



“I
Can't
WAIT!”

A Short Story By
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Chapter One

Reluctantly, but accepting it was a necessary step in the story he was living, not as a character, but as its author, eleven-year-old Adrian climbed carefully onto his meticulously made bed. If viewed, not as a bed, but as a birthplace of dreams, this font-of-fantasy resembled a precisely crafted birthday cake. The white under-sheet was pulled tight with neatly tucked corners while the duvet's Superman pattern was properly aligned and creaseless - exactly how Adrian liked it, but not on a conscious level. It spoke to his bullying Id. Mother has made this right. For their innocent part, the pillows were as white as icing and uniformly plumped and nicely smoothed off. Some might feel a twinge of pity before they spoilt such a look, but not this little man. He needed the space to sit in. So away those pillows went. But not too far for he had need of them.

Although the room was chilly the boy refused to snuggle beneath the covers as his silly sister does after she has changed for bed. A process he watches often through her partly open door. To his delight, he recently noted her fledgling breasts and was keen to see more, but that is not the only part of her he has had a good close look at without her knowledge. But not that night. Her door was firmly shut to him where with an "Ugh" and shudder he thought while crossing the landing back to his room, I bet she's started menstruating.

Disappointed at being denied the ritual of his nightly entertainment he shoved the pillows behind his back and sat upright against the wall while propping a book on his raised knees - with only the merest tips of toes allowed to lay beneath the warming lip of the otherwise undisturbed duvet. A slight warning

shiver arose with the suggestion, you'll get cold like that so snuggle in Adrian, but no, he won't, for there are other needs which demand satisfaction - it's mother's job to lay me down and see to my comfort. To tell me she loves me and to wish me, her son, goodnight. And don't you dare keep me waiting long, said a terse turn of page along with a swift glance over at the half-opened door, although there was no need to look out for her. His superhero hearing could easily pinpoint her whereabouts in the house - the downstairs bathroom, the kitchen, the living room and of course the stairs. Sometimes he even fancied he could smell her when she mounted the first step. Invariably her tread was weary but for Adrian to notice such things about his mother would simply be superfluous to his ever-demanding needs.

Whenever his internal alert sounds off Mothers coming, he counts her steps up. Nine to the little turn before taking the last three onto the main landing. Three more paces finds her just by his door. Her breathing although soft is audible as she momentarily loiters there. Then comes the excited but cautious peering into the opening to spy on her son in a mixed moment of fearful hesitation and over-developed motherly love. That ends with a slow intake of breath as if summoning courage before entering the room. This night was no different to the 4000 or so others that have preceded it. In she came wearing a painted smile while oozing treacly, "Arr... There's my handsome little man... All ready and waiting for me."

His reply as always is to smile. It was expected after all. As too is the dramatic manner in which she pulls back the duvet for her little man. He fancies sometimes that she does so with the wish to be the one waiting naked beneath it for him...

"Now then... Let's get you into bed, shall we...? He flits easily back to that

fantasy...

Oh... And have you had a wee?"

"Yes," tersely answered as the illusion shatters.

Then comes the close encounter, "Have you done your teeth?"

He responds with the obligatory nodded and mumbled, "Yes."

"Erm..., I'm not so sure about that my lad. Let me smell your breath..."

Lips descend near..., far too near... almost brushing against his..., almost...
Only to swerve away at the last moment to make way for her nose to smell
his reluctant softly panted breath.

"Erm... I'm not convinced you have..." said gently but accusingly as she
leans back to study his face, which was blank - his defiant look. "Let me
smell your breath again..."

Chapter Two

This time, with her hand on his shoulder Mother leans in, but more slowly as if about to kiss him..., like a lover might.

He closes his eyes, but not to receive the kiss. He is uncomfortable - although not about a possible embrace... why shouldn't she want to kiss me... but with the idea of her domination. Where he relaxes again as she backs away.

"I'll let you off this once..." she murmured tiredly, for this was a common enough battle. His sister, Shona listened to it all in her room and smirked. He might call himself cleverer than me and Mam, but I know what's coming next. And although she was unable to see it she knew full well that he will either frown or throw a fit at being challenged.

This time he frowned. He hadn't cleaned his teeth because he chose not to. And mother by letting him off has taken away his ownership of the decision and made it hers, and that irked. He does not want to clean them, but now to regain control he must, but to declare such will prove her suspicions right and that cannot be allowed either. She has him cornered and he believes she knows it, which is even more irking, but then he smirks - there is a way out. "I'm going for a wee." He suddenly announced as he clambered off the bed and roughly pushed by her.

