for everyone, tucked her daughter into bed, tidied the house, and retired while being completely oblivious to the effect she was having on people.

When her husband's favorite telly show was over, he hurried to the bedroom, eager to enjoy a wife in a good mood. Her husband stretched out beside her and ran his hands over her. She had been fantasizing about the stranger: he wasn't handsome, but he was compelling. Because of that, she was a bit wet when her husband's hand reached her folds. Her husband was delighted. She wondered if this was a good thing. She decided it made everything more convenient a few seconds later when her husband was at her entrance and sliding in. She was a mounted wife. She fantasized she was moving under the stranger as he admired her loving face and lifted her feet into the air, and that made her slick. She fantasized the stranger was riding her, and that had her making obscene, primitive noises. She pictured the stranger's face and came for him. She fantasized the stranger was gripping her ass and gushing into her, and that made her smile. Her husband was lying beside her, happy and asleep. She hugged her pillow and fantasized the stranger was cuddling her as she had an afterglow just for him.

By rehearsal time Tuesday night, she had decided she should keep her fantasies strictly in the fantasy world. She made the rounds of houses preoccupied. Nothing the kids were talking about registered. When she arrived at the church, an unseen parking place mysteriously appeared.

She barely heard her daughter say, "Wow, mum, I can't believe this."

Once again, she shepherded the flock into the dressing room for the rehearsal. She returned to her car to find him standing in the doorway to the coffee shop.

"I can't do this," she said. "I can't see you."

"Okay," he said, turning to walk away.

"Wait. Don't you want to hear why?" she asked.

He was thinking it was smarter to walk away than to stay and let some lady lay a bunch of self-righteous gobbledegook on him as she assumed a prim and superior attitude. Just thinking about the prim and superior attitude she wanted to assume made him angry, and he was about to tell her he didn't care about her or what she had on her mind or what she could possibly say when, out of the blue, it struck him that she was desperate to talk to him, desperate for someone to pay some attention to her.

He fought and lost. His heart went out to her, and he prepared himself for a round of abusive female hypocrisy as he said, "Only if you pay for the coffee." He would hate himself in the morning for this.

"Wait in the car while I get it," she said.

As he waited, he reminded himself that he had done nothing wrong. More than that, he had been kind and considerate to her, and he would not take criticism of his behavior or tolerate any accusations about his intentions. He had worked himself into a respectable snit by the time she opened the car door and handed him his coffee.

She climbed in, and they sipped the latte. She said, "I missed you."

What did he have to lose? He said, "Did the fumes in the coffee shop get to you? Damn, lady, would a coffee and a massage always produce your better side?"

"They might, now that you mention it." She cocked her head and gave him an expectant look, waiting for his reply.

"I thought about you all the time," he confessed.

She smiled, sipped her coffee, and resumed her expectant look.

He took another risk. "Are you waiting for the massage part?"

"You don't want to face a scorned woman, do you?" she said, twisting in the car seat to present her neck and shoulders.

He took his time. He enjoyed having his hands on her. As far as he could tell, she liked having his hands on her. She was sighing by the time he began working his hands down her back. Finally, she was limp enough that he couldn't justify keeping his hands on her any longer. He quit.

With surprising ease, she maneuvered herself into his lap. Her feel. Her aroma. The rest of the world vanished. Time passed.

"Oh my God, look at the time," she said.

She turned, gave him a hug, slid off his lap, leaped out of the car, and dashed across the street to pick her flock out of the group of children milling around the church door.

The last rehearsal was the night before the performance, and it found her waiting in the coffee shop after she had parked the car in the space that had miraculously appeared and had delivered her flock to the dressing room. She became worried that he would not appear. Had he been merely kind to a distressed lady with no intention of becoming any sort of companion? Now that she thought about it, the depths she had seen in those eyes, the pain he carried so lightly, she realized he was capable of such a thing.

He appeared in the doorway and walked to her table.

She stumbled out, "Let me get you a coffee. What would you like tonight?"

He smiled at her. The rest of the shop went out of focus, and his voice seemed from eternity. "A double espresso would be good."

"Share an apple strudel?" she asked. "They're sinfully delicious."

