

DECEPTIVE MOTIVES



John O'Loughlin

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Or

A Symptom of Delirium

By

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Of Centretruths Digital Media

CDM Prose

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A BIRTHDAY FAVOUR

Julie Foster knew herself to be a beautiful woman, and so she was! Barely five-feet seven inches tall and of slender build, she looked every bit the ravishing blonde that Dennis Foster had considered her to be ever since that day, just over three years ago, when he first laid eyes on her at a party thrown by some university friends. This evening, she had determined to enhance her natural beauty with the aid of make-up and clothes which could only be described as tasteful, since it was her husband's thirty-eighth birthday and they had decided to go out to dinner together in the company of their best friends, rather than spend the evening indoors ... as they usually did on birthdays – her own not excepted.

Thus she carefully attended to her facial appearance in front of the dressing-table mirror, making slight textual adjustments to the pale-brown eye shadow as she sat in the calm glare of their brightly-lit bedroom. She felt quite proud of herself, as women usually do, for looking so beautiful and smelling so fresh. A bath had taken care of any impurities that clung to her skin and rendered it free of stain. What is more, she had relieved both bowels and bladder just prior to taking it, which meant that she felt even cleaner, not to say purer, to herself than would otherwise have been the case – a feeling which was very important to her, since she usually felt more pleased with herself when she knew that she was clean not only outside but, in a manner of speaking, inside as well!

Getting up from her seat in front of the dresser, she next turned her attention upon her clothes, checking to ensure that no stain or loose hair marred the purity of her sartorial appearance. Her white cotton dress, freshly dry-cleaned, was suitably spotless and, satisfied that everything else was equally blameless, she switched off the bedroom light and headed along the narrow corridor of their five-room flat to where her husband reclined, reading a newspaper and sipping cognac, on the sitting-room's velvet settee. He hardly looked up as she entered the room, for he was too engrossed in the sports pages. But when Julie informed him that she was ready to go out, he glanced at his watch and casually noted that, at seven-thirty, it was still too early to set off for the West End.

"But aren't we supposed to be meeting John and the others at eight o'clock?" she protested, slightly disappointed.

"Eight-thirty actually," he corrected, turning back to his paper. "Since we're not going to have dinner till nine, I decided to postpone our rendezvous by thirty minutes."

"Oh, I see," said Julie, and she drew herself closer to the settee in order to scan the front-page headlines. "Well, I guess I'll just have to wait until you're ready, won't I?"

Dennis caught a fragrant whiff of his wife's perfume at that moment and, to her surprise, put his newspaper to one side. Then he cast her an appreciative glance, briefly scanning her dress and facial appearance, before finishing off the rest of his cognac in one lusty gulp. Next, to her greater surprise, he proceeded to run his free hand up-and-down the back of her dark-stockinged calf muscles, commenting on the pleasure it gave him to see her so nicely 'dolled-up'.

Blushing faintly in spite of her self-confidence, she smiled down at him on reception of this compliment. It was a slight reward, after all, for all the trouble to which she had gone to perfect her appearance, and somehow she didn't have the inclination or nerve to move away.

"One wonders whether you're all dressed up for me or for someone else," he added, a touch cynically.

"For you of course," Julie automatically responded. "It's your birthday, remember?"

Dennis nodded his curly-haired head and smiled faintly through crowned front teeth. "Yes, and that being the case, I'm going to demand a special favour of you this evening," he remarked, putting his empty glass to one side.

"Oh?"

"I'm going to have your sweet little arse before we go out rather than after we come back, so as to experience you fresh and sober instead of stale and

drunk for once!" He had got to his feet and was encircling her waist with his large hands, drawing their bodies together.

Instinctively, she made an effort to repulse him. For she was quite taken-aback by this sudden change in his demeanour. But he was too strong for her and proceeded to shower kisses and caresses upon her without further ado. He slid his hands down her back as his lips pursued hers, hunting them down and squashing them against the front of her sparkling white teeth as soon as he had ensnared them. Despite her misgivings, there was little point in resisting him, especially since it was his birthday and she was anxious not to spoil it for him. He would just have to have his way, if they were subsequently to go out to dinner together in anything approaching an amicable mood.

