

Chapter Eight

Crystal Blue no Crystal See-through

Looking up from my clipboard with my list of pupils for the day, I called my next one

‘Crystal!’ - to which a young, vivacious beauty stood up and said.

‘That’s me.’

‘Ok let’s go.’ I said as she followed me in line astern toward my Austin metro. We had changed from the old Triumph Dolomites which was a shame as I really liked that car for teaching in and now, we had these useless Austin Metro’s that drank petrol quicker than the barmy army could drink pints of beer. The barmy army was and still is a group of English cricket supporters renowned for their ability to down pints of beer in vast quantities.

It was a steamy hot London summer’s day, just walking to the car you could feel the sweat forming on your body.

On a hot day like this one, London was unbearable but there were obvious compensations: the women wore lovely summer clothes and the younger woman all seemed to wear very skimpy and revealing dresses or shorts showing off their attributes to their best. Yes, London really could be attractive if not a somewhat uncomfortable place to be in the hot days of summer.

I immediately thought oh well it might be hot, but having this lovely looking woman in the car for an hour would at least make the heat bearable. But little did I know what was in store for me, to make matters even hotter.

As we approached the car, I opened the passenger door to allow her entry into my car (yes, always a gentleman) and I received a huge lungful of her overpowering perfume. I think it was Chanel No5, but she must have put the entire bottle over her whole body, as the smell was overbearing. She was wearing a cheesecloth light

brown see-through dress and I know it was see-through as I could see everything or rather nothing, she wore no bra or knickers (panties) and yes I really could see through it, she definitely believed in 'going commando' and revealing all to the world. I wonder what the reaction of the public was when she walked down the streets.

As she placed her seat belt over her body and into the locking mechanism, she said to me

'I hope you are better than my last instructor. He was boring and only spoke about driving.'

What a strange thing to say, I thought (at the time), as after all we were driving instructors and were teaching our pupils how to drive, so what did she expect us to talk about.

'I suppose he was just being very professional.'

'Well, I hope you're professional too but also interesting.'

'I'd like to think so.'

'Isn't it boiling today?' she said as she swished up her dress to fan her legs once again, revealing she wore no underwear as if I hadn't already noticed that fact.

'It sure is, and it's getting hotter by the second.' and I rolled the driver's window fully down.

'Okay, I'll just drive us to a quieter street and then I can assess your driving skills.'

'I find driving difficult but I have lots of other skills, that I'm sure you'll be very satisfied with.' she said and once again did this thing with her dress

Bloody hell I thought to myself, what the hell is she referring too?

'Can we find somewhere that's very secluded?'

'Well, St Johns Wood is pretty quiet at this time of day and not much traffic, so it will give me an excellent opportunity to check on your ability.'

'I've had no problems or complaints in that area, I can assure you of that Tony.' and she swished her dress once again, revealing all

'What St Johns Wood?'

'No, silly, you know.'

Know! Know what?

She then did her now to be familiar swirl with her dress yet again, revealing that she was not wearing any underwear. Did she think I was blind and needed to be reminded regularly?

‘You know.’ she said again

No, I bloody didn’t know. What is she going on about? But thankfully at that point, I moved off onto the busy Baker Street traffic but was starting to get a strange feeling that this woman wasn’t really interested in learning to drive but had other ideas of what she could learn or maybe teaching.

I may have been a bit naïve and looking back over my life I probably still am and during this period in my life with my marriage on the rocks, my thoughts were pretty preoccupied with my marital problems, so maybe I was missing something or just slow on the uptake.

We eventually ended up along Hamilton Terrace, famous for Paul McCartney once being a resident there, which was a fairly quiet road that I often used to assess new pupils that had some driving experience.

‘Okay.’ I said, ‘your turn, let’s see what you can do.’

‘What, here?’

‘Yes - why, what’s wrong.’

‘It’s a bit too public.’

‘It’s a bit too public for what? Your form says you can drive to a level that you should be able to drive on the major roads you’ve had 16 lessons and really should be able to drive in busy traffic by now. So, let’s see what you can do and I can assess your skills.’

‘Nobody has ever had to assess my skills, I can assure you of that fact, Tony.’

‘What at driving?’

