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The Beechwood Couple

by Janie Reynolds

It was 10 pm at Victoria station. The night was quickly freezing, as day-old snow crystallised into sheets of ice. The station hall resembled an enormous skating rink, with would-passengers circling around and bumping into each other. The patient ones clustered below the illuminated information boards, staring jerkily up and around like meerkats.

Tom Beechwood was a bright, 20 year old software designer who was trying to get a train to Bedford. His thick blue jumper and grey overcoat were keeping him warm, but he sorely regretted choosing his 'on trend' Converse, as his toes now felt as if they were falling off. He was supposed to be going on a sixth date, with a sweet nurse called Helen, who would have been waiting for him an hour ago at Bedford station. But all trains were cancelled due to snow.

Until now, Tom had done everything right with Helen. Given her flowers, been early for dates, paid for dinner and kept his hands above her waist. But this evening, he had hoped things would escalate. They had texted during the week that they were going to be exclusive, so, in anticipation, he had nervously, and somewhat waywardly for his sensible character, booked a room at The Phoenix B n B near Bedford station, in the names of Mr and Mrs Beechwood.

'The whole night, the whole possibility of a relationship, has been ruined by Southerly Rail,' he thought, as he looked around at the emptying station, 'I have stood up my potential wife and she won't ever want to see me again.'

He found a dark and smelly corner at the edge of the station from which to text Helen and, while reaching for his mobile, he heard a voice from behind, saying, "Gimme your phone and your cash." Then he felt a sharp pain in his head.

“Hello, Tom,” whispered a gentle female voice in his ear. He felt a warm, delicate hand slide across his cheek and fingers pulling tauntingly through his hair. He opened his eyes to see Helen, crouching over him, her full breasts bulging from her unbuttoned, blue nurse’s tunic.

“How did you get here?” he asked.

“I came to find you. I knew you’d still be here. I knew you wouldn’t let me down. Come with me, out of the cold.”

The landlady beckoned with her finger, before licking it and starting to hitch up the front hem of her black rubber mini-skirt.

“Welcome to the Phoenix,” she cooed. “Let me take you to your room, Mr Beechwood.”

“Our room,” interrupted Helen, fluttering her eyelids and now wearing a push-up bra and suspenders. She tottered towards a door at the end of the corridor, following the landlady. A sign on the door read “Mr and Mrs Beechwood.”

“Here we are,” said Helen and the landlady simultaneously. As soon as the landlady had left, Helen lay provocatively on the huge bed.

“I’m sorry,” said Tom, “But I need a waz.”

“Here you go,” said Helen, passing him a bedpan.

“Thank you so much, Mrs Beechwood,” replied Tom, holding it to his groin and succumbing to the long, warm pleasure of a wee.

Once he had relieved himself he held out his arms towards her.

“Get OFF me!” shouted Helen, as Tom came to, with a blinding headache and blood running down his neck. He found his arms wrapped round the legs of an elderly, lady tramp.

“You’ve been lying in your own piss,” said the tramp, “get off my patch, you dirty sod, and go clean yourself up in the bogs.”