

## PJ and the Tourist Trap

### Chapter One

January 2024

"This is our final stop. Please mind the gap when exiting the train, and make sure to remove all personal items..."

The announcement jarred PJ from his sleepy reverie, and he raised his head. What had been a full train car upon departure from London was now essentially empty: just him and a disinterested-looking gentleman farmer, who was already rising from his seat and shuffling his way down the aisle toward the exit. *Oh. Better get moving. Probably best not to dawdle.*

Not that PJ had anywhere important to be, of course. He was footloose and fancy free, after all – just puttering about the country, seeing the scenery and checking the local pubs and generally just leading an ideal, unattached, single life. There was no one to tie him down, no job at the moment to worry about. He'd just get off here, deep in the green, rustic heart of Yorkshire, and spend some time seeing what could be seen.

Well, maybe he did have one important place to be. He'd already paid for a week at that random, super-cheap B&B he'd seen online. And though he still had enough money to see him through the next few months, there was no sense in tossing perfectly good money in the bin, was there?

So out he stepped, luggage in hand, brushing past the officious conductor. Down the platform and out through the tiny little station. And off he trundled, luggage rumbling behind him as he made his way along the quiet town road toward his destination.

It was ten minutes' walk out from the town, according to his mobile. Not a problem for a short, stocky, twenty-six-year-old fellow with one little bit of luggage – even if he wasn't the most fit. And before he knew it, his destination was coming into view: a quaint white cottage, nestled among a few tall trees and with a tiny, begonia-decked garden before it.

Odd, wasn't it, how a house could give you such a clear image of its owner? Here he was, stepping through the little wrought-iron gate and closing the latch behind him, his mind already envisioning the sort of woman who ran this place. Doreen White, the automatic confirmation email had been signed. A Doreen, owning a quaint old bed and breakfast in the middle of nowhere in Yorkshire? Oh, she had to be an elderly lady: in flat sensible shoes, maybe with a cane and a little dog, tottering forward and calling him "luv" in a high quavery voice as she would welcome him in...

But the tall, stunning MILF who answered his tentative ring was probably the furthest thing from who he'd imagined!

"Well, well," she breathed, swinging the door open and clicking forward with all the womanly grace of a model. "What have we here? You must be dear little PJ, then?" And after two seconds of stunned silence had ticked past – in which PJ was fumbling for words, trying desperately not to stare at this gorgeous, middle-aged brunette's low-cut blouse, straining with the heavy fullness of her enormous breasts – a low laugh escaped her ruby lips and she cocked her head. "What's the matter, love? Is something the matter with your tongue?"

"N-no-! I, um, I- I, yes, I'm PJ," he stuttered, hand clenching mindlessly on his luggage handle. His eyes were darting about now in nervousness: down to Mrs. White's shapely feet and the heels that were making her loom even taller. Up over her tight and hip-hugging dress. And yes, flitting occasionally up over her generous bosom to the knowing smile and dark eyes merrily sparkling down at him from behind her dark-rimmed glasses. "I- I hope this is the right place? I- I'm sorry if I've got here a bit early..."

"Oh, never mind about that. Sometimes young fellows like you simply come early – but I don't mind. There's really nothing they can do about it, after all." Mrs. White smiled enigmatically, leaving PJ blushing and more flummoxed than ever. *Surely she hadn't just made a sexual comment?! No, surely it was him who had the dirty mind. It was all in his head-*

But before he could do more than nod and stutter out an agreement, she was ushering him in. "Step inside, love. You're welcome here anytime! Now, let's get you settled in your room. Oh! And one thing, if you don't mind? Shoes off at the door – yes, just there."

"Yes, ma'am," PJ responded, his instincts from his long-past school days suddenly and illogically rising to the fore of his confused mind. There was no reason to call her 'ma'am', surely. And yet she was so... authoritative? No, not quite that. So condescending? Not quite that either. Just so confident, and serene, and so, *so* sexy...

So down he obediently bent. And off came his shoes, without a second thought.

"Perfect," his hostess purred, and now she was motioning him to follow her as she gracefully made her way up the stairs leading up from the dimly-lit entryway. "Follow me, young man. I have the most *perfect* room for you. Believe me, I think you're going to *love* it!"

Up he trundled at her heels, luggage banging softly against the carpeted stairs as he padded after her as tamely as a pet puppy. Because what else was he to do? Besides try not to stare at her shapely legs now at his eye level... and trying not to hear her words as inviting him to some sensual sex-chamber in which she'd beg him to take her, undress her, please her-

*No, no, no! Get your mind out of the gutter,* he mentally insisted, leaving the staircase behind and drawing up behind her when she paused before a closed door marked "Private." *She's just a landlady running a bed and breakfast. Just a very pretty, very welcoming, very nice...*

And then she was thrusting open the door, motioning him closer. "Why don't you step on in, luv? You'll be very comfy-cosy in here, I promise." In he stepped, luggage thumping across the threshold. In she stepped after him. And only once the door had clicked softly shut behind her did she reach for an unseen switch and flip on the lights.

The sight that met PJ's eyes confused him. Where was the bed? There by the wall was some kind of wardrobe. And there was a dresser – well enough. But that thing across from them... what was it? Some kind of cot, perhaps? Maybe it doubled as a bed or something. Or... wait. What even were those decorations on the walls? And- and those toys on the floor-?

"Welcome to your new nursery," Mrs. White breathed in his ear with startling suddenness. Her arm pressed suddenly and with firm decision around his waist, propelling him backward into her pillowy bosom. Up swept her other hand – and before PJ's stunned eyes now appeared a massive clot of tissues. "Quiet, luv. Be a good boy and be still for me. Now you're here, let Mummy take care of you..."

And his world was blotted out in a blur of white, sweetly-scented paper, rustling and crumpling around his nose and mouth. "Wha- Oi, lemme- Lemme go! I- I don't-" He spluttered, pulse spiking in sudden fear... but the strong, womanly arms merely tightened around him, and she gave a low laugh tinged with sadistic glee.

"Oh, luv, hush. Hush and breathe deep for Mummy. Sleep for me. Sleep for Mummy..."

He kicked out – naturally. He struggled. He let out cries for help. But already his brain was fogging with the weirdest and heaviest fatigue of his life. His muscles were refusing to obey. And now the white was fading to dark... the world was drifting off... both her voice and his own muffled cries were coming from further and further away...

And the last thing he remembered was her low, lusty murmur. "Good, baby. You'll see. Mummy will take care of you. She'll take care... of everything.."

*(To be continued!)*