And so she gave-in to his caresses as he slid his hands down to her rump and squashed her buttocks in a powerful grip, violently drawing her groin against him in a frenzy of newly-awakened lust. She felt his penis expanding under his jeans at this crush of groins and was less inclined to resist him now than before, especially since his hands had got under her dress and were seemingly pulling her buttocks apart, showing no respect for her panties but diving under them in order to get a firm grip on her flesh, as he wrenched the one buttock apart from the other with a ferocity which might have suggested he was intent upon tearing her in two rather than simply exposing her sex to his avid assault. But before he could get at the latter he would have to remove her panties, which is what he next proceeded to do as, lifting her clean off the floor with one hand, he grabbed hold of them with the other and tore them from her trembling body with all the savagery of his pent-up lust. She screamed as the pain of this forcible removal registered itself in her groin, but it was quickly eclipsed by the more familiar pain of penile intromission which followed hard in its swift wake as, clumsily unzipping himself, he thrust his newly-rampant organ into her with a powerful incisiveness that seemed like the thrust of a knife or sword, cleaving her in two. Entwined, they stumbled to the floor, and it was there that she discovered her womanhood afresh, as he thrust powerfully backwards and forwards with an almost maniacal determination to bring himself to a peremptory climax, his lips chasing hers while his hands abandoned her buttocks for the ample contours of her half-naked breasts, thumbs pressing and rubbing against their nipples with an eagerness that could only intensify their mutual pleasure.

She wailed and moaned, as he rode her towards ecstasy, her hands involuntarily clawing at his back in response to the mounting pressure of clitoral stimulation. Her eyes began to roll and she was beginning to forget who or where she was, as she approached the thrilling destination towards which her husband was compelling her through the increasing urgency of his phallic thrusts. She had even forgotten that she was spurring him on more ardently with each thrust and that, from being wide apart, her legs had slowly climbed up his sides to a point where they were beginning to encroach upon his back and crush him in a python-like grip. But this was disturbing him and, fearing that he might lose his rhythm, he felt obliged to grab hold of them and hoist them up over his shoulders, as he drew nearer to the goal of his quickening ride. And, sure enough, he arrived with a flurry of rapidly spasmodic ejaculations which burnt the core of his member as they streamed through its narrow pulsating channel, to enter the much wider channel of Julie's gaping sex, which, convulsed in turbulent orgasm, could only reciprocate his climax in synchronous submission. Proudly, he felt her spasms of sexual relief engulfing his own, as her eyes rolled more violently in confirmation of orgasmic fulfilment. Her body had become as limp as jelly, it seemed to be melting into his own, losing its density, becoming like wax in his hands. Ah, how good it felt to have her completely at his mercy like this, completely under his physical domination!

However, much as he had assuaged the brunt of his lust, Dennis was as yet nowhere near through with his sexual pleasures. For his penis was no less erect now that it had shot its fiery load than before and, taking advantage of the fact that he still held her thighs over his shoulders, he fiercely disengaged it from its temporary nesting-place and turned her onto her stomach, squeezing her breasts in both hands as he forced it between the gaping lips of her sex with a no-less incisive thrust than before, obliging her to renew the by-now familiar patterns of her moaning-and-groaning as much, seemingly, for his benefit as her own. It was in this rear-entry position, curiously enough, that he sometimes allowed himself the benefit of the spoken word, never in the more liberal one, and this occasion was to prove fruitful in that respect as, withdrawing his erection to a point where its tip rested against the tangled fleece which richly crowned her gaping sex, he threatened her with a number of unorthodox pleasures, boasted of what he had achieved, and even congratulated her on being such an

accommodating wife, the possessor of such a 'ravishing hole'.

"I thought I was going to fuck the shit out of you," he went on, "but it appears your asshole has remained in control of its burden after all, even with the weight of my cock to contend with!"

It was modesty that prevented Julie from confessing she had no faecal matter in her at present, but she couldn't resist succumbing to a broad smile all the same, even though the creamy tip of Dennis Foster's rampant phallus was tickling her anus and causing her a slight discomfiture. She knew him well enough by now, however, to realize that he was simply teasing her. For, in reality, he was averse to sodomy and only inclined to threaten her with a damned good 'rectal rogering' as a means of further asserting his sexual power over her. Where her anus was concerned, his principal interest lay in looking at and occasionally smelling it, as though to verify whether or not she had taken the trouble to wash and perfume it, which, incidentally, she usually had! Frankly, it quite astonished him to think that she could make herself fresh and sweet all over, not just in the obvious places, and if, from time to time, he gave-in to the luxury of applying his lips to her rear orifice, it was more from an overspill of gratitude for her beauty than from any inherent anal fixity.