"Mam," Shona called as she heard his bare feet cross the landing - he was not the only one in the family with good hearing and who also counted steps.

They all did, especially his.

Including Oscar their cat who quickly changed his seat depending on the tread upon the stairs. If it was Adrian's he would take himself off to the kitchen, a place where the boy rarely went. Or on a fine day, he will head quickly out of the cat-flap and into the garden. From where, if Oscar sensed that the boy was in a particularly agitated mood he continued to flee straight down the overgrown garden path and up the old tree to hide behind a clump of weeds growing on the shed roof - hopefully, warmed by the sun in readiness for him. From where if necessary he could jump down into next doors yard and off up the street and into the gloam where rabbits roam and lovers occasionally moan. But not this night. Nor most nights. For the cat also knew the household routines well. He merely shifted a paw, yawned as if bored and with a twist of head and a slight irritated flick of tail he took to nap once more. But not before a little meow flowed up from his throat as if in gloat - yes, I can hear the tap running and the fake flush of the system and pretend washing of hands.

As they all could.

“You'd better get back to 'im' Mam,” Shona whispered conspiratorially, “you know what es like.” The last thing Shona wanted was for her disgusting brother to come bursting into her room.

There was no need for Mother to reply to her other than to utter a sigh which was so expected that neither of them bothered to note its passing.

Moments later Adrian returned to find his Mother standing exactly where he left her, encouraging him to gloat fleetingly, she ignored Shona then..., good.

But then his Mother spoke and innocently took ownership of the moment.

Chapter Three

"Let's get you into bed." And for a split second he was truly a child again and she his dotting Mother, but it only lasted a blink.

As he climbed in, her hands skilfully but lightly frisked his legs, playfully but determinedly - when he wees he often dribbles quite a bit and will want a change. Such times might see him standing on the bed with a certain part of his anatomy aimed level with her bent down face as she strips his pyjamas off. As a younger child, he would have giggled and protected his bits from her eyes, but his hands move less quickly these days and there are no giggles, just an unfathomable look. Recently he did not even bother covering his bits as he rather enjoyed the feeling of why not let her see it...

Very tellingly to his mother his crutch area was bone dry - so he has not taken a wee and his sleeves which he never bothers to roll up when he washes his hands, unless I do them for him, are not even damp - so on her fingers ran, down his legs tickling him like spiders until she reached his toes, which she playfully tweaked. That silly game used to make him giggle, but not anymore. With a silent sigh for things past she murmured, "Now let's get you comfortable" while careful not to pull the duvet up to his chin. Oh no! Her little man does not like it. A quick kiss on the cheek followed... Then the words, "I love you," and the usual question. "Do you want your bedside lamp on?"

That enquiry raised a sulkily arrogant reply, "Yes... I... do!" Its harshness almost met and punched her soft "Goodnight" as she flicked off the main light and pulled the door tight after her. The sharp click of the door's catch as

it snapped too echoed the breaking of her heart, but she did not show it, but then again she never does when it concerns her son. How many times in a day can a heart be broken?

After throwing a glance at the door to make sure it was properly closed he settled into his book, one of several he planned to read that night, but first, there was a need for raised eyebrows driven by a silent grumble and expressed in variants of, argh, blahs and duh's rolled into one long snort. As if I need a light to sleep by. I never have. But it's good she believes I do, but annoying she still asks. She should just turn it on, shouldn't she? How else am I expected to read and play?

Cockily his nighttime activities have never been rumbled. He is far too clever for the hated her to catch him out. He can sense her waking with a start and her unspoken 'my Adrian'. He hears her feet crossing the bedroom floor even before they touch the floor, and the unavoidable squeak of the opening door, followed by three more steps and the pause outside of his to listen for movement. Then there is the quiet opening of the door to peer in at her little man laying abed - all so nicely snug and asleep. And her soft sigh as she softly closes the door and turns away.

Infuriatingly, sometimes, she even dares to step in and click off the lamp...