‘Oh, you want me to drive silly?’

‘Dah we’re in a driving school car and you’ve paid for a driving lesson assessment, so maybe that’s what we should be doing.’

‘Oh, I get it it’s a bit like foreplay!’

Foreplay! Foreplay! What the hell was she talking about I just wanted to assess her driving skills not have sex with her, oh shit

the penny had dropped, she didn't want driving lessons she wanted sex, and sex with me in a bloody Austin Mini Metro that had a bloody great red triangle with an L on its three sides? Talk about no class or was this something she did regularly or what? My face must have gone a weird shade of red at that moment and I felt very, very hot.

'Tony are you ok.'

'Yes, just a bit hot, that's all.'

'You're not feeling faint, are you?'

'No why?'

'If you are, I know first aid and you need to put your head between your knees or you could put your head between my knees it would be much better if you prefer and you wouldn't faint.' and she gave a little seductive laugh.

Now, this was getting a little out of hand and I had finally got the full message from her loud and clear. I know she was a young and very attractive woman but come on I've got marital problems I'm in an Austin Metro with a bloody great BSM Triangle on its roof and I'm in a car giving a driving lesson to what now appeared to be a raving nymphomaniac, well lucky me and yes I was beginning to think that a nymphomaniac is what she was and she wanted sex with me and is paying me for the privilege. Get real! This is London in the nineteen-eighties, not swinging London of the sixties. This sort of thing just didn't happen in today's London society, did it? Yet it was.

Yes, I know others would take advantage of this and on a closer inspection of Crystal's driving reports she has gone through 12 previous driving instructions and I mean gone through twelve and it looked like I was lined up for number 13 which was going to be her unlucky number for sure.

I calmed down and said to her 'Look I think we need to be clear here you have paid for my expert skill as a driving instructor and I have a very good track record of pupils passing their driving test under my tutelage but that's all I give; I'm offering you my professional skills as a driving instructor and nothing else.'

‘Oh, silly, I was just flirting with you, but I do like the idea of being under your tutelage. Do you like it when you’re on top?’ and her face also went a little red, and she smiled coyly.

I tried to ignore the obvious referral to ‘under you and on top’

‘Okay look Crystal, maybe I misunderstood your innuendos and you like to appear worldly, but please can we get on with the lesson.’

‘Oh, very masterful which I love and of course anyway I always like being led by an older man it’s kinky and kinda turns me on.’ and again she did the dress swirling thing

‘Crystal please stop I have got the message but to be honest I’m not interested.’

‘Oh, Tony lighten up I’m just playing with you honestly I never have sex on the first lesson although I might make an exception with you.’

‘Crystal, we are on a driving lesson and that’s all.’

‘Oh, sorry, I thought you were getting the message that I wanted sex with you, how silly of me, I was just playing honestly.’ and she turned a weird shade of red, but by then so was I.

I wasn’t sure who was going the reddest in the face, but at least she started driving the car and to be honest her driving wasn’t that bad. She had a few driving errors here and there and all would be easy to correct, so the lesson continued without thankfully any more suggestive chat.

However, one of the tricks I used to do with my pupils once I was confident in their driving ability was to chat to them, about anything, the weather, politics, football etc. just to make sure they would not allow talking to distract them from their driving concentration. In Crystal’s case, it would also help keep her mind off sex, or so I hoped. But to be honest, Crystal’s driving was good enough for us to chat easily, and any of the previous suggestiveness was not mentioned.

Crystal told me she was 26 and related to the Rothschild’s family. She lived in the penthouse suite of the Inn on the Park Hotel in Park Lane London (mega loaded to afford to live there). She was

left on her own and from aged fourteen she was sent to a very posh finishing school in Switzerland, where she learnt all about boys and sex and she loved sex. She had been engaged twice, but neither man was suitable to the family, although she informed me that both were great in bed but not nearly enough kinky for her. Whatever that meant - no, not kinky, I know what that means, but kinky enough for her.

‘Do you have another lesson after me?’

‘No, for a change I have an hour's break so will have time to eat lunch for a change and eat it at a sensible time.’

‘Could I drive back to where I live at the Inn on the Park, then please?’

