

A romantic close-up photograph of a man and a woman about to kiss. The man is on the right, wearing a dark pinstriped suit jacket, a light blue patterned tie, and a gold watch. He has a gold ring on his finger and is gently holding the woman's chin. The woman is on the left, with long, wavy brown hair, looking towards the man with her eyes closed. The lighting is soft and intimate, highlighting their profiles.

Nothing Without  
a Woman

Les Hansom

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This is Les Hansom's debut collection of erotic short fiction. Please take the time to visit his website at [www.Leshansom.com](http://www.Leshansom.com) where you will find lots of information about the author, his work and interests. There is also a blog, where you are invited to comment on any aspect of erotica and literature that Les chooses to write about.

I would like to acknowledge my wife who inspires  
my every move, literary or otherwise.

*Les Hansom 2009*

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## **Need a Lift?**

DAN DROVE TO WORK every morning, six mornings a week. He knew he should walk because he only worked on the other side of town, and particularly so because of the planet and all, but he was just too knackered. He worked thirteen hour days most of the time and to walk to work would add an extra half an hour at the beginning and end of each day. He blamed the buses so he didn't look too environmentally unfriendly. He said they should be more frequent and cheaper, "then everyone would ride on them," he would say. Who was he kidding, he knew the same as everyone else, that people had become too selfish and insular to give up their last bastion of solace – the car! His car wasn't too unfriendly though, it was one of those little ones that looked the same as every other car of its size on the road these days, regardless of make or model; individuality and motoring were certainly no longer related.

Dan always rose at the same time and saw the same people each morning. He lived in a cul-de-sac so the first people he saw were the ones going to

work at the same time. He gave them nods, shouts, and occasional waves wherever necessary and got himself ready to get into the reverse race. The reverse race was the one where each driver reversed out of their drive and got in the other's way. There had been quite a few close shaves over the years, and even a few collisions. They all wanted to be first out the end of the road in the morning, yet they were mostly all too lazy to bother reversing into their own driveways when they finished work the evening before; this would nullify the reverse race of course. Dan was pretty good at the race, and he usually beat his neighbour. This was mainly attributed to his more manoeuvrable, tiny motor. His neighbour had a huge Lexus; an extension of his penis, thought Dan, with very green eyes.

For around two weeks Dan had noticed a woman walking out of his road alone at exactly the same time he left for work. For the first couple of mornings he had stared out of his misted window at her, trying to get a look at the new woman in the street. He only really saw a blurred image of her through all the condensation, but she was pleasing to the eye none the less. He didn't make much of her anymore; he knew she must have moved in a while ago, he remembered the removal vans at the end of the road. On this particular morning he noticed her more because the weather was changing; heating up. There was very little condensation on the inside of his car windows. He saw her right at the top of their street, about to turn onto the main road. He slowed right down as she

came into view. He knew it was her because he recognised her purple coat. It was more like a cloak actually, and over the past few weeks it had been tied up tightly around her body, and what with that and the misted windows, he had hardly been able to make her out at all. This morning however, as he pulled up level with her, he could see her much more clearly. She had her cloak-like overcoat open due to the ever so slightly warmer weather. She was tall, almost as tall as he was, and she was very slender. Her hair was tied up and stuffed inside a white hat, a little like a cap made of wool; her hair looked to be quite dark. As the breeze took hold of her coat, blowing it open a little, Dan was allowed a glorious peak at what was inside. This woman was presumably an office type due to the business style suit she was wearing. It fitted her perfectly. It consisted of a tight, black skirt, a little above the knee, and a waist length jacket. Under her jacket she had a white blouse with collars that overlapped her jacket. It was buttoned down to where her tantalising cleavage began. Just enough on show he thought; very tasteful. He lingered at the end of the street for a while and watched her walk away down the road, despite the fact that the other contenders in the reverse race were queuing behind him. He was trying to decipher if she was wearing stockings or tights; it was a game he loved to play. Two short bursts from the horn of Mr. Lexus snapped Dan out of his whimsical little game, and off he went to work.

On his way home he drove by the shops in the

town. When he left the newsagent he saw the woman again. His heart skipped a beat. There were definite vibrations coming from this woman, and they weren't his usual: 'I'm a randy little shit, and I want to fuck anything in a skirt' feelings. She was standing right in front of his car holding a newspaper. She was beautiful, he thought, even better than he had first imagined. Her head was tilted down and her face was frowning into her paper. She was obviously quite a bit older than him because she was beginning to get some laugh lines and what women termed as 'crow's feet' around her eyes. That really was a rather ugly expression for such lines, and anyway, these made this particular woman look even more beautiful. She had a face with personality. Dan guessed that she was perhaps in her thirties. She broke her concentration momentarily and glanced up, looking Dan right in the eye. It was a pity she caught him at a time when his bottom jaw was resting on the top of the steering wheel, and all his fillings were on show. She smiled and raised her hand. Good lord, he thought, she recognised me. Suddenly he felt a little like a stalker and realised that he must break the ice and not just drive off embarrassed, which was the first idea that sprang to mind. He opened his door and coolly stepped half out the door. She must know him from their road, there could be no other explanation, so he blurted it out, "need a lift?" He asked weakly and completely lost all composure and aloofness.

"Yes, alright," she said cheerfully, "that would be lovely. Thanks." She walked over to the

passenger side of the car and smiled at him. Tucking her newspaper under her arm briefly, she pulled at the door handle; it was locked. Dan just remained half in and half out of his little car, and he was still facing in the same direction as he was when he asked her. He hadn't really expected this woman to accept his offer. He imagined her giving him a smile and politely turning him down. "Erm...Are you going to unlock the door?" she asked in a slightly nervous voice.

"Oh. Yeah, of course, sorry," replied a stuttering Dan, "I was miles away." He took his seat and leaned over to unlock the passenger door. As he leaned over he saw the middle section of her beautiful body. She was looking much more casual in a pair of jeans, a pullover and a short jacket. He marvelled at the shape of her as he followed the tops of her thighs, out for her hips and back in tight for her lovely little waist. He pulled up the door lock and let her in. She climbed in and shook her hair from her eyes. As she turned to look at him he received one of the most glorious smells a man can ever experience. It was that first intoxicating smell of a new woman's perfume. It seemed to prick all his senses alive, and he almost thought for a second he could see all the separate particles of scent floating in the air as though he were viewing it through a microscope. It was sweet. That was all he could think of to describe it initially. Had he been a woman, or perhaps a perfumer, he would have been able to tell that it had various hints of this and that in it. Either way, it had the desired effect.