The following morning she never seemingly notices the book or two that has slipped off the covers during the night or the toys when she dramatically pulls back the duvet to wake him up. His idea about that moment is that she's too intent on giggling like a blushing bride hoping to catch a peek of her little man's morning glory - all women want that treat, don't they? Except until recently his habit of wearing three pairs of tight underpants and pyjama

bottoms had prevented anyone from seeing his massive man-thing, as he likes to believe his widget to be... But recently he has started to enjoy the sensation of bare bits hanging free and loose to rub gently against his pyjamas as he swaggers about the house. And why not. Let them look at it. They'll see it all soon enough when I reach manhood and come into my power.

Oh yes, oh yes! I can't wait.

Chapter Four

But he has waited. Impatiently so for four years. Ever since that day, his special awakening moment, which he recalls well when at seven he lay upon the supermarket floor uncaring of who he hindered as he flicked through the exotic pages of a man's lifestyle magazine. As always the bikini-clad girls were interesting but about halfway through he sensed a new feeling, an undercurrent swelling into a desire for those very girls. Suddenly he understood the differences between the man he considered himself to be and the one he so wanted to grow into. That was the first time he muttered those words, I can't wait. Initially, the revelation that he was still a boy and not truly a man upset his equilibrium but he quickly accepted the need to grow, although the wait has been extremely frustrating.

That morning more of his evolving attitude was revealed by his cold fake smile when his mother fetched his breakfast in which was not missed by his sister, Shona. Her sharp glare had he cared to notice suggested, look at you King Tut, I always make my breakfast and take out my bowl to help, but you?

He did not, or more properly he did not care to notice her emotional response. He never did in women or girls. He only truly noticed those in his magazines, movies and growing fantasies. Besides, he was still gloating about the books he had read last night and the toys he had played with to want to care to see anything else. He had had a good old night doing what he wanted. And that mother didn't say anything when she stepped past the mess on the floor to open the curtains. But then he reasoned, why should she? She has no right to tell me off about it, or anything. She is merely an inferior woman. A servant

and servants have no rights. Do they? They exist to be told what to do and to give me what I want. Or so he believed until recently. But he is growing and changing - his mind is expanding, his outlook focusing. Now he considers she should be trained well enough not to need telling anymore. Her lot is to do whatever I want, whenever I want. Silently and well out of my sight unless it's to... Well! And if she doesn't...?

Well... my developing power will soon be telling me what to do about that...

Although he kind of already knew what he will do. It was more or less the same thing he had planned for his sister... As far as he was concerned, rules and motherhood and kin are merely concepts and they are not for him. While women exist for one thing only, or so he tells himself at night as he finally settles down to sleep... They exist to serve my needs... And I don't care if they like it or not.

Chapter Five

My time is approaching said the quick sure dipping of spoon into the cereal bowl. Soon my dopey sister you will see my power... Well..., he then smirked as he glanced across at her again, you will more than see it... won't-cha. And it's only fair, isn't it? He smirked again... Haven't I seen yours often enough when you sleep unaware that I've pulled back your duvet and lightly lifted your nightie... Where silently, while staring at her fledgling chest he delightfully realised that when the light catches right it is just visible through her school blouse. With a double crow his Id bragged, the other day I even managed to see your new breasts properly... And one day soon I might even... Yes, his evolving demands purred..., Well... I can't wait...

As if reacting to his cold glare Shona shivered slightly as she quickly left the table. In the kitchen, after she pulled on her school jumper she rinsed her breakfast bowl in the sink where she tutted angrily as she thought, I know why you gave Mother that foul look. "Mam" she whispered. "Don't take ees bowl off him. Please. Let im fetch it out. When I walks im to the bus stop - and why do I ave to do that Mam, he's big and ugly enough to go on his own - anyways, the git complains that you take it away without asking permission. His blimming permission Mam! He says you always take it when there's milk left in it... Don't wait on him, Mam... Don't!"

Mother listened and nodded and smiled and said "Yes dear" but without any conviction. "And you know I'm happier when I know you are walking him down", said without any give. Placing her bowl on the drainer Shona shrugged, well at least I've tried, while knowing full well it will all be the same tomorrow.

What Shona did not see was Adrian's second dirty look aimed at them while they briefly chatted in the kitchen. 'Oh yes,' that look shouted. 'I can hardly wait...!' Where almost immediately a second impatient look demanded, 'And why don't you both shut up? And one of you bring me out my lunch box'.

It was Shona who lost the toss.

"Here's your lunch box," she said, thrusting it at him aggressively which he ignored in favour of quickly putting it into his school bag and getting the heck out of the house. "Thank you... Shona" he murmured flatly and sarcastically as he hoisted the small rucksack onto his back and headed towards the front door.