‘Err yes I suppose so as long as I have enough time to get back for my next lesson which shouldn't be a problem and your driving is good so yes let's give Park Lane a try in a driving school car.’

Thinking this would be an excellent opportunity to give her a lot of confidence to drive in that amount of traffic.

For those of you who have never been to London, Park Lane is a huge wide multi-lane and a very busy road which runs from Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner. It separates Hyde Park to the west from Mayfair to the east. It houses some of London's most prestigious hotels and apartment blocks.

We drove very successfully along Park Lane from the tough negotiation of Marble Arch, where you must be vigilant to the volume of traffic and the multi-direction of oncoming cars. Then along Park Lane until the turnoff for the Inn on the Park, where we stopped near the curb just outside the doors to this most prestigious hotel.

I should have been even more suspicious when the concierge didn't bat an eyelid as he approached my car with the BSM Triangle on the roof and salutes, and he opened the driver's door for Crystal

‘Miss Crystal good afternoon.’

‘Good afternoon, Thomas, I’ll just be a minute.’

‘Yes, mam.’

OMG is this real? It’s like something out of a film and I’m about to be the star?

She leant back into the car, showing me her ample bra-less cleavage

‘Tony, as you don’t have another lesson for an hour, do you want to come up for a drink?’

‘Sorry Crystal, I’m a driving instructor, drinking and driving is a no-no.’

‘Of course, but I have coffee or tea or water or anything you want to drink, you know?’

‘Thanks again, but no thanks.’

‘Of course, silly me, but what about some lunch on me.’

‘Again, that’s very kind of you, but I have sandwiches in the back here and rarely do lunches, and never with my pupils.’

‘What about melting chocolate all over my body? You could lick it all off. Wouldn’t that be something?’ and again she shows me even more of the cleavage and beyond. This girl certainly left nothing to the imagination, that was for sure.

But OMG she was making it pretty obvious what she wants me to come up to her suite for and the thoughts of her body covered in melting chocolate honestly conjured up some erotic images for me but bloody hell I truly wanted to get out of this situation pretty quickly if I’m honest.

‘Thanks, but no thanks Crystal it’s not something I’m into, in fact, I don’t like chocolate.’ I lied.

‘You don’t like the idea of licking chocolate off my tits and body? Really!’

‘Crystal, it’s honestly not my sort of thing.’ Although I had to admit my imagination was starting to conjure up many images of her body covered in chocolate and me licking it off. But this wasn’t my sort of thing.

‘That’s not all you could come up for, you know we could play some games.’ and she does this thing with her dress again

showing me everything, not that I hadn't already seen everything. This was getting a little scary now, but the hotel concierge Thomas was still standing there witnessing this little pantomime with a knowing smirk on his face.

'Why do you have monopoly? I quite like monopoly, so I suppose I could play a quick game of that.'

'Monopoly! Monopoly! Are you thick, stupid, or blind? We could have sex, you could fuck me if you want to, I'm very good in bed you know, and you'll get back for your next lesson in plenty of time, and you will have had a very nice time honestly.'

'Look, you're a very attractive young woman, but I'm married and not interested in any extramarital activities. You paid for driving lessons and that's all I can give you, but I can recommend some of my colleagues if it's something else you're after.'

'So, you don't fancy me or want to come and have sex with me I can be very kinky you know.'

'Tempting though it is no, I prefer my cheese sandwiches and a cup of crap tea from the tea machine back at the office, and a chat about football with that fat git of a manager Ken, so very sorry and all that but no thanks.'

Although I must admit it was a very tempting offer looking at this beautiful young desirable woman and can understand why some of my colleagues would have been out of the car and up to that penthouse suite more quickly than a fly landing on jam.

'Shame you don't know what you're missing I'm a great fuck you know, your other colleagues had no complaints, and to be honest, I do fancy you, that's why I asked for you to be my new instructor I thought we could have some great kinky sex together.'

And with that, she got out the car showing me all her knicker-less ass, slammed the door and walked off into the Hotel followed by Thomas

The last I heard of Crystal, she was taking driving lessons from the BSM branch at Kings Cross and was rapidly going through their list of male driving instructors.

Oh well, sometimes you get what you pay for, but she did have a really nice ass!