If he had any specific perversions to confess to, however, they were more in the line of sexual curiosity or voyeurism. Such as that time he had requested Julie to take a kind of hollow dildo, rather like the cardboard core of a toilet roll, into her vagina. This cylindrical object once in place, he had then proceeded to push a tiny electric light-bulb on the end of a plastic wire along its length until, reaching the far end, its light gave him the necessary illumination with which to survey what he took to be the interior of her womb – a not particularly enlightening experiment, as it turned out, in that Julie wasn't pregnant and therefore subject to an expansion of the womb area. But he reckoned that he had learnt a little about the fallopian tubes which he didn't already know, at any rate, and so concluded the experiment to have been moderately successful. Months later, he wondered how he had ever brought himself to do such a crazy thing! But by then he had acquired certain other sexual foibles and slight perversions.

The worst he had ever done, he reflected, was to get Julie to shit into his hands – an event which he subsequently regretted more on account of the

foul stench than the novel spectacle which the opening of his wife's sphincter had afforded him. Thereafter he always confined this experiment to his fantasy life, giving it an occasional Sadian place-of-honour in defiance of Dean Swift, whose reproachful face he would endeavour to conjure-up at the climactic moment. Contrary to the well-documented anti-faecal attitude of that madman, Dennis Foster's attitude to the fact that Julie shat was more usually one of contemptuous amusement than existentialist horror. He would occasionally tease her by averring that she got more pleasure from shitting than from fucking, and would remark, in Lawrence Durrell's time-honoured, albeit grossly reductionist, phrase from *The Black Book*, that people were partly 'tubes of shit', no matter how attractive or intelligent they happened to be. "People will always be partly contemptible," he had once said to her, "so long as they're obliged to shit. For shitting is contrary to the spiritual life and a diurnal detraction from the dignity of man, as, for that matter, is pissing." And Julie had to concede that he had a point, although she knew enough about her seductive power over him to know that his spiritual life was neither particularly earnest nor especially advanced, and that he all-too-readily succumbed to fleshy temptations – so readily, in fact, that at times it was inconvenient to her personally!

But tonight was scarcely an exception! For, unknown to Dennis, she had once again acquired a moral victory over him, obliging the smug dupe to abandon his spiritual preoccupations – admittedly not, in the form of reading the paper and drinking cognac, particularly elevated ones – and acknowledge her seductive power. For the past thirty minutes he had been her sexual slave, giving himself to her with an ardour worthy of classical antiquity. She had taken his loving gladly; for it was highly gratifying to her, making her feel newly proud of herself and satisfied, moreover, that her campaign of seduction, laid from the moment she evacuated her bowels to the moment she put the final touches of eye shadow to her brows, had paid off, leading to an unequivocal, if at the time surprisingly swift, victory over Dennis Foster's spiritual life. He would think, in his masculine self-centredness, that he had got the better of her. But, in reality, it was *her* victory, and she knew it!

However, that victory wasn't to last long, in her estimation. For, with the termination of his carnal ardour and the chiming of eight from the nearby grandfather clock, she remembered that they were due to meet their friends

in thirty minutes' time for dinner in the West End. Almost panic-stricken, she disengaged herself from the futile residue of her husband's carnal attentions and staggered to her feet, before casting a nervous glance towards the room's solitary wall-mirror. Oh God! there was pink lipstick on her cheeks and the eye shadow had somehow got smeared all over her brow! Her hair was no longer presentable but tangled and greasy – in fact, positively dishevelled! So much the mirror told her. For she could see for herself that her stockings were no longer quite straight, and that her dress was slightly crumpled and stained. Worse, her new nylon panties were lying on the carpet, torn in two places, and her brassiere, no longer in its original position, was damp with her husband's saliva. Alas, her perfected appearance of a short while ago was ruined and, to such a deplorable extent, that she figured it would take her at least another thirty minutes to dress again, put her make-up to rights, and straighten out her hair, by which time they would be late for their rendezvous and in no question of having dinner at nine, as previously arranged! And, to cap it all, Dennis fucking Foster was still lying stretched out on the carpet, smiling to himself and showing not the slightest concern over their predicament. Really, birthday or no birthday, he might have shown *some* consideration for John and the others!

"Dennis, darling, it'll take me at least half-an-hour to put my appearance to rights," Julie protested on a note of unfeigned concern. "Which means that, if we're not to disappoint our friends, you had better phone them straightaway and postpone our rendezvous till nine." She waited for him to make a move for the telephone or ...