"Aren't you going to say goodbye to Mam then?"

"No need" he grunted scoffingly, "she'll come to me... Watch."

Where sure enough their mother drying her hands on a towel came from the kitchen to hug them both and see them out. "Told ya," he declared cockily as they set off, "she does everything I want..."

"Are you so certain of that?" Shona snapped spitefully, aiming her barb straight at his tender and stony-faced narcissism as they started down the first of the two roads that will take them to the bus stop. "It looks to me as if you're doing everything exactly the way she wants you to. You depend on her baby Aidy," she mocked. "You just can't manage on your own, can ya? And that is what she wants... But not me," she laughed. "I can do exactly as I please and that includes not telling Mam you sneak into me room at night an peek at me bits when I'm asleep! And don't you dare deny it cos I borrowed Natalie's baby cam an your on it you dirty little sod...! And just in case

you're wondering, that's why I wear pyjamas in bed now. But don't you worry about it bruv," she crowed victoriously before landing a killer blow. "Cos I ain't told Mam yet. So far only me and me friends know about your dirty ways... For now anyway!" she added with a sense of Ha...

Then after sending her rich laughter into his dark fury, she changed tact to ask, "And my darling bruv just why do you think they've stopped calling ya... Aidy the dade... an started to call ya Aidy the lady instead... you've eard em say it right!" She teased. "Well...? Do you know why that is bruv...?"

As outraged as he was over the name he could not help himself. "Why," he demanded tersely.

Footnote:

Dade = a person who totters, esp. a child learning to walk.

Chapter Six

"It's cos you ain't got one. You know... that silly thing you brag to me about so much. And do you know what" she spat scoffingly, "I reckon me..., you know..., me blimming PRIVATE - she emphasised pointedly - that tender bit, you know where I mean, is much bigger than your blimming little thing!"

"You lie! You know I've got a big one," he shouted with a reddening face... "it's bloody massive, it is..." he spat with an aggressive swagger as she pulled a yeah right face...

"It is...!" he retorted angrily while wishing he could push her under the approaching bus.

"No, it blimming ain't." She snapped back with the confidence of a winner. "Cos I seed you in the shower a few times and our cat as more down there than you. And Oscar's had is bits cut off! And oh yeah, me friends know all about your little thing too! Cos I took a photo wid me phone and it went all around the blimming school it did... And that's why my little bruv they call ya Aidy the lady now... So Ha! See! Aidy the blimming lady!"

Where she laughed again before mocking. "An there's you thinking you're better than us girls! Well, blimming stitch that bruv... cos you blimming ain't see!"

Then as the bus pulled in and the door swished open she stepped onto the platform while tossing back at him, "An you ain't sitting wid me and me

mates upstairs on the bus neither anymore. We don't want ya in our gang cos you're the wrong type of girl you are."

As he followed her on he could hardly swipe his travel pass. His fingers were so stiff and aching from having clenched fists so bitterly hard. If he had not known she was stronger and quicker than him he would have gladly beaten her silly, for sure. But it won't always be so, I'm growing his returning swagger said.

"I'll bloody teach ya..." he hissed hotly into her back as she dashed for the stairs, while his eyes flashed after her with anger and hatred. Nevertheless, that did not stop him from staring up at her long bare legs as she ascended the stairs, ever hopeful, even in temper, of catching a flash of knicker beneath her short skirt. Instead, he had to make do with a mere glimpse of her inner thigh when she reached the stair's twist.

She did not have to look back down to know he was staring up and why... Wreathing herself in mocking laughter her head appeared to those waiting for her on the upper deck to be happily met by a cheerful chorus of, "Shona! Shona...! Sit ere! Sit ere!"

Shortly, he also heard the whispered "Ee ain't effing wid ya is he?" and her quick reply, "No he blimming ain't!"

With no one seemingly willing to make room for him by moving school bags off spare seats he remained standing. But really the only company he needed were those growing ambitions he was lovingly nursing. Yeah, you little bitch I'll get ya! And ya blimming mates too, he snorted contemptuously. Only then to grin when he felt the beginning of what was becoming a regularly

occurring delicious sort of pressure and twinge in his little or as he considered it, his massive thing. Yeah you bitch, he cussed again silently as he covered his groin lest the other passengers spotted the sudden proudly urgent swelling..., yeah, I can't wait...

The End.