She brought the espresso and pastry to their table, only nearly stumbling over a chair once. She sat and inexplicably felt sad. "You haven't told me about yourself."

"I teach Chemistry at a public school."

"You told me that much. I mean I don't know what you think about anything. I don't know how you feel about anything. You just sit there looking superior while I prattle on like an idiot, damn you."

"Perhaps I am not outgoing enough for milady?" he said.

"You're maddening, you know that?"

"I may know it all too well," he said.

She caught her breath and her temper. "You could say something, damn it."

He shook his head. "I fear that once I get started, you will quickly tire of how self-centered I am."

"Oh, are you really?" she said. "Think of all the marvelously conceited things you must be holding close." She paused. "Are some of them twisted?"

"From what I've gathered from your conversation, beyond anything you could conceive," he replied.

"Then I must be a patient girl," she said. She was certain he was going to be a wonderful partner.

The night of the performance, she waited in the foyer, and when he appeared, she took his hand and led him into the basement of the church to one of the storage rooms full of chairs and tables.

She was thinking she was married and in a relationship a long time and there was nothing special about someone's arms around her, but his arms made her feel comfortable and excited. They made her feel special.

She had been kissed before, but when his hands intertwined with her hair and his lips met hers, a shock ran through her. At that moment, she knew he could make her be unfaithful.

She began unbuttoning her blouse for him. His bright eyes watched her unbutton her blouse, unfasten her bra, and offer herself. His fingers and then his lips traced over her breasts. She wanted him to do more. His mouth found a nipple. She moaned so gentle, so demanding, so loving. He found the other nipple. Her knees felt weak.

She was ready for him. She backed up against a table. He lifted her onto it and arranged two chairs for her feet. Her skirt was up, revealing spread, white thighs and an expanse of black silk. Her knickers were pulled aside, and then there were the low, throaty, almost protesting sighs of a married woman as her lover enters her.

She did not have the chance to worry about what he thought of her figure as he watched her silk-covered hips roll and her mature legs squeeze him. His eyes smoldered, and she knew: he didn't want a girl; he wanted a woman the cock-sure bastard wanted to experience a whole complete person surrender to him. She watched him experience her losing control as she moaned and squirmed with his coupling. Then it went beyond pleasure. Under a smooth cover of conformance, she had raged at the world that had her pegged in her motherly role and in the grip of a pale life. Under a smooth cover of black silk, her motherly hips raged at him while her pale thighs gripped him as he pegged her as he pegged her while she squirmed and raged and yelled until she was suddenly still and her world expanded.

She slowly realized what had happened. "My toes are cramped," she said.

He pulled out of her and massaged her feet.

A few minutes later she could stand and had recovered enough to notice he still had an erection and was pressing her against the wall.

They could hear the choir come on stage.

Ave Maria

She could feel his warmth as he whispered, "Your husband would tell you not to put your arms around me."

Gratia plena

She could see his dark, deep eyes as he whispered, "Your husband would tell you not to move your breasts against me."

Dominus tecum

She could see his inviting lips as he whispered, "Your husband would tell you not beg me with your kisses."

Benedicta tu in mulieribus

She could feel his breath as he whispered, "Your husband would tell you not to drop your knickers for me."

Et benedictus fructus ventris

She could feel his hand on the back of her neck as he whispered, "Your husband would tell you not to raise your skirt."

Tui, Jesus,

She could feel his excitement as he whispered, "Your husband would tell you not to spread your legs for me."

Sancta Maria,

She could feel his hoarse breathing as he whispered, "Your husband would tell you not to let me slide into you."

Mater Dei

She could feel his body against her as he whispered, "Your husband would tell you not to move for me."

Ora pro nobis peccatoribus

She could feel his hands grip her as he whispered, "Your husband would tell you not to let me come inside you."

Nunc et hora mortis nostrae

She could feel his heart pounding as he whispered, "Your husband would tell you not to come for me."

Amen

She felt like she could never be angry at anything ever again.

As he took her hand and walked her back to the congregation, a sense of calm ordinariness descended upon her and she realized it was better than that: she would get angry, but it would be okay.